

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 111

Lily's POV:

“Don't ask me when we're going to be done again , Lily or I swear to God, I'm going to pinch your pretty lips.” Bia warned as I opened my mouth to speak and I immediately gave her a guilty smile while she helped me to touch up my makeup for what I was sure was the tenth time since she started over an hour ago, because I had indeed been about to ask her when she would be done with the makeup.

“I was not about to ask you that.” I answered sheepishly and she rolled her eyes at me.

“You need to look absolutely gorgeous and perfect for your date with your Prince Charming tonight and anything less than that is unacceptable. Do you understand? UNACCEPTABLE!” She skewered me with her gaze and when I nodded, she grinned and turned the chair around so that I could see what she had been working on for the past one hour in the mirror and I gasped at how different I looked.

I mean, that was obviously still me looking back at myself as I stood to my full height to look at my entire outfit but I looked even more gorgeous than I thought was possible.

Ren had sent me a beautiful silvery glittering, backless floor length dress with tiny hand straps and a high slit that accentuated hips and I knew that it had cost a fortune. The note he had sent with the letter was so sweet, I blushed as I remembered it.

Wear this for me. I'm going to enjoy ripping it off of you.

I paired the dress with the red bottoms that Chelsea had given me which had somehow miraculously survived my nightmare of a birthday.

“You look so gorgeous” Bia exclaimed and I chuckled as she jumped up and down excitedly and reached for her phone to take pictures and videos.

She squealed again and my chuckle turned into a laugh because even though I was pumped to go out tonight, Bia seemed to even be more excited than I was and it made my heart feel warm at the fact that I had her by my side in this moment.

“Thank you for everything.” I said, suddenly feeling teary and she shook her head and led me to sit on her bed, taking both my hands in hers.

“You’re always welcome, my love.” She smiled, her eyes brimming with warmth and tears as she took my hand in hers.

“You know, I’m glad with all this change around you lately. I’m so happy that you chose to be happy. That you finally get to choose a man of your dreams. You deserve it, you deserve so much more. I have never seen you glow this much since we became friends and I am glad that Ren can put this kind of smile on your face.”

She pulled me in for a hug and just then we heard the doorbell ring downstairs. Theo was out with his girlfriend tonight and Bia’s boyfriend would be coming to stay with her so I didn’t have to worry about my friend being alone.

My phone burped a text and I checked to see Ren’s message, informing me that he was the one at the door, I doubled my footsteps and opened the front door, my lips parting in a slow exhale as I took his entire appearance in.

He looked so handsome and classy in a white tux that I realized matched my silver dress and I could feel my entire body respond to his intense gaze.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, kissing my wrist where the bracelet he had given me was wrapped around. He led me to the passenger door of his porsche and helped me in.

“You’re absolutely breathtaking.” He said for the third time since he started the car ride, his hand squeezing the inside of my thigh as he looked away from the road to glance at me and there was an emotion in his eyes that looked like he still couldn’t believe that I was here in the car with him.

I had no regrets that I had asked him to bond with me, none whatsoever, and now more than ever, I was certain that I wanted to be with him. I knew that I was supposed to be anxious or nervous because this was going to be my first time being intimate with anybody but it was Ren and I trusted him with my life.

I was not surprised by how much comfort and warmth I felt in Ren’s presence because it had always been like that since day one and I found myself reminiscing on how Ren had always brought me peace even when he was fated to another. How he still brings me peace when I’m fated to another.

In the back of my head, I knew that we'd have hell to pay when Aiden finds out about what we did, what I asked Ren to do. But for once, I didn't give two flying f***s, not about him, not about the stupid bond we share. And maybe a part of me wants to deliberately hurt him. Maybe a part of me wants to see how low he'll sink when he realizes that I don't care about him. He was as good as dead to me, just like he had wished for me all those times.

When we got to his family mansion, I was breathtaken by the sheer size and elegance of the building and as he helped down out of the car, he chuckled.

"I hope you don't mind me cooking for you tonight." He said with a shy smile and I wished I could squeeze his face for being so adorable, but I settled for a laugh.

"Not at all! Infact, I'm looking forward to it."

When he had asked me out and sent me this dress, I had thought that we were going to an expensive restaurant and a part of me had wondered how awkward I would have felt there since it would have been my first time fine dining, but I felt warm that he had invited me to his home and planned on cooking for me. It felt even more intimate.

"Welcome back, Mr Hawthorne," A tall and lanky man with grey white hair and a pleased smile in a uniform greeted us in the archway of the lobby that opened into the Hawthorne family living room.

"Thank you, Stewie," Ren grinned, taking off his jacket and handing it to him and I followed suit with my shawl.

"Is this your date you told me about?"

"Yes, this is Lily, my girlfriend." His smile, the stars in his eyes. I wish I could bottle it up and keep it forever. "Lily, this is Stewie, our family butler."

"A pleasure to finally meet you, Miss Beauregard." Stewie bowed, "please, have some refreshments while you wait. I will be helping Master Hawthorne in the kitchen."

He beckoned with his hand and two maids walked in with mocktails in fancy glasses on silver trays.

I took a glass smiling up at Ren who kissed my lips like he couldn't stop himself.

"Ren, is that you?" A soft, feminine voice called out, footsteps click clacking and echoing in the hallway and to my horror, Irwin and Ariel appeared, staring down at us.

They looked so regal, so elegant, I suddenly felt intimidated, like a child playing dress up and, probably sensing my insecurity, Ren drew closer to me, placing an arm around my waist, his thumb, stroking the bare skin of my back.

They were both dressed up, their hands in each others and standing close together. They looked like they were also going on a date of their own. Ariel's soft beauty took up the entire room and Irwin's stern eyes looked at me curiously

Ariel's lips parted into a pleasant smile. "Won't you introduce us to your girlfriend?"

Ren laughed and gently placing a hand on the small of my back, he led us over to the alpha and luna of silver moon pack.

"Lily, my parents. Mom, dad, my girlfriend."

My nervousness immediately melted away as they both beamed at me, their smiles genuine and warm as they closed the distance between us even more.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Lily." Irwin said, a genuine smile, crinkling the skin around his eyes. "Welcome to our home." He outstretched his hand for a handshake and I took it, smiling back when he gently shook it.

Ariel reached out for a hug that I didn't see coming, her pleasant scent of something floral and homely, enveloping my nostrils. She felt so warm and so motherly, I wanted to stay in her arms forever.

"It's such a pleasure to officially meet the girl after my son's heart," she beamed at me, her eyes delicately brimming with tears. "Come with me, will you?"

I casted a nervous glance at Ren who smiled encouragingly at me, taking my mocktail as Ariel practically dragged me along with her until we were outside

and close to fountain that contained a giant winged faerie marble statue pouring out sparkling water from her water pot.

“Hello again, sweetheart.” She said with a warm smile and I opened my mouth, ready to thank her for the part she played in saving my life when she pulled me into her arms for a hug, surprising me.

When she pulled away, her eyes were glassy with tears but they didn’t look like sad tears. “I’m sorry, I’m just a mess this evening... it’s just... seeing my son so happy, it gives me joy.” She said and my eyes softened. “I know that you’ve been through so much but I want you to know that I’m so grateful that you walked into Ren’s life and showed him what it means to truly love and be loved.”

My heart squeezed at her words because Ren was the only person in Shadow Cove that actually made me believe in love again.

“I was against your relationship at first,” she confessed. “I didn’t know... I didn’t notice, how did I not notice? He was so miserable in his mate bond with Mauve and I tried to convince him to stay, because I believed they could work things out. I was so worried about his fixation with you but now that I have seen you with my own eyes and seen how much of a positive influence you are on him, I am sorry to have ever doubted him.”

She took a deep breath. “I also know that you’re fated to Aiden Vanderbilt.”

My heart dropped into my stomach as she continued.

“I don’t know the complexities of your relationship with either of them, and I don’t want to pry or make you uncomfortable, but from one woman to another, please take care of my son’s heart, will you? Don’t break his heart.”

I smiled wide as I nodded.

She didn’t even have to ask. That was a promise I was going to keep forever. Because Ren saved me first.

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Lily’s pov

I spent the entire dinner trying and failing to hide how perfect I thought the night was.

It felt like Ren had actually walked out of all of one of those romance novels that Bia made me read all the time and it helped that Ren was so sweet and attentive while at the same time making us dinner which turned out to be so sweet and intimate.

There were candles and we ate in the garden area, on a two man dining table that had already been set. I sighed dreamily and quickly made videos so that Bia would not bite me for not capturing this beautiful moment because it was one that I knew that I wanted to remember for a long time to come.

I mean it couldn't get any better than this, could it? We ate home cooked oxtail and mash and I had the most delicious wine and dessert I have ever tasted, while a violinist played the most soothing music to my ears and we wined and dined under the stars.

My heart was going to explode.

After dinner, Ren led me upstairs to his bedroom and my jaw dropped in awe as I took in his room for the first time.

It looked like it was designed for a prince which Ren was but with a modern touch that suggested that he was in touch with the times. White and beige seemed to be his theme. For an artiste, I expected his room to be a mess of paint and colours but to my shock, everything was spotless and pristine with the pure white walls, sparkling chandelier and cream coloured rugs.

There was a plush king sized bed with an array of pillows that got my attention briefly but what actually held me spell bound was the large mahogany office desk close to the balcony. The table and the walls around it... my heart started pounding harder in my chest... his desk and working area was littered with so many sketches of... me.

I immediately walked over to it and started sifting through the sketches. Some of them were in his sketch book, some were on pieces of papers on the large desk and others were on the wall.

His eyes widened in surprise and I could tell that he had not remembered this while inviting me upstairs, because he moved immediately, trying to clear up his table but I plucked one sketch and critically looked at it.

It was almost surreal how accurately depicted my features were, from the beauty spots on my face to the little carve on my left brow down to my lips which were parted in a smile and I realized that the other sketches also had me smiling in them. It felt surreal, yet strangely endearing, knowing that someone had been thinking about me so intensely.

“When did you start drawing all of this?”

He rubbed the back of his neck, embarrassed and for a second I thought he was not going to answer but when he did, my entire body felt like I was floating in the clouds.

“From the first day I met you, really. I tried to believe that I liked you platonically from the very start because that was the only way to explain my immediate attraction to you without feeling bad for having a mate but I liked you so much it was almost impossible to get you out of my head.”

