

Chapter 6

I listened once more to make sure nobody else was in the hallway. I didn't hear anyone anymore, so I slowly turned the doorknob. It squeaked a bit when it turned, but was otherwise quiet. I then pulled the door open and peeked my head out some to look down the hallway on either side. There was nobody down the hallway that I could see, so I cautiously made my way out of the storage closet. I could feel the squishing of paint in my shoes as I walked. I wasn't sure whether to be grossed out by the feeling or be more worried that the gross sounds would attract unwanted attention. I just need to get to a bathroom, I reminded myself while walking slowly down the hallway searching for somewhere there could be one. Then, I can hopefully get cleaned up and get to the meeting. Walking at a steady pace, I continued down the hallway. I made sure to use some of the stealth skills my father has taught me as I did.

Those skills were nothing to help me decide which room to go in. There were plenty of doors down the hallway, but I wasn't sure which room was for what. It would be extremely awkward if I were to open a door and come face to face with the Luna or with some random pack guest. That would definitely get me in more trouble than before. Finally, I decided I just needed to open a door and get it over with. I made it to the end of the hallway right by another set of stairs. Then, I picked a door at random and put my hand on it to open it. I couldn't hear any sounds coming from the inside, so I was hopeful. As usual...I shouldn't have been.

I opened the door quickly and quietly, hoping to be able to just get in and get out. Hoping to be able to get cleaned up and get to my punishment. That didn't happen. As I opened the door and went inside the room, I came face to face with my bullies...all four of them. The twins were relaxing on a couch in front of a television set, playing some sort of video games. Jackson and Samuel were standing near the door, obviously about to head out into the hallway. As soon as they saw me, they stopped and stared for a moment. I must have looked like a mess with all of the different paints covering my hair, face, and body. The twins stood up and came over to stand next to their friends, each one smiling one of the biggest and most terrifying smiles I have ever seen them smile.

"Oh this is even better than we expected it to be!" Ezra exclaimed while patting Jackson's shoulder and laughing out loud. "You look ridiculous! Like a clown!"

I couldn't help but feel tears start to form at the corners of my eyes as I listened to his rude comments. The other three were just laughing at my embarrassment. I turned around and went to grab the doorknob so I could leave; however, Samuel came forward as I did this and grabbed my wrist. He got some paint on his hand as he did, but that didn't seem to bother him.

"Oh, not so fast, little clown!" Samuel said as he turned me back around facing the group of guys. "I have a feeling there is something else that needs to be done before you can leave."

I didn't even get it, knowing it was four against one...four guys against one girl even. The boys continued to laugh and taunt me, grabbing at pieces of my shirt and icking the paint they got on their fingers back at me as if I were a splatter painting. Finally, Elliot walked over to a table in front of the couch in the room and picked up something. I wasn't sure what it was until he got back in front of me. A phone. He went and grabbed his phone, apparently wanting to document their torment of the day on me. I thought about trying to leave the room again, but with how rough the twins were with me earlier, I was scared it would be worse. I just stood as still as a statue with my head turned to the door as Elliot held his phone and took many pictures of me. He was even acting as if he was a photographer, walking around and taking pictures of me at different angles. The other three were just laughing away as he did this, sometimes even telling him other angles to get.

Finally, his camera stopped snapping photos of me and he walked back over to the couch. His sibling followed and they started to play their game again. I had expected one of them to tell me I could go now, but they didn't. Samuel and Jackson walked past me and each pushed me a little towards the door, but they never spoke. They then joined the other two, deciding they would just stay after all. I just stared at my four bullies, wondering what I ever did to deserve this. Then, I remembered I still needed to meet with the head Omega. I wasn't sure at this point how much time I had lost, so I decided to forgo it and just head downstairs. Walking out of the room that was obviously one of the boy's, I looked around the hallway once more to figure out what to do. I decided the best course would probably be to go down the back stairs near this door. Hopefully these stairs aren't as used as the others, I thought as I snuck down them quietly. I walked down two flights of stairs to the main door of the packhouse and searched for where I might be needing to go. I watched where some others were going to and decided to sneakily follow them. I definitely didn't want anyone else to see me like this. Trying to explain this to a whole lot of people would be H**l.

I walked down a thin hallway that seemed to lead into some backroom type areas, hoping that this was the correct way to my destination. I wasn't sure if I was right about it until, all of a sudden, I walked face first into a door. It happened to open up right as I was coming up to it. Due to how hard I hit the door with my face, I fell at on my butt on the floor. Looking up, I saw an older woman that looked like she was someone who might be in charge of something around here. I wasn't entirely sure though.

"Umm, are you the head Omega of our pack?" I asked her shyly, not looking upwards at her from the ground and not trying to stand up either. "I'm Alyssa...I was supposed to be finding the head Omega to learn about my punishment, but I got lost..."

"Well, you found me. Looks like you ran into some troubles on your way though, dear. What happened to you?" the woman asked me as she held her hand out to help me up.

I took her hand and followed her back through the door that had seemed to jump out and attack me. We then both sat down in the room. She sat behind a small desk, while I sat on the chair across from it. She continued to just look at me with pity in her eyes. I knew she likely wouldn't believe me if I told her the truth of what happened, so I knew I needed to come up with something. There was no way she would let me off without telling her what had happened...or at least a gmented version of what happened.