

Bullied By Twin Alphas Chapter 17-Suspect

After a little while, a roar echoed through the packhouse, followed by the loudest sob I had ever heard. While I wasn't upset that we had lost her, I was upset she had died the way she did. That wasn't fair to her, and especially not fair to her father. I can't say I understood his pain, but I can say I empathize. This would be a long healing process for a lot of us.

After the sob, I heard a sniffle and looked over to see Wyatt wiping his eyes with the palm of his hands. It was then that I remembered Monica was technically his girlfriend for a long time. I wondered how he felt. Sure he hasn't technically been with her for a long time, but they grew up thinking they would end up together. I also wondered how Xander felt; he would be the one taking this harder. But he was acting unfazed. Maybe their paradise wasn't what they made it to be after all.

Wyatt stood up and left the room, and Xavier stared at him as he left. Sitting down beside me, he put his arm around me and held me close to him. I'm so tired and just needed sleep, but Monica's empty eye sockets kept floating through my head. I was going to have nightmares for weeks, possibly months, maybe even years.

"Are you okay?" Xavier asked quietly. I just stared at him. "Have you never seen a body?" His voice was a whisper as I shook my head, unblinking. He sighed, hugging me tightly. He seemed to be lost in thought, just holding me. I started slouching in his arms, my eyelids feeling heavy. No doubt I looked as awful as I felt.

Xavier laid us back on the bed, his fingers combing through my hair. He just talked, rambling about nothing in particular. And I just listened, hoping it would take my mind off of the whole situation. Dash had been whimpering and whining in my head the whole time, apologizing repeatedly. She felt horrible for letting me witness that, even though there was nothing she could do to stop it. I just ignored her, ignored Xavier, and pushed everything into the background as I faded into a restless sleep.

Last night was probably the worst night of sleep I'd had since I first started being bullied. I woke up repeatedly through the night, constantly checking to make sure Xavier was beside me. He always was, even if my subconscious thought he wasn't. I had always been told that the mate bond would help you feel safe, comforting at times like this. Well I definitely wasn't feeling very comforted as I rolled over for the millionth time, staring at the clock on the

nightstand. I felt Xavier shift beside me and sighed quietly, hoping I wouldn't wake him by tossing and turning. I lay there thinking about all the restless nights I've actually had in my short life.

At first, the bullying was just name calling and teasing, how kids are. It made me sad, but I was always a happy kid so it didn't bother me much. Then they started getting meaner, talking down about my family and basically calling me worthless. I started crying myself to sleep at that point. When I started getting shoved into lockers, I went out of my way just to avoid everyone, basically sleeping with one eye open. After that bored them, they started playing with my emotions, making me think twice of everyone. In high school, they actually started having people pretend to be nice to me, just to talk sh!t behind my back. My first k!ss with long time crush Jake Loveland was another way to bully me, he just acted like I was nothing to him after I confessed my feelings and we k!ssed. They broke my stuff, my parents refusing to replace it after a certain point because it would just get broken later that week. All of this started by Monica, Wyatt, and Xander; every time something happened, they were the ones causing it or doing it.

Why did I never say anything? Being the sons of the Alpha and Luna of my pack, they were perfect people on Pack territory. Friendly, outgoing, charming. Except I always purposely avoided them so they couldn't be nice to me at home and be bullies at school. That would have torn me down even worse than anything they could have done intentionally.

I'm sorry I couldn't protect you, Lily. Dash murmured softly.

It's okay, Dash. Kids are mean. It's a part of growing up. I replied, sighing and rolling over again.

"Everything okay my love?" Xavier mumbled softly, his voice rough from sleeping.

"No. I can't sleep." I felt him nod and roll towards me.

"I couldn't sleep after seeing my first body, either." His voice was quiet and peaceful. "It wasn't as bad as that poor girl, but it still kept me up at night for a long time. It was a rogue from a neighboring pack when I was a child. I found her when I was just a kid, playing around in the forest. She looked like she had starved and was partially hidden underneath a bush." He sighed before continuing; sounding tired, like it was something that still kept him up at night.

"I couldn't help but think what if I'd found her sooner? What if she had just come to us instead of hiding in a part of our forest? What if she had family? I didn't know who she was until someone came looking for her a few days later. She was an omega, had just turned 18 and escaped from a life of slavery and a.buse. She had no family and no friends, just a.busers. My stepfather challenged the Alpha of that pack and won, and a lot of wolves didn't like that; trying for the alpha title themselves."

"Clearly they didn't win." I said, and he laughed.

"No, they absolutely did not. It was a pretty raggedy pack, I'm not really even sure how they survived for as long as they did, but they liked who they were. Quite a few omegas and women and children willingly joined us, including their Luna."

"Is she still there?"

