

My Secret, My Bully, My Mates. - 1

Chapter 1

Skylar

Fall of 8th grade

“Come back here you little b*tch.” A brunette goes flying by me with Barbie number 2, Jeanie, stomping after her awkwardly in her wedges and skirt so short and tight I wonder how she managed to keep all her bits covered making the smallest of movements, let alone attempted running. She looks livid and I can see the other two Barbies coming up behind her, strutting, since running or normal walking is not possible in the sky high shoes they are wearing.

I don't know what happened, but these three came back from their summer trip abroad and decided they were the queens of the school and normal rules of decency didn't apply to them. They were never what anyone would call nice, but they didn't outwardly harass people either.

As the beta's daughter it was my job to make sure all pack members were protected, even from our own. My father may not want me or take me seriously, my older brother was the true beta, but I took my rank and status seriously anyway since that is the one thing he beat into our heads since birth. We were not to embarrass him in any way as the Beta, the image was the most important thing to him.

I step in front of Jeanie, hands up hopefully in a sign of peace. “Why are you chasing her? What did she do, Jeanie?”

Jeanie almost falls over trying to stop her momentum in her sl*tty getup.

“She got me a D on my paper! That little b*tch was supposed to make me sound smart and get me an easy grade. She purposely got me a bad grade to embarrass me in front of the new teacher. Get out of my way, Skylar.” She snarls at me and tries to push me out of the way looking at me like I am some piece of trash under her designer shoe.

“Did you pay her to do a good job, or did you just pick a smart kid in your class and tell them they were doing your work?”

“What does that matter? I am a warrior and she is just an omega. She is beneath me and should be glad I was talking to her in the first place.”

“Her rank and yours have nothing to do with your school work, and last I checked you are no warrior. You are lazy, and don't make time to train, let alone be considered competent. That's

your fault, do your own work. Leave her alone. She didn't volunteer and you didn't pay her, she owes you nothing." I refuse to move from her path. I don't have my beta aura yet, but I figure fake it until you make it right. I stand up as tall as I can, which is not much at my five foot nothing height, and keep stepping in her path as she tries to step around me, to keep her away from the girl. As a 'warrior' she should be more agile and be able to easily step around me, but training isn't on this 'warrior's' agenda.

"You need to watch what you say to your betters, you murderer. You are not worth sharing breathing room with. Your dad thinks so, your brother thinks so. No one wants you around, so move." Kaley sneers as she walks up and steps around Jeanie. Marnie, hot on her heels like the good little minion she is, forms the triangle they have decided makes them the most intimidating. I think they have seen Mean Girls too many times. "No one cares about you or your worthless opinions. No one in this pack humiliates us and gets away with it."

With that she shoves past me and heads straight for my brother and his friends. I know they heard what she said to me, werewolves have above average hearing, but as the Future Alphas, Beta, Gamma and Delta, they all have extraordinary hearing. They don't even flinch at her hateful words. They believe if you can't take a little criticism, you're too weak to deal with in the first place. It's not the first time she's said those words to me, but they don't hurt any less the longer I hear them. I blink back the tears burning my eyes, take a deep breath and head home. I hope the girl got away at least. I hope she can avoid those three, but I might have just prolonged the inevitable. I have a feeling this year is going to be a long one. I just need to keep my head down, keep my grades up and stay out of their way. Just a few more years and I can leave this hell hole.

Fall of 9th Grade

SLAM.

Well, that hurt more than it normally does. A groan slips out of my mouth. I don't remember the lockers biting back so hard. That's what I'm thinking as I slide down to the floor with my eyes closed and feel the back of my head where it hit the locker, awaiting the next blow.

"Happy Monday to you too." I mutter to no one in particular.

"You fat cow, stop getting in my way." Kaley hisses at me before she slaps me. I can feel a little bit of blood trickle from the side of my mouth, she doesn't hit that hard, but her fake nails are as sharp as cat claws. I can hear a couple chuckles and one is a little deeper than the others, that would explain the hard blow into the locker. She had one of the boys throw me this time. I don't look around though, Kaley may skip all of our fight training, but she has proven she can provide torture in many other ways and there are plenty of people who want to be in her circle so bad that they will do anything to anyone to gain approval.

"What did I do this time, your highness?" I ask sarcastically, risking a look up at her. I'm hoping to keep her attention long enough for the kid she was screaming at to run away. Kaley doesn't get her hands dirty anymore, she found out quickly when you are popular or just plain

evil, people will do just about anything to stay on your good side, in the hopes of vicarious status or to not be the next victim. Having her father on the school board helps too. None of her actions have ever been caught on camera, so there isn't proof of anything she does, except the marks all over me, and she has everyone believing I am a weak nobody, that can't take a hit or heal very quickly. A few kids have been suspended because of her. She harassed one so badly he moved away from our pack to go to school in a neighboring pack where his grandparents live. All because he wouldn't break up with his girlfriend for her. We were in the fifth grade. Who is thinking about that in the fifth grade? No one talks about that though. The line the pack members believe or at least spread about is he needed extra guidance that the other school provides.

“You do not stop me from disciplining a pup. That little toe rag purposely ruined my brand new designer shoes in front of the whole school. She deserves to be punished.” Kaley tosses her platinum bleached hair over her shoulder and rolls her crystal blue eyes at me like I am the dumbest person in the world for not understanding that. It wasn't the 'whole school' it was my brother, the future beta, along with the future alphas, gamma and delta. Those five boys are rarely separated. She was trying to gain the attention of Dakota and Cameron, our future alphas, like most of the girls in our school. Her little minions were focused on the other three, they didn't really care which one gave them attention as long as they were noticed. As Marnie and Jeanie were ogling the guys, Marnie tripped over this little fourth grader and dumped whatever frufu iced coffee drink all down Kaley's legs. Kaley will never admit when she and her friends are in the wrong though.

The guys walk off chuckling, not even noticing the red tinge to Kaley's eyes, showing she's about to blow a gasket. Although, I don't think she has ever shown them that side of her. She's not dumb enough to show them her true colors. Her and her friends want to stay in the ranked circle. These boys rule the school like they think our parents rule this pack. They have no idea what they are actually doing, but they like the adoration, you can see it in their eyes. Acting tough and 'leading by example,' as they call it. If you want to be the best, act like it, until someone makes you prove it, then don't lose.

