

Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 12

I went to bed early that night, hoping to get some decent sleep for a change. The twin's lingered in my waking and sleeping moments. I thought about them a minimum of three hundred and twenty nine times a day. I'm not sure how that's possible, but you'd think that would keep them from lingering around in my dreams.

I tossed and turned for half the night, finally falling sleep around three in the morning. I didn't bother setting an alarm, I wanted to sleep through as much of the day as possible.

I woke around one in the afternoon, noticing a voicemail on the flip phone Melissa had gotten me.

The social worker had got my message and sent it along. She told me to expect the next check in the mail any day now. Melissa would be thrilled. I wonder how long it'll take her to revert back to her usual self. Hopefully she'll keep to her word and give me half of the money.

I trudged down the hall quietly, slipping into the bathroom when I thought the coast was clear.

I did my business and stared sleepily into the mirror as I brushed my teeth. The bathroom door creaked then swung open, and a very drunk Frank stepped in.

I choked on the toothpaste I had in my mouth and took a tentative step back. In an instant my skin was clammy and fear coursed through my veins. Frank had that d**d stare most drunk people have, and he smelled like p**s and liquor.

“You a liar now, girl?” Frank slurred drunkenly, taking a fumbling step forward.

I shook my head, “Of course not.”

My voice was scratchy and muffled by the toothpaste in my mouth. I inwardly cringed as I swallowed the toothpaste, nearly gagging from the overwhelming taste of mint. I couldn’t see any way out of this that didn’t lead to me hitting or kicking Frank.

“You’re lyin’ to me right now.” Frank rumbled, his beefy arm shooting out from his side.

His hand slammed into my shoulder, and my teeth clicked as my back hit the drywall. The corner of the windowsill jammed into my shoulder blade, leaving a stinging pain behind.

“I’m not lying.” I forced through gritted teeth.

Staying on my feet was my number one priority at the moment. If I ended up on the floor, who knows what would happen to me.

“You were talkin’ to the social worker c**t.” Frank yelled boisterously, “tellin’ her you didn’t get none of them checks, f*****n’ liar.”

“I called her back and told her I lied.” I knew it was useless reasoning with a drunk person, but he had me cornered.

“What else did you lie ’bout?” Frank snapped, “You lie and say I touch you?”

I clamped my lips together. There wasn't a chance I would tell anyone about that. I would just be thrown in a foster home to rot, forgotten about until my eighteenth birthday. Living with Melissa at least granted me freedom. She didn't care where I was or what I did. I could work, have friends and do what I wanted, so long as I supported myself.

"Of course not." I shook my head furiously.

My eyes were darting around, looking for any exit I could manage. Fear made my hands slick with sweat, and adrenaline rushed through my veins. I could try and get out the bathroom window, but I wouldn't be fast enough. Frank would just grab me and throw me to the ground. The only way out was through the bathroom door. If I was fast enough I could race down the hall and to my bedroom. My bedroom door thankfully had a lock.

"F*****n' liar." Frank snapped, and everything seemed to happen in slow motion.

His hand lurched out, no doubt to aim a punch at my torso. Even drunk, Frank wasn't stupid enough to hit me in the face. I made the mistake of ducking to the floor in an attempt to dodge his hit and leap for the open door.

Frank's balled up fist connected with the side of my face, sending me off to the side. My rib cage slammed against the porcelain bathtub, but with the adrenaline rushing through me the pain was blocked out.

I didn't stay on the floor long. Frank took longer to recover, being drunk and all. Alarm flashed over his drunken features after

realizing his fist connected with my face. I used the moment of confusion to dart under his arm and out the bathroom door.

His confusion was short lived as he spun on his heel, wobbling slightly. I darted for my bedroom door, feeling him close behind. His hand was mere inches away from my door when I slammed it shut in his face and clicked the lock.

Frank pounded on my bedroom door, screaming obscenities. His words were muffled for the time being, but I didn't plan on sticking around until he broke my door down.

Thankful I fell asleep in a pair of sweat pants, I grabbed a jacket and slipped on some shoes. After stuffing my wallet and cellphone in my pocket, I yanked my bedroom window open.

I silently thanked whoever made the house for including a roof to the back porch. My bedroom faced the woods and my window was only a few feet above the porch ceiling.

Closing my window silently behind me, I dropped down onto the roof. The action sent a small pain through my ankle, but I ignored it. Getting down from the porch room would be harder than I thought. There was nothing there for me to hold onto, nothing to ease myself to the ground with.

The adrenaline was slowly wearing off and I was all too aware of the throbbing pain in my face. I scooted close to the edge of the roof and let my feet hang down. I wasn't sure how I'd manage this, but the goal was to hit the ground in one piece.

I slid my body off the roof and held on with my hands. My upper body strength was clearly lacking, and I could feel my fingers slip with every second that passed.

Somewhere in the back of my head, I had the feeling someone was scolding me. Ignoring the odd feeling, I let go of the ledge.

I was pleasantly surprised to find out the porch roof wasn't that high, not nearly high enough to cause me serious harm. However, I'm clumsy and have a talent for getting injured.

As I landed, I felt my ankle roll out from under me. A sharp pain shot up my foot and into the side of my leg. While I was fairly sure my foot wasn't broken, it hurt pretty badly.

I let out a relieved huff and looked around our crappy back yard. I had stressed so much about getting out of Frank's grasp that I hadn't thought about what I'd do once I made it outside.

