

Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 4

Freshman year

Dad had his friends over last night and they told me everything they wanted to do to me whenever they had me alone. They said that it would be our secret. My father didn't let them take everything because he planned on saving me for just the right opportunity. I could still feel their hands all over me the following morning as I dressed for my first day of high school.

Middle school hadn't been so bad, and I even made a friend my last year there, and I couldn't wait to see him. He had been so nice to me my whole last year of middle school and we had become inseparable. I quietly went downstairs and thankfully dad was nowhere in sight, so I was able to slip out easily. A car waited for me at the end of my driveway, and I smiled as one of the most handsome faces smiled back at me.

As close as we were I admit I had a bit of a crush on my friend, how could I not? The summer break had been time enough for both of us to mature a bit more. He had obviously bulked up and my own form had rounded out a bit more even though I was still as slim as ever.

"Hey, you!" He said as I opened the door and climbed in.

He was dressed differently today. He was sporting dark wash jeans and a black t-shirt. I was impressed but a little confused because he didn't usually wear such dark colors, but I brushed it off. We drove to school listening to music blasting from the radio and I felt peaceful for the first time in weeks. I hadn't seen him in person for about a month as I healed from some pretty serious wounds. I didn't want him to see me like that, so we spoke over the phone mostly.

Our school came into view and he parked alongside a dark-colored sports car that three guys were standing beside. I looked each of them over and noticed they were dressed similarly to Leo and they dipped their heads at him.

"Do you know them?" I asked him.

"Yeah! We met at the garage I worked at over the summer. They're cool guys." He says turning the car off and opening his door to climb out.

I followed suit and stood next to my door as I watched him greet his friends. One of them glanced over at me and smirked.

“So, Leo is that your girl?” One of them asked.

Leo looked at me and swallowed. “Nah.”

I knew we were just friends but that hurt. It wasn't what he said but the fact he looked embarrassed of me for some reason.

“Hello little lady, I'm Logan. That there is Asher and Jayden.” He said pointing to the other guys leaning against the car. “So, since you aren't Leo's girl maybe me and you can have some fun together.”

His arm wrapped around my shoulder and his hand skimmed my arm softly as he moved his mouth closer to my ear.

“You smell sweet enough to eat.” He whispered into my ear and my heart stopped.

His words and the feeling of his touch sent panic through me as memories of those men touching me rushed into my mind. My heart began to race, and I pulled away from him and stumbled back.

One of the guys laughed. “What the hell is wrong with her?”

“You burned her Logan.” Someone said teasingly but Logan looked angry.

“What are you too good to be touched? Huh? Sorry Sunny but you are not worth my time.” Logan said and I looked to Leo for help.

His eyes were low, and he pretended he didn't see what was going on. I stepped back further and walked away and toward the front steps of the school. Hot tears fell from my eyes as I walked down the hallway to find my locker.

After that first day, Leo shut me out and started to even laugh at some of the remarks from other guys. As weeks passed, he started to even join in on some of their pranks. The only friend I had turned into my worst nightmare. Then this girl started hanging around them and she always looking down her nose at me. She and her friends started to join the boys in tormenting me, but they were far worse.

The boys preferred verbal torment and left the more physical acts to the girls. One day in the girl's locker room they saw all of my scars and held me down and used a permanent marker to draw along the raised skin and then took a picture and posted it on Instagram. They hashtagged it #slutart and this turned into a whole series of instances where I was the featured muse.

You would think going to someone from the faculty for help would save me, but as soon as I stepped into the assistant principal's office, I knew I was screwed. I recognized him from the many parties I attended with my father, and the smile he gave me sent shivers

of fear down my spine. He hadn't been one of the men who came into my room, but I recall my father offering it to him during a whispered conversation.

I needed help though, so I broke down and told him what had been done to me. He gave me a sympathetic nod and walked around his desk to sit beside me. He rested his hand on my leg and I tensed.

"Why don't you show me what they did so I have a better idea of what we are dealing with. Otherwise, it's their word against yours." He said.

He had a point I reasoned, and I turned in my seat to raise the back of my shirt slightly. My breaths were erratic as I waited. He hummed behind me and soon I felt his fingers running along the top of one of my bigger scars and down. I jolted under his touch but then his other hand gripped my hip tightly. I knew then that I had made a big mistake. When I suddenly felt his breath along my upper back though I started to feel nauseous. He took in a big breath of my scent before placing a soft kiss on my skin and I clench my eyes shut.

Before it could go any further though someone opened the door and the principal looked back at the same time as I did. Leo stood in the doorway in shock, and I quickly pulled my shirt down and shot to my feet. He stepped aside and I rushed past him and out into the hall.

The next day a rumor about me sleeping with the assistant principal was all over the school and I knew exactly who started it. The guy I once thought of as a friend had told everyone what he saw. Everyone watched and whispered about me for weeks and the rumor grew bigger with each passing day. Some people had scrawled the words 'slut' and 'whore' on my locker.

My father even cornered me one day and threw me against the wall calling me every name in the book. He told me that only he could give me permission on who to be with and I would be sorry for going behind his back. He covered my stomach and back in bruises that day and I had to stay home for four days to recover. He even had to call a doctor to check on me, but when the school called saying I couldn't miss any more days he got angry all over again.

My grades had not been good because of all of this and to make sure I got caught up he locked me in the closet I slept in for a whole weekend with one bottle of water a day and all the schoolwork I had missed. I was also given my usual bucket to use the bathroom in and no food. Thankfully it hadn't been the first time I had gone without eating and my body had been conditioned to not even bother reminding me of how hungry I was.

Hugry. And pain...

Present...

The sound of beeping rang in my ears like a speaker on too loud and I groaned. My head was killing me, and I pressed my eyes tighter to try and endure the pain.

“She’s waking up.” Someone said.

My mind was racing and when I opened my eyes, and everything was blurry I started to panic.

“Miss Grace please stay calm, okay?” A soft female voice said.

A gentle hand touched me, and I pulled away too quickly and I tumbled off of the bed I was laying on and fell to the ground hard. The impact made me cry out, but the panic was too intense that I hardly registered the pain.

Someone cursed and I felt strong hands gripping me but that only made me scream in protest.

“No! Please no!” I begged.

“Hey, don’t worry I won’t hurt you. We need to get you back in bed though.” The man’s voice said gently.

I soon felt the feel of the bed beneath me. I blinked a few times, but I still could barely see anything. The edges of my vision were dark while the rest was extremely cloudy, barely clear enough to make out shapes of two people standing near me.

“What’s going on? Where am I? Why can’t I see?” I asked in a panic.

“Miss Grace I am Doctor Camille. I have been looking after you for the last two days while you have been unconscious.” The figure to the close left me says.

I was in a hospital, but how and why?