

## Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe chapter 25

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An hour was much too long to get ready.

I brushed my hair, and changed my clothes in ten minutes. That left me fifty minutes to contemplate what the hell was going on. Fifty minutes to realize how horribly my fractured life had been upended.

Once hour passed, and Garrett knocked on my door. He didn't wait for me to answer, he simply poked his head inside until his eyes locked on my own.

“Ready to go?” Garrett asked, his eyes shining brightly.

I nodded, grumbling something unintelligible and stood to my feet. While my face was somehow miraculously healed, my ankle was anything but. Occasionally dull pain would twitch up my ankle, making me wince.

Garrett and I walked downstairs, to where Melissa and Frank were sitting on the sofa. Frank was drunk, as usual. Melissa was desperately trying to keep her gaze off of Garrett. Her eyes kept flickering from the TV to his towering form. I resisted the urge to scoff, she's more interested in Garrett than she's been in me for three years. A blind man could see how taken Melissa was with Garrett, even seventeen years later.

“Try and have a good time, Aurora.” Melissa spoke gently.

Her hand lifted, reaching towards my face. Call it a instinct, but I stumbled back. I didn't stumble back because I was afraid of her hitting me, I stumbled because not once had she ever touched me. This move was too intimate, too caring. It might've made sense for any other mother and daughter, but not for us. The action was unwarranted. I didn't want her comfort or her false sympathy. She noticed my reaction and her face fell, her washed out eyes flickering to Garrett.

'Watch closely.' The voice murmured in my head, 'Her concern isn't for your benefit. It's for his.'

For once, the voice was actually helpful. It was right. Melissa wasn't taking on the roll of a caring mother because she somehow realized the error of her ways, she was doing it for Garrett's benefit. She truly can't stand for others to see her as the dead-beat parent. Her mask was thin on her weathered face, and I could see through it clearly.

"I'll be outside." I mumbled, tripping on the chunky boot but somehow managing to make it to the front door unharmed.

I stood outside taking deep breaths of the crisp afternoon air. The breeze was picking up, chilling my skin in a way that brought me some semblance of comfort. Looking out into the woods was the most peaceful I had felt in days. Everything was so silent. The only sound was from birds and the quiet 'whoosh' of the wind against the tree's. Some small part of me wanted to bound off into the woods, and not come back out.

Garrett came outside just a few minutes later. I glanced up at his face and snorted, he looked uncomfortable.

"Something funny?" Garrett raised his eyebrow at me, and I marveled at how similar we looked.

“You seem uncomfortable.” I noted, leaving him behind as I walked down the porch steps.

“Something you can relate to.” Garrett responded once he had caught up to me.

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I resisted the urge to laugh spitefully. Of course he'd say that, and of course I could relate. This was all brought on by him, not by me. If he hadn't ignored the existence of his child for seventeen years, the two of us might not be so uncomfortable.

Garrett opened the passenger door of a large and flashy sedan. I had never been in a car this fancy before. Melissa's car was a '95 Buick, practically falling apart at the seams. This car had all the flashing lights and fancy button's you'd see on a brand new car. So it seems Garrett here had money, something that could easily be beneficial for me, not that I'd ever be caught asking.

We arrived at the only restaurant in town, the one I worked at.

Cameron gave me a strange look as she walked Garrett and I over to one of the many tables. Garrett excused himself to go to the bathroom, and I grunted in response. If I was dreading an hour long dinner with the man, how the hell was I going to live with him?

“Oh look, your face is all better.” Cameron gave me a side-eyed look.

“Lots of cover-up and ibuprofen.” I nodded absentmindedly.

“Who the hell is that?” Cameron snorted, her eyes flickering towards the bathrooms.

“Long lost sperm-donor.” I shrugged, picking at the napkin on the table.

“Sperm-donor?” Cameron scrunched her nose, “I thought Frank was your Dad?”

Her specific information about my family didn't phase me. This was a small town after all. I had heard my fair share of gossip and drama about the other townspeople, choosing to ignore it all. The typical rumors flew around. Who slept with who, couples getting divorced, and the occasional gambling or cheating scandal.

“I don't have a Dad.” I shook my head, “I have Frank, and I have a sperm-donor.”

Sure, it was childish but I felt like I had that right. I had spent years taking care of myself, didn't I deserve just a single childish moment?

“Well, it looks like sperm-donor has some money.” Cameron shrugged, “Might as well get what you can from it.”

I nodded in agreement, but I truly didn't want anything from Garrett. I didn't need money, or some poorly constructed relationship. I was seventeen years old and spent my life without a single father figure, what makes him think I needed one now? The only person I wanted was my Grandma. She'd understand how I was feeling and take me away from all of this mess, as she had many times in the past. I also wanted Alec and Kade, not that I'd admit it to myself or anyone else.

Garrett came back to the table and sat across from me, looking as awkward as I felt. The awkward silence was picking at me, making me grow more irritable with each passing moment.

“So, do you have any other kids?” I blurted out, nearly cringing at the hostile tone in my voice.

Garrett nodded, “I have a daughter. She’s two years younger than you.”

Two years—That’s all it took for Garrett to forget about me and have another child.

“And you have a wife.” It wasn’t a question, just a statement. He had his own little family, while mine was left in shambles.

“I do.” Garrett cleared his throat, “Not that I didn’t love Melissa—“

“Don’t.” I held my hand up, “Yours and Melissa’s relationship doesn’t concern me.”

“It was brief.” Garrett gave me a painful smile, “The relationship was a mistake—but the outcome was a blessing of sorts.”

I inwardly cringed at his words. It didn’t hurt to know his relationship with Melissa was a mistake, what hurt was hearing how he called me a blessing. A blessing he had openly chose to ignore for seventeen years.

“Do you normally toss your blessings to the side and ignore them for seventeen years?” I asked, “Placating them by throwing money their way.”

Garrett pursed his lips, “Ignoring you—That wasn’t my intention.”

We were interrupted by Tori walking up to the table, a notepad in her hand. She paused for a moment when she saw us, her eyes running over my face slowly. It was obvious she noticed my healed face, and something told me she suspected the cause.

“Hey, Aurora.” Tori smiled at me, her eyes wandering over to Garrett questioningly. “Do you two know what you want to drink?”

“Coke.” I murmured, giving her a small smile. Her eyes flickered between the two of us, and I could practically hear what she was trying to tell me.

‘You better give me a good explanation.’ Her eyes practically screamed. I couldn’t tell if she was referring to Garrett or my newly healed face.

“Just a water for me.” Garrett nodded, “We will need a few more moments to look over the menu.”

“Of course.” Tori peeled her eyes off of me and gave Garrett a polite smile, “I’ll be right out with your drinks.”

Tori walked away and I sighed as Garrett picked up where he left off.

“I had—let’s just call it an arranged marriage.” Garrett looked uncomfortable, “I was with Melissa right before meeting my intended, resulting in you. My wife—well she’s not fond of Melissa.”

His statement held another meaning, and I found my face turning into a grimace as I understood his words.

“I’m sure she’s not happy you have another child by some other woman.” I pointed out, and the look on Garrett’s face told me I was correct.

“She doesn’t.” Garrett paused, “But you are my firstborn child. That means something where I come from.”

“Where I come from it means I’m a mistake.” I shrugged, unfazed.

