

Like Any Other Day

Tiffany POV

We gathered around Mrs. Simmons, eager, to hear what our lesson for the day was going to be. I loved gym class, it was one of my favorites, primarily because I knew that it was one of Lindsey's least favorite subjects and she happened to be in the same gym class as me. When Lindsey came in to join us she was hobbling like a little old lady I noticed with glee. Had Luna Chelsea punished the little b***h once again for something? Mrs. Simmons was not impressed by Lindsey's tardiness.

"About time Lindsey" she barked as Lindsey 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 could have laughed at the look of horror on Lindsey's face. All of us disappeared to get changed while she stayed back, probably to get Mrs. Simmons to feel sorry for her and to let her out of the game. If that's what she was hoping for she was in for a shock, Mrs. Simmons never let anyone off anything unless you were dead or dying. Lindsey was going to have to play, I thought smugly to myself, whether she liked it or not.

We led back out, and I surrounded myself with my friends. I already knew how this was going to go. Mrs. Simmons was sure to have me and my friends as one team and all the mists including pathetic Lindsey in the other team. Lindsey was the last one to come out of the locker room, looking anything but happy as she joined the group.

Sure enough, as I predicted: Mrs. Simmons glowered at Lindsey "Now that Lindsey has bothered to join us" she said pointedly as the class burst into giggles and Lindsey blushed, her cheeks turning bright red, "we can split into two groups and head over to the volleyball net" she concluded. Naturally, the two groups were me and my friends versus Lindsey and the mists. The not-so-popular kids.

I gathered my friends around me in a small group. "Listen up," I said in a hushed whisper, the girls all crowding in "we're all going to go for Lindsey, is that clear? Spike the ball at her, aim for her, do whatever it takes, but make her life miserable. I'll start it off" I added. Candy nodded, taking me seriously, her red hair swept over her shoulder. I glanced behind the girls to see Derek running laps around the gymnasium with the rest of the football players with the coach yelling instructions at them. I gave him a cheerful smile and wave as he gave me a wink back before glaring hatefully at Lindsey who looked upset to be on the receiving end. I knew exactly why Derek hated her so much. It was the same reason I hated her. Because he was mates with her and she was a weakling who didn't deserve to be mates with such a strong alpha like him. She couldn't sense it yet, because she didn't have her wolf, but she would when she turned eighteen and shifted. Until then we were going to have fun tormenting her.

"Are you paying attention Lindsey" growled Mrs. Simmons, turning to Lindsey who blinked at her.

"Yes Mr.s Simmon," she said quietly.

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

I grinned. "Sure thing Mrs. Simmons."

I deliberately aimed for Lindsey, serving the ball as hard as I possibly could and bonking her on the head with the ball.

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

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

"Sorry Mrs. Simmons," she said sheepishly, throwing the ball back to me as my grin grew wider. This was going to be fun. She was so damn naive, probably didn't even realize yet that it had been done on purpose.

I served again as hard as I possibly could, Lindsey paying attention to my movements this time, unfortunately. She smacked the ball up, inching for some strange reason, another person stepping in to hit it closer to the net. It spiked over the net and Candy, bless her heart managed to hit it back over straight toward Lindsey, hitting her in the stomach as she doubled over in pain. She grabbed the ball and rolled it over towards us scowling. Mrs. Simmons was frowning at Lindsey, looking very displeased. It was no secret that Lindsey wasn't very good at gym, something I and the girls were currently taking advantage of. Surely by now, she should have realized we were deliberately aiming for her? Or was she really that stupid? What a dummy, I thought with a smirk preparing myself again.

I ipped my hair over my shoulder and took aim, serving the ball high again, aiming it directly towards Lindsey who just managed to get the ball heading up for another hit in time The ball went over the net and my group managed to spike it back over, whamming Lindsey in the head and sending her to the ground where she lay looking weak and pathetic like the omega she is.

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

"I'm alright" she mumbled, forcing herself back up, standing back upright, her shoulders slumped. I gave her a malicious smile.

"Sorry Lindsey, I guess I don't know my strength" I teased and the other girls laughed while Mrs. Simmons hung back watching. My grin grew wider as the Principal suddenly walked across the gymnasium to talk to Mrs. Simmons, who turned her back to speak to him, meaning she was now distracted, Now was the time to torment that little b***h even further. Lindsey already looked petried and close to tears. Something told me it wouldn't take much to break her.

Whack. The ball hit Lindsey right in the stomach. Tears pricked the corner of her eyes. I was strong for a shifter and my accuracy was astounding.

"Ouch" she wheezed, doubled over.

