

Mated to The Quadruplet Bullies Chapter 5 - Chapter 5 I REJECT YOU!

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SUZIE'S POV

Mate.

The word hung in the air, causing tension to fill the entire atmosphere. The room seemed to freeze, in time as my eyes widened. I looked at Asher, and my eyes flickered to Blair. I wished I was wrong. I prayed hard in my mind that I must have misheard the words that came from their mouth.

But I could feel it.

The mate pull, the incomprehensible, invisible string that tied us all together. Rationality broke through my thoughts as I felt myself falling into a trance. My hands grabbed a hold of my hair as my wide eyes trailed to the ground.

How could this be? How could my mates be these quadruplets? These alphas, the very ones I despised with a burning passion. The ones that has made sure my life was miserable and I was going through hell every single day.

How could they be my mates, the ones I was destined to spend my whole life with?

I stumbled back, bumping into the bed side drawer before grabbed a hold of the wall to stabilise myself. The clock's chime seemed to grow louder with each passing second. My mind was a haze, whirlpool of scattered thoughts.

I felt disorientated, like I had been thrown a question I was racking my brain to answer. This moment, the moment of my shift was something I had been yearning for... something I had been craving badly for years.

For years, I would sit in my room as my dad yelled through my door, cuddled up in a fetal position, fantasizing about how life would be for me after I had finally attained my shift.

I would be free, free from the clutching of my devil of a father. But now, that life I had hoped for was crumbling right before my very eyes. I had also hoped to find my mate, my one true love, like how they had described it.

It was a person, your soulmate that would treat you right and take care of you for the rest of your life. Someone that would love you unconditionally. My eyes trailed back to

the brothers, whose eyes were still fixed on me, in awe, like they were looking at an angel that had just descended from heaven.

How could these two bullies be my soulmate? How would they love me and treat me right? I bit my inner lips as they quivered.

“Suzie, I...we-“

“Save it,” I hissed as I glared at them.

Asher’s eyes drooped and his face was filled with hurt, so much hurt, I could feel it in my chest. I clasped my chest, the hurt spiking into a burning sensation. Why was I feeling like this? Was it my wolf?

Blair’s expression was no different from Asher’s and it was clear that they could feel me rejecting them. I cursed underneath my breath. Maybe the moon goddess resented me so much, and made my life a living hell, through and through.

From an abusive father, to abusive mates. My hands curled into a fist as I tried to contain myself from going insane.

“Suzie, we’re your mates, you don’t need to act like we’re some kind of murderers that are about to kill you,” Blair whined.

I scoffed. “You might as well be a murderer with everything you’ve done to me.”

“That’s all in the past now Suz, we’re your mates and we’re going to take good care of you,” Asher said as he began to take subtle steps towards me.

“Fuck that!” I screamed. “I will never ever accept you as my mate!”

Asher and Blair looked like they had just been slapped in the face. Their face slowly contoured, changing from hurt, to blatant anger.

“Get out,” I mumbled under my shaky breath.

“What?” Blair growled.

“I said get out of my room and leave me alone!” I yelled at the top of my lungs.

“Do you think we’re going to just let you go after knowing that you’re out mate? You’re dead wrong Suz. We’re not leaving you alone, not now, not ever,” Asher bellowed.

Within a split second, Asher and Blair rushed towards me. My heart skipped a thousand beats as fear encroached me. Without hesitation, I slipped my hands under my pillow and pulled out the cold, heavy metal item from it.

My gun.

I gripped the handle of the small pistol with both hands. Although my hands were quivering, I tried my best to hold the gun firmly in one place. I pointed the gun right in front of Asher and Blair and it was enough to make them stop dead in their tracks.

Asher raised his hands up in the air, his mouth falling open.

“Suz, what are you doing with such a dangerous weapon, put it down,” Asher said softly.

“Do you even know how to use that?” Blair blurted out the question. “Put it down before you hurt yourself.”

He was right. I had never used a gun before. I had only kept it close to me for safe measures against my dad, in the case where he decided to finally take my life. I glared at them, my grip tightening. I may not have used a gun before, but I was going to start now.

I could feel my heart beating rapidly, pumping blood faster through my veins. I could feel the adrenaline working.

“Do not come close to me. Take another step, and I swear, I-I’ll pull the damn trigger!” I yelled, despite my voice quivering.

“Suzie, put the gun down,” Blair said, in a low, soft tone.

“No!” I screamed.

“I said put the damn gun down!” Blair bellowed.

With swift motions they began to run towards me once again. I dared not hesitate. I applied pressure on my fingers, pulling the trigger. And just like that, a bullet went flying from the gun, and straight towards the two brothers.

Making use of their alpha capabilities, Asher and Blair dodged the bullet, but Asher was a second too late. The bullet grazed his arm, tearing the fabric of his clothing in that area. Blood pooled out of the wound, and Asher groaned, clutching his arm as he stumbled back.

And just then, I felt it.

Their wolf cried out to mine, a cry filled with hurt from how hard I had rejected them. My heart was about to soften, but logic took over again. I held the gun up to their face again, my hands shakier than before.

“I’ll shoot again, and this time, I won’t miss,” I hissed.

A throb rang through my head and pain began to slowly surface all around my body. I groaned, my grip on the gun loosening as I tried to make sense of what was going on with my body.

And then it clicked, my shift was coming.

The pain intensified and it felt like a thousand hot needles was pricking my insides. I held the gun tightly, pointing it to them. I was hell bent of making them keep their distance from me.

“Get,” I croaked, my voice slipping away from me. “Get out.”

The world around me began to spin and I could not maintain my balance again. As my vision began to turn black, I felt the gun slip out of my grip. I fell to the floor, and slowly, darkness consumed me.