

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 31**

Ren's POV

Have you ever felt so happy, you thought you could take on the world and everything that was in it?

That was how I felt as I drove back home after spending the entire afternoon with Lily.

Now more than ever I had no regrets about running after her back in school during lunch and suggesting that we left school to a quiet place.

I didn't even know that I had needed that break away from school as much as Lily did until we actually arrived at Olga's diner and I had seen how Lily had smiled, her face no longer guarded and distrustful the further we got away from school.

Olga's diner was a cozy little spot tucked away on the outskirts of town. Its retro decor and friendly atmosphere had immediately put her at ease. Throughout the afternoon, I couldn't help but notice how Lily's eyes lit up with excitement, her sorrows and previous reservations fading away.

Absolutely beautiful. She was an epitome of beauty and the best part was that she did not even know it. It made it worse that I could see her emotions in all of those bright colours and it was difficult to take my eyes off of her the entire time and if she noticed, she did not complain about it, her blush making me feel like I was actually doing something right.

And then there was the part where holding her hand had felt like the most natural thing in the world. I had not even realized what I was doing until it was time to order food and I had released her hand to take the menu, feeling the sudden loss as if I had been meant to hold her hand for a long time.

Olga had called her my girlfriend and I could admit to myself that the reason why I had not corrected her, or told her the truth that I was still with Mauve was because in that moment, I wanted it to be true. I wanted to forget about the reality that I was in. The reality where Lily was nothing but a friend.

We had spent the afternoon talking, laughing, and enjoying each other's company. It felt like time had slowed down, and for those precious hours, the

outside world ceased to exist. We delved into our dreams, our fears, and our hopes for the future, each revelation strengthening the bond between us.

The bond. I could feel it weaving into the crevices of my heart. I knew I was treading on dangerous waters but I just couldn't stop myself.

The more I stared at her, the more she spoke passionately about her hobbies and how she yearned to become something better despite the blows life had dealt her, the more I tripped and fell over the delightful creature that was Lily Beauregard. She spoke of her mother, her bestfriend, her job at the flowershop and her dreams of leaving Shadow Cove and as she spoke, her eyes had sparkled with an infectious enthusiasm that was impossible to look away from. I could watch her breathe and be fascinated.

In turn, I opened up about my own past. I had never shared this with anyone outside of my best friends. But with Lily, it felt natural to expose my vulnerabilities. She listened intently, her genuine interest making me feel validated and understood.

In that quaint little diner, surrounded by the comforting scent of freshly brewed coffee, we found solace in one another. Our connection grew stronger with every word exchanged, as if we were unraveling the layers that had shielded us from the world.

As the afternoon waned, the sun cast a warm, golden glow through the window. We reluctantly realized it was time to leave.

Driving back home, I couldn't wipe the smile off my face. Lily's contagious happiness had seeped into my soul, erasing any doubts or fears that had lingered. It was as if we had discovered a secret, a hidden oasis where our dreams could thrive.

Little did I know that this was only the beginning of our journey together. The afternoon at Olga's diner had laid the foundation for something extraordinary.

I was almost at home when her message came in and I knew that I could not wait to get home before replying her message, so I parked by the road and opened it.

I beamed with pride when I saw her message gushing about one of the songs that I had recommended to her. It made my chest puff that she was already

listening to the playlist I had sent to her and that she liked what she was hearing.

Making a mental note to make more playlists and send to her, I sent a reply immediately.

We typed back and forth, my hands trembling on the steering as I waited for each and every one of her reply. As she was sending it, I was devouring it.

Lily : you better not driving and texting, smartass.

Me: And if I was? Would you get down from the bus and come and scold me?

I didn't want to tell her that I had stopped somewhere just to text with her and how much fun it was, worried that it would scare her.

Lily: maybe. If you say please.

"I'll do anything to be scolded by a pretty girl," I was already typing and had clicked send without even thinking it through.

Her next reply took a while longer and I tapped my fingers anxiously on the steering wheel, waiting for her response. She probably thought that I was just messing with her when I meant every single word.

My heart was in my mouth as I watched her typing and when I read her reply, there was a huge smile on my face.

Lily: This pretty girl is just worried about you and wants you to get back to school or home in one piece. There are so many dire consequences of texting and driving.

I stopped, warmth exploding in my chest.

When was the last time anyone worried for me? I did all the worrying. All the looking out for my friends. By the time I was done, there was no one to look out for me.

Ren: Your worry is deeply appreciated, pretty girl. And I'm not texting and driving. So you don't need to worry your pretty little mind.

I waited for her reply for several minutes and when she did, I was bummed but knew that it was time to go.

Lily: Just got down and heading home. I'll talk to you later. Thank you for a lovely day.

The smile on my face remained until I arrived at the front gate of my parents' sprawling estate and was met with the icy, judgemental gaze of my parents' workers.

I felt a sudden shift in the atmosphere as I stepped out of the car. The warm glow from my time with Lily at Olga's diner seemed to fade into the distance, replaced by an icy chill that emanated from the judgmental gazes of my parents' workers. Their disapproving eyes scanned me from head to toe, their unspoken criticisms echoing loudly in my mind.

Mistake. Disappointment. A stain on the Hawthornes.

I switched off my powers before I could hear anything more.

As I made my way towards the grand entrance, a pang of sadness enveloped me. It was a stark reminder that the world outside our little oasis was not always as accepting or supportive. The contrast between the freedom and acceptance I had experienced with Lily and the scrutiny I faced within the confines of my parents' estate was jarring.

Irwin and Ariel, the alpha and luna of Silver moon pack, my parents as I have come to know them, were not bad people in the general sense, they were just bad for each other.

Together they were known for their cold elegance and unwavering adherence to societal norms, had built an environment that stifled me and swallowed any trace of colour. Their hatred for each other was palpable, and it seemed to seep into the very air I breathed. Their mating bond was a joke, a lousy one, and I was living proof of that.

His mother seduced the king.

I don't know what he's still doing here. Luna Ariel should never have accepted him as her son.

The son of a f\*\*\*\*\*g w\*\*\*e has no right to claim the title of a prince.

Shh! We were told not to speak of this!

Who cares? He's scum after all. I heard his mate is miserable with him.

I shrugged off the scathing whispers as I approached the entrance, determined to maintain the newfound strength and happiness I had discovered. I reminded myself that I couldn't let their judgment define me. I had experienced a taste of true authenticity and acceptance with Lily, and I wasn't willing to let go of that newfound freedom.

With a deep breath, I straightened my posture and walked past the workers, their disapproving glances bouncing off me like raindrops on a sturdy umbrella. I refused to let their opinions dampen my spirits or diminish the connection I had forged with Lily.

Inside the opulent mansion, I was greeted by the familiar opulence and ostentatious displays of wealth. The polished marble floors and intricate chandeliers seemed to mock my desire for simplicity and genuine human connection. It was a stark reminder of the gilded cage I called home.

As I ascended the grand staircase, I vowed to keep the flame of my newfound happiness alive, even in the face of my everyone's disapproval. I took a page out of Lily's handbook and just kept going. Her resilience was awe inspiring. She had been through far worse than I ever had and still managed to show up the next day with a hopeful smile on her lips. She shook the very foundations upon which my privileged life was built.

As I entered my room, I closed the door behind me, shutting out the echoes of the outside world, prepared for the utter peace and quiet solitude of my sanctuary.... When suddenly, somebody jumped on my back, knocking me into the ground.

"You're back!" Rhea squealed, hugging me tight and kissing my cheek before climbing back up to her feet.

She was already out of her school uniform and seemed to be fighting the grin on her face.

I sighed and sat up, massaging my jaw, trying to make sure it still worked right.

"So?" She quipped, tilting her hair curiously, long wheat coloured hair falling down the side of her face, still fighting off that devious grin. "Where have you been all afternoon?"

“What do you mean, sister?” I said with an innocent smile that made her roll her eyes.

“You skipped school, genius and didn’t come back and no, don’t try to wiggle your way out of this one because would you look at the time. Since lunch! Where were you? Spill!” She demanded, stamping her feet.

I laughed and stood up, taking off my bag and putting it on my desk, purposely taking my time before gracing her a response.

If I was not already used to my sister’s constant questioning and adored how she wanted to know more about my life, which could not be said about my parents, I would have fled the minute she released me.

“I went to Olga’s.” I answered and she nodded dramatically.

“Alone?”

“No, with a friend.”

“Okay, I’m tired of this. Let me ask you upfront. Did you spend the afternoon with Lily? You know, pretty girl that is named after a flower and happens to go to our school?”

I shrugged, my smile giving me away and she smirked.

“Oh, I called it! That’s wonderful. I like her and we are going to be besties!” She answered, doing a happy dance that made me laugh as she turned and jumped on my bed.

“Please, Ren, can you tell me more about her? What is she like? What kind of songs does she listen to? Does she like parties? Does she like to eat?” Rhea rambled on with many questions and I knelt before her and placed a finger to her lips, causing her to immediately go silent and she raised her brows at me.

“What?”

“I’ll tell you everything but you need to relax, little tiger. Breathe.”

“This is what happens when you’re five foot six next to your over six foot brother even though he’s only older by a few months. I’m not little.”

“Say that to my shoulder the next time we are standing beside each other.” I teased and she rolled her eyes, her expression suddenly turning solemn.

“Aiden, Zac and Mauve were not happy when you left. You should have seen the looks on their faces, especially Mauve’s. They think you’re choosing her over them and you know that they will not just sit down without trying something, Ren. Promise me that you’ll look out for her, brother. She’s sweet and doesn’t deserve the cruel hand life has dealt her. Promise me that you’ll shield her, even if it means going against your friends.”

I nodded and kissed her outstretched pinky finger. I didn’t need her to tell me. I knew what was at stake the moment I walked away from the cafeteria, and I also knew so much about Lily now that it would be impossible for me to do nothing and watch her get hurt. For me to walk out on her now that I knew she needed all the support she could get.

I knew my friends would not sit back and do nothing but neither would I.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 30**

Lily’s pov

A nightmare. I was stuck in a nightmare.

I could hear the front door open downstairs and my mother calling out my name but I could not move from where I was laying on the floor, rocking myself forward and backward as I tried to stop crying and failed.

My home has been infiltrated. My safe space. My abode. There’s nowhere safe for me anymore.

How could this have happened? When did this happen? Why was someone out to make my life miserable?

I stared up at the nude pictures of me that were strung up on the wall and saw one where I had been smiling.

So foolish. I was so foolish and naive to have believed back then that someone like me deserved to be loved. .

But why? What had I done to earn such cruelty? All my life, I had tried to fit in and then when my father died, I had been hated so much that stepping outside on some days felt like a death sentence.

The only place that I had felt safe was my house. It was my sanctuary against all of the horrors that I usually faced outside of these walls and now someone had taken this away from me too.

Someone had decided that even my home would not be a safe space for me to be in. Someone had decided to make sure that whatever hell I was experiencing would find me at home.

Nowhere was safe for me any longer. Not even my own bedroom.

“Lily?” I heard my mother call out again, her footsteps gaining on the room and if I didn’t feel so physically drained, I might have tried to lock the door so that she would not see what had happened to her daughter.

