

Hell

Lindsey POV

I woke up in the early hours of the morning and staggered into the shower, holding back my screams as the hot water hit the wounds and gashes on my body, fresh blood trickling down. They had started to heal but the water reopened some of them. I needed to feel clean and refreshed, the water helping to soothe my sore and aching muscles. I hobbled to my clothes and put on a long sweatshirt and long sweatpants, before hobbling to the pack house to make breakfast for everyone. Every step was lled with pain and agony.

For the rst time ever, I was left in peace to complete my chores. Even Luna Chelsea, let me be as I served her and Alpha Damian, giving me a small smile of satisfaction. I knew she knew I'd been punished, I could see it on her face but she did not comment whereas Alpha Damian gave me a sad smile. "Have a good day at school" said Luna Chelsea in a malicious voice and I inched, hurrying back home where, to my shock, Beth had made breakfast for her and father who was passed out on the couch drunk. When I looked at her questioningly she put a nger to her lips and shook her head so that I wouldn't say anything. I gave her a grateful look and grabbed my backpack, wincing at the pain as I placed it on my back and began to the long trek to school, praying I would make it on time and that my father wouldn't be contacted due to lateness again.

Success. I could have wept with joy when I made it to school. I was overjoyed. Until I remembered what class I had today. How had it slipped my mind? I cringed. Of all days, why did it have to be today? When I was in this much pain? I couldn't believe my rotten luck. I slunk into the gymnasium where the PE Teacher Mrs. Simmons was waiting for the class.

"About time Lindsey" she barked as I joined the class reluctantly "now I want everyone to go and get changed. Today's lesson is going to be on volleyball," she said with glee "one of my favorite games."

I swallowed hard. The thought of playing such a hardcore physical game with my injuries was enough to make me sick to my stomach. The rest of the class led into the locker room while I approached the teacher tentatively. Mrs. Simmons was young but rm, with blazing red hair and green eyes. She had a temper and was erce, easily towered over me with her tallness, and was known for being unsympathetic, but still, I had to try. It was worth a shot, anyway. I was in agony.

"Um, Mrs. Simmons" I stammered as she looked down at me, with her lips curled back in a sneer.

"Yes Lindsey" she barked looking impatient.

"Is there any chance I could be excused from today's class? You see I have this injury" I began and then fell silent as I saw the look on her face.

"Can you walk?" she said icily.

I nodded miserably.

"If you can walk then you can play," she said coldly "now go and get changed into your gym uniform" she snapped.

I turned and slunk towards the locker room. To make things worse, Tiffany and the other girls were in the same class. I walked into the locker room just as they had nished changing. Tiffany shoved me as I walked past and I fell hard, against the locker, crying out in pain as she gave a big smile.

"Oops," she exclaimed as her friends tittered around her "I guess I didn't see you."

I said nothing, standing back upright and moving slowly toward my locker. Because of my slowness, almost everyone else was already changed and making their way back out. I quickly reached for my gym uniform and began to get changed, glad there wasn't anyone to see my injuries, not that anyone would care, I was just self-conscious about them. I wasn't looking forward to the game and I took as long as I possibly could to get dressed, before reluctantly making my way back out to the gymnasium.

Mrs. Simmons glowered at me. "Now that Lindsey has bothered to join us," she said pointedly as the class burst into giggles and I blushed, my cheeks turning bright red, "we can split into two groups and head over to the volleyball net" she concluded.

Naturally, Tiffany and her friends consisted of one team, while the rest of us mists consisted of the other. I stood at the back, looking miserable and hoping I wouldn't have to move for the ball. My back was throbbing painfully and every single movement hurt. Mrs. Simmons was attempting to explain the rules but hardly anyone was listening, Tiffany was busy whispering something to her friends who were gathered around her.

In the distance of the gymnasium were the football players who were doing laps around the gym, with their coach yelling instructions at them. Derek was busy eyeing Tiffany who gave him a cheerful little wave and a bright smile. He winked at her. Then he turned and purposely glared at me as I recoiled. Why did he save his hatred for me? I had never even done anything to him and yet he had such disdain, such contempt for me. Why? Was it because of Tiffany's inuence? Or was there more to the story? It hurt, which I couldn't explain either. Why did I care so much that Derek hated me? Why couldn't I just ignore him and pretend he never even existed? An image of him m*****g in front of me ashed in my mind and I blushed, biting my lip and turning away. Damn him for making me watch him do that. It was impossible to get that image out of my mind now and it occupied my thoughts and even my dreams.

"Are you paying attention Lindsey" growled Mrs. Simmons, bringing me back to reality.

I blinked at her. "Yes Mrs. Simmons," I said quietly.

She didn't look like she believed me but shrugged her shoulders. "Then let's begin. Tiffany, your team is going to serve rst" she added.

Tiffany grinned. "Sure thing Mrs. Simmons."

I didn't trust that smile. Something was amiss, especially since her friends were all grinning wildly as well. I should have paid better attention to Tiffany as she served because the next thing I knew, I was being bonked on the head with the ball.

