

## CHAPTER 2: GOD OF THE SC-SCHOOL

LILY'S POV

PRESENT (2 YEARS LATER):

Getting admitted into Shadow Cove academy would be the worst thing to ever happen to me. It was home to the most wicked demons wearing the skin of highschool teenagers.

I didn't know yet, though, as I stared at the imposing structure looming in front of me. I wiped my clammy hands on my freshly pressed tiny blue pleated skirt that was billowing around my thighs as a gust of wind blew into me.

My head was lled with refreshed thoughts, my heart was lled with renewed hope.

This is it. This is my moment. I'm going to start on a clean slate. Start a new life, keep my head down, graduate the academy with perfect grades and it'll be smooth sailing in the Ivy league university of my choice.

Most especially keep my head down, avoid any trouble.

Shadow Cove academy was bigger and more diverse than Gold Crest prep school had been. It was a school that catered to only the elite of the elites, both in the werewolf and human community.

At least, that's what the brochure said.

Gold Crest was a more concentrated community lled with people that knew me and knew what my father had done. Shadow Cove Academy was more diluted with only the marginally genius kids of the one percent of the one percent in all the four packs and humans alike.

I could easily blend with the humans and no one would bat an eyelash at me for being a woless omega as long as I keep my head down and not look for trouble. Which should be easy enough.

I swallowed a deep breath, dragging it into my lungs and exhaling through my mouth as I climbed up the wide worn steps. My heart stopped in my chest as I gazed on the water fountain that was a giant marble statue of the moon goddess, pouring out an endless bowl of water from her water jar, a serene, gentle expression on her face.

The sound of a group of girls laughing behind me sailed into my ears and my spine froze as apprehension seized my bones.

But they walked past me, not even paying attention to me. No sneers. No jabs. No subtle shoves.

I relaxed a little.

They're not laughing at me, I tried to tell myself. Why would they be laughing at me? No one knows who I am here. I'm safe. I'm safe.

I repeated the mantra three more times before bringing out my class schedule and attempting to nd my way around the maze that was the school, without a map.

I had been given a map, of course, but I made the rm decision to not use it because having my face planted in a map as I try to navigate the school was like having a neon sign pointing at me that read; "Oblivious New girl! Bully her!" It was going to make me stick out more, which will soil my plans of wanting to keep a low prole.

I had already memorized the map over the weekend and I prided myself on having a very good memory.

Finding my class was easier than I had expected and I did a happy little dance and patted myself on the back for nding it with a few minutes to spare before the my rst class.

In retrospect, I probably shouldn't have been too excited because the moment I reached for the door to open it, someone else on the other side got to it before me, and- moving full speed ahead- crashed into me and just continued walking on his way.

He packed a muscle and was probably heavily built because he didn't inch while I fell like a pack of cards right on my ass.

I gasped in shock as a sharp pain shot through my tailbone, wincing when I tried to stand up gracefully.

"Watch where you're going," the walking brick wall sneered at me, walking past.

You walked into me, dumbass.

It took me a few moments to realize through the heavy silence that ensued after my statement that... oh s\*\*t. I had said that out loud.

Fear seized my bones and I started shaking with trepidation, memories of my past washing over me like a freaking tsunami.

A crowd was already gathering among us, students of the prestigious school that I thought had more to do with their free time, poked their heads out of windows and classes, whispering among themselves.

Did you hear what she said?

She just called Aiden a dumbass.

I heard he tortured a boy for just looking him in the eyes while he walked past.

Do you know who she is?

She's probably new. Everyone here knows not to get in Aiden Vanderbilt's f\*\*\*\*g way.

All the blood drained from my face as soon as I heard his name.

Aiden King freaking Vanderbilt. The son of the now deceased alpha and luna of Night Shade pack. The ones my father had-

I quickly stood back up, shaking and terried, turning around and bowing low at my waist, refusing to look him in the eyes. "I'm very sorry for walking into you. I- It won't happen again."

Silence.

Oh god, the silence.

A gust of wind blew into me, raising the hair on my skin and I shivered as I heard his footsteps drawing closer and closer.

