

## Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 141

Lily's pov

“Where do I start from?” Cade replied to my request and I wondered if I was better off not knowing the truth, if truly ignorance was bliss like everyone else said but I knew that was probably foolish at this point.

I needed this information. Dahlia was my only key to becoming someone that can stand beside my mates and considered on their level, but I needed to know what I was getting into.

“Start from the beginning. Tell me why your mother has so much interest in me and why she would even go as far as to betray her own people for her goals.”

Cade actually flinched like my words slapped him and I understood how he had to feel. After going around being tagged the daughter of a traitor, I understood quite well the stigma that came with it and the constant feeling of shame and guilt.

Sighing, he sat himself down on the mattress folding his legs and gestured for us to do the same.

“It's going to be a long story,” He added and I nodded in understanding, sitting on the ground across from him while Ren and Zac flanked my left and right side.

The silence was thick and tense and it felt like it was not going to break until he finally spoke.

“My mother has always been interested in history, the farther back, the better. She used to say that in order to properly navigate and control our future, we had to know our pasts. Understand it and wield it like a weapon to shape what would come afterwards.”

I didn't know Cynthia Corrigan personally but she seemed like someone who liked sophisticated things so finding out she loved knowledge was a no brainer but Cade looked like he wished his mother was a simpleton.

“In her thirst for knowledge, she read an ancient archive once about why the royal families were so special and what separated them from the others. It

was a fun discovery for her because she always thought that it was because they were the last remaining race of Lycans left. She later discovered that it wasn't just because they were lycans but because they were cursed by the goddess."

"Cursed?" I swallowed.

"You mean blessed, right?" Zac prompted.

Cade wouldn't take his eyes off of me, not even to look at Zac to reply his question. "I know what I said, Talaverra. Our families, our ancestors before us were cursed, and it's all because of the wolf Lily possesses."

Dahlia?

"Do you know the tale of the four kings?"

I turned to see that Zac shook his head but Ren replied. "I thought it was just folklore, a myth, something that was fabricated and told to children at bedtime like the humans do."

Cade shook his head and cracked his knuckles, an act that I recognized almost immediately because he used to do it all the time when we were still together. It meant he was about to do or say something very serious.

"During the dark ages, the Lycans that roamed the earth were greedy and power hungry. They boasted of the goddess's favour to them and were proud and arrogant. Among the strongest were the four royal families who in their greed plunged the realm into a world of chaos and violence,

"A new set of alphas, younger and more hopeful than the ones that came before them, succeeded their fathers and put an end to the centuries old war. They unified their lands and people for a common goal of protecting their kind and there was peace and prosperity for a time because they looked after each other, causing each pack to grow exponentially. There was so much wealth and peace, until a goddess from the heavens noticed these four kings and fell in love with all four of them."

Goddess?

Why did this story feel so familiar to me even though this was my first time hearing it?

“Unable to resist her desires, the goddess disguised her godhood and took a human form. She appeared as an injured maiden caught in a bear trap and one of the kings, or Alphas as they are now called, found her. He took her in, nursed her back to health, and fell in love with her along the way and it would have been a blissful relationship had the goddess not wanted more.

“The goddess was not satisfied with his love and seduced the other alphas, who also couldn’t resist falling in love with her. She was beautiful in an otherworldly way, wise in a way most people weren’t, witty and attractive, it wasn’t hard to make them fall for her. Turns out being loved by a goddess gives you powers of your own because each of the kings manifested powers that set them apart from other lycans.

“This did not sit well with the moon goddess when she discovered what the goddess had done and in her rage, she punished them; the men, for daring to covet a maiden of the heavens, and the goddess, for relinquishing her role as a goddess for lesser creatures, and worse, blessing them with powers of the gods.

“The men burned with passion and greed for her and their love became twisted. Each of them wanted the beautiful, powerful goddess for themselves and they ruined the peace that had been established for almost five decades. They didn’t want her just for her beauty anymore but for the powers she possessed. They wanted to wield her like a weapon. They believed that she was the ultimate weapon they needed to become gods themselves and each of them wanted the goddess to rule by their side.

“Before long, war broke out among the packs. The men fought a long and brutal war for her and ended up ruining their lives. The goddess wasted away from the sorrow of losing her beloveds. Angry at these kings for being unable to share her and even causing her demise, the moon goddess cursed them to never rest in peace. Because of this, the four kings are reincarnated once every few decades, searching and failing to find the goddess they once loved. As if their punishment wasn’t enough, they are reincarnated as wolves, lesser creatures, cursed to feel alone forever without their one true love. Even when they’re blessed with mates, their hearts will always yearn for their original lover. My mother found out that there have been records of these wolves manipulating their hosts to find the goddess they love dearly.”

Cade stopped and I understood that he was giving us time to absorb all of this information because it was a lot.

“My mother was so invested in tracking down the reincarnations of the kings and each time, her search brought her to each of the royal families, the four bloodlines ruling Shadow Cove but she never found the goddess or the host she chose. Not until she stumbled on you, or rather the toddler you in the park one morning, taking a boy’s soul for daring to steal your doll. She said it was like a movie. One minute you looked at the boy who was way older and making a mockery of you on the playground and the next, he looked like his air was being pulled out of him and he was dead.”

Cold air rushed into my lungs. Of course the beautiful, greedy, powerful goddess had to be reincarnated and choose me as her host. Isn’t this fantastic?

Seriously.

I couldn’t deny the clear truth staring at me. The goddess that he was talking about and the one that was currently dormant in me were one and the same.

“My mother said she sent assassins disguised as babysitters, nannies, plumbers and repairmen to test her theory and each of them turned up dead, confirming her suspicions that you were the goddess’s reincarnation and she became convinced that you were the weapon she needed for herself to become the victor of the war of the four kings that was as old as time.

“She believed that as long as she had your wolf, she would have the other princes in her pockets, because they would do anything for her but her biggest obstacle was your father and she was planning how to get rid of Edgar before Victor came into the picture. Victor swore loyalty to her and acted as her advisor. She had wanted to just get him assassinated and be done with him but it was Victor who had come up with the idea to orchestrate the entire m\*\*\*\*\*e and frame Edgar for it. She never planned to get Maddox, Elizabeth and Ashley killed but it worked in her favour to make sure the council were unforgivable in their verdict and with your father out of the picture and your family an outcast, it would be easy to kidnap you when it was time because no one would care what happened to the daughter of a traitor.”

My chest tightened painfully. Pain and rage like I have never felt leaked out of every pore on my body.

I didn’t realize I was crying until Ren passed me a handkerchief, his hand reaching out to touch my shoulder almost at the same time that Zac’s reached for my other hand. I knew firsthand that Victor was cruel, but this? I had no

words. I wanted to go and hug my mother and thank her for never giving up on standing on her truth that my father was innocent and I felt a bit of shame for all of the times I was pushed to doubt his integrity.

Oh my God, Aiden. If Cade had spoken to them earlier, it meant that he knew. He knew all of this! My heart hurt for him and I knew that he was somewhere beating himself up for this and feeling immense guilt for the way he treated me. That was obviously why he couldn't even look me in the eye.

"Do you think Víctor is in on the plan now since Night shade is currently under attack?" Zac asked and Cade shrugged.

"I don't know if it's real or if it's all an act but I know for certain that at some point, my mother fell in love with Victor because she overlooks certain things he does that she wouldn't take from someone else."

"You say, she wants my wolf and not me. How is that going to work out?" I deadpanned and Cade shook his head.

"The technique of extracting Lily's wolf has never been done before and even my mother doesn't know of the repercussions but she's too blinded by greed to care."

The greedy, fvcking bitch... She would hurt her own people, hurt her own son, hurt an innocent man, an innocent child, and for what? More power than she already has.

"So let me get this straight," Zac said, pressing a finger to his forehead, dark waves casting a shadow over his pale-moon face. "Our wolves, fvcking Azrael and Aira and the others are like what? Reincarnations?"

"That's correct."

"And Lily's wolf is a powerful goddess?"

"Yes. The records call her by the title Death dealer, Death bringer and Soul render. I guess she was one of the darker, more powerful gods that just did her own thing. She's dormant right now because her father tried to seal her away when he thought she was getting too out of hand."

Zac scoffed, "Death bringer, skull crusher, whatever the fvck you just said, I can't believe this-"

“I do.” Ren muttered, “my powers... I knew something was wrong after I killed those students when I intended to knock them out.”

I whirled around. “What are you talking about?”

“Back at school. My powers usually take a while to kill a target, but for the first time since I discovered my powers, I killed not just one, but a few hunters within seconds. My powers only started acting like this after we bonded. It’s like bonding with you made me even stronger, so there’s some truth in what Cade’s saying.”

He looked at Cade who seemed too comfortable and regal even in chains and on a thin mattress.

“He’s not lying and I’ve always sensed a deeper, untapped energy from Lily. I always thought it was her compartmentalized rage and need for vengeance from all the sh;t she’s been through. I never would have thought...” he shook his head, hair like snowfall and stardust falling against his face as he fixed Cade with a serious gaze. “If she’s as powerful as you say, we need her. Lily needs to learn to control her wolf before Cynthia, or heck, Victor gets the chance to get their hands on her. How do we break the seal?”

“I know how!” I said quickly, my cheeks flaming hot and I scrambled up to my feet. “We’re leaving!”

Dahlia... she tried to tell me... I never gave her a chance. She tried to warn me. Cynthia had set us up from the start. My father sealed Dahlia away, even though all my wolf has ever done was try to protect me. Those babysitters, the people my parents assumed were innocent were all sent by, and working for Cynthia fvcking Corrigan.

Dahlia needs an apology as well as the most of us here that have been hurt by that woman.

I need to find Aiden!

I rose from the floor, straightened the hem of Zac’s shirt I was wearing as Zac placed a hand around my shoulder to lead me out.

“Lily!” Cade called suddenly.

I whipped around to look at him and startled.

He was really so beautiful, even now in his chains, mussed golden hair he usually styles in soft, fashionable waves and dirty letterman jacket, he looks no less beautiful than the first day I saw him. He was the first boy that ever made my heart race. The first boy that ever made my heart ache.

“You need to know... i need you to know... it'd hurt you if you lose any of your mates. It would hurt more than a bad burn, Lily, but you'll survive our deaths. We, on the other hand, we can't live without you. We will surely die if we lose you. That's the last part of the goddess's curse.”

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 142**

Lily's pov

Cade's entire tale sounded so bleak, so horrifying, but his last words made Ren and Zac, heck! Even Cade goes pale. And as I looked deeper into his kind blue eyes, I couldn't begin to imagine what would happen to me if his mother succeeded in her plan to get her hands on my wolf, what would happen to the world as we knew it if she succeeded in getting the power she was after.

“Thank you for telling me, telling us everything. You could be beside your mother right now helping her but you're here in chains because you wanted to do the right thing. Thank you, Cade.”

He lit up like a freaking fireball, his smile catching me off guard for the first time in two years. “Don't thank me, Lily. I'm not noble,” Cade admitted, his smile falling but his eyes on me didn't waver. He hadn't looked away from me since we started this discussion, almost like he wanted to drink me in as much as he could, as if he knows he's not going to see me for a while and wanted to get his fill.

“Everything I'm doing right now is for one reason and that alone. It's for you. It's all for you. I can't undo what happened to you years ago, this is the only way I can be of help and still matter in your life, even if it's for a little while. Because I'm too selfish to let you go.” He answered, his eyes flaming and I wanted to believe him, because his eyes were the same as when he used to say the same thing those years ago. .

I didn't want to be that naive girl anymore. I had too many scars and way too many reasons to not believe him.

But I did... and just like I fell all those years ago, I found myself still falling for those kind blue eyes and honest, heavy weight on his shoulders.

"We will do our best to make sure that you don't pay for the crimes of your mother." I added and when he nodded, we walked out of the holding cell.

"After what I just heard, I need a drink. You guys coming?" Zac said.

"Can I get a non-alcoholic drink?"

Right before my eyes, Zac blushed. The high prince of blood and venom bit his lip into a grin and wrapped his arms around me, his cheek, resting in my hair. "You can have all the non-alcoholic drinks you want, duchess."

I was blushing to my roots, wondering what I had said that triggered that response and when I nodded, he led me and Ren to the bar.

"He wasn't lying when he said that he was doing this for you." Ren whispered as he took the stool beside me in front of the bar while Zac poured us some drinks. "Cade's in love with you. He never stopped."

I nodded, lost in thought because of the story that still turned and churned in my mind. I wanted so badly to believe that the tale of the four kings was not related to me and the princes but it looked like it was. Did that mean that soon, they would no longer be friends and resort to war like the kings in the story did? Would I lose control to the goddess?

And then, I remembered something that made me jerk in my seat.

Aiden!

"You guys go on without me, I'll be back in a bit." I told Ren and Zac, rising up from the stool and heading in the direction of his scent. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that I recognized him as my mate on my birthday but his scent felt stronger, easy to locate even though I had not mated with him like Zac and Ren.

I could not even imagine how he was doing right now. Finding out that everything he believed was a lie must have floored him, as if he didn't feel guilty enough towards me already. It had to be eating him alive from within.



Sighting a maid who bowed when she saw me even though I was already shaking my head and waving my hand for her not to, I stopped her.

“Do you have any idea where Aiden might be?” I asked her and she pointed straight down.

“Last I saw the young master, he was heading to the gym. Go straight down, the gym is the first door by your left.”

Pleased that my nose was leading me in the right direction already, I nodded and thanked her, trying to think of what I could say to him that would lessen his guilt and pain.

However, as I got closer to the gym, I started hearing screams and grunts that made my heart drop to the pit of my stomach.

I quickened my steps, fear bubbling in my throat, telling me that we were under another attack again and an intruder had somehow gotten in.

I walked into the gym, and my eyes immediately locked onto the intense scene before me. There, amidst the flurry of action, was Aiden, his muscles glistening with sweat under the harsh gym lights. His face was a lethal mask of rage as he exchanged blows with a guy twice his size.

Oh wait. Correct that. They weren't exchanging blows. Aiden was pummeling the poor guy half to death.

With every punch he landed, his brows furrowed in anger, a fire burning in his eyes and sweat dripping down his forehead. He was panting like the wild animal he had inside of him. His jaw was tight in a furious set.

There was the sickening sound of flesh meeting flesh echoing throughout the room, Aiden's lips were pressed together in a firm line, showcasing his unwavering commitment to the fight. He was panting like a beast, straddling the man and pounding his fist into his face.

I watched, my heart dropping into the pit of my stomach, my eyes filled with horror as he kept hitting the man over and over.

They're just sparring, I told myself. There's nothing too out of the ordinary here. He's not doing anything wrong...

Except, Aiden looked like he was actively trying to kill the man. Something was wrong with his eyes, the familiarity of this side of Aiden made me freeze in fear, giving me cold feet.

He growled, rising from the man and stepping on his back, taking his arms and pulling hard on it, as if he was trying to pull his arms of his sockets.

His sparring partner was screaming at him to stop, yielding to Aiden but Aiden was not having it.

