

Chapter 10

I'm nearing a year of working in the packhouse every day after school and on the weekends too. Once I get to the year mark, my punishment will be complete. That amount of time was the only way the principal was okay with me not being expelled. The last time I saw Shaun in the packhouse was a week ago. Since then, he hasn't been around. I've just assumed that he had decided to move forward with his plan of leaving. The boys have gone back and forth on their torture of me. Some days they are really intense with it and others they are silent. It's been a few days since they have done anything to me, so I've felt a little paranoid since I got to school.

My first few classes went by uneventful. I got to them, wrote down all of the notes, and left the classroom without any distractions. I was then even able to make it to the cafeteria for lunch time. Grabbing my tray, excitement coursed through my body. We were having chicken tacos today - my favorite! I grabbed the tacos, two of them just because of how much I liked them, and started to walk down the line. Nobody spoke to me, but that was usual due to how excluded the boys have made me out to be over the years. The cafeteria workers smiled at me at least. I was standing in front of the one worker who always talks to me when she looked behind me and frowned.

"What is it?" I asked the lady, concerned with how she was acting. "Are you okay?"

She just looked at me and then behind me, making me decide to turn around and see what the problem was. My eyes widened once I did. Ezra and Elliot were striding up to me at a fast pace. Jackson and Samuel were walking towards me from the sides. I was surrounded. With how little they have messed with me lately, I wasn't sure what to expect. I should have expected the worst.

"Hello there, Lyssa," Elliot said to me with a mischievous smile on his face - the other three just staring and smiling the exact same way at me.

I sighed and just watched them as they stood in front of me. They looked like they were waiting for me to respond or something, but I didn't want to give them that satisfaction. I could see the agitation on their faces when I didn't do what they were wanting me to. The others in the cafeteria were all watching our interaction, regardless of if they were students, teachers, or cafeteria workers. They were all interested in what was about to happen. I started to wonder if I needed to just try to escape them before they could do anything to me. They didn't give me much time to find a way though. Ezra and Elliot walked closer and closer to me, to the point that their torsos were almost touching my food tray.

"So, you like the chicken tacos, huh?" Ezra said with a chuckle.

Samuel grabbed a tray that someone had left on the bar before they backed away from us. Jackson did the same. They all four stayed as close to me as they could, looking between each other. I continued to just stare back trying to figure out what their plan was.

Elliot laughed a bit, "Yeah. Our school does seem to have some of the best tacos. How about you have a few more?"

With that question, Samuel and Jackson tipped up their trays on me. Ezra and Elliot used one hand each to do the same to my own tray that was in my hands. They did it so fast there was no time to react. The drinks on each of the three trays flew at me, spilling all down my body. The tacos were crushed against me, along with the dessert puddings that were on the other two trays besides mine.

I was hoping that someone would come to my rescue; however, nobody did. Instead, all of the other students in the cafeteria started laughing along with the boys. They were practically cackling like evil villains. I just stood there as still as a statue. I wasn't sure what to do with this. I was now covered in a whole mess of food and standing there in the middle of the boys. They weren't making any move to leave, just watching as I stared at them in disbelief. They have never done something like this so publically. Tears started to fall down my face uncontrollably. I couldn't control it if I had wanted to. For a split second, I thought I saw some glimpse of regret in the boys' faces. If it were there though, it was gone almost immediately. In its place was the malicious smirk on all four of their faces.

"How...how could...how could you do," I tried saying, not able to get the full sentence out without crying even more.

I looked at them all, realizing that there was a slight gap in between Elliot and Ezra. I took that small gap as an opportunity. Quickly, I used all of my strength and pushed through the Alpha twins. They tried to push against me to keep me in place, but I did everything I could to get through. I thankfully made it and ran as fast as I could out of the cafeteria. The tears wouldn't stop as I ran to the nearest classroom outside the lunch room. Nobody even tried to speak to me or stop me. I'm just happy that the classroom I found was empty. I sat with my back against the door and practically fell to the ground in a heap.

Somehow this classroom stayed empty the entire time I was crying in it. I don't know how long I was in there, it felt like hours. I just cried and cried and cried over and over again until my eyes were as dry as could be. It was as if my body had run dry, as if there were no more tears left to cry. The next thing I know, the bell rang signalling the end of the school day. I suppose it had been hours of wallowing. I stood up and left the school building, ignoring all of the stares and laughter that seemed to follow me as I did. I continued on walking the way to my house. Once I made it halfway there, my father's car pulled in front of me on the street. He got out of the car running to me, and pulled me into a hug.

"Dad?! What's wrong?"

He held on tighter for a few moments before responding, "It's that boy. That one you worked with that you said was like a friend to you...oh Alyssa...I'm so sorry!"

"What happened to him?" I asked, concern growing more and more for Shaun. "What happened, dad?!"

My dad looked at me as if he were questioning whether or not he should tell me the truth, "He's...he's dead, Alyssa. We found him on the border of the pack this afternoon, mauled."