

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 2 BOOK 1: The Love of the Blood Disciples CHAPTER 1 The First Day

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Joy

I was staring at myself in the mirror when I heard a knock on my bedroom door. I was dressed in an ordinary gray hoodie paired with my favorite jeans and white sneakers. My long silky chestnut brown hair flowed freely below my shoulders, providing a suitable cover if ever I needed to hide my face.

I sighed. The idea was to blend in and not stand out, but I still had marks on my face which even make-up couldn't hide.

It has been over a year, but I was far from calling myself fully recovered. There were still noticeable marks on my face, although I can say there has been a stark improvement.

At least I still had my aquamarine eyes. It was the only feature I had that I could still call beautiful.

"Sweetie, breakfast is ready," my mom said, opening the door to my room. She was already dressed, ready to go to the hospital where she worked. She was wearing pink scrubs and white sneakers, her long brown hair was fixed into a neat bun while her face was devoid of make-up.

"Okay, Mom," I said, taking one last look at myself in the mirror. It was my first day at university and I was nervous. Scratch that. I was absolutely freaking out!

Noticing my distress, my mom walked up to me and gave me reassuring hug.

"Honey, I know you're nervous, but look how much you've improved. It has only been a little over a year and you're looking like yourself again," she said, peering into my eyes. "But if you aren't ready, we can ask the dean to-

"No, Mom. It's now or never. I need to put high school behind me and move on or I'll never be able to move on," I said. "Anyway, I look so hideous, no boy

is ever going to try and touch me. They'll probably throw up at the mere thought." The reassuring expression on my mom's face instantly turned to sadness.

"Honey, I'm so sorry this had to happen to you, but look at the bright side, you've been given a second chance. Come on." She put her arm around my shoulders and guided me to the door. "You don't want to be late for your first day of school."

I picked up my backpack and followed my mother to the kitchen. Since I still had problems going up and down the stairs, my parents made the small office space on the ground level of our small townhouse into my temporary bedroom.

"Here comes my college student. You got everything with you?" My Dad asked before taking a sip of his coffee.

"Yep," I answered, making myself a bowl of cereal. My dad heard the nervousness in my voice and placed a loving hand on top of mine.

"Your mom and I, we are really proud of you, Joy. You've overcome so much so quickly. When I was your age, it took me a while to get myself together when your grandparents died." My dad sighed and leaned back in his chair. "I wish things were different, but we need to deal with the cards we've been dealt with. All of us together."

"I know, Dad. I wish things were different too. Don't worry about me. I'll be just fine," I said before I began eating my cereal.

I glanced at my dad. He now had more white in his hair than ever before. He lost a ton of weight; his once round belly was much smaller, his face and arms much leaner. The stress of moving away from his home town and caring for his 'brutally raped' daughter showed.

"Since Mom has an early shift, I'll be driving you to school," my dad said, picking his keys up from the kitchen counter while I washed my empty cereal bowl.

"Sure, Dad."

My anxiety grew as I sat quietly in the car while my dad drove me to school. I haven't been out with students my age ever since my assault that night at the

spring formal of my junior year in high school at New Salem, North Dakota. My parents and I moved to California after that in the hopes of a second chance in life.

I was homeschooled my senior year while I underwent a series of surgeries to restore my face. I actually felt like this massive science project every time I went under the knife. But after each surgery, I noticed there was a huge improvement from before which gave me hope. At least now, I can look at myself in the mirror and not gag from seeing my reflection.

My dad parked next to my building and gave me a kiss on my cheek. I gingerly exited his SUV, so I wouldn't put too much pressure on my once broken leg. Although my leg was declared healed by my doctor, it still hurt a bit, so I walked with a slight limp. My doctor assured me it would go away in time and I will walk again like nothing ever happened.

"I'll pick you up at this exact same spot, sweetie," my dad called out to me from his car window.

"Sure, Dad. I'll see you after class. Love you!" I said, waving goodbye.

I covered my head and my face with my hoodie before walking to my building. Although my face was improving, I was still self-conscious of my appearance. My cheeks were riddled with scars, blemishes and discolorations.

I know people would try and ask me what happened to me if they notice my face. And because I didn't want to relive that particular moment in my life every single time I was asked, I decided it was best if I hide my face as much as I could.

As I walked along the campus sidewalk, I saw a group of students, hanging out near a big tree. There were three boys and two girls. One girl I remembered from my admissions interview. She was part of the student council who handled student affairs and helped faculty with admissions. As I passed by, the girl beside her called the attention of the three boys with them and pointed at me.

I know I should have looked away, but I couldn't help, but stare. They were the most gorgeous young men I have ever seen in my life. If I had thought Noah was handsome, these guys were downright beautiful. I could think of no other word to describe them.

While that girl laughed at my appearance, the three boys looked at me with this horrible expression on their faces. I felt so embarrassed, I quickly looked away.

Serves you right, Joy. You aren't suppose to stare at people. It's rude.

I sighed. Well, at least I had something nice to look at on campus.

I walked into my building, found my room and picked a chair off to the corner where I could hide from everyone else. I made myself comfortable and waited for our professor to arrive.

More students began entering the classroom five minutes before class was expected to start. Our professor also walked in, briefcase and coffee in hand. He was a tall man with gray hair and glasses, looking quite tired. While I studied our professor, I didn't notice the three boys behind him. Their eyes locked with mine as our professor walked quickly to his desk.

Oh my gosh! It was the three gorgeous boys from earlier! They were in my class!

All three of them were the same height, had the same dark hair and muscular build. I quickly assumed they were brothers because they resembled each other in a way.

But they had different colored eyes. One had startling blue eyes, the other had rare honey-colored eyes and the last one had light brown eyes, the color of dark caramel. Their parents must be really good-looking to have a brood of gorgeous men in the family.

The one with dark caramel eyes suddenly gave me a small smile. I quickly lowered my head, blushing.

No, Joy. That smile wasn't for you.

I surreptitiously glanced upward to check if that smile was for me, but to my dismay, they had already taken their seats. I slowly turned my head to scan the people at the back, but I couldn't find them.

I sighed. Well, it was time for me to focus on the lecture rather than boys. When I was in high school, I focused on boys during my junior year and look where it got me.

"Sebastian, will you please stop crowding me!" A deep manly voice growled right behind me.

I turned to look at who it was and I unexpectedly found the three of them seated behind me!

I quickly faced forward and sat up straight, deciding it was best to just look at my professor for the rest of the period.

But it was so hard to concentrate knowing they were seated behind me.

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