

The Ivory Queen by StephanieLight Chapter 3

3. Assault and Battery

*TRIGGER WARNING: This chapter depicts s****l assault and violence.*

Aurora's POV

"Well, well, well, look who we have here."

I recognize the voice instantly and it sends a shiver down my spine.

Andrew.

He was one of Chava's friends from the River Moon pack. I thought Chava was bad, but Andrew was the definition of evil. He did things to me, unspeakable things. I remember the time Andrew beat me with the vacuum chord across the backs of my legs until he drew blood for accidentally spilling soda on his new shoes. I can still feel the scars.

I look up to see him staring at me with a hideous smile stretched across his face. His eyes darken as I begin to slowly back away from him. I flinch back as he reaches out to grab my arm and pulls me closer towards himself.

"In a hurry, are we?" he snickers.

"Andrew, p-please let go of my arm. I-I have to work," I plead. My wolf is getting anxious, pacing back and forth. A soft whine escapes her throat.

"Oh, but I want to hang out with you. You're always so quiet, Aurora. Let's get to know each other," he says playfully. He smiles at me, making my skin crawl. I don't like the way he said my name.

"Umm, ma-maybe s-some other t-time," I stammer. "I r-really ha-"

"I really think you need break. Let's go to the creek," he says as he begins to drag me towards the edge of the forest. "I don't think anyone will bother us there."

"No, I don't want to!" I shout, trying to pry his fingers off my arm.

Get him off! Reyna growls.

I can't.

The more I fight him, the tighter his grip becomes. Unsure of what to do, I bite down on his hand. He releases my arm and cradles his wounded hand. I take the opportunity to turn and run. I don't get far before he pulls me by my hair.

"You're gonna regret that, b***h!" he yells as he drags me towards the woods.

I open my mouth to s****m but a slap to the face stuns me into silence. He throws me on the ground and kicks me in the stomach. I gasp for air when I feel another kick, then a punch to my face.

Finally, a s****m escapes my lips. "Help me! Somebody hel-"

Andrew grabs a rock and hits me on the side of the head. My vision becomes blurry and I start seeing black circles.

Stay awake, Aurora. Don't close your eyes.

I barely hear my wolf's whisper as the world is consumed by darkness.

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I wake up face down, the smell of wet dirt filling my nostrils. I squint my eyes and see a lone willow tree in the distance. We're by the creek, the running waters humming in my ears.

A painful sensation burns between my thighs and I feel someone on top of me, thrusting into me and grunting.

Oh no.

I start to panic, tears staining my cheeks. I s****m as I desperately try to get up. Suddenly, I feel him pull out and turn me over onto my back.

"Finally awake, slut? It's no fun when you're asleep," Andrew whispers softly in my ear as he straddles me again. He's shirtless and his pants are missing.

"Get off!" I s****m as I start scratching and pushing him off me. It's no use, however, he's too heavy and strong. As I fight, I realize I am no longer wearing shoes or jeans, and my panties are balled up next to me. I look down at my legs and see blood staining my inner thighs. Another s****m escapes me.

"That's right b***h, squirm like the worthless worm you are," he says as he grips my two arms with one hand and pins them over my head, while using his knees to spread my legs apart.

Bite him, growls Reyna.

I position my head towards his forearm and bite down violently on his flesh. His skin breaks beneath my teeth and I taste his blood enter my mouth. He screams and releases his grip on my wrists, I but I refuse to let go.

“Stop it! Let go!

I wrap my now free fingers around his arm and bit down harder, my wolf getting angrier and angrier. He finally has enough and hits me over the side of the head with his free hand, forcing me to let go. He gets off of me and examines his wound, allowing me to back away as far as I can.

“You f*****g b***h!”

My wolf’s anger is starting to consume me. I could feel it coursing through my veins.

We’re not done with him, she laughs bitterly.

Andrew staggers to his feet and comes charging toward me. I place my palms firmly on the ground as a sharp pain grows around my temples. The earth begins to tremble as large vines sprout from the ground. They grow rapidly, wrapping around Andrew’s ankles and up his legs. A look of horror spreads across his face as the vines pull him down on his knees. More vines sprout and shoot up to wrap around his arms, causing him to s*****m in pain as they tighten around his wounded arm and pull him to the ground.

He’s on all fours, trapped and afraid. “Please don’t hurt me!” he cries out, tears running down his face.

I don’t respond. I stand on my bare feet and slowly walk towards him, looking at my tormentor in the eye. I hear someone cry out in the distance and suddenly Erin comes running out. I ignore her, though, my mind focused solely on the low life in front of me. I want to break his neck and before I know it, two new vines shoot up from the ground and wrap around his throat.

“No, please don’t!” he pleads.

The vines tighten causing him to gasp frantically. His bulging eyes plead with me, but I don’t care. The two vines twist in opposite directions and his neck snaps. The vines recede back towards the earth, dropping his limp body with a thud. He’s dead.

I collapse on my knees, exhausted. I let out a small sob before crawling towards the pile of clothes and grabbing Andrew’s t-shirt to clumsily wipe the blood in between my thighs. My tears won’t stop falling as the realization of what just happened hits me. My hands shake as I pull on my panties and jeans. Erin rushes past me towards Andrew, her loud screams breaking the silence in the forest.

“ANDREW!”

Erin runs to the body lying on the ground, her shaking hands eager to find a pulse. Her face grows dark when she can't find one.

“Andrew, wake up! Wake up!” she croaks. She shakes Andrew's limp body and slaps him across the face. “What did you do?” she demands from me.

“I-”

“What did you f*****g do to my brother?” she roars.

My knees grow weak and I'm exhausted. My silence enrages her and she lunges toward me, her fingers entwining in my hair and knocking me to the ground. Her fists come raining on my face and I raise my hands over my face to shield myself from the blows.

I let out a piercing s****m. “Somebody please help me!”

I kick my legs, desperately trying to knock her off but I'm too weak.

Reyna help me!

Reyna whines and whimpers, too exhausted from her fight with Andrew to respond. Growing frustrated, Erin gets up and begins kicking me in the stomach in retaliation. I gasp and plead for her to stop, but she's relentless. With a final kick to the head, the darkness envelopes me.