"Yeah, she's one of the head omegas in the kitchen. She does less of the cooking and more of the teaching how to cook now." He said thoughtfully. "She was really kind. She hated it there as much as any other Omega or woman. He would r.ape her, a lot. She said she prayed to the Moon Goddess to grant her infertility; she didn't want to bring a child from his seed into this world. And she never did. But she knew the girl, and she held it together when she found out. She was very strong, always making sure the other women would be left alone by the other sick people in the pack. There weren't many to follow her, most feared the Alpha and his followers."

"Anyways," he continued after rambling. "As soon as my stepfather killed that Alpha, she surrendered. And cried. Ugly cried. Out of relief. It was honestly the most heartbreaking thing I have ever seen in my entire life. And I was only like 10 so I had no idea what was really happening when there were more people coming back to the packhouse than there was when everyone left for that. She's getting kind of up there in age, and I'm going to miss her a lot when she leaves us." He whispered the last sentence, and I cleared my throat.

"I'm ready to go home, Xavier." I said after a few moments of silence. He laughed softly, his entire body shaking.

"I know, my love. We'll leave first thing in the morning." He replied.

"Are Xander and Wyatt coming with?"

“That I’m not sure. I would imagine not at the moment.” I sulked a little.

Lily, you’re going to give me wh!plash with how often your emotions change. Dash laughed at me. I blocked her out of my mind. I was giving myself wh!plash. As I was lost in thought wondering why my emotions were changing so quickly, there was a knock on the door, and Wyatt and Xander entered the room. I clicked on the lamp beside me and sat up. They stood across from us, staring at the floor.

“What’s going on?” I asked slowly.

“You can’t leave Pack territory for right now.” Wyatt said, looking into my eyes. I stared back, shocked. I was unable to process anything for a moment before I just became angry. I hopped onto my feet, stomping over to Wyatt, his eyes watching every move I made.

“And why the hell not?” I shouted. “Who’s going to stop me?”

“The Council.” Xander said quietly, and my eyes almost popped out of head as all anger vanished, turning into fear.

“What?” The tiniest noise emerged from my mouth, and I shrunk back. “What do they want with me?”

“To investigate.” Now I was confused. Do they think I had something to do with this? For what reason? I voiced my questions, Wyatt and Xander nodding.

“Because you’re our mate. And she was supposed to be our Luna. No doubt quite a few complaints went straight to them after we announced the truth.” Xander said, looking uncomfortable.

“That’s your fault. Why would you guys do that anyways? Everyone thought I was Xaviers mate!”

“Because we were tired of pretending.” Wyatt snapped. “We wanted to see you, and be seen with you, not sneaking around. You’re our mate, too.” He’s mouth moved to say something else, but he snapped it shut, staring down at me angrily.

“Say it.” I said, not backing down. I crossed my arms. Xavier didn’t know they were my bullies before they were my mates. We stared each other down before Wyatt finally gave in, shaking his head with his eyes closed.

“How are we supposed to show you we’re trying to make you forgive us if we couldn’t even be seen with you?” He growled through clenched teeth. Xander huffed and crossed his arms, still staring at the floor. If he kicked his toe at the floor, I would have laughed.

“Forgive you for what?” Xavier asked slowly, walking up behind me and putting hands on my shoulders. His fingers wrapped around my upper arms, his hands were so large. Wyatt raked his hands through his hair and I smirked at him.

“I-we-Monica and us, we-ummm...” Wyatt trailed off.

“For f***s sake, we used to bully Lily before we found out she was our mate.” Xander said, stopping his brother from embarrassing himself further. Wyatt stared at Xander, wide eyed. I looked up at Xavier, and his face was frighteningly calm, making my own eyes widen as I faced the twins again.

“I see.” Xaviers fingers squeezed my shoulders gently. “And by bullying, what does that entail?” His voice was deadly quiet, and I started to panic a little inside.

They kind of deserve this and you know it. Dash snorted in satisfaction. I’m not so sure about that.

“Really not okay things.” Wyatt said quickly. Xavier just stared at him. I sighed, putting my hands on top of Xaviers, my arms crossed over my chest.

“A lot of emotionally and physically damaging things. Shoving me inside lockers, having girls beat me up after school, playing tricks with my emotions, breaking my personal items, invading my privacy . Things that-“ I didn’t get to finish that sentence before I was moved to the side and Wyatt landed on the floor. Xavier stood above him with his fist still in the air as he glared at Wyatt holding his jaw. Xander had jumped back, startled, holding his hands up.

“Hey, it was mainly-“ Xander crashed into the wall, leaving a man sized hole as he dropped to the floor, gr0aning. My hands flew to my mouth as Dash howled in laughter. Holy sh!t, that was so...hot.

“Even if Lily wasn’t your mate, you never treat a woman like that. Ever.” Xavier growled out, crossing his arms and standing with his feet spread. He looked amazing in just his gym shorts, his hair tousled around from sleeping. I shook my head, trying to erase all the dirty things I was thinking of doing to him.

“Xavier, I doubt this is going to look good when the Council gets here.” I said softly, staring at the bruise forming on Wyatt’s jaw. He was holding it, grunting and curled into a ball. “What time are they supposed to get here?”