“Sweetheart?” My mother said as she entered the room and her eyes widened in panic when she saw me on the ground and she rushed to where I was, kneeling in front of me, her eyes wide with panic as she touched my forehead, barely registering the state of disarray that my bedroom was in, thanks to those intruders.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart? Are you sick? Are you hurting anywhere?” She asked and even though I was looking at her, I didn’t even see her. My eyes were stuck on the ceiling above her head.

“I’m going to get you some water and advil, okay?” She said, jumping to her feet and when she turned around, her eyes finally taking in the disaster that was my bedroom, her mouth fell open in a gasp.

“Oh my God!” She cried and I watched, numb as she started tearing down the pictures from the wall and picking up the ones from the bed, tearing them to shreds.

I could only watch as she kept tearing paper after paper and then she rushed to me and pulled me in for a hug, her body shaking furiously with tears as she kissed my head.

“Oh my sweetheart, I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry, my love. You won’t go back to that God awful place, okay? I will make sure I find those who did this and they



will pay severely for it, but you are going to continue to be homeschooled, okay? I'm sure it's those academy people and even if it is not, it has to be from your former school. They will all pay for this severely, I promise, okay?"

The mention of the academy and that I won't be going back was what finally snapped me out of my shock and I moved to stand up, shaking my head almost immediately.

"Mum, I can't not go back to the academy."

Yes, this was one of the worst days of my life. Yes, people had come into my home and called me a w\*\*\*e, plastered it on my walls like they owned the place, like they had the right to, but now more than ever, I knew that not going back to the academy was not an option.

I was going to do everything possible to escape this life and Shadow cove academy was the safest one way ticket out of this hellhole. How could my mother not see that?

Exactly like I had predicted, my answer brought a frown to my mother's face and she rose to her feet, her eyes filled with anger as she spoke.

"What do you mean that you can't? How naive can you get? Do you think they really want you there? You think that you got that scholarship out of the kindness of their heart? Look around you, Lily. Is that not enough for you to realize that I'm right? Or is this because of some boy? And don't you lie to me, because it could not have been some girl that made you wake up in the morning to make cookies. Have you learned nothing? You did not learn your lesson with Cade? Are you really that stupid, Lily?"

Her outraged response snapped something in me and I screamed, done with everything.

"Naive?" I scoffed "Stupid? Whose fault is it that we are being treated like the dirt beneath people's shoes? Whose fault is it that people don't even see me as human? It's yours, mother. Yours and no one else's. You talk to me about boys and yet you married a traitor and murderer and did not even know what he was planning and could not stop him, so who are you to advise me about lessons learnt? You and father are the reasons why my life is the hell that it is." I screamed and gasped when my mother closed the distance between us and slapped me hard, my face turning to the side from the force of the hit.

The silence in the room as we stared at each other with wide eyes was palpable and I saw the anger in her eyes change to regret as she started to shake her head immediately. She took one step forward, but I took two back immediately, my hand still holding my cheek. My mother had never slapped me before. Well, there was a first time for everything now, it seemed.

“Oh my God, Lily, I’m so sorry.”

Snapped. I just snapped.

“Sorry?” I whispered, dragging in a strained breath. “You’re sorry?”

“Lily-“

“I guess I’m the resident punching bag for everyone to use as they seem fit.” I glared at her, my tone cold and dead. “Right now, there’s no difference between you and them.”

“Lily, Don’t say that,” she whispered, her voice breaking like she was hurt.

She had the audacity to stand there and play the victim.

“Please leave mum. I’m tired. Please.”

“But...”

“Just go.” I pointed towards the door, heart breaking when I saw the shattered look on her face as she nodded and walked out and I could not help the tears that trickled down my face as I slammed the door shut and locked it, turning around to stare at my destroyed room.

Somebody seemed to have come here swinging with a baseball bat. All my pictures were knocked off my dresser. My lamp, lay shattered on the floor, its broken pieces scattered like shards of hope. The once cozy atmosphere of my sanctuary had been replaced by a chaotic mess that mirrored the turmoil inside me.

I stumbled forward, navigating through the debris, and collapsed onto the edge of my bed. The weight of the recent events crashed down on me, threatening to suffocate my every breath. How did it come to this? I never imagined that love could wield such a destructive force, leaving behind a trail of shattered dreams and broken promises.

My mind replayed the entire day, the brief commercial break of happiness I had with Re-

I stopped. Ren...

Of course!

All this must have happened during my 'getaway' with Ren. He wasn't helping me. Wasn't on my side. He was helping his besties distract me while they ran amuck in my home.

I wiped away the tears with trembling hands, my gaze hardening, clarity crystallizing my blood and hardening my heart.

With a newfound determination, I rose from the wreckage and began the process of healing. I started by picking up the broken pieces, not only those scattered across the room but also the fragments of my own shattered heart.

My phone vibrated in my hand and when I checked, I remembered that I had been in a conversation with Ren and he had left a couple of messages in response, wondering if I was okay, but instead of feeling relieved by his messages, all I could think about was how Cade had slithered into my life like the snake that he was and hurt me.

Ren was probably the same and for all I knew he could have been responsible for helping sure I was kept away from home while his friends thrashed my room.

My mother was right. I was naive to trust anyone after Cade.

Sending him a message to leave me alone, I blocked his number immediately and flung my phone on the bed.

Never again, Lily. Once bitten, twice shy.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 32**

Ren's POV

Maybe I was overdoing it, I thought to myself as I ran my bath but I could not help the fact that my mind kept going back to Lily over and over again.

Take for instance, I had gone to change the oils and soaps that I would have normally used to bathe to products that smelled like Jasmine and lavender because it reminded me of her.

As the warm water filled the bathtub, carrying with it Lily's gentle fragrance, I smiled to myself.. It seemed that every aspect of my life had become intertwined with her presence, even in the simplest of moments like taking a bath.

I chuckled softly to myself, realizing how absolutely f\*\*\*\*d I am with her. I swear, all I ever wanted to do was protect her, be there for her but after today, I was done lying to myself. I liked her. I really liked her. The way her smile lit up a room, the sound of her laughter echoing in my mind, and the way her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm—every memory of her was etched in my heart.

As I submerged myself in the soothing water, closing my eyes, I allowed myself to indulge in the memories of our time together. Each shared moment replayed in my mind like a cherished movie, bringing a surge of happiness that coursed through my veins.

The sound of Lily's voice echoed in my thoughts, as vivid as if she were right there beside me, her laughter intertwining with the tranquil ambiance of the bathroom. I could almost feel her presence, as if the walls themselves whispered her name.

But amidst the euphoria, a hint of longing crept into my heart. The desire to be with Lily, to feel her warmth and see her smile, grew with every passing second. The thought of being apart, even for a short while, felt like a void in my soul.

With a contented sigh, I leaned back, closing my eyes.

I could not deny that I felt a sense of emptiness, which I realized had not been present at all when I was with her. If Rhea found out about this, she would never let me hear the end of it.

Maybe I should have asked her to stay longer today, found an excuse to keep talking to her or taken her to another of my favourite places. I liked talking to her. With Mauve, there was never any talking, just mostly insults from her end except when she wanted to beg for something which made her to feign politeness that was outright unbelievable.

Mauve's demeanor was as sharp as her name implied, always quick to criticize and insult. The rare moments of politeness from her were merely manipulative ploys to get what she wanted. It was a stark contrast to the authenticity and kindness I found in Lily.

The thought of Mauve discovering the depth of my connection with Lily sent a shiver down my spine. She had always been possessive and prone to jealousy, and the idea of her finding out about my growing feelings for Lily made me apprehensive. I knew that if she caught even a whiff of my emotional attachment to Lily, she would seize the opportunity to berate me endlessly. She had a way of twisting words and using them as weapons, tearing down any vulnerability I dared to reveal. It was a toxic dynamic that had kept me trapped for far too long.

The emptiness I felt in that moment reminded me of the void that had persisted in my relationship with Mauve. It was a constant struggle, a cycle of toxicity that left me yearning for something more meaningful. With Lily, I had tasted a different kind of connection—one that felt genuine, sincere, and fulfilling. It was easy to see me getting addicted to that taste.

Frowning, I remembered that today was Friday and that I was not going to be able to see her till Monday. Yeah, I should probably text her and see if she had plans this weekend and if I could somehow factor into those plans.

Platonic plans, of course, right? It would not hurt to see and speak with her, would it?

Reaching for my phone, I unlocked it and realized that my phone was blowing up with messages and not from the person that I wanted to be texting me right now.

There were a couple of messages from Aiden and Zac asking to meet up and speak and when I was done.

"Where are you?!" Zac texted in big bold letters. "We need to talk."

Aiden, ever the sadist was next. "Really, Ren? You left us to go console that girl? Don't tell me you've found another charity case to help out. I swear, that's all you Hawthornes ever do."

I ignored Aiden completely and texted Zac, "no we don't. I'm busy right now."

I tried replying as politely as I could, given that I was angry with them and they knew it, I moved to the one person whose messages I would never expect but never seemed to stop coming in.

Mauve.

The first series of messages were uncharacteristically calm and just demanding where I was.

“Where are you?”

“Did you ditch school? It’s been an hour already and I still need a ride home. Sydney is being unbearable today.”

“I swear, how long does it take to console a crying girl?”

“Ren!”

The next set, however, were the reason why I would never be happy with Mauve texting me.

“Ren, I’m serious, if you don’t reply me right now!”

“You’re with that b\*\*\*h, huh? You’re with Lily aren’t you? You think you can get her to f\*\*k you, huh?”

“You’re so pathetic. No one in their right senses would be interested in dating you when they’ve seen who you really are and how pathetic you are. No one! Especially a low life like Lily.”

She proceeded to insult me and Lily in words that I didn’t even know were in the dictionary.

I stopped reading at some point, extremely tired and needing something else to wipe away the bitter taste in my mouth after reading those messages.

Opening the message app again, I searched for Lily’s name and started to type but every time I wrote something, all that came out was either weird, clingy or downright stalkerish, especially because I was the one with a girlfriend. What was the polite and best way to ask a girl that was not your girlfriend but you just saw barely hours ago that you wanted to see her again because you can’t stop thinking about her without sounding like a total lunatic?

“Hey,” my finger hovered over the send button. I shook my head and deleted the text, retyping; “are you home yet?”

No. That sounds too clingy.

“Can I see you?”

Even more clingy.

I kept typing and deleting until I just decided to give up. I needed to give her some space or I was going to chase her away. Letting out a huge sigh, I stepped out of the bath and walked into my closet to find something to wear, the scent of jasmine and lavender trailing after me and painfully reminding me of how difficult this thing I was doing with Lily was.

Opting for just a pair of sweatpants, I slung the plain tee shirt over my shoulders and headed into the theater to watch a movie when Pearl, my sister’s cat bounded into the room and curled herself around my foot.

Rhea had found Pearl when she was only a kitten, abandoned and had taken her in, but no matter that the cat was the most adorable creature in this house, she did not like to have company and it was difficult to have the maids care for a cat that did not allow anyone but Rhea to touch her, not that I had tried at the time until one day when I had slept off in the theatre and woken up to the furry creature sleeping beside me.

