Deflowered.

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There's something intriguing about Alec and Tessa can't seem to keep her distance. The only problem is that he kidnapped her.

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Deflowered. : Chapter 1

Okay, second attempt. Because I was new to Booksie, I accidently turned Deflowered into a book instead of a novel, and even when I edited it, the site wouldn't let me upload new chapters. Ugh, I'm sorry about that, but here it is now (I hope it works anyways) so enjoy!

His smoldering gaze locked on mine, peering into my soul. I couldn't stop myself. I kept staring. He is perfect, but dangerous and I needed to stay away. Far, far away. But it was so easy to be drawn in.

He lent forward, not that he could get much closer, considering how tight we clung to one another. *He is dangerous,* I reminded myself. He moved until I felt his breath brush my lower lip. *Is dangerous,* goosebumps coated my arms with his proximity. *Dangerous,* his lips met mine.

I tried to resist. I really, really did try. But I care for this man - if you can call him that - in a really messed up way. I attempted to pull away but his hand tangled with my hair, anchoring me to him. How could I care for someone like him?

How could I possibly care for my kidnapper?

2 weeks before

I love waking up in the morning to sunlight. I adore watching it filter through my curtains, dancing and throwing patterns on the wall. It's such an exciting way to wake up.

This morning though, it wasn't.

I woke and smiled, feeling the warmness on my face. I felt it colour my cheeks pink and make my eyelids turn red.

"You look like you're enjoying yourself," a smug, unfamiliar voice sounded. I opened my eyes, startled, and they darted around the room, looking for the intruder. A figure stepped forward. A big, male figure. I screamed.

"Shhh! There's no point! Your parents are out." It took me a little while for my cloudy mind to register what he said, but when he did, the cogs turned. My parents were overseas for the weekend. They own this big, important company that sells things or something. I'm not really sure. I don't stop and ask for details about the thing that my parents care for more than me.

"Who are you?" I wasn't surprised that my voice came out strong. It's not that I was used to having strangers in my rooms, but I wasn't particularly scared of much. "Why are you here?"

He stepped forward again, out of the shadows. The light struck his face, highlighting his features. His black hair fell forward over his green eyes. I'd always loved green eyes and my fingers itched for my sketchbook. His rosy mouth turned up at the corners. "I, my inquisitive lady, am Alec, and I have orders to drag you kicking and screaming with me."

I jumped out of bed. "Okay, just give me a sec to get dressed." I pulled out my clothes.

"Dressed? Hang on, seriously? You are going to just give yourself to me? Like that? Without a fight?" I nodded and he pouted. "Where's the fun in that?" I laughed heartily. If I fought, he would overpower me. I scanned his bulging muscles before looking down at my scrawny, lack of muscle.

"Get out for a minute. Please."

"Oh, I get it. You told me that so that you could escape without raising suspicion right?" He looked around for any escape routes.

"Fine. Don't leave." I lifted my shirt over my head, my breasts bouncing free. I don't sleep with a bra. Glancing at Alec, I saw his mouth drop, and could tell that he didn't usually get stunned. "Never seen anyone's boobs before?" I teased and turned towards him, showing off my naked chest.

"Never any soâ ¦ perfect." I laughed and winked. Slowly dropping my shorts and revealing the panties that I had slept in. "Um, excuse me." He turned to leave, but not before giving me one last appreciative glance.

"Where are you going?" I said before he could walk away. I was being playful but I didn't really know what I was doing. I was a virgin. But something about him just made me want to jump on him and doâ ¦ things.

He turned back toward me. "If I don't leave, I am going to have to have you right here." I gasped and he took the opportunity to run at me, sweep me into a deep, intriguing kiss and lift me onto the bed that I had just woken up in.

His tongue darted into my mouth, and started exploring for my tonsils. I moaned into his mouth, his erection pressed into my stomach where he was straddling me. I arched my back on instinct, grinding against his pelvis. He groaned into my mouth, vibrating the kiss. I was bare except for my panties and his wandering hands started to move up and down my body. He caressed the underside of my breast.

I arched up again, and this time he pushed back against me, causing the most pleasurable friction that I have ever felt. His lips left mine and started trailing kisses down the length of my neck. Suddenly, he sat up straight, as if he'd been struck by lightning.

He gasped. "I-I'm so s-sorry. I did-didn't mean t-to." He looked at me worriedly. I gripped the front of his shirt and brought his lips back down to mine. When I released him, he had a content smile on his face. "Okay, now about this kidnapping?"

"I'm on it." I rolled out from under him, slipping some clothes on quickly and regretfully. That was not the first time that a boy had seen my exposed body, but it was the first time that I had felt comfortable and that the other person had reacted like Alec did.

I packed a bag, scribbled a note explaining my 'need to get away,' and walked out the door, Alec on my heels. "Lead the way." I gestured in front of me.

He glanced at me sideways, a thoughtful smile tugging at his lips. "I've never had a more willing victim. I wouldn't even call this is kidnapping."

"Victim? You're not going to rape and kill me are you?"

"Hmmâ ¦ Depends." He teased. At least I think that he was teasing.

He ushered me into a 'get-away' car with covered number plates. I got in the passenger seat and watched as he got into the seat next to me. "Where are we off to, cap'ain?"

He looked at me uncertainly, before concentrating on the road once more. "What's your game?"

"What do you mean?"

"What game are you trying to pull here?"

"Oh, you mean in regards to the whole kidnapping willingness thing? Umm, I guess I figured that it wouldn't matter any way. I could resist, you could fight me, injure me, drug me and I could be weak. I could go with you without argument and I would have kept my strength."

"You're smarter than you look."

"I'm not just a pretty face." We talked on the trip to wherever. I didn't pay attention to the signs, or take notice of how long we travelled, it didn't seem like it mattered. Not really.

He pulled the car over eventually, in the middle of nowhere. The road had no cars and the land was flat and open, no houses, cities or even cows. I raised an eyebrow. "Is this where my dead body is going to lie for life? It's not classy but it'll do."

He looked at me incredulously. "How can you joke about something like that. And, no. I am not going to kill you. I'm just warning you that when we get to this destination, I can't control what happens to you. I'll be around, but I'm handing you over to my boss, who will kill you if you don't obey him. Iâ ¦I don't want you to die, so listen up, alright? I don't know what will happen. He may sell you as a sex slave, or his own personal 'assistant,' orâ ¦well God only knows what secret fantasies that sick bastard imagines in his twisted head!" His voice rose to a yell, and I put my hand on his arm reassuringly.

I meant it as a kind gesture, but when he looked up, his eyes were dark and full of need. He sprung at me, one leg either side of mine. It was crowded in the front seat of the car but he pushed me against the seat and straddled me closely. His hand went to my hair and pulled my mouth towards his.

Our mouth connected with a passionate heat, consuming and controlling. Our tongues rubbing against each other's and I could taste his want. He pulled me toward him tightly, my fingers wound in his hair. His erection dug into my hip as he cradled my breast. I moaned softly, and pushed against his hard-on.

"Oh, Tessa," he moaned against my mouth. It didn't surprise me that he knew my name but I hesitated a little, just enough for him to pull away. "I want you for myself. I want you so bad." My eyes travelled downwards to his pants and he just laughed. "I want you so much but I have to give you away. To that bastard. If I don'tâ ¦" His eyes filled with panic, so I leant forward and kissed him.

He got back in his seat, and smashed his fist against the wheel. "That asshole!" Without further comment he started the car and drove forward. He didn't speak until we reached a huge factory looking place.

"Let me introduce you to the boss."

Chapter 2

Alec dragged me into the big fake building. The greyness towered overhead, and I shivered, real fear setting itself deep inside me. It wasn't a feeling that I was used to. I stopped being scared so long ago that this chilling ice in my veins was so new, so disconcerting that I wasn't sure what to think.

Back in school, when children were afraid of the dark or spiders or snakes, I scoffed at the idea. I would always think of what ridiculous things they were to be afraid of when there was people starving, people dying, people aloneâ ¦

That's why I wasn't scared. I was alone. At first, sure, it worsened my fear. What six year old child wouldn't be scared of the dark without snuggling up to their parents? But there was never an option of comfort, or snuggling for me, just loneliness. So I got used to it.

I used to have a mantra. *Fear is not an option.* I used to chant it over and over whenever my parents left. I was thinking of that mantra now, as I solemnly followed Alec into the factory, where a huge, dimly lit room awaited us.

"Ah, Blackshaw, I see you brought me my little flower. She is more delicate than I recall." A man stepped from the shadows. His booming voice matched his appearance. His features were pronounced, under the muted light. He had grey hair, slightly receding, and appeared middle aged. His hard mouth curved into a predatory smile as his silver eyes scanned my body from my feet to my face.

He nodded in approval. "So tempting. I could fuck her right here but I wouldn't want toâ ¦ruin her." He smiled a knowing smile and I fought the urge to empty the contents of my stomach. I settled for covering my body up. His smile vanished. "Was she feisty? Or did she come willingly?"

"She cameâ ¦willingly, sir." Alec spoke respectfully, eyes to the ground. *Sir? Who was this man?* Alec's body was tensed all over, but his eyes remained on his toes, never looking up.

"Ahâ ¦God. Perhaps, we won't have to train her. She can get started immediately." I didn't like the gleam in his eyes.

"Train me? What the fuck do you want with me?" I raised my voice. Alec sucked in a startled breath next to me.

The man strode over, his eyes flashing. He raised his hand and slapped me across the face, blackening my vision and sending me sprawling. My cheek exploded in pain, and the taste of metallic blood spread across my tongue. Alec looked at me sadly but didn't make a move to help me at all.

"Shame to mar that pretty face of yours. We'll have to start tomorrow, so that bruise has time to fade. Blackshaw, see to her room. Stay with her tonight, make sure that she doesn't escape." Alec didn't look up, but nodded subserviently.

Alec walked over to me and looked down to where I was sprawled across the ground. He knelt down and put one hand on my waist and one on my face. "Are you okay?" He asked softly, his eyes full of sadness and regret. His thumb stroked my bruise as he helped me to stand. He slipped one arm around my waist and pulled me so that I lent on him. I wasn't even that injured, apart from my cheek, and that wasn't going to disable me enough so that I couldn't walk. But he felt so soft and warm and strong andâ ¦safe.

Which in itself was wrong, because he was the one who kidnapped me. Or did I give myself to him?

When we reached a staircase, the man called out. "And Blackshaw! Don't deflower my little virgin girl!"

It wasn't until Alec led me to a long hall, lined with wooden doors, that I felt the colour leave my cheeks. Alec still had a firm grip around my waist, his fingernails digging in slightly, and it was doing funny things to my mind.

His musky scent was strong and inviting and I leaned into him closer. He glanced at me and smiled. He lent down and pressed his lips to my temple in a gentle gesture that startled me. How could he be so caring after watching me get slapped and doing nothing about it? But once again my body betrayed me and sighed happily.

My mind betrayed me too, once it started to get excited about the prospect of spending the night with Alec. *Don't deflower my little virgin girl.* The voice of the unknown man's voice rang through my head. I wasn't really planning on anything happening tonight, was I?

Alec opened one of the identical wooden doors. "Welcome home," he said wretchedly. I stroked his cheek, hoping to distinguish some of the sadness in his green eyes, but they just grew sadder as he lent his face into my hand. "Let's go inside."

