

PAM BETTS

R.A.P.E.D.

Prologue

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Warning: the following scene may be triggering for some readers. Reader discretion advised.

Suddenly, I could feel myself being pulled away from the dance floor. He took my hands and walked me to the back of the pool house. There was a room back there I didn't know about.

"Where are we going? We should get back to the party." I said. I could feel my head spinning and everything coming out slurred as I stumbled my way to the back of the pool house. I wasn't sure where they were taking me and why. I just went along with it.

"Erica, the party is back here, baby," said one of the guys.

I know it didn't feel right to follow them, but it seemed like the right thing to do at the time.

"What are we doing back here?" I said I was confused.

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“Oh, don’t worry, baby. I’ll take good care of you,” Mark said, smirking.

Something about his tone I didn’t like. Something about his demeanor I didn’t understand.

I recognized his voice because he and I had been dancing most of the night. Mark is the cocky jerk from the prep school. I still didn’t know why I was in this back room. I didn’t understand why the other guy was back here.

“Hey Erica, why don’t you sit down before you fall. We wouldn’t want you hurting yourself now, would we?” Said Mark

“Well, if you say so. “I’ll sit right next to you,” I said.

I don’t know why I was acting like I was. I didn’t understand why I felt the way I did. It was almost like I didn’t know myself. I was so lost and confused, I think I nearly passed out.

Then I started feeling hands on me. Not my hands. Male hands.

“Wait, Stop!! What are you doing to me?” I-I don’t like that.” I managed to scream.

“Dude, this girl is no fun.” Said the other guy.

“Just give her some time. She’ll loosen up.” Mark said

“Wait, what are you talking about?” I asked.

Suddenly, Mark handed me another drink. I took it like an idiot and drank it. It tasted good. So I didn’t think anything of it.

“There ya go, doll, feel better?” He asked

“Yeah, much better. Thanks.” I said.

I sat there for what felt like a long time. My head kept spinning, and my heart was racing. I didn’t understand what was going on with me.

Mark sat next to me, put his arms around me, and acted like

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he was being nice. He held my hand and started rubbing my legs. My body seemed to respond on its own. He leaned in and started kissing me. I kissed back. I hadn't ever been kissed before. I guess I liked it, so I let it happen.

I found myself pulled closer to him. I didn't know if it was the drink I had or if I was drugged, which is why my body was acting the way it did. Mark kept kissing me. His hands were everywhere. He started to take off my underwear and touch me.

"S-Stop!" I screamed. "Please, I don't like this!"

He kept going, pushing me down on the sofa. He was on me. Suddenly, I felt my hands being held down. The other guy, Chad, I found out, was holding my hands. I couldn't move. He was laughing. I could hear Mark's heavy breathing. I couldn't move.

I couldn't speak. My mind froze, but my body kept moving. I could feel pain between my legs. I could hear moaning and laughing.

At some point, they switched. I didn't know when. I could taste an ashtray mouth. He smelled of beer and cigarettes. Chad was all over my body. I tried to scream, tried to move, but my mind was frozen. My hands were tied. I could feel something around my wrists. I felt him enter me. Again, I felt the pain. I finally just gave up and let them have me. I didn't want to fight it anymore. I lay there, hoping I would die. Hoping they would leave me here to die.

I focused on the music. I could still hear it from where we were. I hoped Jenny or Craig or someone would find me. I prayed someone would walk in on them and help me. No one did. I lay there, waiting for them to get done.

After what seemed like hours, they stopped. It got quiet. I

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could hear people talking.

“Dude, let’s get out of here. She’s passed out and won’t remember anything,” Chad said.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right. Let’s go. This party is lame anyway,” Mark agreed.

All I heard was the door open and close. People are talking outside the room. No one knew I was back here. No one had realized I was gone. I lay there, hoping to die.

Suddenly, everything went dark.....