

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.

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Zac’s pov:

I sat up with a start, just as my alarm went off. I was breathing hard. My pillows and sheets were soaked with sweat, the nightmare replaying like a broken record in my head.

It has been the same nightmare, or a variation of it since Saturday. Me with Lily, her begging me to feed off of her, me draining her of all her blood and her rising awake as Callista.

And while this was bad, it was a welcome relief from the nightmares I’ve had every time I go to sleep since I was fourteen.

My insomnia wouldn’t allow me to sleep much, preferring to listen to Azrael’s mad rambling in my head than give in to the lull of sleep.

I knew what would happen the moment I fell asleep. And when I did fall asleep, I always had nightmares. Always dreamed of the torture I faced at the hands of our family’s greatest enemy; the Moronis. The torture I faced specifically from the hands of their daughter, Callista Moroni. Losing my humanity and turning me into a creature like them was only the tip of the

iceberg. It was the result of their torture, the effect people saw, not the actual hell I was forced to live through.

But over the past few days, my dreams had been filled with a twisted version of Lily Beauregard, the girl, by whatever cruel twist of fate, that resembled the monster I loathed with all of my black, beating heart.

The girl whose blood, whose taste and scent lingered on my tongue, filled me with an unquenchable thirst. The girl who was becoming a frequent visitor in my dreams, begging me to take from her.

I looked around my room, dragging a shaky hand across my drenched forehead as I took a mental note of my surroundings.

Everything was the same. The same textured walls adorned with damask, the same gothic art pieces, macabre paintings and ornate mirrors graced the walls. The same dark, wooden furniture, vintage vanity and candelabras with flickering candles casting haunting shadows across the room.

In one corner of the room, there was a dedicated space for my music. A vintage microphone and a small recording setup, a grand piano and an intricately designed acoustic guitar took center stage, serving as a creative outlet for all the s**t going on in my head.

I was in an antique style bed draped in heavy, flowing velvet curtains. Dark, rich silk sheets, rustling beneath me. The same bed I've slept in everyday since I was four. Black lace and velvet curtains hung from the windows, allowing a subtle glow from the early morning sun to filter through.

There was no sign of anyone else here.

She's not here, I told myself. She was never here. She's dead now and she can't do anything to hurt me.

Of course not. I killed her. I watched her bleed out slowly... I watched her die...

Right?

I groaned and ripped off the sheets, stalking into the bathroom to wash off the sweat and grime from last night. It didn't help that I still smelled of Lily. I had

fed on her, touched her, drank in her gasps and moans like I could live off of it. Now, her scent refused to leave me, even after two f*****g days.

I dressed up quickly, skipped breakfast, much to my mother's disapproval. I gave her a kiss on the cheek to placate her worries and was out the door before she could call me out on it.

I jumped into my black Mercedes, Savio and Lucas following closely behind me, probably confused as hell when I stopped by a drugstore on my way to school.

I was early for once, rolling into the parking lot designated for the princes just as Aiden got out of his Rolls Royce wraith, leaning against the car and watching me with dark eyes as I slid out of mine.

The Talaverras were the ones with the blood money and fear instilled in the people, but our wealth was a joke compared to the Vanderbilt's.

The Hawthornes had old money and prestige, the Corrigan's had new money and fame, but the Vanderbilts were in an entirely different league of their own, owning a large chunk of the oil and gas industry spanning three continents and maintaining monopoly of the industry for several decades before trying their hands in any and everything.

Food, technology, art, education, health, politics, you name it, the Vanderbilts have been there first. Aiden was the sole heir of a multi billion dollar fortune he was supposed to start learning the ropes of as soon as his uncle stepped down for him.

After the m*****e orchestrated by Edgar Beauregard all those years ago, Aiden had the worst luck out of all of us royals. He had lost both parents and a twin sister he loved dearly to the m*****e and while he had never been a sweet, innocent boy, the aftermath twisted his psyche and turned him into something far worse than the malicious a*****e he was before the m*****e. Now, he was dangerously tiptoeing the edge of feral madness and cold cruelty.

And while I was no saint myself, Aiden wears cruelty, vengeance and darkness like a f*****g cape. His added powers made him damn near untouchable. Unreachable.

Not that I cared. I'd still beat him to a pulp if I thought he deserved it. All of us would actually. Maybe that's why we remained friends all these years. We really didn't care who any of us was or what our families have accomplished before us. We were not afraid to address each other's fuckups, even if it meant beating the s**t out of each other.

We greeted each other with a handshake, him pulling me in and sniffing behind my ear. "You still smell like her," he scowled, releasing me.

"Good morning to you too, a*****e."

"You did more than feed on her," his silver eyes narrowed. "You won't tell me what you did to her."

"I'm taking it to my grave."

"If you get in trouble with the council, who are you going to have on your side now that the Hawthornes are switching sides."

"I'll deal with the council myself," I shrugged, shoving my left hand in my pocket.

His eyes drew to the plastic bag in my right hand and I realized too late that I was still holding it in clear view.

"Have you been able to get through to Ren?" I asked, to divert his attention from asking about the bag, especially because I knew he had a soft spot for Ren.

His gaze hardened slightly, turning stone cold. "No." He snapped, frowning and taking out his phone to be sure of his answer. Whatever he saw made him even more furious. "The bastard is still ignoring me for that girl." He slid his phone back in his pocket and turned on his heels, "I'll be in the library. Don't look for me."

I shrugged and walked into the building, immediately regretting it.

She has been here. f**k, I can smell her. I can feel her everywhere. It felt like every other scent paled in comparison to hers. Now that I've had a taste of her, I was going to go crazy if I didn't have another.

Pulling through classes was a nightmare, Azrael practically screaming at me to find her, grab her and take her, and fighting with him to not lose control and go on a hunting spree.

So long. For so long I have bridled my bloodlust. Pulled myself into the semblance of a heartthrob prince who had his s**t together. One mistake, one slip off had thrown all my hard work out the window. I had a taste and I wanted more.

And it was all her fault.

I should just kill her and be done with it. Maybe that will put an end to all this torment.

“NO!” Azrael bellowed in my head.

“Be quiet and let me think, you defective mutt-“

I froze, my eyes zeroing in on her. I clenched my fists to restrain myself, the plastic bag crinkling in my grasp.

Her head was bowed low, long black hair wisped around her tiny waist as she power walked into the direction of the girl’s bathroom.

Totally different from the direction I was heading.

All I had to do was slip the bag into her locker and call it a day. Never interact with her again.

Yes, that’s what I’ll do.

My feet stayed rooted to the ground, refusing to turn around.

Don’t follow her. Don’t follow her. Don’t follow her, I repeated the mantra over and over in my head even as my fangs slid out, my heart started racing and my feet began moving on their own accord.

Don’t let Azrael take control. Innocent people could get hurt. One human has already gotten hurt from this. There is no telling what could happen. I know the risks. I can’t let that happen again.

I was already walking in the direction of Lily, following her like a dog on a leash.

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Lily's POV

I had actually thought that the girls had left when I heard the sound of their shoes walking away but as i turned around to find Zac by the door. I realized that they were still standing by the slightly ajar door, their demeanor completely different from the sneers that they had given me and the ringleader slid back into the bathroom, resting her hip against the door jamb and gave Zac a flirty smile that made me wonder why she was so confident. And then i remembered that she had absolutely no reason to have low self esteem like me who was not only born without a silver spoon but was also the most hated person in the entire Shadow cove community.

“Is there anything you need, Zac?” She asked and i realized that unlike Ren and Aiden where girls were always trying to move closer when they put on their charms, women tended to stay away from Zac and I understood why.

I've been in a similar situation with Ren where the girl had no qualms attempting to put her hands on him, stopped only by his withering glare.

With Zac, they didn't even try. It was like there was an angry, radioactive force field around him, telling everybody to back the f**k off. I noticed it at the club and I noticed it here too. And in a way, I understood why anyone would want to keep their distance. He was beautiful in the way swords were, sharp and lethal. Pretty in the way works of art in the museum were, cold and unreachable. To be admired from afar especially because he gave off a “dont come close” aura, his entire personality dark and mysterious. If Ren was the bright side of the moon, he was the dark side.

And where does that leave Aiden and Cade? My subconscious asked.

Aiden is practically a black hole. And Cade was the sun to me.

Thinking about Cade twisted my guts. I kicked my leg into motion, needing to escape, not wanting to be caught dead alone with Zac again, but that couldn't happen because these blockheads were blocking my part.

“I didnt say that i needed anything, did I?” His voice was a seductive purr, so different from the scathing tone he uses on me. He was wearing dark shades

that stopped me from seeing his eyes but he looked intently at the girl like he was trying to even remember who she was and she took that as encouragement to take a step closer.

“Phoebe. The name is Phoebe.” She said with a shy smile that would have made me scoff, if i was not struggling to keep my racing heart in check at Zac’s presence.

His attention was already gone from her and he was practically skewering me with his intent gaze and furrowed eyebrows.

“Leave us.” His tone was commanding now, the tone of someone who was used to always giving orders. The smile on Phoebe’s face dropped and even though she glared at me, she stormed out of the bathroom, slamming the door behind her, the sound reminding me that Zac and I were the only one left here.

He walked in and I swear all the air in the room decided to cease to exist.

The bathroom that I had always considered to be large and spacious suddenly felt a lot smaller with his presence practically filling the entire space with his larger than life aura, like the way it had in that bathroom at the club.

He turned to lock, locking us both in before looking back at me.

“Because we were interrupted the last time.” He explained as if that would rid me of the anxiety that was threatening to drag me under at the mere thought that we were in the same space. As if the little piece of information was meant to calm me.

I could not just stand here and do nothing again like some lamb that was tied and about to be slaughtered, could I?

Shaking my head despite my fear, I summoned up the rage I felt for him and placed my hands on my hips, frowning, sure that he could hear my heart hammering in my chest regardless but needing to be able to show him that I was not some sitting duck that could be pushed around whenever and wherever.

“What do you want?” I asked, surprised that my voice had come out steady even though my hands on my hips were shaking.

Nothing. Radio silence was his response to my question.

He shoved a hand in his pocket and prowled towards me, slowly, tauntingly, the prowl of a predator.