He tugged me forward and shut the door, the click of a lock echoing in the silence. I cringed and Alec just looked at me apologetically. "It's an automatic lock." He pulled out a key and left it on a small table. "The key is there but I wouldn't recommend escaping, the punishment will be much worse than what you just experienced." He gestured to my cheek. I cringed again.

"Hey," he hugged me. I leaned in, turning in his arms so that I could look him in the eye.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"My boss."

"His name?"

"I don't know. Really," he added after seeing my disbelieving expression.

"Why do you work for him? Does he pay you?" I wanted answers about why he was working for such an evil man. He didn't seem like he wanted to do it.

"I have no choice. And, in a way."

"In a way? Does he give you money?"

He sighed, looking lost and tried to break my eye contact. I lifted my hands up until they rested on each side of his cheek. I turned his head so that he couldn't break away from my gaze.

"Why do you work for him?" I whispered.

"Because if I don't, my family will die." He said and kissed me.

His tongue pried my mouth open and skimmed over mine. He kissed me with such passion that I had no choice but to put everything that I had into that kiss. My confusion at what was going to happen, my anger at the unknown man who Alec called boss, and my happiness at Alec himself - I pulled it all together and kissed Alec.

I shouldn't be doing this. I shouldn't be doing this. I should not be doing this. I tried to stop myself, but my body didn't want to obey. "Tessâ ¦" Alec moaned into my mouth, and my mind stopped fighting. My name on his lips made my stomach do flips and I grew hungry for him.

My tongue was trying to escape my own mouth to get further into his, and our teeth banged together. My hands travelled to the back of his head and I knotted my fingers in his hair, trying to get him even closer. One of his hands travelled to the base of my back, just above my arse, pulling my body flush against his erection.

His other hand went to my stomach, waiting and unsure. I untangled one hand from his long hair and gripped his hand, leading it to my breast. Once I was sure that he wouldn't let go, I moved my hand down to his crotch while he slipped his hand all the way under my shirt and pinched my nipple.

It sent electric pulses straight to my soaking pussy and I moaned into Alec's mouth. My hand slipped into his pants and felt for his erection.

"Ahemâ ¦" Someone cleared their throat. We sprung apart guiltily. I turned to see who the intruder was while I adjusted my shirt. The silver haired man from downstairs looked stonily at us. "Blackshaw. I'm so glad that you areâ ¦ familiarizing yourself with our guest here, but I think that there will be serious consequences to your actions."

Alec dropped to his knees. "No, please. Oh God, no! I will do anything. Just, please don't hurt them." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Please." *Because if I don't, my family will die.*

I couldn't stand to see Alec like this. "You fucker! Who the fuck do you think you are? He doesn't deserve this you sick bastard." I stormed towards him, expecting to be hit, but all I got was laughter. Incidentally, this made me angrier. "Fuck you!" I screamed and hit him.

It wasn't much - he barely seemed to move - but I was surprised myself. And that surprise was all it took for him to lunge at me and slap me to the ground. I skidded a fair way away, only for the man to pursue me, with the intent of kicking me. I squeezed my eyes shut.

I heard it, rather than felt it. Boot connecting with flesh and bone. The sickening crunch made icicles form in my veins. I expected agony, but I felt nothing. When I opened my eyes, I realized that I hadn't been kicked; Alec had thrown himself in front of the blow.

He was curled in the fetal position, groaning and holding his stomach. I quickly pounced and jumped between the man and him. "Get out." I said, surprised by the tone in my voice. "You've caused enough damage for now." To my surprise he actually left, not without giving me a scowl first. The door slammed and clicked shut after he stormed out.

"Alec?" I dropped to my knees. "Alec, where does it hurt?" He just groaned in reply.

I wedged one hand underneath him and sat him up. He groaned in pain. I tried to drag him over to the bed, but he shook his head. "Iâ ¦I ca-an w-walk." He said shakily.

Not wanting to argue, I helped him to his feet and made him lean in to me. At the look on his face I had a momentary feeling of relief that I wasn't the one who had been kicked and then I felt guilty.

"Where does it hurt?" I repeated laying him gently on the bed. He just raised an eyebrow at my question.

I slipped my hands to the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head, with some difficulty as he was lying down. My breathing quickened at the sight of his tanned, muscular chest, but it wasn't his abs that made my breathing labored.

A huge purple and red bruise was positioned on the left side of his body, and his ribs looked broken. He winced when I brushed my fingers across it.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Just lay with me." So I did.

Chapter 3

I woke to a heavy knocking at the door.

I was momentarily confused. There was hardly any light draining into the room, and a warm body was pressed against my side, an arm flung across my stomach. I looked down at Alec's peaceful face pressed into the bed and giggled at the dribble leaking from the corner of his mouth.

The knocking continued, more persistently this time. Sighing, and more than a little scared of what the day held in store for me, I picked Alec's arm up carefully and slid out from under it.

I walked over to the door, my steps careful and restrained. I was still pissed about yesterday. Being kidnapped, slapped and having myâ ¦ whatever you would label Alecâ ¦ kicked in the stomach, did not equal a happy Tessa.

I went to open the door, before remembering that it was locked from the inside. "Come in," I said regretfully. I knew that I couldn't hide in here forever. Eventually the 'Boss' would get impatient and come in on his own, with or without my permission.

He strode in, glancing around before resting his eyes onto me. "Where is Blackshaw?" His voice was a command.

Still feeling confident about my small victory yesterday, telling him to leave and him obeying, I decided to test the waters a little. I stood there, ignoring him, not daring to open my mouth.

He lunged forward, gripping my hair hard. I gave a little surprised squeal of pain. "You little bitch! You will answer me when I talk to you, do you understand?" The fire in his eyes told me that he was restraining himself from injuring me more.

I tried to nod, but I couldn't move my head because of his hold on my hair. "Y-yes!" I managed to get out.

"Yes what?"

I just stared at him confused. What did he mean, 'yes what?'

He pulled my hair harder and a tear escaped from the corner of my eye. "Yes, sir?" I wasn't sure what to call him, but I thought 'sir' was as good a name as any.

"Good pet." He released my hair, and my hands instinctively went up to massage my scalp. "Now, my flower, where is Blackshaw?"

"Heâ ¦ He's sti-still in bed-d." I stuttered, still shocked. Never again would I 'test the waters' with this man. He is sadistic and twisted and merciless.

"In bed, aye?" He looked at me questioningly. Before I could react, he walked over to the bed purposely, and pulled the duvet off the bed, revealing Alec's very maimed, very shirtless chest.

The smug bastard turned to me with a smirk on his face. "He's a sight to see, isn't he? I can see it in your eyes. You want him, like every other girl that is and has been in this place. They all fall for him. And he uses them. Look at him; you think he's perfect don't you? Even with his chest in that state. And to think that I did that

with my boot!"

"What do you want?" I asked tiredly. I was so sick of these games, and I was trying to disguise how much his words hurt.

Why did I care? I shouldn't. It doesn't matter. He's not mine to lose. What do I care who he's with?

Keep telling yourself that.

"It is time for you toâ ¦ fulfill your duties." I didn't like the look that he gave me at all.

"What do you mean, duties?"

"You'll see. Get Blackshaw up. He'll explain and get you ready." With that, he spun on his heels and sauntered out of the door, closing it with a final click.

Resignedly, I sat on the bed, staring at Alec a little longer. His black hair was perfectly imperfect, sticking out at odd angles, some resting on his cheek and forehead. His lips were slightly parted, his chin was shiny and his pillow damp with dribble. I fought the urge to laugh again.

I shook his shoulder lightly. "Alecâ ¦. Wake up please. Alec!"

He stirred slightly. "Mmm?"

I leant down to his ear. "Wake up," my lips brushed his ear lobe.

"Tessa?" I pulled back as his eyelashes fluttered softly. His green eyes found mine and he reached his face up to kiss me.

I pulled away before he got close. "No."

Even in the muted light I could see his surprise and his hurt. "Okay, then." I could even hear the hurt in his voice.

I laughed. "Not until you wipe all of that dribble off your chin." I winked. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth, and pulled it away, giving me an appalled look.

"Ugh, how disgusting! Did youâ ¦" He quickly turned around and felt around his pillow until he found the patch of dribble. "Oh my god! How embarrassing! I'm really sorry about that!" He seemed really frantic and mortified, so I laughed and pressed my lips against his. *They all fall for him. And he uses them.*

I pulled away abruptly. "Your 'boss' was just in here. He said something about you getting me ready for my duties, or something. Is that right?" The blood drained from his face.

"Duties? Are you sure he said duties?"

I thought back. "Positive." He pulled me into his arms and hugged me close, my cheek on his chest.

He held me there for what felt like ages. The whole time I was trying to think of excuses to pull away. I came up with none that seemed reasonable. He felt so right. When he did pull away though, his eyes were full of worry.

"I'm so sorry. I truly am Tess." And he looked sorry.

"What for?"

"For what is about to happen to you. I don't know exactly what that is, but I know that it won't be good and that I will have no control over it whatsoever. So I'm sorry."

Even though his words raised the hairs on the back of my neck, and even though every single molecule in my body was telling me not to, I leant forward and pressed my lips to his to dissolve his obvious anguish.

I meant only to comfort, not to start anything new, but the second our lips connected, electricity crackled through me. The heart coursed through my veins, igniting the passion, and I practically pounced on him.

My weight pushed Alec onto the bed, but his arms wrapped around my back, digging his nails into me and pulling me closer to him. His tongue skidded over mine, tangling them. My hair fell around our faces, creating our own little world where nothing was wrong and it was just him and me. I was so lost in him, that I almost forgot about myâ ¦duties.

Almost, but not quite. It took every ounce of strength to pull my face away from Alecs. "Alecâ ¦we need toâ ¦we have to go toâ ¦the, umâ ¦thing. I don'tâ ¦don't want to makeâ ¦him mad again." I said, out of breath.

I rolled off him and he sat up, realization in his eyes. "Okay. Um, get dressed in something else. The cupboard in the corner is full of clothes." I walked over to the cupboard, scanning the clothes.

Nothing unusual. A few jeans and shirts. I did notice that all of the underwear was lingerie. Almost see-through bras and thongs. "Can I wear anything?"

"Anything." I turned to look at him, and he turned his back to me with a tiny smile. I slipped into one of the thongs, the most modest bra - a red lacy one - and some jeans and a shirt. When I turned around to Alec, I found that he was already watching me, a small appreciative smile lighting his face.

I shook my head at him and motioned for him to lead the way. He grabbed the key and unlocked the door, leading me down the hall to a door. He looked at me regretfully, leant down to plant a small kiss on my mouth and opened the door.

The walls were all grey and rendered. The only things that gave the room a little colour, was the huge bed in the centre of the room and a wooden chair in the corner, occupied by 'the boss.'

"Ah, took long enough. I was wondering if I would have to pay you both a visit to see what was more important than your duties, flower."

"Well, now you've got me here. What do you want with me?"

"Strip." The one simple command confused me.

"Strip, sir?"

"Yes, strip. Your clothes. Strip them." The look he gave me was not one to be argued with. Alec shut the door and strode over to 'the boss' and stood by his side.

'The boss' turned to Alec. "And what exactly are you doing? I want you to strip too, Blackshaw."

"Me?" Alec looked confused as well, as I carefully took off my shirt.

