

Chapter 0095

Trigger Warning: I apologize in advance: This chapter is going to be emotional and really, really dark. Violence and threatened (but not actual) sexual assault/ child abuse will be discussed.

(Lily POV)

"Question 1. What happened on the night that Stephanie died?"

I lifted my head off of James' shoulder and took a deep breath.

"What?" I asked him.

James squeezed my hand and spoke solemnly. "You said that no one has ever asked you what happened on the night that Stephanie died, so I want to. My first question for you is just that. What happened?"

"You could not start off small and work your way up? Ask me what my favorite color is; what my favorite food is; something like that?"

James gave me a sad smile. "Nope. I want to get the hard stuff out of the way. We can work our way down to the easy stuff. Now stop stalling and answer the question. Unless you want to take off your shirt."

I glared at him. "I could also take off a sandal or exercise a veto."

"Sure. But you won't do either of those things."

No, I won't. Because I know we need to have this conversation, even if a huge part of me knows that it is happening six years too late.

I looked at my hands.

"I can only tell you what I heard and what I saw. I do not know everything that happened. I have a lot of questions myself."

"I understand that. I just want to know what happened from your perspective."

I looked up and studied his face, which is something that I have done a lot today. I look closely at his eyes, searching for any clues about how ready he may be for my answer.

Of course, I do not know why I am bothering to look. I already know that he is not ready. If he had any idea what the answer to his question would entail, we would not be playing this game and he would not have made any of the jokes that he just made.

"He may not be ready, but he needs to know. Luke does too," Rose tells me.

"Will knowing help anything?" I ask Rose.

"It will when it comes to his relationship with Sheila."

I cringe. Hearing Sheila's name always triggers me, in both good and bad ways. 2

Tonight, I will use it in a good way. I will finally tell James

the truth.

"I was upstairs with Stephanie before she went downstairs to watch a movie with you. Before she left, she asked me to meet her in the forest at midnight. She said that she had something special that she wanted to show me. 4

I was late meeting her, because I got... wrapped up. I did not make it to our meeting spot in the woods until around 12:20 in the morning. When I got there, Stephanie and Sheila were waiting for me. They were angry that I was late, and they told me that we needed to hurry. 1

Stephanie grabbed me by the hand and the three of us went deeper into the forest. As we moved closer to the pack border, I started to smell the scent of rogues. I mentioned it to Stephanie and Sheila, and they told me to shut up."

I paused and stood up. I was not sure if James would believe the next part of the story, and I did not want to be looking at him when disbelief crossed his eyes. I took a few steps towards the fireplace and focused on staring at the raging fire.

"After a few minutes, we approached a clearing. There was a campfire off to the side, and there were several males sitting around it drinking beers. They all smelled like rogues. I started to get really scared, but as soon as we got close enough, Stephanie went up to the males and hugged them and introduced Sheila. The rogues gave Stephanie and Sheila each a beer.

I stood back, trying to blend in with the bushes. However, after toasting one of the rogues, Stephanie pointed at me. She told the rogues that she brought the present they requested. She said..."

I stopped talking. The memory was overwhelming me. I did not want to re-live it. I looked towards the ocean. A part of me wished that there was a way for the ocean to take me away from all of this.

James said nothing. Instead, he came up behind me and put his hand on my shoulder. When I did not resist his touch or push him off, he reached for my hand and gently pulled me back to the couch. To my surprise, instead of pulling me onto the seat next to him, he pulled me onto his lap.

I leaned the side of my head against his chest, still avoiding eye contact.

"Please keep going, Lily," he said.

"You can do this, Lily. You are strong," Rose linked.

Taking a deep breath, I wiped a couple of tears from my eyes.

"Stephanie.... Stephanie.... Stephanie told the rogues that I was 14 and a virgin. Two of them came towards me and began circling me like I was their prey. They started to talk about who would get to have the first taste. 3


I took a few steps backwards, but Sheila yelled at me to stop being such a coward. She told me that I should let loose and have a little fun. She claimed that doing so would

 +15 BONUS

serve my future mate well, because no male wolf wants a boring lay with no experience.

I was getting more and more scared. Stephanie and Sheila continued to drink their beers and laugh and talk to the rogues as though they were old friends.

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