

"I won't let you go"

I felt dirty, horrible, disgusting...you name it. Every bad feeling I could have, I had it.

I've never hit orgasm like that before. I'm not sexually attracted to him so I don't know why I came like I came. It's confusing and frustrating.

I walked down to the kitchen after the shower. Yesterday was something I would like to forget. And never let it happen again. I sat down and watched as he made breakfast. We didn't talk at all after my orgasm so I found it hard to put my thoughts into words.

"How are you feeling?" he asked and put orange juice on the table.

"Fine" I said.

He placed dishes on the table and two glasses. I took the orange juice and poured myself a glass. I quietly took it and watched the yellow liquid. A smell of bacon and eggs lingered in the air and I looked up. He placed bacon and eggs on a plate and put it in front of me.

"Enjoy" he said and sat down across from me. I placed the glass back down on the table and took a hold of the fork. My hands were shaking and I could barely hold the fork steady. But the bacon tasted good and I savored the silence. We ate without a word being spoken. I wondered if he was going to confront the matter. If he wanted to talk about how hopeless I was by his hand. He stood up when we finished the food and took the plates to the kitchen.

"Do you need any help?" I asked. I don't know why but I couldn't just sit there and do nothing.

"Are you offering?" he smiled.

"I mean..." I stuttered, then looked down "Y-yes.."

He gave me a small smile and then motioned me to follow him in the kitchen. I took our glasses and put them in the dishwasher, also the plates and the cutlery. He finished cleaning the pan and I started the dishwasher. I couldn't stop thinking about last night, how his touch felt so good. How his strong arms pinned me down and his muscular chest was pressed against mine. His soft kisses were to die for and the vibrator, oh how I wanted that vibrator again. It was weird and almost inhuman to feel this way. I wanted the pleasure again but not him, but I needed him to feel the pleasure again. And I was willing to get that pleasure again from him. But I don't think that will happen unless I give something in return. And I can't let myself surrender to him. At least not like that.

"Thank you" he said.

I turned around to face him "your welcome"

He bit his lip and leaned in. He wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me in.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked.

"Yes, the food was good"

"No, I mean last night"

Of course he meant last night. He never asked if the food was good, unless we had nothing else to talk about and believe me, we had plenty to talk about.

I open my mouth but nothing comes out. I can't tell him the truth. For some odd reason I start shivering and try to pull away. But he holds me in place. I can't stay here, I have to escape. But he will never give me chance, he ties me to the bed every night. He never gives me a moment alone. Even when I go to the bathroom, then he follows me down the hall and I think he waits outside.

"Elizabeth, I asked you a question"

I hesitated again but looked up, I don't want to anger him. But I can't answer that question. I just simply can't.

"I-I'm sorry..."

"It's fine, I just asked if you liked it, I won't do it again" he stated and I breathed out "Unless you beg for it" he added.

"I won't" I said confident. But deep down I wanted that pleasure again.

"Why do I feel like you're lying?" he pushed me against the wall and blocked me in.

"Why are you lying?" he repeated.

"I-I'm not" of course I am idiot.

He pressed his lips on mine before I could say anything else. His kiss was dominant, possessive and harsh. Not like the sweet kisses he gave me before. I pressed my hands on his shoulders to push him away but that only made him lean in closer. I felt something hard press against my thigh. His gun Without thinking it through I grabbed his gun and bent down to run away. When he turned around I pointed it at him.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked serious.

"Let me go" I demanded.

"Or what?" he mocked.

"Or I'll shoot"

He laughed "Do you even know how to use one of these?"

I bit my lip, not really.

"You don't have it in you, do you? To shoot a person, take their life. It changes you, you know?"

He took a step towards me and I grabbed the gun tighter, still pointing it at him.

"You're not a person, you are a demon. You take away everything and only bring misery and pain to everyone. You killed the man that I love!"

I stopped. His smile left him.

"You loved him? Dimitri?"

I guess I did, since I just shouted it at his face.

"I did, yes. Now let me go!"

"I can't do that Beth, you belong with me. We could be happy, if you just obey"

"No we can't, I won't"

"Elizabeth" his voice was stern "I won't let you go"

"I'm sorry Lucius"

His eyes widened.

"It's over" then I shot him.

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