

Bullied By Twin Alphas Chapter 12-Everything Gone Wrong

Dash took off after one of the Silver Mountain warriors, running alongside her and nudging her towards one of the bases. Hell no we're not restarting with a five mile run, not even the two mile run. At first she was scared, veering away and almost running into Chelsea, who snapped at her. Dash quickly jumped on top of Chelsea, pushing her down into the damp earth below and raking our claws down her side, jumping up to follow after the Silver Mountain warrior. Chelsea howled in pain, staring after me with hatred in her eyes.

The girl ran past the mark she was being led to, and Dash growled, the girl stopping before she ran directly into Shawn. He snapped at her, making her fall backwards. Dash grabbed the back of her shirt, dragging her onto the mark before Shawn could close his jaw around her foot. He growled at us, nodding, and ran away.

"Thank you." The girl said, tears falling from her eyes. "We've never trained this hard at Silver Mountain. I'm scared." Dash growled and I urged myself to come forward, shifting back into my human form. She looked at me, startled, scrambling backwards against a tree.

"Don't leave the mark." I ordered, and she nodded, scooting forward. "Look, this is going to be hard. They don't mess around here. You need to be tough, or you will end up an omega." She nodded, sniffing. "I have to go. Yell out that you made it, and don't leave this mark until you hear the signal." She nodded, looking around, and I ran down a trail before she could say anything. She cheered weakly, and I shook my head, stopping and grabbing shorts and a shirt hidden under a bush.

Before I could get moving again, I was tackled by a slender blonde wolf, their jaw snapping at my hands as I threw them up in front of my face. Dash snarled, and I grabbed the wolf by the neck, pulling their face forward into the dirt as I rolled out from under them and popped up, turning to face them.

"I'm not a hunted, what do you think you're doing?" The wolf lunged at me and I punched it in the jaw, knocking them to the side. "Change back. Now." The wolf snarled, lunging again. When I went to strike, their jaw closed around my arm, dragging me down and tearing my arm open. I screamed, angry and in pain. The wolf spit blood and flesh out of its mouth as I heard a howl from the left. fvck, I needed to get out of here.

Landing a kick to their chest sent them flying, and I wiggled my way to my feet, holding my injured arm in front of me. We faced each other, Dash still fighting to come forward. Blood dripped onto the soil below me, the metallic scent filling the air as I panted hard. My arm really hurt.

Suddenly, a massive gray wolf barreled into the side of the much smaller blonde one, using its head to bash into them and throw them into the tree behind them. A fierce growl ripped from the gray wolf's throat, the blonde one tucking its tail and running.

Come on, we need to get you to their pack doctor. Xavier's voice rang through my head, and I nodded, throwing myself over his back and holding on with my one good hand. He trampled everything in his path while simultaneously being careful with me. Wyatt and Xander growled when they saw me, rushing behind Xander.

As I sat in front of the pack doctor three minutes later, all I could do was whimper. He was giving me a shot, doing an x-ray, and cleaning the wound. The cloths he was using to wipe at the skin that was already growing back smelled of strong alcohol, and it stung like hell.

"Well, there's no breaks. Only a massive tear, completely through the muscle in a couple of places," he said, looking at his clipboard after setting down the towel. "And since you've already met your mate, ummm...mates," his eyes circled between Xavier, Wyatt, and Xander. "Your healing will be accelerated and you should have a completely normal arm in three days. Since you're already starting to heal, your muscles will be repairing tomorrow, and most of your skin the next day. I advise lots of rest and ice packs, and no using that arm." He said sternly, shaking his finger. I nodded and he left, allowing the four of us to leave as well.

"I don't mean to barge in here, but Lily has promised to sleep next to me tonight, and I want to be there to take care of her while she heals." Wyatt said after we entered the packhouse through the side door.

"You're sh!t out of luck, she's not leaving my side for the next few days." Xavier growled. "Besides, you need to figure out who that blonde wolf was." Xander and Wyatt exchanged confused glances.

"Blonde wolf?" Xander questioned, and I nodded as I focused on not shifting my arm a lot. We made our way up the stairs; slowly, but we were making it.

“Not someone I recognized, so they had to be from Silver Mountain. No doubt Monica set them up to this.” Wyatt’s eyes turned black in anger, and he started panting heavily. After a few moments, he seemed to calm down a little bit.

“It will be figured out, trust me.” His voice was low and angry, but exhaustion soon took over. Xander looked even worse, and was leaning against the wall for support. “Either way, Xander and I won’t be leaving her side either.” He turned to Xavier, who snorted. “So it’s best to move her to mine or Xander’s room, so we can all fit on the bed.” I looked at him in shock. Dash snorted with laughter.

