

## Principal's Office

Lindsey's POV

I tossed and turned, punching the pillow in frustration. It was impossible to tell the time in the basement, because all of the windows were covered in bars and were like small slits, barely letting any light in at all. At the moment it was dark and dank, the smell of mold putrid. I was uncomfortable but used to threadbare mattresses as I tried to sleep as best I could. But it rankled that the Luna thought that I was trying to seduce Derek! As if, I scoffed to myself. There was no way in hell I would ever want to be mates even, with a person like Derek. I pitied whoever was mates with him. He was a right bastard. I can't believe he just made me watch him masturbate by using his damn alpha tone on me. How sick and twisted can one person be?

I punched the pillow again. God, I hated feeling helpless, hated feeling this vulnerable. Why was I always the one to cop the blame?

"Face it, Lindsey, it's because you're an omega that's why" I whispered to myself sarcastically, as I rolled over on the mattress and buried my head in my pillow, wanting nothing more than to scream into it, I was that annoyed. My muscles ached all over and my body was in agony. I considered myself lucky that Luna Chelsea had merely ung me into the cell and hadn't seen t to punish me beforehand. Not that I had deserved it. Still, she could have done something much worse.

I must have slept because the next thing I knew there were small patches of sunlight coming through the slits in the windows. I sat upright and gazed at them, concerned. Where was the Luna? Or even the guards? Had she forgotten she had thrown me down here? My stomach growled with hunger and I placed a shaking hand against it. I was going to be late for school again if she didn't hurry up and release me, I thought with a grimace, standing up and accidentally grabbing hold of the bars. I swore as the silver burnt my esh, hurriedly releasing them.

"Hello" I shouted hoarsely, my voice sore "Hello, anybody out there?" I called. There was no answer.

I was beginning to freak out now. I could scream but there was no guarantee that anybody would hear me. I started to pace back and forth, biting the ends of my nails. My hair was all disheveled and I smelt less than clean after sleeping on that smelly mattress.

There came an ominous creak and then the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. Hurray, I thought to myself, somebody has come to let me out, nally. But my heart sank when I saw the bright sunlight. It had to be well past the start time for school. There was no way it wasn't. Luna Chelsea came into view, her face haughty, a grim expression on her face. She tsked as she saw me, her ice-blue eyes narrowing. "I'm afraid I forgot you were in here," she said lightly.

Bullshit, I thought furiously, there was something about the way she said it that told me she meant otherwise. Still, I bit my lip and remained silent as she began to rie in her pocket for the key.

"Now then," she said holding the key up and brandishing it at me "you will stay away from Derek, do you hear me? He is going to be our Alpha soon and he's much too good for the likes of you," she said snidely.

I gaped. She honestly believed I'd been trying to seduce him. I cast my eyes down. "Yes Luna Chelsea," I said meekly.

This seemed to placate her as she placed the key in the lock and turned it, swinging the door open.

"You're late for school I'm afraid" she sighed heavily, looking a little apologetic, "you had better get a move on" she added as I rushed past her. Crap, so I was late for school, I fumed, almost running.

I didn't bother getting changed, or even nding something to eat. I was used to going long periods without food and as for the messy hair? Well, that was not unusual for me either. I practically sprinted up the stairs and through the front door of the pack house, down the driveway, and into the forest. I knew the back ways to school and took them, hurrying down the paths, keeping a sharp lookout for rogues. I knew I should have taken the main roads, was supposed to because if I ran into a rogue I was in trouble, but I was in that much of a hurry I didn't consider any other options. I was lucky today, coming out on the other side safely and heading into the school, but not before bumping into my maths teacher who was walking in the corridor. Mr. Simons glanced at me.

"You were not in maths class this morning Miss Smith," he said coldly. "I know because I took attendance this morning and you were not present."

Shit. I opened my mouth to explain but the teacher was not having it. He wasn't really a fan of mine. He grasped me by the arm and began to march me straight to the principal's oce as I struggled in his grasp. "I'm certain that Mr. Richards will have a few choice words to say to you. This is not the rst time you have been late to school" he huffed.

My shoulders slumped. I had been hoping to just slip into my next class which happened to be my favorite, English but it had to be my rotten luck that Mr. Simons happened to be out in the corridor. He knocked on the principal's oce.

"Come in" called Mr. Richards in a jovial voice.

Mr. Simons with his lips pursed, opened the door and shoved me inside, forcing me to sit down. Mr. Richards, a fat balding man, eyed me with concern.

"Hey, now Simons have a seat. What's going on?" asked the Principal.

