

"Just obey"

"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.

"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" ↻

I don't know how long it's been. I don't know how many times he has hit me. I lost count a er 78. My throat is dry from my cries. My mind is hazy and heavy. I can't think straight. ↻

"Please...s-stop" I blurt out. The blood from my lip earlier has dried. My eyes are probably red from all the tears. He hits me again and I barely feel it. My knees are shaking. I can't hold myself up much longer. He hits me again, but this time I fall down. I fall on my right side, panting and trying to catch my breath. I can't see anything, my sight is gone.

"I see you've had enough" I hear him say, but it feels like it's far away.

I try to make words but nothing comes out. My voice is gone. Soon I feel myself falling and then I black out...

I woke up with bright light in my eyes. The red curtains allow a little light in this hellish room. My wrists are still chained in the middle of the bed. I'm laying on my stomach but I can't move. I curse then let my head fall back down on the pillow.

The door opens and I immediately sti en. I try to stay still but my body trembles. I bury my face in the pillow and wait for the next hit. But to my surprise the bed sank. He sat down next to me, his hand strokes my back. I flinch and hold in a sob. But I fail and start crying again.

"Ssh, don't cry"

I can't stop "p-please, I-I'm...sor-ry" I cry.

"It's okay Beth" his hand traces down my spine and stops at my ass.

"Let me help you take it out" he says. I sob more and more, is the buttplug still in me? I can't even feel it there anymore. His hand touches my ass and I let out a small scream. Then he slid his fingers in me and pulls it out. I let out a sigh of relief.

"Th-thank you..." I whisper.

I'm exhausted. I close my eyes but his voice makes my skin shiver in fear.

"You're filthy, let's clean you up" ↻

I didn't have the energy to argue or fight him. In few swi movements I'm released from the chains and he carries me bridal style out of the room. My sight is still blurry but I know we are in the bathroom. He lays me down in the tub but I cry out when it touches my ass. I toss on my stomach and breathe heavy. ↻

"Maybe it's best to lay on your stomach" he states and turns on the water. I let out a groan but soon the tub is filled with warm water. I struggle to keep my weight up, I almost fell but he grabs me. I can't fight his touch and just rest in his arms. He undid my bra and takes of my underwear. I flinch at the exposure but soon let it slip away. I close my eyes and let myself rest in his grip. I hear him grab a sponge and so ly scrubs my shoulder. He repeats the process all around my body, but I cry as soon as he comes close to my butt.

"Please don't" I grab his arm and hold it tight while I beg. He looks down on me and then nods. When the water got a bit cold he hauled me up from the tub and wraps me in a towel. Then carries me down the hall again. My fear kicks in when I realize he's heading to the same room again, ↻

"No.. " I whisper "please don't...I'll obey you" he doesn't even look at me. He opens the door and lays me back on the bed. Tears stream down my cheeks again and I hear the chain. He cu s my wrists again on either side of the bed. Only this time I'm on my stomach. My head drops to the mattress. He doesn't cu my ankles.

Silence fills the room while he strokes my hair.

"I hope you've learned your lesson"

I don't answer him.

"Maybe you don't believe me but it was hard for me to do that" ↻

I just lay there.

"Elizabeth, I'm sorry"

I don't care about his apologizes.

He sighs again and stands up. He looks at me for a moment before leaving the room. By now I've lost all hope of freedom. He is worse than Dimitri ever was to me. The only good thing about all this is that my family and friends are safe. That's the di erence between them, one threatened and hurt the people I loved while the other just hurts me. I can't decide which is better. I try to pull on the chain but fail, I have no energy le . I can't stop thinking about Dimitri, it's also confusing because a part of me is only grieving. The other part is a bit glad to be rid of that psycho. But I loved him, as much as it pains me to admit. I was starting to fall deeply in love. I've never been in love before, I've never had that need to be around anyone more than Dimitri. ↻

I bury my face in the mattress to mu le my cries. This is worse than hell. I lay here almost naked, the only coverage is the towel.

I'm not sure how long it has been but my eyes are very tired. I let myself fall back to sleep. Seems like the only escape I can get these horrible days. ↻

A nudge on my shoulder wakes me up and the smell of something good. I open my eyes and see Lucius once again. I sti en at the sight of him and bury my face in the mattress again.