"Ouch" I cried out, grabbing hold of the ball.

"Lindsey," Mrs. Simmons said exasperatedly "pay better attention."

"Sorry Mrs. Simmons," I said sheepishly, throwing the ball back to Tiffany whose grin grew wider. I frowned. Had she deliberately aimed for me? Damn that hurt, just throwing the ball.

Tiffany served again. This time I paid close attention and sure enough, it came towards me. I smacked the ball up, inching from the pain of the movements, another person stepping in to hit it closer to the net. It spiked over the net and Tiffany's friends hit it back over but it came straight back toward me, hitting me in the stomach as I doubled over in pain. Damn, they'd spiked it hard and fast. I grabbed the ball and rolled it over towards them scowling. My whole body was starting to throb now. Mrs. Simmons was frowning at me. I wasn't good at the gym, I was the rst to admit, but I was starting to think the ball coming towards me was no sheer coincidence.

Sure enough, the serve was aimed directly toward me again and I just managed to get the ball heading up for another hit in time, breathing shallowly as the pain shot through my body. I bit my lip, trying not to cry. Could they not just leave me alone for one day? One single day? It hurt so bad to move. The ball went over the net and Tiffany's group managed to spike it back over, whamming me in the head and sending me to the ground. I lay there feeling sorry for myself.

"Lindsey. are you alright?" asked Mrs. Simmons, looking frustrated with me.

"I'm alright" I mumbled, lying through my teeth. Part of me considered staying there, but I forced myself back up, standing back upright, my shoulders slumped. Tiffany gave me a malicious smile.

"Sorry Lindsey, I guess I don't know my strength" she teased and the other girls laughed while Mrs. Simmons hung back watching. Then my heart sank as the Principal walked over to talk to her. This meant she was distracted. Tiffany's grin grew wider as Mrs. Simmons turned her back to the class to speak to him.

Whack. The ball hit me right in the stomach. Tears pricked the corner of my eyes. Tiffany was strong for a shifter and her accuracy was astounding. "Ouch" I wheezed, doubled over.

Someone grabbed the ball and handed it back to Tiffany. "Geez Lindsey, you're pathetic" she commented as I slowly straightened back up. "You can't even dodge the ball" she added.

Whack. I managed to hit the ball, my group moving to get it over the net, but Lindsey's group moved in tandem, deliberately spiking it towards me, it hit me on the side of the head and I went careening to the ground. The group laughed. Tears began to trail down my cheeks.

"She's crying" one of the girls mocked me from behind as Tiffany laughed.

"Oh dear, she must be hurt," Tiffany said in fake concern "maybe we should help her up?"

I frantically looked towards the principal and Mrs. Simmons but they were still busy in a discussion. I felt like I'd torn the wounds and reopened them in my back,

"Please" I pleaded with them as I awkwardly got to my feet "please just stop" I begged Tiffany who looked at me confused.

"Stop what?" she asked, "this is just a game, Lindsey."

"Yeah" chimed in another girl "we're just playing a game."

"It's not our fault if you don't like the game."

"All we're doing is playing the game."

"It's just a game. Nothing else."

"Why can't you just play the game like we are?"

I knew they weren't just playing the game as I took my spot once more. Tiffany served and the ball landed right in front of me, missing me by a mere inch as I inched. She laughed. "I guess I misjudged that one. "

I looked over at my team but everybody avoided my gaze. None of them would invoke Tiffany's wrath by going against her. It was infuriating but I wouldn't nd any help here, nor could I just walk away. Damn Mrs. Simmons for making me play and thank her for not observing the class. My hands clenched into sts and I grabbed the ball without thinking. I don't know what happened but one minute I was clutching the ball and the next I was holding something that was severely deated in my grasp as the girls all gasped at me.

I looked down at the deated ball perplexed. How had I managed that? I didn't have a wolf so I couldn't have brought forward my claws nor had I used strength? Tiffany was gaping. The other girls were talking in hushed whispers. Mrs. Simmons had nally stopped talking to the Principal and was on her way back. Tiffany immediately pointed toward me. "She broke the ball Mrs. Simmons on purpose."

"No, I didn't" I protested, holding the deated thing out in front of me "it just happened I swear."

Mrs. Simmons eyed the ball askance, glanced at the time, and sighed. "Class is just about nished anyway," she said with a grimace "so go and get changed. Throw the ball in the bin Lindsey and next time it happens, it will be detention" she warned. I gulped and nodded, throwing the ball in the bin and heading into the locker room.

I began to get changed and heard the gasps from several girls as they saw the wounds on my back but I ignored them. I had just nished when Tiffany approached me, her eyes hard. "I saw you eyeing Derek" she spat out "and if you do it again I'll kill you" she promised, shoving me hard so that I tripped and fell against the locker. She grinned triumphantly. "As if he'd ever look at someone as mousy as you anyway" she declared and sashayed away, her friends following behind her. I just shook my head and sighed. Today was going to be another long day.