

Jack's Revenge; Gemma's Rape

By : A3V3I

Gemma is a privileged, wealthy, and beautiful girl in the 1890's. She has a sharp tongue that gets her into trouble with Jack!



Published on
Booksie

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I heard a soft noise outside my window and pushed the sheets off my bare legs. The candles flickered on my desk as a slight breeze came through my window. I approached it cautiously taking half steps in the darkness because I never left this window open. A dark hand clamped onto the windowsill and sent me reeling backwards in fear. I grabbed onto my desk to steady myself when I saw two strong legs swing through the window. A man, possibly 6 feet tall, stood before me dressed in a black coat. The hood cast a shadow over his face, but I already knew who it was.

“I think an apology is in order, Miss?” He stepped closer to me as I turned to run, but his long arms prevented my escape. “I-I’m sorry.” I stuttered while staring at the ground. My cheeks were red with embarrassment at this man seeing me in my night gown. It was so unladylike, so improper. “I have something else in mind.” He whispered putting his index finger onto the center of my lips, shushing me into stillness.

Two Days Earlier:

I stepped out of the carriage and fluffed my skirts to the appropriate fullness. Frances was right behind me, following me about like the good little pet she was. “Frances, could you be a darling and go fetch us a servant?” Frances’s bright blue irises stared up at me and she nodded her head. “Of course, Miss Gemma.” She bowed and left me. Frances was a year younger than me, a mere 16 years old, but looked up to me. Everyone looked up to me.

I strolled into the massive gardens around my house and took a seat on a marble bench just around the fountain. I straightened my posture to push my chest out and laid my skirts just so. I glanced around the gardens looking for Frances, but my eyes caught something else entirely. My eyes feasted on an unfamiliar man. His shirt was pulled up to his forehead, wiping away beads of sweat from his hard work. I fixed my gaze on his stomach, tanned, muscular, and on display. A line of hair started at his trousers and grew up higher and higher until it vanished beneath the shirt. He let it drop back down to his waist and that’s when he caught me staring. A smile spread across his lips and he sent a scandalous wink in my direction.

I gasped at his gesture and turned my head away from him. Frances walked over to me now and sat beside me. She sat innocently and waited for me to start the gossip section. I saw something moving in my peripheral vision and glanced over to see what it was. The *nerve!* That man was inching his way closer to us “to me.” “I can’t believe the nerve of some people.” I gestured with my eyes to the man only 10 feet away from us now. Frances followed my direction and her eyes widened at the sight. A *man*. A man so close to us, with no chaperone, it was truly inappropriate.

“Gemma! Should we leave?” Frances started to rise when I motioned for her to sit. She obeyed me at once. “Why should we leave, this is my house. This shadow of a gentleman can take himself elsewhere.” I met his gaze for the first time because I wanted to gauge his reaction. He narrowed his eyes at me and I could see fists form at his sides. Frances laughed a little too loud at my comment and that only intensified his anger. I grinned uncontrollably as he stood there facing a dilemma. He obviously didn’t want to take orders from a young girl, but what choice did he have?

“I pray your mind is not as feeble as your morals.” I said with the sweetest smile. His face flashed a deep red with anger before he strode around the front of the house. I joined Frances in overwhelming laughter.

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My eyes darted from him to the window, to the door, to the bed, to the candle. He reached around behind me and grabbed my butt through the thin nightgown. I gasped with surprise and he chuckled at my innocence. It was just then I configured a plan, a way out. I looked up at his face and forced a smile onto my lips. "Well. If you wish me to apologize then perhaps you should take that off?" I motioned to his large coat and to my surprise he turned away from me, walked toward the window and laid his coat down over the windowsill.

I could see him far better now, his short brown hair was blown about wildly, stubble covered his face, and his eyes were piercing. A smile spread across his lips, he believed me helpless. I moved closer to the desk and he started walking back to me. I lunged forward, grabbed the burning candle and flung it at him. The hot wax flew through the air and hit in several places making him scream out in pain. I ran for the door and succeeded in my escape, running through the halls of our house I looked for a servant, a maid, anyone to help me get this savage out of my house.

I didn't make it very far before a hand covered my mouth and dragged me back into my bedroom. He easily lifted me off the ground with one arm and carried me down a hall way, suppressing my screams with his large hand that nearly blocked off my air supply. My nails clawed at his hand covering my mouth and only whimpers escaped past his fingers. His strong arm covered nearly half my stomach and pressed my tiny body tight against him. He tapped the door open with his foot and walked into my room.

"Your name is Gemma, correct?" He glared down at me and twisted my head so now I could see where the splatters of wax had left red marks. I nodded my head since he still covered my mouth. "Gemma when I take my hand away I don't want you to scream, if you do then I *will* hurt you. After all I'm just a shadow of a gentleman, right?" A smile formed on his lips, but his eyes still conveyed that deadly rage.

His hand left my mouth and I sucked in air with relief. He pushed me toward my bed and I stumbled about. "Please sir, please don't do this." His hands found my hips and lifted me straight into the air before he threw me onto the bed with growing impatience. "Sir? You respect me now?" A sinister laugh escaped his lips as I crawled away from him. I was afraid, but I wasn't going to submit to him, yet. "Do you not see that you're proving my point? You are nothing but a savage, a low life, and a criminal. You break into my house, attack me, and wonder why it is that I judged you to be so." I said in a huff covering myself with my sheets.

