

My Possessive Alpha Twins For Mate

Vecjay

Chapter 1

Since my grandmother died a few years ago, I've been living with my mother and her husband for three years. My mother, who insists I call her Lauren as if I'm some stranger she found on the street, was the only relative left to take me in.

Not long ago, we moved from California to Georgia. Because Lauren got a job offer. And her husband, Darren can hardly hold a job and spent his days at home drinking.

He had a habit of pushing boundaries when he was drunk, but he was easy to escape when intoxicated.

Lauren never blamed Darren; instead, she put all the blame on me. She even absurdly believed that I was trying to seduce her husband.

To minimize the chances of any "accidents" happening, Lauren had wasted no time enrolling me at the local public school, anything to get me out of the house and out of Darren's thinning hair.

I slipped on a simple outfit—skinny jeans, a white tank top, and a black jacket.

I stuffed my debit card in my back pocket and ran downstairs to head to school for registration.

With only one more year left of high school, my goal was to escape Lauren and Darren the moment I turned eighteen.

I stood at the entrance of Waltzlake High School, seeing my future classmates hopped out of their cars, heading to the front doors, conversations filling the air.

I merged into the crowd, trying to blend in, and made my first stop at the office, easily identifiable by a large sign hanging from the ceiling. A plump woman in a purple sweater greeted me with a smile. "Are you new here?"

I nodded and gave her a small smile. "Sophia Drake."

"Beautiful name," she said, rifling through papers. "Here you are, Ms. Sophia."

"Thank you," I replied, taking the papers and turning to leave. As I looked down at my class schedule, I slammed into someone.

It felt like hitting a brick wall, but the strong smell of cologne indicated otherwise. I landed on the floor with a thud, and the hallway quickly quieted. Looking up, I saw two very large, very angry twins. They looked like they belonged on a magazine cover rather than at a high school.

The twins had jet-black hair, strong jawlines, and extremely dark eyes. Both were muscular with an athletic build. One had his hair shaved on the sides and back, but long on top, while the other had messy hair down to the top of his ears. Each was drop-dead gorgeous in his own way. A tall blonde clung to one twin's arm, sneering at me.

"What the hell is wrong with her eyes?" the blonde sneered, looking down on me like I was trash.

I barely glanced at her, my eyes flickering between the twins. They glanced at each other, seeming to have a silent conversation.

"It's a condition," I replied without warning, stifling the urge to roll my eyes.

My heterochromia always made me stand out even more, with one eye an incredibly light blue and the other a deep chocolate brown. My grandpa mentioned that my father had the same condition.

At my old school, I had friends, but there were always bullies who mocked my condition. It took a long time to accept and find beauty in my uniqueness.

Now, I can calmly face being seen as an outcast.

"Fucking freak," the blonde spat. "Watch where you're going next time."

With those words, the twins and the blonde walked away.

Just as the twins passed by me, I suddenly heard a deep voice—

"You've finally appeared, little monster."

My heart clenched, and I jerked my head up to look at their retreating figures. Yet, their lips hadn't moved at all.

I shook my head, trying to steady myself. But my heart pounded wildly, and I couldn't understand why seeing the twins made me so... exhilarated. However, when the realization hit that they might be my new bullies, a wave of disappointment washed over me.

I picked myself up and found my locker, scanning the hallways for any sign of the twins. Some part of me wanted to see them again. After sternly reminding myself to blend in, I headed to my first class, grateful it didn't include the twins or the mean blonde girl. The teacher pointed me to a seat in the back next to a girl with large glasses and curly red hair.

She gave me a small smile. "I'm Kat."

"I'm Sophia," I replied, returning her smile.

"Your eyes look awesome, by the way," she complimented.

"Thanks," I smiled. Compliments on my eye condition were rare.

"My childhood friend had the same thing, but only in one eye," Kat grinned.

I spent most of the class talking to Kat and subtly asking about the twins. "Oh, the twins," Kat blushed, scowling at her paper. "Kieran and Ethan."

"Which one is which?" I asked, their names fitting their bad-boy personas perfectly.

"I always get them mixed up, but I'm pretty sure the longer-haired one is Ethan and the other is Kieran."

"Oh, okay," I nodded. Despite my resolve, I couldn't get the twins out of my head. "I wouldn't mess with them if I were you," Kat warned. "They're always looking for someone to sleep wi—"

She suddenly tensed up, cutting herself off mid-sentence. Her eyes flicked past me, and I instinctively turned to follow her gaze.

The twins were heading straight for us.

I quickly averted my eyes, pretending to be engrossed in the book on my desk, but it was already too late.

If I wasn't mistaken, Ethan was the first to pull out the chair behind me and sit down without hesitation, while Kieran casually took the seat beside him.

I subtly inched my chair forward, trying to put some distance between us. But before I could get far, I felt a gentle tug on my hair.

Ethan was idly twirling a strand of my long, chocolate-brown hair around his fingers, watching me with an unreadable expression, half-amused, half-something else.

"You seem... very curious about us, little monster," Kieran murmured, his tone laced with an unsettling amusement.