

## Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 13

Ren's POV

Maybe I was courting fire with these thoughts of mine but ever since I rescued Lily from those bullies that claimed to have been harassing her on Aiden's orders, I had known that I did not care that her father was a traitor.

I knew that I should make sure to stay away from her in order to avoid problems but I was more interested in doing the exact opposite.

It was too easy to be around her. How do you stay away from someone that radiated pure light and felt like a gust of fresh air?

She was so expressive and yet so reserved. She looked like if she was given a microphone to speak, she would have a thousand things to say and I would have loved to be the one to hand it to her and hear what she wanted to say.

She was intriguing and the best part was that she didn't even have a clue how interesting she was and how easy it was to talk to her because I didn't ever speak about my issues but in less than an hour of officially meeting her, I had not only spoken about my abilities but also about my childhood trauma.

When she had left yesterday, angry about the way my countenance had changed because of her father, I had been worried that I would never see her again and I would not have blamed her for that.

She was going through so much and walking around everyday, still giving life a shot regardless of the s\*\*t everyone was putting her through. And yes, I knew that my parents had allowed her to come to the school under the pretense of a scholarship because they wanted us to keep an eye on her. All of these for a prophecy that was more myth than fact. But I had also seen her transcripts from Gold crest, her former school and she was brilliant. She deserved her spot here.

Yesterday, I had already been preparing to find her and apologize whenever I saw her at school until I received the notification that she had followed me on Instagram. It had given me hope that perhaps she still wanted to associate with me after everything and I had been so excited when I heard the door to the studio open today, thinking she was back until I saw who it was.

My girlfriend and mate, Mauve.

People were supposed to feel delighted to see their mates but it was the other way around for me. Mauve made me feel nothing but unease and if it was not for the mating bond, there was no way I would have believed that she was my mate.

Or maybe I was as defected as the other princes, dealt with cards that made sure I never experience the true feeling of a mating bond. Zac had gotten a literal bloodsucker for a mate. Aiden was broken beyond repair after he lost his parents and twin sister to Edgar's treachery. And Cade, in his own words, had used his hands to sabotage his.

Or maybe this what I get for being an abomination. The offspring of an illegal affair. Regardless of the reason, I didn't know why I felt nothing for my fated mate except the constant surety that she was mine.

She had come to whine about being neglected and one thing had led to the other when I tried to calm her down. Now, I regretted not sending her away or asking her to come back later because I could see the look in Lily's eyes when she found us together on that couch.

I didn't know what to make of the look because right then, it felt like I had been caught doing something wrong. Like kissing Mauve was wrong. And I had wanted nothing but to follow Lily and hang out with her instead.

Carefully placing the bag of cookies on my work table, I went to sit in front of the painting that I was working on before and when Mauve walked over and tried to resume kissing me and unbuttoning my shirt, I gripped her hand, slowing her descent down my body and shook my head.

"Maybe some other time, Mauve." I answered, a tired edge to my voice and it made the seductive smile on her face disappear only to be replaced by an ugly scowl.

In front of other people, Mauve and I were probably a picture perfect couple but that was far from the reality of our situation and when she hissed, I knew that she was just about to get started.

"Maybe some other time?" She scoffed, rage and indignation turning her into something crueller and uglier. "Babe, you should count yourself lucky that I even spare you what little time I have."

"That's not what I meant-"

“Well what did you mean?” She demanded, placing her hands on her hips, “Is there a reason you continue to act like I forced you into this bond? Do you know how lucky you are to even be mated to me? If I had a choice, I would have gone for any of the other three royals and definitely not the lousiest, weakest link which is you by the way if you need any clarification on that.”

By three other royals, she meant the sons of the other three alphas of their individual packs besides mine. The other three alpha families that made up the Shadow cove council and were considered the most powerful packs in existence.

Aiden was one of the options and I knew that he was the very first on her list if she decided to truly leave. I didn't know what it said about me that I was not even angry about the thought that she was planning to jump on my friend at the very first chance she got.

“Look, you're angry and you say a lot of things you don't mean when you're angry. I'm too tired to have a fight with you right now. And you're too angry to listen to what I have to say. It'd be best if you just leave.”

She gritted her teeth, more and more enraged by my words. She turned and kicked one of the paint buckets, spilling paint all over the floor and let out a screeching scream, stomping her feet.