I started moving back immediately, lost for words at the fact that he was not wearing a smirk or menacing smile but looked like he was not even sure of what he was doing. His intent gaze burning holes into my skull, his wrinkled eyebrows...

He looked ...conflicted.

"Don't come any closer" I whispered, stretching out a hand to stop him but he was already in front of me and I was literally between a rock and a hard place.

His scent of blood orange and amberketal wrapped around him as he placed his forearm on the wall above me, his other hand coming to cradle my cheeks. It was almost soft. Almost gentle.

He gripped my chin, turning it this way and that, angling my face in practically every direction, his eyebrows wrinkled in concentration like he was studying every detail like he was going to be quizzed later on it.

His fingers touched my hair, threading through the strands, tugged gently. "You're nothing like her." He almost sounded miffed, disappointed, yet relieved.

I blinked, not sure what to say. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew I should be fighting for my life to get out of here. He was a bloodsucker after all by whatever cruel twist of fate, but yet, I found myself craving it. His bite. I longed for the bliss. The pleasure.

"Are you going to bite me?" I asked, done with playing the waiting game.

Shock registered throughout the entire body and he stumbled back, letting go of me like he just got burned.

"No," he hissed, some of that hateful sneer coming back. "No. Don't ask me that."

He gripped his hair tight, shaking his head, "f**k, you've put this s**t into my head again."

I looked at him confused. "Then why are you here?"

That made him stop. This time, he walked over to me and picked me up by my waist like I weighed nothing, setting me down on the countertop.

My back rested flush against the glass mirror and I gasped as his hands lingered under my thighs before he stepped in between my legs, all the while maintaining eye contact with me.

My heart started racing. My cheeks flushed. Is this a weird foreplay he's doing before he bites me? Why's he hot and cold with me? What's going on.

It was unnerving watching him watch me through those sunglasses and, feeling a little bit brave, I took it off without his permission.

Like I suspected, his eyes were a dark red colour, the colour of bloodlust and c****e.

With eyes like this, he looked wild, feral, nothing like the suave and smooth Zac that everyone was used to.

"Your eyes."

"What about them?"

I swallowed. We were whispering like we were sharing a secret. Everything about this felt too intimate. Out of nowhere. On Saturday he had treated me like nothing more than wet rag, but right now he was so gentle, holding back, touching me... except this was some kind of prank.

Like Cade...

He was touching my hair again, a fisted knuckle trembling slightly traced my cheekbone. My eyes drew to his and my stomach coiled up at the hungry look in his eyes.

What are you thinking of, Zac? What's going on in that head of yours? Did I appear to him in his dreams or something?

"Zac-" I whispered, not sure why I was whispering.

"I want to bite you again." He blurted. "It's all I can think of right now. I'm barely holding myself back from jumping on you like an animal."

My eyes flared open at the blatant confession.

“Azrael wants nothing more than to feed off of you all his life. I was so close to draining all of your blood on Saturday night, Lily. You could have damned me further to hell. Do you even have any idea how f*****g addicting you are?”

He didn't give me a chance to answer, he was already ripping open my shirt.

“It's like you're my special brand of drugs. It's like if I don't have you, I'm going to die. Do you have any f*****g clue what you're doing to me, Lily? Does this make you happy?”

“I don't-” the words hung in my throat as he buried his nose in the crook of my neck, inhaling like he could get high off my scent.

“f**k!” He hissed, “what are you doing to me?”

His entire body was trembling, like he was trying to hold himself back from doing something he'd regret. Like he was failing at keeping a tight leash on himself. “Just a taste,” he whispered desperately, his lips grazing my skin.

The joy, the ecstasy, the feeling of being so high on top the world, even if it was for just a few seconds appealed to me.

I tilted my neck, granting him permission.

It was just like last time. No, even better than last time.

I let out a shaky moan as pleasure bubbled in my veins. His grip on me was tight, like he was hanging on to a lifeline. His fingers wove into my hair, tilting my head in the way he wanted as he fed from me, making wild, anguish sounds like an animal slurping up their favourite food. Consuming heat and electric warmth ran through my entire body, all my nerve endings were on high alert.

I couldn't get used to this even if I tried.

He stopped abruptly taking a few steps back, panting hard. “f**k,” he cursed again, raking his hand through his hair, his chest rising up and down rapidly. “Y- you can't let me keep doing that.”

“It's not as if I can fight back.” I shrugged, earning a frustrated scowl from him.

He exhaled through his lips and walked back to me. "Stay still," he instructed.

I didn't even realize that he had been holding something until he dropped a plastic bag beside me. His hand moved to touch the collar of my shirt, eyes still locked with mine. I froze, my heart nearly bursting out of my chest but I dared not move, too stunned to even speak.

His eyes were back to their usual dark color.

Is it this way when he's back in control?

The silence in the bathroom was thick with tension as he unbuttoned the first two buttons of my shirt, hand moving across my collar bone to the side of my throat where the bite marks remained like a permanent tattoo and my eyes widened in shock when he opened the plastic bag to see him bring out cotton wool and spirit.

I could not even speak, too surprised just watching him clean up the marks after inspecting it and then proceeding to place a band aid on it. It was too unbelievable that he was being so gentle and soft right now.

As if it was not enough that he had cleaned up the wounds, he handed me the plastic bag and took a step back and besides myself with curiosity, I opened it to look inside and saw that they were other things inside the bag like chocolate bars and blood supplements.

"What?" I blurted out before I could stop myself because this entire thing confused me.

"I shouldn't have lost control on Saturday night... And now too, actually. I usually have Azrael under control-" he was saying hesitantly, stopping in his tracks when I jumped down from the sink edge, my eyes nearly falling from my sockets.

Okay, this was definitely weird. Did something happen to him because this was not the Zac I knew.

"You're sorry?" I asked, incredulously.

"Don't act like that," he frowned, "I'm capable of giving a sincere apology. Besides, if the council finds out, it's my a*s on the line."

My shock finally dissolved, replaced with a sarcastic smile.

Of course, so that's what this is about. He was here to manipulate me because he was trying to save face. He didn't really care. Why would he? For a moment I had almost fallen for it. Was I so love starved that I fell for scraps my bully would toss at me?

Feeling incredibly foolish, I pushed him out of the way and rushed towards the door, yanking it open.

"My best friend is still hurt because of you. Sorry to break it to you, Zachary, but a simple sorry isn't going to fix your problems."

I had no intentions of making this easy for him. He had been mean to me, kicking me down when I was already in a bad state of mind. He had a choice to be mean and to not be and he had chosen to be mean instead. Now he had to deal with the consequences.

I should feel like a hypocrite, especially for letting him touch me and even feed on me again, but I didn't. I had allowed it. It happened on my own terms and I don't remember the last time I ever had anything happen on my terms, with my full consent. It felt nice and as mad as I still was at him, I could see myself easing up on him in the future.

I had no idea what the hell made him change towards me, but I was going to milk this out as much as I can.

Without waiting for a response, I turned and left, taking the bag with me because it's Chocolate! I can't say no to chocolate.

Heading back to class, I was relieved that he did not follow me but even though he had not, I could not stop wondering what would happen if I told people who he was. And what was that between us in the bathroom? Why had I even allowed him to put hands on me?

And oh god, Bia! I couldn't believe that I had let the very guy that hurt her put his hands on me.

Pulling out my phone, I added a fresh string of texts to my previous ones, hoping to miraculously get a reply.

“Miss Beauregard.” I heard a voice, shocking me out of my reverie and when I looked towards the board, I saw our teacher looking at me with his brows raised.

“Sir?”

“What was the last thing I said?”

All eyes were on me and I opened my mouth to speak, nothing coming out because I had not been listening.

“Well, you can take your daydreaming out of my class if that is why you are here.”

“More like hallucination. Delusional girl.” Someone whispered and the rest of the class laughed, spending the rest of the period making jokes about me that made me want the ground to open and swallow me.

As I dragged myself back to my locker at the end of the day, I knew that this was probably only the beginning of the bad things that I had to expect and could not wait to go home, even though home didn’t even feel like home anymore.

I was about to stuff my books into the locker when a note dropped to the ground as I opened the door. Picking it up curiously, I froze in surprise when I read the contents.

It was from Ren and he wanted to meet. At the drawing room.

LILY’S POV

(Dubious consent in this chapter. please skip this chapter if you’re sensitive to things like this.)

We need to talk, Lily. Meet me at the drawing room– Ren.

My eyes skimmed over the paper about a thousand times and I had to squeeze it to be sure that it was real even though it was obviously not a figment of my imagination but this past week had been so much for me, I could not even imagine what was going on right now . I just wanted everything around me to stop and give me a f*****g break.

Ren wanted to see me. He had tracked down my locker and slipped this note in. I should be impressed by the effort.

So even though my heart skidded to a halt and I felt a huge wave of anticipation low in my stomach thinking about what could possibly await me in the drawing room and what Ren might want to see me for. I could not ignore the fear that Ren might actually be just like his friends and that this was all a game to keep me distracted while his guys dealt with me.

It didn't make any sense because Ren had been nothing but kind to me since I met him but I could not overlook the fact that his best friends had been nothing but jerks to me and birds of a feather flock together, right?

Gosh, I'm not even making sense right now. Am I team Ren or against him?

Everything was so confusing and I did not even have Bia to talk to and hear her two cents on the matter anymore. I was so tired of being alone, of feeling like this, of having no one.

I was already past my breaking point.

And even though I knew that going to the drawing room to see Ren after blocking him and telling him to leave me alone was pathetic, I did not have it in me to reject what could be an act of kindness. I just needed to speak to someone and if Ren was offering after what I did to him, then I was going to take it.

Heart in my mouth, I made my way to the drawing room, my hope renewed and entered after knocking once, to announce my entry, but instead of Ren's smiling face, all that I was met with was a cruel menacing grin that definitely does not belong to Ren.

Aiden...

There he was, sprawled on the beat up sofa like a cruel prince, stardust eyes pulling me into eternal oblivion.

I once said that he was a black hole and now more than ever, I could see why.

With just one burning glare, he was already pulling me into deep dark water where I couldn't think, move, breathe or speak.

“Well, well, look who we have here. Surprised to see me, Beauregard?” He grinned, “expected someone else?”

Fear had me rooted to the ground.

Run! My subconscious yelled at me, Run, girl! and my legs finally unfroze.

