

## Silk

Her grip tightened around the silk underneath her. She panted. The unbearable pain forced itself inside her, breathing rapidly she wished for him to finish, for him to stop. Tears filled her eyes as he kissed her as tenderly as he could manage. He cared very little about what she could handle and only wanted to reach a spectacular climax. His manhood slammed against her aching thighs. She bit her cheek to avoid whimpering. She knew what he wanted and wanted to give him just that. She moaned the loudest she could. He groaned as evidence of his pleasure erupted like lava from a volcano. Her insides flooded with the salty result of her hard work. He removed himself from her and zipped up his trousers as though he had just taken a leak.

She stared intently at the silk that mocked her. The fabric was soft and durable all at once. She longed to rip the taunting cloth to shreds. Its red color hid the horrors she had grown to love. She knelt on the bed. Her sanity dwindled. How did she get here? Why was she so scared? Wouldn't she have killed to make someone explode just a few days ago? A series of unanswerable questions raced through her mind as she tries to remember something. What was her name even?

She shuffled off of the comfortable bed and onto the hardwood floor; The impact of the fall bruised her knees further. She stifled a scream and collapsed onto the ground. She was icy-cold. She looked up to see a small window closed off with bars. The brilliant blue skies filled her with dread. She pondered some more as to what her name could be. She looked around her room. There was an overpowering aroma of piss and feces filling the room. As the naked woman looks down, she realizes a mixture blood and semen ran down her leg. She sighed as the sight was second-nature at this point. Wasn't it? She looked down at her right arm a series of cuts scarring her wrists. Had she tried to kill herself? She squints at the scars realizing it was a name.

Ramona.

She decided she would claim that name for herself until she recovered her memory.

"I'm Ramona, nice to meet you," she said struggling with each syllable like it was a hurdle.

Her jaw was unexpectedly sore. Brown hair fell into her mouth before she could continue to practice her greeting. She heard a door open. When Ramona looked behind her, she saw three men. The first man was tall and white; His gray eyes lacked any trace of human emotion; His sinister smile hinted at worse to come; A blond goatee covered the little chin he had. The second man was white too. He looked old enough to be a great-grandfather; The man would lick his rotting teeth incessantly. The man's wire-frame glasses clung to his nose. Finally, Ramona's eyes darted to the last man; A stout latino with a genuine smile on his face. He seemed to be the most disconnected from reality. His expression bewildered Ramona and made her instinctively cover herself. She created a mnemonic for each man. The first man was the young, the second was the old, and the final one was the scary. The scary dragged a chair into a corner of the room. He pulled down his pants like they were going to eat him alive. His penis bounced upwards and slapped into his abdomen. The other men dropped their trousers revealing swelling erections.

"Wait... No..." Ramona whispered almost inaudibly.

Her pulse quickened as she backed into the comforter. Memories of a living hell rushed back to her. Her name wasn't Ramona; Ramona was her sister.

21:00

Helena and Ramona staggered out of the nightclub. The approaching footsteps went unnoticed in their drunken stupor. Someplace darker awaited the young women.

Ramona looked entirely different from her sister. Her blond hair was a juxtaposition to her sister's brunette locks. People had often joked that they had different fathers even though they were fraternal twins. Ramona's striking green eyes could easily enamor anyone who was foolish enough to look into them; Ramona was a goddess.

Ramona would be the first to die. After fighting to try and save her sister, her brains would end up as graffiti on a wall.

## Present

Helena snapped back into reality, tears in her eyes as she had once again been getting forced into something she was unaware of. Sparks of pain jolted her spine as the men forced themselves onto her. The silk sheets once again were the only comfort in the room. The red dye matched the liquid oozing its way out of Helena's breached cavities.

"My name is Helena," she said weakly.

Her attackers didn't acknowledge her voice. The only thing the men had any interest in was a second of pure ecstasy that they felt she would provide. She gripped the bedsheets as hard as she could. Her body froze. She isn't strong enough to save herself. How many times had this happened? How long ago had Ramona died?

"How long have I been here?" She screamed to the invaders.

The old punched Helena while slamming his pelvis into hers.

"How about you shut the fuck up before you end up like your sister?" He growled.

Helena wouldn't speak again for the rest of the night. Helena would never speak again. Almost instantaneously she shoved the sad, gross men off herself. She did her best to fight them, but her restraints had kept her bound close to the rustic bed. Before she could land a punch on the old, a shot rang out and Helena's legs weakened. Helena realized she had just been shot. Blood poured out of the wound, pain reverberated throughout her body. These were her final moments, laying in a pool of her own blood on those god-forsaken silk sheets.