

## Chapter 4 – 5 of Oops, Wrong Girl to Bully

### Chapter 4 \*

Angelina's POV

The classroom went dead silent.

Kai Matthews stood in the doorway like he owned the place. Which, technically, he kind of did—at least in the high school hierarchy.

I knew exactly who he was. Aria's memories filled in the blanks automatically.

Fifteen years old. Captain of the football team. Student council president. Son of Marcus Matthews, Alpha of Meadow Pack. Six-foot-two, dark brown hair, amber eyes that probably made half the girls in school weak at the knees.

And the guy who'd humiliated Aria so badly she'd stopped coming to school for three days.

He scanned the chaos—Ms. Wilson collapsed in her chair, Mr. Davis nursing his wrist, me standing in the middle of it all. His eyes landed on me and stayed there.

"What the hell is going on here?"

His voice had that natural authority thing. The kind that made people automatically straighten up and pay attention.

I didn't move.

"Aria attacked me!" Mr. Davis gestured at his wrist. "She knows some kind of martial arts or—I don't even know what that was!"

Kai's eyes narrowed. "Aria?"

The way he said my name—Aria's name—dripped with disbelief.

Yeah. The girl who'd written him that pathetic love letter. The girl who couldn't even look him in the eye in the hallways. That Aria.

He took a step into the room. Two of his teammates followed—both big, both wearing the same letterman jackets.

"Is this true?" Kai looked at Ms. Wilson.

She nodded frantically. "She's been completely out of control! First she assaulted Logan, then she refused to go to the office, and when Mr. Davis tried to escort her, she—she did something to his arm—"

"I defended myself," I cut in.

Kai's attention snapped back to me. "Defended yourself?"

"He grabbed me first."

"That's not—" Mr. Davis started.

"It is," I said flatly. "You reached for me. I told you not to touch me. You did it anyway."

Kai studied me. I could see him trying to reconcile this version of Aria with the one he knew.

"You put your hands on a teacher," he said slowly.

"After he put his hands on me."

"That's not how this works."

"Then explain how it works." I crossed my arms. "Because from where I'm standing, the rules seem pretty flexible depending on who's breaking them."

His jaw tightened. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means—" I gestured at him and his teammates. "When you guys show up late to class, nobody says anything. When you're on your phones during lectures, teachers pretend not to notice. But I have one incident and suddenly it's a federal case?"

One of his teammates snorted. "Are you serious right now?"

"Dead serious."

Kai took another step forward. "You don't get to compare yourself to us."

"Why not?" I asked. "What makes you so special?"

His eyes flashed amber. Just for a second. The wolf showing through.

"You really want to go there?" His voice dropped lower.

"I asked the question, didn't I?"

Around us, the other students had their phones out. Recording everything.

This was going to be all over social media in about five minutes.

Ms. Wilson stood up shakily. "Aria, that's enough—"

"No." Kai held up a hand, cutting her off. His eyes never left mine. "Let her talk. I want to hear this."

The challenge in his voice was clear.

He expected me to back down. To apologize. To remember my place in the hierarchy.

Aria would have. Aria would've been crying by now.

But I wasn't Aria.

"You think you can just walk in here and take over?" I asked. "Act like you're in charge?"

"I am in charge." He said it like it was a fact. Like the sky being blue. "I'm student council president. That makes me responsible for maintaining order in this school."

"Bullshit."

The word hit like a slap.

Ms. Wilson gasped. "Aria Sterling!"

I ignored her. "You're not here because of responsibility. You're here because you like the power trip."

Kai's expression darkened. "Watch your mouth."

"Or what?"

He moved fast. Closed the distance between us in two strides, using his height to loom over me.

Classic intimidation tactic.

"You need to learn some respect," he said quietly.

"And you need to back off."

I didn't move. Didn't blink. Just stared right up at him.

His amber eyes widened slightly. Like he couldn't quite believe what was happening.

The entire classroom held its breath.

"Aria—" Logan's voice cracked. "Maybe you should—"

"Stay out of this," Kai snapped, not looking away from me.

I could feel it now. That pressure in the air. Alpha presence.

He was pushing it at me. Not full strength—we were in a classroom, after all—but enough to make his point.

My body should've reacted. Should've felt the instinctive urge to lower my eyes, to bare my throat, to show submission.

Instead, I felt nothing.

Because I'd been a stronger Alpha than he could ever dream of being.

"I said back off," I repeated.

His jaw clenched. "You're making a mistake."