I turned around to sprint out of there as I realized that Ren had not in fact reached out to me.

It was a trap.

Had he been in on it?

No. No, god, I’m such a fool.

My plan to escape was quickly extinguished because Sebastian blocked the door, shutting it before I could reach it and locking us all in.

When I looked at him in disbelief, given that he had been nothing but nice to me when I met him at the club, he shrugged with a smirk popping his knuckles. “No hard feelings, princess. What the king wants, the king gets.”

“And like a dog, you’re sitting at the table begging for scraps-” I didn’t get to finish what I was saying because Sebastian backhanded me so hard, I fell to the ground.

I wheezed out a breath, my lungs closing in on me.

“Did I tell you to hit her?” That cold, ruthless voice drawled.

“Ai- Aiden?”

“Did I stutter?” He was rising from his throne, prowling towards Sebastian who shrunk under his master’s dark gaze. Whips of darkness writhed out of him like snakes, hissing and snapping.

This must be his power. It had occurred to me once or twice that Ren may not be the only one with powers. Twice I have seen these dark entities wisp out of Aiden and twice I had ignored it. But it was impossible to ignore it when the literal darkness was practically throttling his friend.

“I mistook my place. I’m sorry, Aiden.”

“It’s not me you should be apologizing to, Morellis.”

Sebastian gritted his face and looked at me where I was still chilling on the dirty ground. “I’m sorry.”

“For what?” Aiden’s grin widened. He enjoyed this. He wasn’t doing this for me. He was doing it for himself. He enjoyed the thought of having so much power over Sebastian.

I looked at him in incredulous shock.

This guy... he was actually a psychopath. The sight of other people hurt, in fear, dominated over... I’ve never seen anyone smile so hard and so cruelly at these sights.

“For hitting you.”

“Will it ever happen again.”

“N- no... of course not.”

Satisfied with his larky’s answer, he dismissed him with a flick of his wrist.

“Leave us.”

I’ll be lying if I said that I didn’t exhale in relief knowing that one of them was leaving. I could probably take down Aiden with some luck on my side.

Ha! I stopped for a moment. All that’s left is clown makeup and clown costume to complete my look.

Even without his ominous powers, I couldn’t take out Aiden in a fight, even one that favoured me. A wolfless omega thinking she had a shot against a powerful alpha... I must really be losing it today.

“What do you want from me?” I sincerely hope my voice didn’t come out as squeaky as it sounded in my ears.

“What do I want? I want you bleeding, crying, alone. Dead.”

My heart skidded to a stop, my heart racing. Is he going to try to kill me here in school?

“That’s what I want.” He said, a little bit softer, stalking towards me, silver eyes reeling me in. He stopped until he was in front of me, towering over me by a few generous inches.

“So explain to me why I stopped Morellis from beating you to a pulp just now?”

His face scrunched into a frown as he pondered his own question. He looked honestly confused by his actions and I had already arrived at the fact that I was interacting with a mentally unstable psychopath.

“I’ll go. I’ll lea-“

“Shut up,” he hissed, his thumb stroking my lip, tugging on the healing bruise.

His breath hitched as he rubbed his thumb over my bottom lip, silver grey eyes narrowed in intense concentration. He slipped his thumb between my lips, his chest heaving up and down until he was panting heavily.

A thin trail of sweat dropped down the side of his face, disappearing into the collar of his shirt.

It’s now or never, now that he’s distracted.

I bit down hard on his thumb, expecting him to flinch back in pain and let me go long enough to get the f**k out of here.

Instead, the masochistic psychopath... moaned.

He actually moaned.

His lips curled up in a cruel smirk, his eyes darkened till it was gunmetal grey, “looks like you’ve got teeth after all?”

Annoyed and feeling a little more ballsy, I bit down harder, my teeth piercing his flesh. Metallic taste of blood stained my tongue. Good.

He hissed, an expression of pain finally registering on his face.

He shoved his thumb deep in to my mouth, his breathing ragged. He didn’t stop until he was touching the back of my throat, triggering my gag reflex. I released his thumb, fighting for breath and when I was done coughing up my lungs, I looked at him only to see his darkened gaze locked on his thumb that had just been inside my mouth.

He was staring at it with an indecipherable expression, and then, he placed the thumb right on his tongue.

Heat warmed my cheeks. What the actual hell.

Taking a few steps back, I tried to run, but instead, he grabbed me, shoving me against the wall, my palms connecting with the wall. His body was a wall of heat behind mine, strong and warm as he tugged down the collar of my shirt hard.

My heart stopped.

No. He'll know. He'll tell everyone.

I struggled against him as he examined the bite marks. "This is recent," he mused, eyes concentrated on the bruises on my neck. "Zac never makes the same mistake twice. And he never feeds from anyone except-" he caught himself immediately.

He gripped my chin hard, tugging me to face him as his eyes slashed to mine, maddening rage darkening them. "It's not enough that you took my family, now you're taking my best friends? Do you have it out for me, Beauregard?"

"Just let me go. I promise to stay out of your sight."

"Too late for that now, princess," he rasped, his hand sliding up my thighs, "how about I put my fingers in some place you can't bite back?"

My eyes widened. My heart started racing.

"You won't be able to stop me, your pleas will be nothing to me. In Fact, I'm looking forward to seeing you cry and beg me. I'll get off on it. I'll come all over your face as you shed pleading tears. You'd like that, won't you?"

I hated the way my knees knocked together at the thought of it, what had to be false desire blooming in me.

"I- I'm sorry for hurting you. It won't happen again."

"Spare me your insincere apology." He brought his finger to my mouth again. "Suck." He commanded.

This time, I obediently took him into my mouth even as he added two more fingers, pushing it down my throat, in and out, in and out, not giving me a second to breathe.

My breathing was ragged and my hair was matted to my cheeks in sweat, tears and slobber.

I hated that a part of me felt my body alive with desire. A part of me wanted this. What did that make me? A masochist for wanting my bully?

“Good girl,” he crooned, stroking my hair like one would stroke an obedient cat and I hated the surge of validation that exploded in my stomach. Eager to please him. In this twisted game of revenge and dominance he was playing, I was playing to leave as unscathed as I can, even if it means tricking myself into believing I wanted this.

He slipped his fingers out of my mouth and slid them between my legs. “Tell me you want this.”

“Aiden-“

“Beg me for it.”

“Please.”

That voice. No, that needy moan. I’d have been horrified if I wasn’t so desperate, so touch starved that I craved his.

“Please what, princess?”

“Please, put your fingers in me.”

“And?” He urged.

I was panting hard. He had already slid his fingers underneath my panties, rubbing languidly on my clit. I puffed out a shaky breath. “And make it feel good.”

He let out an animalistic rumble from deep in his chest and he slid a finger into me, accepting the challenge.

Stars dotted my vision.

Oh... oh...

“f**k,” he hissed, practically collapsing on top of me, “how are you so-” he blew out a breath that puffed against the skin of my neck, “so f*****g tight.”

My body quivered with a mix of fear, anticipation and pleasure as he slowly worked his finger inside me, his touch igniting a fire that spread throughout my being. My breath hitched, and I arched my back, craving more of him.

Aiden’s voice, deep and husky, filled the air again, his words causing shivers to run down my spine. In out, in out. The squelchy sounds it was making only added to make this more erotic than it should be. I was enjoying this. My body was enjoying this.

“That’s it, baby. Show me how much you want it.”

His command resonated within me, awakening a primal urge I had suppressed all my life. I needed it, craved it like a drug. The ache between my thighs intensified with each passing second, urging me to abandon any inhibitions and surrender to the pleasure he promised.

Just for this moment. Just here, just now, just us within these closed doors.

He added another finger, further intensifying my pleasure. I’m going to die here. He’s really trying to kill me.

With a gasp, I found my voice. “Aiden, please.”

“Please what, sweetheart?”

I just- I didn’t know how to explain it. It felt like there was something building in me. I was going to burst open. Right here, right now, if he doesn’t do something about it.

Suddenly, he pressed down hard on my clit with his thumb, drilling his fingers at a ridiculously fast pace that had me shaking and crying and begging him.

My throat burned with unshed tears.

My words turned into a series of incoherent moans as the pleasure surged through me. Aiden’s touch was relentless, driving me closer to the edge with each skillful movement of his finger. The world around us faded into oblivion, and all that existed was the raw intensity of our connection.

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He suddenly growled, filled with a primal hunger that mirrored my own. He increased the speed and pressure of his ministrations, pushing me relentlessly toward the pinnacle of ecstasy.

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He immediately slid his fingers out from me, turning me around to face him. He was panting wildly. His eyes were filled with something primal. Something animalistic.

The tears broke out immediately I came to. Horror and revulsion washing over me.

What have I done? What did I just let him do? And of all the people, Aiden?!

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 43

LILY’S POV

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Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 44

Lily's pov:

“Can I go now?” I hissed.

He was panting hard, a wild look in his eyes. I've never seen him look so feral. So unhinged. And that's saying something because unhinged was his perpetual resting b***h face.

“No,” he growled.

Turning back to Aiden with a glare, I snapped at him. “What do you want from me now?”

Lowly, wickedly, he grinned, some of his cold cruelty coming back. “Everything,” he rasped, twirling strands of my hair in his fingers.

“I just-” he was still panting, grinning. I've never seen madness look so regal in a person's eyes before. “I just want to swallow you up.”

I took a step back, my heart racing, pounding dangerously fast in my ears.

His eyes. That predatory shine... he meant it. In whatever dark, metaphoric way, he meant that statement.

“I did what you wanted. You have to let me go.”

“What I wanted?” A hint of amusement tugged up his lip. “And what did I want, princess?”

“J- Just now. Y- you. Your-“

His smile widened, he looked every bit the proud pompous prince, “I finger f****d you.”

Oh god, hearing it from him made my cheeks flame up in embarrassment.

“That wasn’t for me. That was for you.” He walked closer, his spicy, sophisticated scent of cardamom and coumarin lingered between us. “You should do something for me too.”

My breathing stuttered to a stop. I took several steps back, shaking my head. “N- no.”

“It’s laughable how you think you have a choice in the matter,” he took his phone out of his pocket and dangled it in front of me.

I squinted at the screen. There was a grainy video stuck on pause that seemed eerily familiar.

