Oops, Wrong Girl to Bully

Introduction

An original story by Xena Kessler My back hit the desk. Pain exploded through my skull. "Girls like you don't get to dream about guys like Kai." Bella's breath was hot on my face. "You don't get to write pathetic love letters." She shoved me again. Harder. "Maybe if you weren't such a desperate little—" I fell. My head cracked against the corner. Warmth trickled down my neck. Blood. Their laughter turned to gasps. The door slammed. I tried to stand. Couldn't. The room was spinning, fading to black. Someone... please... Angelina, the most powerful Alpha who conquered forty-nine packs, dies in a yacht explosion—only to wake up as Aria Sterling, a fifteen-year-old Omega's daughter who just died from bullying. The original Aria's life was a nightmare. Humiliated when golden boy Kai Matthews posted her love letter online, then shoved to death by his girlfriend Bella Morrison. But that's not all her family faces: "You got until Monday," the tattooed gangster sneered at Aria's mother. "Ten grand cash. Or I'm taking collateral—your kids' organs fetch top dollar. That pretty daughter of yours? She could make us money another way too." Now Angelina's lethal combat skills awaken in this fragile body. No more hiding. No more fear. Armed with an Alpha's ruthlessness and a mysterious blood-red pendant, she'll dismantle everyone who hurt this family—one calculated move at a time.

Chapter

Chapter 1 *

Angelina's POV

The Pacific sun hit my wine glass just right, turning the Cabernet the color of fresh blood. I leaned back against the yacht's railing, letting the ocean breeze pull at my hair.

"Alpha." My head of security's voice crackled through the earpiece. "Perimeter clear. Ten miles out, nothing but open water."

"Copy that."

Five years. That's how long it took to conquer forty-nine packs and unite them under Riverbend's banner. Some called me ruthless. Others called me a visionary.

I thought, watching a seagull dive for fish.

"Zzzzt—zzzzzt—"

The communications array died with a screech.

Then nothing. Dead air.

My hand went to the gun at my hip before I'd even processed the thought.

But too late.

"BOOM!"

The yacht shuddered.

My Pack link started to fuzz out. Static where there should've been voices. Interference where there should've been clarity.

EMP, I realized. They hit us with an electromagnetic pulse.

Which meant someone had just fried every electronic system on board. The monitoring equipment, the weapons systems, the communications—all of it.

Gone.

But killing the Pack link? That took serious magic. The kind of magic that cost a fortune and left a trail of bodies.

Blackout, I thought. They actually grew a pair.

"BANG! BANG! BANG!"

Gunfire erupted from the lower decks. Screams. Snarls. The wet sound of something tearing.

I didn't hesitate. Grabbed the railing and vaulted over, dropping three levels to land in a crouch on the main deck.

Five of my guards were already down. Bullets through the heart, every single one.

Eight figures in black tactical gear stood over the bodies, weapons trained on the doorways where my remaining guards would be pouring out any second. Human scent, laced with gun oil and something else—wolfsbane, probably. The spray kind that burned like acid.

One of them turned to face me, and I felt my lips pull back in something that wasn't quite a smile.

"Drake." I let his name roll off my tongue like a curse. "Didn't think you'd be stupid enough to come yourself."

He lowered his rifle just enough to meet my eyes. Tall, scarred, the kind of face that had seen too much violence and decided it liked the view. Former special forces turned mercenary turned hunter. I'd heard the stories.

"Angelina." His voice was gravel and smoke. "Blackout's offering fifty million for your head. The Order kicked in another ten. Sixty million total." He tilted his head. "That's enough to keep my family comfortable for generations."

"If you live to collect it."

"There's the catch, isn't it?" He smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. "So let's make this quick."

The air itself seemed to press down as my Alpha presence flooded out. All eight hunters took a step back. Couldn't help it.

"Open fire!"

Bullets tore through the air where I'd been standing.

Silver rounds punched through the deck, ripped through railings, shattered windows.

But I was already moving, too fast for their eyes to track. A bullet grazed my shoulder. Another tore through my jacket.

The shift hit like a freight train. Bones cracking, reshaping, my entire skeleton rearranging itself in the space of three seconds.

The hunters' faces went white.

Drake managed to lift his rifle. "Sh—"

I was on him before he could finish the word.

