

Her Mates Her Protectors Chapter 08

Chesney's POV

We hadn't taken so many steps before being intercepted by Sybil and a group of her bully friends.

"Hi Chesney, Sybil waved, smiling at me. When I saw her, I forced myself away from London's hold and landed on my feet.

"Who's she?" Lennox stepped forward and asked me.

"She's... I opened my mouth to answer, but Sybil beat me to it.

"Oh. I'm her big sister. Sybil outstretched her hand towards Lennox for a handshake, but Lennox ignored it and instead turned to me.

"We'll give you a minute," he whispered and turned to walk away with London, but as expected, she stopped them

"Hey, gentlemen. Gentlemen," she ran to block their path. "I need to know who you are and what your relationship with my sister is. I asked around, and no one knows who you guys are. We only know that you are the newly transferred students; do you mind introducing yourselves to me?" She stood by their path and said.

Gosh. Sybil. She's doing it again. She's trying to get into their pants. I'm sure that's her real motive.

When neither of the guys replied to her, she continued her speech, "I'm throwing a party for Chesney tonight; she'll turn 18 in a few hours. Do you guys know that? Well, I doubt you do. I'm officially inviting you to the party. Come with Chesney. Attend the party. It might be her last," she giggled before walking up to me. She gently grabbed my hand and smiled at me.

"I'm sorry about earlier; I know you must still be angry with me. Forgive your big sister; do not forget the party I've prepared for you. Come home, I got a dress ready for you. You'll love it," she smiled at me again before walking off with her bully friends.

"Why are you so nice to that bitch?"

"Exactly, Sybil, she doesn't appreciate your effort. Stop trying hard to please her."

"I agree, she's an attention seeker. I can't believe she seduced those hot guys."

"She's probably just their sex pet. I doubt she has the ability to seduce them. I would hear Sybil's friends whisper to her as they walked off. Well, I'm not bothered. This is not

the first time they've done this. I don't entirely blame them. Sybil has brainwashed them into thinking I'm the bad egg.

"Hey, are you okay?" London's gentle voice pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Yes, I'm okay," I turned and faced him, a smile stretching my lips

"Let's go," Lennox held out his hand for me, and I didn't hesitate to take it. The students have seen us together, so there's no need for pretense anymore. I'm sure the news will be all over the school by tomorrow. I'll probably be the main topic of their discussion.

And they won't speak so kindly of me. They'll lie and speculate about my relationship with them. They'll likely call me a whore and talk trash about how I seduced them.

The twins made me stay in their middle as we walked to the garage. The students didn't try to hide their shock as they saw me walking with the twins. They must be really shocked. I'm not the kind to draw attention this much.

saw but in

I usually sit at the back of the class, and I'm the quiet type; I don't ask questions or behave in ways that are questionable. Honestly, if not for Sybil, the school wouldn't know that a student like me exists. Sybil drew their attention to me, negative way.

Once we got to the garage, I didn't hesitate to jump into the car, dropped my bag and took a deep breath as I relaxed my back against the car seat. What a relief! I'm not too comfortable with the new attention. I'll try to get used to it, but before then....

London sat beside me just like he did in the morning, and Lennox took the wheel; he brought the engine of the vehicle to life and drove out of the school garage and out of the premises before suddenly stopping beside a huge mall.

Then he turned to look at me and asked, "Are you attending the party your sister is throwing for you?" His question took me by surprise, so I struggled to come up with an answer. I don't know if I want to attend. I don't trust Sybil. I think she's up to no good.

"If you won't attend, then tell us what you really want for your birthday, we'll prepare it for you," London also chipped in

"L... I don't know if I should attend." I murmured, staring nervously at my fingers.

"It's okay; you can tell us what you want, Lennox said.

"Will you guys go with me? I know it's my party, but I can't"

"We can. We will. If you want us there, then we'll go with

you,” Lennox assured.

“Really?” I look up at their faces.

“Yes, it’s your birthday. It’s only right that we attend our mate’s birthday, London smiled in assurance.

“Okay, that settles it then. I’ll attend the party,” I smiled, and London shook his head.

“Okay, let’s get you your birthday dress.”

Hmm, I’m not sure which dress to wear; the twins have gifted me seven different outfits for tonight’s party. I love all of them, so it’s hard to pick one.

They’re waiting for me outside the room. I don’t know how to tell them that I’m having trouble selecting a dress. According to Sybil, the party is supposed to start by 7:00 p.m. It’s 6:43 pm already, and I’m still not fully dressed. After choosing my dress, I still need to choose my shoes and my purse. I don’t need to worry about my hair and makeup because I already h

them on.

The dresses are all nice and will go well with the hair and makeup. Should I ask Lennox for help? I think he has a high sense of fashion. I should probably swallow my shame and ask him for help.

Yes, I should. With that thought in mind, I walk to the door, but before I can open it, Lennox’s voice comes.

“Do you need help. Chesney?” He knocked.

I immediately threw the door open and shook my head repeatedly. “Please come in; I’m having trouble picking a dress. Help me, please, I begged.

He entered my room and walked up to the bed, where I had put down the dresses for tonight.

“Which pair do you think I should go with?”

“Which pair do you think I should

“This one,” he pointed.

“The blue gown!”

“Yes, I thought it really looked great on you. They all look great, but I loved this one more,” he pointed out.

“Oh, thank you, I also feel the same way!

“I’ll be outside.” He walked out of the room and shut the door, giving me the privacy I needed.

I should pair the gown with black heels and a blue purse. Should be perfect. My fashion sense is not too high, nor is it bad. So I’m positive the purse and the shoe will go well with the gown

I’m staring at my reflection in the mirror, and all I can say is that I don’t believe this is me. This is not Chesney. This is a different girl. I look like one of those rich princesses you only see in the movies.

Rich. Beautiful. Classy. Elegant. Sophisticated. Everything.

Damnit! I love this. I love my new look. Although it’s going to attract much—unwanted attention. I still love the way I look

“Pumpkin,” a knock came to the door. “Are you done?”

“Yes, come to London. I just finished,” I answered, sounding excited. The doorknob twisted, and the door opened to reveal London in a white tuxedo. London looked more handsome and manly than I remembered.

“Wait...” His jaw dropped, clenched, and unclenched as he walked up to me.

“I’ve always known that our mate is beautiful. I can’t say I’m too surprised, but damnit, I’m also very surprised. “You look great,” he said, gently taking my hand and planting a soft kiss on it

You are so beautiful. I love you so much.”

I blushed and opened my mouth to thank him, but paused. What did he just say? Did I hear him correctly? My eyes widened in shock, but then my gaze dropped the next second as tears welled up in my eyes.

“What happened? Did I say something wrong? Noticing the change in my mood, his face turned serious as he tried to find Out.

“No... I shook my head and moved closer to him.

“No one has ever said that to me. No one has ever told me they loved me. Thank you. Thank you for coming into my life. Thank you for saying those words to me. I

neverthought I could hear someone say that to me.” I mumbled as I tried hard hold back my tears, but they came running down my cheeks the moment he pulled me into his strong arms and hugged me.