

## **Four or Dead by G O A Chapter 1 - Chapter 1**

I am standing in front of my full-length mirror trying to decide the best way to hide the scars that litter the skin along my back and neck.

Thankfully, the new bruises I had acquired were along my ribs and could easily be hidden under my shirt. My old scars were the ones hard to hide, but I had to try.

My father didn't like rumors floating around about us especially since he was a valued member of our community.

We lived in an upscale neighborhood thanks to my father's successful company, but it was a version of hell on earth. My father was a monster in these four walls, and a god among men in the real world.

I wish I could say that his hatred toward me began because of my mother's death, that he just couldn't stand looking at me and that was why he hurt me. The fact is, he hated me the moment I was born.

He hated me the moment the doctor said, 'it's a girl'. He wanted a son to become heir of his company and all the shady activity he did under the name of his legitimate business. Mom didn't give him what he wanted, and because he beat her near an inch of her life the moment they brought me home, she never wanted to get pregnant again.

The stress of my father's abuse made it too hard for her to even stand his touch and when he found out that she had secretly taken preventive measure to never get pregnant again, she had signed her death sentence.

She died in a so-called accident, but I know that was a lie. She had ruined my father's chance at having a son, and he killed her for it. I would have died in the accident as well if it hadn't been for a Good Samaritan who happened upon the accident early enough to pull me out. Just after I was pulled out of the car the whole thing burst into flames confirming that my mother was dead.

My father decided it would be too risky to try to kill me again and playing the grieving husband and distraught father was too good an opportunity to pass up.

This was just for show though, because as soon as I healed from the accident, he took out his anger on me.

It started out with a few hits from his belt as discipline, but he would hit me in the back. Then he got creative with his methods of beating me and upgraded to other sorts of items. When I hit puberty though, things only got worse. His friends started to take notice of me, and he would leave me alone with them to do with me as they *wished*. Then he would walk in and punish me again for what I was forced to do.

I had hoped that at least school would be an escape from the hell of a life I endured at home, but I wasn't so lucky.

It felt as if I was born into this world to become an outlet for people to take their anger out on. See some of these scars were from the many attempts to teach me who was in charge in the halls of my school. The long scar across my stomach was from the group of girls at my school who hated me the moment they saw me freshman year. They had been pushing me around and there was a broken railing on the bleachers, and I collided with it hard enough for it to cut through my skin deep enough for it to require stitches.

They had left me there bleeding and in shock until a faculty member found me. Andrea, the typical mean girl and her crew made my life even worse. Then there are the four boys who hung around her, bullies in their own right.

*The Dark Angels*....Asher, Logan, Jayden, and Leo.

That was the name of their crew, although I didn't know much about all that. Andrea and Asher had been a thing since as long as I could remember, and although the others hung around them, they didn't stick with the same girl longer than a week. Asher even had a few girls here and there that Andrea pretended not to see. She was more worried about the statues of being with the leader of The Dark Angels than having his loyalty.

Now The Dark Angels had their own way off tormenting me, in the way of more sexual harassment. Anything from a smack to my butt to pushing me into a dark corner and grinding against me before taking off and laughing.

I had no idea why any of them targeted me since I always tried to keep to myself and avoid interacting with anyone. I didn't have a single friend, and that was because I couldn't trust anyone.

“Emma Grace! Hurry up!” My father yelled up to me from the living room.

I closed my eyes and sighed, going with my usual jean jacket to cover my scars. I wiped away a stray tear from my cheek before opening my bedroom door and making my way down the stairs. I swallow when I saw my dad leaning against the wall next to the door waiting for me. He looked up when he heard me and smiles at me sweetly, but I know that look is lethal. I walk slowly near him and pulled my back pack onto my back and reached carefully for the doorknob. For a moment I thought he would really just let me go, but as I pulled the door open, I was yanked back by the hair and he wrapped it tight in his grip.

“Remember the rules, Emma. Keep your head down, and your mouth shut. Got it?” He asked turning his nose and burying it in my hair.

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to think of anything else, and when he finally let go, I stumbled out the door and raced down the front steps. My bike was hidden on the side of the house and I sprinted to grab it and mounted it all in one quick motion.

My school was in no way a haven, but I was too scared to stay here a moment longer. One thing I knew for sure was that although the kids at school enjoyed hurting me, my father would enjoy killing me. For some reason I still wanted to live, but that could change at any moment. I mean what kind of life was worth living when it was full of pain?