Perhaps it was because of how much I resembled my sister or my ancestry as Fae that allowed her to like me but she did to a fault and Rhea often teased me about it that I was pretty enough that even animals wanted to be close to me. Not that I minded.

“Hello, precious.” I cooed and lifted her in my arms, settling her on the chair beside me as I turned on the projector and started scrolling through the movies, looking for one that went with my mood.

Chuckling when Pearl climbed my chest and made herself comfortable, I heard my phone notification ring and excited, reached for it, hoping that Lily had maybe sent a message, however it was a notification of an Instagram post put up by Mauve.

It was a dark aesthetic photo where her fingers were dipped in red paint and the caption read: When I send a message, I prefer to do it in red.

A chilling feeling immediately enveloped me because I knew that there had to be a hidden meaning behind that post. What had Mauve done this time?

Even though I didn't want to, I was about to call her to find out when my phone lit up with a message.

It was from Lily. The smile on my face immediately appeared, all my dark feelings melting away as I quickly opened her message to find two pictures; one of a poofy black cat and the other of her, doing the peace sign with the black cat.

My grin widened and I magnified the picture until the only thing I was staring at was her beautiful radiant face and sweet smile.

I didn't need anyone to tell me that what I was feeling right now as I stared at this picture was dangerous but I went ahead to send a picture of Pearl on my chest and waited for her reaction and when I did not get one immediately, I jokingly sent her another text, asking if the cat was cute enough to get a reaction from her. And her next series of texts were her gushing over the cat and asking if we could organize a date for the two of them.

I would do anything she wanted as long as it meant that I got to hang out with her and it made me giddy with glee that she was the one making the suggestions.

Quickly confessing that Pearl belonged to my sister so that she would not think that I was purposely lying to her, I was smiling at her reply when the door to the theatre opened and Rhea walked in, dread in her teal blue eyes.

"Mum and dad are back," she said quietly. "And they want to speak with you."

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 33**

Ren's pov

Irwin and Ariel Hawthorne, otherwise known as my parents, were like the sun and the moon, like fire and ice, like oil and water. Just think of anything that did not mix well or ever seem to meet and that was my parents for you.

So imagine my surprise when I walked in on them today and found them sitting together quietly in my father's study, not trying to tear each other apart with words or bickering like children.



The worst part? They looked so good together on the outside that no one would know that their marriage was only on paper and that they were probably the worst people for each other.

I dreaded the conversation that I was about to have with them as much as I dreaded seeing them together but apparently the only people who did not seem to agree that they were bad for each other and needed to split up were my parents themselves, no matter how Terribly they treated and continued to treat each other over the years. Talk about a toxic couple that defeated the word toxic.

They were usually never around, traveling the world for long period of days or weeks to manage their different businesses, never seeing eye to eye and were rarely ever in the same place at the same time, unless during council meetings and important occasions.

Of course, the important occasions did not include anything related to their children except it was for the purpose of keeping up appearances.

A farce. The Hawthorne family to the outside world was a farce but the truth was that we were four strangers that were living together with maids and servants to do our every bidding who were most likely happier than we were with their own families.

I stood frozen in the doorway, unable to tear my eyes away from the sight of my parents sitting together in an uncharacteristic silence. It was as if time had stopped, and I couldn't help but feel a mixture of disbelief and apprehension. What could possibly bring them together like this?

Irwin, my father, was a tall and imposing figure with a commanding presence. His sharp features and piercing eyes had always given him an air of authority. On the other hand, my mother, Ariel, was a graceful woman, her elegance contrasting sharply with my father's stern demeanor. It was strange to see them side by side, their physical appearances forming a picture of compatibility that contradicted the reality of their relationship.

For as long as I could remember, their marriage had been tumultuous, filled with arguments and cold silences. They were like two magnets with opposite poles, constantly repelling each other. I often wondered why they stayed together, why they persisted in a relationship that seemed destined for failure.

The truth was, their marriage had always been a facade—a carefully constructed illusion maintained for the sake of appearances. They were both masters at projecting an image of the perfect power couple, even though behind closed doors, they were anything but.

As I moved slowly and further into the study, I watched with suspicion and almost disbelief that they were not only NOT fighting but were laughing quietly over a matter that was being spoken in hushed tones and as if they could sense that another person was in the room, they became quiet in unison, raising their heads to look at me in a way that made me remember that despite how they appeared, they were old souls in younger bodies. Immortality sure had its perks.

What surprised me was that they did not only look well rested, instead of weary and upset like they usually did in each other's company, they looked like they had grown even younger. It made me wonder what businesses they had been up to during their last travels and despite knowing that I would probably receive no answers or vague responses, I decided not to ask and that was when my mother finally spoke.

“Did you keep an eye on Lily Beauregard like I asked you to?” She said and I hated the bitter taste in my mouth at how she had just gotten down to business. Could she not have at least pretended to care about me or asked about school or something?

“Yes, I did as you instructed.” I bit out, holding my tongue when I would have added ‘mother’ to that statement but since Ariel Hawthorne was going to treat this like a business enterprise, then so be it.

“Well? Did you find anything?” Ariel asked and I frowned, fighting the urge to remain as still as possible because losing my temper over being used as a tool instead of being considered as their son would be totally uncalled for in their eyes.

I should be grateful to Ariel, I guess. Most Lunas wouldn't bring up a w\*\*\*e's child, a living testament of their husband cheating, and raise them as their own. She has never given me any reason to doubt her love for me. When I was sick and nearly lost my life, she had cried the hardest and did whatever she could to make me healthy again. She was more of a mother than my own birth mum will ever be.

“I’ve done what you asked. I’ve searched through her mind and there is nothing there. I could not find anything remotely evil or incriminating.” I answered defensively and when my parents gave me a worried look that made me sense that they didn’t believe me, I did not hesitate to open my mind to them and show them all of the thoughts, except of course the ones that I knew Lily would never want anyone to know about and painted a very vivid picture of who Lily was in their heads. She was no evil witch or monster.

The monsters were in fact everyone but her at Shadow cove academy, especially those that did nothing but pick on her and bring tears to her eyes.

“She is not a monster. She’s a good person.” I added, making sure that they did not suspect I was speaking with any bit of emotion which would automatically make them nullify my answer.

“We believe you.” My father said and I was about to start defending Lily before I realized what he had just said.

“You do?” My mouth fell open in shock because I thought that it would take me the entire day to convince them otherwise.

Ariel nodded and slid out a sheet of paper to the table that separated me from them.

“From the moment I read that girl’s application essay, I believed that the child may not be a harbinger of evil like we thought and even though your gift far supersedes my own, I have always been able to tell when someone has good or evil intentions and trust me, that essay proved to me that the only thing we should be worried about is how bright she can make her future with the hope and light in that writing of hers.”

She continued. “I had wanted to be sure about the child which was why I asked that you monitor her and now that we are certain, we can now proceed to appeal to the council that she lives past her eighteenth birthday.”

I remained as still as a gargoyle, swallowing all of the information.

I must have been reading their emotions all wrong. They weren’t hostile and apprehensive, they were just dreading to hear from me and having their thoughts confirmed.

I frowned, realizing a bug in my powers. A defect in the system I trusted.

My mind raced, trying to process the unexpected turn of events. I had been prepared for a battle, for a long and arduous process of trying to convince my parents of Lily's goodness. And yet, here they were, not only acknowledging their previous misconceptions but also expressing support for her.

The realization that my gift had failed me in reading their emotions accurately hit me like a ton of bricks. It was a humbling reminder that even with my abilities, I couldn't always grasp the true depths of people's thoughts and feelings.

My perceptions of emotions was subject to error, depending on my preconceived notions. It made me question everything I've ever believed about my powers. I was so sure of it, so confident in my ability to read emotions but now, I realized that my preconceived thoughts and sentiments affected my powers and sometimes could twist the truth and show me what I wanted to see instead of what actually was.

My parents were still talking.

"Even if the others may be on board, Victor and Aiden will never stand for it. Almost their entire bloodline had been wiped out and they're feeling more vengeful than the others. They may demand retribution but as long as we can get the others on their side, we won't have to worry much about the Vanderbilts. The others wouldn't want to harm an innocent she-wolf the way Aiden and Victor seem to be ready to do and no matter how ruthless they may be, they won't stand to have the blood of an innocent on their hands, especially if the majority of the deciding body is against such an act." My father gruffly added and I realized that my mouth had fallen open in surprise at all of this information.

As I listened to my parents' conversation, the pieces of a larger puzzle started to fall into place. Under the flashing lights, lavish lifestyle and expensive outlook of the royal families, our actual world was a complex web of politics and power dynamics that extended far beyond our family. It seemed that Lily's fate hinged not only on my parents' decision but also on the support or opposition of influential figures in the council.

Victor and Aiden, two individuals whose bloodline had suffered the most losses, seemed to hold a deep-seated grudge and sought retribution. Their vengeful desires clashed with the broader sentiment among the council members, who were hesitant to harm an innocent she-wolf like Lily. It was a

delicate balance, one that required swaying the opinions of the majority in order to protect her.

My mind whirled with the weight of this revelation. The only important thing that really mattered to me was that Lily was going to live.

I bowed and turned around to leave but stopped and decided to ask the first question that had come to my mind when I entered the study.

“There is something different about you two.” I told them, brows raising when Ariel linked her hand through my father’s.

Am I in an alternate reality?

“We have been going for couple’s counseling for a while now, aired out most of our grievances and reconnected with what made us fall in love when we were still airhead teenagers. And this past month, we got to spend time together in one of our private holiday beach homes.” My father answered, his face straight and I wondered if they were making fun of me until Ariel answered.

Ariel’s voice was filled with a mix of sincerity and nostalgia. “It was a chance for us to rediscover each other, to remember the love and friendship that brought us together all those years ago. We realized that we had lost sight of that amidst the chaos and bitterness that had consumed our lives. So, we made a commitment to work on ourselves and our relationship.”

I stared at them, my mind struggling to process this newfound revelation. My parents, who had always seemed at odds with each other, were now sitting before me, united, holding hands as if they were two young lovers.

“But why now? Why after all these years?” I couldn’t help but ask, a mix of curiosity and skepticism in my voice.

Irwin’s gaze softened, his voice gentle. “Sometimes, it takes reaching the brink of losing everything to realize what truly matters. We don’t want to waste any more time living in anger and bitterness. Life is too short, Ren, and we want to make the most of the time we have left.”

A pang of emotion welled up within me as I absorbed his words. It was as if a part of me had yearned for this reconciliation, for a glimpse of a family that

wasn't fractured and broken. And yet, I couldn't help but feel a sense of caution, a need to protect myself from potential disappointment.

Ariel spoke again, her voice tinged with regret. "We understand that our actions have hurt you and Rhea deeply, especially you, Ren. We can't change the past, but we can strive to be better in the present and future. We want to rebuild our relationship with you, to mend the wounds that have divided us for far too long."

Her words touched a chord within me, a flicker of hope amidst the skepticism. Perhaps there was a chance for healing, for forging a new path together. But it would require trust, forgiveness, and a willingness to let go of the pain that had defined our family.

I took a deep breath, the weight of the moment settling upon me. "I... I want to believe you. I want to believe that things can change, that we can be a family again. But it's going to take time. Actions will speak louder than words."

