

Chapter 6 - Sophia's Revenge

Sophia's POV

I had managed to get downstairs after my punishment by Blaine and finish cleaning up breakfast before I started cleaning the rest of the pack house. It was now about midnight, and I was exhausted and ready for my bed. I went to my room and found that it had been destroyed. That really doesn't surprise me. Alyssa and her friends like to come in here and trash it. I mean, there isn't much to trash, but they didn't manage to destroy my only blanket. It was good that it was summer, and it didn't get too cold in my room. My head hit the pillow and the next thing I knew, my alarm was going off. It was now 4 am and Spencer's eighteenth birthday. The thought sent chills down my spine. If he caught me alone, God only knows what he would do to me.

I quietly slipped into the bathroom and took my shower. I tried as best as I could to wash my wounds from yesterday, but they were still raw and hurt. I got out and had my towel wrapped around me when Spencer stepped in, holding something.

"Well, aren't you going to wish me a happy birthday? I just came to see if you were my mate; unfortunately, you are not. It still won't stop me from having you, though. Blaine and I have a special surprise for you tonight. Don't worry."

He stepped closer to me and started running his hands over my exposed arms. I was frozen in place. He pulled on my towel, but I held tighter to it.

"Slave, why don't we have a sneak peek at what is to come tonight? Blaine told me about your punishment and to say I was jealous and want you for myself."

He continued to pull on my towel until it was gone, and I was completely naked in front of him. I was trying to cover myself, but he pushed me against the wall and pinned my hands over my head.

“I don’t know if I can wait until tonight. I may just have to take you now. Can you feel how hard I am because of you?”

He said this as he was grinding himself on my leg. He moved his knee between my legs and forced them apart.

“Please don’t do this Spencer. You can be better than this. I don’t want this.” I told him as I started crying.

“Blaine would kill me if he knew I took you in the showers, but there is nothing about using your mouth.”

He grabbed my neck and forced me down on my knees. He moved his hand from my neck to my hair and gripped it so tight I thought he would rip it out. He undid his pants with his free hand and pulled himself out and tried to force it into my mouth, but I wouldn’t open up.

“We can do this the easy way or the hard way you choose,” he growled at me.

I just shook my head no at him.

“I don’t mind the hard way. I like to hurt you.” After he said that, he took my head and slammed it against the wall.

“Ready now?”

Again, I just shook my head at him, but this time he brought his knee to my nose and broke it. I gasped for air through my mouth, and he took that second to slam himself into my mouth. I was powerless to stop him, as I couldn’t see with my eyes watering and couldn’t breathe with him shoved in me. He finally finished and let me go.

I fell to the ground, trying to catch my breath. My eyes were still watering, and I had blood coming out of my nose.

He leaned down and said, “Goddess, I’ve wanted to do that for a long time. I can’t wait for tonight when I can have the rest of you.”

With that, he threw some clothes at me and told me I had to look somewhat presentable today with people arriving all day. I was thankful for not having to wear rags, but his words left bile in my throat. I decided right then that if I made it out of tonight, I would leave and never look back. I don't care if I became a rogue. It was worth it. I vowed that one day, someday somehow, I would get my revenge on these people.

Everything was set up and ready to go. I was walking around filling drinks and keeping things clean when I smelled something so refreshing. It smelled like rain showers and grass. It was nice, almost calming.

I was left alone for most of the night and as things wrapped up; I was going to hide in the forest that surrounded the pack. I was hoping to avoid Spencer's promise. I made it to the clearing when I heard someone behind me. I turned to see Spencer with a look of pure evil on his face. It was now or never. So, I ran as fast as I could. I was no match for him, as he easily caught me and threw me on the ground. He was pissed and wanted to cause harm. He grabbed my leg with such force that the bone easily broke. I wouldn't scream, and I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. He landed a few blows to my face to keep me subdued. He started pulling my skirt up and my panties down and at that moment, I wasn't going to let this happen again. I did the only thing I could think of, and I screamed for everything I was worth.

"Shut up, bitch. There is no escaping this. You will be mine to do what I want with."

He continued to land blows to my face and ribs. I am pretty sure some are broken. He then went to my throat and started to squeeze. I was seeing stars and close to passing out. All the fight I had in me was leaving. I couldn't do it much more. He was going to kill me tonight, and I had already made peace with that. I was ready to see my parents again and to have this torture end. I didn't want to be in pain every day.

He let go of my throat and I tried to gulp in as much air as I could, but he had ripped my skirt up and shredded my shirt and bra.

“It’s unfortunate that you’re the pack slave because you really are beautiful, Sophia. If you wouldn’t have killed your parents, you could have easily been someone in the pack.”

I just laid there and let him do what he wanted, hoping it would kill me. His fingers had entered my body and were thrusting in and out. He was breathing hard, and he was rubbing himself against my leg. I could feel how hard he was, and I knew what was coming, but I had nothing left in me. No fight, no will to live. I was a human shape of nothingness.

As fast as it started, it ended as he went flying off me. I could hear people yelling, but my vision was slowly going black, and honestly, I didn’t care what happened.

Someone I didn’t know was at my side, laying something over me as people continued to yell. He tried to pick me up, but it hurt so badly that I let out a small yell. He quickly let go of me and came down next to my ear and whispered.

“Baby girl, I know it hurts, but I have to pick you up so we can get you to help.”

“Please leave me and let me just die. If you help me, they will kill you. I belong to them,” I choked out as it hurt to talk.

He just chuckled and picked me up, anyway. He started to walk away when someone else came up beside him.

“How are we going to get her home? We brought the worst car for that?” The unfamiliar voice said.

“You drive, and I will sit in the back with her. I am sure it’s going to hurt her getting back there, but I don’t know what else to do. It’s not like they will let us borrow a bigger car,” the man who was holding me said.

I was in and out of consciousness on the way to the car and caught bits and pieces of their conversations. I got he will die, nobody deserves this, and the entire pack will die. This had me tensing up, and they noticed I was back awake.

“Baby girl, we are going to put you in the car now and I’m sorry, but it’s going to hurt and there is nothing I can do about that. Are you ready?”

When he called me baby girl, the guy beside him growled. Literally growled like I was something to him.

The other guy stopped and pulled his shirt off and handed it to the one holding me. Put this on so you’re covered. He put me down and held me upright so I could attempt to put it on. I screamed out in pain when my broken leg touched the ground. It was enough to make me lose consciousness again.