“Ren... I had no idea you felt this way,” I whispered, trying to gather my thoughts. “I mean, we’ve been friends since day one, and I never thought... I never imagined...”

“I know,” he interrupted, his voice tinged with vulnerability. “I should’ve said something sooner, but I was afraid of ruining what we had. I didn’t want to lose you. Didn’t want to risk it.”

“You wouldn’t have lost me,” I assured him, my hands trembling slightly. There I had been thinking he would never want someone like me, he was way out of my league and hearing this made my heart swell.

“I had believed for a while that I just loved you as a friend until I realized that I was obsessed and would do anything for you in a heart beat. You own me, Lily, before I even realized you held the key to my heart. Nothing makes me happier than seeing a genuine smile on your face and I wanted to be the one making you smile big and wide like how you do in my dreams. My sketches were a way of getting you out of my head and showing how happy I imagined you could be. It still feels unreal that you are mine now. That you are here.”

Giving him a smile that was filled with so much love, I walked up to him and wrapped my arms around his neck, my body humming with need when he held my waist and leaned down to rub his nose against mine.

His scent of oud and bergamot was intoxicating.

“I’m here and I’m yours. What are you going to do about it?” I whispered and his grin made my n****s harden, brushing against my dress as he took my lips in a passionate kiss that made my toes curl.

Lifting me up in one smooth move, with my legs wrapped around his waist, he dropped me gently on his bed and kissed me all over, his hands squeezing my thigh gently as he parted my legs and wrapped them around his hips, assaulting my lips with soul scathing, butterfly inducing kisses and it was exactly how I had pictured Ren to be. Kind and sweet and attentive and lethal.

He tugged on my lip and I moaned in protest when he lifted himself up to take my shoes off, one after the other. He closed his eyes and pressed a loving kiss on the insole of my left feet and then he paused, eyes filled with heat as he looked down at me.

“Are you sure? We don’t have to if you’re not ready. If you’ve changed your mind.”

If I wasn’t already in love with him, I would have fallen.

“I’m sure.” I answered.

“I may not be able to stop myself when-“

“I’m sure,” I repeated, taking his face in my hands. “It’s you I want. I want it to be you. I want everything that comes with this.”

Finally understanding me, he nodded, taking off his jacket and shirt, all the while maintaining eye contact with me.

I blushed as I took in his toned body and when he climbed the bed to kneel in front of me, I rose up on my elbows to run my hands down his abs. I enjoyed the way he shivered at my touch, so I did it again, gasping when he pulled me to him by holding the back of my neck.

He moaned into my mouth as my fingers brushed his chest, ran down his abs, stopping at his lower abdomen going back up.

His face tensed up in pleasure when I ran my hands down his abs again and an idea came to me.

“Lie on your back,” I whispered, loving how he didn’t even hesitate, grinning up at him as I straddled him.

I removed the ribbon in my hair and pulled his wrists together, tying him up.

The fact that he didn’t even question me made me lean down to kiss his lips, my hands, playing with the waistband of his pants and the way he panted, the helpless look in his golden brown eyes made me feel more powerful than ever.

I leaned down to kiss the shell of his ear, whispering to him. “All you do is give and give,” I said as I unbuckled his belt and slid down until I was between his legs and looking up at him. “I bet you’re a giver in bed too.” The sound of his zipper getting undone was a seductive noise that cut through the quiet night.

My eyes were on him, his muscular chest rising up and falling down with every sharp breath as he kept his eyes on me. “Tonight I want to give you something too. I want to please you” I whispered, loving how bold I felt and before I could develop cold feet, I kissed his throat, sucked on his pulse and made my way down his body, kissing and sucking and nibbling on his skin, leaving tiny little marks all over him.

Mine. You’re mine.

His breathless pants and moans let me know that I was doing it right.

“f**k, Lily, please untie me”

“You don’t like this?” I whispered as my kisses trained towards his d**k and he hissed, his eyes glowing.

“I like it. Too much,” his voice was a beast like growl and I felt my panties get wet, surprised by how turned on I was at how helpless he was beneath me.

I unzipped his pants all the way down and took him out, gasping in shock as his d**k sprung up.

I expected it to be long and lean like the rest of his body but it was hard and big and strong and my mouth watered at the veiny beauty of him. The head was dark and full, a pearly drop dripping from the tip and he groaned wildly when I slid my thumb over the tip, smearing precum over the head.

“f**k, Lily -” he gasped breathless, his face was a mask of pain and pleasure and I smiled at him as I took him in my mouth, licking him from bottom to top.

He let out a guttural groan, unable to take it anymore and the next second I was flipped over, my back on the bed, staring at glowing eyes and fanged teeth, his wolf lurking just below his skin.

“You drive me crazy,” he groaned and I gasped as his tongue slipped into my mouth, wrapping my legs around him as he kissed me passionately, his hands reaching beneath my dress to rip my panties into pieces.

“I’ll get you new ones,” he rasped against my lips and when I wanted to ask what he was talking about, he ripped the dress and I gasped as his mouth found my breasts, latching on to my n****e and hungrily sucking it into his mouth.

I arched my back in pleasure, body writhing beneath him as he slipped a finger between my legs, easily working my clit until I was breathless and panting and wetter than I’ve ever been. He gently slipped a finger inside me, simultaneously massaging my clit with his thumb.

My toes traced the instep of his feet as I lost myself in the throes of pleasure until I was whispering his name like a chant, a prayer, hanging on to him for dear life as my world twisted sideways.

I was still lost in a haze of pleasure and time seemed to slow down when he removed his finger and locked eyes with me.

“Are you ready?” He whispered and I felt him at my entrance.

Nodding, I gasped into his mouth as he slid into me, inch after inch, maintaining eye contact with me until he was deeply seated in me and he let out a roar that made me feel like jelly.

“I love you so much, Lily. So so much” he whispered against my lips and I felt tears trickle down my cheeks at how good it felt as we moved in sync, slow and passionate, his hands clasped in mine as he continued to whisper the sweetest things to me while I combusted with pleasure.

“Do you like that? Does it hurt?”

“I could get used to this. You feel so f*****g good, Lily.”

“You’re all I want, sweetheart. You’re everything to me.”

“I love you so much.”

“I love you. I love you too, Ren,” I whispered as the climax engulfed me and Ren let out an animalistic growl and bit into my neck, marking me.

The pain pierced my pleasure haze but it quickly morphed into pleasure as he licked my neck while firmly pulling my hips to his so that we could remain even more connected and I kissed his throat, never wanting the night to end as he took me to the brink of pleasure again again again and again.

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Lily’s pov

I love you so much , Lily.

Do you like that?

You’re everything to me.

You’re mine now and always.

I need you.

I love you.

Come for me, my goddess.

I looked at the time and saw that it was almost three in the morning and I didn’t even feel sleepy. Not when my entire thoughts were consumed with Ren even though he was sleeping right next to me.

It wasn’t just the thoughts, it was the feeling. His feeling of love and devotion filtered through the barely developed bond link between us, and even as he slept now, soft puffs of peace and satisfaction warmed my lovestruck heart.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

I couldn’t believe it. I was bonded... to a royal of all people. Who would have thought? Although, I should know by now, that’s not the most amazing thing

about me right now. My own wolf was a blood thirsty, cantankerous, shape shifter that was too ambitious for her own good, but even now, she seemed to be writhing with joy in my consciousness at having bonded with Ren.

“Only one of my mates,” she felt the need to remind me and I rolled my eyes at her greed.

“One’s all you’ll get,” I told her, trying and failing to believe my own words. Even now, I burned with need through the soft halo of peace and contentment, like I wanted more. Needed more. A hole in my heart, even Ren-kind, loving, perfect Ren- could not fill.

It’s a good thing he was asleep and couldn’t hear my thoughts.

“We’ll see,” was that a chuckle?

Well, at least she seemed to be in a good mood and I felt our connection go taut.

She was a stronger force within me since I bonded with Ren hours ago. Like being mated to him gave her a power trip and I had no intentions of testing it out. I shouldn’t worry though. I was safe for now. Only Aiden could really set her free. So for now, as long as I don’t bond with him, I’m fine. We’re all fine.

I settled back against Ren’s chest, sighing in contentment as he wrapped his arms around me, aware of me, even in his semi conscious state.

Everytime I closed my eyes, i relived our first night together and my entire body trembled in delight as I remembered that we were truly bonded now. The idea did not even scare me like I thought it would and whatever doubts I may have had, however little, that Ren was mine had been extinguished.

Throughout the night, I was hyper aware of him holding me tightly in his arms even though he was deeply asleep and right now as his head rested on my shoulder, his leg draped over mine with my back against the bed, I turned sideways to stare at him, a gentle sigh escaping my lips as I watched him sleep, his white-blond hair spread across the pillow like a halo.

The soft moonlight filtering through the curtains caressed his features, highlighting the delicate lines of his face. He looked so peaceful, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still as I admired the sight before me for the umpteenth time tonight.

Ren's hair, like silk, gleamed with an otherworldly radiance that reminded me of his majestic fae ancestry. It was as if the moon's luminous beams had woven themselves into his locks, creating an ethereal glow around his head. The strands were so fine, like the whisper of snow droplets, falling delicately across his forehead and slightly brushing his closed eyelids.

His face, was probably one of the most well cut faces that I had ever seen in shadow cove and my heart felt full as I stared at him hard. His features were a blend of strength and tenderness. His high cheekbones accentuated his jawline, giving him an air of sophistication even in slumber. His lips, gently curved, hinted at a serene smile, making my heart flutter as I wondered whether he was thinking about me like I had spent the entire night doing the same.

Gently, I brushed a strand of his hair away from his face, careful not to disturb his slumber. His skin felt soft under my touch, and I couldn't resist the urge to lean down and place a tender kiss on his forehead.

In that moment, I realized how lucky I was to have him in my life. I couldn't help but feel a rush of gratitude and affection for the wonderful person he was, both inside and out. It was still so unreal that someone like him wanted someone like me but I was determined to not question it anymore.

To just accept and roll with it.

Feeling so overwhelmed by how much I loved him, I turned back around so that my back was facing me and I noticed how he immediately spooned me even though he was unconscious, holding me even tighter as if he thought I was going to run away and immediately his breathing changed, I felt it.