Both my parents nodded, understanding etched in their eyes. "We know, Ren," my mother said softly. "We're committed to earning your trust, and we're willing to do whatever it takes to rebuild what we've lost. We are sorry for how bad we have gotten their marriage to get and are working on rekindling the spark between us."

"I hope so." I said, not caring that my voice was laced with disbelief because this was not the first time that I had heard something like this before and they had done some seriously shitty things to each other.

My father once hit my mother and to get back at him, she had slept with another man in their matrimonial bed, leaving the scent on the sheets to make sure Irwin knew that she had cheated. I had seen them drunk and physically and verbally abusive and even though I wanted to believe that this time was going to be different, I was not about to get my hopes up.

As I walked away from the study, a mix of emotions swirled within me—cautious hope, lingering doubt, and the faintest glimmer of a future where our family could be whole once more. It was a fragile beginning, but one that held the potential for redemption and healing.

Only time would tell if we could truly mend the fractures that had marred our lives for far too long. But for now, I would hold onto that glimmer of hope, keeping my heart open to the possibility of a better future.

Leaving the study, I brought out my phone to see how Lily was doing when I saw that she had not replied to my last text. Sending a message asking if she was alright, I was about to put my phone in my pocket when she sent a reply that made my eyes widen in shock and worry.

It read “LEAVE ME ALONE” in caps.

I tried to text her, asking if I did something wrong and not caring how pathetic I sounded, I just needed to know. But I found out that my message never delivered. She had blocked me.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 34**

Lily's POV

“Oh, this was what you meant by bad when we spoke over the phone. It's bad, sis. Bad bad.” Bia said as she stepped into my bedroom and stared at me where I was sitting on the bed, staring at her.

I would have been able to say that I was happy to see her if I didn't feel like throwing myself off a bridge.

“This whole place looks like Thanos paid a visit and won.” She said, raising her brows at me as she avoided all of the garbage on the ground which I had not bothered to arrange after my mother left the room yesterday. In fact, I had not touched anything or even tried to put things back in the places that they were, too weak and uninterested in doing anything but wallow and when I had received a call from Bia and specifically told her not to come, she had shown up, like I knew she would whenever she heard the word no from me.

“I love you babes, but this place reeks and you stink. What have you been doing since this happened? Sitting there and wallowing? Okay, don't even answer that because it looks like exactly what you have been doing. You're still in your uniform for f\*\*\*s sakes and it's Saturday. Okay, this is bad bad. I brought some food though.” She said with a smile like that was going to solve anything but I guessed to her, it was because she found her way to me on the bed, well the part of the bed that was not covered in a bunch of stuff.

“I'm not hungry,” I sniffed.

She rolled her eyes. “Young lady, I did not come here for you to give me that attitude. Now, you are going to be a good girl and allow me to feed you,

okay?" She raised her eyebrows, daring me to say no and when I didn't, her smile was satisfied.

Bia reached into the bag she had brought with her and pulled out a container filled with my favorite homemade pasta. The delicious aroma filled the room, momentarily overpowering the stench of neglect that lingered in the air. She handed me a fork and sat down next to me on the cluttered bed, nudging aside a few items to make herself a small space.

"Come on, Lily. You need to eat something," Bia insisted, her tone softer now. "I know it's tough, and I can't even begin to imagine what you're going through, but you can't keep neglecting yourself like this."

I reluctantly took a small bite of the pasta, the flavors exploding in my mouth, momentarily distracting me from my pain. Bia watched me intently, her eyes filled with concern. She knew me better than anyone else, and she knew that food was a way to comfort and nourish me, even in the darkest of times.

As I chewed the pasta, tears welled up in my eyes. "Why?" I choked out, my voice barely audible. "Why me? Why all this?"

Bia put her arm around my shoulders and pulled me closer, comforting me in her silence.

I didn't remember what had happened after I blocked Ren, just that I had climbed onto this bed and wondered for hours who could have done this. The problem was that I came up with too many answers, not even because I had done anyone harm but because I knew that even back in Gold crest, I was hated for just existing.

That knowledge had made me feel even further depressed and to add to that, I had not seen or bothered to speak to my mother since I told her to get out of my room yesterday after that slap and I supposed it was a good thing, seeing as she would have an aneurysm if she came up and saw that the room was the exact same way that she left it.

I still could not believe that she had hit me. We had already been growing distant from the start since my father died and this had just taken us miles back, further away from ever going back to the way things were. I didn't even know that I could forgive her for this.



The sting of her slap still lingered on my cheek, a painful reminder of the fractured relationship between us. I had spent the night replaying the events in my mind, trying to make sense of it all. How did we end up here?

How did I end up here? WHY did I end up here? It seemed like there was no end to this. To the darkness and pain.

After managing to force some spoonfuls of food inside me, Bia led me to the bathroom which had thankfully been untouched by the savages that did this mess to my room and as she helped me into the bath, she asked me to talk to her about everything that had happened while she tried to fix my bedroom. Keyword; Tried.

It was an order and one that I realized I didn't mind receiving because I needed to speak to someone about it or I was going to go crazy.

By the time I came out of the bath, Bia had done her best to arrange my vandalized room. She had taken down most of the pictures, there seemed to be a gazillion of them everywhere, and she had made the bed. Red paint still dripped from my walls, my curtains were ripped off, my lamp and reading desk trashed.

She helped me into a dress and we worked in silence, clearing out the room.

I picked up one of the pictures, my fingers trembling, my heart racing. Stupid Lily. Naive. Pathetic.

I was going to cry again. Bia pulled me in for a hug and I didn't know how long we stayed like that but what broke the hug was the fact that she needed to pee, which she had pointed out dramatically, making me crack a smile.

"So, about Ren," she started as she sat beside me again and I hated how my heart jumped at the mere mention of his name.

I was not supposed to still be thinking about him after everything that happened yesterday. Wasn't it more than enough of a sign for me to know that I was being delusional and treading dangerous waters by talking to him when it was possible that he was probably aware of those who had done this to me?

"I don't know him, but from what you've said about the guy, I don't think that he's capable of doing something like this to you. I don't believe that he would

be aware of this plan to hurt you and stay still, Lily. Why don't you trust your heart and what it says about him? You said that he makes you feel the happiest and peaceful whenever he's around you."

Her answer made me laugh and I shook my head immediately.

"Do you by chance remember Cade? Also known as the boyfriend who gave me peace and ended up ruining my life? Well, yeah, I'm not about to believe anyone else just because they are kind and sweet too."

Even as I said it, I knew that it would hurt even more if Ren turned out to really be one of the bad guys.

"f\*\*k Cade" Bia cursed and then she turned to me, her eyes brightening in a way that told me she had just gotten an idea.

"So, hear me out, what if it isn't Ren and his goons but Cade? I mean, who else would have these pictures of you still except that psycho? You should sue him for this." She said and when I snorted, her smile turned into an accusing frown.

"What? What's so wrong with my idea?"

I gave her an 'are you kidding me?' look, one skeptical eyebrow arched at her. "Your mission must be to make my life even more miserable. Because advising me; a nobody... No! Even worse, an outcast, to go against the son of the oldest family in this country, a popular golden boy with a family of well respected billionaires and sports stars is downright suicidal. I'll be digging my own grave if I do that."

"Oh." My best friend said, her shoulders slumping and she allowed herself to be sad for all of five minutes before she stood up and shook her fist.

"We can't keep moping around like this!"

"Well I can." I answered and she glared at me, about to reply when her phone dinged and when she looked at it, her expression changed, making me really curious about what she had received.

"Well, what's up?" I asked and she shrugged.

“It’s nothing. Just friends from school and I planned to hang out with them tonight because one of them is throwing a birthday bash but I needed to be here for you so I canceled and now they won’t take no for an answer.”

Way to go, Lily. Now you have dragged your best friend into your misery.

“Oh, please go ahead. I’m much better now.” I said, quickly feigning a smile that made Bia roll her eyes and she was about to reply with what I was sure was a sarcastic remark when her eyes brightened up in excitement.

“You know what? We are both going to go to that party and have fun! And I’m not taking no for an answer, Lily.”

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 35**

Lily’s POV

“You have got to be kidding me” I said out loud when our ride arrived at the location of the party.

When Bia had said birthday party, I thought of something in a cozy suburban home with a tight group of friends.

A night club was the last thing I had in mind and when I looked at her in shock as we got down from our car, she merely shrugged and announced; “no take backs!” and led me towards the entrance, ignoring my appalled expression.

The club was located in one of the fancy areas outside of Shadow cove, and even though I was worried for my safety because leaving Shadow cove meant that werewolves needed to be wary of targets on their backs, thanks to the hunters prowling and searching for who to capture, I was just an omega and took solace in the fact that most slavers and hunters had no use for omega wolves.

They usually went for the big ones. The alphas, betas and every other hierarchy before the omegas. I rested in the fact that I was at least relatively safe and could blend with the humans.

I almost slipped in my heels and clinged to Bia like she was my lifeline.

“Act natural, sweetheart.” Bia whispered to me as we flashed our fake identification cards and my eyes widened when the bouncers actually let us through.

Maybe it was because we were actually dressed like we were supposed to be at the bar.

Shifting from one foot to the other, I tried to pull down the hem of the silver dress that Bia had found in my wardrobe, a gift from Cade that I had never actually worn. At that time, it had been too big for me and I felt too stupid to wear it for him. Now, I’ve filled up nicely in my hips, thighs and boobs but that didn’t stop me from still feeling stupid in the outfit.

Bia declared that I would look like a goddess in it and had forced me into it, screaming about how the dress fit my body like a glove.

Well, I didn’t feel like a glove right now. I felt more like a circus clown walking on tightrope. The dress was so short that my legs was overly exposed and wobbling in the heels and my makeup was so heavy, it felt like it was going to fall from my face. Bia looked like a natural in her black glittery dress as she led me down to the private basement where her public school friends were gathered.

The basement was more rundown than the rest of the establishment upstairs and had beat up couches spread around the area I assumed to be the dancefloor.

The bar was less glamorous than the one I had seen upstairs and the noise was even louder here with upbeat music playing, compared to the actual club party happening upstairs. It felt like I had just stepped out of one world into another.

To further buttress my point, I noticed that the crowd here was way different from the one upstairs.

Case in point, the patrons.

I noted that there were a lot of girls in colourful and expensive mini dresses, glittery makeup, sky high stilettos and fake smiles, drinking, sipping colourful martinis with men that looked like they were very rich and proper enough to fit right in a country club, with their round neck shirts and white shorts in the top floor.

Here in the basement, however, there was a healthy mix of white, Hispanic and African American girls in leather shorts, crop tops and boots, colourful and extravagant tattoos and piercings decorating their bodies and the boys looked like people in street gangs that you crossed to the other side of the road to avoid.

The smell of cigarettes and strong liquor filled the air and Bia led me towards an empty seat at the bar, telling me to wait and order something as she was dragged away by a girl that I supposed had to be one of the friends that had invited her to the party.

Just great. I was at a party where I didn't even know anybody and the one person I knew had been carted away like precious cargo.

"What can I get you?" The girl behind the bar asked, popping her gum and drumming her fingers on top the bar.

I blinked. She could not be more than my age, her cleavage nearly spilling out of her dress.

