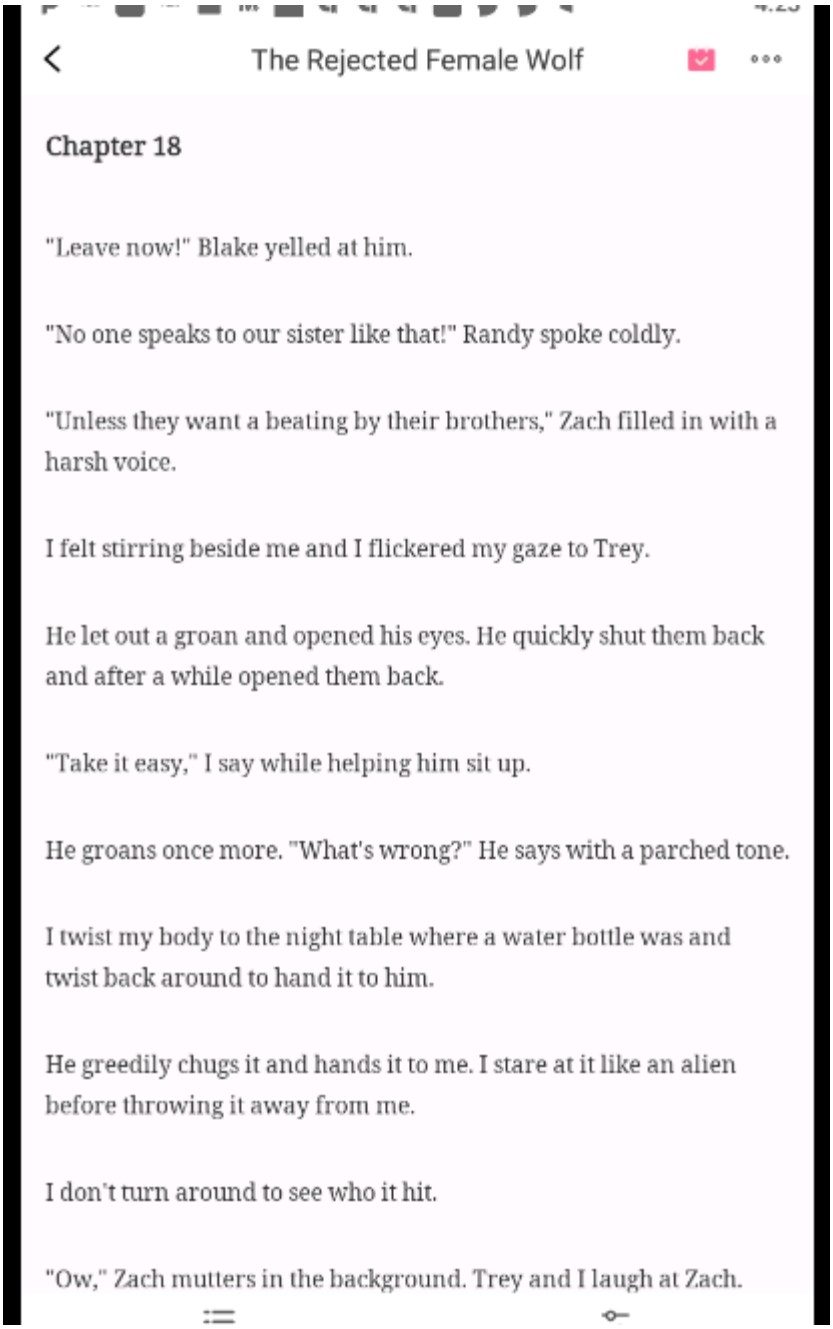

The Rejected Female Wolf
Chapter 18
"Leave now!" Blake yelled at him.
"No one speaks to our sister like that!" Randy spoke coldly.
"Unless they want a beating by their brothers," Zach filled in with a harsh voice.
I felt stirring beside me and I flickered my gaze to Trey.
He let out a groan and opened his eyes. He quickly shut them back and after a while opened them back.
"Take it easy," I say while helping him sit up.
He groans once more. "What's wrong?" He says with a parched tone.
I twist my body to the night table where a water bottle was and twist back around to hand it to him.
He greedily chugs it and hands it to me. I stare at it like an alien before throwing it away from me.
I don't turn around to see who it hit.
"Ow," Zach mutters in the background. Trey and I laugh at Zach.