"Are you okay?" He breathed into my hair, kissing my temple and my insides trembled with red at the way his voice washed over me. "You've been stirring all night. Is there something that is not to your liking? I'll fix it if you would just tell me." He added and I turned around and buried my face in his chest, breathing him in.

"I'm fine. You can go back to sleep. It's my first night here so it's a bit difficult to fall asleep."

"Okay, love." He whispered and i smiled to myself as he started gently patting my back, praying to the goddess as I fell asleep that if this was a dream, I was not ready to wake up.

I had no idea how long I had slept for but the rays of sunlight touching my face was what roused me from sleep the next morning and when I woke up, I turned, searching for Ren's warmth only to slowly realize that he was no longer in bed with me, his side of the bed cold which meant that he had woken up a long time ago.

Eyes wide with horror, I jumped up from the bed and looked around for him but there was no sign that he was here.

Against my will, my thoughts immediately spiraled into dark places. My heart pounded painfully in my f*****g chest as I started to breathe erratically.

Where is he? Where's my mate?!

Panic made it hard to breathe.

Had last night been a mistake for him? Did he wake up and regret sleeping with me and bonding with me? Was that why he was not here? Was I really being delusional to think that someone like him could be with someone like me.

I tried to stop it but I could not help the influx of memories of how Cade had made me fall in love with him only to disgrace me right after.

Ren was nothing like Cade, right? Just as I mentally asked myself that question, many unwanted memories of how Cade had gotten me to trust him only to play me for a fool filled my thoughts and I shook with cold rage as I remembered just how much I had liked him and how gullible I had been, desperate for someone to love me.

More than anything I hoped that I was jumping to conclusions but I was horrified that history felt like it was repeating itself all over again. Quickly looking around for clothes to wear and finding nothing, I remembered how Ren had ripped it and I could not help the tears that trickled down my cheeks in agony as I wondered if Ren had really been with me only to disappear when he got what he wanted.

Don't be unreasonable, the more rational part of me chided.

But I couldn't... couldn't stop as the memories came back with full force. The pain, the shame and humiliation, details of which I refrained from sharing with

anyone to this day. Even Bia only knows the rundown version because going in depth is a pain fest I have no intention of revisiting.

I stopped myself from spiralling and immediately thought of what to do. I'd be damned if I take this lying down like last time.

My eyes sighted one of Ren's robes in his armoire and I hurriedly put it on, my hands shaking as I knotted the rope twice around my waist and wiped my eyes.

If Ren was really done with me, then I was going to have to hear it from his mouth this time. No more running. It would hurt like nothing I had ever experienced before if I didn't clear my conscience and confront Ren, well it would hurt either ways but I was ready.

Immediately, I grabbed the door, ready to dash out only to bump my nose into Ren's chest and see his brows filled with question as he raised a food tray above my head and stared down at me with worried eyes.

"Lily?" A worried gasp, genuine eyes and I immediately felt sick for not trusting him all over again. "What's wrong?"

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Lily's POV

"What's wrong, Lily?"

One question and that was all it took for me to be transported back to the morning when I had found out that everything that had been between me and Cade had been a lie. It had been a school day like any other and I had woken up with a bright smile on my face, once again unable to believe that Cade was mine but secure in the knowledge that he belonged to me wholeheartedly.

I had walked majestically into the school premises and then the laughs had started in the hallway. It had been discreet at first and then it started to get louder and more specific as people stared at me with unhidden amusement like I was a clown whose show they paid to watch.

I had indeed been a clown. I had been a massive fool and there was nothing that I could do to take back that day no matter how many times I remembered it and wished that it had never happened.

I thought I had healed. I thought I was over this... apparently, I thought wrong.

The weight of the emotions that had engulfed me that day seemed to crash on me all over again and I clutched his shirt, a sob escaping my lips until I was full out bawling, my entire body shaking.

Tears trickled down my cheeks in full force, blurring my vision but I could see Ren's confusion and feel his immediate panic through our bond as he led me back into the room, quickly dropping the tray of food before rushing back to the bed to pull me in to a bone crushing hug, rubbing my back as he murmured the sweetest and kindest words.

"Did I do something wrong, baby?" He whispered gently, kissing my temple and I burrowed my face deeper into him. "Did I hurt you?"

The fact that he asked me even though he could have just opened my mind and ransacked my thoughts for the answer just proved how much I did not even deserve to be with this man.

I didn't even deserve to be sitting with him when I had not even healed from what Cade had done to me and this breakdown was more than enough proof that I may never actually get over it and would have post traumatic stress symptoms for the rest of my life.

"Please talk to me, sweetheart. If you're hurting anywhere, allow me to fix it. Are you hurting?"

"No, I'm fine." I answered shakily, finally looking up at him and I saw his lips turn down in a frown at my swollen eyes.

"Then why are you crying?" He whispered. "Talk to me."

"I... I thought you left me. When I woke up and didn't see you, I was so scared and thought you had left me."

He looked confused and he kissed me softly.

"Why would I leave my own home baby?"

Oh...

Wait...

I mentally facepalmed myself.

Of course.

If only I had even thought about that before jumping to conclusions I would have realized how foolish it was to even think that Ren had abandoned me when I was literally in his house and in his bedroom.

The f u c k was he going to go?

“It’s normal to panic if you’re away from your bonded merely hours after mating but why would you even believe that I would abandon you, sweetheart?”

Knowing that the only way to be able to let him understand why I was like this was to explain even though the last thing I wanted to do was remember Cade, I explained to him about my relationship as vaguely as I could without mentioning Cade’s name.

He was a prince afterall. Chances that they were at least cordial with each other have to be taken into consideration. I didn’t want to be responsible for messing with any political ties that will prove useful in the future.

“Just when I thought he really liked me, I found out it was a bet.” I ended and looked down at the bed, too embarrassed to look up at Ren.

The silence in the room was almost deafening.

This is it. The last straw huh?

And just as I braced myself for indignation, for annoyance, for frustration, for him to realize that I was broken beyond repair, I was more trouble than I was worth.

But all I sensed for him was love and patience. He rose to his feet and stretched out his hand to help me up.

When I took it, he pulled me to him and I gasped at how close our bodies were as he tilted my chin to kiss me slow and gentle.

Our bond hummed with satisfaction and his fervent need to prove himself. To prove his love to me.

I shivered, all the way to my toes.

“It seems I have to do a lot more to convince you that you are mine and I’m yours and I don’t mind. We have the rest of our lives for me to show you that my entire heart belongs to you and no one else.”

Leading me to the bathroom, he took off my robe gently, watching me from the gigantic mirror that stared back at us and I would have felt shy if I didn’t see the desire in his eyes as he looked at me.

Slowly, he came to stand in front of me and I watched, spell bound as he stripped until all of his toned, muscular body was bare before me and I gasped at the beauty of him, knowing that I would never be able to get enough of Ren no matter what.

Leading me into the gigantic tub, he lowered himself into the water and led me inside, placing me between his legs as he added soap and oils that smelled exactly like the ones I used at home.

“Yeah, I got them because they reminded me of you.” He said simply and my heart swelled with so much love and I turned around to straddle him, groaning when he rinsed the soap from my breasts with the mobile shower head and took one of my n****s into his mouth, suckling gently.

I moaned, throwing my head back and allowed him to gently scrub and massage my body until all my muscles were limp with desire.

“Ride me.” He whispered in my ear and I groaned, reaching into the warm water to see that he was hard and ready for me.

I stroked him slowly as he threw his head back, desire in his eyes until he lost all that carefully cultivated self control he possessed. He lifted me and we both groaned as he lowered me on to his d**k, inch after slow inch until he was deeply seated in me.

We both let out breathless groans that were accompanied by short pants and rasps of breaths.

Eyes locked on mine, he leaned forward to kiss the mark on my neck and I held him to me, feeling even more connected than before.

“Oh gods,” he let out a deep, throaty moan that vibrated through my chest as he gripped my a*s, holding me tight. “So good. It feels so good like this.”

This feeling. This love. There’s nothing like this. I’m going to explode.

Resting my hands on his shoulders, I began to move, my eyes on his.

“Yes, baby,” he encouraged, holding up my hair. “Just like that.”

I gasped as the bond between us burned brighter and brighter.

“I am not him, do you understand me?” He whispered as he grabbed my hips and increased the pace and I nodded with a gasp, my spine tingling with pleasure.

“I will never leave you. I will never abandon you. You are mine, Lily. Do you understand that?” He asked, gripping my hair as his golden brown eyes, darker with lust, found mine. “You own me. You’re everything to me. I can’t live with myself if you get hurt by my hands. I will never ever do anything to cause you pain. Tell me. Tell me you understand, Lily,” he growled into my neck as he pulled me closer and closer. As we both skirted through the precipice of desire induced oblivion.

“Yes,” I whispered, realizing for the nth time that I was foolish to have ever thought Ren would leave me. “I love you, you know that?”

“f**k yes, baby.”

“And you love me?”

“I love you, Lily. Now and always.”

When I nodded, it felt like a door opened and I felt all of his emotions swim into me even as he f****d me, his love, lust and pure adoration making my heart want to burst with love.

And then there were no more words. Just the slick sound of skin against skin as I held on to him, his hand on my clit and the other guiding me up and down and when I came, the only word on my lips was his name. The only conviction in my heart was his love for me.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 115

RHEA'S POV

I nearly choked on my hot chocolate when Ren walked down the stairs into the kitchen with his arms around Lily, the two of them looking freshly f****d, so much in love and making dreamy eyes at each other.

I took a moment to swallow down the panic that trampled in my chest and focused on how happy they both looked. How they were so absorbed with each other that they probably thought they were the only two souls in the entire universe.

Even if Lily wasn't wearing his clothes which she was, I didn't need anyone to tell me that they had bonded with each other because their scents were so muddled up, it was hard to even tell them apart.

The pullover that Lily was wearing slipped from her shoulder and I could see Ren's mark, bright as day on her skin and Lily looked so at peace and unbothered about hiding it.

It took them a while to notice that I was in the room, because they were so absorbed in each other and who could blame them? They were so in love and it made me so happy to see them happy.

"Hi!" Lily chirped, her eyes lighting up even more when she saw me and my heart went warm all over.

I walked over to where they were standing with a big smile and pulled her in for a hug.

"I can't believe it! Welcome to the family!" I cried excitedly, meaning it.

When I pulled back, her eyes were bright with joy and she nodded.

"Thank you."

