

Submission

"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..."

His hand never left my lower back as we walked back to the room he first kept me in. It was weird, obeying him, to not put up a fight or even scream at him. He killed Dimitri, he tortured me. He wants to tie me up and inflict pain on me.

We enter the room and I notice the bed. It calms me when I don't see any chains or cuffs or anything to tie me to it. The room only had a bed, a dresser, nightstands on either side of the bed and finally a mirror on one wall across from the bed. I noticed a lamp on one nightstand. The window had blue curtains but no way to open it.

His hand leaves my back and he walks to the bed.

"Lay down" he ordered. He needed to tie me up for the night. Who knew that running away from him would cause him acting like this? I sure as hell didn't.

I walk towards the bed and lay down. I'm not sure how he's going to tie me up. My first days here he used rope and tied me to the headboard. I barely slept those days. He sat down on the bed beside me and started to tie my wrists together, I just looked the other way. Once they were neatly tied he pulled my hands closer to the headboard and tied it there. This way I could move my body to lie and right but my wrists always stayed the same place. He stood up and grabbed a blanket.

"I don't want you to be cold" he said as he put the blanket over my body.

"Don't try anything, it'll only end bad for you" he warned and turned on the lamp on the nightstand. Then he took one last glance at me and left the room.

A week later

"Hey Beth, can you help me with the dishes?"

I stand up and grab our plates and walk to the kitchen. He was cleaning the pan in the sink. I put the plates in the dishwasher and then went to grab our glasses too. The water is turned off and he turns around.

"Thank you" he said and I nodded. I haven't had the strength nor bravery to answer or say something back. These last days I have just nodded and done what he says.

We stand there in silence. I'm waiting for him to order something or say something. But no, he just stares at me. It was beginning to be uncomfortable so I turn around to walk away.

"Wait" I stop "where do you think you're going?" I turn around and look at the ground. Trying to make myself look as little as possible. He takes a step towards me and fight my instincts to back away. He comes closer and closer until there is barely any room between us.

"Where you trying to run away from me?" he asks smiling.

My eyes shoot up at him. I wasn't trying to actually run away. I just wanted to leave the kitchen.

"Elizabeth, answer me" he says coldly.

"N-no" I stutter.

"Then what were you doing?"

"I-I was..j-just, I thought you didn't need anything else so I th-" his finger touched my lips, silencing me.

"I understand, next time. Just ask me"

"I-I'm sorry"

He puts his hands on my shoulders and strokes them. Then he moves them up my neck and lifts my chin so I stare directly at him. He hasn't hurt me much since the last punishment. He still ties me to the bed every night, and forces me to eat with him and help him with the dishes. And sometimes we just sit and watch a movie. Nothing to be afraid of. He only slapped me one time when I didn't obey his command. He wanted me to sit on his lap but I backed away. I know better now, never back away when he asks for something. I find it odd he hasn't tried anything sexual, maybe he's giving me time to adjust to this new lifestyle? Or just simply isn't feeling it with a broken woman like me.

"You are so beautiful" he says as he stares into my eyes.

I don't answer him.

"I want you" he adds. A shiver runs down my back and I feel my lip quiver. He leans in to kiss me but I turn my head to the side.

"Please don't.." I beg. But begging him never helped. When his whip hit my ass, begging did nothing.

"Did you just turn away from me?" he asks, his lips touching my cheek.

"Y-you never gave me an order" I try to save myself.

"Well then, Elizabeth, I order you to kiss me"

My head is still turned away from him. I can't bring myself to kiss him. For this little hope, this little dignity I have left. I just can't kiss him.

After a while he sighs "I see..you want me to take you to the room"

I quickly turn my head to face him again. "No, I'm sorry please don't"

"Too late sweetheart"

He grabs my arm and drags me up the stairs and to the red room. Why didn't I just kiss him?! What is wrong with me. In a matter of seconds he has chained me to the bed. My hands on either side and my legs apart. He leaves the room and I'm left with the horrible thoughts of what he could do to me. Tears stream down my face and I try to break free. But the chains are strong so it was useless. After what feels like 20 minutes but was probably just 5 minutes, he returns. He was shirtless and wearing black jeans. Just like he did the night of the punishment.

"Please Lucius, I'm sorry, I won't do it again, please!" I cry out. He stands at the edge of the bed and looks down at me.

"Relax honey, I'm not gonna hurt you"

Wait what?

"Then why am I here?" I tug on the chains again.

"It occurred to me that I haven't been" he paused "kind to you, or more like been really kind to you"

What is he getting at?