"Yes, you! Take off your clothes!" He was getting impatient now, so Alec, looking rather startled, complied.

Thoughts danced through my mind as Alec took off his shirt. I had never seen Alec fully undressed before so I was quite excited. Not that it would matter. I couldn't do anything about the fact even if I did like what I saw. Or if I didn't. The bruise on his stomach stretched from his nipple to the waist line of his pants. I don't understand how it is so long. It was one boot, one kick, that should have been made on me.

My pants came off. Alec's pants came off. His thighs were huge, like tree trunks and I could see his erection growing through his grey boxers. I moaned and he looked at me and grinned, but it didn't show in his eyes. I reached around my back and unhooked my bra, my eyes never leaving his. Slowly, his eyes trailed down and he sucked in a sharp intake of breath. I hooked my thumbs into my thong and slowly sashayed out of it.

He did the same with his boxers, taking extra care over his erection where my eyes rested.

I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't this.

Alec was huge.

I wasn't just saying that either. His cock was about the size of my forearm and long as well. I gasped deeply, and looked back into his eyes. He was gauging my reaction, and I had never seen him look so exposed and nervous. It took every ounce of strength not to run into his arms. He looked like he was straining hard for control as well.

I was knocked out of the heat, by a cold laugh in the corner. I had forgotten that 'the boss' was still in the room. Instinctively, I threw my hands up to cover my body. He laughed again. "So, my flower, Blackshaw gets a good view but I don't? Well, that's lucky, because in a minute he will fuck you, but for now, I want a look at my property."

Alec is going to fuck me! I was so excited, so animated that I dropped my hands. Anything, to speed up 'the boss' from his perving. I glanced at Alec and he looked surprised as well, but not as nearly excited as I felt. He lookedâ ¦ distraught.

"Turn around pet." I spun in a circle so that 'my boss' could steal every last scrap of my dignity. "Good, very enticing." He looked a moment longer before pointing to the bed. Alec walked over to it and sat down, looking at me expectantly. I just waited for 'the boss' to leave.

When he didn't, I looked at him confused. "What is taking youâ ¦ oh. You thought that I was going to leave? You silly thing, of course I'm staying. I wouldn't want to miss the show." He winked at me.

I felt so disgusted at having a stranger watch my virginity get taken from me. I stood where I was, repulsed at the thought of going near the bed, where my glorious Alec was waiting.

My glorious Alec? You stupid girl, he is not yours. Where did that thought come from?

I stood where I was, two sets of eyes on me, one set impatient, the other set troubled. "What are you waiting for, girl?" I looked at where 'the boss' was sitting.

"I can't do this in front of you." I spoke shyly.

"Well you're going to have to or there will be serious consequence to some people that mean a lot to Blackshaw." Alec looked up frantically, begging me with his eyes. Not able to stand him like that, I walked to the bed and sat as far from him as possible.

"Honestly, flower, I'm not a very patient person." Alec slipped closer to me upon hearing this, so that his leg pressed against me. I couldn't look him in the eye, so he put his palm on the side of my face and made me look into his eyes.

"Please. Please do this for me. Please. I will be gentle. I'll take it slowly. Just, please." His voice broke, and I placed my head on his shoulder. It seemed the safest option. I didn't want to do this, no matter how much I wanted Alec. I didn't want a stranger to watch my first time. It would forever be burned into my memories. But if I was the cause of the death for even one family member of Alec's, well, I wouldn't be able to live with myself.

I looked up into his eyes. "Okay."

"Okay? Thankyou!" He kissed me, gently. All my doubts were erased in that one kiss. It was unlike anything that we had ever shared. It was soft and gentle and there was none of the searing hot hunger. This was unrushed, the kiss of lovers who had nothing but time. His lips left mine and trailed down my neck. I moaned softly as his tongue brushed the sensitive skin at the base of my neck.

I pulled his head back up and kissed him again, needing that calm, tender kiss again. His fingers brushed my cheek, pushing my hair behind my ear. I broke the kiss and bent down to look at his bruise. It looked so painful, and he did it to protect me from the same fate.

I kissed it. He groaned. I kissed it again, and again, until every single spot on the surface of the bruise had been kissed. When I looked back into his eyes, I could see that he was fighting for control. He kissed me again, still soft but a little more urgently. He placed a hand on my back and placed me onto the bed, my head resting on the pillows.

"Are you ready?" He asked.

"I don't have a choice. I have to be." I replied.

He kissed me again. When he looked at me he was serious and concerned. "Are you ready for this?" I nodded. I was ready. I wanted him, this man who kidnapped me and yet was so kind and loving.

"Good." He kissed me again, urgent and wild and distracting. I felt him at my entrance, and I closed my eyes, preparing for the pain.

I felt his weight shift, until I couldn't feel him anymore. I opened my eyes to find two men lifting him off me. Another man entered. He was wearing a suit, with grey hair and cruel eyes. He scared me more than 'the boss' did.

'The boss' chuckled at my distress. I looked at Alec and he looked at me hopelessly. He had stopped struggling and had admitted defeat.

'The boss' spoke. "Flower, this is Mr Southwood. He is buying you, depending on what happens now. Thankyou Blackshaw, for preparing her. Now watch as Mr Southwood deflowers her."

Chapter 4

The huge man - Southwood - loomed over me as I cowered further into the bed, wishing, hoping, it would swallow me up.

I was in a state of shock. I could still feel the trails of fire that Alec had left across my skin. I could still feel his tongue in my mouth, the way it danced with mine.

I was startled out of my reverie when Southwood stepped closer, moving toward me, and stretched a greasy hand out towards my boobs. I slapped his hand away, wanting to feel anything but his touch, and whimpered when he growled in fury.

He raised his hand and brought it down, slapping me across the face. My vision went black for a few moments and I whimpered in pain. This should be becoming a familiar feeling by now, but every time caught me off guard.

"You belong to me now bitch! You're all mine, so do what you are fucking told!" he raged. I shivered again. He reached his hand out again and gripped my left boob. I fought the urge to gag and he squeezed it and ran his finger over the nipple.

I shivered in disgust and goosebumps raised up all over my body. Unfortunately, my nipples also became erect in the process and he took it the wrong way.

"Look who's enjoying this. You are a little slut aren't you?!" my eyes stung with unshed tears. *Don't let them fall Tess, don't let them see how weak you are. Be strong Tess.*

He sneered at me and I felt sick all over as he brought his head down to my nipple and flicked it with his tongue. I couldn't hide the look of disgust on my face.

One hand slid down my flat stomach, traveling lower until it reached the apex of my thighs. He started massaging my pussy, flicking my clit, and I couldn't help it. The tears came running down my face.

I don't want this. I don't want this. I don't want this.

He bit my nipple hard and I sobbed louder. He looked up at my puffy eyes and laughed. "Are you ready, flower, to lose your innocence?" he asked sarcastically.

I knew it was a rhetorical question but I shook my head anyway. I certainly was not ready for this at all. He just laughed again before getting off me and undressing himself.

He took his shirt off first, then his pants.

Holy fuck! He is going to rip me in two with that thing! I thought Alec was big, but I had had nothing to compare him with. This monster, Southwood, was fucking enormous! And I did not want him anywhere near me. What if I die because I get split in two?

I mentally giggled at two halves of me running around. Oh fuck, I'm getting hysterical.

He got back on top of me and rubbed his cock against my entrance. I closed my eyes terrified. All I could think about was that it was Alecs fault. He is the reason that I'm here, in this situation. He is the one that

kidnapped me, the one that brought me to this hell.

He is the reason why I am about to lose my innocence.

I opened my eyes and stared at Alec, with all of the accusation that I had in me, as Southwood plunged his cock deep inside me.

Alec's Point Of View

I was torn from her.

Hands gripped me, pulling me away. I struggled, fighting to get back to the bed where Tessa frantically looked around. One of the men whispered into my ear. "Alec, calm down. It's no use. It's over." I looked up at my friend Stefan and nodded, admitting defeat.

The boss chuckled loudly. I wanted to hit him, but it would be all for nothing. His voice echoed around the room, "Flower, this is Mr Southwood. He is buying you, depending on what happens now. Thankyou, Blackshaw, for preparing her. Now watch as Mr Southwood deflowers her."

Deflowers her? I prepared her? I struggled again as realization hit me. She was never mine. She never would be mine. That monstrosity that took my family, played me. Again.

Stefan warned me again of the consequences if I interfered. *My family.*

I can't explain it, but I wanted to risk it all to save her. To be with her. To be her first.

My family should have been the first thing on my mind. After all, they were the reason that an had stayed my boss for so long. They were the reason why I had done so many horrible, terrible things. So that they could live.

And now I wanted to throw it away for some girl. A girl that I had known for a day. A girl that should have been as insignificant as the last.

But this wasn't any girl. This was Tessa. The most beautiful girl in the world. Well, that's what it felt like to me.

Tessa, who had boldly stripped in front of me when I was afraid that she would run away. Tessa, who had made jokes even after I I wheeled her away from the safety of her home. Tessa, that had cared for me after I had jumped in front of my bosses boot.

And the very same Tessa that was being molested in front of me.

His hand reached for her boob and she smacked it away. I felt a sense of pride in her, until my worry raced in after seeing his expression.

"You belong to me now bitch! You're all mine, so do what you are fucking told!" he screamed. I fought the urge to rush to her side, throw him off and beat his face to a pulp. Only because I knew that I would be fired, and my family killed, and the outcome would still be the same, except that she wouldn't have someone to comfort her in the end.

If I couldn't save her now, I at least wanted to be there for her later, if she needed me.

His hand squeezed her breast and a low growl ripped from my throat. I was supposed to be touching that boob, not his fat, grubby fingers. I mentally snickered at her mask of repulsion and the evident gagging that she was trying to hold back.

Tessa shuddered and goosebumps rose all over her body. Apparently the idiot took it as sign of enjoyment because he said, "Look who's enjoying this. You are a little slut aren't you?!"

She was making terrified whimpers and I could see the tears that she was trying to hold back. I wanted to rip his smirk off his face. Who the fuck gave him the right to call my Tess a slut?

But I was played. She was never mine in the first place.

He brought his head lower to her nipple and licked it with his tongue. His other hand went to her pussy and started massaging. My hands were balled into fists and I couldn't control it. He was touching her when he shouldn't be. I should be. I wanted him dead.

I lunged forward, wanting to attack him. How dare he touch her like that? No one should be allowed to do that except me!

The hands grabbed me again, and I growled at Stefan and the face that the other set of hands belonged to. I tried desperately, to pull free as tears rolled down her face, and quickly turned into sobs. I can't stand seeing her like this. I don't even know why I care so much!

Suddenly Southwood laughed. He laughed at my struggling beauty. "Are you ready, flower, to lose your innocence?" she shook her head, and I shook mine with her. He laughed once more before getting off the bed.

I assumed he was undressing but I couldn't take my eyes off Tessa. She was so beautiful, so young, so terrified.

She shouldn't be in this position. And it was my fault, I knew that. I don't like bringing the girls to my boss but there wasn't much I could do. He blackmails me. And I can't say no because it's my family on the line.

But out of the countless girls I've brought, Tessa, has been the only one that I cared for. And I don't even know why. What makes her so special?!

Her eyes widened in shock and fear, as Southwood mounted her again. She closed her eyes, turned her head towards my direction, and looked at me.