Ren excused himself to get water to drink, already dressed in his uniform and I watched as Lily's eyes followed him like she couldn't help herself before she focused her attention on me again.

"Would you like breakfast? I can make some toast for you."

“Thank you, Rhea but Ren already fixed breakfast for the two of us. Plus we need to get going to school now because I want to stop at Bia’s to change into my uniform.”

I nodded in understanding, squeezing her hand gently.

“Would you like to ride with us?” Ren asked and I shook my head.

“Chelsea’s already on her way to pick me up. Thank you, Ren.”

Hugging Lily again, I smiled at Ren as he gave me a forehead kiss and there was a tightness in my chest and worry in my heart as I watched them leave because while I was happy for them, there was one very big issue that we were all trying to ignore.

And it was a big fat problem with Aiden’s face on it. The worst type of problems.

I wondered how he was going to react when he found out that Ren, his best friend, had marked his mate because everyone knew Aiden did not do well when it came to sharing.

Growing up with him, he had demonstrated how he felt about sharing in so many ways but one that had stuck with me was when we were still very little and had both been given the exact same toy. A red firetruck with shiny wheels and steel rims.

He had tried so many ways to get it from me, even trying to buy it and bribe me for it and when I refused, he had destroyed it and left the broken pieces for me to find.

There was no doubt that he had been responsible and he had not bothered to even deny it and I had been distraught without it for days.

But he had showed up the next day with a brand new toy, a green firetruck, similar to my former one but not the same.

He had presented it to me as gift and apologized, with a threat, gently making me understand that I can’t want the same things he wants. I can’t have the same thing he has.

And I had realized that he had not destroyed my toy because he cared about the toy, he just hadn't wanted me to have that particular toy because it was similar to the model and make of his.

He had made it clear over the years how possessive he was over the things he considered his and I wondered if he was going to apply that same mentality where Lily was concerned and how it would affect Ren. How it would affect Lily.

I had literal goosebumps wondering what he would say when he found out that Ren had marked Lily but before I could dwell on it, I heard Chelsea's familiar car horn, honking wildly outside and I grabbed my bag and rushed outside to meet her.

"Am I seeing things or was it Lily that I saw in Ren's car on my way in?" Chelsea asked immediately she saw me, her eyes wide with shock and I rolled my eyes at her playfully as I walked towards the back seat to climb in.

"Yes, duh. You should have seen my face when they came out looking so in love but Lord knows what Aiden is going to do when he finds out that Ren slept with her. I doubt he'll ever forgive him." I answered, trying to keep my voice light but I was worried as hell for my brother.

"Aiden can go to hell for all I care after what he put Lily through." Chelsea replied, calling me back so that she could collect the milkshake I had carried out for her from where she was seated in the driver's seat and she pulled me for a quick kiss on my cheeks in thanks through her window.

"Ren is the only reason Lily survived through all the s**t he put her through and the way I see it, Aiden should be thanking Ren for stepping up and saving his mate." She added and I sighed, nodding in agreement and really hoping that what she said would happen even though I doubted it would but I froze when I entered the backseat and saw Chase sitting on the other end. I had smelled his scent but had just chucked it up to the fact that it was because Chelsea was around and they were siblings.

"Why is he in the car with us?" I asked Chelsea, refusing to look at his gorgeous face or show how affected I was by his presence.

Breathless. Hot. Nervous. Sticky with sweat.

“His car conveniently broke down and he needed a ride.” Chelsea answered dryly and I saw that she was trying hard to not be amused by my reaction.

“Hello Rhea,” Chase said with a gentle smile and I forced myself to finally look at him, forcing a frown onto my face.

My wolf reared her big head at his voice, his presence, his intoxicating scent. She has been doing that a lot recently since I started entertaining his presence and I had to slam her back down with all the willpower I had.

I handled my first rejection just fine. I wasn't going to be rejected a second time.

“Why are you seated here and not in the passenger seat?” I asked curtly but instead of getting upset, like I hoped he would, his smile widened and I wanted to smack him for looking good.

“I thought you'd want to sit in the front with Chels.”

I wanted to blurt out that I couldn't sit in the front seat. EVERYONE knows that.

Just the thought of sitting in the front seat filled me with even more paranoia as I thought of the experience I survived from the last time I drove a car myself.

The screeching sound of tyres skidding on asphalt, the burning rubber of the tyres, the sickening sound of the crash, of twisting metal and shattering glass. A car accident I had almost not survived from.

Everybody thinks Sebastian had rejected me.

He hadn't.

Okay, wait, he did. But he had only rejected me after I caught him cheating on me with that wicked witch of the west at a house party Aiden had thrown. I hadn't been able to take it, hadn't been able to think straight and I had jumped into my car, completely inebriated and hurt.

I should have died on impact.

I'd be damned if I go through that again.

Because of the accident I had been in when I was little which made me extremely afraid of driving or even being in the front seat but it meant that Chase would know one more thing about me and I would rather he didn't so I slid into the backseat, trying to ignore the relieved breath he let out and kept to my corner, even though the entire place felt like it was filled with him.

"I'm Team Ren by the way," Chelsea yapped along and I narrowed my eyes at her, wondering if she was trying to play matchmaker. A headsup would have been appreciated.

Shrugging, I sipped my coffee, "why?"

She rolled her eyes. "Duh? Because we can finally get to see Ren happy after having a mate from hell like Mauve." Chelsea said as she drove through the gates, breaking the terse silence in the car.

"Ren is my brother and I love him but I can only imagine how Aiden would feel right now. It's never easy to lose a mate." I whispered. "Especially one you're obsessed with. I would know." I answered, keeping my face on the road.

The atmosphere in the room became stilted.

"Rhi..." Chelsea said in a heart broken voice.

"It's nothing. I'm sorry. Just forget what I said." I wiped the stray tears that ran down my cheek. "This isn't even about me."

f**k, it's been THREE years. How am I not over this s**t?

A carefully folded handkerchief suddenly appeared in front of me. I dragged my gaze from the hand offering it to his face.

Chase gazed at me with an expression I couldn't decipher as he took my chin in his hand and wiped my tears.

"You know," he said, as if he was only talking to me. "I don't agree with Chels on tons of things but I'm happy that Ren and Lily found their way to each other."

I swallowed when his thumb brushed my lips, igniting a fire in the pit of my abdomen and this time, when I felt Astria spring to life again, I didn't tamp her down as I help my breath and watched Chase.

“It’s beautiful, don’t you think? They’re prepared to damn the consequences, follow their hearts and make their own choices in a community that places a lot of emphasis on following a broken tradition. I’ve never been a fan of the mating bond. I saw with it did to Ren. To Zac.”

We all winced.

“Lily and Ren... they’re courageous to make their own choice and do their own thing and I respect them for it.”

“But Aiden loves her.” I argued. “He jumped into the forest ridden by ferals to save her. He stayed by her side until she got better while respecting her wishes. Not every girl is lucky enough to have a mate that would do that for them.”

“Aiden also declared open season on her for a crime her father committed. Lily could have gotten seriously hurt before they even discovered they were mates. And let’s not pretend that Ren, heck, even Zac, wouldn’t do what Aiden did in a heartbeat. We all saw them leave to get her. Protecting and respecting her is the least Aiden could do after all he put her through.”

My mouth clamped shut.

“All I’m saying is Lily’s emotions are valid. She’s also old enough to make her own choices after all she has been through. If she wants nothing to do with the guy that made her life at the academy a living nightmare, no one can fault her for that. I know you wouldn’t want Ren to stay with Mauve even if she apologizes.”

“That’s different.”

“Is it?” He asked, tilting his head.

I avoided his gaze and gritted my teeth, seeing his reasoning.

Of course I would never want Ren to stay with Mauve. She was greedy and opportunistic and she had dragged their bond through the mud, taking advantage of my brother and our family name. It’s totally different from Aiden that at least respects the bond and would do anything to fix it and in my eyes, that fact alone makes him more redeemable. Besides, My Mauve was a pathological liar. I wouldn’t believe a thing she says even if she promises to change.

But Is it because I care for Ren, or because I'm just bitter about her for taking Sebastian from me?

"That's different," I whispered, losing all the fight I had left in me.

Quickly looking away, I pondered on his words the entire ride and made no move to take my hand out of his clasped ones, my wolf, humming in satisfaction at being close to him.

"What THE F U C K, Ren?! You're supposed to be my BEST FRIEND! And you went behind my back to f**k my mate? Are you f u c k i n g kidding me?!"

My heart jumped in my throat as the car rolled into the private garage.

No no no no no.

My face paled as we drove into the private parking lot to see Ren and Lily with a bewildered, furious Aiden standing in a face off, a crowd already gathering around them.

Chelsea's words conveyed my internal reaction.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 116

Aiden's pov

Standing in front of the full length mirror in my bedroom, I stared at my reflection. There was nothing different about how I looked today, after all it was a school day which meant school uniform. My uniform was impeccable as always, shirt freshly pressed, a thick leather belt around my waist, my tom ford shoes, tie knotted to perfection and hair styled in it's usual way.

The only thing different about me today was the big, hopeful smile on my lips as I sampled the two bouquets of flowers that I was currently holding up to my chest in front of my floor to ceiling mirror.

One of the bouquets was filled with soft pink, white and red dahlia flowers while the other had darker shades of blue, purple and black.

I was sure that I had been standing here for longer than I had expected, wondering which bouquet she would prefer.

Did she like soft colours or dark colours that reflected a very mellow mood like I did?

I tried to look back to all of the times that I had seen her and all of those times, I realized that she was glaring at me in most of my memories, making it hard for me to actually be sure that I could find an answer to my question.

I hated that I could not quickly find an answer to something like this, another thing that showed that I didn't know anything substantial about my mate.

Restlessness grew in my chest as I recalled that Ren would probably know the answer since he showed up time and time again at the hospital just how much he knew about her, indirectly shedding light on the fact that I might not know her at all.

The door opened and from the mirror, I could see Maya walk in, her eyes widening in surprise as she took in the bouquets in my hand.

"What bouquet would you prefer if your mate were to give one to you?" I asked, trying to not sound too obsessed with knowing the answer and giving her an almost passive glance.

She took a few beats too long to make up her mind and I sighed in exasperation before she could answer. I shook my head, afraid that her answer would contradict mine.

"Never mind, Maya. I've gotten my answer." I said, deciding to just give Lily both bouquets.

Yes, she'd definitely like that, won't she?