"Uh... like... like water?"

She laughed ruefully. "No, princess, like a drink... Unless you want weed brownies. I could whip that up."

"No, no," I said, cheeks flushing. "I'll get uh..." I was about to just give up and ask for the menu, since I didn't know s\*\*t about alcoholic bar drinks when a boy slid into the stool beside me, resting his hand on my thigh like we had known each other for a long time.

"She'll have a shot of vodka. Make that two shots, Rosie." He said smoothly and winked at the girl who responded with a smile, simultaneously squeezing my very bare thigh.

I immediately felt revolted.

Shifting away from him gently, I cleaned where his hand had touched my thigh subtly and he raised his brows.

"So, what's the name? You're clearly new around here and I would like to know you."

“I’m here with a friend.” I answered vaguely and decided that it was time to go and find my best friend when he blocked my path with his leg.

“What kind of friend? Boyfriend? Or a guy that you f\*\*k from time to time? Come on, sweetheart, are you gonna give me an answer or not? I want to see where this goes.”

Well, I don’t.

“Sorry, please excuse me.” I answered and I was about to go when he grabbed my arm.

“Don’t be such a prude, b\*\*\*h. I’m trying to make things work here and you’re going off like you don’t know where this is headed?” His hand tightened on my arm, his nails digging into my skin and I was about to scream when Bia arrived and slapped him hard across the face, causing him to release my hand in shock as he held his face.

Eyes red hot with anger, he rose and was about to hit her when someone held his hand in the air and when he turned, a much bigger taller boy stared him down.

“Would you like to hit my girlfriend and find out how many bones I can break in your body, mate?”

Girlfriend?

I looked at Bia with wide eyes and my best friend looked away shyly as we watched the boy that tried to hurt me grunt and walk away.

“This is not how I intended to introduce you guys. Lily, meet my boyfriend Angelo. Angelo, meet my best friend, Lily.”

He had curly brown hair falling over his forehead, the unruly curls giving a wild and untamed edge to his features, a bandana tied around his forehead to keep his hair away from his face. His shoulders were broad with a toned chest and his skin was a rich brown, paired with coffee brown eyes that had a playful gleam in them but also has a no-nonsense side that I immediately knew that I shouldn’t joke with.

When our eyes met, I saw an immediate hostile look that suddenly changed when Bia stepped close to him.

“Nice to meet you, Lily. Bia has said a lot about you.” He said with a grin, his lips resting on her forehead in a kiss and Bia was about to say something else when someone called her attention again and she waved at the two of us.

“I’ll be back in a bit! Get to know each other.”

Nodding I looked at Angelo and saw that his smile had disappeared, his face filled with hostility.

“I thought you guys always moved around in a pack.” He whispered and I froze as he raised his hand for a shake.

Maybe I had misheard, right? He could not know, right?

Taking his hand, I gasped as a burning sensation stung my palm and when I tried to pull away, his hand tightened around mine, stopping me. I felt my eyes water and the pain felt like it was frying my bones.

“I thought we all agreed that as long as you guys kept to your side, we would keep to ours, so what are you doing here, sweetheart? Where is the rest of your pack? And why are you hanging around Bia? I thought your kind hated humans.”

My eyes widened in surprise but I feigned ignorance and he grinned, leaning in to whisper in my ear.

“I know what you are, Lily and if you know what is good for you, stay the hell away from my girl or you will not like the consequences.”

And as he leaned back, he released my hand and when I looked at my palm, it was bloodied and my skin had peeled off.

I stared at him and he raised his hand with a smirk, flexing his silver ring and that was when I realized that I was in deep trouble because not only did he know who I was, he was the worst person for a wolf to be around.

He was a hunter.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 36**

Lily’s POV

“I know what you are, Lily and if you know what is good for you, stay the hell away from my girl or you will not like the consequences.”

Angelo's words kept ringing in my head and were the only things I could hear as I staggered up the stairs, away from the bar, my entire vision blurring from the pain radiating from my palm straight through my entire body.

Looking down at it, I saw that the wound that he had inflicted was not healing. It could only mean one thing. That there was silver residue in my palm.

My entire body was burning up and yet I felt chills travel down my spine as I forced my way through the crowd of people, not even bothering when some of them were pissed off that I knocked into their shoulders.

I needed to find the bathroom. I needed to get this off. Finding Bia was definitely not an option. Not after the warning that her boyfriend just gave to me. Not if she sees what that psycho did to me.

I shouldn't have come here. How silly was it that a part of me had hoped that following Bia here would turn out good. Great even. And that I would somehow forget about the horror that had happened in my bedroom?

I should have just remained in my bedroom, wallowing and maybe then I would never have met my best friend's werewolf hunting boyfriend who was definitely not a fan of my friendship with his girlfriend.

Taking a sharp right, I held myself up against the wall with my hand that was not bleeding out to the ground, forcing my bleeding hand into a fist and biting back the scream that wanted to escape my mouth at the pain that felt like it was twisting its way into my skin.

I saw girls coming out of a door and I decided to enter, stopping immediately I realized that it was not the bathroom, it was just another lounge. As if that was not enough, my eyes stumbled on people from Shadow cove academy and I recognized a large majority of them. They were my classmates.

Oh s\*\*t.

This night just had to get worse, didn't it? Hating my shitty luck, my heart roared in my ears as I remembered that standing in shock was probably not the wise thing to do.



I turned around and froze when I saw two boys gathered around the entrance, obstructing me from freedom. They looked like they were trying to finish up their cigarettes before they leave, laughing and talking between themselves.

Sweat trickled down my face and my heart pounded. I was surrounded by sharks and if they were that brutal within school walls, there was no telling how murderous they could get out of it. There were no rules, no authority, just a pack of wolves with a thirst for blood.

Quickly hiding behind a pillar to avoid seeing any of them, I calculated the distance from the door and how I was going to sneak back out without anyone seeing me and peeked out to see exactly where they were all seated.

I heard a giggle that made my eyes move in the direction of the sound to see Aiden in a state of debauchery with two girls draped over him like they are merged with his skin, their breasts practically in his face while they giggled and one of them moaned as she leaned down to kiss him sloppily.

The table was littered with open bottles of champagne, chocolates, half eaten snacks and liquor of varying kinds but my eyes did not stay fixed on those things for long, the thin neatly arranged lines of powder on the table catching my attention.

No one needed to tell me that whatever that was, it was definitely not chalk, given that some of the people around the table were licking and sniffing it like their lives depended on it.

It was cocaine.

Chills ran down my spine, a moment of realization at the dark aspect of kids in Shadow Cove.

Having enough of staring at them especially when Aiden's hands disappeared under the girls' skirts again and their faces looked dazed with pleasure, I decided to make my exit when my eyes stopped on Zac.

He was wearing black from head to toe as if that was the only colour available on earth. Not that it looked bad on him one bit, in fact he looked the best dressed right now, especially since the others were already half naked and sucking each other's faces out.

He was typing away furiously on his phone, looking so out of place in the midst of the others, because while everyone was paired up, he was sitting on his own, resting against the wall, his entire aura giving off a don't touch or f\*\*k with me energy.

As if he could not take the constant interaction around him, he pulled the hood of his black sweatshirt over his head, obscuring most of his face as he slouched into the chair and crossed his leg, his ankle resting on his lap and continued typing away on his phone.

Maybe it was because he was unaware that he was being watched or he was not upset with whatever he was doing on his phone but I could finally appreciate the handsome face that I had first seen when he bumped into me and realized that when he was not sneering, his face was sculpted like a model's, his features well defined and ruggedly handsome in a way that would draw people in, especially because of his added mysteriousness.

One of the people snorting coke beside him called his attention and when he looked up to answer, the boy offered him some coke. He looked for a second like he was not sure whether he wanted to leave what he was doing which made me wonder what kind of things that he would find so interesting but he nodded and was about to accept the little spoon that had been offered to him when he suddenly froze, sensing something.

It was too late.

He looked up and caught me immediately, our eyes locking in a stare.

Filled with panic, I turned around to leave the room immediately, not caring if the exit was blocked or not.

Thankfully, it wasn't. The two guys from earlier had left the path.

I wasn't exactly looking where I was going, frantically looking backwards to make sure none of them were coming for me.

"Hey, Beauregard!" Someone called just as I walked into something hard. Okay, someone hard given how large arms held me from falling on my face.

"I knew it was you!" He shook me a bit, a smile on his face.

When I looked up, my eyes widened in recognition. Cropped red hair, green eyes squinted in recognition, a good natured smile that refused to do anything to my fraying nerves.

It was the guy who had explained to Zac who I was when the prince kept insisting that I was some girl called Callista. I tried to remember his name and when nothing came, I feigned a smile.

“Thank you.....”

“Sebastian. The name is Sebastian. Why are you going the other way? All of us are gathered in this lounge if you want to hang out.

“Oh, I’m looking for the bathroom.” I said, hiding my injured hand and smiling when he nodded and pointed me in the direction of a door that I must have missed at the exit.

“Thank you.” I said, rushing into the bathroom and shutting the door.

I quickly made my way to the sink, smiling back at the girls that were nice enough to smile at me in greeting as they reapplied their makeup.

It took a while before they left, leaving me to myself.

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, I turned on the tap and placed my injured hand under the running water as I tried to relax and remind myself that no one saw me.

No one except Zac right?

Wincing in pain as I tried and failed to get all of the silver out, I stared at the wound, knowing that I needed to get the silver out or I was not going to be able to trigger the healing process .

Maybe I was going to sound crazy right now but I missed Ren. If he were here, I would be having the best night and he would have been able to help me heal.

Quickly shaking my head, I forced myself to remember that I wanted nothing to do with the royals, especially after what had happened in my house. They were all the same and would obviously be in cahoots with each other, I tried to

rationalize but a small voice in my head reminded me that Ren had not come with them tonight and that had to count for something, right?

My entire thought process, however, fell to the ground and scattered to pieces immediately the door opened and large black boots appeared.

I swallowed, my eyes trailing up to look at Zac who just stepped in.

Oh s\*\*t.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 37**

LILY'S POV

I must have wronged a ton of people in my past life because that was the only explanation for why I was always going through one bad turn after another.

Will I ever catch a break?

Not likely.

The minute Zac entered the bathroom and shut the door behind him, it felt like the entire oxygen in the small space had been sucked out by his presence and I found myself struggling to not pass out from fear as I moved away from him, well as far away as this tiny cubicle space would allow.

Remember when I said Zac's face was handsome and held a ton of mystery when they were not looking at someone with a sneer, well, that handsome part of Zac, I was sure that I would never experience except he was unaware because right now as he stared down at me silently, towering over my height that seemed ridiculous close to his, his face had moved from passively stoic to a cruel delight that made him look like an actual villain that had walked out of a horror show to terrorize everyone else.

Glancing at the door to see if there was even enough space for me to try and slip out of here, I looked back at him to see his eyebrows raised in wicked amusement.

"You can try to run if you want, Lily. Be my guest."

I swallowed and stepped back as he walked closer and closer into my personal space. I should probably start carrying a knife around. Fat lot of good it would do for me in this situation.

“Speaking of which, who let you in here? What are you doing here and how did you get in?”

