

Mated By The Bullies by

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"What the heck is that?!" When I hear my brother, I give up climbing out of the side of the pool to grab a drink. I quickly lean against the pool wall, just in case he would see more. I glance down at my arms, the make-up washed away by the water, revealing horrifying bruises and wounds.

Moon Goddess, how do I explain this to them?

Cam, Kota, Sam, Oliver... They are all 16-year-old Alphas chiseled from head to toe. They had just returned from the Alpha training camp with my brother, coincidentally arriving on my birthday.

As a tradition, once we finish eating and celebrating, we swim until midnight when the birthday is officially over.

I shouldn't have joined them, but it's really hard to stay cool when I am surrounded by the sexiest guys I know.

"What is on your back Skylar?" My brother looks like he is trying to hold in his temper and his eye color is swirling, letting me know his wolf is pissed and close to the surface.

I reach back and realize my shirt has been pushed all the way up to my bra, exposing my whole torso. I didn't even feel it move in the water. My eyes widen and I know what he can see, the bruising around my ribs in various shades of healing and the pink and mottled scars along my back from the whip and silver. The make-up I put on the exposed parts must have come off too, not helping the case.

"It's nothing, just training injuries, that's all." I ramble out a little too quickly to be believable, more concerned with getting my shirt down.

"You're lying. Why are you lying to us, Skylar?" Cam and Kota ask in the crazy twin unison that happens sometimes. They climb out of the pool and begin to move closer to me.

"It's nothing really, let it go." I'm pleading now, not even trying to come up with another excuse.

"Sky, we aren't going to let it go. Who put their hands on you? We need to handle this and deal with them. Let them know they can't mess with any of us and get away with it." The question from Sam came out growly.

One week ago.

I had been grabbed and pulled into a janitor's closet, as usual. My hands and feet were bound with rope, a gag was wrapped around my mouth and something shoved over my head. I truly thought I was going to die.

When we got to our destination, I was thrown to the ground. I had just gotten myself to a sitting position when my arms were yanked over my head and hooked to something, holding me off the ground so my toes barely touched. My shirt was ripped open in the back and I let out a strangled squeal through the gag. The first sharp sting registered as I heard the loud crack echo in the air.

"Take that thing out of her mouth, I want her to suffer, not die." That voice I do know.

Kaley, she wants to marry one of the Alphas, but they're just not into her. Instead, they are my best friend.

I'm still choking as one of my legs are dropped and I'm hanging awkwardly sideways. The tie is undone behind my head, roughly, taking some hair with it and thrown to the ground as I cough out everything from my stomach, lungs, wherever the vomit is. My dangling leg is lifted back up and the blinding white hot pain resumes. This time the pain is accompanied by the smell of burnt flesh, my burnt flesh.

I hear a high nasally giggle, she is enjoying herself. How does someone enjoy watching another person go through pain like this? I still don't know what I did to her this time to earn a punishment, let alone one that is in the form of torture.

"Remember this, you little harlot. Stay away from the Alpha boys.