Her eyes were full of betrayal and accusation, as he shoved his cock into her and her scream ripped though out the room.

I fell to my knees, sobbing.

I couldn't watch this. I buried my face in my hands.

The image of the accusation in her eyes, and the pain, was burnt behind me eyelids. No matter how much I covered my eyes though, I couldn't block out her cries and screams of agony.

At one point she screamed out my name. She asked me to help her, but I couldn't move. Stefan still had a grip on my arm so I curled into the fetal position and cried.

I actually cried. I whimpered when she called out my name again over the grunts coming from Southwood on top of her.

Finally, he stopped.

Southwood stood, walked over to my boss, and smiled. "I'll take her. Have her ready in exactly a week, and I want a servant too."

"That can certainly be arranged, Mr Southwood. Blackshaw, get her back to her room."

They all exited the room, Stefan gave me one last apologetic glance before leaving too.

Slowly, I got up from the floor and rushed to her side. She was on her back, still and pale on the bed. Her eyes were closed and quiet sobs erupted from her mouth every few seconds. Blood covered the bottom half of the bed.

Looking at her, the sobs came again. I crawled into the bed next to her and buried my face into her shoulder, while the sobs wracked both of our bodies.

I hugged her close, never wanting to let her go. She was my life source and I wanted to be hers. "I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry." Those words kept pouring out of my mouth, over and over again.

I kissed her checks, her nose, her forehead, her chin, and her closed eyelids that haven't opened since I lay down next to her.

Finally, her lips opened.

"Get off me." her words were shaky.

"What?" I was so confused. Here I am, trying to comfort her, and she doesn't want me? "Get the fuck off me, you bastard! I never want to see you again!" she screamed and opened her eyes, which were full of hate and disgust.

A/N: okays, so I did this whole chapter on my IPad, so that's why there is no italics or bold or whatever else I added in that didn't show up. Tell me what you think about the different POV's. I wasn't sure about it, but I did it so, you know? Anyways, enjoy! Sorry it took so long to upload.. Xx

Chapter 5

(Tessa's Terrified Point of View)

His touch disgusted me.

I wanted nothing more then for him to get away.

It was his fault that I was in this mess! His! He brought me here! Even if I did go willingly it was to conserve my strength, or that's what I keep telling myself.

It doesn't matter anyway, because this, this thing, wouldn't have happened to me if he hadn't come into my life.

And he acted as if he cared! He could try to cry and hug me to make me feel better all he wants, but I wouldn't have any of it. It was his fault. He probably planned the whole situation with the boss. So fuck him! I don't want anything to do with him anymore.

But I can't lie to myself like that.

The worst part is that I do want him.

The whole time Southwood was having his way on me, through all of the pounding and pain and screams and tears, all I could think of was that I wanted Alec on top of me.

I hate him. I really, really do.

But the moment that Southwood took my virginity, I also realized that I... that I love him too.

Or I think that I do. But my mind is so clouded with love and hate and judgement and broken innocence. And so much blood...

When Southwood left, Alec ran to me, and laid down next to me in the bed. His arms around me were such a sweet distraction, his lips buried into my neck as he sobbed. Why was he sobbing? He wasn't the one that just got raped.

I couldn't bare to look at him. I thought that if I did, if I looked at the unexplainable sadness in his eyes, I might forgive him. And I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if I did. I needed to stay strong and push him away.

So I said the first thing that came to mind. "Get off me." my voice was shaky, but it should be after I just got raped, right?

"What?" he asked. I swallowed at the hurt and confusion in his eyes. I wanted to wrap my arms around him and let him hold me while I cried myself to sleep. But I couldn't. Because he kidnapped me and got me into this fucking mess.

"Get the fuck off me, you bastard! I never want to see you again!" I screamed so that he knew that I meant it and so that I didn't have a chance to take it back. I opened my eyes, willing myself to give him an angry look so that he knew I wasn't kidding around. I was disgusted in myself for no reason.

He gave me one last shocked look, the hurt practically burning into me, before rolling off the bed and standing next to it, looking down at me. "I, umm, I'm sorry for whatever I did... I, ah-"

I cut him off. "I don't care. Just get me to my room where I can wash up and sleep."

"Okay, umm, let's go." He said nervously. I sat up and winced. I was incredibly sore from Southwoods enjoyment, and I whimpered as I tried to stand.

Alec rushed to my side. "Are you okay?!" He grabbed my arm as if to keep me from falling over, but I flinched from his touch. He looked down at me. I closed my eyes to block out the sadness in his. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to know if you were okay."

I could hardly bare the agony in his voice, but I only flinched so that I could get away, because I knew that one touch was all that it would take for me to forgive him. Ugh! Why is this happening to me? How did I get in this mess? How did I fall in love with someone like him?

I opened my eyes. He had fresh tears running down his face and I whimpered from seeing him hurt. I looked down so that I didn't have to see anymore.

I got up and walked slowly towards the door, then looked back to see if he was following him. I took slow, careful, agonizing steps until we reached the door that I assumed was ours.

He opened it up and I walked inside, quickly making my escape as far from Alec as possible. I didn't trust myself alone with him, no matter how much I hated him and how sore I was.

"Okay, now, I would like to know why you are so mad with me? I had no idea that that was going to happen. I was so happy that I was going to be your first and that was ripped away from me. Now, I would like to know why you are so pissed off at me?!" His voice was raised.

I considered ignoring him. I was almost sure that they had planned it together and... wait, was that it? He was upset because he didn't get to have his way with a virgin? Fuck boys and their cocks. They all need to be chopped off before it all gets to their brain.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Are you that fucking ignorant? You just witnessed what happened in there, you moron!" I couldn't help that I screamed. Why was he being so stupid?!

"Yes, I saw him... ah, take you. It was the worst hour of my life, but I can't change what happened. I fought to get to you. It was no use. I wanted to be here for you afterwards, so I gave up before they killed me or locked me away or whatever else satisfies their sick fantasies. I didn't want that to happen to you, but it was out of my control!"

I laughed. "You think that I'm pissed of that you didn't save me? You are not my knight in shining armour," *I wish you were,* "and you never will be. I don't need you to save me. In fact, I don't need you at all!" The lies kept exploding out of my mouth, fuelled by his anger and hurt.

"Well if that's the case, *princess*, why the fuck are you mad at me?!" His voice was sarcastic as he said the word 'princess.'

"You are so naive! I'm not totally mad about you watching as I got raped, well, I am mad, but as you said there was nothing you could do. It's because you brought me into this situation! Why me? I'm not special! But you brought me here and that's why I'm mad."

"You weren't mad yesterday when you had your hands in my pants." He laughed humourlessly. I stared back shocked. I cannot believe he said that. But I guess that's all that I was to him this whole time. Just some toy that he could use for his fun and games, without a care about my emotions. *They all fall for him. And he uses them.*

"I see how it is." I spun on my heels and headed toward the bathroom, slamming the door closed and locking it. I stood there for a while before falling to the ground in a mess of uncontrollable sobs and tears.

There was a knock at the door. I ignored him. He could probably hear me through the door, but I didn't care. He could think whatever he wanted about me.

"Tessa! Tess, are you okay? Open up please." His voice was soft but I ignored him again. "God dammit!" he slammed a fist against the door. "Tessa, I didn't mean it! I'm sorry! You mean more to me than that. I can't explain it, and I can't control it, but you mean... a lot to me. I am really, really sorry that I got you into this mess. I am. I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it, and I don't know why but I can't stand to see you like this. You... You..."

I sobbed again as he struggled for words. His words meant so much, but I still didn't know whether I could trust him. This might be some sick joke.

"You asked why you got kidnapped. You said that you weren't special. And I didn't know why either, I just followed orders as usual. But Tess, you must be special because you make me feel like... Like I can't even describe. You aren't even aware of the effect that you have on me. I've never wanted anyone more than I want you, and I'm so, so sorry for what happened. That is the last thing that I wanted, trust me." He paused, waiting for me to say something. "Tess? Open the door please. Let me in."

I covered my face in my hands, wanting his words to stop. I wanted to take his pain away, while he took away mine, but I was still mad. I wasn't even sure what I was mad about anymore, but Alec was the only one around so I directed my anger towards him.

"Please leave me alone." I managed before I broke down in more tears.

"Tess, please! I want to help you!" He tried the door handle. I ignored him and turned on the shower, stepping in when the temperature was warm. I washed myself slowly, but vigorously. I wanted every reminder removed.

I made sure that his smell was gone, the feeling of his greasy fingers removed. I carefully washed away the dry blood and watched as it swirled away down the drain. My innocence washed away, disappeared, all so quickly.

I waited a bit longer in the shower, my fingers past the state of being shriveled, before I finally stepped out wrapping myself in a towel. I looked around. Fuck! No clothes. I cracked the door open to see where Alec was and found a pile of modest pajamas placed at the door. I snatched them up and quickly got dressed.

When I walked out Alec looked up from where he was sitting on the couch. He gave me a small smile but didn't say anything. I walked to the bed, eying him suspiciously. He laid back on the couch, his head resting on pillows and reached down to pull a thin blanket up.

I was racked with guilt for a moment. It was a cold night and he had such a thin blanket. But I wasn't giving up my doona to give myself up to the same freezing fate.

For at least ten minutes I rolled around, losing an epic mental battle. Eventually, I sighed loudly, admitting defeat.

"You don't have to sleep on the couch." I spoke quietly, but my voice rung around the previously silent room.

"What do you mean?" he asked timidly, almost hopeful.

"I mean, you can sleep in the bed if you want."

"Are you sure? I mean, you've practically avoided me like the plague and now you want me to..." He drifted off.

I sighed again. "Yes, I'm sure. Now hurry up before I change my mind."

He hurried over, and laid down carefully, snuggling under the blankets. I was as far as possible on one side and him on the other. I was slightly worried that he might try something but he just gave me a small smile and simply said, "goodnight."

I fell asleep looking into his eyes.

A/N: Oh my God! Look how quick I updated! Don't expect it to continue though, school starts again in a few days and I thought that I should hurry and upload this chapter, before I literally drown in homework. I might not upload for a while though! I'm sorry! :)xx

Chapter 6

I woke with Alec's arms around me, as my head rested against his chest. I don't even know how I got in this position. Ugh, I'm even attracted to him in my sleep.

I inhaled his masculine smell deeply, trying to hold onto this moment for as long as possible. This could be the last time that he held me, and he was sleeping, so I savoured the moment for as long as it lasted.

I was only pushing him away because I could never truly forgive him for kidnapping me and being the reason for my pain and my distress. That is the only reason that I keep denying him. If it wasn't for that, my naive little body would have thrown itself into his arms and surrendered to him a long time ago. Well, the minute he asked, anyway.

I wonder if he really meant what he said yesterday. Not that it would matter if he did, because I didn't ever plan on being with him, but...

But nothing! Ugh, I want Alec, I can't lie to myself, and he claims to want me, but he kidnapped me! How does he expect me to be with him?

And now... Now I'm being bought off so I only have a week left with him. A week. My heart clenched at the thought. This was the last week that I had with him, my last week of freedom.

Then I would be shipped off with... *Shudder...* Southwood.

And I would never see Alec again. The pain of losing him hit me suddenly, hot and unbearable. It seared through my veins and I winced quietly to myself. Why did I have to fall in love with this beautiful monster under my fingertips?

