

Bullied Mate Of The Lycan Kings – Chapter 19

Aiden's POV

“Are you okay?” Paige asked as she slid out of my bed, her silky light blonde hair falling over her shoulders and playing peek-a-boo with her bright pink n****s. She turned to look at me when I didn't respond immediately, her cornflower blue eyes filled with worry.

I sighed and clasped my fingers behind my head, leaning back and watching her put on her skirt with a bored expression. “Yeah. I'll see you at school.” I answered dismissively.

“Aide—”

“I said I'll see you at school.” I repeated. “Leave.”

Hurt slashed across her eyes. She looked like she wanted to say more, then remembered what the nature of this situation between us was and nodded before dressing back up to leave.

Heading into the bathroom, I groaned, my body hurting from the bruises and restless with energy. Even when the maid served me breakfast, I picked at my food and spent the entire ride to school with scattered thoughts.

I realized that I had been like this since the day I collided with Lily Beauregard in the hallway.

Why the f**k was she attending the academy?

Talk about an actual ghost from the past. Everytime I saw her in the hallway, everytime I thought about her, which was all the f*****g time, I could not get past the night my parents and little sister were killed. I could not get over the fact that she looked hale and hearty. Living her life and skipping down these halls with a smile on her face.

I wanted her ruined. I wanted her broken. I wanted her dead. Gone.

I wanted her to look like how I had felt. How I continued to feel.

It was not enough that I had watched Edgar get torn to pieces by the executor wolf when I was eight years old for his crimes.

Even back then, I had wanted to be the one to do the honours. I had wanted to be the one to tear his throat out and feel his flesh between my teeth. I wanted his blood to soil my hands and coat my teeth and I wanted to watch as the life left his body.

All the pain I had felt... all the pain I continued to feel, I wanted her to feel it too.

Justice had been served, everyone had said after Edgar passed away. I should be happy that my family's killer had been brought to justice. But it didn't change that they were gone. It didn't change that I continued to feel this emptiness inside of me that grew wider every f*****g day, it was almost the size of a drum.

And now, as if what that family had done to mine was not enough, that man's daughter was attending the same school as I was? On scholarship?

I didn't believe the council's dumb a*s story about wanting us to keep an eye on her. If they cared about the victims of Edgar's treachery, they wouldn't make me see her every f*****g day.

Now, she gets to attend a prestigious school that happens to be my parent's legacy... the school that Ashley, my little sister had always day dreamed of going to. Now she thinks she gets to live her dreams and settle down in this school?

Absolutely not. She doesn't get to live like her father was not a killer. She doesn't get to move on. I was very interested in dragging her into the depths of hell that I was drowning in. She was going to pay over and over and over again.

I could not get my pound of flesh then, but I sure as hell was going to do that now. Perhaps it was the universe that was serving her up to me on a golden platter by allowing our paths to cross.

If she had something she loved, I was going to take it from her. If she had friends, I was going to make them her enemies. If she wanted to live, I was going to make her wish she was dead. She was going to wish that she had never appeared in front of me. And only when she desperately begs for death will I give it to her. Only when her tears have turned to blood, when I've relished her pain, will I let her go in peace.

The day passed with a blur until it was time for lunch.

Movement caught my eyes as I walked down the halls, the crowd parting for me like the f*****g red sea. I paused to look at what had grabbed my attention, only to see Ren stop at his locker, his snow white hair making it easy to spot him among the crowd. His movements were easy, suave, lazy and nonchalant as he spun the combination, opened his locker and carefully placed his bag in.

As if sensing my eyes on him, he dragged his gaze to me, apathetic and uninterested and my raging thoughts came to a screeching halt when his light brown eyes collided with mine.

Nothing.

He didn't try to speak in my head the way he usually did since we discovered our powers, he didn't try to search my mind or offer to heal my wounds. No hey. No hi. No f*****g nothing. Just startling silence.

Ren sighed, rolled his shoulders and slammed his door shut, walking away.

I gritted my teeth, feeling the urge to rip my claws into something, preferably a traitor's little daughter.

This was yet another thing to blame her for.

Because of her, my best friend was not on talking terms with me. Because of the stupid little argument we had days ago, he had been giving me the silent treatment. And it was all because of her. She had gotten into his head, the way she had gotten into mine and he was letting her control him and drive a wedge between us.

Now more than ever, I needed Ren to heal my wounds, wounds that only he could know about because telling anybody else that I was constantly being coerced and beaten up by my uncle and new alpha of our pack was going to be used against me. Was going to be seen as a sign of weakness.

Last night, my uncle had broken my humerus and cracked three of my ribs under the pretense of training me to become a better man. Everytime he hit me, I grew more convinced in my theory that he did it because he held a grudge against my father. My father had been alpha instead of him, although he had been the older brother.

