

I'm yours

Two weeks later..

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I looked at myself in the mirror. The dress was ridiculously white, with some silver ribbons around the waist. The sleeves were long and ruffled. The wedding was in two hours. Mary Rose had helped me dress and do my make up. Now I just stood there staring at myself.

I surrendered.

My mind drifted to that night...

"Who do you belong to?" I felt his breathing against my cheek.

I needed to save my parents, they don't deserve what he'll do to them..

So I said the words he wanted to hear, the words that stung so much that I wanted to die instantly.

"You.. I belong to you"

He thrust his lips on mine, aggressively he started rubbing my flower again and I moaned. Not long after I felt something hard rub against my thigh. He broke the kiss and started to take off my panties.

"Wait!" I blurted out. He stopped.

"What?" his husky and deep voice echoed in my ears. I realized I shouldn't protest.

"Please...just be gentle.." I held back my tears. The blindfold was probably soaking in my tears by now.

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I felt him kiss my forehead softly and then my lips. My panties slipped off and he pushed my legs further apart. I shivered in fear and bit my lip. He was really going to do this...

He stroked my chin and whispered "just relax, you belong to me and you might enjoy this"

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Somehow it calmed me, knowing that he will be the only one who can do this to me. But then I remembered that guy in the alley with the knife. How he didn't know me at all but still tried to do the exact same thing that Dimitri was doing. Is this my life now? Letting men do what they want with my body? Is that my whole purpose?

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NO!

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That little voice inside me screamed. Maybe it was right...

Dimitri pressed his lips against mine again and his tongue begged for access. I allowed it. He let out a chuckle. Then I felt the intimate pressure enter my flower. It thrust inside me and I let out a small scream. His hand covered my mouth. He thrust back and forth and I let out a muffled moan. His breathing got heavier and I felt immense pain in my flower. He started pumping me faster and faster. I tried wiggle out of the handcuffs but then gave up. My whole body went numb due to the pain. He kissed my neck and released my mouth so he could kiss me again.

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A part of me was glad that he blindfolded me, I didn't want to have images from this nightmare in my head. His pumps became harsher and I just waited for him to finish. He let out a small moan and slowed down. Then suddenly he stopped and breathed on my neck. I felt his sweat on my skin. He had finished.

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"Elizabeth?"

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I was snapped out of my thoughts. I looked up in the mirror and saw him standing by the doorway in the reflection. He had cleaned up nicely and wore a black suit. I immediately tensed up and looked down. He started walking towards me.

"You look beautiful" he smiled.

I started biting my lip furiously. He put his hands around my waist and kissed my neck. I shivered and tried to break free from his hold. But his strength was unbelievable.

"I thought the groom was supposed to wait by the altar?" I said, trying to distract him so I could break free. He looked at me in the mirror.

"Yes, that's true. But I make the rules here so I decide the tradition" he smirked.

"Also" he turned me around and pulled me close to him "your parents are here"

My eyes widened and fear washed over me "what? How?" I tried to pull away from him but his grip was, yet again, too strong.

"I thought it might make the day easier for you"

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"So all of a sudden you care? This is ridiculous!"

I covered my face in my hands, I didn't want him to see me worry again.

"What made you think that I don't care?" he let go of my waist and I took a few steps back.

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"If you'd really care then you wouldn't force me to marry you..."

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He sighed. I walked over to the window and saw the back garden. Servants were setting up chairs and flowers. He brought my parents to his hell mansion. And for what? To show them my prison? To threaten them too? My mind went back to two weeks ago...

I woke up, still handcuffed to the bed. Memories from last night crept in my head. The blindfold had fallen off, or maybe he took it off? I wiggled my wrists again. Why did he have to use handcuffs? I suddenly started to panic and cried out trying to release myself.

"Need any help?"

I froze. He stood in the doorway of the bathroom. I did my best to not show fear but it was all I was feeling right now. I stopped playing with the cuffs and looked at the window. The sun was up. His bedroom was big and had dark furniture and grey walls. I heard him walk towards the bed and sat next to me.

"Do you need help with the cuffs?" he asked again.

"Y-yes" I blurted out. My voice was almost gone. He stroked my cheek and I flinched away. I heard the cuffs cling and my wrists were free. I tried sitting up but was still sore between my thighs and on my lower stomach. When I sat I cried out, grabbing the nightstand. He quickly grabbed my shoulder and sat next to me.

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"Are you okay?"

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Did he really just ask me that? Of course I'm not okay, he just raped me last night.

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"No...it hurts..." I cried. Then I realized my tears. I quickly turned away from him, rubbing my tears away.

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"Hey..hey, it's okay"

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I sensed a care in his voice.

"No...it's not. Please leave me alone"

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He then stood up and grabbed my chin, making me look him in the eyes. My teary orbs met his blue ones.

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I pulled away and rubbed my tears away again.

"I'm sorry, I'll stop. Please don't hurt me" I begged. He didn't say anything.

Instead he grabbed my hands and started moving his thumb in circles over my hand. It calmed me a little.

"I'm not mad" he stated and I looked up "but you should know that once we are married, I don't wanna hear you protest when I want you"

I shivered at the thought of him doing all that again. But I could only give him one answer.

"I understand"

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I heard him come closer as I watched through the window. He put his arms around my waist and pulled me in his chest. He started kissing my neck and I flinched away.

"Hey, stop fighting it" he threatened.

I instantly froze.

After a few kisses he turned me around and just looked at me. What did he want? His stare became uncomfortable and I backed away. He just pulled me back to his strong chest.

"I'll see you at the altar" he whispered and grabbed my hair. My head flinched backwards and he thrust his lips on mine. I started hitting his chest until he broke the kiss. He laughed and then walked out the door.

Mary Rose suddenly came rushing in as I was fixing my lipstick after Dimitri's forceful kiss.

"We are ready!" She announced.

Holy shit... I am getting married..

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Whoop whoop! Thank you for the 1K reads 😊

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