Sixty seconds. That's all it took.

The first hunter's throat opened under my claws, arterial spray painting the deck red. The second one I caught mid-run, jaws closing around his spine with a wet crunch. Three, four, five—they fell like dominoes, like they'd never even held a weapon before.

Silver bullets punched into my hide. Burned like hellfire, but I'd had worse.

Seven down. Just Drake left.

He'd backed up against the railing, rifle gone, just a silver combat knife in his shaking hand. Blood streaked his tactical vest.

I stalked toward him, slow and deliberate. Let him understand exactly how outmatched he'd been from the start.

"W-wait—" His voice cracked.

I shifted back to human form, standing naked and blood-splattered in front of him. The necklace expanded with me, settling back against my throat.

"Go back to Blackout," I said softly. "Tell those old bastards that even if I die today, I'll crawl out of hell itself to rip their hearts out. Understand?"

He nodded so fast I thought his neck might snap.

"Good. Now get the fuck off my boat."

Drake scrambled toward the emergency ladder, nearly falling twice. I watched him go, already calculating my next move. Blackout wouldn't stop with one failed attempt. They'd come harder next time.

Let them try, I thought. I —

Yara's voice exploded through my head, pure panic:

DANGER! ANGELINA, RUN!

My instincts screamed the same warning a split second later.

I breathed in deep, sorting through the scents.

Ocean. Blood. Gunpowder. Wolfsbane.

And something else. Faint, almost hidden beneath the sea breeze.

C4.

Shit.

"BOOM!"

The yacht's bottom erupted in a chain of explosions, one after another, fire climbing into the sky. The whole vessel lurched sideways, metal screaming as it started to tear itself apart.

I ran for the railing and jumped.

Wasn't fast enough.

"BOOM!!!"

The final explosion caught me mid-air, a wall of force and flame that swatted me out of the sky like an insect. I felt ribs crack, organs rupture, something vital tear loose inside my chest.

Then I hit the water.

Cold. So cold.

I couldn't hold my wolf form anymore. As I sank, blood streaming from my mouth and nose, staining the Pacific red around me.

Down. Down. Down.

Is this it? I thought, watching bubbles trail past my face. This is how it ends?

Five years conquering the werewolf world, and I'd die in the ocean like any other drowning victim. No epic last stand. No going down fighting.

Just... sinking.

No. The thought came fierce and desperate. Not yet. I still have things to do. People to find.

My parents. The ones who'd abandoned me as a child, left me to claw my way up from nothing. I still needed answers. Still needed to look them in the eye and ask why.

Why have a child just to throw her away?

The necklace pulsed against my throat. Warm. Getting warmer.

I tried to lift my hand, fingers numb and clumsy. Touched the wolf fang with the last of my strength.

The pendant exploded with red light.

Bright, so bright it burned even through my closed eyelids. The warmth spread from my throat through my whole body, not painful but alive, like the necklace was waking up after sleeping for years.

It pulsed in rhythm with my failing heartbeat. Once. Twice. Faster and faster, the red glow intensifying until I was wrapped in it, cocooned in crimson light that turned the dark water into something that looked like blood.

The burning got stronger, hotter, but I wasn't afraid. This wasn't the heat of death.

This was something else.

Something impossible.

Rebirth.

The light swallowed me completely, a crimson cocoon sinking deeper into the Pacific's black heart. Down and down, until the surface was just a memory and the pressure should've crushed my bones to powder.

But I didn't feel crushed.

I felt... held.

Beyond the light, like a dream.

There—

A beginning.

Chapter 2 *

Angelina's POV

The first thing I heard was the sound of keyboards clicking.

Then whispers. Low voices, the shuffle of feet, someone laughing.

I opened my eyes.

Fluorescent lights. White ceiling tiles with those little holes in them. The kind you stare at when you're bored out of your mind in—

Wait.

I jerked upright, every muscle tensing. My hand went to my side, reaching for the Glock that should've been holstered there.

Nothing.

"Aria? You okay?"

A hand touched my shoulder.

I moved on pure instinct. Grabbed the wrist, twisted, used the momentum to spin and rise. One second I was sitting, the next I was standing on top of the desk, hauling some scrawny kid up by his collar until his feet dangled off the ground.

