

Rejecting My Contracted Luna Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2 Tonight Is The Night That I Die

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Emma's POV

I wake up to a pair of rough hands roaming all over my body. Struggling to open my eyes I am met with a pair cold brown eyes.

"Well, well, well," The man that is hovering over me chuckles to himself. "You are awake much sooner than we expected."

His gruff voice pulls me from my slumber and my eyes fly open. I try to move my body but I am tied down. I look up at the ceiling above me and I do not recognize where I am. Panic fills my body as I struggle against my restraints.

"Stop," I beg desperately.

"Please don't." I cry out hoping that someone will hear me.

But the man with cold brown eyes covers my mouth with a piece of duct tape and then continues to rip off my clothing while his hands touch every inch of me. I continue to struggle against the ties and the man becomes more and more frustrated with me.

"Stop struggling," The groans as he presses his body up against my own.

I scream against the duct tape that is covering my mouth and finally one of my arms wiggles free of the ties. I try to call my wolf forward but she is too weak to fully shift, but she has enough energy to partially shift. My claws extend from my fingertips and I swipe them across the man's face.

His body is off mine in an instant and I use my claws to cut through the ropes on the other hand. Just as I slice through the ropes on my feet the man jumps back on top of me. His face is dripping blood on my own as I fight against him. Without the aid of my wolf I am as weak as a human. Pinning my arms above my head he balls his hand into a fist and delivers blow after blow to my face, trying to knock me out once again.

He is going to kill me, is the only thought that is running through my head at the moment.

Tonight is the night that I die.

Part of me wants to lay there and accept my fate. It would be a fitting end to this horrible nightmare I call my life. But something inside me begs me to keep fighting.

Raising my left leg I knee the man in his balls and he rolls off of me and groans in pain. Getting off the bed as quickly as I can I stand over the man and swipe my claws across his chest one more time before I run from the room.

Once I am outside of the room I realize that I am in a hotel. Running down the halls I knock on every door desperately, praying to the Moon Goddess that someone will let me in. I know I am leaving a trail of blood behind me so I won't be hard to track down. Looking down at my body I realize that I am practically naked. The only thing that is covering my body is my bra and panties and the blood that is oozing from my face down my neck and onto my chest.

Still running from door to door banging on each one pleading for someone to open. I can hear a door open behind me. I look down the hall and see the man exiting the room I was just in.

"Get back here, you Little Bitch," He yells loudly down the hall.

Banging on the door in front of me louder, I yell out in panic. "He is trying to kill me. Please open your door!"

Suddenly the door flies open and a man is standing in front of me with his blue eyes wide open. The iris's of his eyes are swirling from blue to black and I know that he is another werewolf.

"What is going on?" He asks but I don't answer him.

I push past him into his room and slam the door shut behind me. I can hear the sound of heavy footsteps walking down the hall getting closer and closer to the room that I am in. I sink down to the floor in front of the door and curl myself up into a ball.

"Please don't let him in," I whimper as more and more of my blood pools on the floor from my head injury.

The man begins to beat on the door and with each hit I can feel the wood of the door hit my back. He is going to break down the door. He is going to get to me. I cry out loudly in panic.

"You have something that belongs to me," The man yells through the door.

The man in the room with me seems to be holding his breath as he looks at me. "Go away," He yells through the door.

"Not until I get what is mine," The man with the cold eyes yells back loudly.

Pushing me to the side with his foot, the other man opens the door and grabs my abuser around the neck.

"I said, go away," His voice is low and growly as he speaks to the man. I can see the man's claws digging into my abusers neck as he speaks. He tosses my abuser to the ground and slams the door behind him, turning his attention back to me.

"You can't be here," He says as he looks down on me.

"I know," I whimper as my head begins to pound. "Just let me stay long enough..." The pounding in my head becomes too intense and I am unable to continue my sentence.

The man looks down at me with a look I cannot describe. It is not pity or lust, it is almost as if he is hungry.

"I cannot keep you safe. You are not safe with me." His voice is low and he snarls at me.

Fearing for my life I back scuttle away from him on the floor trying to put as much distance between us as possible.

"Please," I beg. "Please."

The man inches his way closer to me, still holding his breath. Grabbing the comforter off of the bed he tosses it over me. "Get out," He commands and I have no choice but to obey.

Unsteadily I get to my feet and try to make my way the short distance to the door. But my legs collapse underneath me. My head is pounding and dark spots begin to cloud my vision. I try to claw my way to the door but my body is giving up. My body drops to the ground and darkness consumes me.