

Bullied By Twin Alphas Chapter 16-What's Lost is Found

By the time we had parked in Green Leaf's packhouse parking lot, it was already two in the morning. I stretched out my still muscles, Dash huffing to be let out for a run.

"Okay Lily. You're just going to have to follow me." He said, taking my hand. He started walking us into the forest, the canopy's overhead letting barely any moonlight through. We were walking on an unmarked trail, one I don't think I had come across before, when he veered to the left. My feet crunched over twigs and leaves, leaving my footprints behind in the snow behind me. My breath came out in little clouds in front of me.

It wasn't a cold night, it was actually enjoyable. Weather like this made me happy to be a wolf; I loved seeing the beauty of cold winter nights. Not many people can say they've experienced it, preferring to stay inside when they can see their breath. For wolves, it just wasn't the same. After a few more minutes of walking, I started hearing water bubbling.

"Ooh, do you have something set up at the waterfall? That's so romantic." I said excitedly. He chuckled, a beautiful low sound; almost exactly like both of his brothers, but the tone in between them.

"Not quite." He said, pulling me through the bushes and stopping. I gasped at the sight in front of me, starstruck. Almost literally.

There was a medium sized meadow in front of us, with a nice sized pond off to the side, a small brook trailing out of it, going downstream to what I assume was the waterfall I mentioned earlier. Untouched snow sat on top of the grass, reflecting the moon light softly. The water was even more beautiful, reflecting the stars, moon, and sparse clouds. I walked over to it, careful not to set a foot into the untouched snow. The water was steaming, the snow around it melting. A large rock large enough for my three mates and I to fit comfortably sat against the pond, with a blanket on top of it. Around the blanket were a few candles, lit not too long ago.

"Is everything okay?" Wyatt asked, his brows furrowing. "If you don't like it, we can go home."

"It's beautiful." I breathed, barely audible. I was speechless. Wyatt took the time to plan this out and prepare for this, to take me on a date. His plan had worked; it was breathtaking. He smiled, stepping behind me. His hands

rubbed my shoulders gently, and he kissed the side of my head. When his hands disappeared suddenly, I looked over my shoulder to see him removing his clothes. Standing fully naked, he stepped into the water, walking to the middle of the pond. The water only reached his upper abdomen.

“Are you going to join me or do I have to beg?” He asked, staring at me.

“You’re going to have to beg.” I said, a lazy smile stretching across my face. I stepped up onto the large rock, staring into the clear water. I sat down, tucking my legs to the side, and watched him come towards me.

“Oh I’ll beg.” His eyes were twinkling as he took off my shoes, his hands trailing up my leg and tickling my calf. I giggled as he slid my dress up, his hands stopping on my hips for a moment and squeezing. His eyes never left my face, and I started to blush. Finally he moved his hands up, pulling my dress over my head so I sat in front of him in my underwear.

“Wow.” He said softly, and I crossed my arms in front of my chest. His eyes met mine and he gently pulled my arms away from my body. Leaning close to me, his lips left a gentle trail of kisses across my chest and collarbone, brushing against the necklace he gave me. My hand reached up to trail up his side and lay against his back. I hadn’t realized my bra was off until a soft breeze blew across my nipples, making them stiffen.

“Hey!” I said, pushing him back. He looked down at me.

“I thought I was begging you to join me in the water?” His voice was thick and his breathing was labored. When my eyes met his, he smiled hungrily; his fingers looping around the sides of my panties and pulling them off in one movement.

He suddenly grabbed me by the hips, jerking me forward. My feet splashed into the water, the liquid splashing against my legs. His head rubbed the inside of my thighs, and his eyes met mine again from under thick lashes.

“Lily,” he breathed softly, kissing my thigh and watching for my reactions. My breath quickened again, but I made no movement. His eyes darkened when he spoke again. “Would you like to join me in the water?” His lips met the core of my body, his tongue lazily up my folds. I tried squirming, but his hands came up and wrapped around my thighs, holding me in place against the rock.

