Getting a locker just makes all this feel more real and seeing as it's been more than a day,

there's no way this is a dream - I am here at Raven Wood Academy. A werewolf high school.

"This is it. You have the locker combination?" Olivia asks, adjusting her glasses and peeking

into the little note with details of my locker location on it. "Yeah," I say putting in the code details one by one before I pull it open slowly.

And then, the pungent smell hits like a wave right in my face. I slam it shut almost immediately, looking away and right at Olivia who's doing the same.

"Looks like some asshole found your locker before you could." She jokes, laughing

nervously while pinching her nose.

doubts.

latrine. "If this is their worst, then I feel sorry for them. I can get the smell out in a few days." I say,

She smiles at me, trying to mimic my mood.

"So, what's your first period?" I pull out another paper from my back pocket that holds my school schedule in detail,

opposite ends of the room.

everyone else around us begins rushing to class at the last minute. "I can't explain it to you now, but good luck - you'll need it." she says to me in rushed words

I'm left standing there for a few seconds, feeling a sense of dread while staring at my

timetable. Minutes later, I successfully find my way to the gym... or at least I think it's the gym. It's a

wide vast hall that looks like a gym, except without the bleachers and basketball hoops on

Everyone else taking 'sparring' as their first period is already here, dressed in a uniformed sporting attire that's simple red shorts with a white shirt.

The girl in front of me takes a stance instantly and suddenly. with her but I'm gravely interrupted.

I groan in pain, looking up at her. "Hey!" I yell. "What was that for? I wasn't ready!"

Damn this bitch, damn this fucking class.

"Let me go." I struggle, trying to break free from her hold but she tugs at my scalp

She laughs, enjoying my torment right before kicking me forward onto the floors again.

Others around laugh now, pausing from their spar to watch my brutal beat down "What is this commotion going on here?!" The coach yells, finally approaching.

now I can make my report.

reduced into slits.

annoyance there as well

"You're going to regret this."

tone that sends shivers down my spine.

"Too bad that didn't work out for you, snitch."

myself be pushed around without being prepared.

I strike a pose, putting both my fists in front of me.

She asks, throwing another hit that smacks me across the face.

I stumble back but catch myself without falling this time.

mercilessly.

"She's the one throwing punches when I'm not ready and kicking me around." I complain, standing from the floor. Coach looks over my entire small form, as though I'm the most detestable thing she has had

the displeasure of seeing today and then, she leans down to my level with hateful eyes

Everyone else disperses again, acting like they weren't just laughing at my demise. Good,

With that, she leans away, blowing her whistle for everyone else to continue and leaving me in shock and devastation. The bitch behind me begins cackling almost immediately.

I give my partner no response. If I'm going to have to do this, then I'm not going to let

Her gaze turns curious when she realizes the determination in my eyes. There's a hint of

"Get back to sparring if you don't want an F in my class." She threatens in a low hushed

pain to my shoulders. I groan in pain again, gnashing my teeth together. I force myself back up again, not ready to give her a satisfactory win. "You know what I hate more than a disgusting human thinking she can belong among us?"

"It's disgusting snitches like you that don't know when to back down." She says briefly

She lunges at me next with a quick agility, knocking me down on my ass, driving immense

Three of them stand over me with wide grins. "My, you look like you've just seen a ghost."

not just one, maybe two or three.

Artemis fucking Sinclair.

Comments (3)

I turn back to the door, banging at it desperately.

side.

Right in front of it is the same group of girls from the Sparring class. The bitch that had smacked me down turned to look at me with a grin once my presence is felt. "Just the person I was looking for." Panic fills me knowing this isn't going to end well. I specifically took so much time just to be the only one left in here, but they were waiting. "What do you want now?" I ask bitterly, feeling my bruised cheek throbbing more just from seeing her face. She shrugs casually without another word before raising her left hand to reveal my clothes. My eyes widen instantly. "Give those back." "Why should I, huh? Got something for me?" "They're mine, that's why." She scoffs, tossing them to her friend with a scowl. "Make me then." I know I should think this reasonably. She's a werewolf with a far superior strength level. Even if I can subdue her, it's three against one. I know I have no chance but I'm blinded by my frustrated anger and lunge at her. I don't see it coming. The second I get too close; another girl grabs me by my damp hair and tosses me right out of the room into the hallway and the door is locked behind me. No, no fucking way!