Right before my eyes, memories I had thought I was finally over and done with, memories I thought that I had forgotten with my forgiveness came back with full force. Aiden pushing me against the wall and wrapping his fingers around my throat, choking the life out of me. Aiden swearing to make my life miserable, forcing me on my knees and looking down at me with those eyes like malicious ruthlessness.

Why isn't he stopping? And why am I frozen in place? Why are these memories suddenly coming back?

Some of the men rushed towards him and tried to pull him away and he roared, his shadows flinging them back, forking hounds that blocked them from getting to him and he turned back to his victim and pulled hard on his arm, popping his arm from its sockets while his partner victim screamed uncontrollably.

The door flew open as Ren and Zac rushed in, running past me and pulling Aiden off the man and he kept struggling against them, trying to break free. His eyes were dark and I saw that shadows were already forming in his hands. If we didn't stop him, someone was actually going to get hurt. Or... more hurt.

Shoving Ren and Zac, he was about to return to where the man laid, barely breathing when I snapped out of my reverie, shoving my fears and memories back and screamed at him.

“AIDEN!”

He froze immediately, panting hard as his eyes found mine and he c\*\*\*\*d his head to the side, his chest rising and falling uncontrollably and as the rage and confusion cleared from his eyes, his look of rage was slowly replaced with guilt and self revulsion.

His eyebrows unknotted, the darkness cleared from his eyes, his muscles relaxed and his shoulders and eyes dropped in shame.

Like he was a new person, a stranger to the situation, he took in the scene before him, the man that he had beaten to a pulp laying on the ground, within an inch of his life...

And stormed out of the gym.

Ren rushed to kneel by the carcass' side and his hands and eyes gave off a faint glow as he started healing him and the more I took in the scene, the blood splattered on the floor and walls, the man barely breathing with a broken arm and bashed in face and the other men with bruises on their faces and bodies, the more my anger increased, my mind unable to fathom why he would do something like this and in rage, I turned and stormed after him.

Entering the hallway, I caught up to him, stopping when I was close enough that he could hear me.

"Aiden!" I called out to him, but he only kept walking away.

"Don't run like a f\*\*\*\*\*g coward! Stop right there, Aiden." I screamed and he stopped, refusing to turn around and look at me.

Of course. Typical of him to just walk away after making a mess.

"So you're just going to walk away after nearly killing a man? Well what was I expecting from someone who never learns? You don't know how to control your emotions and because of that innocent people always get hurt."

His back stiffened but I wasn't done. Far from it, infact.

"You think people are toys that you can break for fun or when you're angry and throwing a tantrum but these are real people with real feelings. Have you ever even stopped to think about how your actions affect everyone else? Have you ever stopped to think that you're not the only one hurting?!"

"You don't care about anyone but yourself but it was my mistake to think you could ever change. That I could change you. You're too self absorbed and I will never stand for what you just did. Violence without provocation and if you think this is right, then you're no better than your uncle."

I saw his hands fist and darkness swirl around them.

He didn't lash out, he walked away.

I turned around and headed back to the gym, breathing hard and realizing that I had failed woefully in trying to comfort Aiden. I had only somehow managed to make the entire situation worse but my pride kept me going instead of running after him.

As much as I didn't want to hurt him with my words, Aiden was wrong in harming that man and we couldn't keep coddling him like a child. He needed to understand that his actions had consequences and that he couldn't go around hurting people just because he was stronger than them.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 143**

Lily's POV

Was I too harsh on him?

That was the question I asked myself the entire time I sat in the bathtub. I let my head fall back, making an angry sound at back of my throat.

Shortly after going off on Aiden, I had gone back to the gym where cleaners had quickly swooped in to clean the blood from the walls and floor and the injured had been sent to the infirmary. Zac and Ren had decided to go with some of the guards to scout the area and just as Ren had been about to leave, he stopped in front of me, jeering my thoughts on why neither him nor Zac were going to talk some sense into Aiden.

"I promise you that he's already beating himself up more than Zac or I would. Aiden is hard on everyone but he has always been the hardest on himself."

That had made me wonder if all of the words that I had said to Aiden had just been adding salt to an already infected injury and even when I finally came out of the bathroom, slipping into Zac's shirt that I had stolen from his room which was so long, it stopped at my knees, I couldn't seem to shake off my worry.

My anger had subsided and all that was left in its wake was the stale taste of regret. The bath made me feel a little better especially when I found that in the drawer were new underwear that looked to be the perfect size for me.

“Thank you, Zac.” I whispered, heading to jump on the bed and rolling around in it. Zac’s house was big enough that all of us got a room and while Rhea and Chelsea had opted to share one, I didn’t mind being alone in mine. It gave me time to think.

And just like that, my thoughts went back to Aiden. I felt bad for going off at him like that. What he did was wrong but I didn’t need to have gone as far as comparing him to his uncle. He could never be like Víctor Vanderbilt and that must have struck him the hardest.

I sighed and rose from the bed like a very grumpy corpse rising from the dead.

Stomping around in my room, I huffed in frustration and finally grew a pair, deciding to go and find Aiden. This time I would try to be as calm as possible.

“Control your temper,” I whispered over and over again as I opened the door to leave and froze because Aiden was standing right in front of me, his hand raised as if he was just about to knock.

Ren was right. If anything, Aiden looked far worse than the way he did at the gym. His eyes were swollen like he had cried and he looked even more tense than before. His hair was wet like he had just come out the shower and if he wasn’t looking like someone in mourning, I would have described him to be looking like someone who had walked out of a GQ magazine photoshoot given how handsome he still looked.

He was wearing a big black tshirt that stretched across his chest and broad shoulders with black slacks and he was panting hard like he had practically run to this place and I started wondering whether it was a good idea to speak to him right now after the last time we saw each other.

Without saying a word, he walked into the room, towering over me and causing me to backstep a few steps. The sound of the door slamming shut was louder than it should have been.

We stood staring at each other in the dimly lit room, the atmosphere thick with tension that was so taut, only something sharp could break it and when he took a step forward, I immediately took a step back, almost like it was reflex.

The more steps he took forward, the more I walked back until the back of my legs hit the bed, causing me to freeze while he towered over me. I decided to

sit and see what he would do and my mouth fell open, my heart picking up speed when he knelt in front of me.

I tried to meet his eyes and he looked away, his entire body tense and his jaw tight and I realized that the reason he couldn't look me in the eyes was because he felt guilty and ashamed.

Still watching for what he would do, my entire body aware of his presence and proximity, I froze when he took my hands and pushed his lips on my knuckles gently, pressing soft kisses to my skin and the action made my wariness fade immediately, understanding the apology in his gesture.

He's not good with words, I had come to realize, his gestures explain what his lips can't.

"Aiden," I whispered, "look at me."

And when he still wouldn't look up to meet my eyes, I took his face in my hands, forcing him to look at me.

"I'm sorry." He whispered and it was so low, I wouldn't have heard it if I wasn't so close to him but it was enough. It was more than enough. I could see all the emotions swirling behind those beautiful eyes and I couldn't resist. No, I couldn't resist Aiden even if I tried.

Leaning forward with my hands still cupping his face, I kissed him. Once, twice and the more times I kissed him, the more it felt like I was deep in the eye of a raging inferno. I felt it the minute the power dynamic changed and Aiden lifted himself from resting on his knees, taking over the kiss as he cupped my face and showed me exactly how it felt to be kissed to insanity.

He attacked me, pulling my lips into his, groaning and panting, whispering his apology into all our kisses.

By the time he finally let me up for air, we were both breathless and panting and he whispered against my lips.

"I don't deserve you." He rested his forehead against mine, panting softly, "fvck, I'll never deserve you. I'm a horrible person and I've done horrible things for no reason. I probably deserve all of the bad things that have happened to me. I'm no better than Víctor."

“NO!” I hissed, about to tell him that he was better and I shouldn’t have said that awful thing but he slammed his lips against mine again and all I could think about was him.

### Aiden’s POV

Lily’s words had hit me like several poisoned arrows to my back and it was worse because she hadn’t said those words because she heard others say them. She said it because it was what she truly believed and I heard what she didn’t even say.

I was a monster. I knew that I didn’t deserve Lily. I wasn’t like Ren who was the perfect man for her or Zac who had saved her life. I would probably never deserve her but I was too selfish to let her go.

The thoughts of my uncle murdering my parents was eating me alive and the pain felt like a heavy weight pressing me into the earth and burying me alive and the only thing that was still keeping me tethered to the world, the only thing that kept me from going insane, from slipping into the darkness was Lily.

I knew that if I listened to the darkness that fed on my pain and rage, the world would burn and I couldn’t tell if I wanted to break everything in my path or dig my hand into my chest and rip out my own heart to rid myself of the pain I was feeling.

Lily pulled away from the kiss abruptly and I was about to apologize if I came on too strong or if I had somehow hurt her when she nipped my bottom lip.

“Stay with me, Aiden. I can feel you holding back. I won’t break. Give me everything, all of your pain, your rage, your frustration, all of it. I can handle it.”

I wanted to. So badly, I wanted to do what she was asking for but wouldn’t that make me a selfish man? Wouldn’t that make me the same man I was trying hard to no longer be? Someone who took out his frustrations on others?

“I can’t do that to you, Lily. I don’t deserve you bearing this burden with me. I have given you reason and reason again to hate me, and no reason to love me. I’m not a good man. I’m someone that takes and keeps taking. I don’t know how to give anything that doesn’t hurt. I have hurt, I have killed and I have made a mess out of everything in my life... but,” I cradled her sweet, soft face, stroked her delicate cheekbone with my trembling thumbs, it’s amazing

how I was blessed with something so beautiful and precious, something I didn't want to taint with my darkness.

I bowed my head. "I regret that for even a second, I hurt you with my hands, my words, my actions and intentions. I will spend my whole life making it up to you."

She gasped and I kissed her hard and fierce and it was supposed to be a soft kiss, a short one, but I had a taste of her and I just. Couldn't. Stop myself.

I'm no stranger to drugs, back when I was desperate to escape my reality, I dabbled into drugs to ease my pain and make me forget... but none has made me feel as high as Lily. She coursed through my veins, purifying my blood, knitting my bones, putting me back together piece by piece until I was more of her than myself.

She's healing me and she doesn't even know it.

My grip tightened around her as her tongue delved into my mouth, tangling with mine and taking me to new heights. I wanted to bathe in her scent, to drown in her essence and I never ever want to come up for air. I was funneling my frustration, my rage into her, instead of the world and the innocents on my part, completely losing my s\*\*t and going crazy on her.

I pushed her into the bed, hovering over her, my heart, tripping and falling as it raced with hers.

She moved further into the bed, her entire body distracting me, her eyes making it terribly hard for me to remember why I wasn't good for her. I kissed her roughly, pressing my torso into her, her thighs encasing my hips and I lifted both hands above her head, locking her wrists with one hand while my other hand grazed her thighs as I pushed her shirt upwards.

My heart stuttered, my eyes widened as a curse escaped my lips. Her skin looked so soft, her breasts perfect, two perfectly pink nipples aroused and pointing at me.

Fvcking hell.

I dropped my lips to her flesh, taking one perfect bud into my mouth and sucking hard on it like a fvcking animal and when she moaned, my dick jerked, pleased with her strangled cries, her sweet sounds.



My fingers traced her over her panties, finding her already wet for me and searing hot heat fried my brains as I slipped my fingers between her smooth wet folds.

“Fvck baby, always so wet for me. You’re such a good girl, you know that?” I groaned, pushing my fingers in.

She whimpered at that, her p\*\*\*y clenching around my fingers and I pushed in deeper, groaning when her pvssy suctioned around my fingers. She was so tight, so wet, I couldn’t think straight, hot bursts of heat searing my brain.

She let out a whisper-scream, her back arching off the bed, hips rising to meet my fingers, greedy for me and my heart squeezed and throbbed with the need, so much need, to please her. To make her see, to show her just how much I wanted her, I needed her with me.

“The darkness whispers to me every day. Like a song, Lily, waiting for me to finally drop down the ledge and become insane. Everyday I struggle to remember why I shouldn’t burn the world to the ground. But now I don’t anymore. Because you’re the one thing keeping me grounded. And I know it makes me a bastard but I can’t lose you.”

I took her other n\*\*\*\*e in my mouth, sucking hard and rolling the pebbled bud under my tongue as I increased my pace in and out of her until she was writhing and sobbing underneath me.

Stay with me. Stay with me. Fvcking stay with me. Don’t leave me.

“Aiden,” she cried, panting hard and when I raised my head, I saw her red, sweaty, her hair a mess, her lips swollen and plump and my heart swelled with a foreign feeling that made it race in my chest wall.

I growled, nipping hard and tasting her skin and leaving tiny little bite marks in its wake.

Mine. Mine. Mine!

“Aiden please,” she groaned as I sucked her like a man dying of thirst and I was already imagining how it would feel to lick her wettest center when she pushed herself up on her elbows and kissed me, locking her legs around me as my d\*\*k ground into her p\*\*\*y, obstructed only by her panties. Her wet panties.

My restraint snapped and I took the neckline of her shirt, jerking it hard until it ripped into two, kissing her all over, fucking worshipping her and hoping she can feel how sorry I am through my actions, hoping that she could feel my apology because I wasn't good with words.

I kissed down her body, kneeling at her feet and settling between her legs. I pressed my face between her thighs and inhaled deeply.

"Gods, Lily. You smell so good," I groaned, my d\*\*k as hard as rock when I nuzzled her p\*\*\*y over her underwear.

She whimpered, spreading her legs even wider for me, her fingers threading through my hair and guiding my head and I realized she gets off on praise.

Holy fucking sh!t

I ripped her panties and gave her no warning as I started to eat her out.

She cried out my name, rising on her forearms and my eyes met hers as I dedicated my entire existence to eating her out.

Her jade green eyes were dizzy with lust, her entire body trembling as I sucked in her clit and stroked her cunt with my tongue, her taste bursting on my tongue.

"This fucking p\*\*\*y," I groaned, grabbing her thighs and pressing my face deeper into her sweet cvnt. "Are you trying to k!ll me, baby?"

She broke into a panting gasp, grabbing fistfuls of my hair, her legs trembling, breathless incoherent words leaving her lips.

My eyes moved to see how her breasts jiggled as she tried to ride my tongue and all I wanted was not just for her to come but to take her to new heights.

Dipping my fingers back into her and grinning at the way she relaxed at my touch, I dipped my fingers back out and slid it down to coat her other opening.

She stilled, her thighs tightening around my head and I gently coated her tight ring of muscle with her wetness and c\*m.

Grinning hard, I pushed her thighs apart, spreading her wide and grinned even harder at her pretty pink p\*\*\*y on display for me, my c\*\*k going crazy in my pants.

I dribbled saliva all over her cunt, watching it drip down her pussy and further down, wetting the sheets under her.

"Aiden," she whimpered.

"It's okay, baby, you can take it." I rasped as I sucked her clit into my mouth, my fingers tracing her asshole.

"Oh, gods," she whimpered, her thighs trembling around my head.

I drenched her pussy with my saliva, teasing her hole until I was sure she was properly lubricated before dipping into her for the first time.

"Sh!t Sh!t Sh!t!" She cursed, tightening her thighs around my head.

I buried myself back between her legs, my tongue alternating between delving into her pussy and sucking on her clit.

