

Just Another School Day

Jordan POV

I was sweating profusely by the time I made it to the school's front gates. My face was beet red and I was panting, completely out of breath. My backpack felt heavier than when I'd first initially set off. A group of popular girls sitting on the steps giggled as I went to move past them, my head down, the hoodie over my head. My disguise, as usual, hadn't worked.

"Look at that fat cow. She looks so unt" I heard one of them whisper.

"She's so big that her ass jiggles as she walks" laughed another one, causing the group to giggle.

I tightened my jaw. Snooty popular girls, they had no idea what my life was like, I thought sadly, if they had to live what I lived through on a daily basis, I doubt they would be laughing. I avoided their eyes and made my way inside, heading straight towards my locker.

Slam. I felt someone shove me hard into the lockers. I gave a small cry and heard more laughter. There was a group of jocks standing there, Mitchell, a burly brown haired one, grinning widely. I knew instinctively that he had been the one to shove me. Bastard. Even though he towered over me, menacingly, it didn't stop me from getting angry and annoyed with him. My temper aared.

"That hurt" I seethed "what is your problem?" I shot out.

He gave a cocky grin. "Sorry I thought there was a rhino loose in the school" he joked as the other jocks smirked. The other students in the hall, all stopped to watch, amusement on their faces. I took a deep breath. My eyes wandered over the group of Jocks. Grant, the future Alpha of my pack, guiltily met my eyes and then slid them away. I wanted to shout at him. We used to be friends, I wanted to scream, how can you do this to me? How can you be like them? I've done nothing to you and yet you've turned your back on me, all to be popular. It hurt so much. Grant was the only one I had as a friend while I was a child and now he was just as mean and cruel as the other students. I felt betrayed by him. I hated him. He was dead to me now.

"f**k you" I told them angrily, ipping them the nger. I stormed off amidst a howl of laughter.

I reached my locker and opened it, grabbing the few books I needed for class. The bell rang and I dashed through the hall, reaching English class and sitting at my desk. Mrs James, the English teacher wandered in, her spectacles glinting as she eyed all of us severely. "How many of you did your homework?" she enquired and the majority of the students slumped at their desk or looked away. I shed my homework out of my bag and placed it on my desk. The one thing I had going for me was my good grades. No matter what happened I always completed my homework, even if I had to do it before class or in homeroom. I used whatever advantage I could get. I wanted to go to college, even if part of me wondered if that was a futile dream.

Mrs James gave a long suffering sigh. "Those that did the homework, put your hand up" she instructed, moving between the rows of seats. I put my hand up and looked around disconcerted. Few of us had bothered. Mrs James was not pleased.

"Those who didn't hand in the homework will automatically get an F" she snapped "I'm sick of you slacking off. The only person who's been consistent in this class with homework and keeping their grade up is Jordan" she declared. Oh great. Geez.

I sank down in my seat. I really didn't need the attention she was drawing to me. The other students glowered at me. I felt a spit ball hit me on the back of my head and shed it out as someone snickered in the back.

"You can't give us an F that's not fair" one student protested and then fell silent as Mrs James turned her eyes on him with contempt. Her eyes were blazing daring anybody else to protest.

The rest of the class was silent. She proceeded to give us an essay assignment as our next homework, titled "The Challenges I've had to Overcome" and told us to interpret that any way we liked. The class was annoyed. I could feel them staring at me and I sank further in my chair, praying for the bell to ring. More spit balls landed in my hair and I winced as I pulled them out, repulsed by the stickiness of them.

Ring. The students all made a mad dash for the door as Mrs James scowled. I slowly put my things away as the classroom cleared out. Then I headed to my next class. By the time lunchtime arrived, I was exhausted and my stomach was growling loudly. I forced myself to go to the cafeteria, looking for an empty table. I could see Sarah and her group of girlfriends chatting in the distance and sought a table on the other side of the room. I didn't have money for lunch and I settled myself in the chair and began to work on my homework instead, ignoring what was going on around me. The sounds of students chattering and laughing faded into the background. It felt like I was the only one in the cafeteria.

I should have paid better attention. I should have known better than to let down my guard. But I wanted to believe that everyone was more interested in their lunch than myself. So when there was a hush in the crowd, I didn't hear it, my head bowed down as I scribbled away. I wanted to get as much done as possible in the amount of time I had. It would make things easier for me when I got home.