“Wyatt,” I gasped as he repeated the action a few more times, a puddle slowly starting to form beneath me. His eyes turned black, never leaving mine as he licked my juices up hungrily. I couldn’t help but squeeze his head with my legs as I moaned, my head leaning back and my eyes closing.

“Ah, fvck, I’m-“ my sentence was cut off by the moan that escaped my lips as the orgasm that built up finally released. The world washed away as I focused on the sense of euphoria that was flowing through me. His mouth finally moved away after my high was gone, his chin resting on my leg as he stared up at me with a perfect smile.

“Do I have to ask again?” He whispered mischievously, and I shook my head, sliding down the rock and landing in the water with a gentle splash. The warm water lapped at my skin, releasing the rest of the tension the orgasm didn’t get. He smiled at me, pulling my body against his. I could feel him fully erect, twitching against my stomach a couple times. I laughed and he actually blushed.

“I can’t help it. You’re just so gorgeous, I can’t believe you’re actually mine.” He said against my hair as he held me. My palms were flat against his chest, his chin resting on my head and his arms wrapped around my shoulders. He was so large compared to me. “That’s if you’ll allow me to be yours.” He whispered.

“To be honest, I was surprised I let Xander mark me. It was a spur of the moment thing, I just let it happen so I couldn’t be mad. Especially since I marked him, too.” I mumbled, letting the words flow freely. “I don’t regret it, I just wish it had been romantic like this. It was just late night hormones.” His hand caressed my back and he nodded thoughtfully.

“Does that mean I get to mark you tonight?” He pulled back, looking down at me, looking at me with dark eyes. I felt him twitch against my stomach again.

“I didn’t say that.” I blushed, and he chuckled.

“Oh but you kind of did.” He said, leaning down and kissing me. I didn’t fight him, instead melting into the kiss, my arms coming up to wrap around his neck. My fingers tangled in his curls. His hair had grown in the past couple weeks, the curls a little long and the hair he normally had shaved down tickled against my fingers. He groaned when I bit his lip, sucking on it softly.

With a growl, he lifted my body almost completely out of the water, wrapping my legs around his waist. My feet trailed in the water for a couple feet as he carried me back to the flat surface of the rock, our hips never parting. In the same movement, he slid inside of me as he lowered himself to his knees. I moaned into his mouth, an orgasm already flowing through me.

“Jesus Christ, Lily, you can’t be doing that. This will end before it starts.” His voice was low, my walls clenching around him. When the moment passed, he finally started moving his hips, his mouth all over my neck. His hand reached up, his fingers playing with my nipple and making me gasp softly. Oh dear goddess, let this work out.

He groaned into my skin, the vibrations against my collarbone causing goosebumps to rise. My hands gripped his shoulders, bringing my body weight up and down with the rhythm of his hips. He nibbled at my jaw, and I giggled. Goddess, I wanted the three of them forever.

As soon as he felt the next orgasm ripple through me, his mouth met my neck and bit down, leaving a fresh mark interlaced with Xander’s. I cried out, my nails digging into his back and making him flinch. I barely had time to register him saying my name as I felt him start to release, and my teeth broke the skin on his neck, leaving my own mark behind on him. One of his hands came up and tangled in my hair, pushing my teeth further into his skin; the other firmly gripping my hip. We rode out our ecstasy together, only looking at each other after it was gone.

“Holy fvck Lily, I’ve never had an experience like that before.” He said, panting. My eyebrows raised and I moved off his lap, sliding back into the water.

“Funny, you’re the third person to tell me that.” I said, my back facing him. “I don’t know why you guys keep saying-“ I was cut off by a loud growl, and I heard him jump into the pond and move towards me. When he reached me, he put his hand on my shoulder and spun me around.

“What?” He growled angrily, staring down at me. I realized that his angry tone didn’t have the same affect it used to in that moment. I looked at him, confused.

“You, Xander, and Xavier have all told me I was amazing in some form.” I said, my eyebrows knitted together. He took a deep breath calming himself

down. "I don't understand why you're so mad? Did I do something wrong?" I said, stepping backwards.

