

Bullied By Twin Alphas Chapter 2-First Day

The blaring from my alarm awoke me from what seemed like too short of a sleep. I sat up and turned off my alarm, yawning and stretching. Realizing today was the first day of school pushed me into gear, and I started getting ready for the day.

I pulled on my vans crop top and ripped black skinny jeans, checking myself out in the mirror, finalizing my outfit with my checkered vans. Of course. Heading into my bathroom, I finished my look with a nice cat eye and mascara, my lashes brushing against my cheeks. I took a step back, taking in the way I looked for once.

As I get closer to turning 18, my body has finally finished developing. My skin was a nice tan color from training under the sun, giving me a nice glow. My long, ashen blonde hair cascaded over my shoulders and down my back, reaching my mid back. A flat stomach from working out 5 days a week, accompanied by a firm, toned b.utt and legs, with perky b00bs as a finishing touch made me smile. I was finally grown, even if I was a little short.

“Lilith, come on! We gotta go get our schedules still!” Sherri called from my bed. I stepped out of the bathroom to see her scrolling through her phone, long legs crossed and leaning back on one hand. She looked gorgeous with her chocolate brown hair in a high ponytail, mahogany colored eyes accented by a dandelion yellow eyeshadow and cat eye, her mascara perfect as usual. She wore a yellow sundress with white sandals, and it was absolutely stunning.

“I’m ready whenever you are.” I said, grabbing my backpack, earbuds, and phone. She eyed my outfit with a weird expression. “Is there something wrong?” I asked. She gestured to the air around me.

“You always look so...dark.” She said, and I laughed, raising an eyebrow. “Well, I mean...I guess you could look more emo, so this is fine.” I laughed even harder and she rolled her eyes. “Alright, let’s go!” She grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the house, my short legs barely able to keep up. I hardly made it into her Impala before she was starting it and shifting gears to reverse.

“First day of senior year, here we come!” She said as she pulled out of the pack house driveway and started heading to the high school.

“Fvck.” I said, growling at the piece of paper in front of me. Sherri was only in two of my classes, and that was AP English, which was second period, and Calculus, which was fifth period.

“C’mon Lilith, this won’t be so bad!” She said trying to cheer me up. I side-eyed her and read my schedule for the billionth time. “You can make new friends from other packs this way! Being the Betas daughter means you also have to be in good standing with other packs, not just the Alphas or Shawn!” She was right, and I hated to admit it.

“I’m just going to be bored!” I exclaimed in a huff. “Like come ON, who the hell put me in American Government for first period? And then choir? And what about art class fourth?”

“You love drawing! And you’re a fantastic singer! I don’t understand what the problem is!” She placed her books in her locker and closed it. “Look, I gotta run or I’m going to be late and you KNOW I can’t afford that just yet. You’ll do great! I’ll see you in English!” She turned and rushed off, trying to make it to the other side of the school before the bell rang.

I sighed, pushing my locker closed, and turned to face American Government. Walking through the door, I noticed there was only one seat left at a table with...I mentally kicked myself in the a.ss. The last seat was at the table with Monica Andrews and the Lake Twins. Thankfully they hadn’t noticed me yet. I wonder if I could just skip this class and get all the homework from someone else. I realized it was too late to turn around when the bell rang, so I hurried to the last seat before Mr. Flint could quiet everyone down and get started.

The class wasn’t very big, maybe 18 students, a mix of wolves and humans. Here at Belmont Public High School, we were on neutral territory, meaning there was a mixture of different packs and humans. Of course, as a law, we weren’t allowed to out ourselves to the humans or the Council would be on your a.ss faster than a fly on sh!t. As I sat down, Monica sneered at me.

“Oh look, it’s Miss Emo! I can’t believe you’re even still alive. Did you miss us over the summer?” Monica Andrews was the only child of the Alpha of Silver Mountain Pack. She had platinum blonde hair, icy blue eyes, and a lean body that was toned in all the right places. I sighed inwardly and rolled my eyes, taking out my binder for government and a pen to take notes.

“I believe your future Luna is talking to you.” Xander Lake breathed down my neck, making my tiny hairs stand up. I looked over at the Lake Twins, my

future Alphas, and suppressed an angry frown. It doesn't seem possible, but they look much bigger than they did 90 days ago.