I took my time getting to school so that I could enjoy a bit of peace and fresh air before climbing right back into the lion’s den. The peace was short lived though, and soon my eyes fell on the outer building of my school. Other students were laughing and smiling as they filed into the main entrance, and I carefully parked my bike. I kneeled to lock a chain to it and stupidly turned my back. I should have known there would be no reprieve before the tormenting would start again. Before I even registered the sound of approaching steps my face was crashing into the chain of my bike making me cry out from both shock and pain. I fell to my butt and cradled my face in my hands as my face throbbed with pain. As expected, a stream of blood began to run down from my nose, and I leaned my head back but it had already started dripping all over my clothes.

Snickering came from above me and my eyes met Andrea’s and she smirked at me.

“Welcome to senior year!” She said before turning and sashaying toward the entrance of the school with her minions in tow.

I little out a shaky breath and push myself off the floor and try to keep my head back slightly even though it probably would do little good.

First day and I already had blood all over me, great. I heard another snickering laugh as The Dark Angels walked past me in the direction of the front door.

“Hey sunny! You got something on your shirt there.” Logan called out with a laugh.

Sunny.

Not the worst nickname out there but it annoyed me that it meant the jerk didn't even know my name even though his crew had been targeting me for the last three years. He started calling me sunny because my hair had a tendency to turn a golden color in the sun. So, around the beginning of the year after summer break my hair usually turned a lighter color, but that wasn't the full extent of the joke. He often made comments about whether or not my other hair looked the same and if I sunbathed naked to make sure everything matched. It was stupid but he and his buddies found it funny, so I ignored the comments.

I let them pass without a reply and waited a few moments longer before walking into the front door myself and immediately heading toward the bathroom. I made quick work of washing my face off and making sure the bleeding from my nose had stopped. Once I was finished, I examined my nose in the mirror and concluded that my nose wasn't broken but there was some slight bruising appearing on the ridges and in the inner corners of my eyes. Thankfully I carried a foundation stick with me for such events, and I quickly covered as much as I could.

My father did not allow me to wear makeup, so this one stick was a rare commodity that I had been able to hide from him. I had to use it sparingly, so I hoped that my future confrontations with the devil's spawns would consist of bodily injuries and not face injuries.

I am sure you are wondering why I have never fought back or why I don't whine more about pain. The truth is about ninety percent of the time I have a severe injury that makes these small injuries not worth my breath. Right now, I was sporting bruised ribs and bruises to my legs as well that hurt far worse making the injury to my face feel like a paper cut. I have been in pain every day for my life, so I was used to it. A sigh escaped my mouth when I realized there was areas that the makeup wasn't covering well, and I gave up. As I walked closer to the door, I heard voices on the other side and quickly ducked into one of the stalls.

## Chapter 2

I did my best to quiet my breathing when I saw that it was Andrea and her crew who had come in.

“So? Did you and Asher finally make things official?” One of Andrea’s friends asked excitedly.

What was her name again? Melody....I couldn’t remember. I had never really taken the time to learn their names in between the attacks on me.

“Of course we did! It was amazing! I mean I knew he wasn’t a virgin but that extra experience made it worth it!” Andrea gushed.

“So you told him it was your first time? How did he take that?” one of the other girls asked.

“Hell no! I didn’t want him to be all weird about it, so I didn’t say anything.” Andrea admitted.

“Well now that he has had a taste of you he is going to be all over you to do it again.” Yet another girl added.

“So? I am happy to do anything for him, he just has to ask. I don’t want to be one of his throw always. I want him to always come running back to me no matter who he has been with.” Andrea said.

“Well make sure you are worth his effort. That means we need to go shopping!” The first girl said excitedly. “Some sexy lingerie!”

“Yes absolutely! After school yeah? You will have him drooling!” And with that they pranced out of the bathroom leaving me alone finally.

Andrea was a virgin? And she didn’t tell Asher? Why would she lie about such a thing? She had thrown away such a special thing for a jerk like Asher who happily hooked up with other girls right in front of her.

I shook my head and opened the door giving myself another quick look just in time for the first bell to ring. I ran from the bathroom and headed to my first class with barely a minute to spare. When I looked around I found that all the seats were taken except for one in back right in the middle of The Dark Angel’s group.

Great.

I slowly walked toward the seat with my head lowered, but I caught the smirks the boys gave me. I just had to get through this day.

“Hey Sunny girl! Saved you a seat, unless you rather sit on this thrown.” Leo says hunting out his hips with a laugh that made my insides knot in the worst way.

“This seat is fine thank you.” I say softly and sitting in the vacant seat without another word.

The teacher walked in just before one of the others could get another word in, and finally, their attention drifted from me. Class went by without any interaction from the boys other than a few smirks and looks. I had no idea why these guys focused on me at all because compared to Andrea and the others I was nothing special. I wasn't allowed to even try to look pretty, but maybe that's why they enjoyed teasing me so much because I am so plain.