"The only mistake here is you thinking I'm impressed by your little power play."

One of his teammates moved closer. "Dude, who does she think she is?"

"I think I'm someone who's tired of your bullshit," I said, still not breaking eye contact with Kai. "And I think if you don't get out of my face in the next three seconds, we're going to have a problem."

The room erupted in whispers.

"Oh my god—"

"She's insane—"

"Someone's about to get destroyed—"

Kai leaned in closer. Close enough that I could see the gold flecks in his amber eyes.

"You don't want to threaten me," he said softly. "Trust me."

"That wasn't a threat. That was a fact."

For a long moment, neither of us moved.

Then—

"FUCK!"

The shout came from the back of the room.

Everyone turned.

A skinny kid in a band t-shirt was shaking his hand frantically, face twisted in pain.

"What the hell?" He stared at his palm. Red. Already blistering. "Something burned me!"

He bent down, reaching under his desk.

When he stood back up, he was holding something dark. About the size of a fist. Wrapped in what looked like old cloth.

My heart stopped.

I knew it intimately.

"There's something under here," the kid said, unwrapping it. "Like a rock or—OW! FUCK!"

He dropped it. The cloth fell away.

And there it was.

The blood wolf fang pendant.

The one that had been around my neck when the yacht exploded. The one that had pulsed with red light as I sank into the Pacific.

The one that had brought me here.

It hit the floor with a heavy thud. Even from across the room, I could see it was radiating heat. The linoleum around it was starting to smoke slightly.

"What is that thing?" someone whispered.

The kid picked it up with the edge of his shirt, wincing. "I don't know, but it's hot as hell. Like, seriously hot."

He walked toward the window. "I'm getting rid of this cursed shit—"

"Wait—" I started.

But he'd already opened the window.

"Don't—"

He threw it.

The pendant sailed out the third-floor window in a perfect arc.

My body moved before my brain caught up.

I shoved past Kai—he stumbled back, surprised—and sprinted for the window.

"Aria!" Ms. Wilson shrieked. "What are you—"

I didn't think. Didn't hesitate. Didn't consider the fact that this body was fifteen years old, untrained, weak.

I just jumped.

The world went into slow motion.

Three floors. Thirty feet.

The wind rushed past my ears. Below me, the pendant was falling toward the grass, tumbling end over end.

My old body could've done this easily. But this body—

Too late to worry about that now.

I twisted in the air, tucking my legs, preparing for impact.

The ground came up fast.

I hit the grass and rolled, letting momentum carry me forward. Felt the shock travel up my spine, but nothing broke. Nothing tore.

I came up on my knees, scanning the ground.

There.

The pendant had landed about ten feet away.

I scrambled toward it, grabbed it with both hands.

The moment my skin touched it, the heat faded. The grime and dirt that had covered it melted away, revealing the blood-red wolf fang underneath.

I closed my fingers around it and stood up.

Above me, screams erupted from the classroom window.

I looked up.

Every face in Ms. Wilson's class was pressed against the glass. Mouths open. Eyes wide.

Ms. Wilson had both hands over her mouth.

Mr. Davis was frozen, phone halfway to his ear.

Logan was leaning so far out the window.

And Kai—

Kai was staring at me like he'd just seen a ghost.

"Oh my God!" Ms. Wilson's scream carried down. "Oh my God, oh my God—"

Footsteps pounded down the hallway. Someone was running.

I had maybe thirty seconds before teachers and students came pouring out of the building.

I slipped the leather cord over my head. The pendant settled against my chest, right where it belonged.

The door to the building slammed open.

Ms. Wilson came running out, Mr. Davis right behind her. Then Kai and his teammates. Then Logan. Then half the class.

In less than thirty seconds, I was surrounded by about twenty people, all of them staring at me like I'd just performed a miracle.

"How—" Ms. Wilson's face had gone from red to white. She looked like she might pass out. "How are you—you just—three floors—"

"I'm fine," I said.

"You can't be fine!" She grabbed my shoulders, checking for injuries. "You jumped from a third-floor window! You should be—you should have broken bones! Internal bleeding! You should be—"

"I landed on something soft." The lie came easy. "The grass, or—I don't know. I'm fine."

"That's not possible," Mr. Davis said. His phone was out now, like he was trying to decide whether to call an ambulance or the police. "Nobody walks away from a fall like that without—"

"But I did." I stepped back, out of Ms. Wilson's grip. "See? Not a scratch."

