



Punishment

I cried and cried. I couldn't stop crying. I can't believe I got mixed up in the Vivaldi family. And their leader! Rules..he talked about rules. If I follow the rules then nothing bad happens. But what if he wants me to do something I'm not prepared for? Can I say no?

The door opened once again and I jumped to my feet. "It's just me dear" I heard and old lady say.

"Who are you?" I asked, not afraid of an old lady.

"I'm the head maid in this house. My name is Mary Rose. I got you a couple of things, such as toothbrush and fresh clothes" she laid the things on the bed. Then she looked at my wrists.

"Dear god, did he do that to you?"

I looked down embarrassed.

"Not really, the ropes were just tight..."

"I see, well I can bandage those if you like?"

"It's okay, I'm a nurse. I'll manage" I smiled.

"Well then, I'll leave you to it then" she walked out and closed the door. And another tear escaped my eye. I noticed another door near the windows. I walked slowly over there and opened it. It was a bathroom. Well that's not so bad..

I opened a cabinet and found a first aid kit. First I had to wash all the dried blood o my hands. This was a lot. I hate blood. Yeah it's ironic...a nurse that hates blood.. A er washing most of it o I heard someone enter the room. I figured it was Mary Rose. I saw someone stop in the doorway of the bathroom. I looked up and saw Dimitri standing there. I backed up immediately.

"Calm down, I'm just here to inform you that dinner is ready"

I didn't say anything. I couldn't.. He looked at my hands over the sink. My blood had made a pink shade in it. He then looked back at me. "I can send Mary Rose to bandage your wrists" he said calmly.

"No it's fine, I got it" I said quickly and began drying my hands with a towel. Then took out a bandage and started rolling it over the bad area. He just stood there and watched. It made me a bit nervous. I was bandaging wounds I caused myself. A er that I checked my cheek in the mirror. I only saw a bit purple but it hurt when I touched it. He really hit me hard. I found some gel in the first aid kit that can cool down your wounds. I put some on the purple spot then looked at Dimitri. He was still watching me.

"Wh...what did you say about dinner?" I asked.

"It's ready" he smiled a bit.

"You belong to me now, try anything stupid and I'll make you pay" his words echoed in my head. "No, I would first kill your family, friends. Then take your friend Jason and torture him.."

"Elizabeth?" I was snapped out of my thoughts. I was still standing in the bathroom.

"Yes? Sorry I was just..." I stopped. He took a step closer.

"You were just what?"

I hesitated. He's gonna punch me again. I can feel it.

"What were you thinking?" he asked again.

"Nothing" I answered and walked past him. Before I reached the door I felt him grab my arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked in my ear.

"Just out of the bathroom.." I feared my answer.

"Did I give you permission to leave?"

I felt tears building up in my eyes. This is torture.

"No...." I said quietly. He then spun me around so I would face him. Then pushed me against the wall. Only an inch was between us now.

"I'm sorry! It won't happen again" I pleaded.

"You know..I didn't take you as a trouble maker but now I see that it kinda follows you"

A tear escaped my eye. He put his thumb against my bad cheek and pressed it. I tried to hold in my scream. He then moved it up to my eye, where my tear had escaped.

"Is that?" he wiped away my tear.

"No..please..." he grabbed my throat and before I could prepare myself, punched my stomach, still holding me up. I gasped and cried out. He punched me twice. He still had his hand on my throat and his grip got tighter. Then he moved in closer.

"What were you thinking?" he asked again.

I didn't know if I should be honest with him. My stomach hurts. My throat hurts, everything fucking hurts.

"That..that you would hurt me again." I said and bit my lip. He didn't say anything.

He then let go of me and I fell to the ground.

"I will have your dinner sent to your room" he said finally and walked out.

I needed to be more careful around him. This was too dangerous to play games. I finally got up and walked out of the bathroom. The sun was setting down and a orange bloom filled the room. I went over to the big windows and tried to open them. It was nearly impossible. I looked down and saw I was on the third floor. Beneath the window was a garden, filled with trees and a few flowers. I noticed a few guards there too, all holding a gun. Escape was out of the question for now...

I heard a knock on the door and Mary Rose came in with a tray.

"Your dinner Elizabeth" she said kindly.

She put the tray on a table in the corner. I walked over to her.

"Thank you" I said. I wasn't going to eat it. I didn't want anything from that man.

"Aren't going to sit down?" she asked me.

"Oh no, I'm not hungry.." I said and backed a little.

"Please, Elizabeth. You need to eat. The King won't like it if you don't" she said begging.

King? Did she just call Dimitri King?

"He can't hurt me anymore than he already has" I stated and put my hands on my stomach. It still hurt like a bitch.

"That might be true" I heard a voice say. Leather Jacket, Lucius. I looked at the door. He had been listening to our conversation.

"You think that he can't hurt you anymore?" he chuckled "You might be right, he won't hurt you But think about all the people you love? Mother, father, Lucy?"

My heart sank. My family..they got nothing to do with this!

"Please, Leave them out of this!" I said loudly.

"Behave, and we will" then he walked out with Mary Rose. I looked at the tray. Pasta was for dinner. I was hungry but I didn't want to be under his control. Dimitri Vivaldi...how on earth did this happen? I tasted the pasta and ended up eating the whole thing. I needed my strength for tomorrow. I noticed a remote on the table also and grabbed it. I didn't see a TV anywhere. I pressed the red button and a painting across from the bed turned around. On the other side was a TV. Impressive. I put on the news station, hoping to see my face on a missing persons report or something. But nothing. No one knew I was here.

I was about to turn it o when the news man said "The crime rate in our city has risen by 40% a er the dangerous crime lord and mafia leader Dimitri Vivaldi arrived 6 months ago. No one knows what his intentions are but the mayor says that no criminal can stop the justice of the law. Shortly a er that statement our dear mayor is found dead in his home. He had been shot and now the question remains 'Did the mafia take him out?' and what is the police doing to stop him?"

Shot? The mayor is dead? This can't be happening. I turned o the TV. I walked over to the window and just stared out of it. What does he want from me? Why me? I am literally nobody.

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