"I thought you might be hungry" he strokes my back lightly.

My curiosity got the best of me and I turn my head to look at him. I gives me a so smile then places a bowl on the nightstand. The smell was overwhelming and my mouth waters.

"I want to untie you, will you please be obedient" he says seriously.

I was starving and still a bit shaken up a er his harsh beatings with the whip. A er a short minute I nodded my head. He smiles and bents over me to untie me from the chains. I have little to no energy and try to push myself into a sitting position. I half lay on my right side to face him but as soon as I put pressure on my ass I nearly scream.

"I really did a number on you" he says almost to himself. ↻

"You think..." I blurt out and look down.

"I'm sorry, but it was necessary" ↻

I let out a small sco and turn my attention to the bowl. I don't say anything but my stomach does.

"It's for you" he states.

I find it hard to believe he's going to give me food without a price.

"W-what do I have to do..f-for you?" I ask and already fear his answer.

"Nothing"

I bit my lip, I don't believe him. He is not a kind man, a kind man would never hurt another human like that. I tug on my towel to try to cover myself more. ↻

"I also have some clothes for you" he adds when he notices my movement.

"W-why?" I look at him and try to hold in a sob.

"I don't want you naked all the time" he smiles and hands me a shirt and what looks like gray sweatpants. I touch the fabric and bite my lip again.

"What's wrong?"

I can't dress myself, I can't stand up. My legs feel weak and my whole body is exhausted.

"I-I...it's just" I gulp "I can't put these on...without help"

A tear makes its way down my cheek.

"Hey..it's alright, let me help you" he stands up and o er me his hand. I hesitantly take it and stand up. The towel falls down on the floor and I whimper. I was standing completely naked in front of my captor. This psycho who thinks he's kind.

"Don't be afraid" he assures me. My nakedness is not what's bothering me, it's him. His actions, I can't get his beatings out of my head. He wraps his hand around my waist then slowly starts helping me dress. I found a wave of relief hit me when I got a bra and under wear. I found a wave of relief hit me when I got a bra and under wear on again. The sweatpants were a bit tricky but we managed. Then he hands me the shirt and I put that on myself. I try to sit back down but it still hurt, not so much as before though.

He sits down beside me and holds me the bowl. In it is some kind of soup. It's probably poisoned. I hand the bowl and bite my lip in it. I'm very hungry but this could be filled with drugs to knock me out again.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asks and gestures to the soup.

I bit my lip once again, not sure how to respond.

"It's safe, I swear" he states again.

"H-how...can I t-trust you?" I whisper.

"You can sweetheart, just let me explain and you'll understand"

I decide to take the chance and taste the soup. It's good and warm. I hear him breathe calmer than before and he strokes my hair. I take another spoonful of the soup and focus on not spilling anything. A er a moment of silence he speaks again.

"Is it good?" ↻

I nod. ↻

"Are you ready to listen?"

I look at him a bit confused. Listen to what? His rules? His explanation? But there is no use in arguing with him so I nod again.

"First you need to know that I don't tolerate disobedience" I gulp and look down "You need to understand that what I did to you last night, you deserved it" ↻

I wanted to protest but panic got to me first. I felt dizzy and it got harder to breathe. ↻

"Hey ssh, it's okay, it won't happen again as long as you obey me" he quickly says and starts stroking my back. I lost my appetite, I put the bowl on the nightstand and try to calm my nerves. ↻

"It's honestly very simple, if you disobey me then I'll punish you. You can speak as you like, walk around the house as you like but if you try to run away again or disobey me then it only makes things worse for you" ↻

I sob harder thinking about all those terrible things happening again.

"W-will you tie me up?" I ask with a shaky voice.

"Yes, until I can trust you again" ↻

I sob more and tears stream down my cheeks again. I can't be held captive again, I won't. I can't, I won't. Not again. Please not again.

"Will I have to s-stay in this room?"

His lips make a thin line, like he's thinking about it. And soon he smiles.

"I'll let you sleep in the other room if you promise to obey me"

My heart sank at his words. I can't stay in this sex room. I don't want him getting any ideas while we sit here.

"I-I promise..." ↻