“This should convince you,” he purred.

He hit play on the video and horror became my middle name. I felt my face flame up in embarrassment because it was a video of me the night of that dreadful party. Worse, it was a video of Zac feeding off of me. Touching me.

Oh no.

I started hyperventilating.

In the video, my eyes were closed and my mouth was slightly open like I was actually enjoying the act, the needy moans I was letting out wasn’t helping my case. I wanted to vomit and I quickly turned, looking away.

How had he even gotten his hands on that video? There was no doubt that Zac was in on this. I could only imagine the audacity that he had to come and pretend to be sorry and say I should not tell anyone what he was when he and his friends were filming something like this.

Just when I had thought that my life could not get any worse, everything has gone sideways all over again.

“Why do you have that?” I whispered, my voice shaky with cold as I fisted my hands and his smile widened like he had hit the jackpot. “How do you have that?!”

He slid the phone back in his pocket, folding his arms and looked at me, dragging a lazy gaze from the top of my head to the tip of my toes.

“You’re slow, aren’t you? Asking all the wrong questions.”

I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth, not backing down or allowing him to make me feel stupid.

“The more important question that you should be asking is, how can I get Aiden to delete this? Surely, you know that there will be an uproar if this video goes out. Nothing like a good ol’ viral video of the school’s outcast also being a blood w***e. Can you just imagine the outrage that it will cause?”

I froze in horror, the pieces finally coming together. Aiden wanted something from me and even though I had no idea what it was, in exchange for that video, I knew that it could be nothing good.

Seeing that my eyes had widened in understanding of my situation, Aiden’s smile widened and he nodded, closing the distance between us and stopping until he was just an inch from me.

“Go on, princess, ask me the question.” Aiden urged and knowing that there was no way out of here, I wiped the stray tear from my cheek and steeled my backbone.

“What do you want, Aiden?”

“I just got you off,” he said, coming closer to me and pushing my hair back behind my ear. “I want you to be a good little girl and get me off with that smart mouth of yours.”

I could swear that I saw his mouth moving but the words sounded incredibly far from me but my vision was blurring with tears as his words sunk in.

“What have I ever done to you?” I screamed, my restraint finally cracking. “What exactly did I do to deserve this?”

Gone was the fake softness, the illusion of gentleness. In an instant, he was in front of me, grabbing me by the chin hard.

“You’re alive, Beauregard. That’s what is so wrong about you. You’re alive and you’re the reason I live in hell everyday. As long as you live, you will

always be a bug in this system, as long as you live, you will always deserve every bad s**t that happens to you.”

I shook my head, trying not to let his words get to me. No, I’m better than that. I’m worth more... right?

“Aiden,” I whispered, trying to stop myself from crying. He was as sadistic as he was masochistic and from the look in his eyes, my tears were probably turning him on.

“It is only fair, don’t you think so? From the looks of the video, you not only enjoyed being fed on, my friend made you come, so it is only right that you return the favour.”

“Please” I gasped, shaking my head. I did not have the slightest clue on how to do what he was asking and until recently that these two princes developed s****l fascination for me, the only s****l experience I have ever had was kissing and that was with Cade.

I opened my mouth to explain to Aiden, to beg him to ask me to do something else, anything but this but his free hand quickly typed a message and when he showed me his phone. I saw that he was planning to send the video to the school’s website.

“Your choice, Beauregard.” He said with a smirk and I loathed him so much. “Do this, and I set you free. Wipe off the video. Never bother you with it again.”

How ironic was this? This was not my choice. He was taking my choice away from me and there was no telling if when I said no, he was going to force me anyways.

I wouldn’t put it past him.

No one was coming to rescue me from this. And it was then that I truly felt the weight of loneliness and despair, knowing that Aiden would make me do this and get away with it unscathed and there would be nothing I would do about it.

So with tears in my eyes, I sank to my knees in front of him.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 45

Aiden's POV

A ghost. That's what she was. Lily was an apparition.

It was like she was taunting me everywhere I turned. Haunting me. Mocking me. Her face, her scent, her f*****g presence. Hanging over me like a thundercloud. Everywhere I looked, she was there, with those bright innocent eyes that were clearly meant to deceive, to her face that should not even look attractive to me with that last name attached to her.

And yet again, she had somehow found her way to a club that I was perfectly certain that I would be free of her.

Blind rage had made me orchestrate the series of events that led Lily to where she is now, kneeling at my feet.

I must say, I'm amazed by how well it worked.

I hadn't been able to contain the unprecedented fury I had felt when I smelled Lily on my best friend.

It had taken everything in me to not punch Zac in the face immediately he returned with Lily's scent all over him like he had dipped himself in her skin and bathed in her perfume.

Zac had nonchalantly explained what had happened and left as soon as he had returned, but I could not let it go. Not when Lily was involved. And so, despite myself, despite knowing that Zac had told me that it was nothing serious, I could not help but try to find something, anything that could be used against her.

And that was how I found out about the phone that had been placed in the bathroom with the camera on by some freak who had set it up in the women's bathroom to get illicit videos of whichever lady showed up later.

And the gods had to be on my side because the first video had been of her, her head thrown back and eyes glazed over in pleasure and she rocked against his hand.

I hated that not only was I enraged by that video, but when I closed my eyes, I wondered what it had felt like to be the one bringing her to the brink of o*****m.

Worse, the image in my head, the memory of her sounds had made me hard in seconds, my body's response to her almost instantaneous.

It made me hate her even more for forcing her way into my life, into my thoughts and now she was after all of my friends?

It wasn't enough that I had to put up with Ren defending her all the time and now she was after Zac too?

Well, she was going to pay.

She had asked me why I was doing this, and the f*****g truth was that I wanted to see for myself. See why they were so obsessed with her all of a sudden.

And now, I had gotten her right where I wanted her, kneeling in front of me, pliant and submissive.

I fisted my hands. I hated that my hands were trembling. That my entire body was trembling in anticipation.

"You gonna stare at me all day or take it out?" I snapped at Lily and when she flinched, her hands shakily rising from her thighs, I silently cursed myself for behaving like a virgin about to get his first blow job.

But I was even more annoyed that just the sight of Lily kneeling in front of me looking clueless, which I was certain was just an act, happened to be the most erotic thing I had ever had the pleasure of witnessing. There was something about the way she was in that submissive position that messed with my head. f****d up my senses. Fried my brains.

I was hard as stone immediately and she had not even touched me yet.

As she reached for my pants, fumbling with buttons and zipper, I noticed that her hands were practically vibrating.

"Cold?" I prodded.

"Nervous." She snapped, barring her teeth at me before letting out a defeated sigh.

I tilted my head, not falling for her innocent act, "come on, princess, you don't have to act coy with me. My fingers were just in you."

The memory was seared in my brain and I didn't want to think about how I'd have to scrub for days before I get her scent off of me.

Her cheeks reddened. "It's not an act! I- I've never done this before."

My train of thoughts came crashing to a halt.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair and jerked her up to look at me. "Stop lying." I growled in disbelief, searching her eyes for an obvious tell that she was lying.

I found none.

f**k.

Was she? What if this really was her first time? Maybe she wasn't a w***e like I thought and was really just a virgin because who would want to f**k a freak like her after all?

But before I could even ask, the words were stolen from me and replaced by a guttural groan as she wrapped her small hands around the strong hard length of my d**k.

I was hit by a strong wave of need that felt almost blinding and I bit my lip hard enough to draw blood when she stroked me hesitantly.

My goal to keep my eyes on her was becoming increasingly difficult because all I wanted to do was throw my head back, close my eyes and revel in her touch.

If I had thought that her hands were magical, I almost came in her mouth the moment she wrapped those lips around me, running her tongue around the head and sucking it into her mouth.

f**k!

My eyes were wide in shock as I looked down at her and when I quickly realized that she really had no idea what she was doing, guilt tugged at my heart for asking her to do this.

I shook it off immediately.

No, she deserved even worse than this. I was merciful enough to just have it be this right now, was I not?

Reaching for her hair and grabbing a fistful, I started to thrust inside her mouth. Slowly at first, testing her gag reflex.

“Suck it with a little more pressure,” I commanded, my voice coming out strained and when she did exactly as I ordered, it made me want to fall to my knees and beg for mercy.

“Yeah, just like that,” I hissed, my entire body trembling, alive with electric warmth.

After a few thrusts and seeing that she was understanding exactly what I liked, I grabbed her head tighter and forced her to look at me.

“Keep your eyes on me, princess” I said and I didn’t know what I was expecting but the last thing I anticipated was that locking eyes with her would shred every last sense of control that I had and affect me in a way that made me wonder who exactly was being punished right now.

If anything, it seemed like the tables had turned and I was the one at her mercy.

Groaning, I could not help myself but thrust deeper and faster, hitting the back of her throat. Her whimpers and gagging sounds were making me lose my f*****g mind and when she tried to push me away, I tightened my grip on her hair, keeping her in place as I started to f**k her mouth in earnest.

Her eyes wouldn’t leave mine, her cheeks hollowing and puffing out in tandem with my d**k thrusting in and out of her.

I was hard and rough, thrusting with an intensity that made her eyes leak with tears and I didn’t care. Not when it felt so good. Not when I could feel myself about to fall off the edge, her helplessness turning me on even more.

I wasn’t joking when I said her tears turned me on, but I was starting to realize that I had grossly underestimated the effect it had on me. No. Seeing her so f*****g helpless was destructive. Ripping me to shreds. Tearing me to pieces.

Mine, Nyx growled in my head, coming out to play. He had never done that before, never interrupted me when I was busy with all my mindless previous hookups. But I had to agree with him on this.

Mine. Mine. Mine. My thoughts were racing a mile a minute, on repeat in my head.

She was mine and I was going to find a way to keep her bound to me.

That was the last coherent thought I had before the o****m swept me off my feet and I pulled out of her mouth, coming all over her face, my legs threatening to buckle and collapse under me.

I didn't even realize that I had just kept staring at her, lost in thought and surprise until she rose to her feet, her face already wiped with a napkin and glared at me, tears trickling down her face.

"I've done what you wanted. Now you have to delete the video," she said, her voice, hard as steel and fled the room before I could respond.