Tori brought out our drinks, and I ordered some alfredo pasta. In all honesty, I was tired of eating the food from this restaurant. I didn't cook for myself, so I'd often bring home leftovers. I've been eating this food for two weeks now, and it was getting old. The food wasn't bad, but the repetition was tiresome. Garrett ordered something for his self and the two of us watched as Tori walked away.

"That is a friend of yours?" Garrett asked, his gaze showing interest.

"My first friend since moving here." I nodded.

Garrett sat quiet for a few moments, then finally opened his mouth.

"I would like you to tell me what happened to your face." Garrett's voice was soft, yet incredibly fierce. He sounded almost, protective. That tone made me feel nauseous.

"Not important." I dismissed him, "As you can clearly see, my face is fine."

Garrett didn't seem surprised by my magical healing, if anything he seemed to have expected it. That fact only left me more confused.

"Very well." Garrett nodded, "I'll drop it, if you tell me what happened to your foot."

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I cringed, but telling him about Frank was a lot easier than telling him about Grace. Frank couldn't torment me anymore, not with me being

forced to live with Garrett. Grace on the other hand could still manage to get to me.

“Frank likes to drink.” I shrugged, “He gets rough. I ran and locked myself in my room. He was trying to break down my door so I climbed out the window and jumped.”

“You jumped from your window?” Garrett’s voice was calm.

“No.” I replied, deadpan. “I jumped from the roof.”

“That fact makes no difference.” Garrett growled under his breath.

“Look.” I sighed, “Don’t go playing the caring father card. Seriously, for my sanity don’t do it.”

This entire conversation was giving me a headache. My heart was being pulled in so many different directions, I wondered if it could withstand all of the torment. ‘Only a few more days’, I told myself. Then I’d be in the wind, not a single person to worry about.

Two devastatingly handsome faces walked through the doors to the restaurant, making my heart skip a beat. I choked on my drink, nearly spewing soda across the table. Alec and Kade strolled through the front doors, stopping in front of Cameron to be seated. It was as though they could feel my eyes on them. The two of them looked up at the same time, meeting my eyes instantaneously. They didn’t even have to search around the room. They were like one person with their movements. Their eyes flickered from me to Garrett, and finally back to me. It took all of the willpower I had in my body to peel my eyes away from theirs, only to meet another familiar pair.

Grace was walking through the front doors, Autumn on one side and the dark haired girl on the other. She too met my eyes instantaneously. A cruel, shit eating grin spread on her face as she waited behind Alec and Kade. Her eyes were glistening with knowledge, with superiority. It seems she hadn't noticed my healed face, but that didn't surprise me. She probably only noticed my fear, and how I practically reeked of it.

Cameron sat Alec and Kade at a table, but Alec shook his head. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I quickly figured it out when Cameron sat them at the booth across from us. I had a clear view of Alec and Kade, and boy was it hard to keep my eyes off of them. The two of them continued looking at me, having their own hushed conversation inbetween glances. Cameron gave me an apologetic smile as she walked away, and I nodded once in her direction.

Grace, Autumn and the other girl were seated at their own booth, not much farther from Garrett and I.

The restaurant was feeling much too small. My own personal hell would be complete if Melissa and Frank walked through the doors. With how this afternoon was going, I wouldn't be surprised by anything.

Tori came out with our food, setting it down in front of us gingerly. I looked at the white alfredo sauce and tried not to breathe too deeply. My stomach was in knots, making me feel nauseous and somewhat sick.

"You alright?" Tori murmured down to me, her eyes flickering from Alec's table to Grace's.

"Yeah." I breathed out, "I'm good."

Tori didn't look convinced. She could see through my bullshit from a mile away—yet she didn't question me. I was beginning to appreciate her subtly more and more.

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“Friends of yours?” Garrett asked, his head tilting over to where Alec and Kade sat.

I shoved some food in my mouth, taking my time to chew and swallow before answering.

“No.” I shook my head, “Not friends.”

“Boyfriends?” Garrett raised his eyebrow, looking much more uncomfortable.

The word ‘boyfriend’ got Alec and Kade’s attention, but it also got Grace’s as well. It felt like every damn person in the restaurant was looking my way, waiting for my answer. I had never felt so much silent pressure in one room before.

I looked at Alec and Kade from the corner of my eye. Both were staring at me, the same expectant look on their face. They looked like they were ready to leap from the table and come to my side, all I had to do was say the word.

Grace on the other hand looked livid, while Autumn looked kind of sick.

“No.” My voice was quiet, “Not boyfriends.”

My voice lacked conviction, and was unconvincing.

“I just go to school with them.” I struggled to keep my voice even, keeping my eyes far away from Grace.

“I see.” Garrett nodded, unconvinced but satisfied by my answer.

I hurried with my dinner, scarfing down what I could as though I hadn't eaten in months. I sighed with relief once Tori brought the check. Garrett refused my offer of money and paid himself, leaving Tori a hefty tip.

Garrett headed towards the front of the building, while Tori pulled me aside.

“Cameron said that's your Dad?” Tori's jaw was slowly dropping, her eyes locked on Garrett.

“Yes.” I huffed, not surprised that Cameron told her. “His name's Garrett.”

“I expect a detailed phone call tonight.” Tori grimaced, pulling me in for a hug. “I can't imagine how you're feeling right now.”

I nearly wanted to burst into tears right then and there. I never had someone say those words to me before. All physical affection I've received in my life had come from my Grandma. I never had someone besides her simply pull me into a hug or console me. The simple action made me want to bawl and confess the horrible week I've been having. For my own sake, I remained strong. Now wasn't the place to break down. I could break down all I wanted once I was alone in my bedroom.

“I'll call you tonight.” I replied hoarsely, blinking the tears away from my eyes.

Tori gave me one last squeeze and let me go, rushing to the back to grab the rest of her table's food. Just as I turned to walk away, a hand shot out and grabbed my wrist. The sensation that crawled over my skin was completely unexpected. It felt like tiny pleasurable pin-pricks, or little moving sparks running down my skin. Kade looked up at me in shock, his hand still lingering on my wrist. Alec noticed the look of alarm on his brother's face and reached towards me slowly. His hand connected with my forearm, trailing lightly down to my hand. The same unmistakable feeling ran through me. It felt like when I was a kid and decided to put a piece of cutlery in a wall outlet—only less painful and more pleasurable.

Something was burning holes into my skin and I turned to meet Grace's furious eyes. The spell was broken, my attention was no longer on the comforting sensations grazing my skin.

“Talk to us, doll.” Alec frowned, his eyes widening with concern as I struggled to pull myself from their grasps.

My eyes were glued on Grace, and the sheer murder that seemed to be rolling off her in waves. Fear pulsed through me, remembering the night she had me drugged. Her rage filled eyes locked me in place, making it hard to hear what Alec and Kade were saying.

“I need to go.” I scrambled, yanking my wrist from their grasp with more strength than I thought I possessed.

Kade's grip on me was released with little struggle. Neither of them had been holding me tight enough to prevent me from escaping.

As I scrambled from the restaurant, I allowed myself one last glance at Alec and Kade. I told myself this was my goodbye. I couldn't tell them out loud, but one last look wouldn't hurt.

When I turned and looked at the two of them, their eyes were locked on Grace. An innocent look adorned her face, while the two of them looked downright murderous.

‘Nothing happened, nothing happened.’ I murmured to myself, ‘They don’t know anything. Grace will make up some excuse. It’ll all be fine.’

