

Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 18

“I got you.” A familiar voice murmured, lifting me from the ground.

I felt weightless in Carson’s arms. My mind was swimming numbly, struggling to form any kind of coherent thoughts. All I knew was something was desperately wrong with me. My limbs refused to respond, and if they did it was incredibly delayed.

Carson carried me somewhere. Sights and sounds I had experienced multiple times were now completely foreign.

I was thrown on something soft. My mind couldn’t comprehend what it was. My fingers twisted in the soft material slowly, winding and unwinding.

“She didn’t even notice.” Carson’s voice rang out, but I couldn’t understand what he was saying. I could hear the words clearly, but I couldn’t understand the meanings.

In the midst of the absolute cloudiness of my brain, something else was happening inside of me. At first it felt like little pinpricks. Like something hitting against a brick wall. The feeling was like an itch inside my head. It was the only thing I could focus on at the moment.

‘Quit ignoring me, stupid.’

‘Ugh what the h**l have you gotten yourself into.’

Some part of my brain was having it’s own running dialogue.

‘Should’ve listened sooner, d**n it.’

‘Gotta do everything around here.’

A giggle left my lips. I was having an argument with myself.

The itching feeling grew stronger while the brick wall grew weaker.

Something began rushing through me. Something warm and potent was coursing through my veins. Like a gulp of hot chocolate after playing out in the snow all day.

My mind became clearer, and the details around me became much sharper.

I was laying on a bed, and Carson stood only a few feet away. He was talking very animatedly on the phone.

“Carson?” I mumbled, “What happened?”

“S**t.” Carson hissed under his breath, and I wasn’t sure how I was able to hear it.

I could hear someone coming up the stairs, walking down the hall. My mind was beginning to clear, but it was taking longer for my body to get the message.

The bedroom door opened and two people stepped inside.

My stomach clenched and anger swam through me. The anger felt misplaced, like it wasn’t coming from me.

Grace and a dark haired girl came into the room. A malicious look on both of their faces.

“Grace?” My voice was clear, confusion swirling in my words.

The smug look on Grace’s face slipped just an inch as she turned to Carson.

“I told you to give her enough.” Grace spat angrily, “Can’t do a simple f*****g job?”

“I gave her exactly what you told me to.” Carson snapped, “I don’t know why it’s f*****g wearing off already.”

It took all of my energy to sit up from the bed. My movements were slow and groggy. It felt like my mind was wide awake while my body was asleep.

Their words had cold fear rushing through me.

“Tori.” Her name left my lips, feeling like a lifeline.

Tori had sent me multiple texts. She could easily be on her way.

“Tori?” Grace spat, “Don’t tell me that b***h is here.”

Grace turned to her dark haired friend, “Go get the other one.”

Grace’s friend left without a word, and finally Grace turned her attention on me.

Her blue eyes were glinting maliciously. I had never looked into the eyes of a psychopath before, but I assumed this is what they’d

look like. There was no light behind her ocean blue eyes, just an emptiness that had me shaking with fear.

“Poor little Aurora.” Grace spat, “You moved to the wrong town and fucked with the wrong girl.”

“I’ve never done anything to you.” I pointed out, my voice shaking.

“Oh, but you have.” Grace’s smile was serpent-like, “You think they see something in you? They see an easy little b***h who can’t say no.”

“They?” I paused, “The twins?”

While everything was beginning to make sense, that didn’t stop the fear from continuing to wash over me. Grace had that unhinged look in her eye, a look that said she’d go to any lengths for what she wanted.

“Who else, Aurora.” Grace’s voice was soft, her eyes murderous. “I’m going to make sure that no one wants you after this. No one at all.”

“Got her.” Grace’s friend came back in the room, a familiar face in tow.

“Autumn?” My mouth dropped.

Too many emotions were running through me. half of which felt like they didn’t belong.

“Sorry Aurora.” Autumn replied with a straight face. Any familiarity was wiped clean.

“Shut up.” Grace hissed, “Did Tori come with her?”

“No.” Autumn shook her head, “I did as you said. Tori never knew about the party.”

“Good.” Grace turned her reptilian smile back on me. “That mean’s we won’t be interrupted.”

Carson leaned against the dresser, a silent player in Grace’s twisted game.

“You’re going to stay away from the twin’s, Aurora.” Grace spoke, her voice crystal clear, “H**l, drop out of school if you have to. I don’t really care.”

Before I could bite back a reply, something hard slammed into the side of my face. I was knocked back onto the bed with a thud. Black spots danced across my vision and my face pounded ruefully.

My vision cleared and I locked eyes with a smiling Grace. Her fist was cocked back, aiming for another hit. I couldn’t understand how she was so strong. Grace was thin, with little muscle on her body. She shouldn’t be this strong.

Another blow slammed into me. A sharp pain pulsed along my lip, following a spurt of something warm and metallic tasting.

“Stop” The word was a garbled whimper as it left my lips.

My eye throbbed, and I could feel the skin around it swelling. Autumn stood across the room, her eyes looking anywhere other than at me.

Grace on the other hand grinned, admiring her handiwork.

