Bad Little Girl

by BisexualGurrl

Summary

Marshall Lee is disappointed about having to go to a stuffy ball at the Candy Kingdom, but at least he’ll get to dance with Fi. Right?

I’m sorry I suck at summaries.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

I hated dances. Correction, I hated dances here. Because here was where Prince Gumball lived. Here it was so sugary you could barely take a breath without tasting sweetness. It was sickening.

I was stuck here because of the dumb ball-dance-thingy that went on. And Fionna and Cake begged me to get out of my cave and go. Well, more Fi than Cake, and she did the cute starry eye trick that I unfortunately still haven’t learnt to say no to yet. So now I was stuck here. Miles away from any real fun. Yay.

There was too much pink here, not enough red. Instead there was pink pink pink pink pink. What a great taste in decor. I don’t have a clue to why Fionna has a crush on that guy.

Oh, yeah, and another reason why I hated dances. Because Fionna was there, dancing with that pink WAD.

And she was enjoying it.

And I think that sucked most of all.

You could tell that she had put effort into the way she looked tonight. Or at least Cake had. She was wearing a white puffy dress that went down to just below her knees before simply turning
into...lace? Like a weird...net material? Whatever.

The point was Fionna was in a dress. And the most surprising thing was that she wasn’t wearing her bunny hat. Her hair was down and styled, a small plait holding it back from going on her face. Whether it was Cake’s work or her own, she looked incredible.

So...why was she dancing with him? I mean I get that he’s a prince and all that, but he’s pretty boring. I mean, he practises whistling for glob’s sake. And if that isn’t a red flag, I don’t know what is.

And his cream puffs suck.

And I mean come on. His hair was gelled up and everything, surving no constructive purpose in his gum hair, simply making it look oily. And those shoulder pads were out of control. And I’m 99.9% sure he wears perfume. And he sucks at dancing.

But me on the other hand was looking fine. Casually dressed was the only way to go.

But now, I was kinda wishing I’d put in a bit more effort, you know, like I brought something cool, like a cool jacket or something. Whatever. I was cool enough.

And at least I didn’t suck at dancing, watching that lumbering, apron-wearing, bad-cream-puff-making Prince even try to keep up with Fi, dancing like a professional. She may as well be.

So...why wasn’t she dancing with me? I was a good dancer. She knew that. We’d hung out enough times to know each other back to front. We were like peanut butter and jelly, a vampire and a human. And we were good at dancing together, unlike that Prince Dumball and Fi...

Who was kissing. Fionna was kissing Gumball. They were kissing, smooching, touching lips, giving each other lip hugs.

They were kissing.

My eye twitched as I looked at them. My body had tensed up as I hissed at the sight, my eyes probably reverting to gaping red and black holes.

Everyone saw it. It was kind of hard to miss, since they were the leading dancers in the center of the ballroom. LSP had already pulled his phone out and had begun to take an array of photos of the couple. He’d began to talk about “how cute you guys look. You are the cutest together. Oh my glob, I’m gonna die from how awesome this is you guys!”

I flew out of there as quickly as possible. The image kept on replaying in my head again and again as I growled at the sky in frustration. Once I reached my cave I clutched my head in agony and screamed. But the image wouldn’t leave me. Nothing in Aaa could make it leave my brain.

I ran over to my house and got out my axe-bass guitar, eyes now definitely black and red. I leant against the back of my fridge. I felt dizzy and nauseous. Is this what love feels like? Pain and nausea?

I loved Fionna. And I left the castle without a fight, not even a goodbye. Not that she would want to talk to me anymore, since she and Gumball were so madly in love now. Somehow I felt like that would be for the better. I can’t imagine having to stay friends with Fionna while knowing that she and Gumball were dating. It would mess everything up. Kill the vibe. Besides going on adventures, flirting playfully was the only thing we really did together. If she were to date someone, it would throw everything out of balance.
I kinda knew that this would be coming. There was only so much time Prince Gumball can stay clueless to Fiona’s awesomeness.

I lifted my guitar up onto my lap. I stared at the wall and began to play a familiar tune, my fingers going to the strings on instinct, hoping the music would help my dumb suffering.

“Good little girl...” I tried to start, but didn’t finish, my note falling flat.

I thought of how Prince Gumball had stolen her from me. How he hated me for so long, knowing I was best friends with Fi. Maybe he wasn’t so clueless, after all, it was kind of hard to miss Fi’s awesomeness.

I sighed. I hated him so much it hurt almost as much as my heartache. I glared at the wall as I thought of his face.

My fingers found the strings again and my mouth moved on instinct, but this time, the words changed.

“Bad little girl,
Always teasing my heart and,
I know that it’s bad,
Loving a human,
What, do you want, from my heart?
Your a bad little girl.
Good little boy,
That’s what I’m tryna’ be,
I really don’t buy,
That you like that guy,
And if you do,
Why do you taunt my heart, I plead?”

I sighed. I could feel myself shaking.

“You’re a bad little girl.
But you’re the only one for me.”

---

End Notes

So that was my first fic, and thank you for making it to the end and sorry for dragging you here. Constructive criticism is very appreciated! Please comment if you’d like another fic
about this but I may move on to musicals such as Dear Evan Hansen and Be more Chill.

Thank you and goodbye!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!