

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 8 CHAPTER 7 Transformation

CHAPTER 7 Transformation

Joy

Freshmen year went by so quickly. When I managed to pull what every girl in my school wanted, to be a part of the handsome trio's lives, I was looked upon with respect, although people whispered behind my back.

"She probably slept with all three of them...the slut."

"She's just their pet dog. A charity case."

"I heard those three guys are part of a gang or whatever and she got caught in the middle. At least they have a conscience."

Whatever. They were my friends and they treated me nicely without asking anything for return. I did help them with their assignments and projects for school, but that wasn't enough to repay all the kindness they showed me.

It was summer vacation and I was going to undergo a series of surgeries from rhinoplasty to scar revision techniques. Sebastian said everything was free, but I knew someone would be paying. If not in cash, in favors.

"Sweetie, Xavier is downstairs to drive you to the hospital. Your dad and I will be there as soon as our shifts are over, I promise," my mom said.

I picked up my bag with my belongings and took a photo of myself to serve as reference.

"Okay, Mom. Let's do this," I said as I walked down the stairs.

I no longer walked with a limp. Xavier and Cristos hired a physical therapist to help with my leg. After four months of constant therapy, I gained muscle and the pain finally went away. I jog with the boys every weekend on campus to maintain muscle.

If I had thought the boys in North Dakota treated me like a princess, Sebastian, Cristos and Xavier treated me like a queen. They did everything

and bought me everything. Even these designer jeans I was wearing, this I got from Cristos.

Xavier, who was standing near the door, jumped to grab my bag. Of the three, he was very protective, and always, always carried my bag.

"You ready?" Xavier said enthusiastically. He was very excited while I was nervous. What if these scars wouldn't go away? "Joy?" I smiled at him, hoping he wouldn't see past my smile.

"I'm ready."

"Mrs. Taylor, I'll take good care of Joy. I promise," Xavier told my mom while we exited the door.

"I know you will, Xavier. Just call me if there are any problems," my mom said.

"I will, Mrs. Taylor."

My parents loved the boys and now trusted them completely. Once we became friends, they saw a huge improvement in me. Finally, that second chance on life was happening and my parents owed it all to them.

Once we were in the car, I asked where Sebastian and Cristos was.

"Sebastian's in training. Remember he has that competition. Cristos will meet us at the hospital," Xavier said. He placed a hand on top of mine. "Hey, don't be scared. These doctors are the best at what they do. You did see the photos from that one celebrity right?"

"I know, Xavier. But what if these scars are permanent?"

"I have a feeling they'll be able to lighten up those scars. One doctor said there's a possibility they can achieve a flawless finish," he said, reassuring me. "Joy, this isn't like you. Why all the negativity?"

I glanced at him. He was right. I was being pessimistic. Here they were trying to help me. I owed them a bit of optimism.

"I'm just being a bone head. You're right. These surgeries are going to work. When we go back to school in the fall, everyone will see a better looking Joy Taylor."

"Now, that's my girl," I didn't even notice we were already at the hospital. "Joy, you'll always be beautiful in our eyes. We just want you to get your life back."

For the rest of the summer, I was confined to healing at home. I wasn't allowed to do any strenuous activity so I could allow proper healing from the scar revision surgeries.

After the redness had subsided, I underwent dermabrasion sessions and laser treatment to help the new scars fade and heal smoothly giving me a flawless finish.

Sophomore year may have started with me looking like a freak, but as the days turned into months, I was surprised to notice the scars were almost completely gone. Once the improvement was noticeable, a doctor placed face fillers to give me fuller cheeks and to add contour to my jawline.

Towards the end of our sophomore year, I looked beautiful. Every boy who called me a freak now vied for my attention. Including a boy named Jonathan Marshall. He even tried to kiss me. Ew!

I didn't care about the other boys. All I cared about were the three men who took the effort to give me my life back.

I had become very dependent on all three of them... to the point I didn't know where I started and they began.

I was also scared. Scared they would suddenly leave me for someone better. I felt such a burden to the three of them. I knew aside from school, they were working for their parents. It was hard enough to juggle school, what more handling other responsibilities? However, as busy as they were, they seemed to find a way to fit me in their hectic schedule.

After I got the okay from my doctor, I was allowed to attend the parties held during spring break. We drove to Malibu and I was amazed to see all the college students of California in one place.

We were at the beach, enjoying our cocktails, when one boy tried to grab my breasts. Sebastian threw one punch at him and he collapsed on the sand, knocked out.

"Anyone else want to pull a stunt like that?" Sebastian yelled. The guy's friends pushed their way towards us and a fight ensued.

I had to hand it to Xavier. He brought down three of the guy's friends singlehandedly face first into the sand. We walked away, laughing, without a scratch on any of them.

I was proud of them, but it made me think...

Why have they been trained to fight like that?

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