The backyard was in absolute shambles, and I wondered who the previous owners of the house were. There was a rickety old play set in the back yard, tossed into the corner to collect dust and termites. The grass was extremely patchy, and weeds grew in large clumps. I wasn't sure when was the last time the lawn was mowed, but judging from the height of the grass I'd say at least six months or more.

It was nearing 2 o'clock now and school would be letting out soon. My stomach's angry rumble cut through my thoughts, and my feet headed in the direction of the gas station I visited the first day we moved here.

The same girl was at the front counter as I walked in. I gave a tentative wave and walked towards the drinks. After grabbing a water, I headed to the front of the store to grab some granola bars.

A familiar face walked in and I found myself blinking as I looked at a sheepish Autumn.

“Hey Aurora.” Autumn had a forced grin on her face, as though she had been caught doing something bad.

I frowned, “What’re you doing here?”

I chided myself just a moment later. Why wouldn’t she be here? It’s a gas station.

“I’m skipping last period.” Autumn shrugged, a light pink color tinging her cheeks, “Don’t tell anyone you saw me, alright?”

“Of course not.” I grinned at her, “If you hadn’t noticed, I’m not in school either.”

“That makes me feel much better about skipping gym.” Autumn chuckled. “Grace has been insufferable today.”

“Really?” I frowned, “Glad I didn’t show then.”

“She’s been extra obnoxious since her and Kade got back together.” Autumn rolled her eyes and flipped her long hair behind her back.

Something painful echoed within my chest at the thought of Kade getting back together with Grace. They had me locked in a d**n

classroom and Kade was back with her as though nothing happened. Sleeping around wasn't something I did, but I certainly wouldn't be used as a d**n toy for anyone.

“They got back together?” I tried to keep the utter disappointment and pain from my voice.

Doesn't even matter, I told myself. He was never yours, and it's your fault for getting swept up in them. Should've known you'd get hurt in the end. You probably didn't even mean anything to them, just another piece of a*s.

“Seems like it.” Autumn shrugged, “She's been hanging off his arm all day.”

“Best of luck to Kade then.” I let out a forced chuckle.

“When are you planning on coming back to school?” Autumn asked as I swiped my card to pay for my things.

I shrugged, “I'll be back Monday.” What I really wanted to say was ‘never’.

I needed to get a d**n grip and learn to resist the twins. There was no way I'd be Kade's little play thing while he was still involved with Grace.

“I'll see you Monday then!” Autumn smiled and I headed for the door, “Oh don't forget to be ready by 9pm Saturday!”

“Put your number in my phone.” I mumbled half heatedly, still peeved that Tori gave me an entire cellphone.

After Autumn put her number in my phone, I sent her a quick text and headed out the door.

I wandered aimlessly around the parts of town I was familiar with and shot a quick text to Tori.

-Me 2:23p.m.

Hey, my folks needed me out of the house for a bit. Any chance you could pick me up early?

Another bold faced lie. What else was I going to say? 'Hi, can you pick me up early cause my drunk piece of s**t Step-Frank decided to go crazy and hit me? Oh and I fucked my ankle up jumping out of the window so bring some ice along.

That definitely wasn't going to cut it.

-Tori 2:26p.m.

Sure thing! I'll be at your house in five!

I wasn't sure what I did to deserve a friend like Tori, but goodness was I thankful. I hadn't had a friend like her since elementary school. Once middle school rolled around bullying began and I learned to stick to myself.

-Me 2:37p.m.

Actually, could you just pick me up from the park in the center of town?

I felt horrible for asking even more of her, but my ankle was throbbing like crazy. The short walk to the gas station had me hissing in pain with every step.

-Tori 2:39p.m.

D**n, you walked that far? Be there in 5.

By the time I thought out a coherent response, Tori was pulling up next to the curb.

“Hop in b***h!” Tori’s yelled from the car, sticking her head out the window to grin at me. Her fire colored locks shifted with the wind and hung out of the car window.

I rolled my eyes at her, but a grin crept onto my face. I clamped my teeth down on the side of my cheek and tried not to limp as I walked over to the passenger side.

“Just a little tiny heads up.” Tori grinned at me sheepishly, and I nearly let out a groan.

“What is it?” I raised my eyebrow at her, a bad feeling nestling itself in my stomach.

“So, I kinda sorta live next to Alec and Kade.” Tori squeaked out, her voice getting higher with each word.

“You what.” I stared at her deadpan and let out a long breath.

“Alright, it’s alright. I can handle it. I’m not giving into them anymore. I’m done with them.”

“You got this, Aurora.” Tori nodded proudly, speeding off down the road.

“I’m tough, I can handle this.” I nodded sternly, giving myself a half-hearted pep talk.

“Super tough.” Tori nodded, obviously doing her best to cheer me on.

I gave her a pointed look and chuckled when she burst out into laughter.

“You gotta work on your pep talk skills.” Tori shook her head mournfully, and I munched on my granola bars.

Tori pulled down a road that led directly into the vast forest that surrounded town. I cocked an eyebrow at her questioningly and she shrugged.

“A lot of people live out here.” She shrugged, as if it were no big deal.

Some familiar words ran through my head, words the young cashier had spoken to me when I first moved here.

“Towns pretty small. Most of the people in town have houses further out in the woods. People around here seem to like their privacy.”