From the look on Garrett’s face, he saw what happened back in the restaurant. I was eternally grateful that he kept silent the entire car ride home. I didn’t want to talk about what happened, and I didn’t want him to ask. I was tired of all of these people pretending they cared about me. First Melissa, and now Frank. As far as I was concerned, the only person allowed to care about me was Tori. I wasn’t even going to bother thinking of Alec and Kade.

The more I argued with myself internally, the more the annoying voice in my head decided to speak up.

‘Between the two of us, you’re definitely more annoying.’ The voice commented, letting out a chuckle.

‘Great.’ I mumbled to myself, ‘Now the voice in my head is making fun of me. Taking self deprecating humor to a new level.’

‘I’m not you, Aurora.’ The voice huffed, rolling it’s eyes.

The more the voice called out in my head, the easier it was to picture what it looked like. It was a girl, just like me. Her eyes were mirror images of my own, and yet she didn’t look like me. Her hair was extremely dark, almost black. It was short and straight while my hair was long and wavy.

‘Then who the hell are you?’ I grumbled, regretting entertaining the voice.

‘I thought you’d never ask.’ The voice huffed, ‘You can call me Thalia.’

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‘I thought you’d never ask.’ The voice huffed, ‘You can call me Thalia.’

‘The voice in my head has a name.’ I nodded. ‘This is great.’

‘Look at it this way, we’re improving.’ The voice sounded happy.

‘Improving?’ I scoffed, ‘More like descending into madness.’

‘Hey, I’ll be along for the ride.’ The person in my head grinned, ‘It’ll be fun.’

‘Y’know, I didn’t expect the voice inside my head to be so damn optimistic.’ I rolled my eyes.

‘Get used to it, Aurora.’ The voice chided me, ‘I’m here for the long run.’

‘Great.’ I sounded unenthusiastic.

Garrett looked over at me from the corner of his eye, concern evident in his gaze.

“Feeling alright, Aurora?” He questioned, more concern flooding through his tone.

“Yup.” I popped the ‘p’ on my lips, “Just talking to the voices in my head.”

I wasn’t sure what made me say that, but I didn’t really care. This week has been one for the books. I was nearly one hundred percent positive I had the worst week in history. Assaulted, frightened, abandoned, used. And it would only get worse from here. I’d be forced to live with Garrett, thankfully only until Friday. I could handle that, I told myself. A week of avoiding school and Garrett like the plague, should be fun.

Garrett looked taken back, but a small grin formed on his face.

“And what are the voices saying?” Garrett asked, making me raise my eyebrow.

“You’re not concerned I’m hearing voices?” I scoffed. I couldn’t begin to understand this man. He appears into my life out of nowhere and tries to take on the fatherly role, only to completely throw me off. The look in his eyes was almost humorous, not that I gave a crap about his sense of humor.

Garrett shrugged, “We all hear voices sometimes. It’s important to pay attention to what they say.”

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“The voice in my head says I don’t pay attention.” I rolled my eyes, “She thinks she knows everything and refuses to be quiet. And now I sound absolutely insane.”

“I don’t think you sound insane.” Garrett shrugged, his tone relaxed.

“Like I’d trust your judgement.” I grumbled under my breath.

The first thing I needed to do once I was settled somewhere else, was find myself a damn Therapist. And possibly some strong medication.

Garrett dropped me off at home, reminding me to be ready come morning time.

Packing my belongings was easy, it only took an hour of my time. All of my toiletries fit into a little bag I had, and my clothes fit nicely in my small suitcase. The rest was just little bits and ends, all fitting nicely in my book bag. I almost wished it took longer to pack, to give my mind a break from having to think about anything.

Thalia absolutely refused to be quiet, insisting she had been quiet for long enough. I refused to listen to her, scrambling to find a way to put that brick wall back up. It was nearing impossible. The brick wall was in shambles, and nothing I did even began to repair it. By the time I gave up, it was late into the night and I had a horrific migraine.

‘Now, if you listened to me your head wouldn’t hurt.’ Thalia shrugged.

‘It’s your fault my head hurts.’ I grimaced.

‘Oh no, you’re not pinning this on me.’ Thalia shook her head. ‘If you’d just listen to me, you wouldn’t have a headache in the first place.’

‘Why would I listen to you?’ I snapped, ‘Your a voice in my head. How sound is your advice?’

‘I’m confident in my abilities.’ Thalia shrugged, ‘First thing you need to do is stop avoiding Alec and Kade.’

‘Not going to happen.’ I shook my head, ‘In a week they won’t matter anymore.’

‘See, that’s where you’re wrong.’ Thalia shrugged, ‘Grace isn’t gonna hurt you again, not if you stick with them.’

‘Grace hurt me because I was with them.’ I frowned, ‘I’m not risking it again. I was almost raped. Next time I won’t be so lucky.’

‘Next time, Grace won’t be so lucky.’ Thalia growled like a wild animal. ‘You didn’t have me the first time around, not fully anyway.’

‘Problem solved, there won’t be a next time.’ I snapped, ‘I don’t want to kill anyone, and I don’t want anything to do with Alec and Kade.’

‘You’re lying..’ Thalia’s voice was a silent whisper as my eyelids fluttered and I was drawn into a deep sleep.

As usual these days, the morning came much too soon. The sunlight streamed into my bedroom, making my tired eyes ache miserably. A soft knock sounded on my door, and I waited for Melissa to come in. As strange as it sounded, I could smell her. She smelled of faded perfume and body wash. Both were strong in my nose, but not overwhelming.

“Your—Garrett’s going to be here in a few minutes.” Melissa called out, not bothering to step inside my room.

Thalia became angry within the confines of my head, and the urge to lash out at Melissa appeared out of nowhere. Something she did or said pissed Thalia off. Goodness, I sounded crazier than ever. Melissa made the

voice inside my head mad, call an ambulance and get me some strong medication.

“So is that it?” I snapped, “The caring mother routine done and over with?”

My voice didn't sound like my own, it sounded rougher and much more angry than I could ever manage. I felt like I was handing over the reigns, giving them to Thalia for just a moment.

Melissa's washed out blue eyes narrowed at me, and she stepped into my bedroom with an air of superiority. Thalia wanted to laugh, this woman was superior to no one.

“I don't know what you're insinuating.” Melissa snapped, her words dripping with venom. “None of this would've happened if you hadn't called the fucking Social Worker.”

“I'm insinuating you're a shit mother who only cares when it benefits her.” Thalia growled lowly, and I watched as Melissa's washed out eyes widened. My voice sounded hostile, more hostile than I could ever manage on my own. If looks could kill, Melissa would be on the floor already.

Melissa's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. She was far out of her element. I had never spoken against her this way before, never antagonized a reaction from her. She knew I had her cornered. She couldn't deny what I had said, because we both knew it was true. Melissa wasn't a narcissist incapable of admitting fault, she was simply a shitty person who made even shittier decisions. I stood from the bed, Thalia in control of my movements. It was like stepping into the passenger seat of a car, the car being my body. Thalia approached Melissa, and she backed

away in response. Thalia kept going until Melissa was standing just outside our bedroom.

“That’s what I thought.” Thalia laughed, a laugh full of repressed malice. “Have fun with your husband, Melissa. The two of you deserve each other.”

Thalia slammed the bedroom door shut with incredible force, and I was amazed the door hadn’t been destroyed in the process. I knew Melissa was just an inch away from being hit by the door, she probably felt the gust of wind lash at her face. Thalia relinquished control over me, and I finally realized I had been trembling in rage.

