

## Where were you?

Warning physical and s\*xual assault

Cassie

I unlocked the door to my apartment, expecting the living room lights to be off and the room empty. To my surprise, Rick sat on the couch looking ragged.

"What are you doing up?" I asked.

He jumped up, and rushed to me, grabbing my face with his hands.

"God Cassie! Where have you been? I have been calling all night, leaving you messages."

"You know I went out. I don't know why you are freaking out like this." I stepped back, breaking his hold.

"You could have texted me just once to let me know you were okay."

"I was pissed at you Rick. I went out to get some space and I had some fun. Now, here I am."

"Did you f\*ck someone tonight?" he snarled at me.

He actually snarled at me, this a\*shole.

"As a matter of fact, I did. You wanted to have an open relationship and I took it to heart."

"You f\*cking b\*tch! You weren't supposed to actually do it."

"What did you just say?" I was seething. I f\*cking knew it! He just wanted to cheat with permission.

"Look, I've been talking to this girl at work, and she's been coming on to me. It's been getting a little hard to resist her advances. We've been together for 6 years, so I thought that maybe I could get you to agree to an open relationship, and then I could sleep with this girl to get her out of my system. Then I would say I changed my mind. You weren't actually supposed to go out there and actively seek someone to sleep with. Now you're the one that has cheated on me. It f\*cking hurts!"

I stared at him like he was the dumbest id\*ot in the world. He just admitted to what I had thought all along.

"So, what? Little Miss Cassie is so in love with you that she would never think about being with another guy?" I asked, sarcastically. "News ash Rick, I'm not the type to sit around. I take action. You should know this, like you've said, we've been together for 6 years."

He grabbed me by the arms and I stiffened.

"Who were you with Cassie? Was it Greg? He's always been sning around you since our freshman year in college. Or maybe you contacted Jason? You know, the co-worker you said was just a friend when we bumped into him at Starbucks." His hands started to squeeze my arms. I brought both my hands up quickly and pushed out, breaking his contact. I looked at my arms and saw red marks in the shape of his ngers.

"F\*ck you, Rick! It was no one, you know, no one in our circle. Stay the hell away from me tonight. You can sleep in the extra bedroom." I stomped away from him and went into our bedroom and slammed the door.

I sat on the bed trying hard not to go back out there and kick his stupid ass. I knew this was all a ruse. I unbuckled my shoes and kicked them off, then I undressed and let my dress drop to the oor. I went into the bathroom and started the shower. The feeling of Ripper's c\*m on my thighs felt delicious, but I had to wash it off. I would not be able to sleep sticky.

Sighing as I dried myself off, I swiped at the mirror to clean off the condensation, so I could look at my face. I didn't look any different for sleeping with someone new, but I sure as hell felt different. Ripper awoke something inside of me that I wanted to explore. I wanted to be naughty when I was with him. I wanted to do things that I have only read about. I wonder if he would tie me up and use me anyway he wanted. I wonder if he would share me. F\*ck just the thought of it brought shivers down my spine. I brushed my teeth and then blew myself a kiss.

Turning, I opened the door and pain exploded in my forehead. It made my eyesight go black. A st hit me over and over again in the face. I tried to throw my hands up to block, but the blurriness in my vision was making that hard. I kicked out and connected with a body part. I heard a grunt. Then I felt a sharp pain in my ribs. Did this mother f\*cker just hit me with a baseball bat in the ribs? I fell on the carpet.

"You think I am just going to take the disrespect you have done to me tonight, Cassie? You f\*cked another man, and then had the audacity to tell me to stay the hell away from you? I don't think so." He kicked me in the stomach three times, and then I felt him fall over me.

I felt Rick manipulate my body and spread my legs. I tried hitting him but the pain was so bad that it made me weak. I felt him shove into me and I screamed. He drove into me with punishing thrusts. I could feel my insides tear, and the outside of my v\*gina rip. Five minutes later, he was done. I moaned as he got off of me. My ribs were screaming.

"You're nothing but a f\*cking wh\*re. I'm going to stay at a hotel tonight. You had better be packed and gone by the time I get home from work today. It's my Saturday to work. I'll be home by four. Don't be here." I heard some shuing as he xed his clothes. Then I heard the front door slam.

How did he expect me to f\*cking move? I was pretty sure the left side of my ribs was broken. I know my nose is, I can feel the throb of pain with each heartbeat. He must have smacked me in the face and ribs with his short bat he has for decoration. The pain between my legs and my insides was unbearable. His c\*m and possibly blood were leaking out of me. I whimpered as I rolled over onto my stomach. A deep moan crept up my throat and left my mouth. F\*ck, moving hurts. I had to get to my phone that was in my clutch on the table beside the door. I tried dragging myself, but the pain was too much, and I could feel myself about to black out. With all my strength, I lifted myself onto my hands and knees. Nausea and dizziness came over me and I felt myself sway. I moved forward, crawling slowly, whimpering with every shue. I was halfway to the table when all of a sudden my world went black.

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Becca

I pulled up to my sister's apartment at 8 a.m. I always picked her up for our Saturday breakfast with papa. Normally, she was outside waiting for me. Taking out my phone from my giant canvas bag, I called her. I let it ring until it went to voicemail and then I hung up. This wasn't like her making me wait. She is a punctual person. I knew she felt it was rude to take up people's time, and make them wait. Turning off my car, and grabbing my bag, I got out and went into her apartment complex. I jogged up the stairs and walked to her door. I knocked and waited. Frowning, I pulled out the spare key she gave me for emergencies and I unlocked her door. Seeing her naked on the oor covered in bruises and blood made my heart stop. I ran to her and checked her pulse. Thank f\*ck it was there and beating steadily. I pulled out my phone and called 911. Who did this? Did the maa nd us? Where was Rick? Sticking my hand back into my bag, I took out my glock 48. I didn't know if there was anyone in the apartment. I listened hard but didn't hear anything. I turned to the couch and saw a blanket. I got up and grabbed it and covered my sister. Tears tracked down my cheeks in both sorrow and anger. I heard sirens and hurriedly put my gun back into my bag. I ran out the door and saw the paramedics running up the stairs. I waved them over and let them do their thing. I dialed my dad while I followed the paramedics to the hospital. This was going to kill him.

"Ciao, mia bellissima glia." (Hello, my beautiful daughter)

"Papà, Cassie è ferita. Ci vediamo al Presbyterian Hospital

" (Papa, Cassie's hurt. Meet me at Presbyterian Hospital)

I hung up on him. I didn't give my dad time to ask questions I didn't have the answers to. I prayed all the way to the hospital to please let my sister survive so we could kill whoever did this.