I sighed. One week left with this boy that I love and that's it. Only one more week of avoiding him... Hang on, why am I avoiding him? I only have one week of being with him. One week was all that I had to experiment with this new feeling... Why am I wasting it?

I contemplated the thought of being with him, just for this short time. My body gave a slight happy moan, merely from the thought. It would be heaven. A week of kissing him and being within his proximity... I sighed happily.

But the problem was the time limit that we had. A week. Just seven short days.

And I don't think that the boss would be extremely thrilled with the prospect. He might go into a rage and there might be serious consequences for Alec's family... But it was only a week. Just a week and I would never see him again. The boss would never have to know.

Plus, it's not like Alec loved me back. So, it would only hurt me to be with him for the week knowing that I loved someone who didn't love me. It wouldn't hurt him at all when I left. I could do whatever I wanted with him and he wouldn't be heartbroken when Southwood claimed me. Like I would be.

Suddenly, through all of my epic mental battle, my thoughts cleared enough for me to make a decision.

I sat up quietly, not wanting to wake him. I turned around and positioned myself on top of him, putting all my weight into my hands and knees on either side of his sleeping body. My face was mere inches from his, and I

almost giggled of how unaware he is of the situation.

I brought my lips to his.

They were so soft, so inviting that I moaned instantly. I missed this, I needed this.

His eyelids flickered slightly, before they flew open and he gasped in shock upon seeing me nibbling on his lips. His gasp was the entrance that I craved and my tongue darted in, not wasting a second.

He went to pull away but I couldn't let that happen, not yet. My hands grasped his face and I put my weight into my elbows instead. I threaded my hands through his hair and held him to me, impossibly deepening the kiss even more.

He responded immediately after that; his tongue dancing in my mouth, his back arching to grind against my body. He groaned in his pleasure and his hands went to the back of my neck, pulling me flush against him.

He tasted so magnificent that I wanted to suck, and nibble, and bite him all day. I'm so greedy.

I bit his bottom lip softly and pulled, his answering groan caused my pussy to throb. Why had I ever been mad at him? He makes me feel... I moaned.

Suddenly he flipped me and I was lying on my back with him on top of me. He was kissing me deeply, desperately. He needed me, I could feel it, and I needed him.

I gripped his ass, pulling him closer and causing his erection to dig into my hip. We both sighed in pleasure. This is what I craved. Him.

He pulled away. "Why. Are. You. Doing. This?" He asked between small, sweet kissed placed on my swollen lips.

"Because I..." Oh, holy Jesus, what do I tell him. That I love him? Oh, what do I do?!? "...need you." He smiled sadly, and there was a little bit of disappointment in his eyes. Was he expecting a different answer?

"You need me?" He rolled off me and got to his feet. "You need me. Great. But when I need you, then what? Are you going to lock yourself in the bathroom again? All I wanted to do was help, and then you decide that it's okay to do..." He pointed at the bed, "whatever that was after ignoring me? And your excuse is that you need me?"

I sighed. This is not how I expected my plan to work out. "Alec, please, not now-" He cut me off.

"No, I want to do this now. You pushed me away. I needed you Tess. I was broken. Before you start, I know that nothing happened to me, but it hurt watching that happen to you. I needed you to comfort me, because I was shattered. Forever. That's how long that memory will be burned behind my eyelids. The memory of Southwood raping the girl that... the girl that I love."

I sat up quickly and inched towards where he stood by the bed. "You what?"

"I said, I lov-" I launched myself into his arms, my lips swallowing the last parts of his sentence. I kissed him happily. He loved me! I can die now! My tongue traced his bottom lip, asking for entrance and he opened up. Our tongues performed that sensual dance that they needed so much.

I pulled away after a few minutes of kissing him, gasping for breath. I kept our faces together though, smiling into his lips.

"You love me?" I asked him quietly.

"I can't explain it, but, yes. I do."

I sighed, happily, once again.

"Say it again." I could listen to him all day.

He pressed his lips to mine. "I." Kiss. "Love." Kiss. "You." Kiss. "So." Kiss. "Much." Kiss.

I wanted to tell him back. I wanted to tell him how I truly feel. That I love him, even though he kidnapped me, and I have no idea why I do. I just love him, and that's that. But what if I get hurt? What if he doesn't mean it?

His eyes were so hopeful, so loving that I really couldn't doubt his feelings for me.

I sighed in defeat. I need to tell him. If he uses me... Well, he can use me all that he wants this week. "Alec, I..." His eyes looked at me, almost pleading for me to say those three words. "I love you." I whispered.

He sighed in relief and buried his face into my neck. I wrapped my arms around him and held him until he looked up. He kissed me, slowly, similar to how he kissed me before we were ripped apart. But nothing was tearing us apart this time. I needed him and I was going to have him.

I melted into his kiss. He was a really, really good kisser. He must have had lots of practice... I really don't want to think about that now.

He was still unsure about me. I was angry at him to the point of being disgusted by his touch and then suddenly declaring my love for him, so I couldn't blame him for his confusion. But I wanted him to take the lead. In my eyes I was still a virgin and I wanted him to change that fact.

"Alec..."

"Mmm?" His eyes were dark with desire, but he gave me a questioning look.

"Make love to me." I almost laughed at myself. It was so dramatic and cliched.

"Are you sure? I mean, after yesterday with..." He trailed off.

"Yes, I'm sure. Now kiss me."

A/N: Finally! Sorry for taking so long, but the weekend came and I decided to put it to good use! Now I'm uploading before it's over so I hope you enjoyed that! :) xx

Chapter 7

I bit his bottom lip and pulled. I was awarded with his answering groan, and my whole body was alive, on fire.

This was so slow and sensual that my senses soared. His touch, his hands trailing slowly up my arm and around my neck, made me throw my head back in ecstasy. I needed him. I always have, and I don't know why I hadn't been with him sooner.

His lips traveled across my jaw to my neck. He kissed it tenderly before sucking hard. His teeth grazed my skin slightly and I couldn't stop the overwhelming moan that escaped my lips.

I was burning, my body begging for his touch. I needed him inside me now.

"Alec," I begged. He looked at me questioningly.

"What is it, my love?" He whispered teasingly into my ear. My body shivered from hearing those words and I pressed him closer.

"Alec, I..." I was cut off with a moan that racked through my body as he lightly bit into my neck. "Alec please!" My voice came out flustered and desperate.

"What do you want?"

"I... I want, oh my God!" His tongue travelled from the base of my neck to the back of my ear. "I need you now!" I managed to get out before I was silenced again by his sweet torture.

"Patience is a virtue," he smirked. I let a frustrated breath.

He wanted to tease me. Two can play at that game.

I stepped back from him, going against every screaming fibre in my body that wanted to feel him near me. His arrogant smile faded. He wanted me, but after his little stunt, I was going to make it difficult.

He stepped closer. I stepped back. He took another step towards me, his longing clear in his eyes. I stepped further back, the back of my knees coming in contact with the bed.

Now I could tease him. I gripped the hem of my shirt, ready to pull it over my head, when Alec leapt forward and was suddenly pressed against me. He looked me in the eyes and took my hands in his. "Let me."

I released my shirt, staring at Alec as he slowly lifted it over my head. His eyes were dark and needing and made me melt just at the sight. Our eye contact broke for a second as he carefully pulled the shirt over my head.

His hands skimmed down my side, electricity building from deep within me. His thumbs lightly brushed over my breasts and I bucked my hips closer, pulling him flush against me. I could feel his arousal through the irritating barrier of our pajama bottoms.

I whimpered lightly, causing a sexy growl to rip from the throat of the boy I love. I don't understand how I could possibly love him after what he's done to me or in the short time that I've known him but I do love him

and that's just that. It's unexplainable. And I don't care.

His palms once again brushed down the sides of my body, over my boobs until he reached the waistline of my pajama bottoms which he pulled down along with my panties.

His hand found its was between my legs and he brushed the tips of his fingers across my pussy. I whimpered once more, clinging on to him tighter. One of his fingers slipped inside of me and I gasped at the suddenness of it.

He moved his finger in a wide circle and I dug my fingers into his back in ecstasy. He did it again and I moaned loudly. "Alec! That's enough. Please, I can't bear it. I need you now."

His gaze was so fiery and intent that I almost looked away. But something was stopping me. I wanted to watch him as he took me for our first time. I had to watch. It was vital.

He slowly brought me down onto the bed, running kisses along my jawline and my neck, and every other inch that he could kiss without traveling too far. He left me for a minute and I watched him undress. His defined chest, not too muscular but just perfect. He pulled his pants off next, and his boxers. I moaned just from the sight. I really need to control how much I moan.

Then he was on me again, kissing and sucking and nibbling and loving me. Nothing was taking him away from me this time. Nothing. He is mine and I will have him. He gently pulled on my earlobe and I wound my fingers around his back, bringing him closer to where I wanted him. "Are you sure yo-" he begun to whisper in my ear. I silenced him with a deep kiss that left us gasping.

"Positive. I love you Alec." I told him truthfully.

He gave me a quick kiss. "And I love you."

I looked him in the eye, seeing all of the truthfulness there. No lying, no faking. Complete truth. I loved him, and he loved me. Simple as that. But this was the last week that I would have with him. I was going to make the most of the time that I had left.

Suddenly he pushed into me. My eyes widened and I saw the look of concern in his eyes before he swallowed my groan of pain in a kiss. He waited, never moving, just kissing my pain away.

Then he slowly pulled out, every inch of him causing a moan to escape my mouth. This was the most amazing feeling. This is much, much better than what Southwood did to me.

Alec pushed in again. I shuddered with pleasure and clung onto him tighter, burying him deeper inside me. He groaned through his teeth. "Tessa, slow it down. I won't be able to control it otherwise." But I didn't want him to control *it*, and besides, I couldn't control myself.

He pulled out again and then back in. I wrapped my legs around his waist, digging my nails deep into his back which only seemed to excite him more. I buried my face into his neck when the pleasure started to become too much. I bit down softly and his answering growl had me doing it over and over and over.

His body was pressed into mine, and he lent down to flick my nipple with his tongue. That was it for me. I stifled my moans in his hair and came hard, clenching around him. He thrust into me a few more times before letting off his own noises of pleasure and coming inside me.

He collapsed, half on top of me, half on top of the bed. His face was buried in the crook of my neck, and he kissed it softly. I encircled my arms around his waist, never intending to let go. But I would have to.

His kissed his way up to my cheek, looking me in the eye when he said, "Tess, what are you doing to me?"

"What do you mean?" Even though I did. Whatever he was doing to me, I was doing to him to.

"I love you, and I've never experienced anything like that... I mean, I've had sex before, but I've never made love... Like made actual love-" I silenced his mumbling with a kiss.

"I understand.

A/N: I know that it has been way too long since I last updated and I'm really, truly sorry. I thought that I would be able to post up a chapter at least every week but obviously things have been a little more hectic than that. So, I'm sorry and I will try to update more often but, no promises! And sorry that it's so short! :) xx

Chapter 8

(Alec's POV)

She loves me. Tessa actually loves me! I've never been more happy in my life!

She is mine. Only mine. I won't let the boss or *him* touch her again. No one. I will find a way to get her free. But right now... Now, I am going to enjoy the moment.