‘Relax.’ Thalia sounded like she was talking to herself, ‘Not yet. Now’s not the time.’

‘Anger issues?’ I raised my eyebrow at her.

‘You’d have anger issues too if you were stuck with a human girl who never spoke her mind.’ Thalia snapped in my head.

‘Touche’ I nodded, grabbing my bags in my hands.

I hobbled down the stairs, thankful Melissa was far from my line of sight. I made it out the front door without seeing her once. Seemed she didn’t like her little chat with Thalia. Garrett came up the porch steps, and I didn’t argue when he took my bags and suitcase from my arms, throwing them into the back of his sedan.

The drive was quiet for the most part. I watched out the window, noting how far we were from town.

“You’ll have your own room.” Garrett nodded, “You can pick which one you want, they all come with their own bathrooms.”

“How big is this house you have?” I frowned, pursing my lips.

“Six bedrooms, six baths.” Garrett responded. “Only three bedrooms are taken, so you have three to choose from.”

“One for you and your wife, another for your daughter.” I stated with a nod.

“Yes.” Garrett nodded, his small smile looking strained. “The third is my office.”

“I see.” I nodded, and resumed my defiant silence.

I wanted to ask what he did for a living, but the last thing I needed was to know him. I already knew he had a wife and daughter, and that was all I needed to know. Anything else, any form of attachment would only make it harder to leave. He had his family, and I wanted a chance to find my own.

We drove into the woods for a bit, but quickly made a left hand turn down a road I hadn’t seen before. The house appeared on our left, nestled comfortably into the woods but sitting off the side of one of the main roads. The house was absolutely massive, sitting at the end of a private culdesac.

“They haven’t built any other houses nearby yet.” Garrett murmured, pulling the sedan into the driveway.

This was the house you saw in the movies, the one with the happy family and their golden retriever. It was even set with a white picket fence. Maybe in another life, this could’ve been my home. A life where Garrett

embraced me instead of pushing me away, a life where he had raised me himself. I noticed the house was a couple minutes out of town, but not as far as the little area Tori lived in. We walked inside the massive house, and I noticed how our footsteps echoed in the foyer. Garrett set my suitcase against the wall and piled my bags on top.

“Are you hungry?” Garrett turned to ask, “We have Lucy with us, she takes care of things while I’m gone. She’s also an amazing cook.”

“You have your own personal chef?” I scoffed.

An older woman with fading blonde hair stepped around the corner. She was a little plump, her body forming a gentle hourglass shape. She was dressed nice yet casual. An apron was thrown on and tied around her waist, something white and powder like clung to the apron.

“He wishes I was his personal chef.” The plump woman gave Garrett a stern look.

“Speaking of Lucy.” Garrett chuckled awkwardly.

“Hello there darlin, let me look at you.” Lucy had a slight southern accent. She stepped forward and eyed me up and down, not once making me feel uncomfortable. She smelled of biscuit’s and coffee, a combination I found extremely pleasing.

“Well, you certainly got your Daddy’s eyes.” Lucy nodded, a grin breaking out on her face. “You know how to cook?”

“Not at all.” I shook my head, “But I wouldn’t mind learning.”

“I think we’re gonna get along great.” Lucy gave me a sly grin, one I couldn’t help but return.

Lucy reminded me of my Grandma. Grandma was much thinner before she died, but she had the same faded blonde hair and spunk.

Delicate footfalls came down the stairs, and I nearly whipped around at the echoing sound. Everything seemed much louder in this house, I blamed it on the lack of furniture. An older woman came down the stairs, her teenage copy following closely behind.

I assumed this was Garrett's wife and daughter—my half sister.

My half-sister was taller than I, even though she's two years younger. Long legs and high cheekbones, just like her mother. Their hair was the color of honey, blindingly beautiful. It was a color I hadn't seen on a person before, just cheap imitations. They both had deep chocolate colored eyes. I couldn't help but notice Garrett's daughter didn't have the same eye condition as her Father and I. Garrett and I were the only ones to have two different colored eyes, the similarity made me feel uncomfortable. I wanted something that distanced me from Garrett, not brought us together.

I almost expected this entire afternoon to go smoothly, but the sneer on the teenage girl's face ruined those thoughts. I blamed Thalia for my burst of optimism.

The teenage girl's Mother had the same disdainful sneer on her smooth face, looking at me with something similar to disgust.

"Aurora, this is my wife and daughter—your half sister." Garrett smiled, looking truly at ease as he gazed at his wife. "My wife, Veronica and my daughter Kady."

"So you actually brought her here." Kady scoffed looking me up and down.

“Kady.” Garrett’s tone was one of warning, the smile on his face dropping at his daughter’s attitude.

That familiar sense of power and superiority swirled around Garrett. Kady seemed affected by it, her face turning down in offense as she took a few steps backwards. Even Veronica looked uncomfortable, shifting under her husband’s powerful presence.

“She’s nothing.” Kady sneered, “Weak and ignorant. I should’ve been your first born- I should’ve been the one to rule—“

“Enough, Kady.” Garrett bellowed his hostile voice bouncing off of every smooth surface. Kady flinched at her Father’s harsh voice, her lip quivering before she stormed up the stairs. Veronica shot me one last disdainful glare before she rushed after her daughter.

“I will leave you to it.” Garrett cleared his throat. “I’m afraid this has been an adjustment for all of us.”

I didn’t respond, my mind was still working through what Kady had said. Of course, it didn’t make any sense to me but I was beginning to expect that by now.

“Don’t worry about her, darlin.” Lucy shook her head, “She’s too used to getting what she wants. Girl needs to learn some manners before she goes spewin’ that nonsense.”

I couldn’t help the hysterical giggle that left my lips. Everything was now dawning on me. This was where I’d be living. If I thought living with Frank and Melissa was bad, I had a feeling this would be worse. At least Melissa and Frank simply ignored me at all costs, Veronica and Kady were much more confrontational.

“Don’t go tellin’ your Daddy I said that.” Lucy chuckled, patting me on the shoulder. “Lets go get you somethin’ to eat.”

“I actually have to be at work in a few hours.” I frowned, realizing I hadn’t told Garrett before hand.

I wasn’t sure if he’d want to know, or if he simply expected me to come and go as I pleased.

“I’ll let your Daddy know.” Lucy nodded, “Just leave him a note and I’ll make sure he gets it.”

“Thanks Lucy.” I nodded, thinking she was the one bright spot out of this entire situation.

Lucy led me into the kitchen, fixing me up a plate of delectable looking food while I sat at the counter writing Garrett a short note.

Garrett,

I have work today at the restaurant we went to. I’m working a double so I won’t be home until 10 tonight.

-Aurora

Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe chapter 28

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Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe Chapter 28

Kade

It wasn't our intention to find Aurora in the forest, but once we caught her scent it was nearing impossible to stop.

Alec and I locked eyes, our wolves inhaling the creamy scent of their mate. She was sitting by herself, her back against a large tree. The sunlight peered through the trees hitting her in the perfect spot. Her chocolate hair was glowing under the sunlight, looking like freshly spun silk. The sun brightened her unique eyes, making them radiate with color.

“Are you going to eat me or not?” She huffed, her face impassive as she looked at my brother and I.

There was no fear in her eyes; just the acceptance that her life could possibly end today. That fact send a sharp ringing pain throughout my body, sending the memory of the night we ran into her rushing to the front of my mind.