Rex and Theo are exhausted, and they just want their mate. She said happily. No doubt Wyatt and Xander want the same thing. Just switch rooms, let them take care of you. At this point, I was too tired and in too much pain to argue.

“Okay yeah, just hurry up. I’m so tired and still have to take a bath.” I said, heading towards Wyatt’s room. It looked exactly the same as it did last time, except the smell of freshly done laundry filled the air, indicating an omega had just put his laundry away.

As I made my way to the bathroom, Xavier followed me and softly closed the door. I didn’t want to argue, I just wanted this bath so I let him take care of it. After getting the bath started, he shredded the shirt I was wearing in two starting at the sleeve of my injured arm, and threw it in the trash. Taking the rest of my clothes off, he picked me up and slid me into the bathtub. I hissed as soon as the water hit my arm, pulling it out of the water.

“Just run a little bit of water over it and you’ll feel better.” He said, washing my hair and rinsing it for me. He then left the room for a moment, coming back with my soaps and sponge, lathering up the sponge and running it across my back.

After I was thoroughly cleaned, Xavier picked me up out of the bathtub, wrapping me in a towel. I walked out to Wyatt’s bed, exhaustion setting into my bones as I layed down in the middle of the bed, my eyes closing as soon as my head touched the pillow.

[Monica POV]

Seriously, Eve? I growled at my wolf as I cleaned myself up in my bathroom at the Green Leaf packhouse. Throwing the little ball of cotton into the toilet, I

smiled as I flushed it. Screw this pack and everyone in it. I hope this clogs their sewage system somewhere.

I never wanted this. We were forced into it, but over the years I definitely fell for Wyatt and Xander. I thought they had been happy to be with me, too, even if we were forced to be together. And then that b***h came along. I rolled my eyes and took a quick shower, rinsing my hair and body and stepping out to dry off quickly.

I hated this bedroom. I wanted my old room back, it was twice as big. Granted, it's only a guest room since the actual Alpha and Luna bedroom isn't being used at the moment, so it's definitely going to be smaller. The walls were a forest green color with a white border, with a built in closet and bathroom. The bed was a king size, the bedding a dark green color, the white sheet peeking out from underneath. The dresser was across from the door, and there was a desk to the left of the small balcony; a single chair with a green cushion and an end table being the only decoration.

She deserved it. Eve replied back as I was curling my hair. As I brushed it out, I kept thinking about the situation I've put myself in. I finished my makeup, a simple black and gray smokey eyeshadow with winged liner, and fixed my little black dress, checking myself out in the mirror. Grabbing my clutch, I snuck out the door. There was a howling from the forest, indicating their stupid challenge was about to end. Checking to see if anyone was around, I ran towards my car in the parking lot.

Shoving my key into the ignition, I backed out of the spot and sped off, the wind rushing into my car through the windows. I bluetoothed my phone to my car, Billie Eilish playing softly through the speakers as I sped down the freeway.

I pulled up to the club as the moon was rising, the lights outside flashing in vivid colors. Walking up to the bouncer, I waved and he let me through, the line of people complaining. I smiled at the other bouncer who slid a neon green band around my wrist and made my way to the bar.

"Two shots of patron, please." I said to the bartender, smiling as I slid into the seat. She nodded, her black curls bouncing up and down. When she left the shots on the bar, I slid the money for them towards her, her fingers brushing mine as she grabbed it and walked away. As I was taking the second shot, I heard a voice behind me and turned before the liquid could touch my lips.

“Mind if I join you?” Holy sh!t. He was so...hot. There was no other way to put it. Tall, he looked to be about 6'2", with broad shoulders that flexed underneath a dark purple button up that was cuffed at the elbows. He smiled, a perfect set of teeth that were dazzling. I nodded, pouring the liquid into my mouth and swallowing; it burned as it slid down my throat. I showed him my own perfect teeth, and he sat in the chair next to me, ordering four more rounds of Patron. As he slid one over my way, he downed the first two.

“Can I have your name?” I asked, lifting the shot glass in front of me.

“No.” He said, clinking his shot glass against mine and downing his shot. I did the same.

“Why not?” I questioned, ordering another 6 rounds. This time I slid the bartender my card, opening a tab.

“Because I don't want you to know it yet.” He said, gesturing to the glasses in front of us. I nodded, clinking my glass against the bar and downing it, the liquid going down with ease.

“Well, when can I know it?” I said, and we took our next shot. My body was starting to feel good and I was less stressed than when I came in. He laughed, shaking his head.