"Young master?" She said, her voice worried and when I realized that I was smiling very hard at my reflection in the mirror, I cleared my throat nervously and adjusted my tie.

I was very excited to go to school today because for me, this was a fresh start. I had spent the entire night thinking of a way to ask Lily out and had even sent Bia, Lily's best friend a message, asking her a couple of questions to help me out.

Surprisingly, she was nice enough to give me the answers I needed and it boosted my hope that perhaps I did have a chance to win Lily's heart.

From what she told me, Lily was not the type that liked things that were not well thought out and things that were flashy but meaningless so whatever I did had to show that I had thought about her and it made perfect sense. It also made me understand why she liked Ren so much, I thought with a sour face. Everything he did was carefully thought out, calmly and rationally calculated. If he was a gentle breeze, I was more like a burning comet, hurtling into the earth.

“Who’s the girl? I’m excited to meet her.” Maya said and I realized that she was still watching me closely, her eyes on the flowers.

“My mate, Maya. I finally found her and I am going to ask her out today. Wish me luck?”

Her eyes widened and her wrinkled skin crinkled at her eyes and lips as she grinned wide, closing the distance between us to pat me gently on the back, her face beaming with pride.

“Of course, my darling. I wish you all the luck in the world. I know how important it is for you Night shade men to find your mates.” She answered and I nodded because of all the pack wolves, the men from the Night shade pack have the highest record of going feral if they didn’t find their mate in their lifetime. Or worse, they risked losing their humanity, their sense of life and the urge to live if they lose their mates.

Maya didn’t say it but I could see it in her eyes everyday whenever I summoned my shadow creatures to keep me company that she worried about my humanity. My worrisome lack of companionship.

She had watched me carefully since my parents died and even I was not sure that my humanity was still salvageable until Lily. Perhaps she was a sign that all hope was not lost for me. My shining star in the dark, the way her favourite flowers were.

“If you don’t mind asking, what do you have planned in store and how can I be of help to you?”

Excitement exploded out of my fingertips and I decided to answer, because my plan might need more ideas and I needed a woman’s opinion.

“Something small for now. I’ve spoken to the servants and I want to hold a small movie date in the theatre room downstairs. I am going to invite some of

our friends so that it doesn't seem like a real date and scare her away too soon but I hope that it'll give me a chance to get to know more about her. If she'll let me." My last words came out muffled and filled with dread and Maya gave me a reassuring pat on the head.

"I wish you the best of luck, my prince. And I hope I'll get to meet her."

"Of course, Maya." I answered with a smile, my hope renewed that perhaps today will turn out fine.

Hopping into the car, I kept the bouquets at the back and drove to school, drumming my fingers anxiously on the steering wheel, trying my best to ignore the fact that for the first time in forever, the great Aiden Vanderbilt was anxious about something and I realized that this was the first time I had ever asked a girl out.

Most of my relationships, if I could even call it that, were shallow and a means to satisfy my needs and the girls usually always wanted more at the end of the day, more than I was able to give so they almost always ended.

Lily was not the same. For the first time, I wanted to give something, anything she wanted if she would even have me and that was why as I drove into the private parking lot, I felt sweat dribble down the side of my face despite the air conditioning working.

My heart was pounding hard as I fisted and unfisted my clammy hands, adjusting my tie in the rearview mirror.

Trying and failing to get out a complete sentence without sounding like a dork as I tried to practice my lines in front of the mirror, I decided that I was going to just speak from my heart and hope that Lily could see the genuineness in my request.

I was just reaching into the backseat for the bouquets when I saw Ren's car roll into the parking space. My face immediately lit up because I knew that despite our differences in the past few days, he would help me out if I asked him. We were brothers. More than brothers.

I opened the door as he parked, about to call out to him when I saw Ren come down and jog over to the passenger door and I froze when Lily came down, her smile wide as Ren pulled her in for a kiss that made her hold on to him tight as she stood on her tiptoes.

Hurt snapped something in my chest in two. Jealousy raged like a burning inferno in me and I slammed the door shut, the bouquet of flowers and my offer for a date forgotten as I approached them.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 117

Aiden's pov

You have a nasty temper, Aiden.

A king will never let his emotions get the better of him.

Your temper is going to be your undoing.

You never think about the consequences of your actions and that is why people around you always suffer.

You hurt everything you touch.

Your rage could raze down an entire city.

My mother, my father, my best friends; their warnings filled my head all of a sudden and honestly, they were the only things that stopped me from charging forward with my shadows the moment I saw Ren and Lily kissing.

I could feel darkness lick around my fingers, my power curdled with pain burned in me, waiting for release and I ground my teeth as I approached them, hoping to the goddess that there was a perfect explanation for all of this.

I had known Ren had feelings for Lily. But that they were already a couple? How far have they gone? Did Lily accept to be with him just to spite me? Just to hurt me?

He was kissing my mate like she was his, for f***s sakes.

That was reason enough to make a man mad.

Be reasonable, Aiden. You don't get to explode with rage after everything you did to Lily. After everything you put her through, at least you owe her the chance to have a rational conversation.

I pinched the bridge of my nose and exhaled, trying my hardest to relax, hurt and pain squeezing my chest as I closed the distance from my car to where Ren's was parked.

Ren noticed me first.

His entire body tensed up as if bracing for impact and his arm tightened around Lily. She stopped smiling immediately, noticing me.

About to make a joke about why they should be happy to see me, I opened my mouth to speak but stopped short as I inhaled and found Lily's scent to be tangled with Ren's.

And no, it was not because she was holding his sweater in her hand. It was like she had bathed in his scent and just as I wondered why, her collar slipped off her shoulder and I got my answer, a glaring mark on my mate's neck.

Ren had marked Lily. He had marked my mate!

To hell with not trying to have a nasty temper. I was going to destroy him.

An enraged roar erupted out of me, the ground shaking with the force of the sound and I shoved Ren, sending him staggering back.

"What the f**k did you do? How could you do this to me?!"

I grabbed his shirt, shaking him hard, "You know what she is to me for f u c k sake and you f u c k e d her? Try to lay claim to her? Are you f u c k i n g kidding me? You are supposed to be my friend, my brother and yet here you are, sniffing around what is mine because you couldn't have the luck of having a decent human being for a mate!"

Granted, that was low but it was the truth and I was done being nice. This was who I was. I ruined things whenever I opened my mouth, whenever I balled my fists, but this time, Ren had to at least accept the role he had played in this.

Ren shoved me back, his stance defensive as he pushed Lily behind him as if to shield her from my wrath and I hated how she went smoothly behind him, like I was some monster that she needed protecting from.

Always the perfect knight. Always the charming prince.

It just keeps getting worse and worse.

“I didn’t steal anything from you. You treated her like s**t and now you want to act like you were not the one that pushed her away from you with your own hands. It may shock you to hear but Lily has a mind of her own and she can make her own choices. She is not one of your toys that you can possess whenever you like. You don’t deserve to even kiss the ground that she walks on.”

“Lily can talk for herself, damnit!” I yelled, shoving him aside and moving to grab Lily’s hand, hoping to salvage something, anything from her expression but her eyes said it all.

She wanted nothing to do with me. Hate, revulsion, but most of all, terror swam in her dark green depths, nearly crippling me on the spot.

“Get away from her, you’re scaring the s h i t out of her.” Ren said, stepping in front of her and blocking her withering gaze from me.

“Oh, you want to fight me, don’t you? Let’s fight then, bastard!” I snarled and was about to lunge for him but Rhea appeared from nowhere and stepped into our middle.

“Please don’t do this, Aiden. You should listen first and try to...”

“Get out of my way, Rhea and mind your damn business.” I growled and shoved her away.

My push was harder than intended because Rhea went flying and she fell face first, hurting herself.

Ren looked at his sister on the ground as Chelsea and Chase rushed to her side and his roar as he punched me hard in the face was filled with rage.

I stumbled back a few steps, my teeth chattering from the impact, blood rushing down my nose as pain exploded on the side of my face.

“If you have a problem with me, then clear it with me, a*****e. Don’t ever lay a hand on my sister again.”

Spitting blood to the floor, I grinned, relieved that he was ready to fight me because this would have been harder if he was the same peace loving insufferable Ren.

“Fine then. Let’s settle this.”

And I punched him hard.

Lily’s pov

The last thing I would have ever expected after the lovely morning that I had was to watch Ren and Aiden deal blows at each other but that was my reality and I could only look on, helpless as Ren and Aiden fought each other, their snarls and growls, raised hairs and flashing eyes letting me know that their wolves had joined in on the fight and when I tried to move, Chase gave me a warning look.

“You could get hurt.” He mouthed but I could not take it anymore.

When Aiden hit Ren again, sending him back, I ran into the space between them, my heart in my mouth and faced Aiden, raising my hands as he rushed forward only to freeze when he registered that I had entered their middle.

His glowing eyes were filled with hurt and he took a step back as if I had pushed him. He was panting hard, his usual impeccable uniform askew.

“Please don’t hurt him.” I whispered, shaking with my hands raised and I watched as the hurt in his eyes turned to anger again.

“Step aside, princess. I’m trying to kill my best friend because he dared to covet you. And to do that, I need you out of my way so that when I kill him, you will finally perhaps see reason and choose to be with me.”

If any other person had said that, I would have thought they were bluffing but Aiden never bluffed. His words, while calm, were filled with nothing but strong conviction and I knew that if I stepped away, something terrible might happen.

I had heard what he did to Mauve, had seen what he had done to other students without even having to lift a finger so I knew better than to underestimate him, especially when his eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Darkness swirled around his hands and I wondered if rejecting him right here would make him leave me alone.

“I don’t want anything to do with you. Infact, let’s end this right here and now.” I answered, about to reject him but he grabbed my arm, c*****g his head to the side in a death glare as he muffled my words with his hands.

“Let. her. go.” Ren warned but Aiden turned me to face Ren, pressing me close to him so that my back pressed into his front, his arm latched around my waist and I watched in horror as tendrils of shadows wrapped around Ren, holding him in place.

“Let him go. Please, let him go,” I whispered and Aiden scoffed.

“I won’t do anything to your beloved but that depends on how well you behave. You’re coming with me, princess.” And before I could object, he dragged me away from the parking lot.

Even though I tried to struggle, his grip was hard as steel.