"You like don't, don't you?" I rasped against her, "such a filthy girl for me, aren't you?"

Her reply was an unintelligible whimper that had me keening and eating her out ravenously as my finger dipped in and out of her even tighter hole, the thought of taking her there nearly made me blow my load and I growled against her, pressing sloppy, open mouthed kisses all over her as I took her and took her and took her.

She started jerking against me and I pressed my free thumb on her clit, my tongue dipping in and out of her pussy as my finger mirrored its movement in her ass.

I didn't hesitate to whisper to her pussy as I licked and sucked, smiling hard as she jerked against me, her orgasm hitting her with a force that had her screaming, her body vibrating like crazy, her back arching off the bed as she rode off her orgasm until she was a quaking, breathless mess.

And through it all, I crawled into the bed with her and held her close, my heart tearing a hole through my chest and beating for her, only her.

I love you, I fucking love you. I just want to be yours.

The truth was a quiet, beautiful thing that set my heart free. Like a weight was finally lifted off my chest.

Soon, we were quiet, except for the sounds of her quiet pants, the whispers of our hearts beating as one.

She took my face in her hands and kissed me hard and fvck, I fell for her all over again.

“Aiden,” she whispered against my lips.

“Hmm?”

“Take me. Take all of me. I want you, I want to have all of you.”

A bomb detonated in my brain as she took my face again and kissed me hard, moaning as she tasted herself on my tongue. Her soft, delicate fingers traced my jaw, slipped passed my torso and then, she was grappling at my belt, and I snapped out of it, losing my patience and ripping off my belt, unzipping my pants and taking my c\*\*k out, hard, pulsing and dripping with the need to be in her.

“I want to see you, Aiden,” Lily whispered, tugging on the hem of my tshirt, “I want to see all of you.”

I froze, my hands snapping out to take hers.

She looked up at me with dark green eyes that shredded my resolve to pieces and splintered what sort of autonomy I had left over my body.

I didn't... I didn't want her to see me... To see them...

“Aiden,” she whispered, slipping her hands out of my grasp to touch my heart. “I just want to see you.”

Shame made me grit my teeth, my jaw set in a stoic grind, an internal turmoil raking my mind.

But she has trusted me with our mating bond and her life tethered to mine, the least I can do is please her with my every breath and trust her with parts of me I wanted to hide.

My entire body trembled as she slowly took off my shirt and I froze as she took a long look at me, ashamed that she was seeing my scars, proof that even though I pretended to be strong, I was still that same scared boy who couldn't stand up to his uncle.

I had new, fresh scars that hadn't even been there the last time she saw me and I was about to start explaining that it wasn't a big deal when Lily kissed the scar on my shoulder gently, her hands gentle and soft like she was afraid to hurt me. That gesture alone, the softness of her eyes and acceptance, healed every crack in my broken heart.

She gazed up at me and her soft gaze was my undoing. I felt weightless like she was taking everything that was dragging me down away and only replacing it with her softness and peace.

She wrapped her legs around my hips and slid her wet cunt over my hard dick, her eyes rolling back and I fucking lost it.

Grabbing her thighs, I jerked her to me.

"I don't think I can be gentle, Lily." I whispered against her lips, grinding against her as my stomach tensed with need and pinpricks of pleasure trotted up my spine and when she nodded, it was like a screw loosened and the floodgates were opened because I smashed my lips against hers, placing my dick against her center and wrapping her legs tighter around my hips as I slammed into her. Hard.

We both gasped, grappling at each other for purchase as the feeling of her walls surrounding my cock made stars splinter over my eyelids and I almost spilled into her, losing my fucking self control.

How is she so tight, so wet, so sweet.

"Perfect. You're perfect, baby, It's like your body is made just for me." I groaned, slipping out slowly, to slam back in even deeper than before, swallowing her gasps as pleasure collected in my lower abdomen.

She moaned so loud, her voice bouncing off the walls, but I didn't care. I wanted everyone to know she was mine. That I belonged to her.

"Aiden..." she whispered. My name on her lips broke through every defence I had set up to maintain a level of control and something hot, explosive and needy bursted in my chest as I picked up the pace, driving into her and taking her like a man possessed.

"I c- I can't stop," I whispered, trembling and slamming into her, hard and fast, my body was a machine created just to fit into her. To pleasure her and I didn't want to stop. I never want to stop.

My battered heart rattled its charred black cage, roaring and beating for her, only her, hoping she'd learn to love it through its scars and flaws.

It was hers since the beginning of time, hers it will ever be. My princess. My goddess. My fvcking queen.

"You feel so good. You feel so good, Baby. So f\*\*\*\*\*g amazing. You can't even imagine" I groaned as I thrust into her over and over and over again. I felt so much love, it felt like my chest was going to explode, the feelings so intense it made me feel like I could do anything.

Her moans had turned to cries of pleasure, tears slipping down her cheeks so that our kisses were messy and salty.

There was no power play. No need to dominate her, no demand for her submission or obedience, no objective to hurt her.

"Tell me you're mine, baby. Tell me you're mine and I'll give you anything you want. Tell me you're mine and I'll give you the whole damn world."

"Y-" she was about to say but I cut her off, a desperate ache in my chest.

"Don't- Don't..." I squeezed my eyes shut, my rhythm faltering, "don't say it because I tell you to. Say it because you mean it. Because you never." Thrust. "Ever." Thrust. "Want to leave."

Her trembling fingers cradled my cheeks, tears streaming down her face. "I'm yours, Aiden. I'm never leaving. I'll never leave you. You're mine and I'm yours and I never want to leave this bond."

Heat poured into my chest and I became breathless, desperate, her words healing a part of me I didn't know had been hurting since I was a little boy.

I couldn't hold it in any more, my balls tensed with the need to blow and I squeezed her a\*s, picking up her hips and drilling into her, the erotic sound of skin slapping skin filled the entire room as we pressed sloppy kisses to our lips and her fingers dug into my skin as if she could keep me tethered to her forever this way.

The new angle had her writhing and screaming and sobbing underneath me and the moment her entire body froze and her o\*\*\*\*m hit, I bit into her neck, my fangs pressing into her flesh, roaring as the force of her o\*\*\*\*m, triggered mine, causing me to come hard and spill into her.

We were both panting and breathless by the time the o\*\*\*\*m finally subsided and looking into Lily's eyes, I said those words that I meant with everything in me.

"I love you, Lily. I love you so much."

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 144**

Aiden's POV

I felt like I was flying... Or floating... or sinking, I couldn't decide.

I had a wonderful dream. In it, Lily and I were together. I wasn't a dark broken prince that had once tortured her and she wasn't the daughter of the man that had been framed for my family's murder. We were just simple people that loved and could be together. No trauma, no dark secrets, no betrayal, nothing.

Wait, I dreamed?

I never dream. Scratch that, I never dream dreams as soft and beautiful as that.

Slowly as I opened my eyes, I blinked at the dark ceiling and I realized that I had in fact dreamt and that for the first time in forever, it was a very mundane, very happy one. I didn't usually dream but when I did, they were night terrors. Sweating, screaming and shaking in the middle of the night as I relived the same night over and over again. The night where my parents had been killed and I had survived. When I wasn't dreaming about that, I was dreaming about the many ways Víctor introduced me to pain.

I didn't have to think or look far at the reason why I was having such a dream. It had everything to do with the fact that Lily was in my arms, her back pressed against my front, her chest rising and falling smoothly, her entire body relaxed.

I could weep just by looking at her, the fact that she trusted me enough to fall asleep in my arms was humbling. Her warmth against my body filled me with

a sense of connection that I couldn't describe, the words unable to qualify and I just settled for staring at her as I gently brushed her hair away from her face.

The softness of her skin under my touch felt absolutely mesmerizing, my fingers dipped and swept over each curve and contour of her beautiful body and the scratch marks on her body were not the only remnants of our passionate night. My bite mark on her neck, our bond preening in my chest, a part of her wolf that had been mine for the taking since the beginning of time, everything evoked so much desire and satisfaction within me so it wasn't surprising that just being beside her turned me on almost instantly like clockwork.

I was a sick f\*\*k, but now more than ever I knew one thing.

Lily was mine. What had happened before we slept wasn't a dream. It still felt unreal to me that she had deemed me worthy enough to experience this moment with her and I didn't know what would happen when she woke up or what she would say, but I was ready to do anything she wanted as long as it meant that I could be by her side. For as long as she wanted me to be. Just the thought that she had people after her, trying to capture her and use her for their goals made my blood boil with rage. I would never let anything happen to her even if it killed me.

Just as I was about to kiss the side of her head, she pushed back into me, her soft a\*s rubbing against my already hard as f\*\*k d\*\*k and it felt so good, I had to bite back a sound. We were buck naked, skin to skin and honestly nothing had ever felt better.

"You're such a tease" I whispered with a big grin and even though she was asleep, her mouth made a little pout as if she heard me.

Cute. Terrifyingly so.

Gently, I grabbed her thighs and when she moaned, pushing back into me, I moved higher, my hand teasing beneath her breast.

I was about to wander again when she grabbed my hand and placed it over her breasts, her n\*\*\*\*e going hard when I pinched it, her hand keeping my hand in place while she rocked back into me with purpose this time, a sign that she was waking up.



“Hmmm” she mumbled and it was probably the hottest mumble I had ever heard, her voice sounding thick with sleep.

“You drive me crazy, Lily.” I whispered against her neck, kissing her slowly

“Aiden” she whispered “It smells like you” she whispered again, this time opening her eyes and throwing her head back to look at me, eyes hazy but filled with desire.

“Were you going somewhere?”

I shook my head. I would gladly spend the rest of my days in bed with her if that was what she wanted to do.

“Never. I’m not going anywhere.” This time, I rubbed against her and she groaned, meeting my body with rocking of her own that made my grip on her breast tighten as I played with her n\*\*\*\*e.

“I need...” The rest of her words were lost in a mumble.

“What do you need, princess?” I mumbled, grabbing her chin and angling her face so I could lick her mouth and I watched, my heart thumping against my rib cage loud enough that I was sure she could hear as I waited for an answer, hoping that it was the same as mine. Instead of speaking, her hand moved to take my hand from where it was holding her breast and she led my fingers down her body to her center.

Her p\*\*\*y was soaked.

“f\*\*k, Lily” I groaned, my d\*\*k like f\*\*\*\*\*g stone and watched as she guided my fingers up and down her clit, her eyes locked on mine and lips apart as she drove the two of us crazy with her movements.

“Aiden.” She gasped and I felt like I was lost in those eyes of hers.

I was utterly mesmerized by everything about her from the sweat glistening on her forehead, to the way her hair fell around the pillow as she stared up at me.

“f\*\*k, Lily, f\*\*k. Please” I begged when she increased the rubbing of her clit, her hand in total control of my fingers.

What I was begging for, I didn’t know.

But I could not deny her.

I couldn't. Taking over the rhythm, I pushed in and inserted two fingers into her drenched core.

"Oh, yes, Aiden, yes." She twisted and moaned, her p\*\*\*y gripping my fingers as she rode them with reckless abandon.

"You're so f\*\*\*\*\*g beautiful, my little lamb. f\*\*\*\*\*g beautiful" I groaned, my mouth against her throat as I f\*\*\*\*d her with my fingers, listening to her moans, my d\*\*k growing impossibly harder.

I needed to keep the beast in control now or I'd rip her apart with the force of my desire. I could feel my eyes glowing, the bond my wolf shared with Lily's wolf glowing in my chest and immediately, I tried to withdraw my fingers but she grabbed my hand, using the other to grab my jaw, her eyes glazed over in desire.

"I need you, Aiden."

If I hadn't already given her my heart, I would have given it to her with the way she said my name. The fact that she needed me, someone like me who believed that I would never be loved for the rest of my life made my heart tighten with unfamiliar warmth that was quickly becoming more familiar in her presence.

"I want you." She added, her eyes glassy as she reached up to kiss me and everything that had held my lust at bay splintered into pieces as I flipped her onto her stomach.

"On your knees and grab the headboard, Lily."

The way she did so almost immediately without protest made me weak in the knees.

Reaching to grab her face, I kissed her long and deep right as I used my other hand to reach into her dripping wetness to prepare her for me.

"I'm yours now and always."

I didn't even hear if she responded, only her moan as I drove back home for the second time tonight, sliding into her slick wet entrance all the way to the hilt.

"f\*\*k" We said at the same time.

And then there were no more words.

Just growls and moans as I slammed into her again and again until she was squeezing me tight and milking my c\*\*k of the evidence of my o\*\*\*\*m, her scream as she fell into ecstasy ricocheting the walls of her room.

This time, when she slept, there was a small smile on her lips, well and totally exhausted and wrapped in my arms and even though she had fallen asleep, I whispered into her ears, knowing that I meant every word.

"I love you, my little lamb."

Lily's pov:

Just like the first time between us, Aiden stepped away, into the bathroom to get a damp cloth to clean me up, "I read about it in a book," he had told me as he wiped me clean of his c\*m dripping down my thighs.

But also, just like before, my wolf cried in my chest, the thought that he's abandoning us unbearable to us both.

He's not abandoning us. Dahlia is just being overdramatic. But it doesn't stop it from hurting anyway.

Is this what it's going to be like with a wolf from now on? All rational thoughts fly out the window when it comes to my mate... my mates?

I probably should tell Aiden about the consequences of finally being mated to me. The fact that his already lethal powers could get a power jump, and the fact that my wolf was now a sure, strong force in my consciousness, free and broken from her mental jail.

I was a little unnerved, almost dreading the thought of a scary goddess wolf... a vengeful goddess wolf now free to wreck havoc and basically do what she wants, but I'm not going to think about that now. Right now, I'm going to dwell

in the afterglow of finally being bonded to my fated mate. Aiden... who would have thought?

I didn't have too much time to wallow in my thoughts because Aiden came back out with a warm cloth. I watched him, boneless and unable to move as he wiped between my legs clean with the cloth, his forehead puckered in concentration as if the act of cleaning me up was even more intimate than the s\*x we just had.

He looked so adorable and I couldn't resist cooing at him.

"What?" He raised his head to look at me, the look of concentration falling off his face.

"You. You're adorable."

"Adorable is the last thing I want to be to you." He deadpanned.

"Why do you do it? , before going back to wiping me and leaving to return the cloth to the bathroom.

I yawned, stretching out, feeling languid as he climbed back into bed with me, Dahlia stopping her anxious tantrum when he pulled me into his arms and hugged me close, sighing contently.

"Did you do this for all your other girls?"

I gasped.

My. Mouth.

I didn't realize how wrong and completely out of place my question was until I had asked it.

Aiden froze, caught completely off guard.

I had just been curious and didn't mean to make things awkward. I didn't care about the other girls he had before me and I didn't want him to beat himself over the thought that I was uncomfortable with it.

"I don't- I didn't mean-"

"No." He said, cutting me off.

“Huh?”

“You asked if I did this with other girls, I didn’t.”

“Oh.”

Way to go and make things awkward, Lily.

“s\*x with you... s\*x with you feels like coming home. Before you, it was a tool to me, an escape, just like books and drugs used to be. A means to an end to get a release and move on with my life. The girls usually left the second I was done with them.”

