

Freedom

"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.

The smell of blood filled the room..

I heard him whimper in pain. It was weird seeing him suffer. I walked over to him as he lay on the ground. Then I pointed the gun at his head. It was time to end his misery.

"I'm not yours"

Then I shot him again.

...

What now? He is dead. My captor and tormentor is finally dead. I couldn't help but cry a little. Relief washed over me like a ton of bricks. I shot him, I'm free. This whole thing is finally over.

I didn't waste my time and quickly found his phone in his jacket. I called the police and told them what had happened, they were here in 10 minutes. I was so overwhelmed by the sight of other regular people. They told me to wait outside the house, a female officer led me outside and put a blanket on my shoulders. I quickly wrapped it around me. All I could see were blue and red lights. They questioned me, asked me about Lucius, Dimitri and our relationship.

"Did Lucius hurt you?" the female officer asked.

"Y-yes.." I looked around. There were 3 police cars and one ambulance.

"Did Dimitri ever hurt you?" I turned to her.

"How is that relevant?"

"I'm just asking a question mam" she said calmly.

"No" I said.

I don't know why I lied. Dimitri had hurt me multiple times, but I guess the police already knew what kind of man he was. I didn't want to make his memory any darker than it already was. She asked a couple of questions then left. I stood there and watched the crowd. The news-station was already here, ready to write the next headline.

Tears formed in my eyes once again when it actually hit me: I'm free.

3 months later

I sighed as I walked out of the police station once again. It's been months since I murdered Lucius. I told them it was self-defense and I think they decided to believe that, after all he was a criminal while my record was clean. They didn't arrest me for anything, I was the victim here but I felt like a criminal, just like he was.

But adjusting to my old life back was harder than I thought. The first time I slept in my apartment was terrible. I always thought Lucius would somehow rise from the dead and come after me. Maybe shoot me in my sleep too. But after a few weeks my mind eased a bit and I get a little sleep here and there.

I walked to my car and started it. I reminded myself that I was free, that this was the last time I would have to talk about either one of them. But after all this time, I was still grieving. I felt bad about killing him, but the sorrow after Dimitri's death was killing me. I missed him, so fucking much. I was now alone. How on earth does a person move on from something like that?

I met my parents, they were so happy that I was free from all of this. They offered me to stay with them and I did, for the first week. Then it got hard to always have them checking on me. I didn't hear anything about Dimitri's mafia, nor Romero. I didn't know anything. It was like the news had forgotten about the ruthless mafia killer who got shot in plain daylight.

"I want to forget, but at the same time remember" I say to Dr. Brown. It didn't take me long to get the help I needed after this experience. Dr. Brown was a kind woman who specializes in PTSD and, can you believe it, people who have been kidnapped. I didn't know those doctors exist either, but apparently they do.

She fixed her glasses and wrote something down. She was always writing something down.

"How is your sleep?" she asked.

"It's getting better, still have a hard time falling asleep though"

"And what about Dimitri, how is his death affecting you now?"

I hesitated but then spoke "I loved him... our relationship was twisted, he was possessive over me but at the same time respected me. I don't know how, I just loved him. So of course his death is killing me"

"I understand" she stated "But I don't think you're just grieving him, you told me before that you lived at his house for a while, even got married there. That whole life you shared with him, you lost that too"

I gulped. I hadn't thought about it like that. Mary Rose, I haven't thought about her for days, was she alright? Dr. Brown must've noticed my deep thoughts. She didn't say anything more.

"What should I do?"

"Well, you are back to your old life, you go to work, you meet your friends and family. But I think it's time for you to really say goodbye to Dimitri, and the life you had. That way, you can truly and fully let go"

I took a deep breath. She was right, I needed to say goodbye, to heal and let go.

"Thank you doctor, I think I know where to start" then I left.

So here I am. Standing outside his house, his mansion. Memories from my first escape attempt appeared in my mind and I couldn't help but smile. The house looked deserted. Like no one has been here for months. I wondered what happened to his men, his properties and money. I am technically a widow and he didn't leave me anything. It was like we were never married. There was no trace of him, nothing to remember him by.

I slowly walked up the stairs and opened the front door. White sheets covered the furniture and dust had settled everywhere. I walked slowly around the house and breathed in the life I had. The bedroom, the living room, the kitchen. They all held weird but lovable memories. Some were bad of course but soon forgiven.

I made my way to the garden. The roses were slowly dying, fall was coming and wild grass grew between the stones on the ground. I looked for a red rose, I wanted to have something to remember him by and a red rose seems suitable. After a few minutes of looking and bending over bushes, I finally found one. It was nearly dead but I still took it.

"The only beauty here is you" he said to me the first time I was allowed outside. He cared for me and I guess he truly loved me.

"He became a better man, showed more mercy, kindness... that's what Mary Rose told me. His love for me changed him, and my love for him changed me too. I shot a man after all and I survived being held captive, twice.

"No, you're not afraid of me. You never were" he said. He was right, I was never truly afraid of him. Only of what he could do. But isn't that the same thing? I don't know, I don't know anything anymore.

Tears formed in my eyes but I quickly wiped them away. I made my way to the front door and walked outside. I turned around to take one last glance at the house. I touched the ring he gave me, Lucius never took it away from me but after everything he did, I almost forgot it was there. The red diamond shined in the sunset. I sighed and took it out. I walked back the front steps and placed it there. It was time to say goodbye. I had the rose, I didn't want the ring. It was meaningless.

"Why did you take it out?"

I froze, I know that voice. I turned around. It can't be..

"Did you want a divorce?"

"Dimitri?"

"My love" he smiled.

The end

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