"No I just...I didn't know you had se.x with Xavier already." He said, running his hand through his hair. "When you said that, I thought you meant you..." he cleared his throat and looked away. "Never mind, I just let my jealousy get ahead of me." I nodded, irritated to know he would think I was anything like Monica.

"Can we go back now? I'm tired." I said, yawning. He nodded, pulling me out of the water and getting dressed quickly. I put on just my dress and shoes, picking up my b.ra and panties and carrying them with me. When we made it out of the woods, instead of heading towards his jeep, we turned and walked into the packhouse, heading up to his room on the top floor. When we got to his room, we both took off our clothes for the last time that day and landed ourselves in the bed, falling asleep within seconds.

When we woke up, it was already past 10, and my stomach was ready to demolish an entire kitchen, maybe more. We quickly got dressed and ran down the stairs, grabbing our plates before the last of breakfast was put away. I gave Thalia a hug when she handed me my plate.

"I'll find a way to kidnap you to the new packhouse, I swear it." Her brown eyes twinkled, the crows feet next to them crinkling as she smiled. I stopped and said hi to my parents and brother, who looked like he never got hurt in the first place.

"I'm sorry, Shawn. I wish it could be different." His arms fell to his side and he shrugged his shoulders.

"As long as I can become an elite warrior, I think I'll be fine. Less paperwork anyways." He smiled. I nodded, laughing.

"We love you honey. I hope you're doing okay and eating plenty of food, and getting lots of rest, and-." My mom said. I smiled at her and my dad.

"I'm definitely getting lots of food and rest. And still keeping up on my training!" I added, looking at my dad. He always wanted me to be a warrior, and I've always wanted to make him proud. I guess nothing could make him prouder than me being a Luna.

“Any hopes for grand babies yet?” I choked on air as my head whipped around to look at my mom. She had her fingers crossed and she was smiling.

“Not yet, Mrs. Winters.” Wyatt answered as I tried to catch my breath. “Whenever Lily is ready.” She nodded, and my dad gave me a quick kiss on the head before Wyatt pulled me away, practically running.

“Thank you. Holy sh!t, I didn’t think she’d ask that yet.” I said, buckling my seat belt. I couldn’t look at him, I was so embarrassed. He laughed at me, pulling out of the parking lot.

“It’s fine babygirl.” He said, winking at me. Like I said, whenever you’re ready, so are we.” I turned my body away from him, a dark blush covering my face, neck, and chest. Him and Xander are ready to have pups? Already?! Oh dear Goddess can I get anymore embarrassed? I hadn’t even thought about pups yet, I just turned 18 and assumed it would take longer to find my mate!

Embarrassed? About what?

Dash huffed.

Why wouldn’t I be? We haven’t talked about pups yet, I’m not even officially Luna! And we LITERALLY just marked each other, Xavier still unaccounted for.

I crossed my arms, looking out the window. Dash’s snorting with laughter.

Lilith, we’re wolves. s****l by nature. Why do you think you’re so beautiful? To attract our mate! Well, mates in our case. No doubt your mother was asked that as soon as she introduced your dad to her parents. It’s just the way we are.

My conversation was cut short when Wyatt’s phone started vibrating. He fished it out of his pocket, the car swerving slightly as he tried to find it. When he finally grabbed it, he answered it immediately, the car speeding up.

“Hey Xander, everything okay?” He said. His face turned white, and he suddenly turned off on the exit we were about to pass. I held onto the armrests as he sped around the curve of the exit, almost slamming my head against the dashboard as he stopped at the stop sign. Good thing I put my seat belt on this time.

“Wyatt, what the actual fvck is wrong with you right now?” I asked, holding my wrist. Instead of hitting my face, my wrist took the blow, and it was now throbbing.

“They found Monica.” He said, his eyes wild as he sped back towards Green leaf territory.