Logan pushed forward. "What the actual fuck, Aria?"

Kai hadn't moved. He was still standing by the door, his amber eyes locked on me.

His expression had changed. Gone was the arrogance. Now he just looked confused.

Ms. Wilson made a choking sound. "I'm calling your mother. Right now. This is—this is beyond—I don't even—"

She fumbled for her phone.

Around us, every student had their phones out too. Recording. Taking pictures. Texting.

Ms. Wilson's call connected. "Mrs. Sterling? This is Ms. Wilson from Roseville High. There's been an incident with Aria. No, she's—she appears to be fine, but—yes, you need to come in immediately. There was an accident and—no, she jumped out a window—yes, a window—third floor—I know how it sounds but—please, just come to the school. Now."

She hung up. Looked at me with wild eyes.

"You're going to the office. Right now. And you're staying there until your mother arrives."

"Fine."

I started walking toward the building.

Ms. Wilson and Mr. Davis followed close behind, probably to make sure I didn't jump out any more windows.

Behind me, I could hear the whispers starting.

"Did you see that?"

"Who is this girl?"

"That's not the same Aria from last week."

No. It wasn't.

And they had no idea just how different things were about to get.



## Chapter 5 \*

Angelina's POV

Grace Sterling, Aria's Mom arrived thirty minutes later.

I heard her before I saw her—the rapid footsteps in the hallway, the breathless way she called my name.

"Aria! Aria, where is she?"

The door burst open.

She looked exactly like the memories showed me. Mid-forties, her hair pulled back in a messy ponytail, wearing a stained restaurant uniform that smelled like grease and soy sauce. Pretty face, worn down by years of exhaustion. Crow's feet at the corners of her eyes.

But right now those eyes were wild with panic.

"Oh my God." Her voice cracked when she saw me sitting on the chair in the principal's office. "Oh my God, baby, are you—"

She was on me in seconds. Hands everywhere, checking my arms, my legs, tilting my head to look at my neck.

"Did you hit your head? Are you dizzy? Does anything hurt? Your back? Your neck?"

"Mom, I'm fine—"

"Three floors!" Her hands were shaking. "Ms. Wilson said three floors! You could've died! You could've—"

"But I didn't." I caught her hands, held them still. "Look at me. Not a scratch."

She stared at me. Then pulled me into a hug so tight I could barely breathe.

The original Aria's memories supplied the context. Grace worked ten-hour shifts at a Chinese restaurant six days a week. Came home smelling like kitchen grease every night. Brought back leftovers because it saved on groceries.

This woman had probably left work the second the school called, didn't even stop to change.

And now she was crying into my hair.

"We're going to the hospital," she said. "Right now. I don't care what the school nurse said, you're getting a full exam."

"Mrs. Sterling—" Ms. Wilson started.

"Thank you for calling me." Grace's voice went hard. "But we're leaving."

She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the door.

Nobody argued.

The Pack hospital was on the edge of town.

Grace drove like a maniac the whole way, checking on me every thirty seconds.

"Does your head hurt?"

"No."

"Your chest? Ribs?"

"No."

"Are you sure? Sometimes injuries don't show up right away—"

"Mom. I'm fine."

She white-knuckled the steering wheel. "You jumped out a window."

"I fell."

"That's not what Ms. Wilson said."

I didn't answer.

We pulled into the hospital parking lot at 7pm.

The examination took two hours.

"Everything looks normal," he said finally, frowning at the charts like they'd personally offended him. "No fractures, no internal bleeding, no concussion."

"That's impossible," Grace said. "She fell three stories."

"I'm aware." He looked at me. "You're extremely lucky, young lady."

Lucky. Right.

More like I landed like I've been trained to land since I was six years old, I thought. Muscle memory doesn't care what body I'm in.

But I just nodded. "I guess so."

Grace wasn't satisfied. "I want her to stay overnight. For observation."

"Mrs. Sterling, that's really not necessary—"

"I don't care." Her voice cracked again. "Please. Just one night. To be safe."

The doctor sighed. "If it'll give you peace of mind."

"It will."

So they admitted me to a three-bed room on the second floor.

Grace left to fill out paperwork. The moment she was gone, I let myself relax against the pillows.

A hospital bed. Overnight observation. Regular meals. Nobody trying to kill me.

This is actually kind of nice.

My old life had been constant vigilance. Every meal could be poisoned. Every meeting could be an ambush. I'd slept with a gun under my pillow and a knife strapped to my thigh.

