

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 11

Lily's POV

“So, in essence, you are saying that you were chased around school like a raving maniac and declared public enemy number one by a literal psycho, you yelled at the one and only person that was kind to you at that place and essentially called him a snob to his face?” Bia said as she handed me a flower bouquet to wrap and I shook my head immediately, my face reddening in embarrassment.

“No, that was not what I said” I answered exasperatedly.

She nodded, her brows raised in disbelief and I sighed.

After storming out of the studio in anger, I had spent the rest of the class periods stewing over the way Ren had called my father a traitor.

Luckily, no one had tried to bully me for the rest of the day and I had been able to go back to the medical ward to get first aid but I had spent the entire trip to Theo's flower shop realizing that perhaps I had overreacted.

He had not been saying anything that was not true. Well, it was true that I did not believe that my father was a traitor but everyone else saw him as one and Ren pointing it out even though it was a sore spot for me did not mean that he was trying to hurt me, right?

He was just saying things the way it was, right? I mean, up until that moment he had been nothing but kind, sweet and wonderful company. He had even gifted me a painting.

Bia came to stand in front of me and folded her arms.

“Didn't you say that you called him by his last name with an accusatory tone?” she asked and when I nodded, she patted my hair.

“Well, then, you did call him a snob.”

“I didn't mean to” I snapped and just then Theo walked out of his office towards the counter where Bia and I were arranging flower bouquets for our clients that were coming to pick them up in an hour.

“Didn’t mean to do what?” He asked and Bia pointed at me.

“Ask her.”

“Bia, please, I am already embarrassed as it is.”

“Well if you are too embarrassed, allow me to fill my dad in on the tea. So, Lily met a boy and he’s the prettiest boy in Shadow cove, her words not mine.”

“I did not say that.” I answered exasperatedly and it only earned me a chuckle from Theo.

“Okay, Bia, do not add what she did not say but go on, I’m listening.”

“So, yeah, he saves her from bullies and takes her to the infirmary and then again he hides her in the studio when people are searching for her. And then he is super sweet to her, offering her biscuits, keeping her company and even giving her a painting of her favorite flowers.”

“Oh, he did what now? Are you with the painting?”

“Yeah she is” Bia answered excitedly, rushing over to poke my shoulder.

“Show him! Show him!” She giggled excitedly, hopping up and down.

Groaning, I brought out the painting from where I had placed it by the wall and when I showed Theo, he gasped in the same dramatic way that his daughter had when she had seen it.

No one would ever doubt that they were stepfather and stepdaughter, with their flair for the dramatic. But I would not change them for the world. They were everything to me.

“Do we have a potential boyfriend in him then?” Theo asked and my eyes widened, my face heating up as I shook my head immediately and waved him off.

“Not at all. It’s not like that. Friends, maybe but I might have f****d that up.”

Bia smirked and slung her arm over my shoulder. “With what you’ve told us about Ren, I don’t think he is one to hold grudges if you apologize. And losing your only ally right now is not a good idea so you should think about that too.”

“I agree with Bia.” Theo added and Bia winked at him.

“Of course, I’m a smart kid.”

“And I’m a smart dad so this does not mean that I will give you the keys to my car, young lady no matter how smart you are.” Theo said and ran into his office.

“No, wait!” Bia cried, running after him. “I need those keys! You just said I was smart! It’s not like I’m f*****g SpongeBob SquarePants! I can drive!”

“Language!”

“Sorry, Theo! Keys?”

Laughing at the exchange, I agreed that they were right.

Ren did not look like he would hold a grudge so I would apologize to him and hope he still wanted to be friends.

When I got home, I hung the painting that he had given me on the wall facing my bed and ignored the butterflies in my stomach, sitting on my bed as I thought about how I would approach him tomorrow to apologize.

What did a person do for someone like Ren Hawthorne who had everything that would serve as a worthy apology.

Falling on my back on the bed after ruminating on the topic, I suddenly sat up when an idea occurred to me.

I could bake him cookies! Besides flowers, another thing I loved was cookies so I learned how to make them as soon as I was able to find my way around the kitchen. Bia was a sucker for them and considering that she was a picky eater, that meant a lot.

Ren would definitely like them then. I hit another roadblock as I started writing a list of things that I might need when it got to the part of flavouring. What kind of flavour did someone like Ren like?

Just check his socials, Lily, my conscience taking Bia’s voice said and as I opened his Instagram, I reminded myself that this did not classify as stalking. It was research. I needed to take a look at his page in order to know what to get for him.

It was not surprising to see that his Instagram page had a huge amount of followers and most of his posts were about his paintings, each of which made my mouth drop open in awe.

He was truly talented with a paint brush.

As I scrolled down however, I started to see pictures of him and one picture held my attention, making me pause, my eyes wide as I zoomed in.

It was a picture of him, Aiden and one other guy that I was yet to have seen around school but I was sure that I knew him or had seen him somewhere before.

They were all ridiculously handsome standing side by side. I didn't know how tight they were but it made me wonder if Ren knew that his friend was the reason why people were bullying me.

Another picture caught my attention and it was one of Ren and a red haired beautiful girl. She was smiling brightly but he was not and I had seen him smile so many times in the little time that I had spent with him in the studio.

Or was I projecting that he was not smiling as much because I did not want to believe that this girl might be his girlfriend?

Scrolling back up his page, I hesitated and then quickly hit the follow button before I could change my mind. It was not up to a minute later and I got a notification that he had followed me back.

My smile widened and I let out a squeal and did a happy little dance. Perhaps he was not as mad as I thought after all.