“Tell you what. You come dance with me for a while, and if you feel you want to get to know me by the time I leave, you are more than welcome to come back to my house and know me there.” He smiled again, taking his last shot and standing up. I quickly drank the spicy liquid and grabbed his outstretched hand, letting him pull me to the dance floor. He grabbed my clutch, handing it to a man standing a few feet away from him. “He's going to hold it for now. If you want it back, just let me know.” I nodded, not caring about anything as the mix of scents washed over me.

Sweat and lust filled the air as I focused on the beat of the music, my ass brushing against his cock, his hands on my hips as we swayed to the sound waves vibrating through the air. His lips met my ear and I could feel heat radiating through my panties. His tongue traced my ear, and he nibbled my earlobe. His fingers squeezed my hips and a giggle escaped me, the world and its problems washing away.

After a few more songs, we sat down at the bar again, panting heavily. I ordered a tequila sunrise, sipping through the straw eagerly, the drink

disappearing in seconds. I laughed as he stared at me with a smirk, his Long Island only halfway gone.

“I’ll be disappearing after this drink. If you want to come with, I’m sure we could find...something to do.” The innuendo was implied, and I laughed again, the world starting to double. There was a persistent nudging at the back of my mind, and I pushed it away, ignoring it.

“Only if-if-only if you tell me your-name.” I slurred, and he smiled softly.

“Kade.” He said, and I giggled again.

“That’s a very fit-very-very fitting name.” He nodded, finishing his drink and standing, the man holding my bag coming up behind him.

“Are you coming?” He asked, and I nodded eagerly, looping my arm through his as I stumbled off the stool. “There’s plenty to eat and drink in the car and at the packhouse, if you need anything.” He whispered in my ear. I nodded, letting him pull me towards a large black SUV with tinted windows. The man carrying my bag opened the door, and Kade helped me into the vehicle. The inside was missing the middle row of seats, the back seat instead wrapping around like a couch. There was a mini fridge where the passenger seat would be. The flooring was a sleek black, and the siding had silver accents.

“Do you have anything with tequila?” He nodded, and before the man, whom I’m assuming is his beta, turned one of the vehicle, he reached into the mini fridge, pulling out an assortment of bottles. Kade put his arm behind my head and his other hand on my thigh, kissing my shoulder and staring up at me. That annoying nudging was back, and again I pushed it away, focusing on the feeling of Kade’s fingers squeezing their way up my leg. His lips made their way up to my neck, and his arm gently wrapped around my head, tilting it to the side to give him more access as he nibbled on my jaw.

“Your drink has been ready for a couple minutes, ma’am. Did you want me to put it down?” Kade’s beta said. I pulled away, grabbing the drink and taking a few sips. I set the drink down, turning to face Kade. He raised his eyebrow.

“Is everything okay?” I nodded and leaned over, my lips meeting his in a gentle kiss. He pulled me closer to him, and I took that moment to climb into his lap and straddle him, my thighs wrapping around his hips. His fingers wrapped around my ass and squeezed as he kissing my marking spot. I

gasped, grinding my wet panties against him and making him groan. He softly bit my skin, not breaking the skin but causing ecstasy to flow through me, making me even wetter.

I started getting slightly dizzy as he began unbuckling his pants, a soft giggle escaping me. My fingers tangled in his dark hair, tilting his head back as his body slightly lifted and his pants slid down. I bit his neck harder than I meant to when his cock emerged, twitching against the core of my body and making me moan. His hand moved quickly, ripping my panties. I held up my hand, panting hard, and grabbed my drink, sipping it down. As I was leaning to set my drink down, Kade took his opportunity to slide inside me, his entrance made easy since I was so horny. He instantly groaned,

My head was spinning when he laid me against the seat, my juices making the leather slick. He hooked my leg over his arm and leaned over, his hands leaving bruises on my hips from squeezing. I started not feeling so good, my stomach flipping a couple times.

“Wait, Kade, stop.” He looked at me in surprise and I pushed him out of the way just in time before I sat up and threw up on the floor of his car. As tequila and the little remnants of what I had eaten before attacking Lilith were coming up my throat, I heard Kade zipping his pants up. I didn’t understand what was happening, wolves didn’t get drunk so easily and we damn sure didn’t get this drunk off the amount I had.

My stomach convulsed again; another round of throwing up. Black dots started crowding around the edge of my vision, slowly closing in as I heaved again and nothing came out. The car came to a sudden stop and I remember throwing my hand out to catch myself before the blackness took over.