"Who the fuck sent you?" The words came out ice-cold. "Which organization?"

The kid's eyes went wide. "What? Aria, what are you—"

I scanned the room in half a second. White walls. Motivational posters—some bullshit about "reaching for the stars." A whiteboard at the front covered in math equations. Rows of desks where teenagers sat with their phones out, earbuds in, completely checked out.

A classroom.

This was a classroom.

"What organization?" The kid was laughing now, despite the fact I had him by the throat. "Aria, you must've been having one hell of a dream!"

The room erupted.

"Oh my god, she's actually lost it!"

"Someone get this on video!"

"Aria's doing her action movie thing again!"

Phones came out. A dozen cameras pointed at me. Kids were standing up, crowding closer, all of them grinning like this was the best entertainment they'd had all week.

"This is going straight to TikTok!"

"She watches too many movies!"

"Aria's the main character now!"

They were laughing. All of them. Even the teacher—a middle-aged woman in a cardigan—just looked annoyed, not alarmed.

"Aria, you're insane!" The kid was still dangling from my grip, but he sounded more surprised than scared. "I'm Logan! Your desk partner! Put me down, I can't breathe—"

I looked at my hand.

My hand holding this kid's collar.

Small. Pale. No calluses. No scars.

This isn't my hand.

My hands were rough from years of weapons training. Scarred from knife fights and burns.

These hands were soft. Delicate. They looked like they'd never held anything heavier than a phone.

I looked at my arm. Thin. No muscle definition.

This isn't my body.

The last thing I remembered was water. Cold Pacific water filling my lungs. The yacht exploding above me, pieces of it raining down like shrapnel. I'd felt at least three ribs snap, felt something tear inside my chest. Felt myself sinking, sinking, the light fading as the water pulled me down.

I'd died.

I'd fucking died.

And now I was... here?

"Aria Sterling!"

The teacher was walking toward me, a red pen in her hand like a weapon. She tapped it against my desk twice.

"Put Logan down. Now. This behavior is completely unacceptable."

Her voice was sharp, but I could hear the uncertainty underneath. She didn't know how to handle this.

I didn't move. Just stared at her.

She shifted her weight, uncomfortable. "Aria, I've had enough of your disruptions. First that ridiculous love letter incident last week that had the whole school laughing, and now you're physically assaulting another student?"

Love letter? What the hell was she talking about?

"You're going to the principal's office. Right now. And I'm calling your parents."

Her voice had an edge of disgust to it. Like she couldn't stand to even look at me.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, but this kind of behavior won't be tolerated in my classroom. Your grades are already failing, and now this?"

Around us, the whispers started up again.

"Damn, Wilson's actually pissed."

"Dude, Aria just lifted Logan like he weighed nothing. That was kind of badass."

"Yeah, but she's totally getting suspended."

"Worth it though. Did you see Wilson's face?"

I let go of Logan. He stumbled back, rubbing his neck.

Not because the teacher told me to. But because I needed time to think. To figure out what the hell was happening.

The moment I released him, something hit me. A flood of memories that weren't mine.

Aria Sterling. Fifteen years old. Freshman at Roseville High School. GPA: 2.0. Father: Nathan Sterling, an Omega—the lowest rank in the pack hierarchy. Mother: Grace Sterling, human. Two older brothers.

Bullied. Constantly. For being an Omega's daughter.

Last week, she'd written a love letter to Kai Matthews. The golden boy. Star quarterback. Future Alpha of Meadow Pack.

He'd posted it on Instagram. A photo of the letter with all her messy handwriting, every embarrassing word visible. Caption: "When you're not even trying to hide the desperation 😂"

Within an hour, it had hundreds of likes. Screenshots spread to Snapchat, TikTok, group chats. By lunch, the entire school had seen it.

The whole school had laughed.

I stood there on top of the desk, looking down at all these kids with their phones out, recording me. At the teacher with her red pen and her contempt. At Logan, my "desk partner," who was backing away like I might attack him again.

So I'd been reborn.

Into the body of a teenage Omega's daughter.

Right after she'd been humiliated in front of the entire school.

What kind of sick joke was this?

"Aria!" Wilson snapped. "Get down from that desk right now!"

There was something in her voice. Not quite fear. More like... she didn't know what to expect from me anymore.

