



Chapter 12

"Finally!" Zach gasped.

I slapped him behind his head. "Shut up."

The guys thought it would be a good idea to let them go first and they'll park around me, making me look cooler.

I laughed at their cliché idea but let them do it.

I hopped in my beautiful Lamborghini and drove, leading the group.

I pulled up first in the middle of the school's parking lot. The guys parked around me forming a barrier. Immediately, everyone focused their gazes on us.

I allowed the guys to get out and walk over to my car.

I noticed girls pulling down their shirts further practically allowing their whole boobs in the air.

They ogled the guys and some I noticed had drool on their chins.

I chuckled lowly at their pathetic motives.

Guys had their gazes fixed on my car though.

I know they could tell it was a female, but who and how do they look?

I opened my car door and stepped out, legs first.

I stood proud and confident the moment I felt pavement. I immediately heard wolf whistles from guys which caused me to involuntarily roll my eyes.

I ignored the daggers some girls shot me. A.K.A. Sluts

Some shot looks full of envy. I can't wait until I tell them who I am.

Hmmm...I guess that most all of these girls are mean like on that movie Mean Girls.

Sigh. I remember my first time watching that. Regina George is such a bitch.

I remember throwing stuff at the tv everytime she showed her plastic face on the screen.

'Issues, much,' Crystal sarcastically muttered.

'Pft. As if,' I retorted.

I could just imagine her rolling her eyes at me.

Everyone stood their distance, knowing who we are and why we were here. I'm glad this school is an all werewolf school or else we would have problems all up in here.

Blake stood on my left while Randy was on my right. Zach stood in the front and Trey took the back position.

I felt like I had bodyguards or some shit and in this situation they actually were. The guys absolutely despised other males flirting with me.

"Hey, what's your name?" I heard a seductive purr.

I snapped out of my trance and saw one of my least favorite people.

'Who is she?' Zach snarled.

'Carolyn. She is the school's slut and one of my main ex-bullies,' I explained to all of them.

They instantly tensed and growled menacingly to her.

Blake wrapped his right arm around my waist and pulled me closer.

Carolyn looked taken aback and even backed up a bit.

"We don't like sluts and especially your kind," Trey harshly spoke.

"I-" Carolyn didn't finish her sentence as she darted in the other direction from us, clearly feeling humiliated and embarrassed.

I burst out laughing and they guys joined in. People stopped in the hallway to watch us. I honestly felt like they were watching a movie and it was us.

The guys started to walk in the direction of the main office and I guided them without leaving their "group".

Blake left his arm around me and I didn't mind since it was brotherly and I was starting to feel a bit cold.

"Hi! You must be the White Stone Pack! I'll be right back out with your schedules," the lady in the front smiled widely.

Before she turned, I read her name tag. Paisley. Cute Name.

Her hair was red and in a neat bun. Her lips were small and pink and freckles scattered around her nose and upper cheeks.

Her eyes glowed in a shining hazel and she wore a black pencil skirt that fit snugly in her body. Her shirt was a lacy white top that showed off her boobs but not in a slutty way. It fit tight just right under her boobs and then flowed a bit out.

All in all, she looked professional yet sexy in the same time.

It took awhile, but she soon returned with 5 schedules in her hand.

She handed them to us. "You all have the same classes," she said softly.

I felt suspicion towards her. She looks too nice.

She sensed my uneasiness as she glanced at me. Her smile turned down a bit but she caught herself and put the act up again.

"Ok...," I trailed off.

I could tell she was forcibly smiling now.

I already knew we weren't going to get along. I stared at her for a long period of time until the guys awkwardly dragged me out the office.

Even as we walked away, I kept my eyes fixed on her. I probably looked similarly to a stalker or creeper but I had a strong feeling that Paisley was hiding something like a secret.

I don't trust her. I turned away and I swear I saw her sigh with relief. I turned my head back and she stopped breathing.

I gave her one of my famous devious smirks and laughed as she visibly gulped with fear.

I love messing with people. The guys glanced at me with a puzzled expression but I didn't bother to explain to them the little silent attack I did.

I just can't wait to start fucking this school up. I felt powerful and my eyes turning red at my plans for this place. I quickly pushed down my inner devil and continued letting the guys take me to our first class.

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