My heart wouldn't stop thumping in my chest when he nally came to a stop before me.

I was hit by the whiff of his expensive, exotic cologne and I didn't expect it when his deep, husky voice snarled in my ears.

"You know what I hate more than liars?" He asked, so, so close to me that I couldn't breathe without inhaling some of his oxygen.

I inched, shaking my head and trying to stop the trembling in my bones.

"f\*\*\*\*g peasants that don't know simple courtesy. When you address the king, you do it on your f\*\*\*\*g knees." He growled, grabbing my shoulders and forcing me down until I was kneeling before him.

I almost cried in pain when my knee cracked against the intricate brick patio oor but still, I refused to give him that satisfaction of seeing me cry.

"You must be one of the charity cases that were offered a scholarship. You reek of poverty."

He stopped and took a strand of my hair, tugging it painfully. "Well? Are you?" He demanded.

"Y-yes." I muttered and my ears reddened when snickers broke out around the crowd.

I could hear the sneer in his voice even though I wasn't looking at him. "My parents built this school but I still have to pay to be here. What makes you think you deserve to walk these halls that the rest of us pay for? These halls are mine, this school is mine, when you see me coming, you f\*\*\*\*g. Get. Out. Of. My. Way." He snarled, shoving me back so that I fell on the ground.

Click click click.

I heard it; the sound of shutters shutting and opening.

They were taking pictures. This bully was intimidating me and they were taking pictures!

Anger and rage boiled in my stomach and I nally lifted my head to glare at him. "Why don't you go to hell where you c-"

I stopped the moment my eyes clashed with his.

My eyes widened. My throat closed up.

I felt hot and cold at the same time as I stared into those stardust eyes of his.

Glossy raven black hair curled heavily over his forehead, haunting good looks, lips so red, they looked bloodied. These were all lethal features on his handsome face. He looked like he was shaped from diamond and vice. Brilliant, decadent and ruthless.

Ice seemed to pour on my bones because I have never frozen so hard in my entire life, at the same time, raging heat consumed my entire body, making me want to shed off my blazer and fan myself.

I curled a st around my racing heart, trying to get it to calm down.

I've only ever had this type of reaction for one guy and it hadn't ended well for me.

"You?!" Aiden gasped, his sneer turning almost livid and nightmarish.

I don't know if it was just me, but shadows seemed to writh out of him and curl around him, taking hideous shapes and snapping at me. Almost like they were mad at me and protecting him from me.

I wasn't expecting it when he grabbed my by the collar and lifted me up, shoving me against a wall, his wicked eyes boring holes into mine.

"Lily f\*\*\*\*g Beauregard." There was nothing nice about that vicious smile stretching his lips. "You think you know hell? You're about to meet the f\*\*\*\*g devil. I'm going to make your life so miserable, you'll wish for death. One way or the other, by my hands or yours, I'm going to make sure you join your father where he's rotting in hell."

He turned around to the crowd that had gathered around us, earning a violent cheer when he announced; "She's all yours. Give her a warm welcome into the academy. One that's worthy of the Vanderbilt name."

He turned back to look at me, that vicious smirk on his blood red lips. "They'll tear you apart. Let's see how long you'll last."

My heart dropped to my feet. D- Did he just give them the greenlight to bully me?

I gasped when he pulled me close, leaning into me and brushing his lips against the shell of my ears. "Pretty enough though. I'd f\*\*k you if I didn't hate the blood you share with that traitor."

My life, the clear path I had mapped out to stay unnoticed in this school, all of it was already crumbling to pieces and going to ames by the time he let me go and I dropped to the ground, shaking and holding back tears.

He glared at me one last time, towering over me, before he turned and walked away, an arrogant set in his wide shoulders. The stride of a proud and ruthless king. As he walked, everyone made way for him and it wasn't until he was out of sight before the entire crowd turned on me.

"You heard what King said!" A boy hollered, "f\*\*\*\*g murder that b\*\*\*h!"

I didn't need a seer to tell me to drag my ass up and get the hell out of there.