My throat tightened. The fact that his reality was something he constantly chased to escape. Come to think of it, every time I saw Aiden... the old Aiden, he was usually inebriated in some way. Snorting down lines of coke, drinking straight from a liquor bottle, a random girl giving him a blowjob, or being involved in an orgy of sorts.

Then, I had thought he was just a spoiled rich boy with too much free time on his hands to chase his vices... now I know the only thing he was trying to chase was an escape from his awful reality.

Victor Vanderbilt needed to die, and the preening in my chest indicated that Dahlia approved of that.

“Why do you still live with him after what he does to you? Why don’t you challenge him and defeat him in a duel. You’re old enough to take him on, strong too.”

Aiden remained silent for a while, his thumb tracing circles on the skin of my hip.

“I don’t have a lot of fun memories of my childhood, but the little I had centered around spending time with Victor. He took me fishing, he taught me how to ride a bike, he was present in school events my parents deemed useless to attend, he was the only one that seemed proud of me when I showed him homework I aced or my position in class... I see it now, he was grooming me, making me love him, stay loyal to him. It worked.”

I held my breath. He’s doing it! He’s talking about his uncle without freaking out or lashing out. I don’t think he even understands how huge this is.

“After the m a s s a c r e, there was a small part of me that was glad over the fact I had lost my parents and not him. Better them than him, I used to think even while I was mourning their loss.”

Oh, Aiden...

“I noticed his shift the moment the burial was done and dusted. The way he treated me, looked at me, spoke to me... he wasn't mean to me, not at first. Another man would have killed me, to make sure that he is never overthrown, but Victor let me live, he spared my life. I thought it meant something... I was filled with so much gratitude that he had spared my life.”

“But that was the least he could do for his family.”

“It was the best my family had ever done for me.”

My heart thudded.

He was so starved of affection that he had been fed crumbs as a child and considered it a feast thrown in his honour.

“I always imagined he'd take the role of my father once and for all, there was finally nothing stopping him. I was going to stay loyal to him my whole life. I didn't care about being alpha, I just wanted to be happy”

I hugged him tight, letting my warmth and love for him seep between us. Now that we were bonded, I noticed that it was easier sharing my energy with him. His arms wrapped around me, communicating his appreciation for me.

“You have me now. And Ren, and Zac... we're your family in ways that really matter. We won't do anything to hurt you. We love you. All you have to do is let us love you”

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 144**

Aiden's POV

I felt like I was flying... Or floating... or sinking, I couldn't decide.

I had a wonderful dream. In it, Lily and I were together. I wasn't a dark broken prince that had once tortured her and she wasn't the daughter of the man that

had been framed for my family's murder. We were just simple people that loved and could be together. No trauma, no dark secrets, no betrayal, nothing.

Wait, I dreamed?

I never dream. Scratch that, I never dream dreams as soft and beautiful as that.

Slowly as I opened my eyes, I blinked at the dark ceiling and I realized that I had in fact dreamt and that for the first time in forever, it was a very mundane, very happy one. I didn't usually dream but when I did, they were night terrors. Sweating, screaming and shaking in the middle of the night as I relived the same night over and over again. The night where my parents had been killed and I had survived. When I wasn't dreaming about that, I was dreaming about the many ways Víctor introduced me to pain.

I didn't have to think or look far at the reason why I was having such a dream. It had everything to do with the fact that Lily was in my arms, her back pressed against my front, her chest rising and falling smoothly, her entire body relaxed.

I could weep just by looking at her, the fact that she trusted me enough to fall asleep in my arms was humbling. Her warmth against my body filled me with a sense of connection that I couldn't describe, the words unable to qualify and I just settled for staring at her as I gently brushed her hair away from her face.

The softness of her skin under my touch felt absolutely mesmerizing, my fingers dipped and swept over each curve and contour of her beautiful body and the scratch marks on her body were not the only remnants of our passionate night. My bite mark on her neck, our bond preening in my chest, a part of her wolf that had been mine for the taking since the beginning of time, everything evoked so much desire and satisfaction within me so it wasn't surprising that just being beside her turned me on almost instantly like clockwork.

I was a sick f\*\*k, but now more than ever I knew one thing.

Lily was mine. What had happened before we slept wasn't a dream. It still felt unreal to me that she had deemed me worthy enough to experience this moment with her and I didn't know what would happen when she woke up or what she would say, but I was ready to do anything she wanted as long as it meant that I could be by her side. For as long as she wanted me to be. Just

the thought that she had people after her, trying to capture her and use her for their goals made my blood boil with rage. I would never let anything happen to her even if it killed me.

Just as I was about to kiss the side of her head, she pushed back into me, her soft a\*s rubbing against my already hard as f\*\*k d\*\*k and it felt so good, I had to bite back a sound. We were buck naked, skin to skin and honestly nothing had ever felt better.

“You’re such a tease” I whispered with a big grin and even though she was asleep, her mouth made a little pout as if she heard me.

Cute. Terrifyingly so.

Gently, I grabbed her thighs and when she moaned, pushing back into me, I moved higher, my hand teasing beneath her breast.

I was about to wander again when she grabbed my hand and placed it over her breasts, her n\*\*\*\*e going hard when I pinched it, her hand keeping my hand in place while she rocked back into me with purpose this time, a sign that she was waking up.

“Hmmm” she mumbled and it was probably the hottest mumble I had ever heard, her voice sounding thick with sleep.

“You drive me crazy, Lily.” I whispered against her neck, kissing her slowly

“Aiden” she whispered “It smells like you” she whispered again, this time opening her eyes and throwing her head back to look at me, eyes hazy but filled with desire.

“Were you going somewhere?”

I shook my head. I would gladly spend the rest of my days in bed with her if that was what she wanted to do.

“Never. I’m not going anywhere.” This time, I rubbed against her and she groaned, meeting my body with rocking of her own that made my grip on her breast tighten as I played with her n\*\*\*\*e.

“I need...” The rest of her words were lost in a mumble.



“What do you need, princess?” I mumbled, grabbing her chin and angling her face so I could lick her mouth and I watched, my heart thumping against my rib cage loud enough that I was sure she could hear as I waited for an answer, hoping that it was the same as mine. Instead of speaking, her hand moved to take my hand from where it was holding her breast and she led my fingers down her body to her center.

Her p\*\*\*y was soaked.

“f\*\*k, Lily” I groaned, my d\*\*k like f\*\*\*\*\*g stone and watched as she guided my fingers up and down her clit, her eyes locked on mine and lips apart as she drove the two of us crazy with her movements.

“Aiden.” She gasped and I felt like I was lost in those eyes of hers.

I was utterly mesmerized by everything about her from the sweat glistening on her forehead, to the way her hair fell around the pillow as she stared up at me.

“f\*\*k, Lily, f\*\*k. Please” I begged when she increased the rubbing of her clit, her hand in total control of my fingers.

What I was begging for, I didn’t know.

But I could not deny her.

I couldn’t. Taking over the rhythm, I pushed in and inserted two fingers into her drenched core.

“Oh, yes, Aiden, yes.” She twisted and moaned, her p\*\*\*y gripping my fingers as she rode them with reckless abandon.

“You’re so f\*\*\*\*\*g beautiful, my little lamb. f\*\*\*\*\*g beautiful” I groaned, my mouth against her throat as I f\*\*\*\*d her with my fingers, listening to her moans, my d\*\*k growing impossibly harder.

I needed to keep the beast in control now or I’d rip her apart with the force of my desire. I could feel my eyes glowing, the bond my wolf shared with Lily’s wolf glowing in my chest and immediately, I tried to withdraw my fingers but she grabbed my hand, using the other to grab my jaw, her eyes glazed over in desire.

“I need you, Aiden.”

If I hadn't already given her my heart, I would have given it to her with the way she said my name. The fact that she needed me, someone like me who believed that I would never be loved for the rest of my life made my heart tighten with unfamiliar warmth that was quickly becoming more familiar in her presence.

"I want you." She added, her eyes glassy as she reached up to kiss me and everything that had held my lust at bay splintered into pieces as I flipped her onto her stomach.

"On your knees and grab the headboard, Lily."

The way she did so almost immediately without protest made me weak in the knees.

Reaching to grab her face, I kissed her long and deep right as I used my other hand to reach into her dripping wetness to prepare her for me.

"I'm yours now and always."

I didn't even hear if she responded, only her moan as I drove back home for the second time tonight, sliding into her slick wet entrance all the way to the hilt.

"f\*\*k" We said at the same time.

And then there were no more words.

Just growls and moans as I slammed into her again and again until she was squeezing me tight and milking my c\*\*k of the evidence of my o\*\*\*\*m, her scream as she fell into ecstasy ricocheting the walls of her room.

This time, when she slept, there was a small smile on her lips, well and totally exhausted and wrapped in my arms and even though she had fallen asleep, I whispered into her ears, knowing that I meant every word.

"I love you, my little lamb."

Lily's pov:

Just like the first time between us, Aiden stepped away, into the bathroom to get a damp cloth to clean me up, "I read about it in a book," he had told me as he wiped me clean of his c\*m dripping down my thighs.

But also, just like before, my wolf cried in my chest, the thought that he's abandoning us unbearable to us both.

He's not abandoning us. Dahlia is just being overdramatic. But it doesn't stop it from hurting anyway.

Is this what it's going to be like with a wolf from now on? All rational thoughts fly out the window when it comes to my mate... my mates?

I probably should tell Aiden about the consequences of finally being mated to me. The fact that his already lethal powers could get a power jump, and the fact that my wolf was now a sure, strong force in my consciousness, free and broken from her mental jail.

I was a little unnerved, almost dreading the thought of a scary goddess wolf... a vengeful goddess wolf now free to wreck havoc and basically do what she wants, but I'm not going to think about that now. Right now, I'm going to dwell in the afterglow of finally being bonded to my fated mate. Aiden... who would have thought?

I didn't have too much time to wallow in my thoughts because Aiden came back out with a warm cloth. I watched him, boneless and unable to move as he wiped between my legs clean with the cloth, his forehead puckered in concentration as if the act of cleaning me up was even more intimate than the s\*x we just had.

He looked so adorable and I couldn't resist cooing at him.

"What?" He raised his head to look at me, the look of concentration falling off his face.

"You. You're adorable."

"Adorable is the last thing I want to be to you." He deadpanned.

"Why do you do it? , before going back to wiping me and leaving to return the cloth to the bathroom.

I yawned, stretching out, feeling languid as he climbed back into bed with me, Dahlia stopping her anxious tantrum when he pulled me into his arms and hugged me close, sighing contently.

“Did you do this for all your other girls?”

I gasped.

My. Mouth.

I didn't realize how wrong and completely out of place my question was until I had asked it.

Aiden froze, caught completely off guard.

I had just been curious and didn't mean to make things awkward. I didn't care about the other girls he had before me and I didn't want him to beat himself over the thought that I was uncomfortable with it.

“I don't- I didn't mean-“

“No.” He said, cutting me off.

“Huh?”

“You asked if I did this with other girls, I didn't.”

“Oh.”

Way to go and make things awkward, Lily.

“s\*x with you... s\*x with you feels like coming home. Before you, it was a tool to me, an escape, just like books and drugs used to be. A means to an end to get a release and move on with my life. The girls usually left the second I was done with them.”

My throat tightened. The fact that his reality was something he constantly chased to escape. Come to think of it, every time I saw Aiden... the old Aiden, he was usually inebriated in some way. Snorting down lines of coke, drinking straight from a liquor bottle, a random girl giving him a blowjob, or being involved in an orgy of sorts.

Then, I had thought he was just a spoiled rich boy with too much free time on his hands to chase his vices... now I know the only thing he was trying to chase was an escape from his awful reality.

Victor Vanderbilt needed to die, and the preening in my chest indicated that Dahlia approved of that.

“Why do you still live with him after what he does to you? Why don’t you challenge him and defeat him in a duel. You’re old enough to take him on, strong too.”

Aiden remained silent for a while, his thumb tracing circles on the skin of my hip.

“I don’t have a lot of fun memories of my childhood, but the little I had centered around spending time with Victor. He took me fishing, he taught me how to ride a bike, he was present in school events my parents deemed useless to attend, he was the only one that seemed proud of me when I showed him homework I aced or my position in class... I see it now, he was grooming me, making me love him, stay loyal to him. It worked.”

I held my breath. He’s doing it! He’s talking about his uncle without freaking out or lashing out. I don’t think he even understands how huge this is.

“After the m a s s a c r e, there was a small part of me that was glad over the fact I had lost my parents and not him. Better them than him, I used to think even while I was mourning their loss.”

Oh, Aiden...

“I noticed his shift the moment the burial was done and dusted. The way he treated me, looked at me, spoke to me... he wasn’t mean to me, not at first. Another man would have killed me, to make sure that he is never overthrown, but Victor let me live, he spared my life. I thought it meant something... I was filled with so much gratitude that he had spared my life.”

“But that was the least he could do for his family.”

“It was the best my family had ever done for me.”

My heart thudded.

He was so starved of affection that he had been fed crumbs as a child and considered it a feast thrown in his honour.

“I always imagined he’d take the role of my father once and for all, there was finally nothing stopping him. I was going to stay loyal to him my whole life. I didn’t care about being alpha, I just wanted to be happy”

I hugged him tight, letting my warmth and love for him seep between us. Now that we were bonded, I noticed that it was easier sharing my energy with him. His arms wrapped around me, communicating his appreciation for me.

“You have me now. And Ren, and Zac... we’re your family in ways that really matter. We won’t do anything to hurt you. We love you. All you have to do is let us love you”

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 145**

Lily’s POV

I woke up to Aiden’s arms around me, my heart racing and my body heavy with the weight of s\*\*\*\*I gratification.

I squinted and raised a hand over my face to shield my eyes from the gentle morning light streaming through featherlight curtains and when I looked up to greet Aiden a good morning, he was even brighter than the sun.

I’m not joking, I need a bigger shield from the glare of Aiden’s grin. It was almost like he had been split open, stuffed with sunshine and sewed back in. None of that darkness that usually followed him lingered or hovered around him, and I wanted to keep it that way.

He looked awake but lazy, alert but languid.

“Good morning, princess,” he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to my forehead. His lips lingered, his nostrils dipped in my hair. He inhaled long and hard, exhaling softly. “You smell like me. It’s driving me crazy.”

Dahlia purred, warmth spreading across my chest at the compliment.

“She likes that,” I informed him.

“Hmm?”

“Dahlia, my wolf. She likes it. I like it too, I like smelling like you, I like it when you call me princess.”

He chuckled, pressing kisses along my jaw, his hands squeezing my hips, my a\*s. “What else do you like? How can I please you? I want to know. I want to know everything about you.”

“I love food, music, chocolates. I love flowers... you’d think I’d be sick of them because I work in a flower shop.”

He raised an eyebrow at me. “You work in a flower shop?”

“Yeah, well I used to. With my best friend, Bia. You know Bia?”

He winced, a nostalgic grin dimpling his cheek. “I know Bia.”

“I have a pet cat, Fiona, she’s a little creatin. Sometimes, she thanks me for letting her stay with me by bringing home mice and-“

Aiden watched me talk and talk, a soft look in his eyes, suddenly, he reached out and pressed a hand to my face, pinched my cheek, “I know you’re here, I know you’re real, but... but this feels too good to be true. Am I dreaming? Is this a dream?”