“I will throw you over my shoulder if you don’t come willingly but whether you like it or not, you WILL come with me.” He warned and I was about to retort that he could kill me if he liked but he pushed open the door to an empty classroom, shoved me in and walked in, locking the two of us in.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 118

Lily’s pov

The moment I heard the door to the classroom lock behind us, I looked around the empty place and wondered how I was going to flee from him and immediately he turned and fixed that dark gaze at me, I stepped back, my heart jumping into my throat.

“Don’t run away from me, Lily. I’m a beast after all and my first instinct will be to hunt you like prey.”

I swallowed, his voice cold and dead and serious.

I didn’t even know why my instinct towards him was to run, I just knew that if he was close, I needed to be far away.

I reached for the door, tasting escape for a few short seconds.

That did not last for very long because he was on me in seconds, lifting me over his shoulders, his hands around the back of my knees as he carried me towards the large teacher's table at the front of the class and he dropped me with surprising care that made me forget who it was that I was currently dealing with for a moment... until he locked my hands behind my back and stepped between my legs to growl at me, his face inches away from mine and eyes glowing.

It felt almost strangely familiar to see his wolf in his eyes like I had seen him before, a strange wave of familiarity washing over me.

Even though I could see his internal struggle to get his wolf under control, I was more concerned about the sudden darkness curling around the two of us which I was certain without a doubt was coming from him and I decided to keep my mouth shut for now and not get hurt because that darkness had kept Ren, one of the most powerful wolves I knew in rigid place and Ren was his best friend. Who was to say that he was not going to do the same to me if I spoke out of turn again?

"Look at me," he rasped and I didn't have a choice, not when his face was so close to mine.

He was handsome in a way that was unfair to the rest of us, a way that warned you of how lethal he was, like a sharp sword, a dangerous weapon, cruel in its beauty.

"Do you..." he rasped, his entire body trembling, "do you realize how much pain I'm in right now? Can you imagine how much pain you have caused me by letting my best friend mark you? Do you have any idea how hard this is for me to bear? That every time I look at you, I see that mark on your neck? You're my mate for f u c k sake. Mine! Not his!"

"I'm not yours, Aiden, no matter what this mating bond says and it brings me nothing but satisfaction to hear just how much pain you are in. I figured this was the only way to hurt someone like you, to get back at you for every time I had to walk these halls in fear, every time I was kicked and beaten in your name. So no, I don't know how much pain you're in but I enjoy the thought of it thoroughly." I replied, leveling his gaze with one of mine.

The space between was fraught with tension and alive with sparks.

The bond made me want to close the distance and find out what he tasted like but the truth still remained that I hated Aiden and was happy that he was in pain right now.

The last thing I expected was for my response to make him smile at me.

His stardust eyes brightened with amusement, his lips lifted up in a brilliant grin that reached his eyes and he grabbed the back of my neck as he whispered so close to my lips.

“I always knew there was a darkness in your soul. From the moment you stabbed me, I could see the rage in your eyes, the way you enjoyed making me squirm as you dug the blade deep into me. You love the pain of your enemies, princess, you love to claim your own pound of flesh despite what you posture to be, don't you? Rage, retribution, vengeance. We're a match made in heaven.”

I opened my mouth to say that I was nothing like him but I realized that I couldn't.

He was right because there was a part of me that never wanted to forgive him. There was a part of me that reveled in his pain. That same part had been happy to see Mauve disgraced and had been overjoyed when Zac had dealt with Tate at that store.

His eyes searched mine, his gaze softening as he cupped my face with one trembling hand.

My eyes fluttered close as his thumb circled my cheekbone with surprising gentleness.

“Tell me what I can do to make it right between us, Lily. I'll do anything to make things right. Hit me, hurt me, use me but don't reject me. Don't leave me for another.”

I shook my head, sadly.

He still didn't get it.

As long as I look at him, I will always remember myself kneeling at his feet, his wicked eyes gazing at me in satisfaction as I begged him, cried to him, not to force himself on me but he did it anyway. I will always remember his hand

around my throat, shoving me against the wall and promising to punish me for my father's crime and not stopping until I was dead. I will always remember that he hurt me first and even now, he would hit his best friend and throw a tantrum like my choice means nothing. He's desperate and doting now, but how long will it be before he switches up on me? Will he go back to hurting me after I let him claim me? After he gets what he wants?

I won't be stupid enough to trust him. Not when he won't even acknowledge what he did wrong. Not when he won't even offer an apology for everything he did to me without being told to do it. He thinks he can buy his way into a bond and make me forget with a few choice words and a temper tantrum. He thinks he can wash away memories of my pain with a few good deeds and a shaky promise. He thinks he can apply just enough pressure to make me accept him. He thinks I'm so easily bought.

He's about to find out that he's not always going to get what he wants.

"There is nothing you can do, Aiden, my feelings for you will never change."

He squeezed his eyes shut, as if my words caused him pain, as if my words could leave a dent on his heart of stone and when he opened them, I was hit with the force of what it means to be object of Aiden's full attention.

"Please," he whispered, drawing so close to me, I tasted his bergamot breath on my tongue, "please don't stab me for this."

And he kissed me for the first time.

For the first time, I felt the effect of the mating bond between us. It was unlike anything I have ever felt before. His need, my need, it all mixed together into a lethal cocktail of desire, want and primal lust, slamming into me until I couldn't think straight.

Getting kissed by Aiden was like getting sucked into a raging hurricane. His lips were violent, scathing, insistent and relentless. He kissed me like he was starving and I was the only food he had appetite for.

My world started spinning around me, suddenly drunk on his kisses that I had to hold on to him for dear life.

"Lily," he whispered against my lips in a pained, breathless voice that twisted my guts into knots and his fingers gripped my chin as he tilted his head,

kissing me even harder, in that starving, desperate way like he wanted to crack me open and taste my soul.

My heart was beating so fast, I thought I'd catch fire and burn until I'm nothing but ashes and bone dust. My insides were doing more backflips than an Olympic sports star. He was kissing me with a strong, desperate need that made my knees wobble and liquefied my resolve.

I couldn't remember why any of this was a bad idea. Couldn't remember what it was I hated so much about him.

I just knew that I needed him. His lips on me, his hands on me. I knew I needed to have him.

I gave in, kissing him back just as hard, just as fiercely until we were nothing but a breathless dance of lips, teeth and limbs. His fingers wove into my hair and my hands dug into his curls, messing up his usual carefully styled hair and taking a sick sort of satisfaction in it.

"Tell me you want me." He said, pushing me down until I was flat on the table, his body against mine. "Tell me it's me you want, not him."

"I hate you," I said, sure that I meant it, but it came out like a gentle caress. "I hate you so much."

He growled and kissed me harder, our tongues touching and he moaned into my mouth in a breathless, helpless way, like I was the sweetest thing he had ever tasted. Like he hasn't tasted anything as good as me in all his eighteen years of existence and he was pulling me closer, reeling me in until my chest was pressed into his, until his heart pounded against mine, so hard and so fast with a force that should destroy us both.

"Lily-" he gasped again, his hand leaving my chin to trace down my body as if memorizing every curve, every dip. There was a look of wonder in his eyes, so raw, I was almost crushed by the emotion. "F u c k, baby." And he was kissing me again, pressing a hand into the small of my back and pulling us even closer until it felt like we were beating with the same heart.

His left hand gripped my thigh as he wrapped it around his waist, rocking his hips into mine so that I felt his erection against my core, against that part of me where pleasure was magnified a thousand times.

Perfect. Everything was so f u c k i n g perfect.

Pleasure sparked to life between my legs as our breaths mixed and our kisses grew hotter, more passionate. Like I needed him on me, around me, in me.

I felt my wolf come alive, fighting against my mental restraints as she sought Aiden out, wanting to bond with him.

I came to my senses immediately, panic rushing over me. I tried my best to rein her in but the surge of power made me wonder that if I felt this much just from a kiss, how would it feel if Aiden actually bonded with me?

My lips parted with a gasp when he licked my mouth and I moaned, overtaken by pleasure. My legs spread further to accept him as he pulled me towards the edge of the table until both my legs were wrapped around him.

I couldn't tell where he ended or where I began and I couldn't help the wave of need that crashed into me, desperately trying to override my common sense that reminded me to not give in to Aiden.

“No- stop-“

His hand closed around my throat and I bit hard on the urge to moan as he stroked my pulse.

My vision swam. I couldn't think straight.

“Don't. Don't fight it. You're mine, princess. No one else's.” He voice was between a ferocious growl and a plea, “not Ren, not Zac's, mine.”

I let out a breathless whimper, unable to stop myself when he bit my lower lip with a smirk .

“Shh. Save your breath, love. I can smell your arousal, I know exactly what you need. Let me make you feel good.”

I wanted to remind him that we were in school. In a classroom. But all of my rational thoughts flew out the window when he slipped his hand between my legs and stroked me through my panties.

Blinding hot lust exploded between my eyelids. My core turned molten, slipping out of me in a slick wave of desire and crushing need.

“So beautiful, so mine,” he rasped, pressing down hard on my clit in a way that made me cry softly.

I threw my head back, my body on autopilot as I rocked against him while I tried to win the internal war against my wolf that wanted nothing but her mate.

When he bit the pulse on my neck, I knew I’d lost the fight and I felt myself melt into his kisses as I came with a cry that rocked my bones.

He grabbed my thighs and pulled me closer while undoing the buttons of my shirt open and kissing down my chest.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew that this was a bad idea, that I shouldn’t let him take advantage of our bond, of my need for him, but I was already forgetting why this was such a bad idea, why I shouldn’t just give in.

His hands moved up my thighs and when he licked my neck where there was no mark, pleasure evaporated from my brain as I felt the bite of his fangs brush my skin.

It felt like someone took a bucket of cold water and splashed it on me.

He was trying to mark me.

Even after everything, he was still trying to take advantage of me and impose his will on me.

Strengthening my resolve, I took a deep breath and drew my knee back. I kned him hard in the groin, sending him crumpling to the ground with a string of curses leaving his lips.

“No means no, a*****e,” I growled, glaring at him and registering the shock and hurt on his face before I hopped off the desk. I rushed out of the classroom, slamming the door hard behind me. I ran down the hallway whilst buttoning up my shirt.

How had I even gotten here?

Minutes ago, I was sure that nothing could make me change the way I felt about Aiden so why did I feel guilty for running away right now?