I found myself already opening my mouth to reply but then I stopped, debating why I should respond when there was no reason why I should answer him or indulge him in his stupidity, especially because the only reason I would be doing it was because I was terrified of what he was going to do to me.

Taking a deep breath, I said in a relatively clear voice. “Please open the door and let me go.” I answered and the smirk on his face fell as he looked at me like he had misheard what I said, raising his eyebrows at me in surprise.

“Did you just say that?”

“Yes?”

“Answer my question and maybe I’ll consider it.”

I clamped my mouth shut, not wanting to give him the satisfaction.

“You have some nerve to refuse me, Lily. Should be easy and straightforward enough. You indulge me, and I consider letting you go.”

Spoken like the devil himself. Half truths and empty promises.

“Except you have something to hide.” He was coming closer and closer, the sweet scent of blood orange and amberketal enveloping the spaces between us. “Why are you quiet, Lily?” He goaded. “Is it because you came here to spy on us? or is it because you came here with a rich old man as his slut?”

“I didn’t!” I gritted out, acidly.

“So tell me how someone like you was able to get in. They don’t let garbage around this place so please explain. I’m listening.”

His words felt like a bucket of cold water had been splashed all over me and all I could think about was how he c\*\*\*\*d his head to the side, expectant and waiting for an answer after calling me a prostitute that slept with old men and a riff raff.

Maybe if I didn't answer him, he would go away. I mean, that was what happened with bullies right? They were going to tire out eventually.

I bit my lip, stopping myself from giving him the satisfaction of clearing my name.

"Since you are not going to answer me, here is what I think happened. You heard that we were going to be here and since you want to be accepted so bad by students of a school that you are too poor to afford, you decided to find a way in. Now, if you did not sneak past the guards to get into the party, the only other option is that you are spreading those legs of yours for one of those men upstairs with their stiff necked tops and pot bellies. Tell me, how many times did you have to get him to o\*\*\*\*m for him to bring you to such a fine establishment like this?"

My mouth dropped.

Okay, I could not take this anymore.

"You're just a slut doing what sluts do best-"

"I came with a friend!" I snapped, my eyes widening immediately and I swallowed a deep breath. This was what he wanted. He was trying to rile me up. He was trying to make me mad and enjoy my reaction and the last thing that I needed to do was allow him to win.

So I was going to restrain my emotions and talk to him as cordially as possible. Hopefully that would scare him away.

"I came here with a friend, whose friend is celebrating her birthday here tonight. All of those theories that you have just concocted are nothing but far fetched lies."

He took one step forward and I pressed my back into the wall as he raised his eyebrows at me in surprise.

"Oh, really? Is that the lie that you told yourself? Because I don't believe a word that just came out of your mouth. You are not even privileged to be standing in this bathroom right now."

"I'm not-"

“It is impossible for anyone to get in here without a customized invite and someone like you would never get an invite like that, you know why?” He drawled, chasm black eyes sucking what was left of my soul. “Because you have no friends, Lily, except the imaginary ones in that stupid head of yours that you have created out of sheer loneliness, maybe. You don’t have any friends because everyone hates you, nobody wants you and you are a f\*\*\*\*\*g nobody.”

“That... that’s not true.” I fired back even though my hands were beginning to shake in anger and my eyes were welled up with tears.

“You’re wrong. I have a friend and she is nothing like you or your friends. She is nothing like how you people pretend at Shadow cove academy. She is sweet and nice and kind and most importantly, she does not go to our school where even the rotten can get in as long as they pay a huge amount of money.”

His smile turned malicious and he smirked.

“A friend, huh? Well, I’m sure she’s a slut like you. A slut and a slut for friends. How poetic, don’t you think so?”

I gritted my teeth, stopping myself from tearing up.

“So , your slut friend brought you in, isn’t it? Did she give you that hideous dress too? She must not be a good friend because you look ridiculous in your outfit and makeup.”

I inched back into the wall but he only drew even closer, stealing what was left of my oxygen.

He leaned in to whisper into my ear. “I bet that when you suck your sponsor’s d\*\*k, he has to close his eyes to avoid looking at your ugly face. I bet for a few dollars, I could get you to drop to your knees for me too. Filth like you won’t cost much.” He sneered and those were the words that finally broke the restraint that I was barely keeping a lid on.

Angry tears stained my cheeks and a guttural scream left my throat as I raised my hand to slap him. My palm never made contact though, because he caught my wrist, his smirk turning into a growl as he glared at me, wrapping his fist around my wrist. I winced when his grip tightened to the point that he was almost crushing my bones.

“The first and only mistake you should ever make around me,” he snarled, “is to try and touch me, you stupid brat. Scum like you are not even worthy of licking the sand that is beneath my shoes or even breathing the same air that I do , talk less of touching me.”

I cried out as he pulled me to him, his grip tightening on the wrist of my injured hand again and I felt the pain that had subsided resurface, my eyes widening to see that the wound had reopened , rivulets of blood beginning to drop from my palm to the ground.

I looked up at him to beg him to release me so that I could try to stop the bleeding but I froze when I saw that he was no longer even paying attention to me, but to my palm, to the blood that trickled down my palm and to the ground.

There was a strange look on his face and when he finally looked at me, I felt a bad feeling wash over me because something bad was going to happen.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 37**

LILY'S POV

I must have wronged a ton of people in my past life because that was the only explanation for why I was always going through one bad turn after another.

Will I ever catch a break?

Not likely.

The minute Zac entered the bathroom and shut the door behind him, it felt like the entire oxygen in the small space had been sucked out by his presence and I found myself struggling to not pass out from fear as I moved away from him, well as far away as this tiny cubicked space would allow.

Remember when I said Zac's face was handsome and held a ton of mystery when they were not looking at someone with a sneer, well, that handsome part of Zac , I was sure that I would never experience except he was unaware because right now as he stared down at me silently, towering over my height that seemed ridiculous close to his, his face had moved from passively stoic to a cruel delight that made him look like an actual villain that had walked out of a horror show to terrorize everyone else.



Glancing at the door to see if there was even enough space for me to try and slip out of here, I looked back at him to see his eyebrows raised in wicked amusement.

“You can try to run if you want, Lily. Be my guest.”

I swallowed and stepped back as he walked closer and closer into my personal space. I should probably start carrying a knife around. Fat lot of good it would do for me in this situation.

“Speaking of which, who let you in here? What are you doing here and how did you get in?”

I found myself already opening my mouth to reply but then I stopped, debating why I should respond when there was no reason why I should answer him or indulge him in his stupidity, especially because the only reason I would be doing it was because I was terrified of what he was going to do to me.

Taking a deep breath, I said in a relatively clear voice. “Please open the door and let me go.” I answered and the smirk on his face fell as he looked at me like he had misheard what I said, raising his eyebrows at me in surprise.

“Did you just say that?”

“Yes?”

“Answer my question and maybe I’ll consider it.”

I clamped my mouth shut, not wanting to give him the satisfaction.

“You have some nerve to refuse me, Lily. Should be easy and straightforward enough. You indulge me, and I consider letting you go.”

Spoken like the devil himself. Half truths and empty promises.

“Except you have something to hide.” He was coming closer and closer, the sweet scent of blood orange and amberketal enveloping the spaces between us. “Why are you quiet, Lily?” He goaded. “Is it because you came here to spy on us? or is it because you came here with a rich old man as his slut?”

“I didn’t!” I gritted out, acidly.

“So tell me how someone like you was able to get in. They don’t let garbage around this place so please explain. I’m listening.”

His words felt like a bucket of cold water had been splashed all over me and all I could think about was how he c\*\*\*\*d his head to the side, expectant and waiting for an answer after calling me a prostitute that slept with old men and a riff raff.

Maybe if I didn’t answer him, he would go away. I mean, that was what happened with bullies right? They were going to tire out eventually.

I bit my lip, stopping myself from giving him the satisf action of clearing my name.

“Since you are not going to answer me, here is what I think happened. You heard that we were going to be here and since you want to be accepted so bad by students of a school that you are too poor to afford, you decided to find a way in. Now , if you did not sneak past the guards to get into the party, the only other option is that you are spreading those legs of yours for one of those men upstairs with their stiff necked tops and pot bellies. Tell me, how many times did you have to get him to o\*\*\*\*m for him to bring you to such a fine establishment like this?”

My mouth dropped.

Okay, I could not take this anymore.

“You’re just a slut doing what sluts do best-“

“I came with a friend!” I snapped, my eyes widening immediately and I swallowed a deep breath. This was what he wanted. He was trying to rile me up. He was trying to make me mad and enjoy my reaction and the last thing that I needed to do was allow him to win.

So I was going to restrain my emotions and talk to him as cordially as possible. Hopefully that would scare him away.

“I came here with a friend, whose friend is celebrating her birthday here tonight. All of those theories that you have just concocted are nothing but far fetched lies.”

He took one step forward and I pressed my back into the wall as he raised his eyebrows at me in surprise.

“Oh, really? Is that the lie that you told yourself? Because I don’t believe a word that just came out of your mouth. You are not even privileged to be standing in this bathroom right now.”

“I’m not-“

“It is impossible for anyone to get in here without a customized invite and someone like you would never get an invite like that, you know why?” He drawled, chasm black eyes sucking what was left of my soul. “Because you have no friends, Lily, except the imaginary ones in that stupid head of yours that you have created out of sheer loneliness, maybe. You don’t have any friends because everyone hates you, nobody wants you and you are a f\*\*\*\*\*g nobody.”

“That... that’s not true.” I fired back even though my hands were beginning to shake in anger and my eyes were welled up with tears.

“You’re wrong. I have a friend and she is nothing like you or your friends. She is nothing like how you people pretend at Shadow cove academy. She is sweet and nice and kind and most importantly, she does not go to our school where even the rotten can get in as long as they pay a huge amount of money.”

His smile turned malicious and he smirked.

“A friend, huh? Well, I’m sure she’s a slut like you. A slut and a slut for friends. How poetic, don’t you think so?”

I gritted my teeth, stopping myself from tearing up.

“So , your slut friend brought you in, isn’t it? Did she give you that hideous dress too? She must not be a good friend because you look ridiculous in your outfit and makeup.”

I inched back into the wall but he only drew even closer, stealing what was left of my oxygen.

He leaned in to whisper into my ear. “I bet that when you suck your sponsor’s d\*\*k, he has to close his eyes to avoid looking at your ugly face. I bet for a few

dollars, I could get you to drop to your knees for me too. Filth like you won't cost much." He sneered and those were the words that finally broke the restraint that I was barely keeping a lid on.

Angry tears stained my cheeks and a guttural scream left my throat as I raised my hand to slap him. My palm never made contact though, because he caught my wrist, his smirk turning into a growl as he glared at me, wrapping his fist around my wrist. I winced when his grip tightened to the point that he was almost crushing my bones.

"The first and only mistake you should ever make around me," he snarled, "is to try and touch me, you stupid brat. Scum like you are not even worthy of licking the sand that is beneath my shoes or even breathing the same air that I do, talk less of touching me."

I cried out as he pulled me to him, his grip tightening on the wrist of my injured hand again and I felt the pain that had subsided resurface, my eyes widening to see that the wound had reopened, rivulets of blood beginning to drop from my palm to the ground.