I leaned into his palm. “I’m here. I’m real. I’m never leaving, remember?”

We probably have sh;t to do, places to be, I need to check on my mother, find out how bad it is outside the safety walls of Zac’s home, but with Aiden, it felt like time had slowed down, it felt like nothing mattered outside our protected bubble.

He sighed and rolled onto his back, gazing up at the ceiling, “I’ve never slept so well in my entire life. I feel so at peace.”

Gods, he looks so good without his clothes on. Golden skin stretched over taut muscles, doing a good job of holding in all that lethal power that existed in his body.

Hot red bursts of desire spiked through me again and maybe I’d have been able to rein it in if my wolf wasn’t an unstoppable force in my consciousness.

I reached out and looped my arms around his neck, kissing his jaw, “what if peace is the last thing I want to give you?” I purred, kissing his neck.

I felt it the moment his body tightened and his heartbeat picked up. And when I looked up at him, his chest was heaving, pupils dilated with anticipation.

I curled a fist on his chest, my nails digging into his skin as I traced a teasing path down his torso. "What if I want to be your worst nightmare?"

He swallowed, his eyes wide and transfixed on me and I laughed, slipping under the sheets, my fingers finding their way to his already erect length.

I reveled in the way he tensed beneath my touch, desperately trying to maintain his composure, like he wasn't crazy that I was about to give him a blowjob.

I remembered exactly what he liked, what would drive him to his knees and make him go completely insane and I wasted no time in showing him.

I clenched a fist around his d\*\*k and began stroking him, eliciting a hiss from him. He was heavy and long and perfect in my hand, my fist couldn't go around him completely but it'd have to do.

He squeezed his eyes shut, his forehead tightly furrowed as he released a frustrated breath from his lips.

My hair fell over my face as I slowly took his entire c\*\*k in my mouth, the tip of it hitting the back of my throat. Tears dotted my eyes and he tensed, a low curse escaping his lips, trembling fingertips threading through my hair and helping me hold it out of my face.

The need in his eyes was raw, palpable, primal... a hunger that matched my own. He looked so vulnerable, I wanted to coo at him.

I pressed kisses all over the tip and he let out a growl of frustration, his fingertips tightening its grip on my hair, "play later."

"But I want to play now," I murmured, definitely playing with fire now as I licked up the side of his d\*\*k, moaning at his taste.

"Lily- f\*\*k!" He huffed, panting. "Please, baby."

I laughed, enjoying the power I held over him in this moment and finally, with a bold move that I knew would push him over the edge, I took all of him in my mouth.

My throat flexed, trying to accommodate his huge length, my eyes burned with unshed tears but I refused to relent, taking him deeper and deeper, my wolf



preening at the appreciative roar that left his hips when I took a considerable length of him in. His grip on my hair tightened, pinpricks of delicious pain shooting through my head but I didn't mind one bit, not with the way his body was tight with anticipation, not with the way he was panting and murmuring my name like that.

I was just about to really go down on him when a soft hesitant knock on the door pierced through our pleasure filled haze.

Aiden immediately snapped, annoyance and impatience clear in his tone. "Who the hell is it?" There was a glimpse of the Aiden I was familiar with; the wolf with a temper that was short and quick like the slice of a blade.

I sighed and reluctantly released him from my grasp, my lips lingering for a moment longer before I pulled away. Aiden's breath was ragged as he ran a hand through his hair, clearly torn between irritation and the undeniable urgency that had been so abruptly interrupted.

"A handmaiden. May I come in?"

"No you may not." Aiden said instantly, firmly and I couldn't help but chuckle at how adorable he looked.

Closing my hand around his shaft and stroking softly, I leaned up to kiss his lips. "Don't be like that, Aiden. What if it's urgent?"

"Can't they see that we're busy?" he muttered under his breath, lust reviving in his gaze as he gave in to my touch.

"Do you have news for me?" I asked and the meek, trembling voice filtered through the door.

"Y- yes! Master Zachary expressed his disapproval at the fact that you did not come down for dinner or breakfast. I was tasked with bringing your breakfast to you," she explained hastily, tripping over her words.

Aiden's irritation seemed to soften slightly at the mention of Zac's name, not like he would admit it to the maid. He shifted his gaze to me, a silent question in his eyes.

I gave his chest a gentle touch, his d\*\*k, a gentle squeeze and offered him a reassuring smile. It wouldn't be fair to agitate the maid, who was just doing her

job. Aiden relaxed against my touch, finally yielding, his tone slightly less harsh.

“Alright, come in.”

As the maid entered, I crawled back beneath the sheets and took off where I left off. Her presence, not stopping me from taking what I wanted.

Aiden let out a surprised and delighted groan he didn't even try to stifle. My eyes twinkled in amusement, pleased that I had caught him off guard.

It was something I have never done before, and the thought of another person in the room with us didn't stop me from getting wet at the look of aching pleasure on Aiden's face.

“Go slow, baby. I don't want to come too fast.”

“You can take it,” I teased, chuckling and kept at the pace I was going, enjoying the way he threw his head back and gripped the sheets, moaning his approval. The fact that I was doing this to him, that I was responsible for that look of barely restrained pleasure and defeat on his face... it turned me on even more.

The maid suddenly clearing her throat shattered our private bubble, and we both lifted our heads to find the maid still standing there.

Dahlia let out an enraged and annoyed growl and I had to tune her out to stop her cantankerous emotion from spreading to me. But even I couldn't deny the fact that I was severely annoyed at being interrupted from pleasing my mate.

“What is it now?” Aiden snapped.

The maid floundered, gesturing to the plate on the right and explained, “master Zachary instructed me to bring this for you, miss. It was prepared specifically for you and I hope that when you taste it, you can feel the thoughtfulness of his gesture and enjoy the meal,” she said with a polite smile.

I thought it was a sweet gesture from Zac, but I didn't understand why Dahlia was suddenly seething in my chest and throwing a hissy fit.

The maid's smile seemed innocent enough, but something about it set off alarm bells in my head. It was as if a sense of unease settled in the pit of my stomach, a feeling that I couldn't quite shake.

I was about to ask the maid if I had seen her before or try to place what exactly I found odd about her when the strangest thing happened.

Dahlia reacted instinctively the moment she sensed my discomfort, her power surging through me. Before I could comprehend what was happening, a surge of energy lashed out, and I was helpless and unable to stop it as it struck the maid and in a matter of seconds, she collapsed to the floor, lifeless, blood seeping from her ears and eyes.

I screamed, my eyes wide as I stared at the lifeless form on the floor and looked at Aiden to see that he was looking at me, stunned speechless. The room had gone from a place of intense passion to one of sudden and chilling silence, the weight of what just happened hanging heavily in the air. And just like she had been before, Dahlia was quiet again, receding after taking her first victim since she got released.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 146**

Lily's POV

"She's dead." Aiden confirmed, kneeling by the cold, stiff body of the woman that had been alive only moments ago with a shy smile as she offered me the meal that she had said was sent to me specifically from Zac. Granted there had been something about her that was strange and I couldn't quite put a finger on but death?

Dahlia's presence within me had become an enigma, her once-vibrant essence now silent and withdrawn and if it weren't for the lifeless body lying before me, I might have questioned whether she truly existed, or if someone else had dealt the maid death's blow.

Aiden had thrown on his pants and sprung into action, rushing toward the lifeless form on the ground. His fingers pressed against the woman's wrist, searching for a pulse that I knew would never come back. It was as if he was determined to confirm the irreversible truth that my own hands had brought about.

Meanwhile, I remained perched on the edge of the bed, clutching the sheets against my body in an attempt to shield myself from the harsh reality. The room felt cold, my heart a heavy weight in my chest. The scene before me felt like a nightmare that I couldn't wake up from.

Ren's voice cut through the haze of shock that enveloped me, loud and clear in my head "I can feel you practically panicking, Lily. Are you safe? Did something happen? Tell me where you are right now. I'm coming to you immediately."

His voice was urgent, laced with genuine concern that jolted me out of my near-catatonic state. I managed to gather my thoughts enough to communicate that I was still in my room, surrounded by the aftermath of a tragedy I couldn't fully comprehend.

Aiden carefully moved the lifeless body farther away from me, and returned to my side, his arms wrapping around me in a gentle yet firm embrace. His presence was a lifeline, grounding me amidst the chaos that had erupted and planted itself within the sanctuary of my room.

Minutes stretched into eternity as I clung to Aiden, the weight of guilt and shock threatening to consume me. The room felt suffocating, the walls closing in as if they were witnesses to the calamity that had unfolded. The woman's body lay motionless, a haunting reminder of my own capacity for destruction.

As Ren's arrival drew nearer, a mixture of relief and trepidation washed over me. His presence would offer me clarity, an understanding to why Dahlia did what she just did.

Dahlia in question was refusing to even say a word to me, her silence chilling and stubborn.

Just then, Zac's voice echoed in the back of my mind, "I don't know what is going on, duchess, but I'm coming right away."

Right. I was bonded to Zac too which makes it a hell of a lot easier for the boys to communicate with me. The reminder that they were rushing to my side made me grateful that I wasn't alone in this... Not anymore. I had people who would stand by me, even in the darkest of times.

While we waited, I tried to see if Dahlia would answer me, explain why she had done what she just did but each time I pushed, I was met with continued

silence that gnawed at my consciousness, leaving me with a sense of emptiness that seemed to mirror the lifeless form on the floor. If I wasn't so horrified by what had just happened, I might have laughed at how my life has the ability to go from great to terrible in the blink of an eye.

"I did this" I whispered, my entire body shaking and Aiden held me even tighter, kissing the side of my head.

"We'll figure it out. I promise." He answered and I wanted to believe him. More than anything, I wanted to believe him. But I was afraid of knowing the truth too. Because what if the truth was even worse? Killing, death... that's what she does best. What if I just unleashed a monster?

I could practically feel Ren advancing closer, and I noted that his voice had sounded distressed like he was already running over the minute he sensed my terror.

The door was flung open soon after and Ren rushed into the room, looking like he was ready for battle as he scanned the scene, his gaze pausing on the tense look on my face and Aiden's before he finally sighted the body at the corner of the room.

Looking back at us again, I saw his eyes become completely white and I didn't need a shaman to tell me that he was sifting through our memories to try and understand what had happened. His eyes changed back almost as quickly as they had when he entered and he walked to where I was sitting, Aiden beside me and knelt in front of me.

"You don't need to beat yourself up, Lily, I can practically feel your guilt and even if we weren't bonded and I couldn't see memories, your eyes show that you're scared of yourself."

"How can I not be?" I retorted and glanced at where the woman was currently lifeless. "I did that. I don't even know why I did it or how it even happened but one minute I was annoyed that she didn't want to leave but I never wanted to kill her, I swear to you."

"I believe you."

"I do too." Aiden added and I wiped my eyes, wondering how I had lucked out with these guys. Ren headed over to where the woman was and knelt beside her, his hand touching her head as his pupils disappeared and as if contact

with her burned him, he moved away almost immediately, his body stiffening as he looked back at us and just then, Zac walked into the room with an entourage of guards.

He stopped short when he took me in, the state of my undress and held out a hand towards the men that were about to follow him into the room.

“Stay out!” He snapped harshly, slamming the door behind him.

His face turned soft as he looked back at me, rushing towards my side to kiss my forehead.

“What’s going on here?”

Aiden offered to explain but I shook my head. This was my cross and I was ready to face whatever the consequences were for my actions.

Thankfully, as I explained everything that happened to Zac, I was glad that my eyes were not already leaking from how much tears I was holding back.

“She said you asked her to bring me breakfast and even though she didn’t leave immediately and I felt like there was something strange about her, I didn’t want her dead. Dahlia must have not liked that I was not comfortable and she...” I couldn’t finish my sentence and Aiden’s arm around my shoulders pulled me closer so I could lean against him.

“I don’t think she killed her for no reason, Lily. This woman” Ren nodded towards where her body laid “works for the rebellion and most of her memories have been wiped with the same dark magic that I noticed with the gardener.”

“Hold up. I didn’t ask anyone to bring breakfast to you. Where is it?” Zac asked and when I pointed towards the table, he hurried there and we all went silent, the room taut with tension as he bent to sniff the food. I had suspected that Zac’s senses were more enhanced than anyone else in the room and my theory had been confirmed after he killed that gardener.

“Wolfsbane. In the coffee.” He growled and I felt Aiden’s grip on me harden, his body stiffening with rage. “f\*\*\*\*\*g wolfsbane in my mate’s food!”

“All the humans that allied with the rebellion were taken care of.” Zac seethed but it was Ren that answered.

“She isn’t human. She’s a werewolf. One of us.”

My heart stopped, and started racing with a new tempo.

If she was one of us... It means we’re not just fighting the humans and hunters. We’re fighting ourselves.

The entire room went really quiet as we digested this new information.

Cynthia’s poison had spread beyond Gold Crest and Night Shade, because it seemed she had spies and supporters here in Poison Fang and probably in Silver Moon too.

Aiden was the one who finally said the words that neither of us were brave enough to admit.

“This means that Cynthia and my uncle are aware that Lily is here with us. At this point, word must have gotten to them that she has awakened her wolf. They’ll come for her.”

“Let them. I will raze hell to protect my mate. We all will.” Zac said vehemently. “They probably think they’re still dealing with the same eight year old girl they’ve hounded all their life, but Lily is not a little girl anymore and she’s certainly not alone.”

As I glanced around the room, meeting the resolute gazes of Ren, Aiden, and Zac, I knew that we stood at a crossroads. The battle against Cynthia and her puppeteers had escalated, and the stakes had never been higher. We were at war.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 147**

Lily’s POV

“We’re not going to wait around for her to come here and take Lily right from under us.”

Aiden spoke, his voice breaking the tense silence in the room after the unanimous realization that Cynthia knew about me and was coming for me.

Zac’s response to Aiden’s words was a harsh growl and he looked like he was physically in pain as his jaw hardened and he began to pace the room.

Ren, on the other hand was the only one of the three of them that bothered to portray a semblance of calm and if it wasn't for the bond that we shared and his quiet rage filtering through our connection, I wouldn't have been able to know that beneath that calm was rage as cold as ice, simmering and threatening to make it up to the surface.

"I can't believe this. We brought you here... we thought it was safe and I swore to protect you, that someone would do something like this... That one of my own people would attempt to..."

He couldn't finish his words, his eyes filled with agony and I understood how he must be feeling that it wasn't even a human but one of our own who had tried to poison me.

I rose to my feet, Aiden rising beside me and walked forward to take Zac's hand.

"This is not your fault, okay? Its not Ren or Aiden's either." I said, hoping that the others were also not beating themselves up about the wolfsbane coffee attempt.

Zac cupped my cheek with his hand, his eyes softening for a moment as he spoke.

"Maybe not. Maybe it isn't my fault that my very home is filled with rebellion sympathizers. But you know what will be my fault? It will be if I don't find out if there are more this minute and kill them where they stand."

"I'll help you." Ren answered, walking up to give me a kiss on my temple before going to stand beside Aiden who nodded.

