

CHAPTER 5: NO FACE, NO CASESE

LILY'S POV:

Pain shot through my head the moment my eyes cracked open.

I was in a bed, an unfamiliar bed that felt like I was oating on clouds. I tried to sit up, wincing in pain at the action. My head was throbbing, clear warning signs of a very promising headache.

The gossamer curtain around my bed was drawn, so I peeked through it and looked around the room and realized that I was in the inrmary of the academy.

All around me were rows and rows of beds with soft white sheets and white gauze curtains around each bed. There were state of the art equipment that were beeping softly and the temperature in the room was perfect. Not too cold, not too warm. Just toasty.

The head of the healers was working at her desk, her close cropped black hair, glinting under the bright light as she bowed her head, working on something.

Why am I here? I asked myself and almost immediately, the memories started coming back.

"Hang on just a little longer, Beauregard. The healers will attend to you in a moment."

"You can't tell anyone I healed you." A gentle nudge when I started to slip away again. "No one can know, okay?"

"I'll make sure they pay for what they did to you. They can't go unpunished."

My memories swam out of focus, his one-sided conversations blurring and scrambling together.

But his name remained. The memory of his face.

Ren Hawthorne.

He was the only son of the alpha and luna of the Silver Moon pack, who were a majestic race of lycans with fae ancestry. They were known for their immense beauty, healing abilities, wisdom and just nature.

I couldn't believe in my lifetime that I'd meet and even hold conversations with one of the Lycan princes. Yet, here I am now, having met the princes of Gold Crest, Night Shade and Silver Moon respectively. All that was left now was to meet the rumored dark prince of Poison Fang to wrap this up nicely and call it a day.

Meeting Ren was like biting into cotton candy. Soft and sweet. With his white blond hair, pearl-like skin, beautiful facial features and calm, soft spoken voice, I could see myself doing something stupid... like falling in love with him.

I was smarter than that... or at least, I liked to believe so. I couldn't trust anyone anymore. Not after Cade.

As usual, pain pierced my heart any time I thought about Cade.

I had dropped out of school, changed numbers, even dyed my hair for a few months, trying to trick my brain into thinking that I was someone else. Anyone else but myself.

He hadn't called, hadn't texted, hadn't even tried to see me. I should have gotten the memo after the last text he sent me, but a part of me still hoped that it wasn't true. That he'd try to clear the air and it had all been one big fat joke.

Maybe I'm just a glutton for punishment. Maybe I'm just a clown.

I sighed and sat up, ignoring the sharp pain that shot through my abdomen. Beside my bed was my bag and rummaging through it, I found my phone and powered it on.

There were a few messages from Bia insisting that she was on delivery duty today and she'd be 'around my side' in the next few hours and she'd be bringing her 'trusty hammer'.

I quickly texted her that it wasn't necessary and I was in class anyway. Her bringing a hammer and raving at my bullies won't help my cause in the slightest.

She started calling and I picked up the call immediately, "you're sure?" She asked without any preamble.

"Sure I'm sure. And why aren't you in school?"

I could imagine her shrugging. "Didn't feel like it. Let's go out this weekend and forget all about our troubles. Theo's giving us a break. He still feels horrible about what happened to you. We're both very worried."

My heart squeezed for a moment, a warm feeling uttering in my chest. Besides my mum, I hadn't felt loved by anyone after my dad was executed.

Finding Bia and Theo was the best gift life had given me.

"Don't worry about me. I'm ne," I said, sitting in the inrmary bed, my wounds bandaged up, my head throbbing in pain.

Her line went off with a click after she blew me a kiss and I sighed and pushed my phone back into my bag.

I took out my laptop that cost more than my mum's car and powered it on, shoving in my headphones and logging into the school website.

The academy had this thing where every class was recorded and uploaded on the website so that you can always go back to it and refresh your memory. It was a godsend, really, because it has been working in my favor since I stepped foot into this damn school.

I quickly found my class and started playing a live record of my AP chemistry class, taking out my notes and scribbling on them.

I don't know how long I worked for, but suddenly, I heard a bang... like the sound of a door slamming close.

Unease aared up in my stomach as I sat up.

What was that?

I peeked through the curtains to see what was going on. My heart was already racing in my chest, my palms were sweaty, I started to hyperventilate.

I slowly removed my headphones and looked around.

The healer wasn't at her desk anymore. Where was she? I had felt safe being in her plain sigh-

There was a loud bang again and this time, I saw it... or more like them.

They were a group of guys, about ve or six, laughing among themselves with venomous sneers on their face.

"Come out, b***h! We know you're in here! We just want to have a little fun!"

One of them opened one of the closed curtains around a bed and nding nothing, he ipped the bed over, causing a loud crash while the other boys laughed and howled.

Jeez, is this even allowed?

Swallowing, I took my bag and shoved my laptop and headphones back in, quietly and inconspicuously slipping it on.

It was going to be a b***h to move around, but I couldn't stay here and nd out what those boys planned to do to me if they found me.

I heard shuing and whispers creeping closer and closer. I held my breath and listened closely, trying to make out what they were saying.

"Are you sure she's in here?"

"Positive. I saw Hawthorne carry her in here."

"Ren Hawthorne?" One of them gasped, "bro, I'm not sure we should be doing this."

"What are you, a p***y?"

"I didn't know one of the princes was protecting her. I'm out, man."

There was a scue and an argument ensued.

"Just let him go. We'll still make that b***h pay for getting Ren on her side."

"We have to nd her rst."

My heart skipped a beat as I realized the severity of the situation.

I had to get out of there.

I quietly slipped out of bed, ignoring the pain in my head and abdomen, and tip-toed to the window. It was slightly ajar, just enough for me to slip out.

I hesitated for a moment, looking back at the bed. If I left, they might think I'm still in there and start searching the room. But if I stayed, they would denitely nd me.

I took a deep breath and climbed out of the window. It was a long way down, but I managed to grab onto the gutter and lowered myself down to the ground.

As soon as my feet touched the grass, I sprinted towards the main building, looking over my shoulder every few seconds to make sure no one was following me.