Wyatt and Xander Lake were huge guys, to put it bluntly. They towered over me at 6'3" each. Both have medium length black hair, Wyatt's is tapered on the sides with a curly perfect mess on top, and Xander had his grown out into a perfectly tousled look. They both had beautiful amber eyes. Wyatt wore a simple black crew neck with jeans, and Xander wore a white crew neck with jeans. Their muscles looked like they were about to tear through the fabric of their clothes. I noticed Wyatt had his arm around Monica but he didn't say anything.

"Sure whatever floats your boat." I said to Monica, shrugging and turning to listen to Mr. Flint. I could feel her seething from the other side of the desks at my short response. She snorted softly, but angrily. Thankfully they left me alone for the rest of the class.

When the bell rang, I met Sherri down the hall from English. She grabbed her books from her locker and we walked to the next class together, recounting what had happened in the first hour and a half of our day. She snorted at my barely three sentence recollection.

"Sorry babe. You can do this. It's only for two semesters, then you can graduate early and head out on your next adventure!" Sherri said cheerily. I nodded and smiled, thankful for my best friend.

The first day of school went by quickly. Mostly humans were in English, with a couple wolves from Black Crescent Pack. Monica and her friends were in my choir class. I wanted to say Monica had a terrible singing voice, but it was quite the opposite, and that just upset me.

In Art, I unfortunately had the twins. And, to make the day even worse, I was assigned the seat in between them. Suddenly, nothing was personal. I hated it and planned on asking for a different seat as soon as possible.

"Oh wow, the little pup knows how to drawing!" Xander said to his brother, who chuckled slightly. Wyatt's eyes scanned the paper in front of me, but he said nothing. Strange. Normally he's the one talking the most trash. Xander looked at his brother, his brows arched in surprise. Their eyes clouded over, so they must be having a chat over mindlink. Suddenly, Xander shifted away, and I looked at Wyatt in surprise. He didn't look at me. In fact, neither of them said a word the rest of class.

Every 10 or so minutes, I would feel someone watching me. A couple of times I looked over and it was Xander. But when he saw my head shifting towards him, he would look away. They wouldn't even make eye contact. For once, it was peaceful. I popped my earbuds in and turned on Spotify, Pouya's Aftershock playing as I started my assignment.

My sketchbook was already half full of just random things from over the summer. I enjoyed my peacefulness of the day until training, where I could take any anger and frustration out on my sparring partner or in the challenges we do. Yesterday just left me feeling amazing, being the first to clear the challenge was a great feeling itself. It didn't happen very often, but it was starting to happen occasionally, which only meant I was getting better.

I sneaked a peak over at Wyatt's sketchbook and gasped softly. He was an amazing artist. Looking at his sketch out of the corner of my eye, I watch his large hands glide the pencil across the paper smoothly, laying down lines exactly where he wanted them. As the picture came together, it looked like a girl. More details were added and her hair was thrown over one shoulder. More details and she was looking down at a book, a pencil placed in her hand. Even more detail and she had a smile on her face, looking blissfully unaware.

He finally added the rest of the details and she was sitting against a tree, her legs crossed with her sketchbook placed on the right knee. There were bushes and shrubs placed around the tree and in front of her. A blush crept up my cheeks as I realized it was a place I sat often, in a position I sat often, doing what I loved; drawing nature. I stared down at my book as I realized I hadn't really done anything. I had begun drawing a wolf in a clearing, but I had barely gotten down the shape of its head when the bell rang.

I slammed the book closed and shoved it into my backpack, running out of the class before Wyatt or Xander could say anything to me. Sherri and I met up after art and I relayed what happened with the twins. She shrugged her shoulders. "Sounds weird" was all she said, and then she told me about her Speech class. We walked into Calculus and sat down, chatting and preparing for the class with the few extra minutes we had to spare. Right before the bell rang and class started, Chelsea Nguyen walked in with Monica and a third dark haired girl.

I cringed at the sound of Chelsea's voice; it was like nails scratching against chalkboard to me. She was wearing a black and gray plaid skirt that was almost too short with a plain Black crop top and a long sleeved fishnet one

piece underneath, completing the look with 4 inch pumps. Sherri and I shared a look as the three of them slid behind our seats.

I was half paying attention to Mr. Brucke talking about the syllabus when I felt a good chunk of my hair get picked up followed by a hushed whispering and snickers. I whipped my head around and saw Chelsea had grabbed my hair and had a pair of scissors poised open to cut it.