"I'll do the same" Aiden added and Zac nodded at the two of them right before turning around and heading to stand by the door.

"Elias, as leader of the troops present right now, I have an assignment for you. You may come in."

The man walked in, also dressed exactly like how Mariah was dressed before she had left for the borders and he inclined his head slightly in greeting just as Zac voiced his instructions.



“Gather everyone and assemble them on courtyard immediately, werewolf or not,” Zac said, his hands tightened into fists.

Elias eyes widened in shock at the request and he started to shake his head as he replied.

“I think that it might be best if we wait for the madam to return back home before we do something drastic...” His words immediately died in his throat because there was a sharp look from Zac, silencing him off immediately and my entire body froze over at the cold hard glare that Zac was giving Elias.

It was such a sharp contrast from how joking and nonchalant Zac’s exterior could be that his words sent a chill down my spine after he replied Elias. It was a harsh reminder that despite all of his playfulness, he was an Alpha wolf and so was Ren and Aiden. And the fact that they were all mine made me bite my lip in glee. Dahlia preened, loving this side of Zac, loving that my mates will kill for her.

“Do you wish to lose your head, Elias?”

Elias startled, bowed his head. “N-no, sir.”

Zac walked closer to him, leveling a withering gaze on him and forcing the man to take a few steps back.

“Unless you want to join those against us in death, do as I f u c k i n g say.”

Elias immediately nodded and got to work, the rest of the men who had been waiting outside followed after him and my stomach swelled with pride and contentment as Zac looked back at me. The burst of pride in my chest told me that Dahlia approved of my mate, that she was happy enough to just watch from the sidelines, absolutely content that her mates were going to do everything to protect her and even kill for her sake.

Aiden was the most reluctant of the three to leave me but when I assured them that I was okay, Ren ordered that the body of the maid be removed from my room and stationed guards outside my door.

“Let us know the minute you feel something going wrong.” He whispered in my mind , his words leaving a mental kiss that I responded to.

I changed into something more presentable besides the duvet I was currently wrapped in.

I was slowly learning to trust Dahlia, learning to believe that she only wanted what was best for me, but I needed her to communicate with me or at least give me a heads-up before rendering someone braindead.

We're a team. You can't act out on your own without informing me first. I'll have to answer for your actions and I want to be sure we're on the same page.

Silence. Startling silence that screamed volumes; Dahlia didn't want to talk to me. For whatever reason, she seemed to be in a pissy mood.

Sighing, I let it go until she was ready to talk

I knew when the boys had the traitors assembled outside on the courtyard. I knew because that was when the screams began.

I had no idea what they were doing to them, but the anguished cries became louder and louder with each passing second.

I couldn't ignore the cries and screams anymore, so I headed down to the courtyard after the boys and was met with a blood bath outside and stopped in my tracks, my blood running cold.

Blood. There was so much blood, I couldn't see past it.

Cerberus ripped a guy's arm off his socket, Zac sliced through another with his claws and all Ren had to do was look his victim in the eyes and stop their hearts from beating.

The fact that the three of them didn't waste time handing out their judgment the moment they found any sympathizers made my entire body shake as I watched Zac kill the next person after one of them didn't pass the vibe check.

All I could feel as Dahlia finally deigned to reappear was a satisfaction that she seemed to gain from the terror and agony of the injured and dead people in the courtyard.

The environment a poster colour that seemed to be filled with blood plastered everywhere on the walls and even though a part of me was also very much

happy that they found some of the sympathisers, what frustrated me the most was the silent treatment I was receiving on the wait whenever I tried to reach out to Dahlia. It seemed like I was talking to a wall because she seemed to ignore my very existence.

As I heard another scream that forced my attention back to what was happening in the courtyard, I knew that time was ticking for me because of Dahlia's outburst. Today, I couldn't control her and it was only a matter of time before Dahlia would be the one controlling me.

I remembered the way she seemed to be nonchalant and proud the first time she revealed herself to me in a coma and the way she seemed certain that no matter what I did, her time would come and I wouldn't be able to stop it. Back then, I had thought that as long as I remained myself, then she was stuck inside me, unable to do anything but how wrong I was. She was the one calling the shots and I was a puppet.

I knew that I needed to figure out a way to at least control Dahlia and stop her from killing anyone else but I didn't even have the slightest clue on how to transform into an actual werewolf, not to talk about the knowledge that would come in handy if I wanted to know how to control a powerful goddess wolf.

I wanted to become stronger and now more than ever, with the war breaking out and people needing to look out for themselves, the last thing I needed was to be a liability. I wanted to have the backs of my mates the same way they had mine.

Unable to keep watching the purging exercise that Zac was leading as he, Ren and Aiden along with some of the guards fished out those that they believed were allied to the Rebellion, I decided to go and pay Cade a visit.

Just the thought of Cade Corrigan seemed to stir up different emotions in me as I headed towards the improved holding cell that I was told he was being kept in now. I hadn't thought that Zac wouldn't have listened to me when I had asked for him to be moved somewhere more comfortable and make sure he was no longer in chains but learning that he had made me grateful.

I didn't even know why I still cared. I thought I was over and done with him, considering our bond was broken before I could even feel the bond between us.

He had come out against his mother and stood against her ploy to harm me but I couldn't help but remember how he had hurt me in the past and maybe it was because of everything I had survived but I wasn't ready to trust him again just yet. Not even the way he looked at me which made my heart still seem to skip like it did in the past could change that. If he wanted my trust, he needed to earn it.

Right now, I wanted to know more about Dahlia and it seemed like he knew a lot more than the rest of us thanks to his mother.

When I got to the holding cell which was practically an entire wing of the house dedicated to him, I greeted the guards that were still placed at the doors and they nodded respectfully, opening the doors for me.

Maybe I should have announced that I was entering because the last thing that I expected to see was Cade leaning against the wall, his hand stroking his d\*\*k hard as he moaned and whispered a name over and over.

Mine.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 148**

Cade's pov

It had been over forty eight hours since I was brought to this place in chains like a criminal, awaiting trial for a crime that my mother committed and as I stared at the cream wall for what I was sure was over an hour now since I grew tired of flicking through the movies on the television that had been provided for me in this new room that was more or less a holding cell, I heaved another sigh. Other than the color of the room which was fair enough, the entire space had a distasteful design and the mattress was uncomfortable.

This place was a far cry from my suite at home that I had given up to come here in a bid to be honest with my mate but if there was one thing I was certain of, it was that I would do it again in a heartbeat as long as it meant I could be near her and know that she was safe.

Not that it looked like she even needed me anymore, I thought with a bitter sigh, unable to deny that the thought of seeing her mated to the other princes was like an arrow to the chest that was being squeezed over and over.

Worse, I didn't think I stood a chance anymore for her heart or that I could repair what I had broken between us. It didn't even look like she wanted whatever that was between us to be fixed, especially because she looked content with her three powerful mates who were certainly not traitors to their packs.

I had never resented my mother more than I did in this moment for the role she had played in destroying my relationship with Lily and even though a tiny part of my heart would forever ache with sadness that I would never experience what it was like to be loved like a child from Cynthia, I was able to accept that she was far too gone now and couldn't be saved from all of the evil that she had been doing for years.

Once the council found her guilty, which I was sure they would because the evidence against her was massive, they would tear her apart and I would be lucky to be pardoned considering the fact that I was once a part of the operation, dealing with the hunters on my mother's behalf. Would Lily care if I was sentenced to death or banished? Would she weep for me? Would she hurt for me?

Shaking my head to rid myself of the negative thoughts because they were already becoming too much for me, I decided to think about something happier. About Lily. She still looked almost the same as I last saw her those years ago but her beauty had matured. She looked even prettier, still delicate and sweet, as if untouched by the horrors of the world. And too trusting even though I could see that she was trying to not trust me again and yet she had believed most of what I had said, had asked that my living conditions be changed even though she had every reason to want me to rot and just thinking about how things could be between us if she decided to trust me made my entire body hot for her.

Undoing the buckle of my belt, I took out my d;ck that was already hard just from the thought of her and closed my eyes, my shoulders relaxing, a wave of need shaking my bones, stroking myself as I imagined her entering the room, wearing nothing but her skin.

Whoever saw me now would probably think one of two things; that I was a creep for being hung up on my hot ex girlfriend or a dedicated mate obsessed with her even after having our bond broken and memories wiped. It didn't matter what anyone thought and I rose to my feet, my hand against the wall as I imagined Lily kneeling on the floor in front of me and taking my swollen c\*\*k into her mouth, groaning as I wondered how it would feel to have her hot

wet lips around me. I hadn't even been able to think of fvcking any other girl even when I still had no memory of her, only her name and my heart keeping me tethered to her and it had felt like even if my mind had forgotten, my soul never did.

Still stroking my d;ck hard, I felt it when someone else entered the room and it was her scent that got to me first, as if my longing for her had somehow conjured her up here and when I opened my eyes and looked at her, she gasped and stumbled back. The fact that she was still so easily flustered made me chuckle at how much she hadn't changed and maintaining eye contact with her, I whispered her name and kept going faster, no longer needing to imagine her when she was right here in front of me.

"Like what you see? Want to give me a hand?" I bit out as a joke but the fact that her eyes darkened almost immediately, her eyes going to my d;ck made me almost come at the thought of her actually wrapping those soft hands around me and getting me off.

"f\*\*k, Lily, you don't know what to do to me." I whispered, stifling my groan because I didn't want the guards outside to get wind of what was happening here and just the thought of them outside made me want to collapse the walls and snap their necks, a possessive feeling suddenly taking over me. Lily was mine. I could even do it now that I was no longer blind but the last thing I wanted was to scare Lily away and make her question my innocence.

Eyes still on Lily, I watched anxiously as she walked closer to me and as I sat on the bed, my hands still rubbing my c\*\*k with an aggressiveness that was sure to make me come hard, she sat beside me and her scent, mixed with the scents of her now bonded mates overwhelmed me but I realized that I wasn't bothered by it and neither was my wolf, but I chose to focus on what was more important, the fact that Lily was here and not running for the hills.

Her eyes on my d\*\*k where I stroked and pulled, she whispered a question that made me groan with need.

"What are you thinking about?"

"You, Lily. You're all I ever think about." I groaned, imagining just how badly I wanted to pull her closer, eat her p\*\*y until she was shaking and dripping and thrust into her. Over and over and over again until I lose my mind, until I lose myself in her, until I can't remember a time when i was ever seperated from her.

“And what am I doing to you, Cade?”

f\*\*k. She was going to kill me at this rate.

“You’re kneeling at my feet, looking up at me with those f u c k-me eyes and taking me in like a good, good girl.” I rasped, watching with wonder as her wolf rose to the surface because mine did too and everything in me wanted to persuade Lily to give in to this tension between us and seal our bond but that would be cruel of me to take advantage of this moment when things were still very rocky between us, so I just settled for her presence, groaning as I watched Lily watch me with rapt attention as if she was taking notes for later and those thoughts that she was really here watching because there would be a time when she would be doing it to me herself were what drove me over the edge and with a stifled growl, I came, spilling over my fists as I realized that this had to be the most erotic fantasy I had ever conjured up.

I jerked uncontrollably as I kept pouring over my fingers, holding back my roar until all that was left was my chest heaving in pants, my tense nerves unknitting after my release.

The moment I relaxed, I turned to see Lily looking away and felt her awkwardness and hesitance start to set in, her wolf long gone. I realized that she hadn’t obviously been here to f\*\*k me and profess her undying love for me like I foolishly had hoped thanks to my lust ridden haze.

“You’re here to ask me something aren’t you? Then go ahead, Lily, ask me anything, anything you want. I’ll tell you everything I know and if need be, you can call Ren here so that he can look through my mind and confirm that all I’ve ever said has been nothing but the truth.” I said earnestly, desperate to have her believe me, in the hopes that maybe it would help her begin to trust me again but when she remained silent, my heart broke a little and I wondered if what I had just done had done nothing but push her away.

“Lily. I swear that I’m not playing a game. I’m not trying to fool you or anyone else and I’m not working for my mother, all I want is for you to see that. All I want is to earn your trust and show you that I’ll do anything for you.” I added and waited, hoping that my words had finally gotten through to her but when she moved away, I sighed and rose to my feet, heading to the bathroom to clean myself up.

Fighting the urge to scream and punch the glass, I avoided looking at the mirror, refusing to see my face that reminded me of my mother's, the template from which I was cast.

She was the reason I was in this entire mess, the reason I was estranged from Lily now. If I could go back in time to two years ago, I would have stopped the bullying of Lily before she ever tried to take her life, I wouldn't have lied to her about my intentions, I would have come clean to the council and would have never left her side that night. I had so many regrets and I hated that it would forever remain that; regret.

When I came back out, I didn't expect her to still be here but seeing Lily curled up on the bed, watching a movie made hope blossom in my heart. I joined her on the bed and saw that the movie she had started playing was one that we both used to watch when we were boyfriend and girlfriend and I smiled at how happy we used to be then. When she rested her head on my shoulder, I wrapped an arm around her, trying to not ruin the moment.

When she looked at me, I waited, knowing that it looked like she wanted to say something but she remained quiet even though I knew that she wouldn't have come to find me if she didn't want to ask for something but since I had already put my cards on the table, I was going to let her speak on her own terms.

I could feel my wolf, Dorian, trying to reach for his mate through the snapped bond and wondered if Lily also felt the same way but too afraid to ask, not wanting to scare her away. There was something quiet and comforting about her presence that calmed me and I didn't want her to leave anytime soon.

"I want to ask you something. It's about my wolf." She finally whispered and I sat up, turning to face her.

"I'm listening".

"She killed someone today. A maid that tried to poison me. I don't know the first step to controlling her..."

"You don't control your wolf, Lily. It's not a power struggle, it's a partnership."

"Huh?"



“Your wolf is her own person just like you’re your own person. And a wolf of her caliber, you can’t wrestle her into submission, you can only learn her loyalty. You both just need to be on the same page. You need to understand that she only wants what’s best for you and she needs to understand that you can think for yourself now. She probably thinks you’re still the five year old toddler that couldn’t think for herself.”

“I’m trying. I think I offended her the last time I spoke to her, she’s refusing to let me in.”

I sighed, burying my cheek in her hair and inhaling her sweet scent of lavender and jasmine and I already know I’ll sleep well today.

“I’ve known Dorian all my life. He knows me better than anyone, better than I know myself, and he’s the one person that sincerely does his best to make sure I don’t get hurt. We’re not always on the same page, but I trust him with my entire life. He’s my friend. Maybe you should try reaching out to Dahlia, not as a host or a vessel or the boss of your body, but as her friend. Maybe she just wants you to give her a little credit.”

“Her friend...” she whispered, her shoulders dropping.

“Yeah. I’ve had practically forever to strengthen my bond with my wolf but you, you’re like two perfect strangers just getting to know each other.”

“Except one of us has an ego the size of a god,” she mumbled dryly and I chuckled, bumping my hip against hers.

“Don’t be too hard on yourself, sunflower. The rest of us has had our whole lives to figure this sh;t out. No one would fault you if you find it difficult at first. I know you can do it. I believe in you.”

She went completely still at that and I wondered if I pushed it.

