

Punishment

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.

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I was right, outside was a lake and few trees. I sprint down the road and end on a highway. My lungs are burning me. I hear footsteps and turn around to see Lucius. He is getting to his car. Why didn't I think of that? I curse and start running faster. I need to get away, I will not be held captive again. The car soon catches up to me and I jump off the road and head for an open grass field. A car door shuts and I know he is coming after me.

"Elizabeth!" he yells. I won't let him catch me.

Suddenly two hands grab me and I'm lifted off the ground. I struggle and end up falling to the ground with a loud thud. He gets on top of me and pins my wrist over my head. A flashback from the night at Dimitri's house appears in my mind. The first time he really hurt me.

"Get off!" I cry out.

"Tsk tsk, someone's been a bad girl" he smirks "Someone deserves a punishment, don't you think?"

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"No!" I scream out again. He leans down and presses his lips on mine, I freeze. His hand then slips down my sides while the other holds my wrists. He starts rubbing my flower and I scream again. He slaps me.

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"You'll only make it worse" he warns. I close my eyes, totally giving up. What has happened to my life? Why did this happen? Because this man just picked me randomly one day while I was working? And now when I finally found a tiny bit of happiness he had to take it away.

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I was giving up completely when I heard a sound from the distance. I opened my eyes, a wind blew our way. Lucius stopped touching me and looked up also. He stands up but I lie frozen on the grass. My vision blurs. I hear a gunshot. Who was he killing this time? The noise became louder and soon overwhelming. I close my eyes. This is the end for me.

My head hurts, I feel like throwing up. I try to move but my hands are chained to the bedpost. Wait what? Chained? This is not the same room I was in earlier. This room had dark red walls, the bed was mostly black. And the curtains were black to my right. I look down to see my legs free and bare. I was just in my underwear and bra. What is he going to do? The door in front of the bed opened. I looked up, it was Lucius. Only wearing his black jeans. His hair was a little wet.

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"Please, don't do this" I panicked. He didn't say anything, just stood there and stared at me. Then he leaned in and grabbed my ankles. I pulled away but he was strong. He grabbed a chain with a leather cuff at the end, then cuffed my ankles to either side of the bed. Tears formed in my eyes once again.

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This can't be happening again.

"Lucius please" I cry out. He walks to the left side of the bed.

"Say one more word and I will gag you" he warns.

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"No please!"

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He smiles. In his hand is a red cloth. He grabs my chin and shoves it in my mouth. I hear the chain as I struggle. He then gags me with another cloth and ties it tight. I know better than to make any sounds now.

"There" he says pleased "Now listen closely because I won't repeat myself"

I look away. He can beat me all he wants, but I will never listen to him again. I look at the curtains and see a weird looking dresser. On top of it are sex toys on display. I shudder and see on the wall behind it are whips and chains. This was a red room. Or like normal people call it, sex room. I sob and bury my face in the pillow. He is gonna do it...

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"Elizabeth, listen" he commands again. I slowly turn to him again with tears in my eyes. The gag is starting to hurt my jaw. I pull on the chains again but they wouldn't budge. I was stuck, totally at his mercy now.

"Like I said before, you've been a bad girl and deserve a punishment" I cry out again but it only came out muffled. He walks to the wall with the whips and chains. I stiffen as he grabs one whip. He slaps it against the dresser and I flinch. He makes his way slowly towards me again. He strokes it on my thigh and my stomach, then slaps it on my stomach. I let out a muffled scream, my stomach was burning. Is it really supposed to hurt this much? In movies it usually brings pleasure. He slaps my stomach again and I feel a burning sensation.

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"Please" I beg through the gag. He then grabs the chains that hold my arms and pins them in the middle of the bed post. With a swift motion I am flipped on my stomach with spread legs. I hear a clinking sound and my legs are secured in the chains again. I lift my head to see what he was going to do next. His hand pushes my head back down. The room is silent for a minute. What is he going to do?

A sudden pain hits my ass and I scream. I feel his hand stroke it and kiss it. He then hits it again with the whip. I cry into the pillow and pull on the chain.

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He hits me again and again. I'm almost out of breath when the gag suddenly is loosened. The one around my head is removed and I spit out the cloth, finally getting some air. I'm exhausted. The bed sank and I stiffen again.

"Please..." I hear myself begging again.

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He doesn't say anything then I feel him stroking my back. A moment passes and the only sounds are my sobs and his frustrated breath.

"I'm not done" he stated. I turn my head to him the best I could. He looks at me with a black expression. "I don't wanna gag you, so please accept what's to come Elizabeth"

I scoo "You want me to accept the so called punishment without a word?"

"Yes" his hand moves to my ass and I hold in a cry. It hurts so much that even the slightest touch sends waves of pain up my back and down my legs.

"If you scream or even make a sound, this will become so much worse for you"

And so it began. His whip was in the air and soon landed on my ass again. I bit my lip to hold in my pleas. He walks away for a minute then returns. The chains on my legs loosen a bit, his hand slides around my stomach and I am hauled up. I am bent down, on my knees with my ass in the air. This position couldn't be anymore humiliating. His hands stroke my ass and he slaps it lightly, but due to his previous whips I nearly scream.

"Remember, don't make a sound" he warns.

I feel his fingers linger on my lower back and then move down to my ass. I flinch but his hand grabs my thigh to hold me in place. His finger traces my private spot then stops near my ass. I bit my lip harder and harder until I feel the taste of blood. His finger then slips in.

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"Your ass is quite tight" he comments under his breath.

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It took all I had in me to not scream and curse at him. His finger slips further inside and I nearly moan. The blood drips down my chin and lick it. The bitter taste of my own blood is the only thing that keeps my mind from what he's doing to me.

It slips in and out and he rubs my flower in the process.

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"Please..." I cry. It was too late. I hear him chuckle a bit and he stands up. He strokes an object near my ass. It was small but long. I shiver in fear and it is shoved in my ass. I scream and he pushes it further. A buttplug, that's what this was. He rubs my flower again and then backs away.

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"I told you, not to make a sound"

A stinging pain brings me back to reality when his whip lands on my ass.

"Embrace yourself Elizabeth, you're in for a long night"

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