My wavy brown hair almost hits my waist and I have a constant pink blush on my cheeks any time I step outside. My skin is a very light tan and I have a slim figure with no curves whatsoever. That last bit was mostly because my diet was heavily monitored to be sure I was appealing for whatever purpose my father had for me. Andrea wasn't the only one who lost her virginity recently, but at least she cared about the boy who did it. My first time would never be a precious memory for me it caused me to wake up screaming and crying since that day.

When class ended I gathered my things quickly and dashed for the door. I finally took the opportunity to unload some of my stuff into my locker. The door slammed suddenly just barely missing my fingers and I gasped and stumbled back, my heart pounding and my eyes wide.

“Sunny.” Logan says with a smile as he made his way toward me.

As he moved closer to me I took a step back and he sighed. “Stop walking away from me Sunny.”

I gulped and stopped in my tracks. “Good girl now let's get to class.” He said wrapping an arm around my shoulder and leading me to the next class which I guess we had together.

He led me to a seat and gave the guy in the seat beside me a look causing the guy to scurry away. He took the newly vacated seat with a triumphant smile. Soon Asher walked in with Andrea draped all over him and he took the seat on the opposite side of me. He didn't say a word to me but I could feel his intense stare on me, even though Andrea was turned toward him from the seat in front of him, going on and on about something I cared nothing about. Something was different from how the boys usually treated me, but I was confused about why. They often played tricks on me, sometimes to an unbearable limit. Now they were going out of their way to be near me, and acting almost...possessive. What game were they playing?

When the class ended and I made my way to the cafeteria, I felt the tug of someone following me. Logan and Leo tailed me toward the lunch line as I picked out an apple and milk.

"Do you ever eat Sunny?" Leo asks me. "Or are you one of those girls that try to be as skinny as a supermodel?"

He raked his eyes down my body and shook his head in disapproval. "You may have the figure but you are far too short to have a career like that."

I don't say a word and turn my attention back to the line.

"She is far too ugly to model anyway. Look at her, she doesn't even wear any makeup which just makes it worse. It's pathetic." Andrea says slamming into my shoulder and moving to stand in line in front of me.

Again I said nothing and I kept my head low.

"Shut up Andrea." Leo snaps out. "You don't have a chance either so just keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you!"

I swallowed and dared to steal a glance between them. Andrea's mouth was agape, and she turned to Asher and pouted. "Baby, are you going to let him talk to me like that?"

Asher shrugged and walked away with Andrea trailing behind him and whining.

"God I hate that girl. Her voice is like nails against a chalkboard. I feel bad for Ash." I hear Logan say with a groan.

Finally, I made it to the end of the line and pulled my money out to pay for my two items, but Leo swooped in thrusting a few bills to the lunch lady. I looked at him with confusion.

“What you don’t like when a guy pays for your food? Isn’t that what girls fuss over All the time? You know, it’s the gentlemanly thing to do and all.” Leo said with a cocky grin.

“Why are you doing this?” I asked, my voice just above a whisper.

He looked at me with furrowed brows. “What exactly am I doing?”

“I don’t know...following me, buying my lunch...what do you want from me?” I asked him.

He smiled. “Maybe I want a favor from you.”

I sigh. “What do you want?”

He tapped his chin and pretended to consider his options. “How about I just hold on to the favor for now.”

I nodded and turned to walk away only for Leo and Logan to each grab one of my elbows and lead me to their table.

“W-what are you doing?” I asked frantically trying to pull away from them.

“You are sitting with us today. Hey you! Move over.” Leo yelled at one of the girls sitting at the table

She quickly moved and Leo sat me in her spot.

“Is this the favor?” I asked him loud enough that only he could hear.

He leaned in close to me. “When I ask for my favor you will be doing more than sitting next to me for lunch.”

I gulped and fell silent, setting my hands in my lap and keeping my head low. I didn’t even touch my food because I was too nervous. It felt like The Dark Angels were setting me up for something and my mind was panicking as the theOries of what it could be ran through my head. I could feel Andrea shooting daggers at me with her eyes, so I didn’t say a word or move at all as the others laughed and joked

around me. I didn't belong here and as soon as the bell rang I grabbed my food and rushed away. I could hear Andrea and her friends laughing and saying things about me making the others at the table laugh as well, but I didn't stick around to hear a word. I didn't stop when I heard someone calling out after me. All I did was run and pushed out the side doors and made my way toward the football field and leaned against a wall hidden under the bleachers.

*'What are they planning? Why won't they just do it?'* I thought to myself.

