

Chapter 8

I could hear the sounds of my four bullies yelling at Shaun, but I couldn't see anything. My vision was clouded in darkness. I could hear Shaun trying to defend himself and the situation, saying that I just broke down when we got on this oor and he was trying to gure out what happened when the boys came up. The boys were each saying things that seemed like they were blaming Shaun for me being on the oor crying. That was until they looked around the pre-teen to see that I was lying on the oor now practically unconscious. I heard feet shuing towards me and hands touching my arms and head. Then, I blacked out fully.

I don't know how long it was before I nally woke up. When I woke up, I was lying down on something comfortable. I couldn't tell what it was or where I was, but I knew that I was surrounded by four different people - Ezra, Elliot, Jackson, and Samuel. My tormentors.

I sat up as quickly as I could, a pain throbbing in my head, and looked at the boys around me, "What are you doing to me?! Why am I here?"

"Oh calm down. We just brought you in here after you passed out. Wouldn't want you to get hurt or anything out there," Ezra said to me with a smile I could only assume was fake.

I went to stand up, but was blocked in doing so by Samuel and Jackson. They each put one hand on my shoulder and pushed me back to the couch. It was done gentler than I would've expected from them, but still seemed in their wheelhouse, since they were preventing me from leaving. The throbbing in my head started to get worse, causing me to press my hands to my temples. Surprisingly, the four boys got closer to me...as if they were actually worried.

"What hurts, Alyssa? Your head? Is there anything I can get to help you?" all four boys kept up their false act of care towards me, asking me so many questions.

Eventually I told each on something they could get to help me: some medicine, water, a cold towel, and some food. I gured that even if they all went off to get these things, it would probably have some sort of trick to it. Once the four were out of my view, I stood up and quickly left the room. I could tell when I got into the hallway that I was apparently in the other twin's room. It was next to the other room I had been in early, and brought the same amount of fear in my mind. I quickly raced down the hallway and downstairs. The boys are probably faster than me, but maybe with a headstart I could get away from them.

As I got down the stairs, I saw Shaun sitting on the wall. He was clutching his nose with a tissue in it. There was blood dripping onto the oor from the tissue and his eyes were red as if he had been crying. A lot obviously went down after I passed out. I ran over to him, watching as he inched when I got near.

"Oh my Goddess, Shaun! Are you okay?" I asked the boy, seeing how his eyes darted behind me when I stopped in front of him.

He stood up at that moment and nodded, "I'm ne. I need to get out of here though before they follow you."

"They? Are you talking about the twins and their friends?" I asked, hoping that this event didn't ruin my chance for a friend in this pack. "They aren't gonna follow me. Or at least I'm not gonna let them. Can you nish showing me the packhouse and what I'm supposed to be doing for my punishment? We can avoid their oor if you want."

Shaun nodded once more and started walking, looking back periodically to make sure that I...and only I...was following him. We then nished the tour of the packhouse, and Shaun gave me a rundown of all the tasks I would have during the duration of my punishment. I'd be expected to dust, sweep, vacuum, and mop the main areas of the packhouse. The guest rooms are the other Omega's jobs that work here, since they have to look pristine in case any Alpha's or anyone else important were staying here in the future. I thanked Shaun for continuing with the tour and everything, despite what happened with the boys, and we went our separate ways.

I got back to my house without anyone following me, thankfully; although, I could tell there was someone watching me the whole way. The next few months went by about the same after I managed to get out of my suspension. I woke up and went to school for the day. I continued to try to avoid the boys...and for some reason, at school, they would leave me alone for the most part. Afterwards, I would go to the packhouse to do my punishment chores. I was actually starting to enjoy my days. Punishment was terrible, don't get me wrong, but I was enjoying being out in the pack more. I was able to meet other pack members and even made what I would call, acquaintances with some of them. I couldn't say friends though because, even though the boys still left me alone for the most part, people were for some reason afraid to get too close to me. It was like I was a plague.

After I got done with my chores for the day, it was usually around dinner time or a little past it. I would then just go home silently and heat up whatever my family had eaten. Some days I felt like they would forget about me, since I'm rarely home. The plate in the microwave showed me the exact opposite though. It let me know that they knew I was still there, made me feel less alone.

During the walk home, although it was quiet at that time and I was always alone, it always felt like there was a presence watching. I couldn't tell with my gut if it felt like a sinister presence or a friendly one. It was just always there...watching. Tonight was no different than usual during my walk from the packhouse. At least that's what I thought...