“You know...” she sighed, looking up at me with those dark green eyes that have always been my undoing. “Being here with you makes me want to forget all the s\*\*t that is going on outside and just sit here in the silence. I had forgotten how easy it was to just be able to stay and sink in the strength you project. I don’t need Ren to look into your mind to know if you’re telling the truth or not. You wouldn’t be here sabotaging your own mother just for the hell of it. I believe you and I hope the council will learn from my experience and

not pass the burden of Cynthia's sin to you. I rushed here to ask you questions about Dahlia but for now, I just want to sit and watch a movie."

My heart relaxed and I was so overjoyed to hear those words from her because it was all I had been wanting to hear since I came to find her. For the first time since I got my memories back, it felt like I was finally going to get a chance at redemption and I hugged her, burying my nose in her hair and just relishing in the feel of her.

It wasn't long before she fell asleep like she always did halfway into the movie and I chuckled at how adorable she was, placing her head on my lap and just content to watch her sleep.

Suddenly, the door pushed open and Ren walked in first, Aiden and Zac following after him, their eyes frantic and wild, looking ready to tear the whole place down as if they were looking for something and when they saw Lily on my lap, their faces relaxed, making me realize that they had been searching for her.

Ren carefully lifted her from my arms and walked out with Zac following behind him but Aiden lingered, shooting me a glare that was filled with animosity.

Oh boy.

"Corrigan," he growled. "Lily is a sweet girl and because of that, people tend to take advantage of her. I'm guilty of that as well but I'll be damned if I ever let anyone else do it to her. Just because she has forgiven you and seems to believe you're innocent doesn't count for s\*\*t. Know your place, Cade and it's not with her. It's not with us. There will never be a place for you in our family. You'll do well to remember it."

Not waiting for my answer, not that I even had any, he turned around and walked out, leaving me to my thoughts that started to spiral again after he

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 149**

Lily's POV

It was surprisingly warm and cozy, I thought, as I slowly opened my eyes, my pupils trying to adjust to the dark room. Strong arms were wrapped around my

waist and I tried to remember how I had gotten here, when I had no memory of falling asleep or even leaving Cade's room.

Speaking of Cade, my face turned bright red as I remembered the position that I had found him in. The last thing I ever imagined was that the thought of me could even turn him on, when all I could remember about us was that he had dumped me in the most brutal way but watching the amount of effect that I had on him, that I could make him feel that way made me feel powerful. Made me feel like I could do anything.

The warm arm wrapped around my waist wound tighter and I was transported back into my current state, realizing that a warm body was lying against my back, while a hand wandered over my body. What made me hot however was the feel of something hard rubbing against my a\*s and like a moth drawn to a flame, my entire body came alive.

The scents of my mates filled the room, an unending mix that I didn't know where one started from or ended but all I knew was that being around all three of them right now, my wolf was more than ready to finally get the pleasure that she needed and I was a willing participant.

I didn't know where I was but that didn't matter, not when I could smell Aiden, Zac and Ren all around me, their scents like an envelope that wrapped around me, but as my senses became sharpened, the cloud of sleep clearing from my eyes, I could tell who was behind me and just by the feel of him against my body, my wolf preened happily and I decided to give her and myself something to be even happier about, arching my back further into him and I grinned into the darkness when he grunted in surprise as I rubbed my a\*s against his groin with purpose.

"Hey, sweetheart." He whispered against me and if there was even a tiny bit of space between us, it was extinguished as he moved even closer to me and I fought the urge to purr like a satisfied cat at how good his body felt against my own. He was mine. And I was his. And the fact that I could also say that about Aiden and Zac was more than I could have ever dreamed of.

Feeling rebellious, I rubbed against Ren again and this time, instead of just taking it, Ren slipped his hands into my shorts and I gasped out a moan as he plunged two fingers into my dripping p\*\*\*y, crying with glee as he started to move in and out with a precision that was so concise, it was obvious that he was listening to my thoughts to know what I wanted and it was not long before

I was a sobbing, writhing mess, my voice lost as I tried and failed to not make a sound and admit that I had lost this little game that we were playing.

“You feel so good, Lily. Look how you take me so well. How you wrap aroused again my fingers. You’re all I’ve ever wanted.” He whispered and that did it.

Admitting with joy that I had well and truly lost, I turned around to kiss him and that was when I realized that in doing so, my back was flush against another warm chest. Instantly, I recognized who it was and if my wolf could jump about and do a happy dance, she would at how tonight was turning out.

“Aiden,” I rasped as he caressed my thigh, my breasts, my a\*s, his front fitting against my back.

Leaning to kiss my neck, he squeezed my thigh hard enough that I gasped as he whispered in my ear.

“I thought I had seen it all but f\*\*k, watching you get your p\*\*y finger f\*\*\*\*d by my best friend is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. I’m so hard right now, little lamb, I feel like I’m going to explode from how hot I am for you.”

Deciding that I wanted to see my mates at the same time, I sat on my knees, and taking Ren’s chin, I kissed him deeply, moaning when his tongue slipped into my mouth and connected with mine. His hands dipped into my hair as he tilted my chin, creating an angle that ensured he kissed me even more deeply, moaning at my taste.

Aiden pushed my shirt up, attacking my left breast and I nearly keeled over in pleasure when he dipped his hand in my shorts, pinching my clit, at the same time, taking my n\*\*\*\*e in his mouth and sucking hard.

I moaned shamelessly, breathlessly as Ren released my lips to kiss down my throat and latch on to my right breast, rolling my hardened knob over his tongue again and again until I was dizzy with lust, I thought that I’d combust from pleasure.

My neck prickled with the awareness of being watched and just as my eyes finally adjusted to the darkness, I looked to see Zac watching us closely from where he sat at the end of the bed, a primal intensity in his eyes that somehow made me feel even wetter than I was before.

I whimpered, pleasure building up in my lower abdomen from Aiden rubbing on my clit until I was panting and begging. But it was Zac's eyes that made me come with a silent scream and a force that made my teeth chatter.

I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

I probably shouldn't enjoy the feel of Zac's eyes on me as much as I do but there was such a playfulness to Zac that made me treasure moments like this when he was serious as hell.

As if he knew exactly how much he affected me by just being there, he reached into his pants, his eyes not leaving mine while Ren and Aiden kissed every inch of my body and brought out his hard length, the sheer size of him intimidating as he stroked leisurely, putting on a show for us.

I felt pleasure building up in me again.

He wasn't even touching me and yet with each stroke of his d\*\*k, it felt like my hands were right there, doing it to him. I wanted to be f\*\*\*\*d so hard that I forget about everything.

It was just swell that Ren could read my thoughts because he answered, whispering in my ear. "That's how much you like it, don't you? You like to watch and be watched, Lily?"

My answer was a moan because Aiden's hand was working my p\*\*\*y, his mouth suckling on my n\*\*\*\*e and I could only attempt to nod my answer to Ren who grinned.

"I'm sure you want his eyes on you when you come all over my c\*\*k, don't you, my beautiful mate?"

"Please." I begged and thankfully it was enough because suddenly, I was lying flat with my back on the bed and Ren made quick work of removing my shirt and shorts.

Before I could blink, Ren hovered over me and we both groaned as he drove into me, his dꞑck fitting my p u s s y like a gloved hand.

We both groaned at the feeling of him pushing into me, stretching me deliciously.

“Oh, baby,” He gasped, his trembling hands pulling me close as my pussy clenched around him.

I could feel his wolf rising to the surface, the bond between us feeling even more alive as he began to thrust into me.

A black tendril of shadow wrapped around my thighs, tugging my legs wider apart and my attention moved to Aiden, the architect of that action, my lips parting as I watched him and Zac watch Ren drilling into me over and over again with an intensity that made my walls clench uncontrollably.

The goddess needed to get a raise for allowing me to be mated to these princes, I thought as the darkness in the room became heavier and thicker, Aiden’s power filling the entire room as I saw his eyes begin to glow. Of all of them, Aiden’s wolf used to scare me the most because I knew just how dark and strong he was but right now I wanted his wolf as much as I wanted the human he resided in and he must have read the look in my eyes- acceptance, because he didn’t look angry or jealous, just ready for his turn.

Ren chuckled, probably hearing my thoughts and he repositioned me so that I was on my hands and knees in front of Aiden.

“Oh fvck,” he groaned, pushing into me again, and I whimpered, my hands trembling as I stretched to accommodate him.

Aiden bent to kiss me hard and all I could think about was having my mouth f\*\*\*\*d by him. The beauty of my thoughts was that Ren had access to it and he must have spoken to Ren because Aiden rose from his crouched position, grabbing my hair reverently while dipping his fingers in and out of my mouth, a move so perverse, it had me clenching even harder around Ren, my entire body becoming restless with the need to o\*\*\*\*m.

“So beautiful,” Aiden whispered, stroking my hair and I whimpered as he gently grabbed a fistful and tugged me harshly to look up at him, his eyes completely obsidian voids now that told me his wolf was at the forefront of his mind. Instead of feeling terrified like I used to be whenever his wolf was close to the surface, I was delirious with desire, wanting his d\*\*k in my mouth with a need that was nearly destabilizing.

Ren’s chuckle filled the room as he spoke.

“If you don’t f\*\*k her mouth right now, she’s going to lose her mind.”

Whatever internal war Aiden seemed to have been having as he watched my eyes quickly dissolved and I groaned with relief as he pushed his thick length into my mouth, my p\*\*\*y practically dripping to the bed at this point from how stimulated I felt. My mouth stretched to accommodate him, a reminder of how big he actually was and my eyes prickled with tears but it didn't matter. I wanted it all.

"f\*\*k yeah," he groaned, rocking his hips into my mouth. "Don't look away, Lily, look at me." He said, grabbing my chin when I dropped my eyes, forcing my eyes back on him.

I looked up at him, my throat burning, my eyes leaking with tears, saliva dripping from my lips. I didn't mind because I knew Aiden liked it like this. He liked me messy, in tears, choking and gagging and the look in his eyes was one of intensity that made desire pool in my lower abdomen and my heart threatened to burst from the array of emotions I was feeling right now

"Good girl," he murmured, his breathing choppy, his thumb wiping away tear streaks from my eyes as he pushed deeper, his jaw tightened into set locks, his eyes were darkened pools of stardust. "Keep your eyes on me like a good girl, while I f\*\*k this sweet little mouth of yours." He rasped, grabbing my hair reverently in his hands, pushing his hips in until the end of his d\*\*k hit the back of my throat, triggering my gag reflex.

I moaned as I took him down to the hilt, feeling my throat burn from the sheer length of him. He was gentle, patient as he allowed me to get used to his full length, drawing back and thrusting in gently, testing my gag reflex.

All I had to worry about was not using teeth as Aiden began increasing his pace while Ren rammed into me from behind, pulling me closer and closer with each thrust, his quiet groans twisting my gut into knots.

"Fvck," Zac cursed from where he sat, his eyes dilated, hair plastered to his forehead, his breathing ragged as he watched us with a lustful hooded gaze, pumping his own length in his hands while he watched me get completely pulverized by his two best friends.

"Fvck, you feel so good, baby," Aiden groaned, increasing his pace in and out of my mouth as Ren rocked into me. "Look at you. Look at you taking me in like a good f\*\*\*\*\*g slut."

Oh gods, I groaned.

Maybe it was the way he praised me or how gently he cupped my face or the groans of approval he made as I sucked him sloppily or the way Ren was ramming into me from behind while Zac kept stroking himself, enjoying the show but I came for the second time, my body shaking from the sheer force of ecstasy.

At that moment, my eyes caught Zac's and I decided that second that I wanted to feel him in me. No, all of them in me at once.

Sensing my thoughts, Ren released me and Zac's eyes darkened as I crawled to him.

"Come here baby," he rasped, using his fingers to gesture for me to come to me, I did, gently climbing his legs and straddling him.

His dark eyes found mine, charcoal black hair fell over his damp, beautiful face and I laughed, pushing his hair back, at the exact moment he impaled me. Hard.

My heart stuttered, a different type of pleasure taking over my senses.

I wasn't the one laughing now.

He wasn't either, his eyes wide, his face an expression of pleasure and pain as I settled on his d i c k, rocking back on my heels and taking the length of him.

"Oh, baby," he groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as I tensed around him, he buried his face in my neck and pushed my hair back, fangs finding my pulse as my skin prickled with arousal. "Ride me. Ride me like a f u c k i n g s e x goddess," he rasped, his hands banding around my a s s as he squeezed and caressed me.

I braced my hands on his shoulders, nails scraping his skin as I started to ride him, deep and slow, drawing out this moment as I felt his d\*\*k plunge into my soul, his choppy groans filling my stomach with a thousand butterflies.

His eyes wouldn't leave mine, those pools of darkness and I-

I'm going to come. I'm going to explode. I'm going to burst open.



I felt movement behind me and Aiden leaned over my shoulder, cupping my chin and pulling my face to him in a searing kiss. We were a mess of moans and teeth and tongue as I bounced on his best friend's d i c k while he had his tongue down my throat.

His lubed up fingers teased my a s s and my heart summersaulted as he rubbed circles around my hole before gently slipping his fingers in me.

He swallowed my throaty moan, his other hand squeezing my breast, thumbs teasing my n\*\*\*\*e. "Want me to take you here, baby? Want me to fill this beautiful a\*s with my c\*m?" He whispered against my ear.

"Mhmm." I nodded, not trusting myself to say a single coherent word and getting all the permission he needed, Aiden pushed into me with a grunt, his lubed up d i c k sliding a lot easier than I expected him to.

Full. I felt so full.

"Ah yess. Oh fuckk," Aiden rasped, pushing only the tip in.

I was trembling all over, I didn't trust myself to last a single second more and he wasn't even fully inside me yet.

I stilled, my eyes fluttering shut, my lungs collapsing as I came for the second, third or hundredth time tonight, my walls clenching around both their d i c k s, stars dotting my vision.

But my mates weren't done with me yet.

Zac held my hips in place while Aiden's hand banded around me, pressing my back to his front as they found their rhythm while I surrendered my body to them completely.

"You have no idea," Aiden groaned, pushing in slowly, testing me for any discomfort, "no f u c k i n g idea how good this feels, baby."

His left hand went to my b r e a s t, his other hand rubbing my c l i t, and how have I not died yet? How have I not combusted into nothing?

I wanted him. Gods, I wanted them all so bad.

Ren? I called out, through our telepathic bond, my voice coming out like a desperate, needy whimper. I need you. I need you to shove your c\*\*k so far down my throat that I can't think straight.

The sharp wave of pleasure that flooded my body came from him as he stood before me, his beautiful brown eyes on me, I nodded, knowing that my thoughts were his as I opened my mouth to take him in.

My hands raked up his abs, took his d i c k and practically swallowed it up, moaning from the overstimulation of my bonded mates worshipping me.

I never want this night to end.

I love you, I sent through the bond and as if in answer, I felt my bonds strengthening and interweaving until I didn't know where one started and another ended.

I was theirs. Theirs to love. Theirs to please. Theirs to fill up as they see fit.

And that was fine, because they were mine as much as I was theirs.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 150**

Lily's pov

My heart was heavy with the weight of Cade's confession that morning as I walked into the sparring room where I trained with Chelsea, Rhea and Chase these days.