She was stumbling down the sidewalk; Alec and I noticed her before she saw us. She looked out of her mind with fear, the kind of fear that makes people do dangerous things. Her face was swollen; Our mate was hurt.

Something had changed about Aurora in that short time. She smelled different; stronger than normal. Her scent was swirling around us, amplified by some unseen force.

It was clear something happened inside the house, something Aurora couldn't bare to talk about. She stumbled away from us, begging us to leave her alone.

“What the fuck happened to her?” Alec snarled through the mind-link. His eyes were wracking up and down her body, trying to assess the damage done to her.

“Someone hurt her.” I growled lowly, “And they will die for what they’ve done.”

From what we could tell, only her face had been harmed. I let my gaze travel lower, noticing her jeans were unbuttoned and the zipper was down.

I could feel my body tremble, fighting against the urge to shift. Alec followed my line of sight and began his own battle. Fighting the urge to shed our skin and hunt down the person who harmed our mate.

Aurora’s fear helped us maintain control. She needed us right now; whether she knew it or not.

“Aurora-” Alec was the first to speak, and I watched pain wrack my brother as Aurora stumbled away from him.

“Leave- Leave me alone.” She hissed, much like a frightened kitten.  
“P-Please just leave me alone.”

Aurora took off running, bounding into the woods. Her speed was impressive considering her booted foot and swollen eye, just another thing that didn’t quite add up.

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“Follow her.” I turned to Alec, “Remain hidden, don’t approach her. Just make sure she gets home safely.”

Determination mixed with the pain in Alec’s eyes, and he bounded into the woods after our terrified mate. Every cell in my body wanted to follow, to be the one that made sure Aurora made it home safely but I couldn’t.

I needed to figure out what happened, figure out who hurt Aurora. Her terror filled face would haunt my dreams from now on, that I was sure of. Unique eyes that should've been filled with love and light were filled with terror and pain.

I spent over an hour walking around the house, trying to get a grasp of what happened to our mate. Only one person was able to give me anything helpful. A girl with girly hair and dark espresso skin informed me Aurora came to the party with a friend of hers, Autumn.

I searched the house for Autumn, coming up short. If she had come to the party with Aurora, she wasn't here now. A light hand ran over my shoulder, and I knew who it was without looking. The smell of perfume and hairspray wafted into my nose, making me grimace.

Alec had given me hell for letting Aurora think I was still with Grace. Thinking back on it, I couldn't see why I was ever with her to begin with. Hell, I couldn't see why I was with anyone other than Aurora. Everyone else was simply a cheap imitation of her, and I craved the real thing.

"I'm so glad you could make it." Grace purred, placing both hands on my shoulders as she lifted on her toes.

"Not now." I snapped, anger filling me. I removed her hands from my shoulders, even the thought of touching her skin disgusted me.

"You seem stressed." She purred, in a way I'm sure she thought was very seductive. At one point, I might've been fooled. Grace had always been an easy fuck, nothing more. I made no false promises to Grace, and never told her anything more than the truth. Love was not a factor in our relationship, and neither were emotions. "I'm sure there's an empty room around here somewhere." She giggled, her voice raising four octaves.

She wrapped her manicured claw around my wrist and tried pulling me towards one of the bedrooms. Something in her eyes made me stop. They looked wide, and she was exuding just a little too much desperation. As though her life depended on what she was doing.

Before she could even blink, I had her slammed against the dry wall. My eyes never left hers, even as a long crack formed in the wall. Her eyes were bulging from her head, my hand wrapped securely around her skinny throat.

“Grace.” Her name was a snarl rolling off my lips, dripping with disgust and fury. “I will only ask once. Did you touch Aurora?”

Grace sputtered for a few moments, her face turning a deep shade of purple. I loosened my grip, realizing I had nearly killed her in my blinding anger.

“Aurora?” Grace spat, it wasn’t a secret Grace disliked Aurora. “Why the fuck would I touch her?” Her eyes were bright and defensive. I had to give it to Grace, she pulled herself together skillfully after almost being choked to death.

“Have you seen her tonight?” I forced my voice to remain calm, but let my eyes burn with my true emotions. I was looking for blood tonight.

“She’s here?” Grace spat, “Fucking great.”

I turned away from Grace without another word, there were still more people to talk to. I planned on speaking to each and everyone, determined to know who had eyes on Aurora.

“You came all this way.” Grace whined, “Why don’t you just hang out with me?”

“I didn’t come for you.” I kept my eyes forward as I walked away, refusing to spare Grace another glance.

“She’s home safe.” Alec’s voice flooded through my mind. A thick sense of relief washed through me.

“Good.” I nodded, “All I’ve learned is that Aurora came here with a girl named Autumn.”

“No one else saw her there?” Alec grunted, his voice thick with irritation.

“So far, no luck.” I grimaced, feeling the same. “I’m not leaving until I speak with everyone here. Someone saw her, I know it.”

I found myself in the kitchen, attempting to speak with a girl who had far too much to drink.

“Aurora?” She slurred, “No I’m Rachel.”

“Have you seen Aurora?” I pinched the bridge of my nose, exhaling sharply in a poor attempt to remain patient.

“I don’t know who that is.” The girl slurred, giving me a shrug before stumbling to the side. “You can call me Aurora if you want though.”

“Long brown hair.” I closed my eyes, seeing her in my head. “She was wearing a long sleeve shirt and jeans. I’m sure you would’ve noticed that.”

Every girl at this party was dressed to impress, wearing short form-fitting dresses and heels. Aurora was the only one dressed down, dressed for comfort.

“Oh that chick.” The girl hiccuped, but my attention was captured.

“Where did you see her?” The words left my lips in a rush as I towered over the drunk girl intimidatingly.

“Mm, Carson picked her up from the floor.” The girl shrugged, “Chick was wasted real good.”

A grimace formed on my face. Aurora wasn't drunk, that much was clear when we ran into her. Alec and I would've been able to smell it rolling off her lips. She wasn't drunk, and yet she was on the floor? The name Carson registered in my mind, sending possessive jealousy through me. It was no coincidence another man held her in his arms, and she runs from the house with her pants unbuttoned. My vision began turning red, and I stormed through the house in an attempt to find Carson.

I recognized his name immediately. A member of our pack, two years older than Alec and I but still a lowly Omega. Constantly begging for some decibel of power was what Carson was known for.

“Have you seen Carson?” My voice was a rough growl as I asked person after person.

Finally, someone pointed me in the right direction. I stormed up the stairs, opening door after door until I found the person I was looking for.

Carson sat in one of the bathrooms, looking into the mirror as he touched his head gingerly. Blood coated the tips of his fingers. If only he knew, he was going to bleed a lot more before the night was through.

Carson locked eyes with me for just a split second before bolting towards the window. I was much faster, my senses heightened by experience and blood. I held Carson against the wall, my claws piercing his abdomen painfully. Blood pooled, seeping into his shirt.

“What did you do to Aurora?” My voice was calm, relaxed. I was past the point of blinding fury. This pup would die at my hands for the crime he committed.

“I—Alpha, I didn’t.” Carson stammered, but it’s hard to lie with a set of claws piercing your skin.

I shoved them in a little deeper, hearing the squelch of his flesh tearing.

“Okay, okay, okay.” Carson pleaded, his face already slick with sweat. His body was shaking, no doubt from the adrenaline coursing through his body. His body knew it was going to die, even before he did.

