

Chapter 0013

"Wait, what are you talking about? I am not hot and what do you want to find out from which boys?" Now I was scared. She was looking at me like a predator looks at its prey.

"I saw how each of those boys looked at you today at training and again after school. You are not as invisible as you may think and I am going to prove it to you. Even your brother was impressed at training."

"I doubt that. My brother, like my dad, only focuses on the position and job and I do not fall into that category, so I am not noticeable. But, you are cute for thinking that."

"I'm still dressing you up hot tonight, there's no getting out of it." I roll my eyes, this might be the worst of the torture yet.

"How hot can you be wearing a coat and hat? You are ridiculous." I giggle at her as she drags me in her closet.

Two hours later we are walking from Sierra's place down our 'U' shaped block. I have a bright blue coat on, a t-shirt and dark washed jeans, my blonde hair tied on my head in a ponytail and black combat boots. She added light make-up and insisted on this pale pink lip gloss.

The block housed all of the ranked members of the pack. Our driveways all make the center of the 'U' and our well

manicured backyards fan out to a forest line all the way around. It is great if you want to go for a quick run and part of the reason I have been able to hide my shifting from my brother and my dad. At the center was the main packhouse where Alpha Lucas, Luna Ava, Cameron and Dakota live. To the right of them is the Beta house where dad, Mateo and I live. To the left of the packhouse is the Gamma house where Gamma Brett and Oliver live. Next to the Gamma house is the Delta house where Delta Kyle, Gwen and Sam live. There is a house next to the delta's housing an Elite warrior named Ben and his young family and two houses next to mine also housing Elite warriors. One of which I now know is Sierra's aunt and uncle. I know them all on sight, but we don't interact much outside of training. I basically keep myself from everyone, just in case. Kaley has shown more than once she will go after people who appear close to me and if I fight back she will harm a pack member in some way, and it tends to be the pups, and I just can't have that. No one's children need to get hurt because she is mad at me for whatever reason.

Back in the spring, before I got my wolf and my fast reflexes, she was trying to get me to give her the answers to the history test she couldn't be bothered to study for because she was too busy chasing Cameron and Dakota. I refused, she got a terrible grade and she told me I would pay. I don't know if she chose Ben's daughter on purpose or at random, but her, her two friends and some random omega guy grabbed the girl, covered her head with some kind of bag

and dragged her to the side of the school and the guy stomped on her leg and broke it. They sent me the video anonymously with the message 'next time choose better'. They covered their tracks pretty well, no one spoke and nothing but the guy's lower leg, hands and the girl was in the video. I took it to my dad, but when he went to look at it, the message and video was gone.

He accused me of wanting to be mixed up in the drama of high schoolers and jealous of the attention the popular girls were getting with the boys amongst other insults to my intelligence. That's when I stopped going to him for my troubles or advice altogether. He only pretended to listen to me most of the time anyway, more focused on his files and paperwork and whatever else he did for the Alpha. I don't even eat in the dining room with him and my brother. When I had a nanny, I would eat with her in her suite unless we had company. It was always that way and I didn't question it until after 7th grade she was dismissed and I was deemed old enough to look after myself. Unfortunately, no one told me.

I went to her suite to get food, but it was empty. I searched the house and found my father and brother in the formal dining room with a full spread of food. The only thing my father said was that she was needed for a more important child and I shouldn't interrupt dinner again. Neither said anything or came to check on me after I ran from the room crying. I eat in the kitchen with our cook now and help her with the clean up when we are done. She doesn't question

it, but I can see the pity in her eyes when she looks at me. I hate the pity more than I hate being alone.

This kind of events will not be posted on the current date

OK

 Comments

 Vote (12.7k) ?