I felt something cold poured over my head. I spluttered, the shock of the icy cold liquid making me look up in shock. Sarah stood there, with her group of girlfriends a huge smile on her face.

"Oh did I get you?" she asked, feigning concern "I didn't mean to. It was a complete accident" she sneered.

It wasn't. She'd deliberately poured her coke over me! I was soaked from head to toe. I gritted my teeth. She was holding her tray of food, presumably to take it to the rubbish bin. Her girlfriends were openly laughing at me. They all consisted of cheerleaders, dressed in their scanty outfits, maliciousness in their eyes. I ipped my wet hair back from my face and tried to wipe my face with the sleeves of my hoodie. The liquid had burnt as it hit my eyes. Not that Sarah would give a damn. I gritted my teeth and looked down at the table. My work, luckily was unblemished. The coke had miraculously missed it. Either that or Sarah had been deliberately aiming just for me. Something told me it was a miracle.

Please go away, I thought, as the cafeteria all stared, please let that be it. Sarah stood there, c****g her head. Her eyes were gleaming. She looked irritated with me, because I wasn't reacting. It was pissing her off.

"Aren't you going to say something?" she said loudly.

I shook my head. The Jocks high ved each other over at their table. Sarah's lips curled up into a small smile. She looked down at the empty table.

"Poor thing" she mocked "you must be so hungry. You don't have any food" she said as her friends tittered "let's change that shall we" she suggested sweetly.

Before I could move, she dumped her tray's contents all over me. Sauce dripped on my pants and hoodie from a sloppy joe, yoghurt splattered everywhere. A rotten apple core, landed on my lap. Rubbish scattered to the ground.

"There you go. You look like a human garbage dump" giggled Sarah, ipping her hair over her shoulders "which is what you are" she joked, causing everyone to laugh at me.

I stood up and put my stuff away, blinking back tears. I ed the cafeteria and rushed into the nearest bathroom, which was thankfully empty. I grimaced at my reaction. Not only did I look a complete mess, but I reeked as well. I frantically grabbed paper towel and began to wipe off what I could. No matter what I did though, the stains remained on my clothes and the smell lingered. I was humiliated but that was nothing new. This was just another hiccup in my day, I told myself, as I wrung out my hair, you can do this. You just have to nish up two more classes. You need your schoolwork. Don't let them run you out of school. One day, you'll be their boss I whispered but my heart didn't really believe it.

The bell rang and I headed to my next class, trying to ignore the smirks and the pointing from other students. My teachers made no comment on my appearance, but then they tended to ignore what was happening to me. It wasn't their problem so far as they were concerned. The only one they showed any respect and deference to was the future Alpha. He could do whatever he wanted and they would never say a word. Hell, he would automatically go to college on his football status. Life was unfair in that way. I would have to apply for scholarships and get a job in order to be able to go to college. But I would do anything, if it meant getting the hell away from here.

"There goes the fat pig" hissed Sarah as I walked out of the school gates, leaning against her car, "should I chase her with my car and make her run?" she mused out loud.

Her girlfriends cackled. "You might give her a heart attack".

"What happens if you hit her?"

"The fat pig would probably just roll. She's got that much fat on her."

"You think? She reminds me of the state puff marshmallow man" joked another.

More laughter. I walked past them, my eyes on the gates. Sarah revved her car engine and I jumped.

"Run piggy run" she told me, getting into her car "let's see how fast she can go" she shouted to her girlfriends who began to cheer and holler.

I felt a sickening feeling in my gut as I ran towards the gate. I pushed through the crowd and began to run towards the forest. Sarah was just behind me with her car, a sadistic smirk on her face as I glanced over my shoulder. I hadn't thought she meant it when she said she would chase me with her car. My heart was in my throat. Terror seized me. My legs pumped harder. My breathing was shallow. Was I going to make it? I screamed and jumped off the road as Sarah honked the horn and sped past, laughing wildly. Whew. That had been close. Sweat dripped off my forehead. My jeans were plastered to me. I slowed to a walk and began the long miserable trek home. I'd survived another day, but barely. Who knew what was in store for me when my father got home, or what Sarah had planned for the afternoon? I fervently hoped she was going out with her girlfriends and hoisted my backpack higher. What I wouldn't give for a car, I sighed, or a portal to another world. Even vampire packs were seeming enticing right about now.