

Bullied By Twin Alphas Chapter 5-New Gift

After spending the night with Wyatt on Friday, I found myself trying to avoid him and his brother for the weekend. I couldn't go anywhere since I had no car, and it was winter so going outside would be boring anyways. Sherri and I hung out in each other's room for the weekend. But it was Monday, and I had to face reality.

Lily. Wyatt's voice thundered in my head. I sighed.

Yes, Alpha? He growled through the mindlink and I smirked.

Meet me in the parking lot in five. He cut the link off, and I giggled. I threw on my black converse and grabbed my backpack, texting Sherri that I would meet her at her car in 5. I stepped out onto the pack house lawn, the crisp air fogging in front of me. I speed walked over to Wyatt, who was standing next to Xander. Xander looked at everything but me.

"Good morning, Alphas." Wyatt glared at me and Xander tried covering his laugh with a cough. It didn't work.

"Here." Wyatt shoved a set of keys in my hand. I looked at him questioningly. He rolled his eyes and gestured at the vehicle in front of him. I slowly turned my gaze to the vehicle in front of me and my jaw hit the floor.

What. The fvck. Is that? Dash growled in my head, just as shocked. Xander rolled his eyes and hopped into the hummer parked next to my new vehicle, clearly annoyed. Huh. So that's who owned that hummer.

"Is that an all black 2019 Chrysler 300?" I whispered, my eyes about to bulge out of my head. Wyatt nodded and stepped up, putting his mouth by my ear.

"All yours, babygirl. Title's in the glovebox." He kissed the side of my head and got in the drivers seat of the Hummer, pulling out and speeding off to our school. Two minutes later, Sherri pulled up and saw me getting into the Chrysler.

"Are you driving someone else's car to school?" She asked, confused.

"No, get in." She parked her car and got in mine, looking around. "Do you like it?"

“How did you afford this?” She breathed, looking around. I flashed her a smile and pushed the start button, hearing the engine purr to life. I backed out of the parking space and picked up speed, heading to my last month at Belmont Public High School.

I ended up parking my Chrysler next to Wyatt’s Hummer, and ran into the school, making it to first period right before the bell rang. I felt bad for Sherri. Shooting her an apologetic text, I slid into my seat and set my phone down on the desk. As I leaned over to grab my binder, my desk shifted slightly. Monica took her chance to smash the desks together as my phone fell, crushing my phone and throwing me back into my seat.

“What the fvck?” I snarled, snatching my phone off the floor. I tried turning on the screen, but nothing happened. This time, no tears threatened to form. I could afford a new phone, easy. What hurt was my pride this time. I made eye contact with Wyatt, who looked furiously at Xander, who was just as shocked as me. I rolled my eyes and grabbed my binder, sitting it out in front of me.

“Oh you’re not going to run away today, huh?” Monica sneered. I narrowed my eyes at her, Dash’s growl ripping through me low enough for only the four of us to hear.

“Do you not remember the beating you received on Friday?” I snarled. Monica flinched and Xander looked at her, confused. “Your lip and eyebrow sure do remember.” Both of them had their healing scars, which would be gone tomorrow. Otherwise she looked as fresh faced as before. I’m sure the humans thought we were all rich and had personal plastic surgeons by how rough we played and just seemed to heal over the next few days. The only time this didn’t apply was when someone broke a bone. Either they didn’t say anything until they got back on their Pack territory, or they wore a cast for however long until it healed by human terms.

The rest of the class went by without me being bothered. At one point, Monica reached to hold Wyatt’s hand, and he shook it off.

“Don’t touch me.” He snorted. She looked hurt, and it was Xander’s turn to look at his brother angrily. I rolled my eyes at how pathetic she was as Xander made Wyatt switch seats with them. Good. She didn’t deserve to touch Wyatt anyways. He huffed as he sat down, clearly happier than he was, but Monica paid him no mind, instead flirting heavily with Xander. English went by quickly, and choir went even faster. As the bell for lunch rang, Sherri and I made our way to my car. I was still surprised she was mine, and even took the title out

to double check. Yep, it had my name on it. How, I don't know, but it did. No co-signer or anything.

As I was pulling out of the parking lot, I saw Monica getting into Wyatt's hummer, with Xander driving. As I crept by, Wyatt started walking towards us.

"Hop in se.xy!" Sherri laughed as he opened the door and basically dove in the backseat, slamming it and screaming.

"Drive woman!" I floored it and shot out of the parking lot just in time to miss a car zooming past us. We all laughed as I drive to Fredmys and then Starbucks, getting my Trenta Pink Drink for lunch. We pulled back into the parking lot and Wyatt's hummer wasn't back yet. He frowned but kept quiet.