“What did you do.” I repeated myself, moving my fingers slightly to bring just another ounce of pain.

“I just did what I was told, man.” Carson whimpered, his lips trembling. His eyes were wide and searching, and I wondered if he truly thought he’d make it out of this alive.

“Did you rape her?” I got close, my chest vibrating as I waited for his answer.

“No.” Carson stammered. “She hit me—got away—so sorry.”

Carson dissolved into a quivering, sobbing mess. It was such a shame when men couldn’t retain the smallest shred of dignity in the face of death. So many people quiver in fear, soiling their pants as they beg for their lives. I refuse to die that way, stubborn and insolent until the end.

“As your Alpha I sentence you to death for the crimes against Aurora, your Luna.” The words were calm, but my eyes were bright with everything I truly felt.

For just a split second, Carson's eyes lit up with realization. That didn't last long as I sunk my claws into his chest, severing his heart.

"Where are you?" Alec's voice rang through my head. "I'm came back to the party."

"Second floor, fifth door on the left." I replied.

One minute later the bathroom door was being opened. Alec's eyes widened as he took in Carson's lifeless corpse. I walked to the sink, scrubbing his blood from my hands.

"Damn." Alec nodded, "He was one of ours, right?"

I nodded, letting my claws retract into my hands.

"What'd he do?" Alec grimaced.

"He tried to rape, Aurora." I stated as calmly as I could. The words alone sent my wolf into a blood thirsty rage. Aurora was ours as much as we were hers. "Said someone put him up to it. I'm afraid my anger got the best of me before I could ask who put him up to it."

Alec looked frustrated, but sighed in understanding.

"I can't say I would'nt have done the same in your shoes." Alec grimaced, "But I would've been much cleaner about it."

Alec and I were nearly identical in every way. The only thing that was different, was our personalities. Both of us enjoyed killing, fighting, and defending what was ours. The only difference was I was more blood thirsty than my brother, more feral in how I killed. Alec was more strategic. He could take anyone and anything down by simply looking

them over for a moment. He preferred the smartest kill, while I simply sunk my teeth and claws into whatever bit of flesh I could manage.

“We will find out who put him up to it, brother.” I growled under my breath.

“Until then, we keep an eye on Aurora.” Alec nodded, “If she goes anywhere, we follow.”

**Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe chapter 29**

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Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe Chapter 29

Aurora

I left the note, changed my clothes in one of the many bathrooms and left for work.

Today was a school day, but that didn't bother me. My boss was so desperate to find someone to cover an extra shift, he didn't even ask about school.

I sent Tori a quick text, letting her know I didn't need a ride to work. She was in school, which forced me to walk. I never minded walking, it gave me time to think and clear my head. Unfortunately, I had too much to think about at the moment.

I was sure Garrett would give me a ride to work, but I truthfully didn't want to ask. I felt smothered in his huge house, surrounded by people who didn't want me there (Lucy excluded).

By the time I made it to the restaurant, my booted foot was aching. The pain wasn't as bad, but it was still annoying to walk on.

'One miracle is good enough.' I told myself, thinking about my magically healing face.

The next few hours, work was effortless. There were no kids from school in the restaurant, no one I knew sitting down for a meal. It was peaceful, and was the least stressed I felt this entire week. I could simply get lost in my thoughts and focus on not spilling any more drinks.

Once three o'clock came around, new faces began showing up. Tori walked through the front door, her flaming hair a mess from the wind. She clocked in and gave me a sympathetic smile. I took a deep breath, knowing she'd want an explanation on why Garrett was here.

And that was how the next few hours went. I explained my strange situation, and Tori did what she could to comfort me. She didn't give me any shit for missing school, claiming I had enough to deal with at the moment.

“I’m still planning our shopping trip, Aurora.” Tori cocked her eyebrow.  
“Rich Father or not, were getting you some new clothes.”

I rolled my eyes, “New clothes are not at the top of my list right now.”

“Clothes should always be at the top of every list.” Tori shook her head, and mumbled to herself.

‘She’s right y’know.’ Thalia chimed in, giving me a shrug.

‘You can’t even wear clothes.’ I hissed, ‘You’re a disembodied voice in my head.’

‘Rude.’ Thalia scoffed, ‘Bet I still have better style than you.’

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With Thalia’s well placed retort, she faded to the back of my mind.

“Why couldn’t the voice in my head be nice?” I mumbled to myself, “No, instead I get a mean voice that just hurts my feelings and confuses me.”

“Tough love, bitch.” Thalia growled before disappearing again.

“I’m losing my mind.” I nodded to myself, grabbing the drinks for another table.

Acceptance was my best-friend right now. After all, what could be done? The stress was clearly getting to me, muddling my thoughts and making me create this false persona. I wasn’t very skilled in Psychology, but I still knew when something was wrong with me.

Kade and Alec came to the restaurant, but that didn’t surprise me. It seemed they went out of their way to find me, to approach me. I hid like

a coward in the kitchens, only coming out at the threat of losing my job. I rushed a tray of drinks out into the dining room, scanning for my customer's table frantically.

A strong hand wrapped around my wrist, causing a surprised yelp to leave my lips. The sparks bursting through my cells stunned me, sending a pleasurable wave of calmness into my body. I knew without looking who had touched me. I spun around much too fast, the tray of drinks toppling over onto my chest.

"Crap." I muttered brushing the ice from my work-shirt. This was the only work-shirt I had left, forcing me to spend the remainder of my shift in a sticky shirt.

"Sorry, doll." Alec frowned, leaning down to grab the fallen tray while Kade grabbed the cups from the floor.

The two of them stared at me in awe, and I cringed under their full attention. The way they looked at me set my teeth on edge, like a man seeing the sun for the first time. They stared at me in wonder, as if I were more than a plain girl covered in sugary soda.

"Thanks." I muttered, averting my eyes from their own.

Looking into their dark eyes did things to my mind, placed images that I no longer wanted to see. My mind was trying to move on from them, my body just hasn't gotten the memo yet.

"You haven't been in school." Kade grimaced, the expression made my heart ache.

Their dark eyes were plagued with worry as they roamed my face.

"Yeah." I nodded, "Things have been kind of busy lately."

“Who was that man you were here with?” Kade frowned, his voice sounding just a touch possessive. I could easily sense a double meaning to his question, but didn’t have the strength to push further.

‘Their ours, Aurora.’ Thalia murmured in my head, ‘And were theirs.’

I ignored her and frowned at the twins.

“We don’t mean to pry, doll.” Alec shot Kade a hard look.

“It’s alright.” I shook my head, “That was Garrett, my—my Father.”

The two of them visibly stiffened, Alec’s eyes widened in just the slightest. Kade’s jaw clenched, the muscles moving temptingly.

“Your Father?” Alec stated, his voice a mix of confusion and denial.

“Unfortunately.” I mumbled, “Couldn’t leave well enough alone, had to come barging into my life.”

“Excuse us—We will catch up with you later, sweetheart.” Kade murmured gently, his eyes roaming over my face. “At school preferably.”

I gave a weak nod, fighting the temptation to follow them out the front doors.

I had no intentions on going to school, no matter how badly I wanted to see the twins. My gut twisted as my eyes followed the twin’s out the door, catching Grace’s murderous stare in the process. I wasn’t sure how much she had seen, but from the intensity of her glare I assumed it was enough. Autumn and the other girl was with them. I purposefully ignored Autumn’s stare, refusing to look into her eyes. What Grace did was

reprehensible, but what Autumn did was just as bad. I trusted her, and she led me into a trap. She had me drugged, beaten and nearly raped. And for what?

