

Chapter 3

"Don't waste my time" Jonas said to the girls "Did you hear Brianna tell people about the rumours?"

They both nodded.

"We did" one of them said "We were there. She said it in the girls' locker room. She wanted everyone to know"

I looked at them in disbelief. The tears fell from my eyes freely. I couldn't believe that they would lie against me.

"That's not true" I said "I don't even have any friends. Who would I tell? I don't talk to anyone"

"Shut up!" Jonas snapped at me "I've heard enough lies from you"

"Are you ready, boys?" Jonas asked them.

The boys had evil smiles on their faces. They walked forward.

"Pin her down" Jonas ordered.

"No" I cried "Jonas, please"

One of the boys held my hands behind my back and forced me to my knees. The second boy punched me in the face. It was so painful. I screamed in agony. Before I could recover, he punched me again. I spat out blood.

"Please" I cried "I didn't start anything. You have to believe me"

The boy punched me again. My breathing was heavy. My face hurt all over. His knuckles were covered in blood. He wiped his knuckles on his shirt.

The boy unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants. My eyes widened in horror as I realized what he was about to do.

"No!" I cried "Jonas, stop him. Please"

The boy pulled down his boxers and forced his d**k into my mouth. The boys and Lilith laughed.

"Don't be a p**y" Jonas said "Go deeper! Teach her a f****g lesson"

The boy pushed his d**k deeper into my mouth, making me gag. Tears lled my eyes. I tried to struggle but the other boy's grip on my hands was too strong. I did the one thing I could think of to escape. I bit the boy's d**k as hard as I could. The boy fell down in pain.

"You b***h!" Jonas sneered.

I bit the other boy's arm, making him loosen his grip. Immediately, I protracted my claws and slashed his hand. Jonas tried to stop me by coming in front of me. He threw a punch but I dodged. I slashed his arm with my claws and ran as fast as I could.

"Get her!" I heard Jonas scream.

As I ran, I could hear the sounds of their footsteps behind me. I kept running as fast as I could. I couldn't let them catch up with me.

I had to escape. No matter what, I had to escape. I ran, not knowing what laid ahead of me. All I knew was that I had to get out of there.

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That night, my mom and I had dinner. She made small talk, telling me about the events of her day. I tried my best to listen but my mind was lled with the things that happened today. I had never been so terried in my life. My mind replayed the scenario in the woods over and over again.

My body trembled whenever I recalled what happened. I shuddered whenever I thought of what those boys would have done to me if I hadn't escaped. The pain I felt in my chest was too much to bear.

"Brianna, honey, are you okay? You've barely touched your food." my mom said to me.

I pushed a piece of chicken around my plate, struggling to nd the words to explain. How could I tell her what had happened? How could I make her understand the danger I was in?

"I'm not hungry, Mom," I said quietly.

She frowned "You've been like this since you got home. Did something happen at school today?"

My heart pounded as I thought about what to say. I couldn't tell her the truth—not all of it, at least. But I couldn't keep everything bottled up inside, either. I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself.

"Mom, I'm not going back to school."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "What? Why? Brianna, you can't just drop out. What's going on?"

I looked down at my plate, unable to meet her gaze. "It's... it's complicated. But I can't go back. It's not safe."

"Not safe?" She reached across the table, taking my hand in hers. "Honey, what happened? You can tell me. I want to help."

Tears welled up in my eyes as I thought about Jonas, his friends, the beating, the terrifying experience in the woods.

"There are people at school... they're dangerous. They hurt me, Mom. And if I go back, they'll do it again."

Her grip tightened on my hand "Who did this to you? Tell me their names. I'll go to the school, I'll call the police—"

I shook my head, cutting her off. "No, Mom. You don't understand. It's not that simple. These people... they're not like us. They're powerful. Going to the police won't help."

"Brianna, you're scaring me. What do you mean, 'not like us'? Who are these people?"

Before I could answer, a loud crash echoed through the house. The front door burst open, and armed soldiers stormed in. My mother and I both jumped to our feet. I was shocked to see them. What were they doing here?

"What's going on?" my mother cried "What do you want?"

The soldiers didn't answer. One of them grabbed my arm.

"Brianna Thompson, you're coming with us." he said rmly.

"No!" My mother lunged at the soldier "You can't take her! Let her go! She hasn't done anything wrong"

The soldier easily brushed her aside "Ma'am, step back. This is ocial business."

"Mom, it's okay," I said "I'll be ne. Just... just don't ght them."

I didn't know what was going on but I had to go along with it. I didn't want my mom to get hurt. These soldiers were ruthless. They would tear anyone who stood in their way.

"Brianna, no. I can't let them take you. You don't know what they'll do." my mom said.

"Please, Mom," I pleaded. "Trust me. I'll be okay. Just let them take me."

She hesitated. "I don't understand. Why are they doing this?"

I shook my head, unable to explain. "I don't know. But I'll nd out. I promise I'll come back. Just... stay safe, okay?"

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she reached out to touch my face. "Brianna, I love you. Please, be careful."

"I love you too, Mom," I whispered

The soldiers started to pull me away, and my mother's hand slipped from mine. She cried out, trying to follow, but another soldier blocked her path.

I stared ahead, following them into the night. I didn't know what was in store for me but I was about to nd out.