

## School

Lindsey POV

The walk to school is horrendous. It's at least two miles and I have to walk and jog to get there in time. It's good to keep in physical shape but honestly, I'd kill to be able to drive to school as a lot of other shifters do. The school is a shifter school so no humans attend and it's part of the outskirts of the pack, which means that a few other different packs attend the school as well. Which just means more students to tease little old me. Aren't I lucky?

I make it to the school just as the bell rings and breathe a sigh of relief. First up is English class and it's my favorite subject. Mrs. Jones is a lovely teacher with big black curly hair and large black spectacles on her face. She has what one might deem a large curvaceous gure and demands respect from her students. No one dares to make fun of her and it's one of the few classes I can breathe easy in. I also regularly get A's in this class because I enjoy the class so much, to Tiffany and the other's disgust, because they tend to struggle in this class. Mrs. Jones doesn't give out A's very easily.

"Good morning class" Mrs. Jones greeted all of us as I slide into my seat at the very front of the classroom and put my backpack down.

"Good morning Mrs. Jones" chorused the classroom, some of the students rolling their eyes or poking their tongues out at the teacher's back. They hastily poked their tongues back in when she turned around.

"Now then, I would like everyone to hand in their essays, please. Lindsey, would you go around and collect everyone's homework? I assume you did your essay?" she said narrowing her eyes at me.

I quickly ried through my backpack and withdrew my prized essay on what the future would hold for me and brandished it at Mrs. Jones who smiled at me fondly.

"Teacher's pet" I heard Tiffany comment from the back. I chose to ignore it, it wasn't the worst of names they could call me.

I quickly made my way up and down the classroom, collecting everyone's essays as they glared at me, from their seats. Some of them had to be reminded to put their names on it and one student spat a spitball at me that I had to dig out of my hair while his friends snickered from their seats next to him.

I brought the essays back to the teacher and handed them to her. She quickly ried through them, thanking me. "Thank you, Lindsey. You may take your seat again."

I beamed and sat back down. I enjoyed doing things for the teachers. I know I know, that made me a teacher's pet but I didn't get any praise at home or from the pack so I enjoyed getting praised at school and made a real effort when it came to getting all my classwork done.

"Right then," said Mrs. Jones briskly, glancing at the time "your next assignment," she said cheerfully as the class let out a collective groan "is to write a story. You have two months," she said as the class cheered "and while that might seem like a lot of time, in reality, it's, not if you're going to write a full-blown story."

"What's it have to be about?" asked a student from the back, a girl whose name I couldn't remember.

"It can be about anything. There are some rules, however" said Mrs. Jones sternly "it cannot be R-rated so no porn or erotica" she said as some of the boys groaned in disappointment, "otherwise the sky is the limit. It cannot be degrading or racist in any way shape or form. But it can be horror, fantasy, paranormal, you name it. The subject matter is up to you."

"How many words does it have to be?" called out Tiffany sounding resigned. The class quickly went silent as everyone looked at Mrs. Jones enquiringly.

She gave a grim smile. "I expect a novel," she said as hushed whispers began "so a minimum of 60 000 words or more is expected for this assignment."

"You're joking," one of the boys said in disbelief.

Mrs. Jones glowered at him. "I never joke" she snapped "and you have two months to write it, which is an adequate amount of time. I might be persuaded to extend it if everyone is having diculties, but everyone must have had a decent go of writing something before I consider it, do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones" chorused the class.

I couldn't believe it. I was fairly wriggling in my chair over the assignment. I already knew what I was going to write about. I was going to write a book about my life as an omega, my character developed around me. The bell rang and everyone began to pack up their books and pencils, heading to their next classes. I was on my way to the library, I had a free class when I was shoved into a nearby locker.

"Ouch" I cried, looking over to see it was none other than Derek who had shoved me. Somehow I wasn't too surprised. Ever since I was small he'd been one of my tormenters but lately, it had gotten worse. Ever since he'd gotten his wolf he had turned into a right asshole. It was like he was looking for ways to make my life miserable.

He shoved me again and I dropped my backpack. Tiffany stood next to him sniggering and looking out for any teachers, not that there were many that would come to the help of an omega. Mrs. Jones was one of the few exceptions.

"Get her" snapped Tiffany and Derek reached over and slapped me hard against the face. It stung. I put a hand up and glared at him.

"What is your problem, Derek? I get that you don't like me but this is overkill, even for you" I snapped.

For a moment he looked hesitant but then Tiffany stepped forward and kicked me hard in the knee, forcing me to buckle. I landed on both knees swearing. She took the opportunity to grab hold of my hair and rip out a chunk as I shrieked in pain.

"Remember your place you pathetic piece of s\*\*t" she snarled.

I said nothing, feeling a ash of deance sweep through me. I was tired of this, tired of being bullied and being spat on. She pulled back my hair and then I felt her scratch me across the neck with her long ngernails.