“You won’t tell them about this either, Aurora.” Grace murmured, getting close to my busted face. “Trust me, I have no problem getting rid of you. Permanently.”

“I’ll stay away.” I whimpered, nodded my head profusely.

Nothing was worth this. Nothing was worth the pain, the torment, or the fear. If she wanted me out of their life, I’d do just that. The look in her eyes terrified me, and I knew she’d enjoy getting rid of me.

Surviving until I graduated was no longer a waiting game. My frantic brain was trying to come up with options, anything to get me out of this town.

“Good.” Grace murmured, “I’m glad we have an understanding, Aurora.”

A strangled gasp left my lips when Grace turned to leave the room, her dark haired friend and Autumn beginning to follow.

I tried to assess the damages done to me. My eye was swelling, my lip was definitely busted. I’d need a mirror to see the full extent.

Grace turned and said something to Carson. I didn't think it was possible for me to become more afraid, but I was wrong. Grace was telling the truth when she said she'd ruin me. She was staying true to her word.

“Have fun with her, Carson.” Grace murmured, a single manicured hand placed on his shoulder.

I tried to turn and lift myself from the bed, but my movements were still staggered. Whatever d**g Carson slipped me was wearing off, but not nearly fast enough.

This couldn't be happening. What kind of highschool girl went to these lengths. What made her think she could get away with doing something like this? This wasn't the kind of stuff that happened in real life, just movies or violent books.

Grace, Autumn, and the dark haired girl left the room. Carson stared at me, something burning in his gaze. His eyes raked down my body slowly. I felt disgusted, disgusted with myself and what was done to me.

“She fucked your face up pretty bad.” Carson murmured, a smirk forming on his face. “But I can just look away. It doesn't bother me.”

“Carson don't-” I opened my mouth to plead, to beg with him.

“Shh” Carson cooed, the same cruel look Grace had was gleaming in his eyes. “It'll be easier for you if you don't struggle.”

Carson knelt onto the bed and grabbed onto my legs, tugging me towards him.

My movements might've been sluggish, but fight or flight kicked in with a violent c***h. I used all of the energy I had and kicked my legs out, praying it was enough.

“Going to put up a fight?” Carson chuckled, “Good. Make’s it more fun.”

Carson was much stronger than me, and my sluggish movements did little to hurt him.

The itching feeling in my head was stronger than ever, setting my teeth on edge. It felt like someone constantly poking at the side of your head, but when you turned no one was there.

‘Let me through, d***n you!’

A pissed off voice filtered through my head. I must've been going crazy, that or the d***s Carson gave me left me mentally unhinged.

‘Fight Aurora! F***k, I can only do so much if you don’t let me through.’

Carson’s hands fumbled with the button on my jeans when a surge of energy rushed through me. I sat up with a force I didn’t know I had.

Carson cocked his fist back, landing a solid blow to my face before I could throw my arms up in defense. Carson’s strength matched Grace’s, leaving me dazed after a single punch.

‘Focus!’

Everything sharpened in what felt like an instant. I could hear the people downstairs, their insignificant little conversations. The music thumped and pulsed, carrying a fast paced beat. The smell of cologne, alcohol and sweat was in the air.

Carson continued fumbling with my jeans, finally getting the button undone and the zipper down.

“No!” The word was ripped from my mouth and I brought my knee forward. The goal was to hit Carson in his sensitive bits, but I aimed too high.

Instead i managed to knee him in the gut. For just a split second, I froze. Fear surged through me. I was terrified I didn’t hit him hard enough, that I didn’t have the strength to cause any actual damage.

‘Get up, Aurora!’

I rolled off the bed, my movements becoming easier and easier. The strength that was running through me made me move much faster than normal.

Carson groaned and clutched his stomach, frozen long enough for me to take action.

Without thinking, I grabbed the thick lamp that sat on the table and forced it down on Carson’s head with all the force I had left.

The lamp base was metal, I learned. The sound reverberated off of Carson's skull. He crumpled to the ground, a gruff moan leaving his lips.

I didn't take the time to assess whether or not he was knocked out. Fight or flight mode was in full effect, and right now it was telling me to get the f**k out.

I ripped the bedroom door open and sped down the hall. Pictures on the wall rushed by in a blur of color. I couldn't remember ever running this fast. The fear coursing through my veins kept me from appreciating it fully.

I didn't bother looking for Grace or Autumn. I wasn't looking for anyone. I stayed clear of the living room. Once I reached the bottom of the stairs, I turned and darted out the back door.

I had a vague idea of how to get home, remembering the way we took when Autumn was driving.

I ran through the back yard and jumped a fence. Circling around the side of the neighbors house, I ended up on the sidewalk.

The house I had just fled from was only fifty feet away. Cars were lined up down the block.

My thoughts were racing at a hundred miles an hour, but I could understand each one clearly.

Getting home, that was the only thing I needed to concentrate on.

I darted down the sidewalk, my gaze continuously flickering back to the house. My foot was howling in agony, screaming and begging for me to stop but I couldn't. My left eye was nearly swelled shut, but I didn't care. I let the pain and fear of getting caught push me farther.

A strangled scream left my lips when I slammed into someone and their hands wrapped tightly around my forearms.