

Chapter 0063

I took another deep breath in and let it out slowly, stalling as long as I could before beginning. “It really started a few years ago, nothing major, just getting pushed around for stepping in to stop other, younger, kids from getting pushed around. Bullies don’t like to be told what to do, so, naturally, more and more bullying happened.

As a beta, the damage to me wasn’t that bad at first and I found out I healed pretty quickly from the physical stuff. Unfortunately so did my bully. That’s when my homework would go missing and I started having trouble with my grades. It wasn’t from a lack of doing the work. It was literally being stolen or destroyed. Another thing my bully found out was the power they received from being known to beat up someone with beta blood, and with dad’s very open dislike of me, it was like an open invitation to try and harm me in some way.” I paused to take a breath. I’ve never put into words what being bullied was like. “The few times I was called into the principal’s office and dad was called in, he never listened to my side of the story and added to whatever beating I had taken before, also greenlighting my torture.”


Oliver opened his mouth and made a sound, I'm sure to ask the obvious question. I held my hand up to stop him. I was never going to get through this if they interrupted me.

“I did go to adults. Dad and the principal obviously didn't believe me. Dad told me if I was too weak to handle my problems, then I was no daughter of his and not to make excuses for missing or poor work. I went to the principal about the physical stuff with other kids, and he told me something similar. We have had kids leave suddenly due to this bully after going to the proper adults to handle it or to try and help me by backing up my story. Teachers have also been removed from the school for trying to help me. I have since learned that school board members and elders are biased and only care for their own interests and not the interests of the students in the school. So I don't want to hear anything about telling someone, there is no one to tell anymore. Anyone with power doesn't care and I will not risk someone's livelihood because I got smacked around a few times.” I can feel myself getting fired up at the injustice I always feel at the lack of caring from the adults in my world.

“You could have come to us, we would have helped you.” Cameron says, pointing to all of the guys.

“Would you really?” I cocked an eyebrow looking at each one of them. They all nod emphatically. “When? In the middle of your invite only circle of friends? While you were entertaining the entire senior class’ population of girls learning the finer points of being men? At all the sporting events with those same people? Hanging out at the diner and wherever else you went? While you were all gone for the summer at training. None of you have ever been this accessible.” I gestured wildly to them. I close my eyes and take another deep breath, I’m getting worked up and they are not the enemy. They made plenty of mistakes, but that’s not what is the focus.

“What about any of our interactions before Sierra showed up would suggest to me that you give two sh*ts about me? When you were told openly and, many times, in m y presence, that I was worthless and an unnecessary blight on the pack? Dad was never shy about his feelings for me and he never cared if I was in listening distance.” I looked at my brother, who’s face went pale. “Or when you were all spouting your ‘survival of the fittest’ mantra throughout the school. Telling everyone that they should handle their own issues and you were all only going to deal with ‘really major problems’ whatever that means.” I air quoted, trying not to sound hateful but failing. The guys

 +20 BONUS

started shifting uncomfortably and Sierra was shooting daggers at them.

“You gave everyone free reign to openly put down people deemed less, not build them up. You praised people for beating others in training without a second thought to the person who tried their best and put in effort. There can only be one winner, sure, but that doesn’t mean the person who lost is less than the person that won, especially in training. Training is to get everyone better, to give pointers and tips to each person in a spar. You all promoted stepping on others to get ahead, and that all comes back to me.” I’m now clenching and unclenching my fists as the words are just tumbling out. I’m saying all the things I have sworn never to say, reveal feelings I thought I would never tell them.

 Comments

 Vote (29.0K) 