Tessa is wrapped in my arms, her head against my chest, sleeping deeply. Her hair is spread around her head like a halo, much like it was last night when I took her. She looks like an angel. *My* angel.

She fit against me so perfectly, I wanted to never move. Just to watch her sleep for an eternity. No one can get her while she sleeps, it's like a bubble of blissful ignorance. Suddenly her eyes fluttered and I was greeted with a tired smile. I lent down to kiss the top of her hair, but she moved so that she could press her lips against mine.

I wasn't expecting it, but it made my stomach swell with love.

"Good morning," she spoke, her voice thick with sleep as she snuggled closer into my body. Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around her tighter. I felt her smile into my chest.

"Good morning to you too."

After a little while of silence she said, "Oh."

"What?" I asked a little worried. What if she just realized what we did and was already regretting it? I wasn't going to have any of that. What we did was perfect and no one should ever regret something that was so beautiful.

"We're naked." She looked at me, blushed, and hid her face into my chest.

"I know. And may I say what I nice view it is." I teased her. She gripped the doona tighter around her body.

"Um, you didn't have to say anything. I noticed." I took me a little while to gather what she meant, but then she nodded her head in the general direction of my... Well, you know... And I finally got the picture.

I smirked. "Are you gonna take care of that for me?"

Tessa blushed again and I chuckled, wrapping my arms tight around her, loving the feel of her body against mine. It felt so right.

Suddenly she was on top of me, straddling my hips. She lent down to kiss me softly but passionately. I took me a little while to react, I was in such shock, but after a few seconds I was kissing her back equally as passionately.

I sat up with her on my lap so that my back was pressed against the head board. I needed a better grip on her and from this position I could feel every centimetre of her body pressed against mine.

I kissed down her neck until I found her sweet spot. When she moaned, I sucked it and kissed it and grazed my teeth over it. The noises that she let out almost sent me over the edge. I needed to be inside her now.

I rubbed my cock against her entrance, loving the way that she squirmed, wanting more. However, her reaction just made me want to tease her, loving the look of desperation on her face. Desperation for me.

When she realized that I wasn't going to do anything else, she went to lower herself onto me, but I quickly grabbed her hips and held her in place.

"You're such a tease," she whined.

"Only for you." She smiled, but I could tell that it was forced.

"What's wrong?" I asked, confused.

"Do you do this often?" She answered my question with one of her own.

"Do what?"

"Sleep with the girls that come here?" She asked, biting her lip. Retaliation dawned on me.

"Jealous are we?" I smirked.

"Alec... I'm serious." I knew that she was, but I didn't want to tell her the truth. That almost every girl that walked through the front door ended up in my bed. How did I tell that to the woman that I love?

I sighed. I had to tell her the truth if I wanted her trust and her complete love. "Yes." I saw the hurt flash in her eyes. "Yes, Tessa, I do this often. Almost every girl that has been kidnapped by the boss has ended up, well, where you are now."

The tears welled up in her eyes and she tried to pull away from my lap, but I held her firmly in place. She wanted to be away from me and it broke my heart to see the disgust and distrust in her eyes. "Tessa, please don't. Listen to me. I didn't want any of them. None of them. The only girl that I've ever wanted, well, she's right where I want her now. You. With me. The other girls... Well, I was ordered to. I couldn't refuse. My family... My sister... It's hard to choose what's right and what's wrong. Is it okay to do the wrong things for the right reasons? To do them for the ones that you love? I know that I would do anything for you, but that doesn't make it right. Do you understand?" I hoped that she did. I hoped so badly.

She just looked at me like she wanted to be anywhere but here.

"Tessa, please, Tess, don't look at me like that. Like I'm the most disgusting creature to ever walk this earth. I can take it from anyone, but not from you. You mean too much to me. You mean everything. I didn't want to do what I did to those girls, I did it to keep my family safe, because I got told to. But never again. The thought of being with anyone else sickens me. I just want you."

Tessa closed her eyes, like the words were painful to hear. I need to convince her to forgive me. She means the world to me.

I released her hips and was relieved to find that she didn't try to escape me. I lifted my hands to her face and rested them there. I brushed my thumbs across her eyelids, wanted her to open them and look at me.

Finally she did.

"You. I love you." I told her. One tear dripped from her eye and I kissed it away. I kissed both of her eyelids, then her cheeks, her nose, the corner of her mouth and then finally her lips.

She didn't fight me, but she didn't fully respond either. I pulled away. "Please Tess." I was shocked at the desperation in my voice, but suddenly it didn't matter anymore because Tessa's mouth was on mine, her tongue gently caressing the inside of my mouth. Her hands ran up my back, where one wound through my hair and tugged deliciously, and the other rested at the back of my neck, pulling me closer.

I could feel the warmth of her entrance beckoning me. She pulled away gasping for breath, sitting on my lap as I slowly pushed into her. I pushed slowly, taking in each delicious centimetre at a time, never breaking eye contact with her.

Her eyes grew heavy with pleasure, and I watched as she fought to keep them open. She rested her forehead against mine when I could go no further, when I reached the hilt of my cock, never once looking away from her sparkling eyes.

We stayed like that for a while, and I could already feel the buildup just from Tessa's proximity, but I didn't want to release just yet.

I flicked my hips up a little and watched Tessa's eyes roll back in pleasure. I did it again and she moaned into my ear. I felt myself getting harder, if that was even possible.

"Alec..." she moaned into my ear.

"Mmm?" I ran my hand up her bare back, taking in all of her soft skin.

"Do something." She replied, almost pleading. I chuckled, and kissed her sweetly on the lips before I started to move inside her. I gripped her hips, bouncing her up and down and raising my hips to connect with her on the down stroke.

Her head came to rest on my shoulder, so every moan that she let out, was sending vibrations in my ear. I loved making her moan because I knew that she was enjoying this as much as I was.

"Ah! Tessa, you feel so amazing!" And she did. Every second in her was sweet torture... I could barely take it anymore. I could feel her muscles tightening around me, which was doing funny things to my brain, and to other places on me.

"Let go." I whispered into her ear, and she did, which was enough to send me spiraling into bliss.

We sat there, with my love on my lap for a few minutes, trying to catch our breaths. She looked at me almost shyly, and I brushed a sweaty strand of hair behind her ear.

This was exactly where I wanted to be. Sitting in a bed with Tessa. If only it was far away from here. But Tessa made me forget, she made the circumstance so much easier to deal with. That's why I love her. Because she is perfect for me.

I only hope that I can be perfect for her too.

We were interrupted from our staring my a knock on the door.

"Blackshaw! I hope you haven't forgotten your duties! Or do I need to remind you?" Came the bosses voice from behind the door.

"I haven't forgotten. I'll be out soon." He didn't reply but I heard his boots echoing away.

I shifted from under Tessa reluctantly. I reached onto the floor and pulled on my boxers. I looked up at Tess and she quickly looked away with a blush.

I chuckled. "Look all you want." I told her simply. She blushed harder but didn't glance back in my direction. I smirked as I finished dressing.

I crawled back onto the bed and took Tessa's face in my hands. "I love you. And I'm going to get you out of here."

I didn't wait for an answer. I just turned and darted out of the door.

(A/N): Finally! I know! I take forever, everything is so hectic! Anyways, got the chapter up! The whole thing is in Alec's POV. Let me know what you reckon! :) xx

Chapter 9

(Tessa's POV)

A sense of euphoria washed over me as I watched his retreating figure as he walked out of the door.

How did he make me feel like this? I giggled like a schoolgirl as I fell back onto the bed, inhaling his lingering scent. I almost felt ashamed for falling for someone who had kidnapped me. I shook my head. I needed to stop blaming him for that.

He was so perfect. His intense eyes, that gazed at me with so much love while he made love to me. His lips, as they devoured mine, marking me as his. And I was. I was his and he was mine.

Mine.

I thought back to his last words before he ran out of the door. *I love you. And I'm going to get you out of here.*

How? Ugh, I wanted to call him back and demand answers from him but I knew that that was impossible. He had already left and I didn't want to go looking for him, because, for starters, I had no idea where he went, and because someone might see me and think that I was attempting to escape. I shuddered at the thought.

But I couldn't stop thinking about Alec. The things that he did to me last night and this morning, and, hopefully, will do to me in the future. *And I'm going to help you get out of here.* I wondered what he was planning.

Was he really willing to risk his life and the lives of his family for me? He must really love me. I smiled at the thought. He loves me.

I wonder what he is doing right now.

(Alec's POV)

I scowled as I walked into the bosses office, thinking of what horrible chore he had planned for me today.

"Ah, Blackshaw, so glad for you to *finally* join us." He put so much emphasis on the word 'finally' that you would think that I had been gone for months. Wait, did he say *us*?

I looked around the room and surely, there was another figure in the far corner. The figure stepped forward. I clenched my fists and bit my tongue to stop from rushing forward and beating the smirking face in front of me until nothing remained.

Southwood.

"What is he doing here?" I said through clenched teeth.

"Coming to collect what is rightfully his." The boss said simply.

His?! Tessa isn't his. She is mine! I wanted to yell but I knew that it wouldn't help her circumstance. Panic welled up inside of me. What happened to a week?

"So what am I here for?" I asked as coolly as I could with the monster standing in the corner.

"You are going to accompany him and his slut to his house. He has offered to buy you as well." My knuckles turned white when he called Tessa a slut. She was a hundred times better than both of the two men combined. Heck, she was a thousand times better than the three of us combined!

But my heart swelled at the news. I would be with her! But...

"What's happening to my family?"

Southwood chuckled at this. "Don't worry. I'm holding onto them as well. Don't want you running off on me now, do I?" His eyes sparkled with some unreadable emotion.

"Guess not. When do we leave?" I wanted to know. The quicker we left, the quicker Tess, my family and I could escape.

"Immediately. Ever since I had her once... Well, let's just say that I can't wait to have another go." Southwood slimily replied.

I decided to ignore his comment, however, my jaw was tense as I turned to the boss. "Is that all?"

He just replied with a simple, "leave."

(Tessa's POV)

The door rattled.

For a second I was terrified, until a pair of vibrant green eyes came through the door frame. He turned to shut the door, and as soon as he spun around I was on him, pushing him back against the door and claiming his mouth with mine.

He was shocked for a while, as I forcefully opened his mouth to claim his tongue as well, but he soon responding by turning us around until my back was against the door. His body pressed up against mine so that I could feel all of him. He gripped my wandering hands and held them above my head so that I was helpless to his kisses and torture.

His lips moved down my neck, hitting my sweet spot and making me moan. I needed him...

"Alec..." I moaned desperately. He quickly pulled away.

"Wow. What was... What was that for?" he said shakily.

I shrugged nonchalantly. "I missed you."

Desire still coursed through my veins, but something was off about Alec. His eyes were... Worried?

"What happened? Alec? Why... Why are you giving me that look?" I had a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.

He sighed regretfully. "Southwood... He's here."

Suddenly, I started shaking uncontrollably. I couldn't stop myself. One mention of his name made my blood run cold. I could feel the blood draining from my face, probably leaving me as a white, pale mess, but I didn't care. It didn't matter. All that matted was that he had come back.

For me.

All of a sudden, I felt my knees buckle. I didn't even try to block the fall. Maybe if I got really bruised up, he would think that I was too ugly and would leave me alone. Maybe... I knew it was hopeless. I just kept waiting to hit the ground. But I never did.

