

Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 20

Emma...Present...

“Sweet Emma, your father promised that you’ll be mine soon but at least I can have you today. I will make you feel so good...” I jolted awake and sat up instantly, my heart raced and my breaths were quick and panicked.

I swallowed hard and tried to push away the memories of his hands on me. He tried to do what he thought would make me enjoy the moment he was stealing from me, but it just made me feel sicker. I would have fought but my father warned me that the man hovering over me was a far more dangerous man than him.

My stomach clenched and ached as I continued to play those moments over and over in my mind until I couldn’t handle it any longer. I scrambled from the bed I was in and ran to the bathroom and unloaded the small contents of my stomach. My tears came rushing out as I heaved over the toilet.

“Emma? Emma! What’s wrong?” I glanced up to see Jayden rush toward the bathroom.

I took a moment to clear my throat before answering.

“I-it’s nothing. My stomach is just upset.” I told him.

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“Are you sure? You were moving a lot during the night.” I couldn’t tell him why, so I gave him a half-smile.

“It’s nothing I promise.” He watched me carefully before nodding and helping me to my feet.

When we went down for breakfast I didn’t eat and gave the others the same line about my stomach bothering me. They looked concerned but didn’t force the issue which was a relief. The ride to school was silent too and I could sense the guys throwing me worried glances, but I couldn’t meet their eyes.

There were secrets I still hadn’t shared, and I was stupid enough to think that I could forget about it all and move on, but I was wrong. That’s the thing about scars, even the ones you can’t see, they never leave you. A sick bastard took my virginity and wanted to take the rest of my life too and was willing to pay a large sum for me. The summer before senior year had been one of the hardest for me and I hadn’t told anyone just how bad it was. My father woke me up one morning and spoke softly and sweetly to me which should have caused red flags to go up in my mind right away, but I didn’t think too

much of it. He did that sometimes after he let his anger get away and gave me a beating that was a little too far.

That day he cooked me breakfast and treated me so kindly. I thought maybe this was the day he realized how awful he had been and that he was going to change. I was wrong. He handed me a bag full of soaps and salts and perfume and told me to take a long bath and use all the new stuff he got me. I felt uneasy about it but did as he asked. When I was finished, he was in my room waiting with another bag on the bed in my room. I wrapped my towel tighter to me and his eyes roamed over my body making me feel sick to my stomach. He made a sound of approval and he walked over to me and handed me the bag.

He instructed me to wear what was in the bag and even how I should style my hair and makeup.

When I looked inside the bag my blood ran cold. Inside was red lingerie, and I looked up at him in horror. He smirked and told me that we would be having a special guest over for my birthday. Someone I would have to make happy because he would be having a taste of his investment and I was not to ruin it. Even without asking a question I knew what he was saying. His friends had done many things to me over the

years, but they could never go all the way, my father wouldn't allow it. I figured out in that moment that he had been planning on selling me for that big event and for more than that apparently.

He walked to the door but left me with a warning. The man was less forgiving and less kind, so I needed to be on my best behavior.”

All the memories from that night were now fresh in my mind and after what had happened yesterday with Andrea and the others, my head was crashing into a dark place fast. As soon as the car pulled to a stop in front of the school I quickly got out and rushed over to a nearby bush and doubled over heaving my nonexistent breakfast. It had been a good plan to skip breakfast, or it would have been all over me.

“Emma!” Leo ran over and pulled my hair back.

The others were not far behind and I felt Logan running his hand up and down my arm gently. I closed my eyes tight trying to tell myself that these were The Angel's, not that man. I was safe. But Logan's touch was making me feel sick with all the memories in my head. I flinched back from them and gave them a look that I could see instantly crushed them, but I couldn't help it. I turned and took off toward the entrance of the school and ran straight to the bathroom.

Jayden...

Something was wrong with Emma; we all knew it by the way she was acting but we just didn't know what to do. She was quiet and we didn't want to push her, but whatever was bothering her must have been hell for her to be reacting like this. The way she looked at Leo and Logan when she pulled away from their touch sent up a signal in my head that this was something serious. I knew that look in her eyes, she was haunted. The whole night she had been tossing and turning and whimpering in her sleep. I had pulled her closer to me and that seemed to have calmed her but then when she woke up, she was different.

"What was that?" Logan asked confused.

"Something is wrong. She looked...scared of us." Leo said.

"I think she was having some kind of nightmare last night, and then when she woke up, she immediately ran to the bathroom. Whatever she saw in that dream was traumatizing for her." I told them.

Leo swallowed hard and fidgeted, feeling guilty I assumed. He was feeling guilty the more we found out about Emma. He blamed himself for everything that happened to her since they met, even though there was nothing that could change those things now.

"Come on. Let's go in." Asher said turning to the front steps and leading us inside.

We sat in our usual place and Emma appeared right as class was starting. She avoided our eyes and kept her head low. We didn't try to talk to her, but we shared repeated glances trying to figure out what to do. Unfortunately, we weren't exactly experienced in this field. When class ended, she walked out without waiting for us and we gave her some space but kept our eyes on her. She rummaged through her locker and slammed a book inside.

"Hey! You're Emma, right?" Our eyes snapped to the guy who had just approached her.

"Uh yeah." She replied in her naturally sweet voice.

"Oh great! I'm Kyle. We have a few classes together." He said with a smile that made me want to punch

him hard.

Emma tilted her head as if to examine him for familiarity. "Oh! Yes! I remember now. I'm so sorry, my mind is mess today."

She let out a nervous laugh and I sneered.

"It's cool. So, I was wondering if you had a partner yet for the project in history class. I was late because of practice and missed out on picking someone." He said with one of those boyish grins that always had the girls melting or something.

"Oh yeah, the project. No, I don't have a partner so we can work together if you would like." She offered.

"Great! You are a lifesaver. Can I walk with you to your next class since I'm going that way too?" The guy had the nerve to ask her.

She tucked a hair behind her ear and lowered her head shyly. Dammit. He was loving her shy and sweet nature way too much and if he wasn't careful, he would lose all those teeth. 5

"Sure. That would be fine." She replied and like some world-grade prick, he grabbed her books and offered her his arm.

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Emma obviously had not seen us and walked off with the guy toward her next class.

"What the hell! Who is that guy?" Logan asked.

"Some new kid. He enrolled when Emma was in the hospital." Asher replied.

"What is he doing? He has to know Emma is with us!" Logan growled out.

"If he does, he doesn't care, and that is a big mistake," Asher said with ice in his voice.

"Looks like we

have to teach him a lesson."

Yeah, we do.