

Her Mates Her Protectors Chapter 02

Lennox's POV

"Where is she?" London didn't hesitate to ask the moment we took down the last Rogue. He transformed into his human form and placed his palm on the wet forest sand, then closed his eyes.

"I can't feel her. I can't track her." After listening for movement for a few minutes, London huffed out in frustration.

"Lennox, she's our mate, isn't she? You felt it too, didn't you? Becomes over to me; I growl and immediately change into my human form.

"She is, I felt it the moment I saw her."

"But she is gone." London runs his fingers through his long blond hair. "I'll try tracking her again" He lowers himself to the ground, places his palm on the forest sand, and closes his eyes a second time. He listened for a few more minutes, and when he didn't get a positive answer, he growled and stood to his feet.

"We're doomed We're dead, Lennox. I can't understand how you are so calm. We've just lost our mate!

"You should calm down, she might be from Lovelace Pack; we might find her there."

"This forest also connects to other packs; she might be from other packs; we should have kept her with us."

"Then we'll search all of the surrounding packs; we'll start with the Lovelace Pack; we won't stop until we find her. I place my hand on his shoulder in reassurance. He looks at me, and after some seconds, he breathes out in relief.

"Okay, we'll do as you say. He nods in agreement. "But let's finish up our business for today."

Chesney's Pov

When I couldn't find my school clothes, I decided to return home to get a new one. After putting on a new u grabbed my other phone and returned to school. I need to look for Sybil She has to return my stuff uniform, 1

She's in her last year of senior high school, while I'm in my first year, She's a year and some months older than I am, and we kind of look alike. I think she's prettier, but I sincerely don't know why she dislikes me.

She wants everything that I have. As long as I have it, that's what she wants. She enjoys sm won't let her have it her way this time. I know I'm close to my death day, but I won't let her easily. I'll expose her evil deeds to everyone.

everything from me, but I ay with today's incident

As I turn to the hallway leading to her classroom, my determination increases, and my pace also increases, but I'm brought to a sudden stop in front of her classroom.

"Hey bitch! How dare you do that to our girl" Sybil's closest friend stops me in front of the door.

"What?" I look up to notice her other friends; they are three in number.

"Don't play dumb bitch; why are you trying to snatch Sybil's new boyfriend? The second girl slightly pushed me.

"What do you mean?" I step back, my defense crumbling.

"You were trying to seduce Sybil's new boyfriend. Stop playing dumb." Another said.

"How shameless can you be? Can't you die peacefully? Must you in other people's fun?" Another accuses.

"I don't know what you are talking about, I murmur and try moving away from them, but they don't let me.

"Shut the fuck up. You know what we are talking about—you are a whore. A snatcher You don't. You want to snatch everything your sister owns one grabbed my hair and pulled at it roughly

"Stop" I cry as I try to free myself from the pain.

"Stop: don't hurt her. She's still my sister" Sybil suddenly emerges from the class, Evan, my mate, standing behind her.

man, and you let her beat. "What? Don't hurt her? You're too nice, Sybil She's trying to snatch your

"Let her be. I'll talk to my parents about it. Don't hurt her. Sybil replies, a sad look on her face. What? She is definitely joking

How is she the victim here

"Why are you playing the victim, Sybil? What do you mean I'm trying to snatch your man? Evan is my mate!" When I couldn't hold it in anymore. I roured out.

“What?” Other students who were watching us gasped in shock.

“What?” A surprised look crossed Sybil’s face, she didn’t expect that I would speak back, at least not in this manner. I’m not the type to talk back. Like I said before, I’m the respectful type. I’ve always respected her as a sibling and as a senior.

“Yes. Don’t act surprised. You know that Evan is my mate, but you dared seduce him. I can’t help but think that you want me to die” I accused

“How dare you, Chesney? Why would I steal your mate from you? Evan is my man, and we are in love with each other. Why would I steal my sister’s mate?” A pitiful look replaced her surprised one as she leaned closer to Evan.

“Yes, Chesney. How dare you accuse Sybil wrongly? She has a beautiful heart” Her friends yelled in support.

I can’t help but feel sad” a war escaped Sybil’s eyes as she looked at Evan.

“I’m your mate Evan I’m sure you can feel the mate bond” I say taking a step closer to Evan. I need to prove that Chesney a liar and a manipulator. I need to set the records straight before leaving.

“You can’t feel the mate bond, can’t you?” My eyes widen in expectation as I look at Evan. Please support me.

“Evan. Baby? I feel so sad right now,” Sybil blinks her eyes in a sorrowful manner.

“Yes, I can feel it.” After a few seconds of hesitation, Evan finally answers, his eyes locked on mine.

Immediately he says that a relieved sigh escapes my lips. Finally, Someone is finally on my side. But... I was wrong.

“I love Sybil though; why do you think I never came to you? I love Sybil, not you, Omega. There’s no way I’d want a lonely and cursed Omega as my mate. Who in their right mind could want that?” He smirks, and everyone around laughs.

What? Is he publicly rejecting me right now? I’ve been rejected four times, and I’ve wept four times due to their hurtful rejections, but I think this rejection will top it. I’ve never been publicly rejected before. No. I don’t think I’ll be able to handle this. Handle him.

“No.” I murmur to myself as he steps closer to me to pronounce those hurtful words; his eyes are without remorse. He doesn’t care for me. He doesn’t care how his rejection will affect me. They don’t care. And as the words come out of his mouth, I, Evan Nicholas, reject you, Chesney Johnathon, as my mate. I refuse to have anything to do with a lonely and weak she-wolf like you: I feel my heart break, and my wolf cries in my head.

Tears welled up my eyes and threatened to spill, but I held them back. “I, 1, I accept your rejection.” I have no choice but to accept it. Once the words left my lips, Evan slammed his lips against Sybil’s and started kissing her. Sybil moaned and immediately gave him access to her mouth, her hand quickly flying to rule his hair, her hips rubbing against his erection.

Immediately after this happened, everyone around started clapping and cheering in support. I can’t believe this, I can’t believe they are celebrating a rejection.

I always knew that they didn’t like me, mainly because of my status as an omega, but I never knew they disliked me to this extent. How can they? My knees gave way, and I found myself collapsing to the floor.

I hate this. I hate all of this. I hate my life. I hate my sister. I’ve never hated her before, but now I do. She has successfully achieved her aim. She has completely ruined me.

A lone tear slipped out of my eyes, but I immediately wiped it away. I need to leave here. I need to escape, they don’t have their attention on me anymore. So I stand to my feet and try to sneak away, but I’m surprisingly pulled back.

“Where do you think you are going to?” Sybil’s closest friend, the first person who interrupted me, lifted her hand and tried to hit me, but another shocking thing happened. A hand, a manly one, stopped her midair.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He questioned, his tone harsh and angry as he yanked her away. I’m compelled to look up, just like everyone else.

“How dare you touch our mate?” Another voice questioned, appearing beside the one that stopped Sybil’s friend’s attack.

What? What’s going on? Who are they? What are they trying to do? And what do they mean by that word? My heart suddenly picked a different pace as different questions circled in my mind, but before I could receive an answer, my eyes forcefully shut themselves, causing me to lose my balance. But before I could land on the floor, I felt a strong arm—no, two strong arms—hold me.