I looked up at him to beg him to release me so that I could try to stop the bleeding but I froze when I saw that he was no longer even paying attention to me, but to my palm, to the blood that trickled down my palm and to the ground.

There was a strange look on his face and when he finally looked at me, I felt a bad feeling wash over me because something bad was going to happen.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 38**

Lily's POV

Maybe it was because of how quiet the room had become when Zac grabbed my wrist but I could practically hear my heart trying to rip open my chest and burst out of my ribcage as blood dripped down my palm to my forearm and trickled to the floor. The sound as it hit the ground was louder than I had ever heard before.

"What are you doing?" I asked tentatively, as he stared transfixed at my bleeding palm.

His chasm black eyes were filled with an emotion I've never seen on him.

Thirst.

He swallowed, pale slender throat bobbed up and down, like he was trying to stop himself from doing something. He went as far as shutting his eyes and gritting his teeth, letting out a guttural growl that made me flinch.

“Let me go!” I tugged on my hand, unable to shrink back in fear because he had backed me up against a wall and trapped in his fists.

“Z- Zac,” I stuttered and his eyes flew open, zeroing in on me with a furious glare.

Red.

His irises were a blood red colour. What’s going on?

“Let me go,” I whispered again, more firmly now that I saw his eyes change colors. I could have sworn his irises were black but they were now a blood red color that scared the hell out of me.

I tried to tug myself out of his grasp but it was futile because before I could even try to move away or push him off, he shoved me back against the wall, not caring when my body slammed into the tiled walls.

I gasped, unable to process what was happening and the next thing I heard was the cry of a dying man as he bit into my neck.

Shock. Shock and fear and revulsion thundered through my ears.

My ears were ringing at the realization of what Zac was and my body went rigid with horror and confusion for a few moments as I waited for the pain of his fanged bite to hit me.

“Let me go!” I screamed, shoving him off of me and succeeding when he budged and inch but he was back on me in an instant.

A dark sound rumbled in his chest as he suddenly growled in frustration, grabbing my thighs, spreading them and hoisting me up like I was nothing but a ragdoll, so he could get access to my neck. He pushed my hair back to expose my skin and dug into me again, even deeper than the first time.

I shivered.

There was no pain. No fear. No confusion. Only immense, undiluted ecstasy. What I was feeling was probably the best feeling I have ever felt in my entire life.

My eyes rolled back, his bite pumping serotonin and endorphins into my body, taking me to heights no drug in this world could hit.

It felt better than getting high or even having s\*x. Actually, I would not know about that since I had not done either yet but I guessed that if it was as wonderful as people claimed, it would probably feel like this.

It felt like I was floating on cloud nine and like my body was no longer my own and I realized that instead of pushing him away, I started pulling him towards me, grabbing fistfuls of his jacket.

There was no pain. No fear. No remorse. The effect of my bullying was inexistent in this dreamlike state I was currently suspended in. No one could reach me. Nothing could touch me.

And then it took a new turn.

He suddenly retracted his fangs, only to sink them in deeper, practically tearing my skin open, the high was out of this world. Memories of the weekend, of tonight, of my whole damn life faded and washed away in pastel shades of pink, yellow and lavender.

I moaned as his fangs went deeper, feeling my panties get soaked with need and I pulled down the sleeve of my dress, desperately trying to give him more access to my skin.

“Lily,” He groaned into my neck, his knee making contact with my core and I didn’t realize that I was already making needy desperate noises until he tried to pull away.

“No, no, no, please don’t stop. ” I gasped, already feeling dizzy but clinging on to him as I felt my body go limp in his hands.

God, I didn’t want this to stop. I didn’t want it to end. The horror of tonight, of my entire life was quickly crashing into my ecstasy induced haze.

To be very honest, I could not think about anything else but the way his fangs felt in my neck, the end to all the pain and turmoil, to the fear and heartbreak in my already battered heart.

“Get off me, you bitch.” He growled and pulled away from me and watching me drop to my feet.

I fell to the floor and it felt like scales had fallen from my eyes the moment he shoved me off because as I looked up at him, all of the feelings of ecstasy dissolved like a plume of smoke and I realized what I had just done.

How the hell could I have enjoyed that?

How could I have clung to him and begged him to not stop sucking my blood?

Like a needy, desperate... stupid girl.

Revulsion climbed up my stomach.

Tears trickled down my cheeks as I covered my body in shame and Zac laughed.

“What is it now, Lily? Did you not enjoy it?” His fanged smile was menacing but not as menacing as the next word he spat. “Blood Whore.” blood Whore.”

I moved further away from him, wishing that the ground would open and swallow me. This night just kept getting worse by the minute.

Blood w\*\*\*e. I had heard about them and how they were treated as anything less than human. It was a derogatory slur that described any person that not only allowed a vampire to feed on them, but enjoyed the act and even went back for more. They were addicts in every sense of the word, doing anything and everything to make sure that they were fed on.

I could only imagine what would happen if people found out about this. I could kiss whatever little peace that I had goodbye if this kind of information got out and as I saw Zac’s smirk widen, I knew that I was doomed.

“Please don’t call me that and don’t tell anyone. Please. I’ll do anything you want.” I begged and he raised his eyebrows in wicked delight, closing the distance between us as he leaned down to whisper in my ear and my body shook at the contact.

“Well, then.” There was a wild look in his black hole eyes, something unhinged and nothing like the suave, cool and charismatic alpha prince. He stroke my hair, pushing my midnight black curls over one shoulder to expose the bite marks. “You’ll have to do a better job convincing me to keep my mouth shut. Will you do anything I want?”

I knew that agreeing was probably signing my death certificate because only God knew what he wanted to do to me but I knew that it was better to be harassed by him than allow everyone to know that I had willingly let him to suck my blood and worse, I had enjoyed it.

“Yes” I answered, unable to look at him as I uttered those words, doom

His eyes widened with a crazed look and he grabbed me and sank his fangs into my neck again. I knew that I should push him away, ask him to do anything else but this, but all I could feel was undiluted happiness and I found myself grabbing the back of his head, offering myself, my pain, my terror, my hurt up to him as he gave me pure ecstasy in return.

His fingers found their way between us and I rocked against his hand as he found his way into my panties and began to stroke my clit.

Even as I moaned, a distant part of me reminded me that I was very well on my way to becoming a blood w\*\*\*e, if I allowed this to continue but I was too far gone to stop now. I could see myself getting addicted to this feeling. This high. As long as it stopped the pain.

Anything as long as it stopped the pain.

I was losing what fight I had in me. My vision blurred. My limbs failed. He was going to drain my body clean of all its blood and I was going to let him.

You don’t have the power to fight it, so why try?

It’s better to just give in... give in... give in.

The words echoed through my cracked mind and broken skull.

His moves became aggressive but it didn’t matter, not when it made me feel like I was on the brink of o\*\*\*\*m , like I had read about in those smut novels online.



I didn't even realize that the door had been forced open until I heard someone scream and Zac pulled away from me, my eyes widened slowly to see Bia standing there, her eyes bright with horror as she took in my state of undress and Zac's bloody fanged smile and she took off a shoe and threw it at him.

"Get away from her." Bia screamed and I tried to warn her to flee but my body felt like I had lost all the limbs in my body and I was too slow to stop Zac who grabbed her and bit into her neck, right before knocking her unconscious and dropping her limp body to the floor.

"No!" I screamed in horror and Zac grinned at me with a wave, wiping his bloody mouth and licking his finger before exiting the bathroom.

I didn't even know how I made it to Bia's unconscious body but I started trying to shake her awake, my brain too muddled up to come up with anything else, tears trickling down my cheeks in waves.

I was still holding her to my chest when Angelo walked into the bathroom and when his eyes took in the scene, I shook my head and opened my mouth to explain but he was faster, shoving me away from Bia and lifting her into his arms.

"Stay away from her, you bloody monster."

"I didn't..."

"If I find you anywhere near her or our territory, I'll kill you myself." He said with a death glare that told me he was perfectly ready to fulfill his threat before rushing out of the bathroom with my unconscious best friend.

The rest of the night was a blur and even as I sat on the floor of my bedroom, the only thing I could do was cry.

I was doomed

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 39**

Lily's POV

The only thing I felt when my alarm rang and I headed to the bathroom in a daze was dread.

Today was Monday and I would be back at the Academy after such a wonderful weekend that I had.

It was almost comical that I had chosen to call that disaster of a weekend wonderful, considering that I officially became a blood w\*\*\*e, was responsible for my friend's accident and now had a hunter that hated my guts.

How fantastic.

Throughout the weekend, I had been unable to get a hold of Bia to know if she was alive and not just unconscious like I remembered because being fed on had felt like I had been under the influence of alcohol, making me feel drunk and hazy.

Thankfully, according to Theo, who I saw when I dropped by the flower shop yesterday, my best friend was alive but resting because she had a stressful week which made me pleased that he did not seem to know about anything that had happened on Saturday. It also made me feel like the worst friend in the world because if Bia was truly fine and resting, then it meant that she was not picking my calls on purpose and was intentionally avoiding me.

Not that I didn't deserve it. Even I would never speak to me again after what happened that night and I had no doubt that Angelo would not appreciate that I was still trying to reach out to Bia after everything that had happened.

I felt like the loneliest person in the world. I had blocked Ren after the incident in my bedroom and I didn't even have Rhea's phone number, not that I dared to send her a message on social media after how I treated her brother by now. There was no one to talk to and now, the only person that I thought I would always have in my corner no matter what was gone.

Things at home with my mother was also nothing to write home about and our conversations consisted of mostly one word answers that was further compounded by the fact that I refused to quit the academy and continue to be homeschooled like she wanted.

As I walked into the school hallway, I forced myself to keep moving, ignoring the dread that felt like my throat was clogged and tried to behave like everything was normal.

Nobody was looking at me, right?

I was proven wrong soon after as someone crashed into me and when I looked up to apologize, the girl sneered at me and slapped my hand away from her scattered books.

“Keep moving, Beauregard.” She growled at me and as other girls rushed to help her pack her books, she smirked and that was when I realized that the crash was not as accidental as it seemed.

Worse, I finally looked around and realized that people were openly staring at me, their faces filled with scathing glances and their whispers not even bothering to be low anymore as they snickered.

The Mauve effect had obviously worn off and even though no one was approaching me, I knew that it was only a matter of them before the active bullying began.

Dragging the collar of my shirt up, I became even overly conscious of the bite marks that Zac had left behind, hating that those marks were glaring evidence that that night was not a figment of my imagination but as real as flesh and blood.

Zac was a vampire. How was that even possible when he was supposed to be a Lycan and not only that, but a prince.

Vampires were hated. Despised and even hunted by our kind. If anyone knew about who Zac was, there was no telling whether everyone would stand by his side or turn on him.

I bet he'd want to keep his identity a secret. I found comfort in that fact because it meant my newly discovered 'addiction' was safe too.

Did anyone else know about this?

My mind went to Ren immediately and I was about to reach for my phone when I remembered with sadness that I had blocked him.

Bia had told me that maybe I was overreacting and Ren was innocent but I didn't even know if I had my best friend anymore, so what was the guarantee that Ren would still want something to do with me if I reached out to him now.