What was with that look on his face? Why had my entire body responded to him in that manner? I could blame it all on my freaking horny wolf and call it a day but I'd be lying to myself.

Refusing to focus on those thoughts, I looked around and recognized the area of the school that I was in.

The music room that Zac had taken me to was not far from here and I doubted that Aiden would try to look for me there.

Rushing in, I hoped Zac wouldn't be in and I'd at least have a few minutes of solitude as I think of a way to escape the building and get back to Ren.

But I froze immediately I ran in, skidding to a stop at the sight of Zac sitting at the large piano, playing a heart wrenching tune.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 119

Lily's POV

Immediately I barged into the music room and saw Zac sitting by the piano playing a sad tune, I froze in the center of the room just as the music stopped and he flicked his eyes up to look at me.

“Hey-“

He immediately looked away, gritting his teeth hard as if he couldn't stand the sight of me.

Wondering if there was something on my body, I looked down and realized with horror that I had not finished doing my buttons like I thought I had after I ran out of the class room where Aiden and I had... I didn't want to put words to what had happened between us.

Face turning red, I quickly buttoned up and cleared my throat.

“I'd like to stay here for a few minutes,” at least until I get my s**t together and form a better plan to escape my psycho mate. “Do you have your phone with you so that I can call Ren?”

His finger came down hard on a key and I gasped as a wave of pain suddenly knocked into me, so hard that I had to brace my hand on the wall to steady myself.

But as quickly as the pain in my chest came, it left.

What the hell?

“No, I don’t.” He answered, his voice tight. “There’s no service up here anyway.” He continued, still not looking at me or even bothering to check for his phone.

I could tell that he was lying but I had no idea why and I was about to call him out on it when I heard Ren’s voice so clearly in my head it made me take a step back.

‘Lily!’

What? How...

And then it hit me. The bond! We share a bond now!

‘Finally,’ he sighed in relief, ‘I’ve been trying to get a hold on you. Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?’

Suddenly excited to see him again, my heart sparked to life as I tried to communicate my response to him, the same way he had.

I closed my eyes and concentrated on the faint link between us as I tried to communicate my response. I realized that the effort it took to send the telepathic message was so hard, I had to hold on to a chair to keep from collapsing to the ground.

It wasn’t as easy as it looked.

I heard him chuckle lightly. ‘Don’t strain yourself, love. I think I’d feel it if Aiden hurt you, anyway. Tell me where you are. I’ll come get you.’

How does he make it look so easy? I was currently melting my last braincells to send a simple reply.

Taking a deep breath, I decided to focus on the bond again. It was like a white thread that connected us in the attic of my subconscious. I could feel it almost

immediately, the small link that was barely established but would grow with time. Sweat broke out on my forehead as I pushed out three words back to him and I cursed harshly for nearly passing out while Ren makes it look so easy.

'Zac's music room.'

His reply was instant.

'Good. Stay where you are. You'll be safe with him. Aiden has the whole ground floor roaming with shadow creatures looking for you but you'll safe in there. His scent should overpower yours. I'll come get you as soon as I can.'

I could only nod, knowing that I didn't have the mental strength to send back a response and I could feel his presence retreating as fast it has appeared in my mind.

My cells were catching fire from this one interaction but the moment he retreated, I started to feel even more uncomfortable and panicky even though he had said he was coming to get me.

Even being around Zac didn't seem to help like it had done back at the hospital.

My heart was pounding, a lump in my throat as I clenched my trembling fingers, my skin suddenly feeling alive and hot.

What is happening to me? I need him here. I need him now!

I was going to burst into tears from need.

I shut my eyes and gripped my hair with trembling hands, wondering what had suddenly come over me.

"Lily?" Zac's voice sounded urgent but far and distant. "f**k! Look at me, Lily." he said, gripping my arms, suddenly in front of me.

I looked up at him, my eyes brimming with tears. My heart felt like a frightened bird trapped in the cage of my chest and I wanted to tear these walls down to create more space, suddenly feeling claustrophobic.

"Come with me," he said, taking my hand and leading me to a couch. He cradled my cheek gently as my body trembled.

“What is happening to me, Zac?” I whispered nervously.

He took another critical look at me before standing up and shuffling around for something.

“You- you bonded with Ren. I believe your wolf is in nesting mode at the moment.”

“Nesting mode?” My voice came out as a whine.

Zac chuckled without any mirth. “It’s what happens to bonded mates immediately after bonding. Your wolf wants to stay close to your bonded. It wants to drown in his scent and wallow in his space until the bond you share is properly established.” He sighed, “it’s like how you were with me at the hospital.”

“What?” My head snapped up so fast, I nearly had a whiplash. “But I’ve not- we didn’t... did we?”

“No. I’m sorry.” He cleared his throat, continuing to dig around the boxes. “Forget what I said. Anyway, Aiden forcefully taking you away from him was not very smart on his part. I heard it’s a lot harder on females.”

Coming back to where I was, I saw him holding a faded grey hoodie and scarf.

“This belongs to Ren. He used to stay here a lot once upon a time.”

“Once upon a time?”

“Yeah, well, incase you haven’t noticed, we don’t exactly see eye to eye anymore,” he drawled, using a hand to flick up his charcoal black hair that had fallen over his forehead.

It shocks me that they are... or were once best friends that grew up together. They were so different from each other in every way.

“Lift your arms for me,” He said and when I obeyed, he helped me put on the hoodie. He bent a knee before me, so that we were on the same eye level as he wrapped the scarf around my neck.

I immediately sank into the warmth and scent of my mate and I could feel my wolf writhing with joy and my nervousness slowly ceasing.

“Wow. I didn’t know it would be this bad,” I answered and looked at him for a reply but he just stared at me, his onyx black eyes moving down to my lips before gazing back up to stare at me.

My cheeks flushed, my throat immediately ran dry as I became painfully aware of his delicious scent, his large presence.

“What have you been working on?” I asked, because it was a much better distraction than talking about the weather and he snapped out of whatever he must have been thinking about, looking away with an awkward clearing of his throat.

“Nothing really. You should go now. I’m sure the coast is clear.”

“Ren wants me to stay here with you.”

“Ren is too trusting for his own good.”

“You won’t do anything to hurt me.”

“How do you know?”

I reached out and touched his cheek, a spark sizzling through me at the contact. “I just do.”

He swallowed and wrenched himself from me, rising to his feet and walking back to the piano.

At least he wasn’t chasing me away.

I rose to my feet and decided to snoop around and my eyes moved to the shelf where books were arranged in a disorganized manner. My heart tugged me towards that direction, my intuition pushing me until I stumbled on a particular book that caught my attention because there seemed to be a picture inside it.

Taking out the book, I slowly pulled out the picture, my heart pounding in my ears... and froze.

The image was me, but at the same time it was not. It looked like an alter ego version of me; a fiercer, more confident version with a sinister smirk on her lips and a beauty spot beneath her left eye.

I knew who she was immediately.

“Is this her?” I asked as I turned around to look at him, raising the picture. “Is this Callista?”

His melodic tune came to a stop as his hands froze on the piano when he looked up and saw what I was holding.

His face turned pale as he gritted his teeth and I could swear that I felt pain suddenly taking over my veins and a tightening in my chest like I couldn't breathe. I knew instantly that the pain was not mine but Zac's but how was that even possible? Why was I feeling his pain? And why did every fiber in my being long to put him out of his misery?

Confused by my irrational thoughts but feeling the intense pain, I rushed to sit beside him and gently took his hand.

“The sad tune? And the reason you didn't want me here, the reason you don't even want to look at me... Is it because of her?”

I expected a confession, heck, even a meltdown wouldn't have taken me by surprise. But Zac through his head back and laughed a scathing laugh and just when I was starting to think that I should probably get help, he ripped the picture out of my hand and threw it on the ground before turning around to face me.

“Who the f**k cares about Callista? To hell with the dead, Lily. The only person on my mind, on my every thought right now is you. The fact I even have to spell it out-” he pressed a fist to his lips. “You come in here, smelling of him. The only reason Ren is still walking around with his head intact is because I know my action is going to hurt you a whole lot more but it's getting harder everyday to see you guys together. It makes me wonder why it's him. Why couldn't it be me? At least with Aiden, you can blame fate on that, but with Ren, it's worse. You chose him. Why did I have to cheat to even get you to be with me.”

Pain so raw gripped me by my chest. Throttled my throat. Kicked me in my spine.

His pain felt so real I could almost taste it on the tip of my tongue and tears slipped down my cheeks as I held my chest, overwhelmed by the intensity of his emotions without even knowing why.

“I’m sorry-” I said, apologizing, not even sure why I was apologizing. He just admitted to wanting to kill my boyfriend and all I cared about was relieving the pain in his chest. In mine. “I’m so sorry-“

“No, baby,” he said softly, gently cradling my face and kissing my tears. “No, don’t cry. Please don’t cry for an a*****e like me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“f**k, don’t apologize either. You’ve done nothing wrong and I – ” he rasped. “I know that you being here feels like nothing to you right now but just this tiny interaction makes me feel alive.” He gripped my hand like he was holding a handful of diamonds and pressed tender kisses to my knuckles, my racing pulse.

He held my wrist to his nose and inhaled deeply, like I was his favourite drug and he was quickly getting high. “I have your attention and it feels like I’m on top of the world. Like I’d do anything to keep your eyes on me. You don’t even know that you’re the center of my universe.”

“Please stop saying these things, Zac. Please. I don’t think I’m the one you want. The picture-” I whispered but he shook his head with a sad smile.

“Since I got turned, I felt lost. Dead to this world. I didn’t care anymore, nothing else mattered. I felt almost nothing. I lived life on the edge and got high just to feel something. Anything.”

“Zac-“

“And then you came along and knocked me world off its axis. The first time I saw you was the first time my heart raced since I got turned. It was the first time that I felt my heart beat like that and I convinced myself that it was simply because you looked like Callista. But with everyday that passed, my heart wouldn’t stop racing at the sight of you. At the thought of you. You have no idea how many times you’ve starred in my dreams, duchess. I was losing my mind. And when you were attacked by those beasts, it was the first time I felt pure, unadulterated terror. The first time I understood what it was like to feel for the one you love.”

“Do I have to tell you, Lily? Do I really have to tell you how you brought me back to life?”

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 120

Lily's POV

I'm a balloon. My head has been pumped with helium and set free and I'm floating up into the sun and burning up and catching fire.