"What are you gonna do to me?"

"Nothing bad, only good things" he smiles. He walks to the dresser with the sex toys on top and opens the top drawer. I don't see what he takes out but he turned around with his head low. He towers over me and sniffs my hair. His hand moves up and down my stomach, making me whimper in fear.

"I-I'm sorry, please don't" I shut my eyes and turn away. He kisses my neck and starts biting it. I bit my lip and flinch more away.

"Relax, you're going to enjoy it" he whispers. I hear him fiddle with something in his hand and something is pressed against my flower. I let out a breath but keep my eyes closed. He kisses my cheek and softly my lips. Then a sudden vibration between my legs causes me to open my eyes and look up. He had a vibrator, a small one but still powerful. He moves it closer and presses it against my soft spot.

"No..please stop" I beg and hold in a moan.

He presses the vibrator further and I arch my back. I look at him and see him smiling. I give him a hate glare and his smile disappears. He looks down at my breasts and sniffs. He takes the vibrator away and gets off me. I let out a sigh of relief. This torture is over, or so I thought...

He takes out a knife and leans in. With the knife he rips off my shirt and pants.

"Please stop!" I cry out while laying there exposed. He slowly towers over me again with a hunger lingering in his eyes.

"Lucius please-" his lips cut me off. I struggle in the chains but nothing works. He slides the knife down my body and places it on my flower.

"Choose" he said.

"W-what?"

"Choose"

Between what? He sees my confused expression and looks down. Then I feel the knife leave my skin and the vibrator is turned on.

"Choose" he says harshly.

Between the knife and the vibrator. He wants me to choose which one to use. He knows I would never choose the knife so why make me choose? Why not just use the vibrator. He wants me to make the decision, to decide to let him pleasure me instead. This is messed up on so many levels. I gulp and look away from his gaze. He turns the vibrator off and presses the knife at my soft spot instead.

"Last chance" he warns.

He presses it further, he will cut me if I don't say anything. I can feel the blade getting closer and closer.

"Fine!" I cry out. He pulls the blade away and places it on my throat instead.

"The vi-vibrator" I stutter.

He grins and throws the blade on the floor. I can feel the vibrator being pressed against my flower again and turned on. It send a wave of pleasure up my legs and stomach. He nudges it further and further. I hear a fabric rip and see I'm only in my bra. My panties are probably on the floor. He kisses my stomach and moves down between my legs. The vibration increases and I moan. It's small but long and he slips it inside and I jump. The tension is too much and I cross my knees together. But Lucius had other plans, he pushes my legs apart and starts kissing my thigh. The vibrator moves in and out of me. And I start panting.

"Please..stop..." I say between heavy breaths. The vibrator moves further inside me and back out. This is torture, I don't want him doing this to me. But I can't help it...it's too good.

I hear him chuckle, then he kisses my flower and I flinch. He towers over me again and kisses my breasts. Then he tugs on my bra and rips it off. I am now completely naked and at his mercy.

He sucks on my nipples and I hold in yet another moan. Then his muscular arms tower over me and he looks at me grinning. His lips crash on mine in a long sweet kiss. The vibration increases and I let out a small scream. He seems pleased.

"Do you want to come" he asks and pushes the vibrator in and out. I tug on the chains and try to fight the pleasure but it does not work. I let out another moan and he chuckles.

"Do..you..want..to..come?" he asks again.

I look up at him with sweat over my face and all over my body. He strokes my cheek and bites his lip. I moan again, unable to resist the pleasure.

"Just say the words" he teased.

He pulls the vibrator away and I can't help but want the release. I pant more and debate on what to do. I puts the vibrator on my soft spot for a short second, then pulls it away. The tension is unbearable now. I can't take this much longer.

"Please..let me come" I beg.

"Say it again, and my name"

I bit my lip and look at him. "Please, Lucius, let me come, please"

And with that he places the vibrator on my soft spot and his fingers slid inside me. I let out a small moan and the vibration increases more and more. His fingers play with my flower and the pressure is so good. I arch my back more and my legs also spread more. Tears make their way down my cheeks and I let out a final moan, then I come.

His head falls on my neck and I feel his hot breaths. Then he stands up and look at me.

"Who do you belong to?" he asks.

I pant more and try to catch my breath, I want nothing more than fresh air now. But I'm still chained to this bed.

"You..." I breathe out.

He smiles at me and then walks out of the room. Leaving me there naked and wet from all the pleasure.

Thoughts? Please let me know if you crave more chapters like this :)

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