I stepped down, moving with a grace this body shouldn't have. Landed light on my feet, like a cat.

Then I looked up at her. Met her eyes with the same cold stare I'd used on pack members who'd dared to challenge my authority.

"I'm not going anywhere."

My voice came out quiet. Each word precise and sharp.

The room went silent.

Wilson blinked. "Excuse me?"

"You want to call my parents? Go ahead." I didn't break eye contact. "But I suggest you think carefully about what you're going to tell them."

Nobody moved. Nobody breathed.

Because Aria Sterling—the girl who got bullied, who couldn't even speak up in class, who'd just been publicly humiliated over a love letter—had never talked to anyone like this in her life.

The silence stretched.

Then someone in the back whispered: "Holy shit."

Chapter 3 *

Angelina's POV

Wilson stared at me like I'd grown a second head.

The classroom had gone dead silent. Even the kids who'd been recording stopped, phones still raised but frozen.

"What did you just say to me?" Her voice came out tight.

I stayed where I was, standing next to my desk. Didn't break eye contact.

"I said I'm not going anywhere."

She blinked. Once. Twice. Her mouth opened, closed, opened again.

This wasn't the script she'd expected. The old Aria—the one whose memories were flooding through my head—would've been crying by now. Apologizing. Begging not to get in trouble.

But I wasn't her anymore.

Need information, I thought. Need to understand this body. This world. Can't do that sitting in some principal's office.

"You—" Wilson's hand tightened around her red pen. "You just assaulted another student!"

"No, I didn't."

"I saw you! You grabbed Logan and lifted him off the ground!"

I glanced at Logan. He was still rubbing his neck, but he didn't look hurt. Just shocked.

"He's fine," I said. "Not a scratch on him."

"That's not the point!" Her voice pitched higher. "You put your hands on another student in a threatening manner—"

"I was startled awake." I kept my tone flat. Factual. "Had a nightmare. Reacted on instinct. Logan got too close. That's all."

Around us, whispers started up again.

"She's actually talking back to Wilson."

"Dude, this is insane."

"Someone's getting expelled today."

Wilson's face was turning red. "Aria Sterling, I have had enough of your disruptions. You're physically attacking students and threatening teachers?"

Wilson continued. "This behavior is completely unacceptable!"

"I didn't threaten you."

"You told me to 'think carefully'!"

"That's not a threat. That's advice."

Her jaw dropped. For a second, she just stared at me.

Then she spun toward the door. "I'm getting Mr. Davis. Don't you dare move."

She stormed out.

I sat back down.

Logan scooted his chair away from me. "Aria, what the hell? You just made everything worse!"

I didn't answer. Just pulled out the math textbook from my backpack and opened it.

Algebra I. Basic stuff.

The numbers looked familiar. My brain processed them automatically. Equations I could solve in my sleep.

This body is fifteen, I thought. High school freshman. Omega blood. Weak. Bullied.

I needed to figure out the rules here. The hierarchy. Who had power. Who didn't.

And I needed to do it without killing anyone.

The door slammed open.

Wilson came back, and she'd brought backup.

The man who walked in behind her was in his mid-forties, built like a brick wall. Buzz cut. Thick neck. Wore a whistle around his neck and a Roseville Lions polo shirt.

"Mr. Davis," Wilson said, slightly breathless. "This is the student I told you about."

Davis looked at me. Then at Logan, who was still pressed against the far side of his desk. Then back at me.

"So you're the one causing problems."

It wasn't a question.

I closed my textbook. "No problems here."

"That's not what I heard." He crossed his arms. "Ms. Wilson says you attacked another student. Refused to go to the principal's office. Threatened her."

"I didn't attack anyone. I didn't threaten anyone."

"Then why is Logan sitting six feet away from you?"

I shrugged. "Ask him."

All eyes turned to Logan.

He swallowed. "I mean... she grabbed me, yeah. But like... I kind of startled her? She was asleep and I shook her shoulder and she just... reacted?"

"There," I said. "Misunderstanding."

Wilson made a strangled noise. "She lifted him off the ground by his collar! That's assault!"

"He's not hurt."

"That doesn't matter!"

Davis held up a hand. "Alright, enough. Aria, you're coming with me to the office. Now."

"No."