It would have been better if he didn't take my hand to rest it against his chest as he said those words to me. Maybe then I would have continued to delude myself into thinking that all of Zac's feelings stemmed from his love for Callista and had nothing to do with me. I was just her replacement, not the girl he loved.

But now, this? Him... I...

It was the lie I had told myself the first time he confessed and I had run away, unable to even process the whole thing before Mauve had kidnapped me.

Standing up hastily, I took a step back and Zac only did the same, towering over me in a way that made me lean back to stare at his gorgeous face and not break at the intensity in his eyes.

Thick black hair flopped over a face so beautiful and tragic, my heart squeezed at his gaze. He had the face of an avenging archangel, dark and cruel, high cheekbones and perfect symmetry. Looking at him hurt my eyes, but yet, I couldn't look away. Not when he was looking at me like that.

"Before I made peace with how I felt about you, you were in my dreams every night, your face tormenting me. I used to think it was because of how closely you resembled Callista and I was sure that I hated you to bits but when I saw you lying lifeless that night, I knew. I knew that I would do anything for you. That I would never let you die."

He closed the distance between our bodies and pressed me up against the wall. I was caged in his arms as he rested his forehead on the wall above me. His entire body was trembling, as if the weight of his confession was breaking his back.

"I made the others swear not to tell you this but I don't think I can hide it anymore because it will explain so many things to you."

The way his onyx black eyes were already pleading with me I knew that I would not like what I was about to hear.

Taking my hand, he pressed another kiss to my pulse and I realized that for some reason, I didn't even mind that there was practically no more space between us.

My heart wouldn't stop pounding. My head won't put the fire out.

"When Ren's healing magic was useless against the feral bite, we had to look for another way to save you. You were dying and with every minute that we wasted, we were going to lose you. I didn't see any other way to keep you here so I donated my blood to you."

My eyes widened. "Th- that's not so bad-"

"No, Lily, it's different. With vampires, it's more than just a blood donation. It's a bonding ritual... especially because I've had my fill of your blood before."

My heart stuttered in my chest, my brain drawing the lines and drawing conclusions to fill in the blanks.

The pain, the restlessness, my urge to please him, to protect him from what hurts him.

Your wolf wants to stay close to your bonded. It wants to drown in his scent and wallow in his space until the bond you share is properly established. It's like how you were with me at the hospital.

"We share a bond, Lily. A blood bond because part of my blood now flows through your veins."

I stepped back, my back pressing deeper into the wall as it dawned on me. I shook my head as it started to click into place. That was why I was like that with Zac when I woke up in the hospital? Why I needed him so close to me.

Another bond?

"I never asked for this. I never asked for any of this."

He shook his head with a sad smile that made me realize that even though I was in denial, he was not lying.

“A blood bond only forms between people with an initial attraction for each other, Lily. I could give anyone my blood and it would be just that; a blood transfusion, but this bond formed because like it or not, you’re attracted to me and you already know how I feel about you. The bond only amplifies a two sided attraction. You need to be more honest with yourself even if you don’t want to be honest with me.”

A herd of water buffaloes were throwing a tantrum in my heart.

“After I fed on you, I knew that something changed between us. I was obsessed with you then and now, that blind devotion that I have for you makes me want to rip my best friend to shreds for marking you first. It makes me hate my other best friend for being your fated mate. It makes me insanely jealous of anyone that gets to have your attention for free.”

“No. Please-” I begged, hating that I knew that everything he was saying about himself, about us was not a lie.

“No. You want me to lie to you and I will not. You feel something for me and you’re just afraid to accept it. What are you so afraid of? Why won’t you just admit it?”

But that would make me a cheat. An ungrateful w***e.

“It’s just us. It’s just us together right here, right now. Please-” he said so softly, I could cry into his eyes, I could melt into mush right now. “Please, don’t lie to me.”

My knees buckled.

His eyes closed as he pressed his forehead to mine. My soul was straining against the constraints of my body, as if desperate to rise up and intertwine him.

I was losing what was left of my morals.

“You have no idea what you do to me, duchess.” His head dipped and his nose brushed against the curve of my neck, inhaling softly. “I just want to take a bite out of you.”

I shivered, desire curling in my blood.

His lips skimmed my skin and I whimpered when he sucked on my pulse, my eyes falling close as I gave in to the desire.

“You say you feel nothing?” He asked, gripping my hip so that we were flush against each other as his eyes searched mine.

He suddenly growled and cupped the back of my neck, his ringed fingers tilting up my chin to look into his eyes. And he could as well have lit me on fire just as he smiled, his lips, only a hair’s breath from mine. Our breaths mingled as he whispered two words before he took my lips hungrily in his. “Prove it.”

He pulled me even closer and I rose up on my tiptoes, my arms slipping around his neck, almost like my body had a mind of its own and I gasped when he bit my lip and licked the blood off it, moaning at my taste.

He rasped against my lips, his eyes suddenly glowing red and feral. “Even your blood sings for me, listen to your heart race, Lily and tell me again that you feel nothing.”

My heart raced in my chest truly, an intense need taking over me and I grabbed his face and continued where he left off, kissing the hell out of him.

The kiss suddenly turned more intense and he growled into the kiss, shoving me back against the wall as we went at each other with an insatiable hunger.

His hands gripped my waist, his fingers digging into my skin in a way that should cause me pain but only enunciated the pleasure.

I tugged hard on his hair to match the way he was grabbing me so tight and kissed him even harder, our tongues connecting in a way that sizzled my brain and made me want to tear his chest open so that I could make a place for myself in his heart.

“Jesus,” he groaned, cupping my face in one hand as the other roamed all over my body, digging into my hair, slipping under my shirt, grabbing my a*s, until he growled, and lifted me by my waist, hoisting me against the wall.

I gave in the urgency and wrapped my legs around his hips. The contact of his clothed erection on my already damp underwear made my body tremble and he let out a strangled groan, jerking his hips against my core.

“You smell so good, duchess,” he rasped, nibbling on my neck, “so f u c k i n g good.” He jerked us closer until we were wrenched together.

His hands cupped my a*s, squeezing and palming them and I wrapped my legs even tighter around his waist as our kisses turned more wild, more feral.

There was a wild need in my chest that only grew the more I devoured him, unable to be satiated.

He continued to kiss me while he maneuvered his right hand in between our bodies to cup my clothed core.

I let out a loud moan that he hushed with a another kiss as he used his finger to stroke me through ny panties. My hands tugged on his hair and my legs squeezed around his sides, a whimper escaping my lips.

“Those f u c k i n g sounds,” he growled against my lips, “driving me f u c k i n g crazy.” He slipped his finger into beneath my panties, stroking my folds and eliciting another body racking shiver from me.

He dipped his finger in and I dropped my head onto his shoulder, fisting his shirt as I let out a cry of pleasure, shivering all over, his moan reverberating through my chest.

“You’re so tight, baby. So f*****g perfect.”

He set a slow rhythm, in and out, in and out, adding a second finger that had me crying out his name.

That seemed to unleash the beast in him because he attacked my lips, drilling into me hard and fast until I was dropping my hips onto his finger, desperate to pull us closer.

I was close. So so close.

He suddenly slowed the pace of his finger and I growled, glaring at him as he denied my release

“Zac? What are you doing?”

His reply was a fanged grin that wavered when I clenched and unclenched my walls around his finger.

“Please-” I was hot, panting, desperate. And I only got worse when his thumb rubbed my clit torturously slow.

“You look so good when you beg me like that.”

“Get me there or I’ll find someone else who wil-“

He took the threat too literally because he attacked my lips again, growling between kisses as he drilled his fingers in and out of me until I was crying out his name.

I came with a strangled cry that tore out of me in waves and waves of teeth chattering pleasure as his fingers kept working me until the shock waves dulled into tiny shivers.

I sighed in content, releasing him and leaning back against the wall as I struggled to catch my breath.

Dull desire and satiated pleasure made me drowsy and sluggish.

“I’ll take anything. Even if it’s scraps. I just need you to admit that there’s something between us besides the blood bond we share. That you want to be with me.”

My heart ballooned into my throat as the reality of our situation dawned on me.

“Let me be good to you, duchess. Let me make you happy,” he whispered against my neck and I was frozen in horror and self revulsion.

My boyfriend was coming here to find me any moment and this was what I wanted him to find me doing? Getting finger f****d by his best friend.

His best friend who I admittedly had feelings for.

Suddenly feeling ashamed, I pulled away from him and landed on my feet, leaning against the wall for support as my head swam with everything that had happened just this morning.

I felt so sick and confused because I knew that I loved Ren more than anything but I also wanted Zac. Even Aiden that I hated made my entire body sing with need for him.

I knew that Ren said that he wanted to be with me regardless of who I had as my mate and that he was willing to share but his best friends? Would he even be able to add Zac to the mix when we were still trying to come to terms with the fact that Aiden was my mate? How much more would he stretch himself out to accommodate me? I felt like a monster for not being satisfied, for being too greedy and wanting too much.

“Lily...”

“I like you,” I admitted and he suddenly froze, his entire body tensed up as if he remained very very still, I won’t take back my words. As if one wrong move would make his entire life fall to pieces.

“I like you and I like Ren and hell, a part of me might even like Aiden after all of this is over.”

“Duchess-“

“And you all like me. You all want me. And I can’t choose and what does that make me?”

“Come here,” he said, trying to pull me into his arms but I knew that the moment he touches me, I’d beg him to finish the job and just take me against the wall.

“No, don’t touch me. Please” I answered and he looked like he could hardly hold himself together as he stared at me with so much pain that made my chest hurt. But I couldn’t face him. Not now.

I needed to face myself first.

I need to get out of here. I need to breathe. I need to think and come to terms with how I feel for each of them, bond or no bond. It’s like I don’t know myself anymore. This vapid, greedy heart of mine that wants more than it deserves.

Running out of the music room, I sprinted down the hall, my heart in my throat and just as I was about to make a sharp right, I felt Ren’s presence close to me.

My rock, my light. His strong yet soft, patient presence was probably what I needed at the moment and I continued heading forward, about to call out his name but before I could even speak, someone grabbed me from behind, a

strong hand covering my mouth and muffling my words as the person dragged me away and just as I was about to struggle, the stranger's scent of bergamot and whiskey registered right before his cold deadly voice followed.

"Sleep tight, princess."

And that was the last thing I heard before he knocked me unconscious.