“Can I help you?” I growled lowly. She snickered at me and passed the scissors to Monica, who placed them back on Mr. Brucke’s desk. Both of them looked at me coldly.

“Your hair is matted. I figured I’d help you out with a haircut.” Chelsea shrugged, Monica giggling next to her. Sherri looked at me, willing me to hold myself together.

Bite her head off, NOW. Dash growled in my head, fighting to come forward. I took a couple deep breaths to calm down, Sherri eyeing Chelsea carefully.

“Touch me again and I’ll rip off the same hands you use to bully and shove them so far up you a.ss you’ll be able to-“

“Miss Winters!” Mr. Brucke barked. We all glanced at him. “I don’t want to hear that language in my class again!”

“Of course, Mr. Brucke. We were just having a conversation.” I smiled sweetly and he grunted, continuing on with the syllabus. I turned my attention back to Chelsea. “Touch me again and see exactly what happens.” I snapped quietly, turning back around in my seat. Chelsea and Monica snickered.

After Calculus, Sherri and I headed home. I rolled down the window in her 2019 Impala, the wind rushing through my hair and throwing it around. I laughed as Doja Cat’s Say So came on the radio, turning it up and singing along with it. We pulled up in the pack house parking lot way too soon for me to be happy. Sherri smiled at me apologetically.

“Well, I gotta go get started on my homework anyways.” I smiled, grabbing my backpack and getting out of her car. We walked into the pack house, the chattering filling our ears. I smiled at my mom and walked upstairs, getting started on my calculus homework.

Three hours later and I had finished all my homework. I softly closed my books and set all my stuff in my backpack for tomorrow. I looked at the clock and smiled. I had 30 minutes to get to the training grounds. I quickly changed into my black Nike shorts and a black sports bra, putting my hair up in a messy bun and sliding on my brand new black and white nikes. I flounced down the stairs in an extremely good mood.

“Good afternoon, Lily!” My brother grabbed me and put me in a headlock. I landed a punch to his side and he flinched, but didn’t let up.

“Shawn, let me go!” I yelled, fighting to wiggle my head out from his grasp. I pinched the back of his legs, punched his side, tickled his armpit, and nothing worked.

“Say Uncle!” He laughed, spinning us in circles. My empty stomach couldn’t handle it and I started gagging.

“Uncle! Uncle! Uncle!” I yelled repeatedly. He finally let me go and I pushed him, both of us laughing. I grabbed a sandwich that my favorite omega Thalia made, stuffing half of it into my mouth before biting it off. Shawn’s eyes bugged out of his head. “What?” I asked around my mouthful of sandwich.

“Your mate’s going to have a handful with the way you eat.” He laughed, poking me in the stomach. I shoved the rest in my mouth before Alpha Leo’s voice echoed through our heads, and I made my way to the training grounds. Sherri stepped up to her place beside Shawn and I, and we turned to the front.

Standing on either side of Alpha Leo were his sons. They looked like they were made from the goddess herself with their shirts off and a pair of simple basketball shorts. I picked my jaw up off the floor when I heard Sherri laugh and I scowled at her.

“Alright everyone.” Alpha Leo’s voice thundered across the empty space filled with 77 of us wolves. He was a very fair Alpha, and we all loved him and would lay down our lives for him and Luna Addison, as they would for us. “My sons came back from training on Sunday night, and they are ready to train you all into perfect fighters, in both wolf and human form. From here on out, as they get ready to step into their Alpha position, they will be in control of training.” His face was one of pride, and I’m sure mine was one of disgust. Just what I needed, bullying at home and school. Great. This was going to suck.

I finally faceplanted into my bed after training, eating, and showering. I was glad I did my homework before training instead of after. Otherwise I would be up for hours. I set my alarm and snuggled up to my pillow, letting out a breath. My body hurts, and it was going to feel way worse tomorrow. But in the end, it's ALWAYS worth it.

When I closed my eyes, I couldn't help but imagine two sets of amber eyes staring at me. My eyes flew open and I sat up. I had only been asleep for two hours and it was restless. Quietly opening my bedroom window, I breathed in the scents of the outside and calmed down. Laying back down, I finally fell back asleep peacefully to the noises of the nature.