"Well, that was quite a show," a dark voice drawled, reminding me that he was here and we had not been alone and even though I was still struggling to catch my breath, I growled at him menacingly, earning a chuckle from him. "Oh, this is going to be fun," he purred before leaving my subconscious.

Just then, the door opened again and Sebastian was looking at me. "The girl just left. I'm guessing you got what you wanted."

His wolfish grin told me that he knew exactly what just happened between Lily and I.

This would have been funny, except that I wasn't f*****g smiling at him.

"If you repeat what happened here to anyone else, I will rip out your heart myself and feed it to you. Do you understand me?"

He nodded fearfully and I collapsed on the couch, bringing out the phone and deleting the text and video like I had said I would.

That was the only part of my promise that I would keep.

I had promised that I would leave her alone after this but the truth was, I was a predator and she was the most intriguing of preys. And now that I had gotten a taste of her, I was not interested in stopping.

No, this was just the beginning.

She had walked into my trap and now she was mine.

I'll make sure of it.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 46

Lily's POV

I was barely able to make it to the bathroom, entering the first stall I could find open when I vomited, my entire body shaking with anger as tears trickled down my cheeks.

Sliding to the ground, I held my knees to my chest and sobbed hard.

Aiden has succeeded in making me do something that I had never wanted to do and what was worse, was that during the act, I realized that I had not hated it.

I had not hated when he grabbed fistfuls of my hair and stared into my eyes, his filled with an intensity that I did not understand and hate, such bright hate that I knew without a doubt how he felt about me.

And yet, as he moved in my mouth, I had felt something else. I didn't know what it was but it was not hatred like I wanted to and that made me ashamed of myself.

What was wrong with me? Was I that broken? Did I have no regard for myself anymore? Was I truly every horrible thing that I was called?

And then as if it was not enough, I realized that I had not even waited to find out whether or not Aiden kept his promise of deleting the video after what he made me do.

Suddenly feeling my throat close up, in panic, I struggled to breathe and tried to calm myself.

I didn't know anything about Aiden except that he hated me with passion and that he seemed to derive pleasure in the demise of others.

Which meant that the chances of him deleting that video was zero to none and that I was just stupid for leaving without even making sure that he kept his word.

God, this just kept getting worse and worse.

I felt dirty, cheap, used and degraded.

I vaguely heard giggles as I hugged my entire body tighter and suddenly, the door to my stall was opened and when I looked up, I saw Rhea and Chelsea staring at me, the smiles on their faces going dim immediately their eyes landed on me.

“Oh my God” Rhea gasped and the two of them rushed into the tiny stall and helped me to my feet, bringing me out and helping me sit on the chair outside the bathroom even as Rhea brought out a napkin to wipe my face.

“What happened?” She asked, her eyes filled with worry and when I just looked up at her, unsure of what to even say, I saw that Chelsea’s brows were raised in question and her eyes suddenly went wide as if she realized something and her face suddenly turned sad.

But it was Rhea that finally spoke again.

“What happened to you, Lily? Why do you smell like Aid—” Chelsea elbowed her subtly, shaking her head and Rhea’s eyes widened, her face hardening in rage while her question made me tremble in fear.

“Come with us. We will take care of you.” Rhea said softly and if I could speak, I would have thanked her for not asking anything else.

I was too ashamed and tired to even begin to speak and I knew that if Aiden found out that I had told them anything, it would be even worse for me, but it seemed like they already suspected from the looks on their faces.

Was this what he did? Blackmailed innocent girls to suck his d**k?

“Let’s take you home.” Chelsea said, walking beside me as Rhea held my hand and we headed towards the exit.

When I raised my eyebrows in question, wondering how they wanted to take me home, Chelsea brought out a pair of car keys.

“We’ll use Rhea’s ride. She can’t drive so I do most of the driving.”

“Well, driving is not my forte, any more than cooking is yours.” Rhea said with a roll of her eyes.

“Hey! I can cook just fine!” Chelsea shot back.

“You gave me food poisoning!”

“One time!”

This earned a giggle from me and I didn't even know how to begin to thank them that they were trying to distract me by keeping things mundane.

We had just stepped into the car park, almost at Rhea's car when to my surprise and embarrassment, I saw Ren leaning against the passenger door casually, looking up at the sky.

Chin length silver hair wafted in the wind, obstructing most of his face. His jawline was sharp edges and gentle curves. His uniform, impeccably clean. He was the picture of lazy aristocratic grace.

Just approaching him felt like approaching peace, sanity and tranquility. Nothing like the madness and darkness I have just been subjected to.

I was a stain right next to him.

I stopped moving, slowing down Rhea who had been holding my hand and when she and Chelsea turned back to look at me, I swallowed, feeling nothing but shame and fear because I knew that Ren would be able to read my thoughts if he wanted to or if I wasn't already unknowingly screaming them to him like I had done in the past.

“Maybe I should just go home myself.” I whispered and Rhea was about to answer but Ren had already noticed us. He was already walking towards us. He was going to find out. Oh god, he was going to find out what happened between me and his best friend.

Watching his features change was like watching a train wreck happen right in front of you.

I watched as his features turned from relief to joy to confusion, worry and then... cold, hard rage.

The soft smile that he had been wearing when his eyes met mine disappeared in an instant replaced by a cold look that I had never seen before.

He ground his teeth, obviously very f*****g pissed, and without a word, he turned and started walking back towards the school.

Oh no.

Oh god, he had seen. He knows. He knows what I did. How much of a w***e I am. He's disgusted. He's mad at me.

I lowered my head in shame, because without a doubt, I had misjudged him. Of course, he had nothing to do with any of this. I had overreacted and thought that he was like his friends

"Hey! Ren! Where are you going?" Rhea called after him. But he just waved her off, not bothering to look back at her.

"I have something I need to take care of." He answered coldly, taking a turn that made him disappear from our view.

I was going to be sick. I was going to throw up all over again.

No no no.

"Hey, hey! Are you okay? You look like you're about to throw up." Chelsea shook me softly when I didn't respond, triggering another wave of nausea.

I groaned and covered my mouth.

"Oop. Sorry. Do you need a minute?"

I shook my head.

I noticed they shared a worried look, probably concerned about how green I looked.

"Come on, let's go." Chelsea said, leading me to the car. A beautiful, mint green tesla.

I was surprised when Rhea moved to sit at the back with me, instead of in front, pulling me in for an embrace as the car started.

Filled with so much gratitude that I didn't know how to repay, I let her hold me for as long as she could, falling asleep in her arms to the sound of the gentle purring of the engines.

The next time I opened my eyes, it was to Rhea slightly nudging me awake.

“We are here.”

“Thank you.” I nodded, surprised when they got down from the car and walked me to the door.

Home sweet home, I thought sadly, watching as the two of them stood waiting for me to go inside.

“We’ll just stay here to make sure you get in safely before we leave.” Rhea said and I nodded, looking back at my house and wondering when this place stopped feeling like home.

I didn’t want to be alone right now. I didn’t want to be alone anymore.

“Would you like to come in?” I asked hesitantly, my heart in my mouth at my offer and when they nodded with a smile, a tear slipped down my cheek.

“We would love to.” Rhea said and taking my hand, I led them inside.

Leading them up to my bedroom, I opened the door and it was when I entered, the two of them following after me that I realized that my room was still a mess. Bia and I had moved most of the stuff around after my house was raided but we had kept some things in a huge pile because she had been so excited about bringing me to that party and said we would continue later.

The later never came and I had not still heard from my best friend.

“I’m sorry. This place is a mess.” I whispered, my eyes on the ground.

“Well, thankfully, there are three of us. Let’s get started so that we can get something to eat afterwards.” Rhea said, making my eyes widen in shock.

“Sounds like an excellent idea.” Chelsea added and as they started helping me rearrange, I had just one thought.

Perhaps I was not as alone as I thought.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 47

Ren’s POV

I looked at my beirling watch for the second time since I had come out to wait by Rhea's car. We were supposed to go somewhere today because it was part of our sibling ritual, as she called it, that we went somewhere fun and exciting at least once every two weeks.

It was something she started doing when we were kids and even though I had been very standoffish towards the idea in the beginning, now I could not imagine not doing this ritual with her. It made me grateful that I had a sister that cared about me, someone that would always have my back no matter what.

I sighed and gazed up at this sky. Soft white cumulus clouds floated lazily in the pale blue sky.

I could paint this, I said to myself longingly. Lily would like to see me paint this.

Like every other time this week, my thoughts immediately went to Lily, even though the situation didn't necessarily call for her. I pulled out my phone and scrolled through our messages, my eyes resting on the last message that she had sent to me right before blocking me.

I ran my hand through my hair, deep in thoughts.

I had thought for so long after that message, wondering what I could have done to make her switch up on me. I had tried everything; calling and texting only to find out that she had blocked me and it had increased my anxiety, because she had to have a reason why she had suddenly wanted to stay away from me after how much I knew we had enjoyed each other's company.

It was even harder to see her at school and it felt like she was avoiding me on purpose. What confused me even more was not knowing what I had done, what sin that she believed that I had committed so that I could rectify it.

And she was always so far away and closed off so I couldn't pry into her mind with my powers. It was something I didn't like resorting to, especially for someone like Lily that had a lot of traumatic memories and experiences but I was at my wit's end.

I was desperate at this point. I needed to know what I had done wrong so that I could fix it.

I was so concerned about it that I had gone through the scholarship files just to find her home address so that I could pay her a visit. But at the last minute, right as I was about to leave, I had gotten out of the car and gone back upstairs to my bedroom, worried that it would look very intrusive to show up at her house when she wanted nothing to do with me anymore.

I didn't want to push her boundaries.

It hurt to not even be able to hear her voice. To have her close to me. I missed her.

Looking back up at the clouds, I pocketed my phone and sighed, hoping she was alright when I suddenly felt her presence approaching.

Jesus.

My body immediately started having a weird reaction at the idea of seeing her again. My heart was racing a mile a minute, my hands sweaty, my belly filling with anticipation and nervousness since this was going to be the first time in a while that I had seen her, but the smile on my face quickly dimmed when I took in her state.

She looked exhausted, like she had not slept well in days, her cheeks stained with tears and eyes red and swollen like she had been crying for a long time. Immediately, I turned on my abilities and was assaulted with the ferocity of her emotions and thoughts.