"Alright, I'm gonna head in. Mr. Visco isn't gonna be happy if I'm late." Sherri laughed as she got out of my car, and Wyatt climbed up to the front seat after she left, turning a smile at me. I looked at him questioningly, arching a brow. He just leaned over and k!ssed me, pushing a large box into my hand.

"This is from Xander. He was pretty pissed when Monica smashed your phone, so he got you a new one. Don't worry, all your old stuff is on this one except for your pictures, you'll have to replace those on your own." I looked down at the box in my hands. Holy sh!t. An iPhone 11 Pro Max? In all black?! Dash was purring louder than ever.

I told you they would take care of us. She snorted triumphantly.

Yeah but is it worth it? I wondered. She didn't reply.

"Wyatt, I could have bought this myself. You guys don't have to-"

"Nonsense. We didn't mean to drag you into this, but we're not planning on rejecting you like our parents want us to. And Monica was the one who destroyed it, so you can't say no because it's technically Xander and I's fault." I nodded, a couple tears spilling over, and I wiped them, smiling. "I'm sorry we can't date like a normal couple, but I'm not losing you just because of some stupid alliance I had no agreement on in the first place. And I think Xander's starting to feel the same." Wyatt gave me one last k!ss before pushing me out of the car as the first bell rang. I looked back and smiled, running across the parking lot and into the school, making it to art just as the last bell rang.

Taking my place, I took out my sketchbook. Today was one of our free drawing days, and I was going to take full advantage. I unlocked my phone to bluetooth to my headphones, and noticed it was set up almost exactly like my XR, with a few added perks. Turning on my Spotify and hearing \$not made me happy, and I hummed to Gosha as I sketched Wyatt and Xander. Finally the boys walked in and took their seats with me between them. Xander seemed angry, but Wyatt shrugged it off and shot me a smile before starting in his own sketchbook.

For once, I looked at Xander's sketchbook instead. Peeking over, I saw him sketching a detailed drawing of Monica laying on what I imagined to be his bed. She was n.aked, and laughing as she pointed to something off the page. She actually looked happy, with no coldness on her face. It actually made me a little sad. Wasn't this their destiny? Who was I to come in between them?

Peeking over at Wyatt's sketchbook, I sighed. It was another sketch of me, and I was looking down at the necklace he just gave me, my expression of amazement caught on the paper. So both of them were good at drawing, that's nice to know.

"Our parents made us take art classes as kids up until we started drawing on our own." Wyatt shrugged, flipping the page. "I picked it up as a hobby, while Xander only does it in school." Xander huffed on my other side.

"No need to explain us. She'll learn in due time." He smiled down at me and my heart started racing. What was happening? Was he actually showing emotion to me? I thought it would take longer than this. And just like that, he turned back to his book and continued his sketch, smiling softly. Ah, so he was giving it a chance, too. Understandable really.

After art class, Sherri and I walked into Calculus. I was reading the board when Chelsea knocked her shoulder into me as she walked by. My phone fell out of my hand and hit the floor with a sickening thud, and Chelsea stepped on it, smashing it into the ground. "Oops, I'm so sorry!" She apologized with a toothy grin. I picked it up and thankfully, the screen turned on with no cracks, and the back was fine, too. I gripped it extra tight on my way to my desk, Sherri already sitting in the desk next to mine with her binder out.

"That necklace is so ugly." Chelsea scoffed, throwing her hair behind her shoulder. "What is that, a wolf's eye? Are you into wolves or something? What a freak." The classroom snickered, and Sherri's face paled. Funny, coming from someone in the same pack as me. I rolled my eyes and sat down, hoping

this last period would pass so I could get home and whoop the sh!t out of Chelsea. No such luck.

I felt the back of my necklace lift, and in one smooth snap, the pendant fell off and rolled under Chelsea's desk. Monica threw the the chain to the back of the classroom, and Chelsea picked up the pendant. She looked at it closely. "Wow, so fake. I should have known it would be if it came from your cheap a.ss." She pushed it against the desk, snapping it in two before tossing it on the floor next to me and laughing. At this point, it took all the strength I had not to let Dash come forward, she was struggling against me.

Dash, the gravity of the consequences of outting us to humans are much graver than the satisfaction I'll get from ripping Chelsea's head off. I took a few deep breaths, counting the seconds between each inhale and exhale.

If you don't kill her, I will. Dash snarled, pulling back. For once, I agreed, and mindlinked Wyatt. Picking my broken pendant up, I walked up to Mr. Brucke and excused myself, claiming women issues. He nodded in understand and wrote me a pass, and I quickly walked out of class holding my stomach. As soon as I rounded the corner, Wyatt grabbed me up and carried me while I was blubbering in his arms, with Xander close behind him. Wyatt placed me, still crying, in the passenger seat of my car, getting in the drivers seat, and sped off towards the pack house, with Xander following us in the Hummer.