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

Whack Lindsey managed to hit the ball, her group moving to get it over the net, but my group moved in tandem, deliberately spiking it towards Lindsey, it hit her on the side of the head and she went careening to the ground. My group laughed. Tears began to trail down her cheeks. Big fat alligator tears that made me smile with triumph. I thought for sure it would have taken her longer than this to break. This was easier than I thought it was going to be.

"She's crying" one of the girls mocked Lindsey from behind as I laughed.

"Oh dear, she must be hurt," I said in fake concern "maybe we should help her up?" I suggested slyly. Oh, I'd help her up alright, but only to kick her to the oor again. Lindsey shook her head.

I saw Lindsey frantically look toward the principal and Mrs. Simmons but they were still busy in a discussion.

If she thought they were going to help her then she had another thing coming. They didn't care about omegas, nobody did in this school. They only cared about sucking up to the soon-to-be Alpha and luna of the school which was Derek and me. The principal was hardly going to step in and get us to stop. Poor, poor, Lindsey I thought sarcastically, she really couldn't catch a break between school and the pack house.

"Please" she pleaded with us as she awkwardly got her feet "please just stop" she begged me while I looked at her confused. I knew why she was begging me but I couldn't help stringing her along a little.

"Stop what?" I asked perplexed "this is just a game, Lindsey." I shrugged my shoulders, turning to look at the others, who tittered behind me.

"Yeah" chimed in Sarah, with her blonde hair and green eyes "we're just playing a game," she added maliciously.

"It's not our fault if you don't like the game." Candy said solemnly "we're just trying to follow the rules."

"All we're doing is playing the game Lindsey, just like you."

"It's just a game. Nothing else" I repeated with a raised eyebrow, daring her to say anything more, or to even stand up for herself. If anything she seemed to deate with every comment that I and my friends made.

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

She took her spot once more. I served, aiming for in front of her for fun, and the ball landed right in front of her, missing Lindsey by a mere inch as she inched. I laughed. "I guess I misjudged that one. " I hadn't. I'd judged it perfectly and enjoyed watching her inch in fear.

She looked over at her team and I couldn't help but notice with satisfaction that everybody avoided her gaze. None of them would invoke my wrath by going against me. Her hands clenched into fists and she grabbed the ball without thinking. I swear I saw her nails turn into claws but how that was possible when she didn't yet have her wolf I don't know. Not only that but her eyes ashed black for the merest second before going back to normal. The next second Lindsey was clutching a severely deated ball and looking at the group extremely confused as to how it had happened. I gaped as did the rest of the girls. Had she not seen her nails digging into the ball? Had she not felt her eyes ash black? If she hadn't I wasn't about to tell her and I shot the girls a warning glance, telling them in no uncertain terms not to tell her either. I had never heard of anyone being able to do something like this without their wolf and it was fascinating but also frightening at the same time. What kind of wolf would she possess that allowed her to do this so early before her eighteenth birthday? I only knew of one other person who had gotten their wolf early and that was Derek. This was a mistake of some kind. It had to be.

The other girls were talking in hushed whispers.

"Don't you dare even think about telling her" I whispered furiously "do you hear me?"

They all nodded, not daring to double-cross me.

Mr.s Simmons had nally stopped talking to the Principal and was on her way back. I immediately pointed toward Lindsey. "She broke the ball Mr.s Simmons on purpose."

"No, I didn't" Lindsey protested, holding the deated thing out in front of her "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. Lindsey gulped and nodded, throwing the ball in the bin and heading into the locker room.

I started to get changed when I heard the gasps from the other girls. I hurriedly nished, turning around and gasping in shock myself as I saw Lindsey's back. It was covered in bruises, gouged-out esh, and dried blood. She had clearly been whipped. For a moment I felt a pang of sympathy but then I hardened my heart. I couldn't afford to be sympathetic toward her. She was a lowly omega and I was going to be the future Luna of the pack. Derek had already gifted me a promise ring and we were going to get engaged after we'd graduated from high school. My eyes narrowed. If only he would reject Lindsey but he was having too much fun messing with her mind, or so he claimed. She was the only thing standing between me and my happiness.

"I saw you eyeing Derek" I spat out approaching Lindsey "and if you do it again I'll kill you" I promised, shoving her hard so that she tripped and fell against the locker. I grinned triumphantly. "As if he'd ever look at someone as mousy as you anyway" I declared and sashayed away, my friends following behind me. That would teach her to keep away from Derek. Now if he would do the same and stay away from her. Damn that mate bond I thought viciously. If I had to sever it by playing dirty then so be it. Derek was mine and he'd better know it.