The pain and trauma that she had been exposed to for the past three days hit me like an arrow to the heart and I gasped as the force of her thoughts barrelled into me, nearly knocking me off my feet.

I saw the hesitation in the way she looked at me and finally realized why she had cut me off. Her house had been vandalized the same day that we went out and she thought that I was somehow involved in it even though she still struggled to believe it herself. Given everything she had experienced, I could not blame her for distrusting me. I was about to walk towards them and pull her in for a hug when I got to the horrific parts of her thoughts.

Aiden and Zac's scent all over her like a damn perfume hit me first, making my wolf growl in rage... The memory of what they had both done to her...

I gritted my teeth as I saw the parts that brought her so much shame, she refused to lift her face up to look at me. To how my so called friends had treated her like she was nothing and used her for their own satisfaction. Zac had fed on her and touched her and had the audacity to treat her like crap immediately after. She had given Aiden a blow job. All of which was done without her full consent.

Her thoughts, her mind was playing these scenes over and over again in a never ending loop.

Oh, Lily.

I didn't know whether in this moment to appreciate how much I could see about what was done to Lily because I was disgusted. I was enraged and I felt like kneeling in front of her and begging for her forgiveness.

Aiden had lured her to the studio using my name. No wonder she hated me. Knowingly or not, I had been a participant in my friends' games.

My nails dug into my palms, drawing blood. My entire body shaking with rage, I walked past them and started heading back into the school, to the studio, when Rhea's voice made me pause.

"Hey! Ren! Where are you going?" She asked.

I knew that if I turned around, that if I took one more look at Lily, I would go to her. Hell, I'd gather her in my arms and hold her tight and never let her go. But that could wait. I had to do something right now. I had to.

"I have something I need to take care of." I answered and didn't wait for her reply, heading towards the studio.

I pushed the door open, looking around the room and was immediately assaulted by Lily and Aiden's scent. Aira cried in rage and despair as the memory of her crying, begging that bastard flitted back into my head. The choking scent of her fear and repulsion was still heavy in this room.

There was no one here anymore but the scents of Aiden and Sebastien lingered, along with some of their other goons: Hanz, Derik and god knows who the f**k else.

I'm going to f*****g murder them.

Aira and I were both in agreement. The people that hurt Lily had to pay for what they had done.

Slamming the door to the studio hard enough that it shook at the hinges, I followed the scents down to the basement lounge which was our usual hangout spot here in school.

I could very much be a mad dog with a bone on this as I stormed all the way to the lounge. Another perk of being rich and privileged, I thought with a bitter smile.

Derik and Hanz were waiting at the door and Hanz had the audacity to put his hand on my shoulder. "You can't be here, man, Aiden is in a ba—"

It was so satisfying hearing his cheekbones crunch as my fist connected with his face, knocking him out immediately.

"What the f**k, man!" Derik bellowed.

I turned to look at him, "you slipped the note her locker. You were in on it too—"

"Don't vent your frustration on them now, Ren," a voice drawled, chilling my blood. "You know it's me that was the mastermind."

I gritted my teeth and walked into the lounge. Sebastian was at the table, snorting down lines of coke arranged on the table. He straightened up the moment he saw me, his lips pulling up into a knowing smirk.

"So this was all I had to do to get your attention, brother," Aiden said, drawing my attention back to him.

He was sitting at the bar, nursing a glass of bourbon and for the first time, there were no girls hovering around him. That didn't matter anyways. Not after what he had done.

His eyes were calculated evil, his smile, a taunting smirk.

"You raped her."

He had the audacity to raise an amused eyebrow. "She told you that?"

"She didn't have to."

Aiden placed the glass down on the bar top and pushed himself off the seat.

He stalked towards me, darkness wafting behind like a coat. “She didn’t tell you how she begged? How she begged me to put my fingers in her? To make it feel good? To make her come.”

I let out an anguished growl and grabbed his collar, shoving him hard against the bar, my gaze livid. “Shut up.”

“You don’t want to hear the truth? That the girl you have a childish crush on is actually a slut behind closed-“

My fists acted on their own, punching him hard in the gut.

Aiden doubled over, wheezing, but when his face snapped back up to look at me, he was grinning, his eyes alight with the promise of violence, blood dripping from his lips.

“Do you know she likes her hair pulled hard? She likes it rough? Come on, Ren. Why don’t you peer into my mind with that fancy ability of yours, see if I’m lying or not.”

“You’re sick,” I spat. “Do you know how she feels about this after you were through with her? You forced yourself on her. Do you know what she thinks of you?!”

His lips pulled back into a bloodied sneer, “you see, that’s the difference between the both of us. I don’t care what she thinks of me. She deserves everything she got.”

“You bastard!” I screamed and lifted him by the collar, punching him hard in the face and busting his lip. “She deserved nothing. The prophecy has not even been confirmed correct, you’re taking your vengeance out on an innocent girl. You are blinded by your rage and a pathetic need to prove that you are powerful. Here’s a news flash for you. Treating her like s**t won’t bring your parents back. It won’t bring Ashley back. You’re wasting your f*****g time and the sooner you understand that and stop whining about the past like a pathetic little b***h, the better for you, for me, for everyone!”

He roared and pushed me to the ground, holding me by the throat.

Gone was the taunting smirk, the evil grin. There was nothing but pain and fear and rage now. Good. He needed to feel exactly what I felt.

“Save your lecture for someone who cares, Ren. You are the one who is blinded by your stupid crush on that w***e. You know what’s funny? She will never agree to be with someone as pathetic as you are. You are better off with Mauve, brother. At least both your mothers are whores.”

That was what drove me off the edge and I threw Aiden off me and grabbed his throat, hitting him over and over and over again until I was pulled off by three guys.

“Let me go!” I roared when Aiden coughed up blood to the ground and grinned.

“This is going to hurt,” he announced, punching me square in the gut. Pain exploded in my abdomen. My lungs collapsed on me as I crumbled in the boys’ hold.

“What? Scared that I’m voicing out your insecurities? Tell you what, next time, I’ll make sure that I f**k your precious little flower like the slut that she is. Something you’ll never be capable of. I’ll record a video and send it to you to wank on.”

I roared, shaking the entire room and, using the boys as leverage, I kicked Aiden away from me, knocking him into the bar again.

Wood splintered and decanter bottles shattered to pieces as he collapsed on them.

I struggled against the hold of the boys as Sebastian helped Aiden up and he staggered, his eyes hazy from being tipsy with alcohol.

And the last thought I had as Aiden was quickly carried out from the basement, away from me was that things would never be the same again and perhaps I had lost my best friend.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 48

Lily’s POV

I could not remember the last time I laughed this much.

Oh, I did. It was with Ren, I thought as Chelsea and Rhea giggled about something else that I might have smiled at if I had been paying attention.

“Hey, are you alright?” Rhea asked me, putting a gentle hand on my shoulder and I nodded with a smile, for the first time believing that it was true.

“I’m okay. I promise.”

“You kind of zoned out just now , didn’t you?” Chelsea added, observant as ever and I shrugged, embarrassed to explain that the reason I had zoned out this time had nothing to do with what happened at school but because I was thinking about Ren.

My heart clenched for a second as the memory of his livid face flashed in my head.

“I just wanted to say you missed the best part of the story. Tell me where you stopped paying attention so I can give you a recap.” She added and I smiled, heaving a sigh of relief and was about to answer when Rhea’s phone beeped and she looked at it and proceeded to look at me.

“What is it?” I asked and there was a knock on the door almost immediately.

Was my mother back from work?

I looked at the clock in my room and shook my head. She wouldn’t be back for a couple of hours at least, not that I would even know since we had not really spoken much in the past few days.

I missed her and even though she would never understand why I was choosing to go to Shadow Cove Academy, I had decided to accept that she was not saying it out of spite but because she truly cared for me and wanted what was best for me.

“It’s Ren. He’s downstairs.” Rhea answered, raising her phone and showing me his message and my heart immediately skipped a beat when I saw his name.

It reminded me that if I had not blocked him, perhaps I could have been the one to receive the message.

“Can he come in? I can tell him to go if you are not comfortable with him here.” Rhea said but I shook my head immediately.

“It’s fine. I’ll go and open the door. Will you guys be fine here?”

“Sure.” Chelsea answered and pulled Rhea’s ear which made the latter roll her eyes and glare at her.

“I’ll bite you.” Rhea growled and Chelsea smirked, looking at me.

“She’s going to keep me entertained. You have nothing to worry about,” she answered and I nodded, heading out of the bedroom and as I walked down the stairs, I could not help but feel ashamed, unsure of what I was going to even say when I got downstairs. Unsure of how I was going to face him.

He had been the very first friend that I had made besides Bia and it had been at the one place that I had believed it was impossible for anyone to want to be my friend, especially at the Academy.

And time and time again, he had proven that he was genuinely a good person, just looking out for me, but what had I done in exchange? My paranoid self had convinced me that Ren was obviously like everyone else and I had resorted to blaming him for every bad thing that had happened to me since our paths crossed, without even stopping to think about the fact that Ren was not that kind of person.

Now that I was in a better headspace, I realized that blocking him without even asking if he knew anything about what had gone down at my house was immature and foolish. And how could I have even thought for a split second that Ren was aware of what was going to happen to me in the studio. How could I believe that he’d be in cahoots with Aiden?

I should apologize. He’s probably sick of me and sick of my hot/cold way of treating him. He’s probably just here to get his sister and yeet out of my life.

Yes. That’s what I’ll do. Apologize.

Heaving out a huge sigh, I finally arrived at the door and hesitated.

What if that’s really what he came for?

Perhaps I was overthinking this but I didn't think I would be able to take it if he was just here for his sister because Rhea had told me that they had made plans to go somewhere.

He had every reason to be sick of my constant accusations and want nothing to do with me anymore but it hurt to accept that it might even be possible that he didn't care for me anymore.

This may be the last time I ever see his face. I better make it count.

Swallowing an anxious breath and practicing how to even start an apology, I opened the door and was about to speak but Ren pulled me into his arms before I could even get any words out.

"God, Lily," he rasped, kissing my temple and rubbing my back.

