

Captive, again.

"How are you feeling?"

I didn't answer.

"Elizabeth, please"

No words came out.

I touched my ring and tears threatened to come out again. I have to stop crying, it's useless. His words were useless, I didn't care about anything anymore.

at

"Elizabeth, you need to eat"

...

at

"Please, don't act like this"

...

at

"I want you to get better"

...

at

"Elizabeth..."

His nonstop words echoed far away from me.

He had blindfolded me in the helicopter so I wouldn't know where we were. All I know is we are at a house, near a lake I guess. I hear a stream but no birds. Must be a few trees outside then. I stopped fighting him when he tied me to the bed in this room. He used a rope and tied my wrists on either side of the headboard on the bed. That's when I froze. I haven't talked for days, only cried. Dimitri was dead.

The man that I learned to love...is dead. Shot in cold blood and it's all my fault.

at

The door opened once again and Lucius came in. He was holding a tray with breakfast. I turned my head the other way. I haven't slept for hours, did I stay awake the whole night? I heard him put the tray down on the nightstand then the bed sank. He was sitting next to me. Without my control my hands started shaking. I dug my face in the pillow, the best I could and held in a sob. Dimitri is dead...

at

A hand touched my shoulder and I flinched away. The hand didn't move away though, it grabbed my chin and forced me to turn around. My eyes hurt from all the crying but I think I don't have any le now.

"You need to eat" he stated. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see his face.

"Last chance, you said you'd cooperate"

I bit my lip, trying to hold in all the nasty words I wanna throw at him. With a breath, I open my eyes. His black hair is curly and messy, and his cold eyes won't stop looking at me.

at

"Go to hell" I spit out and move away from his touch. It wouldn't surprise me if he-

A slap knocks me from my thoughts, my right cheeks is burning. Like I said: It wouldn't surprise me if he would hurt me a er that comment.

What happened to all this crap about not hurting me?

I rested my head deeper into the pillow, not commenting on his resent action. A er a few moments my le wrist is untied. I turn to see him walking to the right side of me. He untied my right wrist too. I quickly sat up and moved closer to the headboard.

He placed the tray in front of me. "Eat"

at

...

"Elizabeth, please" he said gently.

at

...

Next thing I know he pulls his gun on me, I jump at the sight of it.

at

"Eat or else" he warns. I gulp but quickly reach for the bread on the tray. On it is some kind of a cream cheese? I look back at him and see his gun still pointed at me. I take a bite of the bread and focus on not shaking. My cheek still burns a er his hit. I take another bite and wait for his gun to go away. I look back at him, waiting for something.

at

He seems satisfied when I finish the bread but his gun is still pointed at me, making me very uneasy. I'm still wearing my scrubs.

at

I look down and notice my wrists are turning purple.

"How are you feeling?" he asks.

I look up at him and frown "I'd feel a lot better with that gun pointed elsewhere"

He looks at his gun and chuckles "sorry" he lowers the gun and places it inside his leather jacket. I let out a breath and he stares at me. A er a while I get annoyed.

at

"What do you want?"

He smiles "you"

at

"Well you can't have me"

at

"But I already do" he smiles even more. I roll my eyes and attempt to stand up. He stands up to give me some space. I grab the night stand to give myself a little push. I stand upright and take a few breaths.

"Where are we?" I ask as I look around the room.

"In a house" he says and comes closer.

at

"How long have I stayed here?"

"A few days" he smiles and snakes his hand around my waist. He was not gonna give me any information about this place. I sigh. I can't escape if I don't know where I am and he knows that. Smart move, I have to give him credit for that.

He leans in closer, I feel his breath on my face. I try to push him away but then stop. I need him to trust me. He smirks as he notices my obedience.

at

"H-How long will we stay here?"

"Not for long" his hand touches my cheek. He leans in closer and our lips touch. I want to throw up but force myself instead to kiss him. It might earn me enough trust for him to let me at least outside. I break the kiss and give him a small smile.

at

"Thank you for untying me"

"Your welcome"

at

It's been almost a week and he still hasn't let me outside. The house is not big, it only has, I think, three bedrooms. A living room, kitchen and two bathrooms. One on the first floor and the other on the second. He gives me space, something Dimitri hardly gave me. A part of me will not believe he is dead but the other is certain. Until one evening when Lucius turned on the TV in the living room.

at

"It has now been confirmed that the ruthless mafia leader known as Dimitri Alexander Vivaldi was shot on the rooftop at the general hospital-"the sound was turned o .

at

Dimitri is dead, murdered by him, this sick man that won't let me go. The hole in my chest hasn't le since I found out. It was so quick, one moment he was looking at me, loving me and the next he is on the ground. I wondered if Lucius regretted his action. Dimitri told me they used to be friends. But he does not seem bothered. My gut tells me to ask him. I walk to the kitchen where he is preparing dinner.

at

His back is turned to me so I pat his shoulder. He turns around holding a knife and I jump back.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you" he smiles and lays the knife down. I swallow my fear and try to make words. He crosses his arms. "Is something wrong?"

I bite my lip "No...I was just wondering.."

He takes a step closer "what?"

"I...it's" shit my words are stuck.

"Tell me" he leans in.

I panic "do you regret it?!"

at

He frowns and looks at me not pleased.

"Why do you ask?" he says calmly but I hear anger.

"I just want to know" I whisper looking down.

"Do you still think about him?" he pushes me against the wall, blocking my sides with his arms.

"Of course, he was my husband" I reply a bit angry. His fist slams to the wall.

at

"Do you regret it?" I ask again. I want an answer from him.

He smirks.

"You're right, he was your husband but also your captor. He totally Stockholm Syndrome you"

at

"He did not" I say through gritted teeth.

at

"Is that your kink maybe? Being tied up, over powered, maybe you liked it when he hit you, threatened you, forcefully kissed you. I was there, I saw and heard everything and don't try to deny it"

at

"How dare you!" I li my hand to slap him but he grabs it.

at

"Maybe we should have an arrangement. Disobey me or try that again and you'll get punished"

at

He's gonna use Dimitri's tactic on me? Oh hell no, I'm not living through that torture again. He lets go of my hand and I punch him as soon as I can. He stumbles backwards but does not lose his balance. I take a run for the door and open it. To my surprise it's open. I bolt out.

at

Continue reading next part