“Eight...” Xander gr0aned from by the wall, rolling around. He looked like he was stuck between pooping himself and throwing up. Looking at the clock, I made a relieved noise. We stall had about four hours.

“Alright boys, I think that’s enough time to play around.” I said, laughing inside. Dash was right, they did kind of deserve it. After a few more moments of pained grunts and gr0ans, they dragged themselves to their feet and out the door. This made me laugh out loud.

“Why didn’t you tell me that sooner? I’m not done with them.” Xavier said, scowling at their disappearing forms.

“Well, you have to be for now. I’m going to make us something to eat and getting in the shower.” I wasn’t really hungry, but I needed to eat. I have to keep my energy up. I headed down to the kitchen and made some toast, eggs, and bacon, grabbing two glasses of orange juice and putting it on a large tray. I then made my way slowly up the stairs, being careful not to spill anything. Xavier was astonished and appreciative as he took the tray from me and set it on the desk.

He finished his breakfast in minutes, chugging his orange juice in one gulp. I just stared at him, chewing my food like a normal person would. He shrugged and burped, making me laugh.

“I’m still hungry. When’s breakfast?” He asked.

“Thalia starts at 6:00, you can take whatever, whenever.” I answered, taking another bite. When I finished my food and drink, I stepped into the shower and began washing my hair and body. The guest bathrooms on the top floor of the Green Leaf packhouse weren’t bad, but they didn’t have any of the specialized items the boys liked, and that I was starting to appreciate. I washed and rinsed, stepping out of the shower and wrapping my hair in a towel, drying my body with another. I am seriously sick and tired of traveling

and then not going home for days. I didn't have any of my regular stuff with me.

I didn't have any of my regular stuff with me! I groaned, pulling at my cheeks. No clothes, no lotions, no perfume, no makeup. Only the dress, slippers, clutch, and change of clothes I had brought from my date. I ran out of the bathroom and guest bedroom, running downstairs to the third floor. I stopped in front of my parents bedroom door and knocked softly. My mom opened the door, rubbing her eyes.

"Lily? Honey, it's only 6:24 am, what is the rush?" She said, yawning.

"Mom, I don't have any clothes or makeup and the council is coming to see me at 8." I said, about to cry. When she heard me say that, she was instantly awake, ushering me into hers and my dad's room. It was nice, a little bigger than my old room, with peachy walls. A few pictures were sat on the coffee table, the rest packed in one of the boxes by the balcony.

"Take what you need honey, I can always replace it." She said, entering her bathroom. My dad snored loudly, enjoying his retirement sleep. I hunted through my mom's clothes, settling on a pair of skinny jeans and a black satin long sleeved button up. Before she even made it out of the bathroom, I grabbed her mascara, the outfit I picked out, her hairbrush, and a pair of black strappy sandals, and headed back to my guest room.

I entered the room already brushing through my hair and threw the clothes on the bed, putting my bra and the jeans on. I had no underwear, so commando it was. I did a loose braid in my hair that I pulled to the side and slipped on the shirt, buttoning it right above my cleavage. Wyatt's necklace glinted in the light, and I touched it out of comfort before turning and putting on my mascara. By now, it was 7:30 and I was so nervous.

Xavier and I walked downstairs, and was shocked at the emptiness. The only people here were the ones that lived here, and it wasn't very many. Xavier walked over and grabbed a plate of biscuits and gravy, thanking Thalia and sitting down. I sat next to him, conversing with him and Shawn as we waited.

At exactly 8 am, two people I had never seen before walked through the door of the packhouse, accompanied by at least 5 large men. The man was dressed in a crisp black suit, definitely designer. He had shiny shoes and a large golden Rolex on his left wrist. His brown hair was slicked back, and his face was expressionless. The woman wore a black pencil skirt and a tight

white blouse, her shoes were plain black pumps. Her face was less serious, but absolutely beautiful, her sleek black hair in a tight knot on top of her head. They both had a very professional air around them.

Leo strolled over and shook the man's hand, kissing the woman's and bowing to them.

"Leo, my old friend. How are you?" The man said, making small talk.

"Wonderful, my sons are finally grown and have stepped into their positions, fulfilling them quite well. How have you been, Alastair?" Leo answered, laughing.

"That's not what I've been hearing." The woman said. "It's nice to see you, though, Leo. I wish it were under different circumstances."

"I do hope you're doing well, Adaline." Leo said, turning to the woman. They all chatted for a brief moment before gesturing for Xavier and I to enter a door I had never seen before now, right below the stairs. The room was large, with a long table filling it. The wood was made of a rich mahogany, the chairs matching. As we sat down at the head of the table, we introduced ourselves, me going first.

"Hello, Lilith. I'm Alastair, this is Adeline. We're from the Council. I'm going to get straight to the point here. We need to investigate you as a suspect in the murder of Monica Andrews."