"Open this fucking door!" I scream but there's no answer, only manic laughter on the other

I slide down to my knees in devastation just before I hear a pair of footsteps drawing close,

I swerve around, clutching the thick towel that's the only barrier hiding my naked body.

horror, looking back at the last person I want to see right now and his two friends.

"Look who it is." His familiar voice calls out before I see him, and my eyes widen with

that are going to greet me in the mirror later. Tears sting my eyes, hating every bit of this moment and for the first time, feeling hopeless. I wait for a little more while before standing up and getting on my feet again. The pain that awaits me is unbearable, resonating from every joint in my body. I drag my sorry ass to the girl's locker room, turning on the hot showers that feel like quick relief over every bruise on my body and letting the water wash away most of the physical pain and my worry. I step out of the shower, feeling like a new more confident version of myself, wearing my underwear and moving to my locker to get my clothes.

before doing some trick move that lifts her off the ground and her leg collides with my face. This time, there's no chance to block or take it without falling backwards. I hit the ground harder than ever, feeling the world around me spinning and she stands over me, smiling before the world turns black. *** More than a few minutes since gym class has been over and everyone's already left a while ago, leaving just me lying on the hard floors, too bruised to stand and staring at the ceiling. Everything fucking hurts, I don't need to see it but I can already tell just how many bruises

"Looks like I finally have a sparing partner." She says with a mischievous glint in her eyes that doesn't rub me off in the right way, and while cracking her knuckles in my face. I look over to the other girls behind her, snickering as well. "Begin!" the coach calls out to everyone. "There's a misunderstanding. I'm not supposed to be in this class you see, I -" I try to reason I'd been picked up and slammed hard against the polished wooden floors. It happens so fast that I don't know when she even moved from that spot. "Welcome to sparring class, Human." She shrugs casually, loving every second of this. I pick myself off the floor, feeling a throbbing pain in my hips. I turn around, trying to walk away from her and all this but she grabs my hair, forcefully pulling me back toward her "Where do you think you're going? I'm not done with you."

And everyone else's clothes fit them perfectly, except mine. They are clearly made for a female wolf student with the shorts just barely clinging to my hips, thanks to the rope. I approach the loudly chatting group and they immediately grow silent, cold eyes moving to me and assessing me without a shred of discretion while I can hear the words 'human' from their lips. Maybe it's a werewolf thing, pretending that the person you're talking about isn't in the room. The doors fling open and the teacher finally walks in. She's a tall well-built woman, seeming to be in her mid-forties with a glare plastered on her face. She blows a whistle and the room immediately grows silent. "Okay, there's no time to waste. Divide yourself into the usual groups and get ready to spar." She commands, her voice being so loud. Like robots, the gossiping crowd disperses immediately, forming small groups among themselves without stress and leaving just me standing right there. She watches as everyone falls in place until her eyes fall on me, the only enigma that seems to be out of place right now. Her glare deepens as she walks up to me. "Did I stutter?" "Oh... uhm, I'm new so I don't have a group." I try to explain, putting up a meek voice so she doesn't hate me. She stares at me silently for a while before backing away slightly. "Move to the first group, chop-chop." She adds, finally wanting to turn away I grab her attention again, seeing as she didn't quite get what I was trying to say "That's the problem, Ma'am. Uhm... I'm 'human' so... I don't know what this class is about - heck, I don't even think I'm supposed to be taking this class." I try to joke it off to her, like a simple mistake, laughing awkwardly for a few seconds. Her cold eyes don't even flinch in the slightest, instead growing more annoyed. I gulp, taking a step back to protect myself. I don't need to be told twice, so I hop my way over to the first group with haste, standing just by them but not moving close enough to mingle. They're a group of three girls talking among themselves and I don't have the confidence to join in on whatever they are saying. I stand off on my own for a while until the third girl leaves them, approaching me.

Despite her attempt to lighten the situation, I still see that hint of fear in her eyes, which is understandable. My little pep talk obviously wouldn't have been enough to get rid of all her I square my shoulders instead of getting annoyed at the fact that my locker now smells like a thinking positively and smiling brightly. looking at it until my eyes fall on unfamiliar words that I don't think I've ever seen on a school time table before. "Uhm... Sparring?" I look at her, raising a brow now. "What does that mean?" Her face turns more concerned just as the bell signalling first period echoes in the halls and just before she runs the other way towards her class.