I had called Paige over later that night to try to forget it all, to try to forget about my shitty uncle, how I hated my life and how much I wanted to hurt Lily Beauregard.

I had lied to her, of course that I had sustained the wounds from training but the one person that I could talk to about it, the one person that could actually help me heal was not on talking terms with me because of that killer's daughter.

I knew that if I called him and asked for him to heal me, he would, because he had a heart that was big enough for two of us. A joke going around was that the reason his heart was so big was because mine didn't exist anymore. But I was resistant to the idea that if I called him, he would only heal me because he saw me as a stray in need and not his friend, which meant I had to suck it up and heal a lot slower without a healer's help. There was the option of allowing someone else to heal me but that would mean that I had to trust them. Which I didn't.

I had to deal with it on my own and it was all thanks to f*****g Lily Beauregard.

Strolling into the cafeteria, I sat at my usual seat at the head of the table. Paige walked up to me as usual and sat on my lap.

I allowed her, the same way I allowed her to keep coming back into my bed because she has been the only girl to understand what a no-strings-attached relationship means and acted accordingly. She didn't pester me, didn't badger me for a title. She wasn't needy or whiny. The only use I had for her, the only interactions between us were purely s****l.

"Hey, how was your day?" She murmured, kissing the shell of my ear, "I missed you. Do you want me to come over again tonight?"

Her words could as well be water clashing over rocks because I couldn't be bothered to even listen to or understand half the s**t she was saying. I grabbed her chin in my hands and pulled her close into a fierce kiss that did its best to silence the raging thoughts in my head.

She responded with equal ferocity. Hard, desperate, hot. Just like I liked it.

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Soon, she released my lips and began kissing down my neck, palming my d**k through my pants, pretty damn close to giving me a handjob right there in the cafeteria and doing her best to distract me from the shitty place that was my broken mind.

I looked around the noisy cafeteria, Paige working her magic as I absentmindedly popped a fry to my mouth. I noticed my best friend with his mate, Mauve. The latter was laughing about something as she spoke to him while Ren glowered at her, obviously upset about something I was sure she had done.

It was no secret that I hated Mauve and thought she was not good enough for Ren. Honestly, no one was good enough for him at this point. The guy was a freaking saint. But Mauve... Mauve wouldn't even be good for Hitler.

She was an opportunist, a gold digging w***e that had risen from the ranks of being a poor wretched omega to a rich she-wolf by virtue of being mated to Ren. She was riding on his fortune and good name to pretend that she was a princess when she was nothing but a wretched, opportunistic omega.

If she worshipped the ground Ren walked on and respected him for saving her stupid a*s, maybe I would have tolerated her a bit more.

But no. She proceeded to disrespect my best friend every chance she gets. And because he was a better man than me, he hasn't ripped her heart out of her chest yet.

f*****g over half the male population while being in a committed relationship with my best friend was something I could never forgive. Even I knew when to draw the line and f*****g another guy's girl was something I'd never do.

She was spitting on his name and thinking she was being sleek about it. Thinking he didn't know about her wild and disloyal lifestyle was only more proof of her stupidity.

I was so invested in watching my best friend caution Mauve that I didn't realize my shirt had been unbuttoned by Paige until she touched a healing bruise and I flinched, growling at her.

I was about to snap at her when I felt my skin prickle with awareness.

There was that scent I had come to know and hate. Jasmine and lavender.

My wolf, Nyx, suddenly became restless inside me and I traced the cause of the distress when my eyes landed on a head of thick black hair as the owner tried to sit at the table.

Lily f*****g Beauregard.

I was growling and snapping my teeth before I could even process what I was doing, my body's reaction to her almost instant.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I growled.

She flinched, her hazel green eyes widening as they landed on me and there was suddenly silence in the cafeteria.

Her cheeks were flushed, embarrassment tinging them red. Thick black hair fell over her oval face like a freaking waterfall. Hazel green eyes blinked at me like a deer caught in a headlight.

She looked like something out of a wet dream. If only she didn't remind me of the despicable man that had wiped out nearly my entire pack, I would probably let her around me.

Silence swept through the entire cafeteria as I stared her down.

But what I wanted was not silence.

I wanted answers to why this girl was here, sitting at my table like she belonged here.

When no one answered, taking me for a fool that I most certainly wasn't, I grew increasingly more annoyed. Especially at Paige who was more interested in kissing my neck than in what was playing out right in front of her. I shoved her off my laps and slammed my palm on the table.

“I asked a f*****g question!” I growled, glaring at her. “What the hell are you doing here, Beauregard?”