By the time we pulled up to the pack house, I had calmed down a lot but was still sniffing. Wyatt pulled me out of the car and carried me bridal style into the pack house, Xander's footsteps echoing behind us. As we passed my room, I wondered where we were going until we went up to the fourth floor. An omega was leaving a room with cleaning supplies. She stopped and bowed at the twins, leaving the door cracked so it could push open easily. Wyatt pushed on it gently, and the door opened up into the largest room I had ever seen.

There was a California king four post bed against the wall in the middle of the room with a 120" tv on the wall across from it. The bedding was an amber orange that matched Wyatt's eyes. The walls were also orange, with artwork from different eras hung up around the room. Double doors that I assumed lead to a closet were a few feet away from the door, with another door next to the tv, and a third door on the other side. To finish it off, there was a balcony large enough to fit at least twenty people, with three chairs the color of Wyatt's bedding sitting on it.

I was in such awe I hadn't realized Wyatt had set me on his bed, and when I looked at the bedding and into Wyatt's eyes, I started crying again. He looked at Xander, who looked just as confused as him. Unable to form a sentence, I held my fist out and he held his hand out, still searching my face for answers until I dropped the broken diamond in his palm. As soon as he saw it, his eyes turned black and filled with rage, and he balanced himself on the balls of his feet, taking a few deep breaths before standing.

"What is that?" Xander questioned, taking it from his brother and piecing it together. Wyatt snorted.

"A \$6000 birthday present down the f*g drain." Wyatt punched the wall, making me jump. Xander looked at him angrily, then turned his attention to me.

"\$6000?!" He snarled. "And you BROKE IT? Doing WHAT, exactly?!" Wyatt jumped in front of me and growled. Even if I was their mate, I wasn't marked and I was still technically just a beta, so I couldn't defy the alpha tone Xander was projecting onto me.

"It wasn't me!" I whispered, tears threatening to fall again. Both of their heads whipped towards me, and I brought my knees up, resting my chin on them as I stared at the floor. Why did these men make me so weak? I didn't feel like myself and I was starting to hate it. "It was Chelsea. You can even ask Sherri, or Monica." Just then, Xander's phone started ringing, and Wyatt looked up at him with an angry expression. I didn't move my eyes off the floor.

"Hey baby, what's up?" Xander answered, and a few tears fell again. Wyatt grabbed my hand, stroking his thumb across my knuckles. I inhaled deeply, the musky scent of forest calming me. Except this time, there was the salty smell of the ocean, and I realized that was Xander's scent. "Hey, I have a question. Did Chelsea Nguyen break one of my pack member's necklaces today?" Monica scoffed over the phone.

"Yeah, it was a cheap necklace that belonged to that stupidly low beta. Chelsea tried breaking her brand new phone she somehow got at lunch, but it didn't happen, so she broke her necklace instead. Why does it matter? It was cheap and definitely replaceable." Xander pinched the bridge of his nose and Wyatt kept his eyes on me, flashing me a smile.

"Are you f*g kidding me, Monica?" He snarled over the phone.

"I don't understand what the problem is?" She squeaked out over the phone.

"The necklace is definitely replaceable, but it is not f*g cheap. It was originally \$6000, Christ Monica! What is your problem lately?"

"My problem? Why don't you ask Wyatt what his problem is! What was that today? And he blew me off all day Friday, too! I thought our parents had this stupid agreement, or are you guys backing out?" She snapped coldly. Xander and Wyatt side eyed each other before Xander sighed into the phone.

"No, nobody is backing out of anything." He said, suddenly exhausted. "From now on, just keep your hands to yourself." He hung up the phone and threw it at the floor so hard it shattered completely, front and back. "f*g CUNT!" He yelled, and threw open Wyatt's door, storming down the stairs. Wyatt quietly got up and closed the door behind him, standing there for a moment before he made his way towards me. He grabbed and pulled me to him, wrapping his large body around my small one and drawing patterns on any exposed skin as he rained down soft k!sses all over my face. His gentle touches and the smell of forest mixed with the fading scent of ocean knocked me out.

At one point, I half awoke to the bed dipping behind me, and felt myself being pulled into strong arms, the scent of the ocean overpowering everything else. I felt my arm being stroked by Xander's thumb, and I smiled softly.

"I'll do anything from now on to keep you, Princess." He k!ssed the sp0t behind my ear, making me shift my legs and curl my arms together under my head. Xander breathed softly, leaving a few soft k!sses on my neck.

My arms shifted from underneath me and wrapped around Wyatt's wa!st. My eyelids were getting heavier, and I soon felt darkness pull me back under once again.