“I don't even know why the goddess paired me with someone as weak as you. Every one says you're a bastard child cursed by the moon goddess for even being born and I'm not going to lie, babe, I can see it!”

I closed my eyes, trying to drown out her thoughts, trying to drown the voice in her head begging her to stop. To stop trying to hurt me. To stop deriving pleasure in seeing me in pain.

My gift was a blessing and a curse. I saw too much, heard too much, felt too much. Walking around with people's thoughts, intentions and emotions literally screaming at me all day was maddening until I learned to control it. To simply turn it off and choose not to feel, not to listen anymore.

Better blind than in pain.

Sometimes it was easy. Sometimes it was hard... and sometimes it was impossible to turn it off.

Like right now.

Her thoughts, every vile, wicked thing she thought of me opened like a floodgate and crashed into me. Her hatred, her disgust, her rage and yet her guilt and pain mixed like a lethal cocktail and attacked every nerve ending in my body.

At times like this, it was impossible to see the good in Mauve. To hold on to what I liked about her. She was shrouded in so much pain, she let it fuel her and she'd rather hurt another person before she lets herself get hurt.

She knew how to say the right words, how to wield the knife perfectly enough to cut deep and cut clean.

My hands faltered on the paintbrush, shaking until it fell from my grasp.

Seeing that her words had finally got to me, she grabbed my chin and grinned wickedly.

One thing I was sure of was this. She derived a twisted sort of pleasure in causing me pain.

Every one knows that I really couldn't care less about most things and Mauve revelled in the fact that she was the only one that could cut through my I don't care persona and truly hurt me with her words.

I'm not sure she knows how deeply they slice through, though.

"You should be grateful that I am still here, still accepting this dreadful mating bond because if I leave, no one is going to want to be with someone like you. You're so pathetic, you couldn't even claim me properly. You're cursed. And you know who they are going to blame if we fall apart, don't you, babe? The son of the alpha and luna with the lousiest mating bond in history."

I inhaled sharply, holding her gaze and seeing through her fear, her rage and realizing that she was just a scared little girl with a stripper mother and an impoverished home, bullied all her life and doomed to remain in a cycle of poverty and pain. A scared little girl that was overjoyed when she found out that she was mated to one of the lycan princes. A scared little girl that would do anything to keep this bond.

And maybe that's what I held on to most days. The fact that we both wanted this to work, admittedly for our individual selfish reasons. Her, because she wanted the luxury and comfort, me, because I didn't want to end up like my parents.

"So think carefully about how we are going to make this work and even if you do not like me, make sure your d\*\*k understands that I will not be denied your body whenever I want you. No girl will ever take my place, especially not that degenerate, impoverished daughter of a traitor. You understand, don't you, babe?" She smiled sweetly and proceeded to place a soft kiss on my cheek before she grabbed her bag and stormed out of the studio.

Her words as usual were aimed to hurt and I knew that no matter what, Mauve and I would never have what happily mated couples had. I didn't know why I kept hoping that I could someday actually like her and that she could change and become someone better. Someone like Lily.

Perhaps it was because I did not want my story to be the same as my parents who were barely managing to still be together even though it was clear that they hated each other's guts and were only staying together because it helped their reputation.

I sighed and looked at the black paint streak across the white background of the canvas. The paintbrush was lying on the floor, splattered paint on my white nikes. I grabbed the paint brush and paused midway before proceeding to make another stroke on the canvas. I realized that maybe I was holding on to an illusion and needed to accept that this abusive relationship was never going to change. Maybe I had to stop hoping for some sort of fairytale love and accept that it was never going to be in the cards for me.

I dropped the paintbrush again, my hands still trembling from the surge of power thrumming in my veins. It would have been so easy to snap back at her, hurt her like I have seen my father do so many times. But I'm better than that. I'm better than him... right?

I let out a tired breath and raked my hand through my hair, messing it up. Suddenly, I saw the bag of cookies that Lily had brought for me, sitting in front of me.

I honed in on it like it was my beacon to safety.

Smiling to myself, I opened the bag and took a cookie out, popping it in my mouth. Almost immediately, the burst of goodness melted on my tongue. I smiled when I tasted a hint of my favorite flavor.

Vanilla.