Entering class, I quickly headed for the last available seat by the wall, which was three rows ahead of the last seat and as the professor walked in, a smile

on his face, I wondered if the staff knew anything about how students were being bullied every day and if they even did anything about it or turned the other eye.

I was just about to bring out my book and start taking some notes when a piece of paper hit my head.

Looking up, I wondered what could have happened and when one of the girls pointed for me to reach for the paper, my entire body was filled with dread.

Nothing good could ever come out of opening that paper but when I ignored it, someone kicked the back of my chair and kept hitting it until I was forced to snatch the piece of paper from the ground.

Even though I had prepared my mind for what could possibly be written on it, I swallowed the tears that threatened to drop down my face when I saw a drawing of what was labeled as me with a d\*\*k in my mouth, the entire diagram labeled as the "Princes' whore."

I rolled my eyes, letting it fall off my shoulders as I heard giggles and in no time, snide remarks started flying to hit me.

"Bitch."

"Can't believe they allow scum into this place"

"She thinks she's all that because she was invited to sit at the popular table."

"Such a delusional weirdo."

"Blood whore."

I froze, all the air leaving my lungs when I heard that last comment and I couldn't help it, I turned to try to find who had said it but all I got was people laughing covertly and making funny faces at me.

Zac could not have said anything, could he? It would be detrimental to his own image... unless I'm wrong. Unless I overestimated how much he wanted to hide the fact that he wasn't actually a lycan like the others.

I could not believe that the rumour was already spreading so fast. No, I didn't want to believe that it was possibly true because I knew the torture and embarrassment that awaited me if people actually knew.

My mind raced, trying to process the implications of what I had just heard. How could the secret I had guarded so carefully be exposed? And why would Zac, my closest friend, betray me like this?

The laughter continued to echo in my ears, growing louder with each passing second. I could feel the weight of their judgmental stares, their mocking glances piercing through me. Panic surged through my veins, my heart pounding in my chest. I needed to escape, to find solace in the sanctuary of solitude.

Packing my bags quickly, I rushed out of class with a weak excuse about being sick, but anything was better than still sitting there.

Where could I go?

Where was the safest place for me right now to think and breathe?

The bathroom.

Ignoring the jeering crowd, I hurriedly made my way through the labyrinthine corridors of the school. Each step felt heavier than the last, as if the burden of my secret had become physical, weighing me down. My thoughts swirled in a maelstrom of confusion, hurt, and anger.

Finally, I reached the sanctuary of an empty bathroom. Collapsing into a heap, I buried my face in my trembling hands. Tears welled up in my eyes, hot and uncontrollable. How did it come to this? The careful balance I had wanted to maintain when I got admitted into the academy, the delicate dance between popularity and obscurity, threatened to crumble beneath me.

The sound of footsteps approaching jolted me from my spiraling thoughts. I hastily wiped away the tears, forcing myself to regain composure. The door creaked open, and a unfamiliar voices chattered around me, three girls giggling amongst themselves. But the moment they saw me, their sunny smiles turning to venomous sneers.

Well, they could get in line since everyone was so interested in hurting me so badly right now.

At this point, I was so numb to the pain, I couldn't feel it anymore.

Ignoring them, I headed for an empty sink to wash my face in, my heart racing as I tried to calm my aching lungs and gaslight myself into believing that I had probably misheard that evil word back in the classroom.

I heard the door close as I bent my head lower into the sink, the sounds of the girls fading and I sighed in relief.

Finally, I could be here alone in peace.

I had just turned around to locate my bag when I realized that I was not alone in the bathroom and that the moment of peace that I had thought I had was over.

Because Zac was standing by the door, the same way he had been back at that club, but this time without the livid sneer. Instead, he had an indecipherable expression on his face, a tiny squeeze in his eyebrows.

It felt like déjà vu all over again.

## **Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 40**

Zac's pov:

I knew I was dreaming the moment my eyes slid open to find her sitting in bed across from me.

She came to me at night, as soon as I fell asleep.

Tonight, she was wearing nothing but a pink silk night dress that stopped around her elegant thighs. Her arms were clasped behind her head and her legs were crossed at her ankles. She was barefoot. Long black hair spilled over her face and shoulders, softer than velvet and gossamer. A smile that seemed a little too sweet. A little too honest.

“W- what are you doing here?” I asked. “You’re not supposed to be here.”

In my dreams, this is what I’m usually reduced to. A weak, scared, stuttering i\*\*\*t in front of the girl behind my nightmares.

“Hello!” She chirped, big green eyes smiling up at me.

Just one word and my heart was already racing, pounding erratically in my ears. I scrambled back, slamming my head against the headboard.

Since I got turned, I discovered that I had a higher pain threshold. But here in my dreams, my pain seemed to be amplified tenfold.

I shook out the pain, not wanting to lose sight of her.

She was on her knees in an instant, crawling towards me, a playful smirk on her lips.

“No. Stay back!”

“That’s rude,” she pursed her lips, an offended scowl marring her face. “Just the other day, you were dying to get a taste of me.”

“Callista, stop!”

“Hmm, maybe I’ll listen to you if you get my name right.”

My lungs constricted in horror. “Lily?” I gasped.

“Too late.” She was already on my lap, straddling my waist and smiling up at me like we were lovers.

“Bite me,” she said, gazing up at me, eyes pleading, her soft fingertips grazing my chest, dipping past my stomach. My abs clenched. Desire spiked in my veins.

My lungs were constricting around my heart, my fangs already sliding out at her request. The memory of the taste of her sweet, sweet blood f\*\*\*\*\*g up my common sense.

Four years, I have kept the rules. Abided by the instructions set out for me... at least, to their knowledge. I wouldn’t dare feed on anyone that held the risk of running their mouth. Werewolves were off limits. Werewolves of Shadow Cove were even more off limits.

So why her? Why did she have to wreck everything? Destroy the tortured control I have cultivated all these years.

She leaned forward, her hair tickling my naked chest, her hands coasting along my body like we've done this before. Like she was exploring a country she already knew by heart.

"I c-

"Come onnn," she groaned, resting her lips beside the shell of my ear. "Where was that restraint the other night? I'm your blood w\*\*\*e, right? Your filthy, dirty blood whore." She bit my ear playfully, giggling as her fingers traced my abdomen, running along the edge of my underwear. She was teasing me. f\*\*\*\*\*g frying my senses.

My throat was burning with need. Clear control I usually had a grip of was slipping from my fingers. Her neck, pale and soft, was exposed. Oxygenated blood pulsed in her carotid artery. Pliant, begging, mine for the taking.

I wanted to push her down, pin her hands over her head, rip her clothes off and make her my w\*\*\*e in more ways than one.

I squeezed my eyes shut and clenched my fists tight, refusing to give in to her demands. She already caught me by surprise once before, I'd be damned if I let her succeed a second time.

"Zachary," she whispered in a soft, sultry voice, "please?"

My eyes slid open, looking back at big hazel green eyes that peered up at me.

What is it about her that seemed so inviting? So addicting? I have never been addicted to blood before but I had come so close to draining all the blood from her, so close to damning myself more than I already was.

And I hated her for it. I hated her for everything. Almost as much as I hated myself too.

"You're getting nothing from me, you little brat." I growled. "Get out of my head."

A scowl scrunched up her face. "But you made me this way. You don't want me seeking out another vampire to get my fix now, do you?"

"No!" I grabbed her, jealous rage I didn't know I had bubbling out of control.



She smiled like she expected my reaction, tilting her neck like an obvious invitation and pushing her hair over to her other shoulder. “Convince me, Zachary.”

f\*\*k this s\*\*t.

I grabbed her waist, and like before, marveled at the softness. She was more delicate than I had thought but that didn't stop me from roughly tugging her to me. My nose dropped into the crook of her neck, inhaling her sweet scent, that delicious scent of lavender and jasmine I have not been able to get out of my mind since f\*\*\*\*\*g Saturday.

My fangs slid out and I bit into her skin, enjoying the ecstatic moan she let out as I fed on her. I pulled her to me, pressing her soft body into my silhouette until we fitted like puzzle pieces.

She was moaning, her eyes rolling up in their sockets. I wound my hand in her thick black hair to position the exposed throat exactly where I wanted it. Drinking and drinking until her blood, her scent, her essence filled my veins. Until I was more of her than I was me, drunk with the taste of her.

The euphoric kick made my nerves jump with electricity. I had no idea what she was experiencing from my bite, but I was experiencing a high I didn't want to climb down from. Bolts of pleasure zapped through my body as I fed and fed and fed, f\*\*\*\*\*g up my common sense, feeling me with the need to just keep feeding. To not let go of the euphoric pleasure I was getting.

Her blood was thick, warm, rich and so delicious, I wanted more. The power and life that existed in her blood, the rush of strength flowing into my blood vessels. I could just live off of her for the rest of my life.

I didn't notice anything was wrong until it was too late.

No matter how many times this sequence occurred in my nightmares, I never got used to it.

She stopped moving in my arms, going limp in seconds. The panic I hadn't allowed myself to feel two nights ago came back with full force.

I shook her, trying to get her to wake up, to move, to shout, to cuss at me. Her eyes were glassy, lifeless. Dead. Nothing but a dreamy smile on her lips.

And then, it happened very slowly. Focus came back into her hazel green eyes. She roused awake, similar but starkly different.

Her skin was paler than ice. Her expression, colder and crueler than the Arctic. She smiled at me with poisonous green eyes, puce red lips nearly tearing up her face.

“Did I scare you, Zachary?” She cooed, her eyebrows furrowing in faux worry, her fingers running along the curve of my shoulder, tracing down my chest, right in front of a heart that only beat this wild in my dreams.

Even her voice was different. Deeper. Darker.

I frowned.

“Lily?”

“Wrong.”

I froze in place. Bile and acid pouring into my bones. “Callista,” I glowered.

“You poor baby,” she sighed, “you never got over me, did you?”

I gasped as her clawed thumb pressed into my skin, drawing blood. “f\*\*\*\*\*g coward. Torturing an innocent girl because of what I did to you.” She sneered. “You’re nothing to me. You’ll never be anything to me. You’re just a sad little boy desperate for my approval. You know that, right?”

Five fingers dug into my chest, tearing more than skin and flesh. The pain was so agonizing, I actually screamed, crumpling into a ball before her, bright spots dancing in front of me, sweat dripping down my face.

“Do you still love me?” She asked, her voice whisper soft against my agonizing screams.

“Callista-“

She dug deeper, ripping through muscles and connective tissue, shredding my restraint to pieces. “Is that why you do it? Is that why you treat her like that? Because she reminds you of who I was? Who you thought I was?”

Cold sweat dripped down my face, staining my cheeks as I fought against the urge to reply to her. To tell her the truth I didn’t want to admit to myself.

“Callista, please!” I gasped, hot tears streaming down my cheeks.

“You do, don’t you?” She crooned, her other hand, caressing my hair, “I see the songs, the poems, your pain. It’s pathetic.”

“I d- I don’t!”

“Just a little more now.” She whispered as she crushed the bones of my ribcage, tearing me to pieces and destroying me completely. “A little bit more.” She gripped my heart and pulled it out of my chest, a vicious, triumphant smirk on her lips.