The word came out flat.

Davis's eyes narrowed. "Excuse me?"

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to sit here and finish the class period."

"That's not how this works."

"Then explain how it works." I met his stare. "Because from where I'm sitting, Ms. Wilson's classroom is already a disaster. Half these kids are on their phones. That guy in the back is literally asleep. Nobody's paying attention. But the second I have one incident, suddenly it's a crisis?"

Someone in the third row snorted. Tried to cover it with a cough.

Wilson's face went white. Then red.

Davis's expression darkened. "That's enough. You're coming with me. Right now."

"No."

"This isn't a request."

"I know." I leaned back in my chair. "But I'm still not going. If the principal wants to talk to me, he can come here."

For a second, nobody moved.

Then Davis took a step forward. "Get up."

"No."

Another step. "I'm not asking again."

"Good. Because my answer won't change."

His hand shot out, reaching for my arm.

I moved without thinking.

One second I was sitting, the next I was on my feet, chair scraping back, his hand grabbing empty air.

"Don't touch me."

My voice came out cold. Dead cold.

The kind of tone I'd used on pack members who'd forgotten their place.

Davis froze. Something flickered across his face—surprise, maybe. Or recognition. Like some part of him understood he'd just made a mistake.

Then his jaw set. "I'm done playing games with you."

He reached for me again.

I sidestepped.

His fingers closed on my sleeve. Pulled.

And I reacted.

My hand came up, caught his wrist, twisted. Used his own momentum against him. Spun him around and yanked his arm up behind his back in one smooth motion.

Less than a second.

The classroom erupted.

"Holy shit!"

"Did you see that?!"

"Someone's recording this, right?!"

Davis grunted, tried to pull free. Couldn't.

I had him locked. Perfect angle, perfect pressure.

"Let go!" Wilson's voice cracked. "Let go of him right now!"

I didn't.

Because my brain was somewhere else. I could see it so clearly. Six different ways to end this.

Slam his head into the desk. Skull fractures. Dead in seconds.

Jerk his arm up another three inches. Snap the shoulder joint, then the neck. Two moves. Clean.

Grab the pencil on Logan's desk. Drive it through the carotid artery. He'd bleed out before anyone could stop it.

My grip tightened.

Davis made a choking sound. "You're—you're hurting me—"

Kill him. Kill everyone who saw. Get out. Disappear.

The training was automatic. Muscle memory.

I started to apply more pressure.

"Aria!" Logan's voice cut through the red haze. "Aria, stop! You're hurting him!"

My hand was shaking.

"Please," Logan said. "Let him go. You're scaring everyone."

I looked up.

Every student in the room was pressed against the far wall. Phones out, recording, but their faces—terrified. Absolutely terrified.

Wilson had collapsed into her chair. White as a sheet.

Davis was breathing hard, still trying to pull free. "Where did you—how do you—"

These weren't enemies.

They were high school kids. Teachers.

This wasn't a war zone.

This was a classroom.

What the fuck am I doing?

I let go.

Davis stumbled forward, caught himself on a desk. His hand went to his wrist, cradling it. When he turned to look at me, his expression was equal parts pain and shock.

"What the hell was that? Where did you learn that?"

I stared at my hands.

Small. Delicate. No calluses. No scars.

These hands had nearly killed a man.

Control yourself, I thought. This isn't your world anymore. These aren't your rules. You can't just—

"Answer me!" Davis's voice shook. "Where did you learn to fight like that?!"

I took a breath. Let it out slow.

"YouTube," I said.

The lie came easy. Natural.

Davis's face went red. "Don't bullshit me—"

"Mr. Davis?"

The voice came from the doorway.

Everyone turned.

A guy stood there, tall and broad-shouldered, wearing a Roseville Lions letterman jacket. Dark hair, sharp features, amber eyes that swept across the chaos—Wilson in her chair, Davis clutching his wrist, me standing in the middle of it all.

The classroom went silent.

"What the hell is going on here?" he asked.

And even though I'd never met him in this life, I knew exactly who he was.

Kai Matthews.

The golden boy.

The one Aria had written that letter to.

The one who'd humiliated her in front of the entire school.

His eyes locked on mine.

For a second, neither of us moved.

Then someone whispered: "Oh shit. Kai's here."