Tori insisted on taking Grace's table, something I would be forever grateful for. I laid extremely low until Grace had left, finishing the rest of my shift in a confused and slightly tormented haze.

'Friday.' Repeated in my head like a life saving mantra. Everything would be fine after Friday. No more Grace, Garrett, Autumn, Carson, or the drama and pain that followed.

Tori drove me home at the end of our shift, the conversation light as she sped down dark road after road. After some slightly confusing directions, Tori dropped me off at Garrett's house.

"Oh," Tori cooed, looking up at the house. "I wondered when they'd finish building this house. Your—Garrett must've been waiting months for this place."

I raised my eyebrow at Tori, confused by her remark.

"What do you mean?" I frowned, "Garrett just came to town a day ago."

Tori gave me an uneasy look, "My Mom furnished and decorated the inside of this place, said some rich guy requested the house to be built months ago."

My mind was racing at what Tori had said. Either her Mom was talking about another rich guy, or Garrett had this house planned out months ago. Why would he choose here of all places? Did he know I was going to be here?

I hopped out of the car and gave Tori a hasty goodbye wave. I was going to get some answers from Garrett, whether he liked it or not.

It turns out, I didn't have to look very far. Garrett sat in the darkened living room, a glass of dark colored liquid in his hands. My nose wrinkled as I watched him take a drink of what looked like alcohol. While Garrett looked nothing like Frank, the image was all too similar.

"Aurora." Garrett cleared his throat, setting his glass on the table. "I waited up for you."

"You didn't have to do that." I mumbled incoherently, setting my shoes in the closet near the front door.

"There's some things we should probably talk about." Garrett sighed, looking very much like an unwilling participant.

I grimaced, "Can't they wait until the morning?"

"I'm afraid not." Garrett gave me a sympathetic smile, an expression I was beginning to loathe. "I've kept it from you for seventeen years, I'd prefer not to wait another day.

"Fine." I nodded, my lips pressed together tightly. "But I have a question of my own."

"I believe what I'm about to tell you will answer some of your questions." Garrett murmured, "But, you may proceed."

I grimaced at his strange choice of words, spoken like a true business-man I guess.

"This house." I nodded, looking around us. "My friend's Mom designed the inside, said it was requested months ago. It was you, wasn't it?"

Garrett never responded, but his eyes held much to decipher. He was avoiding my question for a reason; I was right.

“My side of the family is—unique.” Garrett began, brushing off my question completely. “I wasn’t sure you would inherit this particular—trait, but it appears you have.”

“Obviously.” I rolled my eyes, “Heterochromia Iridium isn’t that uncommon.”

“Ah yes, our eyes.” Garrett paused, clearly taken aback. “That is not the trait I’m referring to.”

I stood silent, I couldn’t think of what else he might be talking about.

“You see—My side of the family are a different species from average Human’s.” Garrett opened his mouth, and I struggled to comprehend the nonsense that flowed from his lips. “My side of the family are werewolves. Now—Half-blood’s don’t always develop that wolf side, but sometimes they do. Which brings me back to you, Aurora.”

Garrett went silent for a minute, no doubt giving me time to process what he had just said.

Werewolves. Fuzzy winter dogs that roamed the woods and ate animals.

‘Not dogs.’ Thalia rolled her eyes, ‘You were petting two werewolves the other day.’

‘You’re really buying into this?’ I rolled my eyes at her, ‘They were wolves. Freakishly mutated and calm wolves, but that’s all they were.’

My mind was beyond trying to understand any of this.

So being the slightly unhinged person that I am, I convulsed into laughter.

## Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe chapter 30

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Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe Chapter 30

The laughter fell from my lips in waves, and I realized I hadn't truly laughed in so long.

Garrett sat in his seat, a perplexed look forming on his face as he watched me. It was comforting to know the mental decline ran in the family, but didn't give me much hope for the future.

My erratic laughter died down, and I was left taking a few deep breaths.

"Look, Garrett." I snickered, placing my hand against my mouth to stifle another wave of laughter. "I think you need to get some help, which means I definitely need to get some help."

"Aurora—" Confusion formed on Garrett's face. Did he really think I was going to believe that? Werewolves?

He rips me from my life and confesses there's a world of magical creatures? This isn't a book; Life isn't full of fantasy. You work, get fucked over by people, try to survive and then die.

"Don't—" I shook my head, "I shouldn't even have to entertain this."

I turned on my heel and stormed up to my bedroom. I got halfway down the hall when I realized I had no idea where my bedroom was. I

remember Garrett telling me I could pick, but I simply didn't care enough to try.

"Um, excuse me?" I frowned, walking down the hall to one of the cleaning ladies.

She looked fairly young, and smiled up at me softly.

"Yes miss?" The woman smiled as she folded a pile of towels onto a thick metal cart.

"Do you know where my bedroom is?" I pursed my lips, feeling antsy being so out in the open. It would be too easy for Veronica or Kady to find me.

"Yes miss." The woman nodded, gesturing for me to follow. "Mr. Garrett chose a room for you. He hopes it is up to par."

She turned down the hall and opened the second door on the left, revealing what looked like a hotel suite. I scoffed as I looked at the size of the bedroom. This wasn't a bedroom—it was a damn apartment. All I needed was a kitchen and I'd never come outside.

I locked the door behind me, checking a couple times to make sure it stayed put. My legs were groaning from the long shift I just worked through, but my paycheck would be well worth it.

I refused to even entertain the idea of what Garrett told me. Thalia was grumbling angrily in my head, but I tuned her out. I made a long playlist of music in my mind, and went through each song one by one. By the time I was finished, I had taken a long shower and got ready for bed.

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I slept well into the morning, not even bothering to answer as a knock sounded on my bedroom door. The phone Tori had gotten me was set on my bedside table, her picture flashing on my screen.

That was how I spent the next few days. I read books I've read a thousand times, talked to Tori, and kept to myself.

Of course Garrett tried to talk to me, to ask why I wasn't going to school but I ignored his knocks and question's each time.

Every few hours Lucy would bring me up a tray off food, but I wouldn't open the door until she left. I felt guilty, ignoring Lucy but I knew Garrett would use her to get to me. A couple times she tried to convince me to leave the bedroom, to come and talk to her. While I was tempted, there was nothing to talk about. Garrett was clearly plagued with Mental Illness, and was trying to force his crazy thoughts on me. It must've been working to some extent, as Thalia continued to mutter snide comments at me.

I slammed down one of the books I'd been reading. The words were floating around my head annoyingly, and I could practically recite each Mated to the Alpha twins novel by Jane Doe Chapter from heart. I was getting tired of reading the same books over and over, glancing at my phone whenever Tori texted.

She texted a lot; which didn't surprise me. She wanted to know when I was coming back to school, something I'm sure the twins were wondering as well. I tried to placate her as much as I could, telling her I'd be back Monday.

She reminded me very clearly that I promised to explain what happened to my face this Friday.

I looked down at my phone, the calendar read Thursday 6:32p.m.

I could avoid Tori long enough, keeping what happened to myself. Or if I was feeling particularly rueful, I could tell her the truth. It wouldn't matter what happened, I'd be gone shortly after. It'd be nice imagining all sorts of things happening to Grace once Tori found out the truth. I'm sure Grace would look beautiful in a jail cell.

