

Chapter 0032

After two weeks, I was pulled into a dark closet following school, a large hand covering my mouth and part of my nose making it hard to breathe, another gripping the back of my neck, squeezing the muscles tight enough to render me motionless. Then I felt punches to both sides of my ribs from the back. It was over almost before it began and no threats were made, but the message was clear. I'm a target again. I was shoved out of the closet quickly and tripped over myself hitting the ground. The sound of footsteps running away hit my ears as I sat there struggling to breathe and sit up straight. I didn't even try to look to see who grabbed me, I just know they were huge and I am for sure going to have bruises for a few hours.


The mandatory trainings became hell as well. With the display Sierra and I put on, many people wanted to train with us to genuinely get better, but several were trying to hurt me for Kaley or they were upset that I made them look bad. It was hard to tell some days, but I became a punching bag and could do nothing about it. I set myself up for that.

Now that I took the time to show off my skills, the pool expanded from Kaley to anyone who was trying to climb the ladder and get noticed by our leaders. I was the one to knock down a peg and if I showed any weakness they all would eat it up, so I showed no weakness and took it all

without making a sound. Most of them only got in really good shots when I was tired from previous fights, but I wouldn't let Delta Kyle or any of the other guys step in to help. I can't look like the favorite or like they are spoiling me, it would just make everything worse.

I can guarantee she is fueling that fire too, I just can't prove it. It's the little comments that are made when I'm close enough for them to whisper in my ear. The other problem is none of the guys could do anything either. They did finally catch on to the fact that my sparring partners were more than just training rough. But the discussion of them helping me was shut down quickly, but had to be done daily. If they stepped in, it made me look weak and like I can't actually defend myself, making me a bigger target. They did help though, in their own way. They all managed to be 'randomly' paired with some of the guys who were exceptionally aggressive with me later in the week by Delta Kyle and they returned the aggressiveness in kind. And none of them challenged me in front of the group.

Sierra tried to get me to talk about my sudden introverted tendencies at school, when I clearly am not based on what she saw her first weekend here. I did my best to dodge the questions, but eventually I had to give her something. She wasn't going to let my lame excuses slide for much longer. She got pretty creative with her lines of questioning. Throwing in the oddball comment while we were talking about homework or when she joined me on early morning runs, which she agreed with the guys, was ridiculous. They

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all flat out refused when she asked them to join so the torture could be shared among the group.

I have never been more thankful than when they said no. I didn't want to have to stop or find another thing to avoid doing with them. That early morning run and teaching the pups is all I have left that brings me any kind of joy now and I can't avoid talking to them at the pups training. We seem to always have a future leaders fan group at extra training, they don't train however, they sit in the stands and cheer. Even the one we have with the current leaders, which is starting to make the Alpha irritated, so hopefully he will ban spectators. I can't be myself with the guys with all of these people watching and I'm sure they notice even though none of them bring it up.

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About a month after the diner incident Sierra pulled me into an empty classroom. She looks around to make sure we are alone. "Talk, or I am going to Delta Kyle and Luna Ava. They clearly know more than the rest of us. I saw the marks on your back and you have more and more bruises all the time. You can't tell me it's just from training. You don't take that many bad hits, you're too fast for that. You walk around this school like a paranoid nervous kitten, which you are not. So start talking or I will go to someone who will give me answers." She actually looked angry, and I know her threat is not an empty one.

I huff knowing there's no way out of this, but I have to make her understand that she can't step in. It just gets worse when people do. "Fine, I will tell you what you need to know and that is all. First you need to understand that what is going on is actually a controlled version of the situation." She actually snorts at me, but doesn't interrupt. "No, we cannot go to anyone, no adults, no teachers and I will not explain why." I looked around the room. I am convinced listening devices or cameras are planted. "There is one student who wants control of the school, and for the most part has it. I have gotten in the way on more than one occasion and I am a problem to be handled. This person has converted several people to that line of thinking. They clearly take their dislike out on me physically. But better me


than any of our younger students, who used to be the main focus. I have made myself the target, on purpose. This is my choice and it is not so bad that I can't handle it." I rush all of this out in a whisper, just loud enough for her to hear me.

"What about the guys? They would be pissed if they knew what was going on. You have become one of their favorite people and, in case you haven't noticed, they are a little on the protective side. It's actually kind of weird to watch you with them from the outside. They each show their protective streak in a different way, but it's there and unmistakable. They would rip someone's arms off for laying a hand on you." She at least caught on to the whispering, but her voice was rising in a sort of panic.

"NO! Do not tell them anything. They know bullying happens in the school, it has for years, and they have never done anything to help control it."

"But, it's not just anyone getting hurt, it's YOU getting hurt. They would lose their minds!"

"Why does the fact that it is happening to me make the situation different?" I can feel my temper rising. "I am not more important than anyone else. Anyone getting bullied is a problem, not just me because I'm the Beta's little sister and friends with the rest of the guys. That is absolute bullsh*t!" I take a few deep breaths to calm myself. Sierra goes to argue some more, but I hold up my hand to stop her. "Besides, I will not look like a weakling that has to run to her

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big strong guy friends to protect her. No, absolutely not. And trust me that friendship hasn't gone unnoticed, and is a current problem. I received a couple more love taps and a reminder to keep my distance very recently. Say nothing to them, I am trying to figure out how to make it stop, without putting anyone else in the crosshairs of my bully, but right now I have nothing and no one else could handle the level of brutality they dish out."

"Huh." Sierra says looking at me like it's a big decision. I don't break eye contact though. She's not going to win this argument. I was dealing with this long before she got here. "Fine, I will keep this quiet, for now, but on one condition."

"What?" I know I'm going to regret this, but it feels good to be able to tell someone other than Delta Kyle. I give him even less details, I thought his wolf was going to force itself out when I confided in him the first time he noticed whip lashes on my back. His reaction was on par with what I think my brother's and possibly the rest of the guys' reactions would be.

"I want to know every time it happens."

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