I had no idea that I needed him to hug me and the fact that he was even doing so, that he was not pulling away from me made me break down into tears, a heavy weight lifting off my shoulders.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Ren." I whispered, tears pouring down my cheeks, an ugly sob leaving my throat. He pulled back and shook his head immediately.

"No no no," he said vehemently, his eyes piercing and desperate, "you have nothing to be sorry about, Lily. Nothing. God," he sighed.

I wiped my tears and finally got a good look at him.

"Ren!" I gasped. "What happened to you?!"

His usual beautiful clear skinned face was bruised up. There was a cut on his lips and a swollen bruise forming on his left brow and my eyes widened in shock, my hand raising shakily to touch his face and dropping back to my side.

"Were you mugged?" It sounded even ridiculous that someone like Ren would even be mugged but it needed to be asked.

"No."

"What happened, then?"

A painful smile cracked his lips and he took my hand that was resting softly on his cheek and kissed my knuckles, obviously stalling.

“Tell me,” I whispered.

His eyes found mine again and he sighed tiredly. “I picked a fight.”

Huh?

I shook my head in disbelief. Ren picking a fight sounded unbelievable. He was probably the calmest, most unproblematic guy I knew. He had to be joking.

“I picked a fight with Aiden, Sebastian, Hanz and every other guy that may have been involved in hurting you.” He added and my jaw dropped to the ground.

“W- why would you do that?”

“They hurt you.”

“Y- yes. But you didn’t have to take it that far.”

Aiden was his friend. His best friend! Friends don’t beat each other up for outcast girls. Why would he go through the trouble? This could potentially cause a rift in their friendship. If it hasn’t already.

He shook his head, flashing me a dimpled smile. “You don’t get it, do you?”

I swallowed, momentarily mesmerized by the beauty that was Ren Hawthorne. “Get what?”

Leveling me with an intense gaze, he said, “I’m starting to find out that when it comes to you, I’m willing to do anything.”

A shiver slithered through my spine at the genuine intensity in his eyes. I hated the way my heart lighted up at this because clearly, he must have meant it in a platonic way.

He chuckled and took my hand, shutting the door and leading me into my own home. Still speechless, I allowed him to lead me into the living room. My fingers were linked in his and he wouldn’t let me go even when I showed him to a couch.

“Let go,” I tugged. “I need to get a first aid kit.”

“You don’t have to,” he said, his grip tightening. “I’ll be good as new in a few hours anyway. They’re just flesh wounds.”

“Ren,” I persisted. “I want to do this. Let me take care of you.”

“Where’s the kit?” He sighed, accepting defeat but still not letting go of my hands.

“In the kitchen. I’ll go-“

He rose from the couch and began tugging me towards the kitchen.

When I tried to release my hand, his grip only tightened.

“It’s going to sound crazy but I’m scared, no, I’m terrified that if I let go, you’ll slip from my fingers and get hurt again.”

The intense look in his golden brown eyes, the scrunch in his brows. He meant it. He meant every word he just said.

I hated how my heart skipped and I just dropped my gaze and continued heading to the kitchen cabinet where I knew my mother kept the first aid box to distract myself.

He could not have meant any of what he said in a romantic way, right? Platonic. Platonic. This is all just platonic. Friends tell friends this all the time, right?

Shaking my head, I rose on my tiptoes and tried to reach for the handle of the cabinet and I sighed, remembering how I should have just gotten the stool that I usually used to reach up there but had been too flustered to remember that.

“Let me help you with that.” Ren said gently behind me and I gasped at how close he was behind me, the deliciousness of his scent of oud and bergamot, filling my nostrils as he reached for the cabinet handle to bring out the box.

He set it on the counter in front of me, spun me around and lifted me onto the counter, sitting my a*s on the cold quartz top. He stepped between my legs, his hands on either side of my hips and I hiccuped, heat rising to my cheeks.

“This way, you don’t have to stress those pretty little tiptoes of yours.”

Of course. He was just being thoughtful. This was platonic as usual.

I hated how badly I wanted to kiss him.

But all I did when he handed me the box, eyes on mine, was give him a shy smile.

I cleared my throat. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 49

Lily's POV

Maybe I should have just called Rhea and Chelsea downstairs was my first thought as I raised my shaking hand and touched the side of Ren's busted lip with a cotton swab.

He let out a quiet hiss of pain, his gaze, intent on me. Eyes of liquid gold searing holes into my skull.

I swallowed nervously, practically fighting for my life to stop my hands from shaking so much.

No, I was glad that I was the one cleaning his wounds for him. I was glad that he had come down here straight away to see me and even though my hands shook with an unspoken need that I did not dare voice out, I was happy that I was having this moment alone with him.

His eyes were so beautiful, it almost hurt to look at them and as he kept his gaze on me, giving me what I was sure was a smile of reassurance because even he could see my shaky hands, I wondered if he was reading my mind right now and if he could see that it was the fact that I was in close proximity to him that made my body tremble and quake.

From the way he stood so still, so close to me that his breath fanned my cheeks, so close that I could count his lashes, how he allowed me to clean up his wounds, his hands on either side of me, I doubted that he knew just how much his closeness was affecting me and I was glad.

Finally done with cleaning him up after what felt like hours to me but actually turned out to be only thirty minutes, he helped me down from the counter and

I gave myself a mental fist bump for surviving this extreme sport and went to discard the swabs.

He had already returned the first aid kit back to the cabinet by the time I came back. I handed him a glass of orange juice and he accepted with a bright smile, taking my hand back in his as we walked back to the living room together.

His golden brown eyes were soft and gentle on me as I sat beside him on the couch. However when his eyes shifted from my face to my neck, his smile disappeared, replaced with bone crushing guilt. I looked down and saw that the collar of the two sizes too big shirt I was wearing had slipped down, revealing the bite marks that Zac had given me, still shining in all of its glory.

He reached out and slipped my sleeve back onto my shoulder, massaging it gently. "I'm so sorry, Lily."

I leaned into his comforting touch. "It's not your fault."

"They're my friends. That makes me guilty by association."

"Ren-" I whispered.

"It's true. If only I had been with you. This wouldn't have-" he paused, eyebrows furrowing at me. "Why're you smiling?"

I bit into my knuckle to hide my smile, shaking my head. "Because we are both very alike when it comes to apologizing for things that we didn't do." I reminded him of the time that I was freaking out and having a panic attack outside the cafeteria, apologizing over and over again for causing problems with Aiden and Zac and even making him leave his girlfriend for me.

"Oh," He answered, remembering the incident, his lips still turned down in an adorable frown.

"You stopped me then and I'm stopping you now. You don't have to apologize, Ren. For anything. I'm happy to have you back in my life."

I clasped my hands together, stopping myself from reaching out to take both his hands.

He has a girlfriend, Lily. A mate.

But I couldn't help but feel warm at how empathetic he was. His powers were a clear sign of how much empathy he possessed. Feeling other people's pain, their joys and emotions in such clear detail, it had to be hard on him.

Ren was not responsible for what Zac had done to me. Neither was he responsible for what Aiden had done to me. I had been foolish to even question his innocence in the matter and that was going to change henceforth. But there was something that I had really wanted to know since the night Zac had drunk my blood.

He was supposed to be a werewolf like the rest of us and I had undoubtedly felt the presence of his wolf in him the very first time we met. So how? What had happened?

"Ren?"

"Hmm?" He answered in that gentle voice of his, his voice going down an octave that made my entire body shiver.

I shook my head. I needed to focus.

"Can you tell me what Zac is? How was he able to..." I trailed off, knowing that he already understood what I was asking and when he hesitated, I thought for a moment that he was not going to say anything but instead, he shifted even closer to me and let out a heavy sigh.

"You know who the Talaverras are, don't you? What they truly are." He said and I nodded.

It was an open secret, a subject of every hushed gossip that Zac's family ran a deadly mafia that masqueraded as leading socialites in the human world.

"Zac met a girl at one of his parents' numerous charities. Her name was Callista."

I froze, remembering how Zac had looked like he had seen a ghost that very first day and how his face had turned to one of rage when he believed I was Callista and I knew that I would not like where this story was heading.

"She was beautiful, strong and confident and Zac quickly developed a crush on her. He was deeply infatuated and for weeks she was all he talked about with us. We were just fourteen then and she was older by a few years but it

didn't matter to Zac. He was in love and regularly snuck out of Shadow Cove to meet up with her and be with her. One day, she lured him into her home and that was when he found out that she was Callista Moroni, the daughter of not just an enemy mafia group but a superior race of vampires."

My eyes widened because I knew about them. Every child, every werewolf has been taught about the hierarchy since we were little kids. Besides the hunters, vampires were our natural enemies and we learned all that we could to survive their attacks, know more about them to distinguish them from humans and avoid them if possible.

There were three races of vampires. The Moroi, the born ones, the superior race that descended from the very first vampires that walked the earth. The strigoi, those turned. They were violent, wild and untamed, driven only by bloodlust and desire for c****e. And there were dhampir. Half human, half vampires. As long as one of their parents is human and the other a vampire, they were dhampir.

The Moroi were said to toe the line between benevolence and necessary evil. They were rich, graceful, ethereal, but they were also calculating, greedy, power hungry and even more territorial than us werewolves. They were wise and strong, capable of thinking rationally and intelligently and because they didn't age as quickly as we do and outlived us, most Moroi were successful and highly influential.

From what I knew, their bite was strong enough to turn others into vampires and they were powerful enough to compel strigoi, werewolves and dhampirs to do their biddings.

Shadow cove did not have vampires to the best of my knowledge so why had they come here?

As if he could see the question in my eyes, he continued.

"The Moronis were new to town and were fighting with the Talaverras for dominance over their territories. Zac was who they saw as the weakest link so they used their daughter to get to him. He was kidnapped and subjected to torture." His fists clenched, his voice broke, "he was subjected to so much torture, Lily. No fourteen year old, no child or human should ever have to go through what they put Zac through. They'd record the videos and send it to the council, placing high demands to let go of Zac. His experience at their hands altered him forever and he still has nightmares about that day."

I swallowed, clenching my shaking fists. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop my heart from constricting at all the horror he was forced to go through. All for greed. Power. Dominance... a piece of land.

"Do you know how Moroi turn humans into vampires?"

I nodded. With vampires, venom flows through their veins as easily as blood. It was a tedious and risky process to turn a person. It involved continually injecting venom into your victim while draining out the blood of the victim, until all their blood has changed to venom.

