

4.The Memory She Couldn't Remember

Mia

I was glad that it was sports day in school. I was going to be free of them for a while. The girls and the boys were separated and didn't participate in the same sports. They weren't going to be able to follow me around and harass me.

Even though we were all on the same field and I could feel their eyes on me, trailing after me everywhere I moved to, I still tried my best to ignore them and have fun.

I wished that the games weren't going to end.

Anna noticed where I was looking at as we jogged and winced. "I'm sorry I got you into this mess. You wouldn't be bullied by them if it was not for me."

I waved off her apology. "Don't worry about that." I told her as I had been telling her for the past four months since the incident.

She felt guilty and I hated it. I had enough negative baggage to deal with and I didn't need her guilt added to it. It had happened and I didn't blame her. I couldn't understand why she insisted on blaming herself.

It had been long since I had talked with her and I didn't want to think that she was avoiding me because of the guilt that she felt. We weren't as close as we used to and I believed it was because of the errands the boys sent me that kept me busy instead of her avoiding me by intentions.

"I shouldn't have been at the garden."

I sighed. When would I stop hearing her tell me that she shouldn't be at the garden? I turned to her, realizing that I hadn't asked her how she had ended up getting tortured by the boys.

We had been both shaken that day that talking of the incident was the last thing on our minds. I started getting bullied the next day and there had been no time for the two of us to talk about it.

"How did you end up at the corner I found you?"

"I was at the garden when they came and they dragged me to that corner." She shuddered. "I couldn't even go to the garden since then."

I nodded. I believed her. Dragging off a helpless female was something they could do. I frowned at what she had said afterwards. "How have you been drawing then?"

She had tears in her eyes. "I haven't been able to draw." She tuned her voice to a whisper. "I keep seeing those eyes anytime I close my eyes to search for what to draw."

I nodded, knowing what she was referring to. I glared at where the boys were, feeling hatred pump through my veins. I hoped they were proud of themselves for giving the two of us trauma we might not heal from.

The three of them arched their eyebrows at me and winked as if they had heard our conversation and knew why I was glaring at them. I knew that was impossible. They couldn't have heard and I was annoyed at the amused smirk on their lips.

I wished I was as strong as they were and wipe that silly smirk off.

Two hours later, the whistle blew off and everyone started dispersing, going off to their various classes. I was on clean up duty and was part of those staying behind to tidy up everywhere.

I didn't realize the others had left and I was all left alone until I looked up and saw the triplets walking towards me. I squeaked in fright and moved backwards, my eyes darting around to find an escape.

There was none. I gasped as Quinn held me by the hand and walked to a corner in the school gym. No one would know that we were there. Anyone passing through would think that everyone had all cleared out of the gym.

"What do you want?" I asked, glaring at the three of them, ignoring the fear pulsing through me.

Jack laughed. "You, of course. Did you have to ask that, sweetheart?"

"I'm not your sweetheart." I hissed.

Jack was the flirty of the three, an impossible playboy but his charms weren't working on me.

John laughed. "She seems to have trouble believing that she is our sweetheart despite all we have been through." He taunted.

Quinn's cold eyes looked at me as he chuckled. "And that is why we brought this to convince her." He said, throwing a bag at me. "Open it." He barked at me.

I looked inside the bag and gasped, feeling shame wash over me at the sight of the clothes in it. Never had I seen such indecent wears. They almost made the short skirts of the school cheerleading team look like religious wears.

I glanced away from the bag and at them. "What do I do with this?"

Jack smiled. "You wear them, of course. Aren't they sexy?"

More like crazy. I snorted. I was about to tell them that I wouldn't wear it when Quinn leaned towards me and growled. "You don't want to make me angry, Mia."

The way he said my name sent chills through me. I bit on my lips, clamping down hard on my tears as I wore the uniforms, one after the other, hating the way they leered at my body as I changed. John stood at a distance, taking pictures of me and they all laughed as he called out poses for me.

"I knew you would look good in them." Jack drawled. "You are so sexy, Mia."

I had had enough. I moved towards John, grabbed the camera from his hands and smashed it on the floor. I felt an odd sense of satisfaction washing over me. That was payback for my spoilt phone.

Jack growled as he pulled me back and roughly slammed against the wall, pinning me down. He tore the cloth I had on and they all laughed as I was left in my undies alone. He tore my panties and pushed his finger deep into me, stroking my core. He leaned closer, his breath coming out in fast paces and my eyes widened as I realized he was going to rape me, right there with his brothers laughing.

"Oh no!" I cried, trying to get away from him. "Please let me go."

They laughed, getting high on my fear and treated me like an unwanted pet. Jack unbuckled his trousers with a hand while he held me down with another.

"Please don't." I cried but I could have remained silent as they didn't respond.

"Is there someone there?"

I breathed in relief as the sound of Mr. Bill's voice. The boys stilled and warned me to keep quiet. It was obvious Mr. Bill was moving inside and they sighed as they walked away from me.

"We were just having some private time, sir." Quinn said as they walked out. "We were the ones inside." They guided the teacher outside and they all left.

I changed into my clothes, wiped my tears and left fifteen minutes afterwards.

It was getting close to the end of the academic year and I was glad I would finally be out of high school. Graduation from high school meant freedom from the bullies.

"Are you going to come to the party tonight?" Sam asked as she walked to my desk.

"I think so." I smiled, already excited about the night.

I stepped into the club, stopping in my tracks as I saw the triplets. I ignored them and moved towards Anna and Sam. I knew they would be there, after all, we were all seniors, but I had prayed that they wouldn't be around.

I should have walked out and gone back home the moment I saw them. I regretted staying fifteen minutes afterwards when Quinn walked towards where I was with my friends and ordered me to follow him to where there were.

I didn't have a choice and did as he had said. All eyes were already on us and I didn't want him to carry me to their table. He wasn't going to give up and it was up to me to either respect myself and go with him with my legs or be carried there, kicking and screaming in protest.

I got drunk as they kept passing drinks to me and forcing me to take them. The next day, I woke up feeling sore and found myself naked. I vaguely remembered being carried out of the club and sleeping with one of the triplet brothers but it had been too dark and I couldn't tell which one of them it had been.

After losing my virginity and hating that I had no memory of it, I mustered the courage to ask mum to let me transfer schools so I could escape the torment of those three devil-like triplets.

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