Lucy knocked on my door fifteen minutes later, letting me know a tray of food was placed outside my door. She tried to reason with me for the next ten minutes, but eventually I could hear her soft foot falls retreat down the hallway.

I sighed and opened my bedroom door, ready to pull the tray inside when I was met with an angry face.

I hadn't run into Veronica or Kady all week, refusing to leave my bedroom for anything. It was pleasant, not having to deal with their glares and sneers.

Kady behind my food tray, leaning against the wall. She was gorgeous, with her golden hair and dark eyes but the sneer on her face ruined her features. She was well dressed, but her Mother was the same. The two of them dressed like they were about to step on the runway at any minute.

"Do you know what it's like, living in the shadow of someone you've never met." Kady snapped, her brown eyes narrowing at she glared at me.

My lips parted in confusion. I knew she wasn't talking about me. Garrett ignored me for seventeen years, I didn't have a shadow for her to live in.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I stared at her, deadpan. It wasn’t my fault she had daddy issues, nor was it my problem. I sympathized with her because her life shifted as well, but that didn’t mean I’d let her walk all over me.

“You’re the first born.” Kady snapped, and I visibly rolled my eyes.

“What is with you people?” I grunted, “First born? It doesn’t even matter! Who gives a fuck!”

My chest was heaving by the time I finished, but Kady looked angrier than ever. Her brown eyes were now black with rage, and her lip was pulled back in a feral sneer.

“He tried to tell you and you wouldn’t even listen.” Kady scoffed, “Some shit Luna you’d make. You shouldn’t even exist. Pathetic fucking half-breed.”

Kady’s words were confusing, and yet also felt like a slap in the face. Thalia was enraged, spewing obscenities in my mind. I could feel her pushing at the edges of my mind, almost like she was in a cage.

“You’re all insane.” I snapped, “You, your Dad and your stuck-up Mother. You’re not dragging me into this shit, I never wanted to be here in the first place.”

I slammed the door in her face, the food a forgotten thought in my mind. My stomach rumbled in protest, but I could hardly feel it. My mind was spinning with what Garrett had said. I spent the last few days pretending it never happened, but he even pulled his daughter into this mess.

A few hours passed, and the sun finally set behind the forest line. The moon was quick to rise, casting its white light on everything. A knock

sounded at my door, but I'd become attuned to ignoring it at this point. I didn't even look up as the knocking continued.

I sat on a wide window seat, a forgotten book in my lap. My cheek pressed against the cool glass window as I looked out into the forest. I tried to imagine what Garrett had told me, imagine wolf people running around in the woods. I'd only seen a werewolf once in a movie, a grotesque and human-like creature who had claws and way too much body hair.

'That's not what we look like.' Thalia grumbled, rolling her eyes.

'It worries me that were already calling ourselves one of them.' I sighed, rubbing my temples.

'I get it, you've been through some shit.' Thalia huffed, 'But you can't keep locking people out.'

'Sure, I can.' I frowned, 'Last time I even thought about letting someone in, I was assaulted and nearly raped.'

Thalia went quiet as the sound of a door opening filled my bedroom. My head whipped over to the source. Garrett stood behind my open door, a silver key in his hand.

"Seriously?" I grimaced, my eyes narrowing into a glare.

Garrett stepped into my bedroom, that same regal air around him. The swirling aura that surrounded him gave him this feeling of authority, while his suits gave him the appearance.

"You've locked yourself away all week." Garrett cocked his eyebrow at me, "What did you expect me to do?"

“Take a damn hint.” I scoffed, “Leave me alone, let me go back to Melissa, disappear from my life again. Take your pick.”

Garrett seemed unphased by my miniature temper tantrum. I was well aware that locking myself away all week was childish, but I didn’t care. I had been an adult for so long, taking care of myself for so long. I deserved a moment of immature selfishness.

“Aurora, whether you choose to believe me or not is your decision.” Garrett closed the door behind him and paused. “But sooner or later, you’ll be forced to face the truth.”

“Sure, totally.” I nodded, “I’ll turn into some hairy creature and howl at the moon.”

“We don’t howl at the moon.” Garrett rolled his eyes, the expression making him look a decade younger.

I could see what Melissa saw in him all those years ago. Garrett was relatively handsome, with a thick head of hair and a sharp jaw line.

“I don’t need details.” I shook my head, “It’s bad enough you’re spouting this shit, but you have your daughter doing it too.”

“Kady?” Garrett paused, his lips turning down in a frown.

“Unless you have yet another daughter.” I pinched the bridge of my nose, “Then that would be the one.”

“She’s unhappy—“

“Understatement.” I rolled my eyes at him.

I could feel his temper flare as the aura of power around him became much more hostile. I could feel the hairs on my arms stand, but I didn't feel afraid. I should've, Garrett looked frightening. And yet I didn't. Thalia sat uninterested as Garrett stood threateningly over us.

Garrett didn't seem surprised that we weren't cowering back in fear. His eyes were burning with acceptance, even if his posture radiated anger.

"She will deal with it." Garrett snapped, his deep voice booming throughout the room. "And you will deal with it. You are returning to school tomorrow, Aurora. I allowed you some time to yourself, but you will leave this bedroom."

I felt my lips pop open. Grandma had never been forced to yell at me before, as I wasn't a bad child. Melissa never tried to parent me, sparing me from that catastrophe. Garrett was clearly playing the part of the concerned Father, the thought made me cringe.

"I'll leave the bedroom." I shook my head, "But I don't want to go back to that school."

"You can either go to school, or I will drag you and the rest of my family back to my pack." Garrett growled, his thick arms crossing over his chest.

Pack. I ignored that word, knowing it definitely had to do with wolves. Did he call his home-town a pack?

"You can't do that." I scoffed, "Melissa has custody and I'll be eighteen next year."

“Melissa no longer has custody.” Garrett shook his head, his face remained hard. “I’ve been busy this week, while you hid away from the world.”

“It doesn’t matter.” I shook my head, “I’d leave the day I turned eighteen.”

“A year in my pack, you wouldn’t want to leave.” Garrett scoffed, “You’d become the next Luna.”

“Luna?” I pursed my lips, “Kady mentioned something about a Luna.”

Garrett stiffened and muttered something about Kady.

“A Luna is the female leader of a pack.” Garrett nodded, and I pretended not to be interested.

“She said I should’ve existed.” I glanced at him before returning my gaze to the window. “Care to explain that?”

Garrett was silent for a moment, the aura of anger that swirled around him diminished.

“Melissa wasn’t my mate.” Garrett’s voice sounded hard, yet truthful. “I had gotten her pregnant right before I met Veronica.”

“Mate.” I repeated, the word sounding strange on my tongue. “And Veronica is your mate?”

“She is.” His voice was one tone, but I could hear the love and adoration in his words. I thought Veronica was bitchy, but Garrett’s words held such love for the woman.

“She’s right then.” I shrugged. The fact pained me a little, but this was all pain I had felt before. It made sense, why I never truly fit anywhere. Why Melissa never wanted me and Garrett stayed far away.

“Fate has a way of changing things.” Garrett paused, “Fate isn’t kind, nor does it give us what we want.”

One day, I could handle one day. I’d survive school, grab my paycheck from the restaurant and plan my escape that night.

“I’ll go to school.” I nodded, my eyes glued on the forest outside the window. “I want nothing to do with your pack, or your life.”