“Okay and? We know where she’s at, she’ll be there when you get there.” I snapped, my wrist on fire as I clenched the arm rests; he was swerving in and out of traffic like a madman. If we got pulled over, I was hitting him.

“She’s dead. And it doesn’t look good apparently.” His knuckles were white as the jeep went as fast as it could handle.

“That doesn’t mean you can break my wrist or my face. Xavier would kill you worse than Monica.” I rubbed my wrist, and he glanced at me. “Eyes on the road, Jesus Christ Wyatt!”

“From what I heard, there isn’t a way to be worse than Monica is.” He whispered, and I stared at him. Within 20 minutes, we were back in the parking lot we had left an hour before. Wyatt hopped out of the vehicle, leaving the door open and running into the woods. I followed him, not caring about the car at the moment.

When I finally caught up to him, he had to catch me from falling onto Monica. Or what was left of her, at least. Her limbs were spread around the area, her head in plain sight. Her eyeballs were missing, and her torso was next to her body. The first thing I noticed that made me almost stumble onto her were the eyeballs, organs, and intestines nearby, layed out in what seemed to be a pattern. A pattern I wasn’t trying to stare too hard at. That meant someone had just dropped her there within the past hour or so, especially in a densely populated and heavily guarded forest like this.

A couple wolves I didn’t recognize were carefully placing her body parts into a white bag, another wolf standing a few feet away on the phone. I turned around, gagging.

Wyatt held my hair back as my breakfast fell onto the forest floor. He rubbed my back, whispering comforting words. Nothing could scrub my brain from seeing this. He took my hand, walking me back towards the packhouse. Neither of us spoke. I didn’t know how he felt, but his face was pale and he was shaking. I had no words, at least none that would come to mind

immediately. Even Dash was quiet for once. As we made it up to the packhouse, I cleared my throat.

“Wyatt, I-“ he spun me to face him, his hands gripping my shoulders.

You can’t say anything about what you just saw. Especially right now.” His grip was tight, leaving bruises behind. I nodded, and he crushed me in a hug.

“I love you so much, Lily.” He whispered. The incident must have had a major impact, because he didn’t let go of my hand as we walked into the packhouse. People tried to talk to me, but I couldn’t hear them. I’m sure I didn’t look good; I didn’t feel very good. I just kept walking, letting Wyatt lead me up the stairs, my eyeballs trained on the floor.

When we got up to Wyatt’s room, I sat on the bed and stared off into space. My knees came up, my chin resting on them as I wrapped my arms around them and just stared at the floor some more. The scene replayed in my head, seeming to be on repeat. Wyatt just sat next to me, his hands clasped together, and stared at the floor, too.

I don’t know how long we sat there, but neither of us spoke a single word. I don’t think we even made a noise; not a cough, a snuffle, a shift in fabrics, nothing. It was awful, and I never wished to see something like that again. I may not have liked Monica, but she definitely didn’t deserve that. I heard the door open and didn’t move until I felt a pair of strong arms around me, and soft kisses rained down on my head and face.

“My love?” Xavier whispered, tilting my chin towards him. I looked at him, and started gagging again. He immediately grabbed the trash can next to the desk and put it on the floor in front of me right as I threw up. He rubbed my back gently, holding my hair up and doing his best to comfort me. Tears fell from my eyes, and I gagged again. I looked over at Wyatt to see Xander mumbling in his ear, his hands on top of Wyatt’s as he spoke to him. Wyatt was nodding, crying just like I was.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and Xavier handed me a glass of water. I took a few small sips, swishing them around my mouth and spitting them into the trash before I finally took an actual drink. When I was finished, I forced the glass into Wyatt’s hands, and he finally looked at me. No words passed but he nodded and took a small sip, the smallest bit of color returning to his face.

"Im so sorry, Princess." Xander said, hugging me. "I didn't think it was going to be as awful as it was. I never wanted you to see something like that." I nodded against him, staring blankly at the wall. He stepped back, kissing my forehead and turning towards the door. He opened it and stood in the doorway, letting out a large sigh.

"I have to go tell Andrews about his daughter."