His laughter died out the moment Luke got in his view.

"Why is he in here?" He spat with venom and tenses.

I rub his shoulders and he relaxes. Luke growls possessively but as always I ignore him.

"Trey calm down. He'll leave," I shot Blake a look.

Blake groans dramatically. "Luke leave," he says in a rude tone.

Luke shoots him a glare that if it was real, Blake would be buried 6 feet below the ground. Luke looks at me for reassurance and I turn away from his gaze. He sighs angrily and slams the door as he leaves the room.

"You alright, Jen?" Trey worriedly asks.

I wipe off my emotion and turn to Trey. "Yeah, he's just being a bitch," I say with a cold smirk.

I notice from the corner of my eye Blake and Randy staring at each other. "Anyways..you up for some Call Of Duty?" I challenge Trey.

"You're on."

4 HOURS LATER....

"Suck on that bitch!" I yell excitedly as I slam the Xbox 360

controller onto the floor.

I start to twerk in victory for winning 30 times in a row.

Zack starts to twerk with me and I laugh.

"We are the beat twerkers in the world!" Zach shrieks in a girly voice.

I double over laughing since that's a lie. We can't twerk for our lives.

I walk over to the couch and stick out my hand out for Randy.

He stares at it blankly. I sigh irritated and try to yank him up. "What the hell do you eat? Burgers?" I ask Randy.

He rolls his eyes at me and stands up.

"Come twerk with me," I jump up and down. He was about to sit down again but I slid onto his spot. Mistakenly, he didn't see me and sat down.

"Holy crap! You weigh like a bazillion tons. Get off you fat cow!" I gasp.

He jumps off me in shock and shrieks in a girly way.

I forget about my tortured lungs and roll off the couch and fall onto the ground laughing.

"Oh...my...god...you...sounded...like...a...girl!" I said in pants.

Randy glared at me and made a move to sit on me and I rolled under him.

"No!!!" I yell as I fail at my attempt to run away.

I hear Randy chuckle while the others laugh at me.

I start to flail my arms around me to get him off.

"You oaf! Get off me!" I yell out of breath.

He continues to laugh and my eyes narrow.

"You have left me no choice!" I yell.

I swipe my tongue on his arm.

He jumps off of me. "Eww! That's gross Jen! What the hell are you? A dog?" He whines as he rubs his wet arm.

"Actually I am!"

Blake slaps his forehead. "Crap! Guys it's 3 in the morning and we have school in 4 hours."

We all freeze and stare at each other.

Chapter 18

'Wait didn't we tell Jenna to tell us when 2 hours passed?' Zack asked.

Immediately their gazes snapped at me and I squirm in their stares.

"Oops?" I squeak.

We went to school looking like a pack of wild dogs. Hehe see what I did there? No. Oh, ok.

We slept for about 4 hours and we all feel like shit. Zach is the only one still pumped up.

I threw on some grey jeans, black camisole shirt and some black combat boots. I was in the tired/mad mood. I picked up my leather jacket and headed towards downstairs.

All the guys were lounging around and some adults passed off shooting them glances. I glared at them and they scurried away.

They all wore the same outfit but still somehow managed to pull of the "sexy" look. Don't tell them I said that. They had sweatpants, loose shirt and some sandals with socks. Well they all were wearing that except one hyper kid, Zach. He was wearing some dark washed jeans, white v-neck and dark shoes.

"Zach shut the fuck up!" Trey groaned rolling onto his side.

"And then he was like "Damn look at that ass! I could tap that any

day!". I'm telling you he was such a man whore!" Zach rambled on and on about some dumb shit.

I threw a pillow at his face and that shut him up. "Thank you Jesus!" Trey yelled against the pillow he had stuffed his face in.

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