

CHAPTER 4: FURY OF KINGS

REN'S POV:

Rage and indignation was boiling in my stomach by the time I made it to the lounge.

It was a decked out basement in the academy, set apart for us. We had created it for ourselves, complete with a bar, video games, a fridge stocked with drinks and basically everything you'd need to survive an apocalypse with your best friends.

As usual, Aiden was in some kind of debauchery with one girl on the couch, kissing his lips while another girl knelt between his legs, sucking his d**k.

"You've gone too far this time, Aiden." I said without preamble, walking into the room.

Aiden let out an exasperated groan and rolled his eyes, looking at me from around the girl who was now kissing his neck. His silver grey eyes narrowed at my rage.

I understood his shock.

I never get angry. Not really. But what he had done to that girl... what he allowed his cronies to do... This needs to stop!

He sighed, pushing the girls away and tucking himself back in his pants. "Leave us," he instructed them and they obeyed without question.

"What did I do now?" He drawled, pushing himself up and walking to the bar to pour himself a drink.

"Lily. Lily Beauregard."

He froze in his tracks, clenching his fists. The glass cup he had been holding shattered in his clenched fist, scattering glass pieces around the room.

"That witch deserves everything she got," he growled.

"Rape, Aiden. They tried to rape her this morning."

That made him stop for a moment.

He gritted his teeth, glaring at me. "That's their problem, Ren. I didn't instruct anyone to do anything of that sort. I'm not their god. They have a mind of their own. Maybe you should go nag to the ones who are actually guilty of this offence. I never touched her."

He took another glass cup and began pouring out cognac over chilled ice. "Besides, I'm only doing what your parents said to do. Isn't that why they gave her the scholarship in the first place?"

"They told us to keep an eye on her and stop her if she's really the child of the prophecy, not f****g tear her to pieces."

Aiden raised an eyebrow at me, "why're you sticking your neck out for her like this? You usually never care about anything?"

The million dollar question.

I really didn't care about most things, not even if my life depended on it. I had mastered the art of not giving a f**k anymore, shutting things off and shutting them out because my powers made me see too much. Know too much. Hear too much.

While Aiden had his shadow creatures and dark powers, I had an array of... complex powers I couldn't let myself figure out. Not unless I wanted to lose my mind completely.

I could see souls.

It's why I've remained best friends with Aiden for so long. Despite the fact that I hated bullies and he was the biggest bully on the goddamned planet, he was more good than bad, regardless of what he liked to show to the rest of the world.

There was that damned prophecy.

The prophecy states that Lily would be the one to destroy us all and bring Shadow Cove to its ruin. My parents had granted her the scholarship and tasked us, the most powerful lycans of our time, to keep an eye on her and stop her if necessary. With our added powers that sprouted out of nowhere and has grown steadily since we were kids, there were few people that could hold their own against the lycan princes of Shadow Cove.

I had stayed from a distance and watched Lily when I could yesterday. With the way the council talked about her, I expected her to be all red and black, nothing but darkness, violence and bad intentions. What I had gotten however was a pure, resilient soul that only wanted better for herself.

I had even sifted through her mind to hear her thoughts and see her memories... And I had gotten more than I had bargained for.

All that pain. All that heartbreak for just one person. My spine had nearly cracked under the weight of her pain.

How has she not turned into the monster from the prophecy yet? If anyone had seen what I saw in her memories; the hurt, the pain, the beatings she had sustained just because she had a shitty father, they'd agree with me that becoming the monster we all feared would be justified.

She had so much grace, so much kindness and hope. I couldn't look away from Lily even if I tried.

It was only the hatred for mindless c****e that had stopped me from killing those boys this morning, and even now, I was going with my wolf that wanted to end those boys and tear them to pieces for even daring to touch her.

I had given them a taste of their own medicine, though. Trapping them in their own minds and replaying their worst nightmares until they were a blubbery mess of spit and gibberish.

After yesterday, I was going to keep away from Lily Beauregard and tell my parents to do the same, but after today, after what I've seen them try to do to her, I'd be damned if I don't protect her from everything that sought to break her. Especially from my best friend.

"She fascinates me." I said instead.

Aiden narrowed his eyes at me, realizing what a big deal this was.

Nothing ever fascinates me.

"I'm sure Mauve would be pleased to hear that," he said dryly, sipping his drink.

I tensed at the name of my girlfriend and mate. "Where's she, even?"

He shrugged, keeping his glass cup on the bartop and giving me a wolfish grin. "Probably choking on Sebastian's d**k in that corner of the library."

I waited for the rage, the fury, the protectiveness and possessiveness from my wolf. There was none of that.

There hasn't been since I found Mauve and recognized her as my mate when we were fourteen. I was willing to make this relationship work with her, desperate to not end up like my parents had with their failing mating bond... But Mauve was making it really hard for me.

I sighed and rubbed the back of my neck.

"Zac will be coming back next week. He's not going to take it easy on Lily, especially when he sees what she really looks like."

Zac was a drifter. Black clothes, black heart, broken spirit and damaged mind. He was as cold and reckless as they come and that was because unlike most of us, Zac had no humanity. After he was robbed of his innocence and humanity four years ago, he has become a defected robot. Cold, dark and wicked, chasing after his next high.

Zac and Aiden were already a handful individually. But combined, they would make a lethal cocktail.

"I'm not worried about Zac right now. It's you I'm worried about. Give me your word that you'd call off your attack on her."

He grinned. There was nothing nice or happy about that grin. It was more deadly. I dare you, it seemed to say. "Or what, Hawthorne?"

"Or I stop cleaning up after your uncle is through with you."

It was a low blow and I probably shouldn't have brought up his uncle... especially because I knew what violent reactions it triggered in him.

I should feel like a shitty person but all's fair in love and war and I'll use any card at my disposal to protect Lily.

He stalked towards me, the prowl of a predator but I was no prey and I stood my ground, my muscles tensing. Even my usually insouciant wolf, Aira, roused awake, sensing trouble.

"Don't go there, Ren." Aiden warned, nostrils arcing.

As usual, when Aiden was enraged, or lost a grip of his control, his shadows melted away from him, taking the form of sentient creatures, snapping at me with razor sharp teeth and claws, ready to do their master's bidding.

They should scare me, especially because even if I went for the puppeteer and defeated him, the creatures who seemed to have a mind of their own would tear me to pieces in seconds. But I've never met anyone, man or monster, that ever scared me. And maybe I'll pay for my stupidity disguised as bravery one day.

I shrugged, an easy roll of my shoulders that conveyed my nonchalance. "Call it off and I will."

His eyes narrowed as his shoulders relaxed from its tensed set. His shadow creatures fell back into his form as he regained control of himself. He shoved in his hands in his pockets and plastered a wicked grin on his face, his dark eyes bright with the promise of a challenge. "Fine then. Challenge accepted."