"Well, you look freshly fvcked," Chelsea giggled, flipping her blue streaked ponytail over her shoulders and grinning at me as she tried to touch her toes in a sitting position.

I wasn't in the mood or maybe I was just too shameless to even afford a decent blush as I dropped my a s s on the mat Rhea had provided for me.

I had infact been freshly fvcked this morning, every morning really, since the boys discovered they enjoyed it better fvcking me all at once. And I wasn't complaining, no, I loved every bit of it but all that afterglow faded during my conversation with Cade after the boys left for their assignment.

The boys had left for their regular assignment to enforce curfew around Poison Fang pack and maintain what was left of the peace and security since our borders were breached days ago, their efforts at contributing to the society that had raised them.

I had wanted to have a conversation with Cade, to hear from him firsthand what really happened between us. My mates had offered to tell me but I wanted to hear it straight from the source.

At first, I had convinced myself to just let it go... But I started to get greedy. Being successfully mated to Ren, Zac and Aiden made me wonder, 'why not hear what Cade has to say? Maybe he had a good excuse for abandoning me two years ago, Since he clearly still thinks of me.'

I'm glad I did.

Rhea's body was contorted like a contortionist, her limbs twisted into dramatic loops that made me worried she wouldn't be able to unknot herself.

She didn't share my worry because she easily unwind herself, stretching into a cobra pose and grinning at me. "You have hickeys for days and you're not even trying to hide it."

"What's there to hide?" Chelsea snorted, "she bagged three of the richest, most powerful guys of our generation."

Wait until they find out that I'm considering letting Cade into my bond family... If I can convince the others to be okay with it. After our conversation this morning... After all I've learned... Cade doesn't deserve it. He never deserved anything he got.

"What's not to show off? I would if I were her. And speaking of hickeys-" Chelsea walked over to me and tugged down the sleeve of my shirt, exposing more of my neck and shoulders. "Woah, that's a lot. You sure you don't need any help, Lily?"

Rhea unfolded herself from the mat and walked over to peer at me. She pointed at one. "Hmm. This one's definitely from Zac."

"I was going to say Aiden. He looks like he's most likely to maul her alive. But Ren could also surprise us. He has to let loose some of that control in bed right?"

“If we’re done sizing up my boyfriends’ interesting capabilities, I’d like to get back on track now. Please? Thank you.”

“Boo! You’re no fun.” Chelsea huffed, walking back to her mat and wrapping her hands with combat bandages.

“Lucky for you, you found yourself a new teacher who won’t turn his lessons into a make out session with you.”

Oh right.

I’ve been doing this behind the boys’ back for the past few days. I know that they take their training and workouts seriously but I didn’t want to ask them for help because I worried they’d go easy on me, even if they don’t mean to. I’ve taught myself to run all my life, I’ve grown used to it, good at it.

It’s time I taught myself to fight.

A war is coming. What shot did I have at surviving except my mates and Dahlia? If I have this new power... These new powers, I needed to learn to control it, to be worthy of wielding be such an offensive weapon.

I would not be weak again. I would not depend on anyone for my own survival. I would never have to suffer under the hands of my bullies, never have to endure Tate’s touch because I couldn’t protect myself, too helpless to know where to hit and how to make it hurt and if there are worse people out there than my bullies, I needed to be prepared for them.

“Chase is late,” I noticed.

“He’ll be here,” Rhea said, glancing worriedly at the door. “He said he would.”

“We’ll start without him. Defend yourself.”

That was all the warning she deigned to let me have. Chelsea might be backtalks, playful grins and sarcastic comebacks most of the time but she was a lethal killing machine here on the sparring ring.

I managed to dodge her first few punches, weaving to the right and to the left as she came at me with a lethal ferocity but she caught me in the jaw, kneed me in stomach and brought her leg down on my spine.

“And another one bites the dust,” she proclaimed, dusting imaginary flint off her sparring outfit as I crashed to the mat, scraping my chin on the rough fabric.

I gasped, a sharp pain flaring through my chin.

I looked up at Chelsea and I didn't see Chelsea anymore. I saw Lana and Rhodes sneering down on me, Lana's heels digging into my spine as she forced me to eat my floor off the floor.

Weak. Stupid and pathetic.

I blew out a breath through my nostrils, I bit down hard on my pain and rose to my feet without her help. “Again.” I growled.

She tilted her head to the side, dark blue eyes squinting at me in worry and then she braced her legs on the mat, her hands coming up towards her face.

I did the same, mirroring her position. My stance is practically the only thing I've perfected since I started these training exercises.

I lunged first, going for her throat. She danced around me, punching a fist into my back and I stumbled, catching myself at the last minute. She swiped her legs under my feet and I ate dust for the second time in five minutes.

Another awful memory flashed in my head and my heart constricted as I scrambled up to my feet, hair strands slipping out of my hair tie and sticking to my face because I was currently a sweaty mess.

I was panting hard, swallowing down large gulps of air.

Cade had told me everything. Everything that had happened. The vendetta at Gold Crest highschool to get me to kill myself. How he had been in on it at first, his mother's perfect little soldier.

I didn't mean to hurt you, he had told me, stumbling over his words, earnestness in his ocean blue eyes. “I never had anything against you. I did what I had to do to earn my keep at home. If I could go back and change everything, I would. I would have pushed back against my mother. I would never have waited until the last minute. I am so desperately sorry, Lily.

I thrust a jab that caught Chelsea by surprise in her ribs and she danced out of the way, light on her feet, retaliating with punch to my kidney.

I winced, stumbling back.

Cynthia... Victor. They had made my life a living, killed my father, all for what? A twisted need for power and control.

Tate had told me he knew people that would break their own necks just to see me suffer. At the time, I had thought it was just another lie to mess with me, but I was starting to see the truth on his words. Just how many nobles in Gold Crest had their pockets lined by Cynthia?

The bullying at Gold Crest hadn't been normal. They had all been edging me towards one thing.

Do us a favour and die already.

Just kill yourself, freak.

Just die so that I won't have to see your face again.

I had thought it was all mindless bullying and I had given in. Oh gods, I had given in, cracking under all that pressure.

Cade had saved me, walked in on the last minute. And what did he get for being my prince charming? Wiped memories and a broken bond.

He must be hurting. He must be hurting so bad.

My arms were starting to hurt, my knees were wobbly but no matter how many times Chelsea knocked me into the ground, I stood back up.

I owed myself that much.

It turned out that I'm good at running but pathetic at hand to hand combat. Who would have thought?

I spent the better part of the next one hour trading punches and blows (or Chelsea making me her professional punching bag) and by the time Chase walked into the sparring room, I could barely keep myself standing straight.

What sent me to my knees was who he walked in with.

“Chase is here,” Chelsea said, letting up. “And he brought company.”

“I swear this wasn’t my plan,” Chase said, holding up his hands.

“You’re back early!” I shrieked at the boys.

“Relax, Duchess,” Zac grinned, wrapping his hands up as Ren circled him, doing the same. “We’re here to train too.”

“Doubt it,” Chelsea mumbled under her breath.

“I’m here to watch your a\*s,” Aiden confessed, going for the weights.

I sighed, fighting down a blush and retied my hair, huffing a breath.

Chase, bless his soul, handed me a bottle water and a towel as Chelsea walked over to Rhea and continued sparring with her.

“You okay?” He asked, after sparing a long look at Rhea.

“Sure. Why wouldn’t I be?” I shrugged, wheezing. I could barely breathe. Barely push myself to stand up straight. I couldn’t even feel my legs.

“We can take a little break,” he suggested, putting on his sparring pads.

“I don’t see the others taking a break,” I nodded at Rhea and Chelsea who were basically trying to maim and kill each other, going at it with knives and claws. They were much faster, much fiercer than Chelsea had been with me.

“You’re not the others.”

Of course I’m not. I’m weaker. Slower. I probably look silly trying to learn from them.

My throat tightened.

“Hey, look at me,” he said gently and I snapped.

I didn’t want that. I didn’t want his pity. His gentleness, I needed him to teach me how to fight. I needed to be better at this. I never want to be at the receiving end of bullying again and I can’t do that if he handles me with kid’s gloves.

“We’re not taking a break, Chase.”

He nodded, pounding his padded fists and holding them up. “A hundred and fifty one-two punches.”

I swallowed, wrapping my hands up, braced my feet on the ground, remembering my stance and punched.

One-two. One.

One-two. Two.

One-two. Three.

My punches were barely making any impact on the Silver Moon noble and it only made me angrier. More erratic.

“Make sure you’re hitting on the right knuckles or it’s going to hurt a lot worse. Use your pointer and middle finger. That’s where your punch should connect. Side step when I swipe at you and try to defend yourself while maintaining offence.”

I sucked. Badly.

I don’t know where these feelings came from. I could have sworn I was over these. Over all these awful memories. I was perfectly fine now, bonded to my mates, surrounded with friends that cared about me, but my conversation with Cade had opened up that can of worms and brought back my feelings of rage with a vengeance.

Maybe I’d have felt better if it was mindless bullying because of some misplaced reason. Maybe I’d have felt better if my father had really been a traitor and had been executed for that. If I had been the daughter of a traitor like they called me all my life.

But no. I didn’t deserve that. My father hadn’t deserved what he got either. None of us did. All my life...

I let out a furious roar as my fist slammed into Chase’s sparring pad. Chase stumbled back, shocked by my sudden burst of strength. My pain was a forgotten feeling now. All that was left was my rage.

“Lily?”



“I’m fine!” I bit out, my shoulder and foot twisting as my fist connected with the sparring pad again.

I sidestepped, my movements fluid and smooth as if my body was finally finally getting used to this grueling routine.

My father had given his entire life for a community that betrayed him. All his life was spent perfecting his skills to better protect Shadow Cove and all our kind, and what did he get for it? What?

Cynthia fvcking Corrigan. Victor Vanderbilt.

Their names were seered in my brain. This was beyond Tate, beyond Lana, Kyrie, Violet and Rhodes. Beyond all those nameless faces that caused me so much pain all my life.

I now had names to tie to the death of my father. Who knew the promise of revenge tasted so sweet.

I will carve their hearts out like a fvcking pumpkin. I’ll make them pay for what they did to him, to me, to my mates.

I was sobbing through clenched teeth and gritted jaw. My heart was pounding erratically and I didn’t care that our entire inner circle would think me pathetic for spontaneously breaking into tears.

MY life! My family! My mate!

The greedy, fvcking b\*\*\*h had taken everything from me... She would hurt her own people, hurt her own son, hurt an innocent man, an innocent child, and for what? For what?!

I didn’t realize something was wrong until I let out another furious punch that sent Chase flying into a wall at the other end of the room.

It wasn’t the sudden strength that made me stop.

I looked at my hands, the charred remnants of the wrappings around my hands were stained with soot and falling apart.

Fire.

I was hyperventilating.

I had burned through the wrappings. How?

I looked at Chase who was groaning on the ground, Ren already attending to him.

Oh No.

I took a step closer but terrifying darkness from nowhere slammed through the entire room, sending everyone flying backwards.

That wasn't from Aiden. It had been from... Me.

"I'm sorry," I reached out, "I didn't mean-"

"I'm alright," Chase said, helping me with a gentle smile. "It's alright."

My resolve cracked. "I hurt you."

Darkness swept in, a different type of darkness, gentle and soft as someone stood before me, calloused fingers taking my chin gently in his grasp.

I looked up and stardust eyes melted down on me.

"I really didn't mean to hurt him." I looked up at Aiden, desperate to make him understand.

"I know, princess. I understand. I know all about unintentionally hurting people, remember?"

It was meant to be a joke and I spared him a chuckle even though there was rage and pain and confusion still swirling in the pit of my stomach.

"Does it always feel this horrible?"

"Most times," he confessed. "What happened?" He tilted his neck. "Tell me?"

I looked around, only to see darkness all around us. Where are we?

"In a pocket of darkness, a new perk I discovered after bonding with you. Figured if you wanted to break down, you'd need some privacy."

"I talked with Cade," I confessed, expecting him to get mad. "He told me what happened two years ago."

His eyes softened. “Lily-“

“Cynthia. She’s evil. She broke my bond with Cade. Wiped his memories... She killed my dad. He died for nothing.”

My shoulders dropped, a gigantic sob tearing through me. “All because of me.”

That’s it. That’s what had been eating me up. I finally allowed myself to admit it.

That’s why I’ve been feeling this way, because if I didn’t have Dahlia, the special wolf that everyone seemed to have, my father wouldn’t be dead, Cade wouldn’t have suffered so much... Aiden...

Aiden wrapped me into his arms until my sobs quietened.

“I miss him so much, Aiden.”

“I know,” he buried his cheek in my hair. “I know, baby. I know because I felt like that everyday after I lost mine, but it’s not your fault. Don’t let yourself believe that for one second.”

“I want to kill her.”

“Understandable.”

“Will it help?”

“You mean does retribution fix all that pain?” He said, reiterating my words, wiping a thumb across my cheek. “The honest answer is no. It doesn’t. You either let it eat you up all the days of your life, or you learn to live with it.”

I swallowed, stared at him. Understanding stared back at me. “I’m sorry about your family, Aiden.”

“And I’m sorry I directed my rage and hurt at you. In my dreams and my nightmares, you still hate me. You never forgave me. Or worse, I got you killed.” He said, his voice quiet, a confession that has probably been tearing him to pieces all this while.

I touched his cheek and all of a sudden, my eyes drew back to the charred wrappings I had burned through.

The darkness cleared from us and the others had gone back to sparring as if nothing had happened, although I could swear that Zac and Ren's eyes were on us and eavesdropping on our conversation.

"Fire..." I mused.

"That's Zac's power."

"And the darkness... that was yours." I flexed my hand, stared at it, a theory forming in my head. "My powers make yours stronger... Do you... Do you think after I bonded with all three of you, I got something in return? Like some of your powers?"

Excitement made my heartbeat thump.

"Try it," he encouraged. "Try summoning some darkness."

I stared at my hands, confused. "How? Do I just think about it?"

"It can't just be created. It has to come from you. You have to come face to face with your own darkness and summon it. Weild it."

I closed my eyes and tried and tried. Searched into the deepest, darkest recesses of my soul.

Ren said I held a lot of compartmentalized rage. I tapped into that. All of my awful memories, my feelings of rage, anger and frustration...

Terrifying wind beat against my face.

"Open your eyes."

Terror. Darkness. There was howling wind around us, burning stars falling towards me with the speed of light, terrifying creatures without shape and form moved and swirled in the darkness.

I gasped, losing my grip and the darkness fell away and I was staring back at Aiden.

"W- what... how..."

His eyes twinkled with pride, he bit his lip into a grin. "You can't control Dahlia, not yet, but we'll work on helping you control our powers."

My eyes brightened, excitement making me bounce on my toes. “You’ll train me?”

“We all will. You still need to work on you endurance, strength and core as well learning to work in sync with Dahlia. But, for now, complete your one-two punches,” he said, raising his hands up. “Control yourself this time and do it without reducing me to smoked meat.”

“f\*\*k you, Aiden.” I laughed, getting in position and holding my fists up.

“You already did, princess.”