"You are a worthless piece of crap who doesn't deserve to live" she muttered dropping me to the oor with a large thud. I curled up in a fetal position as Derek moved closer.

"Stop" I pleaded.

They laughed. The sound chilled me to the bone. Then thwack. Derek swung back his leg and kicked me right in the ribs. I doubled over, hearing the sound of a crack as one of my ribs broke. The bell rang and Derek calmly picked up his backpack, staring down at me with contempt in his eyes.

"You're disgusting" he snarled "putrid piece of garbage" he snapped, Tiffany grabbing hold of his arm.

"You showed her" she giggled as I lay there, wondering if it was all over and if they were nished. They turned away and began to make their way to class while I awkwardly got to my feet, cursing at the pain in my side. I grabbed my backpack and began to limp toward the nurse's oce.

The nurse took one look at me and rolled her eyes. This wasn't my rst trip to the nurse's oce and she was about as warm as a block of ice, especially towards omegas.

"Let me guess," she said calmly, eyeing me "another attack."

"I think one of my ribs is broken and I'm not sure about the knee," I said pointing. I knew they would eventually heal with my shifter blood, but I would be in agony until then.

The nurse's blue eyes were cold as ice. She rolled them and gave a huff. "Take your shirt off," she said with a sigh and I proceeded to do that, wincing as her cold hands began to feel my ribs. They were bruised and purple.

"Yeah, they're broken" she murmured, "they got you good again huh."

"Yeah," I said miserably. I wasn't about to tell her who they were but something told me it wouldn't matter. A bit like if I went to the principal. He didn't care. I wasn't high enough in the hierarchy to care. He wasn't about to go against Derek. Derek was going to be the Alpha of the Crimson River Pack soon. The principal wasn't that foolish. Tiffany was dating Derek and there was every chance she was going to be the future luna of the pack. They were just too powerful and they couldn't be messed with. The worst thing was they knew it.

The nurse felt my knee and then with a grimace, pushed it back in. I shrieked from the pain and then exed my leg experimentally. "It was just dislocated," she said dismissively.

"Oh," I said weakly.

She reached over to the counter near her and grabbed a bottle of painkillers, offering them to me. "Take some of these now and then take two every four to six hours until your ribs heal. There's not much more I can do" she said with a sigh and a small smile "but you already know that, don't you."

"Yeah," I said heavily "but the painkiller's help."

"I bet," she said dryly "now where are you off to next?"

"Homeroom."

"I'll make a note that you missed class to see me. Now off you go and try to stay out of trouble for the rest of the day" the nurse chided me.

"I'll try," I said miserably.

I heaved my backpack onto my shoulder and walked out of the small cramped, nurse's oce, and disappeared down the corridor, luckily not limping anymore but my ribs still throbbing in pain. I walked into homeroom, Tiffany and Derek smirking at me as I walked over to my empty desk and sat down. I shot Tiffany upright and grabbed the pin that had been put there for me to sit on, placing it on top of the desk. Tears pricked the corners of my eyes. Was this going to be my life? To be tormented like this for the rest of my life and the rest of my days?

The homeroom teacher barely even gave me a second glance even though I was late. I used the time to rest my head on the desk, grateful to be given a brief reprieve from the bullying as Tiffany and Derek began to discuss plans to do with the upcoming prom. I wasn't going, I was adamant. Not just because nobody had asked me, but because I was certain that my stepmother and father would never allow me to go. Besides, why would I want to go to an event where I would be teased and tormented some more?

"I can't wait to go to prom with you. I still have to get my dress but you have to match your suit to it" pouted Tiffany.

"Of course baby, anything you want" Derek soothed her.

"We are going to have one hell of an after-party" cried Tiffany with glee, tossing her hair over her shoulder as her friends began to cheer.

"Of course, you're going to be prom queen Tiffany. That's a given."

"Why of course. Who else is going to be prom queen?"

"We should all go shopping together" cried one of her friends and there was a chorus of agreement from the group so closely knit together.

"Shopping trip" squealed Tiffany while the boys agreed good-naturedly. I just rolled my eyes and tiredly sat there, praying for the bell to end. I still had three more classes to go and then I had to do some more cleaning at the pack house before cooking dinner.

The bell rang. I got up tiredly and made my way to the next class thankfully untouched. The rest of the day passed by in a blur and soon I was walking and jogging my way back to the pack house, while the rest of my classmates drove home from school, passing me by and calling me insulting names.

"Hey b\*\*h" snarled Tiffany and I looked up just in time to have a frozen coke thrown in my face as she drove past. I spluttered and wiped at my eyes, feeling the cold sticky beverage drip down my face. What a wonderful way to end the day, I thought to myself miserably before remembering I still had to get to the pack house. I shivered from the coldness of the coke that was dripping from me and began to jog, my shoulders slumped in defeat.