I felt like I was floating. Maybe I had knocked myself unconscious. I opened my eyes slowly and stared into Alec's concerned ones.

He laid me back on the bed. "Tessa? Tessa, I love you. I won't let him hurt you. I... I love you so much and... It's going to be okay. In the end... In the end it will be okay."

I wanted to believe him. I wanted to so badly, but how could he make promises that he can't keep? He can't keep me safe. Not when he is being kept prisoner here as much as I am. Not when we are going to be separated by our different captors.

"I love you Alec. But... I won't be able to touch you, or kiss you and he... He scares me and..." I trailed off. Understanding flashed in Alec's eyes. He kissed me quickly and smiled down at me.

"He's buying me too." He said simply. I took me a little while to wrap my head around what he just said. But when I did, hope surged through me. Alec would be there. He would make everything okay. He would rescue me. He was my prince.

"When are we leaving?" I asked him.

"Now. Pack everything."

He got off me and starting emptying the cupboards and drawers into suitcases that were under the bed. Despite how much I disliked - make that hated - the boss, he did give me five star accommodation. Even if it was only for a few torturous days.

I got up and helped Alec pack. All of the lingerie that was given to me was placed in the suitcase. Once we were done, Alec picked up the bags and walked them over to the door. He put them down before turning to me.

"We will be okay," he said and grabbed my hand, holding it tightly in his own. Electricity ran through my palm but I ignored it. It was definitely not the time or place to jump on him.

He led me through the building until I reached a room. I recognized it as the first room that I came into, when I first got slapped to the floor. When I still had my innocence.

I shook that thought out of my head. I had to stay strong. For Alec's and my sake.

We walked into the room and waited.

Suddenly, the boss and Southwood stepped out of the shadows. They both smirked at our combined hands simultaneously.

"Scared are we?" Southwood sneered and took a step closer. I quickly cowered behind Alec's back. I was so terrified that I didn't care that I should be ashamed at being such a coward.

"Don't worry flower. I'm sure that Mr. Southwood will take *very* good care of you. I must say that I'm disappointed to be letting you go. Such a delicate thing." Amusement danced in his eyes. I was disgusted at him for being so uncaring.

Suddenly, I felt someone stroking my face but it felt wrong. Out of place. I looked up into Southwoods cold stare and noticed that Alec wasn't holding my hand anymore. He was standing near the boss and he looked furious.

I jerked my face back from Southwoods touch, but he just gripped my chin and pulled me closer. Then he pressed his lips against mine. I couldn't pull away, I was helpless, so I worked on keeping my mouth shut.

He continuously tried to pry my mouth open but I wouldn't give him entrance. Then I felt a hand holding my nose together so that I couldn't breathe. I furiously tried to escape but the grip on my nose and chin were strong.

Against my better judgement, I opened my mouth instinctively. Immediately, I felt a hot, disgusting tongue invade my mouth. The tongue reached every nook and cranny of my mouth. I thought about biting down on his tongue but I was scared of the consequences.

Finally, Southwood pulled away. "You are a slut! You're *my* slut!" I heard a low growl from across the room and looked in the direction it came from. Alec was standing there next to the boss, red-faced with clenched fists. He looked pissed.

He walked over with long, determined strides and stepped in front of me protectively. "When can we leave?" his voice came out through clenched teeth.

Southwood just laughed. "Impatience won't get you anywhere, boy. But we better get going. Follow me."

With one last look at the boss, Alec laced his fingers through mine and pulled me out of the nightmare, to what could possibly be an even bigger one.

A/N: So, not much happens in this chapter but I thought that it was necessary. I'll upload the next chapter as soon as possible. Anyways, thankyou all for the comments and support! It means a lot! :) xx

Chapter 10

We were ushered into a truck and enveloped in darkness immediately.

If Alec wasn't still holding onto my hand I would probably float off into oblivion. An oblivion filled with darkness sounded pretty good right now. No kidnapping. No slaves. No slapping. No rape.

No Alec.

No matter what happens, I am glad that I met him and I got to experience love, even if it wasn't for long or very convenient timing. I still met someone that I could give my heart to. And I think that he feels the same way about me.

I tugged on his hand until I could feel his body pressed against mine. I slowly moved my hands up his body, making sure not to lose him in the blackness. My hands travelled up his chest, wrapping around his arms, caressing his neck, until they came to a rest on his silky cheeks.

I couldn't see him but I looked in the general direction of his eyes. I needed to tell him how I felt. I needed him to know that no matter what happened in the future, I was his. Just his.

"Alec-" I started but he cut me off.

"I'm not going to just sit there and watch him have his way with you over and over. I am not going to watch him treat you like nothing, doing things that only I should do. You are *mine*! Do you understand? *Mine*!" He growled possessively.

"I'm yours. Forever. No one else's. Just yours." I reassured him. I brought his face down to my own and gave his a soft, sweet kiss. "Yours," I whispered.

"Mine," he said again. The truck jolted and we were sent flying. I hit the ground hard, but I was mostly aware that Alec wasn't with me. I started frantically searching.

"Alec, where are you? Alec?" My voice was desperate.

"Don't fret. I'm over here, love. Follow my voice. That's it, come to me." I felt along the ground until I found him and I embraced him and started crying. I was shocked with myself, but it was too much. The full intensity of the situation hit me at that time and I needed to let it out.

So I cried.

Alec just held me tight, holding my head against his chest and rubbing comforting circles in my back with his other hand. Every now and then, he whispered soothing words into my ears, but other than that he was silent, for which I was grateful. He seemed to know exactly what I want and how to calm me.

Before long the truck came to a stop. The doors were pried open and light flooded the truck. My eyes burned, but when I could finally see, I wished that I couldn't.

Southwood stared down at me, hate and jealousy filling his eyes. I suddenly realized that I was still in Alec's arms. He clutched me closer and I held onto him for dear life. Southwood seemed to realize this and it only seemed to infuriate him more.

He suddenly leant down, grasped hold of my hand and yanked me up harshly. He nearly pulled my arm out of the socket while he broke Alec's grip on me.

"I'm going to show you who you belong to. Not him, *me*!" he pulled me along painfully. I winced at his terrifying words. I quickly glanced over my shoulder to see Alec trying to fight his way past three men. His eyes caught mine for just a second but I could see that he was trying as hard as he possibly could to get to me. I smiled at him sadly.

Southwood jerked me forward roughly. I was trying to keep up with the quick pace that he was setting, but it was almost impossible. He led me through what looked to be an ordinary house.

We stopped at one door at the end of a hallway. He pushed it open.

I gasped involuntarily.

The room was huge. There was a big bed in the centre of the room with sheets the colour of blood. The walls were covered in shackles and ropes and other restraints. The whole room looked like a torture device.

I didn't get to see much more because before I knew it I was being dragged forcefully to the bed. Southwood threw me onto it and climbed on top of me. I tried to buck him off but he was too heavy and too strong.

Suddenly, my shirt was torn from my body. I couldn't even cover myself up. Southwood looked down at me with greedy eyes. I was disgusted and ashamed. *This couldn't be happening. Not again. Not again. Please, no!*

I knew it was hopeless. It was happening again, and it was happening now. My bra came off. I closed my eyes, fighting tears as Southwood's fat fingers felt me up. He readjusted his position so that he could remove my pants and my lacy panties.

I felt him at my entrance. I squeezed my eyes shut further. He slammed into me. I cried out in pain. *Be strong Tess. Be strong for Alec.*

Alec.

I loved him so much. *Think about Alec.* The way that he kissed me. His smile. The way that she pushed back his hair. His laugh. The way that he talked. The way that he defended me. The way that he fought for me. His eyes. The way that he made love to me. The way that he said that he loved me.

And before I knew it was over.

Southwood pulled out and finished all over my stomach. Warm, sticky cum covered my stomach and my breasts. I opened my eyes and looked into Southwoods cold ones.

"You're not a flower. You're a slut. You've been fucking that slave boy? I don't care, as long as you know that you're both disposable. You're mine when I want you. Other than that, I don't care what you do. Clean yourself off slut."

He got off me and left the room.

I laid their for a while, silently crying, not moving. Then the door swung open. I closed my eyes tightly, afraid that maybe Southwood hadn't finished with me yet.

I heard a gasp, and without warning, arms embraced me. I tensed, until I recognized the sound of muffled crying and the feeling of a shaking body holding mine. Sneaking a looked under my eyelids, I saw the top of Alec's head, buried into my naked stomach.

He was crying.

Quickly, I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and held him why he cried. I hated seeing him so distraught, especially when my emotions were in ruins too. Tears ran down my cheeks but I wasn't us whether it was from Alec's desperate crying or my personal agony.

He looked up at me with sad, shining green eyes. "I'm so sorry Tess. Forgive me. Don't... Don't ignore me again. Please... I don't know what I'd do. I'm so... I'm so, so sorry Tessa." He was mumbling by that stage.

"Alec," I put my hands either side of his face. "It's not your fault. He's a monster. You... You're a good person. There was nothing you could do."

"But-"

I cut him off. "But nothing." I guided his head towards mine until our lips were brushing. "It's not your fault." Then I kissed him.

I wasn't trying to start anything, and nothing started. All I was trying to accomplish was reassuring Alec that it wasn't his fault. He couldn't do anything to prevent the situation from occurring. He probably couldn't have prevented it the first time either but I still hated him for it.

But things are different now. I know that he would change the circumstance if he could, but, unfortunately, he can't. So we just have to deal with it together. And I wasn't about to let him drown himself in guilt.

So, I put aside all feelings of shock and depression and being raped for the second time, and I comforted Alec.

"Alec, I know that that's not what you wanted. I know that you would have changed it if you could. I know that you love me. So look at me." I waited until he looked me in the eye. "I don't blame you. I love you."

He buried his face into my stomach once again. We stayed like that for a while, silently crying and holding each other. Anything that Southwood throws at us, we can deal with. As long as we are together.

He makes me stronger and he gives me confidence. Without him, I would break down and wallow in self pity. But because he loves me, I know that I will be alright.

Eventually, two men walked in.

"Get up." One of them commanded. I quickly covered myself up as best as I could with my arms and followed the men out the door, Alec trailing behind me.

They led us down some stairs where the air started to get chilly, especially since I didn't have any clothes. When my reached the bottom, a light was switched and the room flooded with light.

There was a sink in the far corner and a mattress on the floor with a thin blanket. Other than that the walls were grey and bare, with no doors or windows.

Suddenly, a door slammed shut and a lock clicked.

I spun around, seeing only Alec. He rushed forward and hugged me before picking me up bridal style and carrying me to the mattress. He laid me down carefully.

"Tess... I'm so sorry. But I'm going to get you out."

He didn't need to be sorry. I had never blamed him and even if had, I would forgive him no matter what.

I love him, and that's that. I don't know how, I don't know why, but I do. It's unexplainable.

"As long as I have you, Alec, I am free."

He smiled sadly and lent down to kiss me.

A/N: I'm sorry that not much happens in this chappie, but exams are coming up so I've been studying more than usual. The holidays are coming up soon though, so I should be able to finish off this story by then! :) xx

Chapter 11

Alec's POV

I woke up wrapped around Tessa. I smiled to myself, before gently sliding out from under her, careful not to wake her up.

