

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 3 CHAPTER 2 The Girl With The Limp

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Xavier

First day of our freshmen year in college and there were so many girls! Sure most of them would probably flock to Sebastian and Cristos, but I only needed one. The one girl who would make me feel complete.

We were talking to a couple of girls under one of the trees near the entrance to our building. Malia and Alison were both upper classmen. Malia, who was currently part of the student council, happened to be a cousin of Sebastian's.

"Sure, Dad. I'll see you after class. Love you," I heard a sing-song type of voice say. To me, her voice was so beautiful and so rare...like music to my ears. I quickly scanned the students near the parking area, desperately looking for the voice's source, when I saw her limping along the campus sidewalk.

"Check out Frankenstein," the girl named Alison said, pointing to the girl limping towards us. Alison wasn't a close friend of Malia's, but since she had her sights on Sebastian, she decided to hang with us before our classes started.

As the girl with the limp walked by us, she caught us looking at her. Usually when girls catch us staring at them, they usually look away, blushing. But she stared as we stared and for the first time, I felt small under her gaze.

"Alison, you don't know what you're talking about," Malia said sternly. "That girl has had it pretty rough."

"What do you mean? Did she get hit by a bus or something?" Alison said, laughing. "Because she definitely looks like she got hit by a bus."

"Alison, you better shut up or I'll make sure you look like you got hit by a bus come tomorrow," I said, annoyed. Alison stared at me with her mouth open, shocked that I had just threatened her. I grimaced and pushed her aside. She wasn't part of our group anyway. I needed to focus on the girl with the limp.

"Malia, what happened to her?" I asked, impatiently. I couldn't believe something terrible could happen to someone with such a pretty voice.

"It's not my place to tell you, but she was assaulted," Malia said, sighing, the sadness in her eyes as she watched the girl slowly walk by us.

Assaulted?! What?! I guess my face reflected the horror I felt, because the girl quickly lowered her face.

"What do you mean by assaulted, Malia?" Sebastian asked, his face turning dark.

"Sebastian, I'm sorry. I told you it's not my place to tell any of you," Malia replied.

"Did it happen here?" Cristos asked.

"I don't know, Cristos," Malia answered. "She applied for a scholarship and because of her ordeal, admissions gave her a full scholarship. Actually, when she came in for the interview, her face was much worse than that and she was on crutches. So far, she's healing rather nicely and she can walk on her own now. Guys, if she is in one of your classes, don't say or mention anything about it. I think she and her family are in hiding. You know what? Don't do anything stupid either. I'm warning you boys."

When we got to class, we were surprised to find her seated near the corner ready to take down notes. Instead of entering our classroom, Cristos walked up to a bunch of girls standing near the door.

"Hey. Do you know that girl's name?" Cristos asked casually, discreetly pointing at the girl with the limp.

"Yeah, Joy Taylor," one of the girls replied.

"Do any of you know what happened to her?" Sebastian asked.

"The teaching assistant said she was assaulted. That's all we know. If you want to know more, I guess you have to ask her," the same girl answered.

"Thanks," I said and pulled Sebastian and Cristos off to the side. "Sebastian, ask through the grapevine if they know of anything about that girl. If you find the motherfuckers, I want to know. Nothing goes unpunished."

"Will do," Sebastian answered. "What will you do if ever I find the assholes who did this to her?"

"I will break every bone in their bodies before I put two in their heads," I answered truthfully. "Look at her. How could anyone do something like that to her?"

"I don't know, but it looks like she made someone very angry," Cristos said as he studied her from afar. "The amount of injuries is tantamount to rage. But look at her eyes. There's a sadness in them. Whatever happened to Joy Taylor, she didn't deserve it."

"My thoughts exactly," I said, agreeing with him. "I want to know what happened to her. Let's use all our connections and find out what we can."

"Heads up, guys. Our professor is here," Sebastian mumbled, discreetly pointing to a tall man entering our classroom. He had white hair and glasses and was holding a briefcase and a cup of coffee. We followed him inside, pausing to find chairs so we could sit beside each other.

I caught her staring at us and so I decided to give her a small smile. I thought she would smile back at me, but she quickly hid her face. I sighed. I wanted to help her, but I just didn't know how.

Cristos nudged and pointed at some empty seats behind her. Things were looking up.

We quickly took our seats behind her. I wanted to introduce myself, but she seemed skittish. Of course...who wouldn't be skittish after being hurt like that?

Sebastian's leg kept bumping into mine as he sat, spread eagle, like he was airing out his big balls.

"Sebastian, will you please stop crowding me," I told him, while pushing his leg away.

She suddenly turned to look at us and was surprised to see us sitting behind her. I was about to say hi, but she quickly turned away. I hoped she would turn around again, but through the whole lecture, she ignored us.

It was my first time to feel invisible... and it hurt like hell.

After class, I sadly watched her walk away. I was about to follow her when Cristos stopped me.

"Xavier, let's give her some space. It's only the first day of school. Don't worry, an opportunity will present itself. When she needs us, we'll be there for her. Right now, let's allow her to adjust," he said.

"I agree," Sebastian said. "Let's focus on finding out who did this to her." He whipped out his phone from his pocket and dialed.

"Capo De Luca, I need you and the other capos to do some research for me," Sebastian said. "No, it's not for school. Well, it is...sort of. I want you to ask around if anyone knows of an assault on an eighteen year old girl, tall and slender with brown hair and blue-green eyes. If you find anything, and I mean anything, you tell me."

"No, De Luca, don't touch them if you do. Xavier will be in charge of that," Sebastian added before hanging up.

I smiled sinisterly. I would make them pay for what that did to her.

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