Five years of being the strongest person in any room.

And yeah, the power was intoxicating. The respect. The fear.

But it was also exhausting.

Now I had a second chance at a normal life.

If I wanted it.

I picked up the apple from the bedside table. Tossed it in the air. Caught it.

Tossed it again.

The memories had hit me this afternoon. The moment my fingers closed around the wolf fang pendant.

It wasn't like downloading a file. More like... living someone else's life in fast-forward.

I saw everything. Felt everything.

One week ago.

Original Aria sitting at lunch with two girls who weren't really her friends. Emma and Seren. The kind of friends who kept you around because it made them feel better about themselves.

"You should totally tell him," Emma said, twirling her fork in her salad. "What's the worst that could happen?"

Aria's heart was pounding. "I don't know..."

"Girl, you've been crushing on Kai Matthews since freshman year started." Seren leaned in, grinning. "Just write him a note. Old school. Boys think that's cute."

"You think?"

"Totally."

So Aria went home and wrote the letter.

Poured her heart out on notebook paper. Told Kai how she'd noticed him since the first day of school. How his smile made her feel warm. How she thought he was not just handsome but kind and smart.

Signed it: Love, Aria Sterling

She left it in his locker the next morning.

And for twenty-four hours, she'd been hopeful.

Maybe he'd like her back. Maybe he'd give her a chance.

Then she saw the Instagram post.

Kai had posted a photo of the letter. Every word visible. Her messy handwriting. The doodles she'd drawn in the margins—little hearts, stupid little hearts.

Caption: "LOL, guess who's delusional enough to think she has a chance? 😊"

He'd tagged half the school.

Within an hour: 347 likes. 89 comments.

"OMG who is this girl?"

"Aria Sterling? The quiet one?"

"Isn't her dad like an Omega or something?"

"Poor thing doesn't know she's way out of her league"

"This is so sad lmao"

The screenshots spread everywhere. Instagram stories. Snapchat. TikTok. Group chats.

By lunch, everyone knew.

I felt Aria's humiliation like a physical wound.

She'd hidden in the bathroom during lunch. Crying so hard she couldn't breathe. Wanting to disappear. Wanting to die.

She'd stayed home from school for three days.

Her mom thought she was sick. Never knew the real reason.

And when Aria finally came back, she thought maybe it would blow over.

She was wrong.

Today. Last period. Ten minutes before class started.

Aria had been getting books from her locker when Bella Morrison appeared.

"Hey, Aria."

Bella's voice was sweet. Friendly.

Aria turned. "Oh. Hi, Bella."

"Can you come with me for a sec? I need to ask you something."

Aria followed her to an empty classroom.

Should've known better.

The moment she stepped inside, three other girls closed the door behind her.

Bella's smile vanished.

"So. You thought you could write a letter to my boyfriend?"

"He's not—I didn't know you two were—"

"Doesn't matter." Bella stepped closer. "You know what Kai told me? He said you were pathetic. That you actually thought a loser like you had a chance with him."

The other girls laughed.

"I just—" Aria's voice was shaking. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean—"

"You didn't mean to embarrass yourself in front of the whole school?" Bella tilted her head. "Or you didn't mean to be born into an Omega family?"

More laughter.

"Look at her. She's about to cry."

"Probably cries herself to sleep every night."

"Must be hard being so ugly and poor."

Bella got right in Aria's face. "You need to learn your place. Girls like you? You don't get to dream about guys like Kai. You don't get to write love letters. You don't get to—"

She shoved Aria.

Hard.

Aria stumbled back. Hit the edge of a desk.

"Maybe if you weren't such a desperate little—"

Another shove.

Aria fell. Her head cracked against the desk corner.

The pain exploded through her skull. Bright and sharp and wrong.

She felt something warm running down her neck.

Blood.

The girls' laughter died.

"Oh shit—"

"Bella, she's—"

"Let's go. Now."

They left her there.

Aria tried to stand. Couldn't. Her vision was blurring. The room spinning.

She managed to crawl to the door. Get it open.

Stumbled to her next class on autopilot.

Sat down at her desk.

Everything hurt. Everything was wrong.

But she didn't want to cause trouble. Didn't want to be a problem.

So she put her head down.

And thirty minutes later, her heart stopped.

That's when I woke up.

When Angelina—strongest Alpha in the world, conqueror of forty-nine packs—opened her eyes in the body of a fifteen-year-old girl who'd been bullied to death.