She tossed in her sleep slightly, and I held my breath until she became still again. Giving her a quick, soft kiss on her forehead, I walked towards the door and knocked quietly.

It opened, revealing one of the men that pulled Tessa and I out of the other room. I mentally shuddered.

Before I had found her in there, I had been told to meet Southwood in the morning, immediately after waking. I had agreed, without thinking about the consequences because I had wanted to be at Tessa's side. And I had eventually gotten there... But it had been too late.

And I hated myself for it.

I shook the thought out of my head. I needed to remain clear minded for Tess' and my sake. The man gestured for me to follow him, immediately making it clear that he had a gun on him. I followed without hesitation because I didn't want to anger anyone here.

Not yet anyway.

He continued on and pushed through a door, roughly shoving me inside before he stepped in the room. I was engulfed in darkness, a darkness that terrified me. Anything could happen to me and no one would know. Anything could happen and Tess would be left defenseless in the basement with only the sadistic, barbaric, vicious...

I was momentarily blinded as a light switch was flicked.

Southwood was standing directly in front of me, and I cringed involuntarily. I quickly recovered and defiantly raised my head to meet his gaze.

"Bradshaw! How nice to see you again!" His mocking, sarcastic voice rung around the room. I rolled my eyes. Noticing the gesture, Southwood's fake smile dropped from his face. "I'm assuming that you are wondering what you are doing here?"

Not really. I was counting down the seconds until I could leave, was the reply that I wanted to give. However I remained silent, knowing, from years of experience, that it would do more harm that good.

Suddenly, I was on the ground, my cheek blossoming with pain. It took me a few seconds to realize that I had been backhanded. I clutched my face and jumped to my feet.

"You will answer me when I talk to you! Do you understand me Bradshaw?!" He screamed, his face turning a bright shade of red.

I just nodded, but quickly corrected myself when he begun to raise his hand. "Yes... Sir." It was difficult to spit out, but I managed, only because I had been dominated and owned and used since I was much younger. It was second nature to me.

"Good boy." He said, like I was his dog and I had learned a new trick. He smiled was again but there was something behind that smile. Something...cruel? I couldn't exactly place it but there was undoubtably something behind it.

"Now, I won't punish you any more for your insolence, only because I know that what is coming will be punishment enough." Something about his words caused a shiver to run up my spine, little trails of ice settling deep into my heart.

"Now, Bradshaw, I know that you must miss your family terribly. I know I would be. Am I right?" My family? Where was this coming from?

I was so stunned that I could only nod mutely. His jaw clicked but otherwise said nothing about me not answering his question in words. "Good. Would you like to see them again? Right now?"

Meet my family? It would be a dream come true. Everything that I had done, every horrific *chore* had been done so that I could see them again. And now, suddenly, I was getting the option to? It didn't make sense, especially not from Southwood. He was not someone to give out charity. I narrowed my eyes at him in distrust.

Suddenly, he lunged forward, gripping a large amount of hair and causing me to look at him deep in the eyes. "I am not a patient man Bradshaw. Now I said, would you like to see your family right now?"

I was so stunned that I whispered, barely loud enough for anyone to hear, "with all my heart." Southwood just smiled and released my hair.

"Follow me." He spun on his heels and stalked out the door, without another word. I traipsed after him cautiously, wondering what game he was playing at here. There was still some trepidation in the corner of my mind about seeing my family again, and I tried to push it away but to no avail.

What if my family resented me for all of the things that I had done? I know that I would. What if they didn't want to look at my face? What if they were scarred and broken? What if they didn't recognize me?

I shuddered at the thought. Southwood walked me to a door situated next to mine and Tessa's. I glanced reluctantly at my door, before following Southwood into the adjacent one. The door clicked behind me, leaving the stairs very dimly lit.

I held my breath and counted each stair slowly.

One, two, three... What if they don't want me? *Four, five, six...* My mum, my dad, my brother rejecting me. *Seven, eight, nine...* Not my little sister too. Especially not her. *Ten, eleven, twelve...* I could imagine her tiny face scrunched in disgust, glaring up at me.

Thirteen.

Fourteen.

Fifteen.

I stepped onto the hard, concrete floor. I looked around the room, which appeared empty. My throat closed. They weren't here.

"Southwood, this isn't funny. Where a-"

"Alec?" The vaguely familiar voice cut me off. I spun around toward the voice. A body jumped out from the shadows under the stairs, barreling towards me. The figure jumped into my arms and it took me a few moments to realize that this girl was my sister. No longer the four year old that I remember, she was now much older.

My arms flew around her and I hugged her to me tightly. We remained like that for quite a while, just relishing in each others company. I locked her to me, afraid of what would happen when I let go. Her small frame was shaking because she was crying, and I realized that her shoulder was damp from my own tears.

"Alec, Alec, Alec..." She kept mumbling my name, reassuring herself that I was real.

"Zara, I'm here. I'm right here. Everything is going to be okay. Thank you God. Zara..." I just couldn't stop mumbling, tears and words gushing out.

She pulled away just enough to look at me. "M-um, dad-d... Jam..." She begun and broke down in tears again. I hugged her into my chest.

"Where are they? What happened? Zara? Stop crying. Tell me what happened." I stroked her hair, trying to comfort her in any way that I could.

"They... They... They're d-de..." She broke off again, but that was all that I needed. I jumped up, prepared to rip Southwood to shreds for murdering them and making my sister suffer.

He just smirked from his position on the stairs and pointed into a corner of the basement that was shadowed over. There was something in the shadows.

My revenge was momentarily forgotten as I tried to make out what was in the shadows. Zara gripped my hand, pulling me back.

"Don't go there. Please." Her voice was scared but I was determined to find out what was in the shadows. I didn't know why, but I *needed* to get there.

Zara was screaming and crying as I made my way over there. She begged and pulled at me but it didn't stop me. I just kept watching, mesmerized, as I got closer to the corner. The mysterious object became clearer which every step. Zara's crying grew louder and Southwood let out an evil laugh that rung around the room settling deep into my stomach.

The shape turned into three, the middle shape slightly smaller than the outside ones. The noise stopped, or rather, I blocked it out. Zara was still screaming for me to come back, Southwood was still laughing, my footsteps still echoed, but my mind stopped registering all of these sounds until all I could hear was my heartbeat pounding in my ears.

I stepped into the shadows, and let out a blood curdling scream. My throat ran dry and burned painfully, my eyes welled up. I had ice branching into my bloodstream, slowly freezing my veins. I turned away in horror and broke down in tears.

I closed my eyes, but even when they were closed, the image remained printed behind my eyelids. The yellowing skin peeling back from the bone, black holes where eyes used to be, chunks of meat and innards visible to the naked eye.

Horrific.

My mother. My father. My brother, James.

Rotting, disintegrating corpses of my family.

I sprung to my feet and lunged towards Southwood, bloodthirsty and looking for revenge.

"Silly boy. You never learn. Didn't you notice anything? I didn't kill them. The man that you called *boss*, forgot to feed them. Poor, lifeless family."

I wasn't listening. All I could see was red, my mind raging, wanting blood. I couldn't think rationally, the images kept flashing in my head, teasing me, tormenting me. Until all I could think of was murdering Southwood.

I wasn't even sure how I planned on doing it since he had a gun and I had nothing, but like I said, I wasn't thinking rationally. I just advanced forward, closer to my target.

Southwood regarded me with an amused expression, except I saw a glint of... Fear? behind his eyes. "Poor, poor Bradshaw. The boy with no family except the skinny, little runt over there. The boy, who, after an unfortunate turn of events ended up in a life that he did nothing to deserve. The boy with no one left to care for him, and only a soon-to-be-dead sister."

He lifted the gun towards my sister's cowering frame. I didn't think, only reacted. My sister was in danger and I wasn't about to lose her after just getting her back. She was the only family that I had left. I had to protect her.

I lunged forward again, attempting to wrestle the gun from his grip. He paused, startled, for only a second, before he fought for control of the gun. Vaguely, I heard it go off, but I didn't think much about it, knowing that it wasn't directed toward my sister and knowing that Tessa was safe next door.

She was away from the action.

She was safe.

I knew if I didn't get this gun now, I would be dead, which consequently meant that Zara and Tess would be dead also. And I couldn't let that happen. So I held onto that gun with all that I had in me.

Eventually, I felt his grip slipping. Because of the force that I had been pulling, when he finally let go, the gun went spiraling across the room until it came to rest at my sister's feet.

"Zara! Pick. Up. The. Gun." I gritted through clenched teeth as Southwood tried to wrestle me into a head lock. I saw Zara hesitate and then she lent down with a determined look on her face.

I managed to get free of his grip and begun running toward Zara. However, I didn't get very far until strong hands clamped around my upper arm, yanking me backwards. I looked desperately at the gun in my sisters hand. I couldn't defeat Southwood without it. He had the upper hand in body strength.

I took a kick at Southwoods legs. It didn't knock him over but it caught him off balance, so I threw in a quick punch which got him on the floor.

I kicked him in the gut. "That is for my mother."

I kicked him again. "That is for my father."

And again. "That is for James."

And again. "For making my sister suffer."

And again. "And that, is for what you did to Tess."

Satisfied that he was doubled over in pain, I walked over to where Zara was and pried the gun from her startled fingers. I walked back to Southwood, pointed the gun at his face, and smiled at the fear in his eyes.

"You will never hurt my family again."

Before I could pull the trigger, both of my legs were kicked out from under me, landing my on the floor. The gun slid away. Southwood gave me a swift, agonizing kick in the ribs before retrieving the gun.

I became desperate. How did our roles get switched so suddenly? He smiled down at me evilly, and I couldn't help but wonder if my smile was as cruel as his, just seconds before.

"Don't worry. I'll have fun with your little sister over there, but you won't have to watch this time. You'll be dead. But just imagine it. And as for Tess, well, I might just give her to my guards and they can have a little fun with her. How does that sound?"

I looked around desperately, but saw nothing. He stood far enough away that I didn't have a chance to kick his legs out before he shot me. I slumped down and admitted defeat.

"Do you want to know why I bought you, boy? Partly, it was because a fool could see how you and Tessa looked at each other and I knew that I could use that to my advantage as well as having some fun breaking it apart. But, mostly, it was because of what your *boss* told me. That first day when I came and... Deflowered Tess, he told me about your family. About them dying, and how you still didn't know. The only reason that he kept your sister was because he thought that he could get a bit of money out of her.

"Anyway, I bought you because I knew of your family and I wanted to watch a sane man, well, lose his sanity. I saw how you reacted that day when I had my way with Tess, and, I wanted to see that again. It is a sick, sadistic game, I admit, but after all, I am a sick, sadistic man."

I couldn't help but agree mentally. I knew that my time was coming to an end. "Zara, find a way out. Promise me that you will be free." Southwood just laughed from where he was standing.

"There's no way that she'll ever get out. She's mine. For life." His face twisted into a malicious smirk. "Now that we've cleared that up, do you have any last wo-"

A gun shot appeared on the side of his head, blood immediately spilling out over his ear. He fell sideways, and stopped breathing.

Tessa's POV

I shot a man. I pulled the trigger and ended that monsters life.

A/N: Okay, so, what do you think? I know that it has taken me agesssss to upload, so I am sorry. Anyways, I'm really nervous about this chapter because I'm not good at writing action stories, so tell me what you think. Anyways, bye :) xx

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