The person is killed at the end of the process and they would wake up as a strigoi. Frozen, violent, bloodthirsty and wild, with zero morals and humanity. Heartless in every dark, wicked sense.

"Zac was used as a bargaining chip to get the Talaverras to back down and accept defeat and they had started the process of turning him, amongst other tortures, while he was still with them." Ren added and I could only nod, horrified and speechless.

"So he's a strigoi now?" I whispered and Ren shook his head.

"Not completely. His parents found and rescued him before the process was completed, but the damage they had done was irreversible. Regular strigoi cannot go in the sun, enjoy food or water and are driven by bloodlust. Zac isn't like that. He can survive long amount of days without needing blood, although he occasionally needs it in his diet to survive. The sun merely annoys him but doesn't kill him and he ages like his normal self."

A hybrid. Zac had become a hybrid in the worst way.

"But that's where the good part ends." He continued. "Before he was kidnapped, Zac was kind and charming. He cared, Lily. But when he came back..." he trailed off, poking at a loose thread on the sleeve of my cardigan, "he changed. He's apathetic on his good days and downright cruel on his bad days. He bonded with Aiden better when he came back and it was just a very bad time to be their friend at the time. With Aiden intent on hurting people and Zac intent on enabling him."

My eyes widened. "D- did they ever hurt you?" I gasped.

“No,” he said quietly. “They’d never do that. Zac won’t, at least. He’s incapable of experiencing emotional or mental pain like sadness, fear or guilt but I noticed that feelings and emotions that persisted after he got turned were stronger than before. Logic, respect, love, loyalty, even hatred. I guess that’s why he sticks with Aiden so much. They were friends long before I even entered the picture and he’s more loyal to him than I ever will be.”

I pondered on everything Ren had just said, wondering if his apology to me in the bathroom had actually been genuine or if he was just playing games. Is he really as cold and heartless as Ren thinks or does he still have a heart after all? Is he so altered that his humanity is completely gone now, or can there still be a piece of him left in there?

“What about the council? The others? Do they know what Zac is?”

“The council does,” he answered, “but it’s a tightly kept secret from other Shadow Cove residents. Most people know that he was kidnapped by an enemy vampire clan, they know he was lured and tortured by them, but they don’t know he was turned and the council plans on keeping it that way. Not everyone would be comfortable with a werewolf vampire hybrid living amongst them. Even though it was not his fault, being part strigoi and living here in Shadow cove should be impossible. The council had wanted to banish him but all of the royal families had vouched to keep him in line.”

“Keep him in line?”

“He has to follow the rules. He’s only allowed to drink refrigerated blood from blood bags and he’s forbidden from feeding on Shadow Cove residents.”

He had thrown that rule to the wind with me though and I wondered if I was the only person that he had broken that rule for.

“Has he broken the rule before?”

Ren nodded with an embarrassed look that made me certain I would not like the answer.

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 50

Lily’s POV

“Has he broken the rules before?”

Ren blushed. He actually blushed. His face, reddening in embarrassment. "Yes," he answered. "Yes, he has." He wouldn't meet my eyes.

I didn't know why that answer made me feel relieved that he had broken the rules before me but it did. However, it also made me worried about how much he had broken the rules especially because the strigoi were considered very lethal and prone to bloodlust and blind need for bloodshed.

Was he having problems controlling his thirst? Has he killed anyone in the process?

I froze.

HAS HE?!

All the blood drained out of my face as I remembered how uncontrollable he was when he had fed on me. Heck! How uncontrollable I was. I was practically encouraging him to drain me of all my blood. TWICE!

"No, he has not killed anyone before. He is usually very careful about it because, like I told you, it must remain a secret."

My face pinched into an ugly frown. "You know, sometimes this ability of yours irritates me." I said with a pout and he gave me a sheepish smile.

"Sorry."

He wasn't sorry at all.

"Thank you for entrusting me with council secrets, by the way. What if I decide to spill one day."

He deadpanned. "I'd have to kill you."

"Hey!" I playfully shoved him and he laughed off my attack, his arms wrapping around me to hold me down.

I suddenly felt hot and restless. At this point, I was practically in his laps but none of us was making any move to stand up.

I licked my lips, trying to distract myself from thinking too hard on this. "So, are you saying I'm the only person he has fed on in Shadow cove?"

Looking away, Ren scratched the back of his neck and shook his head.

Again, he wouldn't meet my eyes. He appeared embarrassed all of a sudden.

"Since the rules don't apply outside the borders of our community, he gets his blood diet from women, willing women of course."

I nodded. Seemed fair.

"But when he's back here and can't leave town as often, Aiden and I allow him to feed on us because..." he let out a defeated breath. "He doesn't like the stale taste of blood in the blood bags."

If a pin dropped in the room right now, the sound would probably echo for thousands of miles because my mouth fell open in shock. My eyes bulged at the news.

This was scandalous news and it was almost impossible to believe that the princes would be willing to involve in acts that were termed 'derogatory' and yet even though I hated Aiden and was mostly confused by Zac, I could see that the three of them were really willing to do anything for each other. Moreover it made me relieved that I was not the only one that Zac had fed on in Shadow cove.

"How does it feel when he bites you? Do you enjoy it?" I asked curiously, pulling my feet up and resting my chin on my knees as I gazed at him.

His bashful smile was all the answer I needed. It made me burst out in laughter and when he chuckled beside me, I was glad that the dreary moment had passed.

"Blood whoreee!" I teased and he laughed even harder, his smile making my heartbeat pick up even faster.

When his smile faded, replaced by a serious expression as he stared at me, I wondered if there was something on my face and I was about to ask what it was when he raised his hand gently, his fingers grazing my cheek and thumb drawing lazy circles on my cheekbone that made my entire body tense in anticipation.

"I like seeing you like this." He whispered.

“Ren...”

“I’ll do anything to make sure you never cry again.”

Christ.

I remained still when he closed the distance between us and rested his forehead against mine, certain that he could hear the loud pounding of my heartbeat and knew that he was responsible.

Please, I mentally begged the universe and closed my eyes, please don’t turn out like my ex.

His lips grazed mine for one sweet moment, butterflies and fireworks exploding in my stomach when loud banging on the front door threw us apart from each other.

Terrified that it was my mother, I fled away from Ren and we both stared at each other with wide eyes.

We kissed! Well... Almost. It had been a featherlight sweep of his lips against mine but the sparks that I had felt begged to differ.

I was still panting hard and looking at him and he was touching his lips like he couldn’t believe what he just did.

The loud banging on the door sounded again and this time I was certain that it was not my mother because she had a spare key and would have tried to enter once I did not answer.

Who could it be?

Ren must have seen the dread on my face as I rose to my feet and stood up immediately, his stance defensive like he was planning to shield me from whatever was out there and I was about to suggest that we send for Rhea and Chelsea and take the back door out if it was intruders when his shoulders relaxed and he turned to look at me with a relieved smile.

That was when I heard a voice that made my heart swell and tears fill my eyes.

“If you don’t open this door, Lily, I swear to god, I’m going to knock it right off its hinges!” Bia screamed and with a delighted smile, I rushed towards the

door and pulled it open to see my best friend standing in front of me with her very reluctant boyfriend, Angelo, of all people, who looked like he would rather be anywhere else but here.

“My bestie.” Bia screamed affectionately and pulled me into a bone crushing hug that made tears finally fall down my cheeks.

“Oh, sweetheart. Don’t cry. I’m sorry for just coming.” She whispered, rubbing my hair like she always did when I was upset and when I felt her go tense. I pulled back to see her eyes wide and turned to see Ren glaring at Angelo, his growl deep in his throat and ferocious enough to make the hair on my body rise in fear.

And it wasn’t even directed at me.

Angelo, I had to commend him for not running away to his mama, was equally glaring back at him hard and when I looked at Bia, she took one step back and held Angelo’s hand, gesturing for me to do the same.

“Bia, Angelo, this is Ren. Ren, this is my best friend Bia and her boyfriend Angelo.” I refrained from saying exactly how I felt about Angelo given that I didn’t want a bloodbath to happen on my porch.

Bia’s eyes widened as she took Ren in and I blushed when she wriggled her eyebrows at me.

“It’s nice to meet you, Ren.” She said and Ren looked at me, pinching the bridge of his nose before stretching out his hand to Bia which she took. However when he did the same to Angelo, he took a step back and shook his head.

“There is no way I am touching that mutt.”

Bia smacked his head at the same that Ren growled and I had to take a step forward, standing in front of Ren while Bia did the same with Angelo, yelling at him in Spanish which I was thankful that I had started learning because of my best friend so I knew she had just called her boyfriend an i***t and a whole other string of curses and threats.

Stretching out his hand reluctantly, Angelo looked incredibly chastised. “I’m sorry I said that. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Ren brought out his hand again hesitantly but I stopped him, remembering exactly how my last handshake with Angelo had gone.

He must have understood why I was giving him a scathing look because he raised both hands in surrender.

“I promise that I left all his silver rings and daggers before coming here. We can’t pass the borders of Shadow Cove without triggering the alarms if we have silver on us anyway.” He explained and even though I nodded and watched as Ren shook his hand, I looked at Bia skeptically wondering how much she already knew about my world.

I was about to ask when Bia took my hand and walked into the living room and I watched as Ren and Angelo followed us in, giving each other a wide berth as they sat on opposite ends and Bia settled into a couch with me.

“Where have you been? I’ve been worried sick about you.” I whispered, remembering how I had thought the worst when I didn’t hear from her; that she didn’t want to be my friend anymore.

“I lost my phone at the club that night and after what happened in the bathroom, I was in bed for a couple of days, nothing too serious though. I lost a lot of blood because that psycho went all dracula on me. And bb, you need to explain what the hell I saw that day. And what is Angelo talking about silver and borders and alarms?” She glared at her boyfriend who looked away nervously before turning back to raise her eyebrows at me.

I swallowed nervously about to speak when the door to my room creaked open and Chelsea and Rhea came downstairs and stared at the four of us.

Angelo’s face immediately turned colder as he registered even more werewolves in the room. Chelsea frowned at him, standing protectively in front of Rhea.

I sighed and facepalmed myself.

This is going to be a long evening.