Mr. Simon's remained standing with his arms folded across his chest. He pushed his large spectacles up his nose. "I just caught this student, Miss Smith, coming into school late. This is not her rst absence either Principal Richards. I believe you are familiar with this student."

The Principal peered at me and then recognition dawned and he sighed. He nodded at Mr. Simons. "I'll take care of this," he said quietly "you may leave now Mr. Simon."

The math teacher nodded and quickly left the room, but not before shooting me a look lled with daggers. I glared back at him. Tattletale. The Principal eyed me, his hands on his chin, looking quite dismayed.

"You've been late a fair bit lately Lindsey, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I couldn't help it" I protested "I got put in the dungeon last night Principal Richards. I had to wait for somebody to let me out. They didn't let me out until like thirty minutes ago. I got here as fast as I could" I added. I had. I had literally sprinted for as long as I could, walked for a bit, and then sprinted again to get to school as fast as possible. Yet again, I wished I had a car.

The Principal didn't look impressed.

"If you were in the dungeon it was because you were being punished for a transgression" he spat out "and therefore not the school's problem. I will be contacting your parents about this Lindsey and informing them about your numerous latenesses."

My mouth dropped open. "That's not fair" I whined, knowing it wouldn't do any good "I swear I tried my best to get here on time. I really did Principal Richards."

He shook his head looking unsympathetic. "You, being an omega, know the rules better than anyone. We have a hierarchy in the shifter world for a reason. That goes for the school too. I cannot just let this slide. It would be like showing favoritism and I would not like to be accused of that. You will be attending detention straight after school. I will inform your parents and the Luna of your punishment because I know you help out in the pack house after school. Is that clear?"

I hung my head. "Yes Principal Richards," I said in a whisper.

"Good" he barked "now get to class."

The rest of the day passed by in a blur. Thankfully Tiffany and her cronies left me alone and even Derek after the day before, seemed to have disappeared. Nobody bothered me for once and I was left in peace. It was nice and something I wished happened on a regular basis. When the last bell rang, I reluctantly headed towards detention, opening the door and eyeing the room grimly.

Detention was saved for the worst offenders, which meant I wouldn't nd Tiffany or any of her friends in here. Neither would I nd Derek because nobody was brave enough to punish a soon-to-be Alpha. What I did nd was a bunch of mist kids that were sitting at the desks either looking bored, listening to music or throwing spitballs while the teacher read a book and basically ignored everyone. Heaving a sigh, I sat down at the closest desk and pulled out my homework thinking I might as well get that done while I had the time.

The teacher put his book down nally and glanced around the room, his eyes narrowing as he stared at the ones with spitballs. They hurriedly put them away. "Chris, Thomas" he growled, "I see you with those spitballs again, I'm going to shove them where the sun doesn't shine."

The boys gulped. I fought back a grin. So this wasn't a typical detention room where the children got away with murder. The girl listening to the music rolled her eyes. I began to scribble away and then paused as the teacher suddenly pointed to me, singling me out.

"See that," he said loudly as I swallowed hard, my heart beginning to pound loudly in my chest "you should all take a leaf out of her book and do your homework while you're in here. "

The boys snickered and one laughed outright as the teacher shook his head in resignation. "You're going to have to do your homework anyway" he pointed out wisely but nobody was paying attention. I really wished he hadn't drawn any attention to me.

"Look at little miss goody two shoes" I heard one of the boys whisper, nudging his friend who looked over at me.

"Yeah" whispered his mate "what do you think she did to get in her then?" he asked.

"Don't know but that's what makes her so interesting."

I tried my best to ignore them, focussing on my English homework and the novel that I needed to produce. I had already written ve chapters and was that was beginning to write my sixth. I was using my life as the storyline and everything that happened. It was ctonal but based on a true story. My story. Hopefully, that was allowed. The teacher had given up again and was back to reading his novel, occasionally darting his eyes around the room in hopes that the bell would ring soon. I didn't blame him. It must suck having to be the one to stay back and carry out detention duties. The bell suddenly rang and I blinked my eyes in surprise, putting my books and pencils away in my bag as everyone else scrambled to their feet and practically raced out the door.

I was slower, knowing that I might not be punished by the Luna if the Principal had explained like he said he would but that I was still likely to be punished by my stepmother and father. I walked out of the room with my backpack hoisted on my shoulders, the sun shining brightly on me as I stepped out of the school and began to walk down the driveway. A car suddenly pulled up in front of me, the back door opening.

"Get in" snarled my father as I met his eyes, and I swallowed hard, Beth avoiding my gaze. So much for walking home. For a moment I considered running but then I saw the look on my father's face and knew it would be futile. I felt dread in the pit of my stomach as I stared at him, my feet refusing to move as the fear inside of me grew.