

Chapter 12: Nasty

ARDEN

At first, her face showed a look of surprise. It seemed she didn't believe it was me. But then, her eyes showed utter disdain the moment she realized it was indeed me standing in front of her. It broke my heart a bit because she had been my best friend.

I had trusted her with all of my heart, ranted about my family, gushed about Jaxon, but behind the scenes, she was the one satisfying him with his body.

I snapped out of my thoughts when she spoke.

"You made it in?" she asked, crossing her arms in front of her chest and looking at me like I was a worthless person.

"Yes," I answered.

She scoffed, turning to the side. "Their standards must be worsening," she muttered.

"If you have anything to say, then say it straight to my face," I said, glaring at her.

"Oh, sorry," she chuckled. "I just didn't want to hurt your already fragile feelings. After all, I captured Jaxon's heart when he's your mate. Do you know that he's the one who came onto me? I didn't even force him, but he desperately begged on his knees."

Every word felt like a stab to the heart, but I knew she wanted a reaction, so I kept a straight face.



"Have you seen him?" she asked, and I could sense the insecurity in her voice, though she tried hard to mask it.

"No," I answered. "I don't have any plans to."

"Good," she said with a smile. At least we were on the same page. "Don't even think of showing yourself to him. He will not go back to you."

"The reason why he even engaged in a relationship with you in the first place was because of pity. Same with our friendship," she spat. "Just because you've been accepted into Elite does not mean that you're one of us."

"Don't worry," I calmly said, stepping back. "I don't have any plans of associating myself with the likes of you."

I could tell that my words had struck a nerve by the way her eye twitched. It was an honest reaction from her body—a habit I've picked up from being friends with her for years. Come to think of it, her eyes always twitched whenever she complimented me.

That should have been a red flag, but I held desperately onto our friendship because, quite frankly, it was the only one I had.

She smirked. "You better keep your word. Don't even think of choosing Jaxon at the Ivory Solstice."

"I get it," I muttered, taking another step back. "He's all yours, Sienna."

From the look on her face, I knew she wasn't convinced. I didn't want to partake in the conversation anymore and thankfully, Tessa came right on time.

"Hey, our next class is about to start," she said. Then, she turned to



Sienna, who still had that cocky look on her face.

"Would you look at that?" Sienna chuckled, looking at the two of us. "I guess, birds of a feather do flock together."

Tessa frowned slightly. "Pardon?"

Sienna sighed and shook her head. "Well, losers will always attract losers. I hate that Elite aims to be inclusive sometimes, but hey, I admire that they help the less fortunate."

Tessa's frown deepened, and she was about to speak but Tessa beat her to it.

"Goodbye, Arden. Keep your word, alright?" she said in a cheery tone, like she was completely erasing her bad attitude. She waved at the two of us before strutting away, finally making me breathe.

Tessa's frown remained, and she looked at me with inquiry. "Who was that?"

"Don't even ask," I said, massaging my aching head. Her perfume had left me with a stuffy nose even though our contact was short.

"She seems... nice," she sarcastically said, making me chuckle.

"Yeah, she's the greatest, but she's definitely one I want to avoid. Let's hope we don't run into her anymore."

"You're right about that," Tessa smiled. "Anyway, let's go. We still need to get changed for Sports and Combat."

I nodded and followed after her, heading to the gym for our last class.

It seemed we had spoken too soon. Tessa and I were just discussing how to avoid Sienna, yet here she was, right in our very own Sports and Combat class. She was getting dressed in skimpy shorts and a crop top—a clear violation of the academy's dress code.

But if there was one thing I knew in this school, it was that the rich and powerful were exempt from such rules. Being the daughter of one of the Betas in the West, Sienna was definitely given preferential treatment.

She glanced at us with smirks, chatting with a clique of friends who seemed as influential as she was, before heading into the gym. I shook my head and slammed the locker shut, joining the rest of the class.

The boys began to arrive. My heart sank when I spotted a familiar face at the back. We had not just one, but two classes together? Talk about bad luck.

The girls around me started whispering. "Cade is in this class. It's already my favorite."

"I want to get physical with him in a different way," the others giggled.

I glanced over at Sienna and noticed her tucking her hair behind her ear, a look of innocence and seduction flitting across her eyes. Cade scanned the room until his gaze landed on mine. For a moment, his eyes stayed on me, but it was gone in an instant.

Tessa nudged my shoulder. "Did he just look at you? I'm sensing some romance blooming."

I scoffed and shook my head. "As if," I muttered. "He's so full of himself."



"He's hot, though. You have to admit it."

I glanced at him once, and his side profile appeared as if it had been sculpted by the Moon Goddess herself. I didn't say anything and focused my gaze to the front while Tessa continued to tease me.

Just then, a very burly man, the human embodiment of a wolf, entered the gym. The room fell silent as he stood before us, his presence commanding attention.

"Afternoon," he greeted briefly. "I'm Isaiah Thompson, and I will be your teacher for Sports and Combat."

"I'm not a fan of diddling around. This subject won't focus on theory but action. We'll head straight to the practical tests, and for your first day, we're going to start with a round of dodgeball."

Excited murmurs rang through the gym, and the guys glanced at each other, squaring their shoulders to size up their opponents.

"However," Mr. Thompson continued, a smirk playing on his lips, "this is no ordinary dodgeball. We have an equal number of men and women in this class. This is King Dodgeball, where the men must protect the women. The men will attack. It won't matter if they get hit; the second a woman's body is grazed, you're out."

"Now," he glanced at the entire class, smirking, "I'm sure you have people you're comfortable with around here, but I'll be choosing your partners."

I looked around and saw the others' eyes glued on Cade, but I was hoping for someone completely different. Anyone besides Cade would be nice.

"You," Mr. Thompson said, snapping me out of my thoughts. I pointed at



myself, wide-eyed. He smirked and nodded. "Yes, you."

Then he pointed at the person I dreaded the most.

"Partner up with Callahan."



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