"When I'm done with you, you will no longer be a lady. You will be but a simple whore, worthless in the eyes of high society." He spat those words at me with such hatred that I could not muster up a response. He was done waiting; he wanted his revenge.

I stared up at him with scared eyes as he moved closer. The bed sunk down as he put his weight onto it and climbed on top of me. I froze like a statue as his face got close to mine, I could smell whiskey on his breath. "You're a drunk, an animal!" I whispered before his lips crashed onto mine. The scent of whiskey, sweat, and outside filled my nose as his tongue filled my mouth. His tongue roughly explored me and I relaxed a little into his kiss. I had never been this close to a man, let alone shared a kiss. There was rush of energy pulsing through me and I didn't understand why. His hands found the hem of my nightgown, pulling it upward to reveal my thighs. My head was pounding with guilt as I pushed against him with my arms but it didn't faze him. "You love it!" You couldn't take your eyes off me." He said confidently and I blushed at his truth.

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“Take my shirt off.” He demanded and I looked up at him confused. His fingers found my thigh and pinched me hard. I yelped out in pain. “Cooperate with me now, and perhaps I will be gentle with you later.” My mind flashed back to stories my eldest sister had told me, painful tearing between your legs, but I had no inkling as to what she meant at the time.

My fingers shakily grabbed his shirt from the bottom and revealed that stomach that had caught my attention earlier. My fingers grazed over his muscles by accident and he grinned with approval at my flushed cheeks.

I felt the cool night air rush through the window, blowing the drapes into my room. There was no sound in this large house besides my own labored breathing and occasional plea for mercy. “It’s a shame you will not have a husband, he would surely have enjoyed you.” His hands roamed over my flesh and pushed my nightgown up to my waist. His calloused hands rubbed my body, from my hips up to my breasts. Tears filled my eyes, this was not just embarrassing, shameful, and improper, but it would be the end of me.

“You’re not so brave now, Gemma.” He whispered into my neck as he kissed me again. He pulled the nightgown off completely and I closed my eyes. I was petrified, still as a Greek statue, lying there underneath this barbarian.

“I hate you.” I mumbled into his shoulder as he fondled my breasts. His hands were filled with me, and my nipples had risen to meet his touch. My skin was so sensitive that each caress sent shudders through my body. His kisses gravitated from my neck to my collarbone. It was as if he was trying to tease me, but I didn’t want him, did I?

“Jack.” He uttered and lifted his head to look at me. “My name is Jack; I want to hear it on your lips.” I glared at him. “I hate you, Jack.” He grinned at my response and lowered himself so his face was inches from my womanhood. My legs twitched with uncertainty as he pried them apart. I had worn nothing under my nightgown before and now I felt exposed. I knew little about my own body and I found myself insecure of my capabilities. I shook my head quickly trying to push these thoughts out of mind; after all I shouldn’t care if I please him.

He spread my lips open with two fingers and I jumped at his touch. “Control your excitement, Gemma.” He said just to humiliate me. I fidgeted as his fingers returned to their work. His fingers felt like ice when they connected with my flesh. “Jack, please stop.” I begged him because these odd sensations that I’d never felt before kept increasing. He put his hand on my lips to shush me and I tasted myself.

I laid my head back against my feather pillows and grabbed onto the sheets bunched around my body. Jack kissed the inside of my thighs and slowly moved inward until I felt his tongue on me. He licked the entire length of me. I had forgotten to breathe and my head felt light and dizzy. His tongue began flicking back and forth on something and I could barely suppress my pleasure now. My fingers entangled themselves in the silk sheets until finally I felt something so peculiar, so unexpected, and so good. A single moan escaped my mouth before my hand shot up to cover it.

Jack got up from the bed and stared down at me with lustful eyes. I wondered for a moment what my sister had meant by painful tearing because this was nothing but bliss. He dropped his pants and that’s when I saw it. I tried to force my eyes to look elsewhere but each time they travelled back to it. I examined it with fear; it was very large and stared back at me.

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“What is it?” All my education and schooling had revealed none of this to me. “You’ll be very acquainted with it soon.” His grin grew as large as his erection as he approached me. Once again, I felt uncomfortable and nervous. I thought everything was finished. “Do you still regret your choice of words, or rather pleased you provoked me?” I didn’t need any time to answer that question. “Of course I regret it.” He leaned on top of me, stuck his fingers back down to my womanhood. When he pulled them away he rubbed a sticky substance in between his fingers. “I don’t quite believe that.” His knee shoved my legs apart and he positioned that *thing* where he has previously touched me. “Listen to me Gemma, if you relax then this will go just like the first part. Since you were quite entertaining tonight, I shall be gentle.” I breathed a sigh of relief and let my body fall into the bed. I took several deep breaths and closed my eyes because I didn’t want to see what was happening.

His hands gripped my legs and pushed them farther apart while I tried to stay calm. This was happening, here, tonight, and in my own bed. I swallowed a lump in my throat and squeezed my eyes shut as tight as they would close. I felt his hands caress my body again; his fingers gently glide over my nipples. I opened my eyes and he was watching me. I quickly looked away trying to hide the tears that ran down my face. He positioned himself at my opening and I felt my whole body tense up against my will.

He pushed himself into me, just a bit, and moaned in pleasure while I tried desperately to remember to breathe. I relaxed my hips and let him push farther into me. Sobs rattled my body, not from physical pain, but from knowing I was worthless now. He moved in and out of me with ease and used my hips to pull me onto him. The tears were relentless as he forced himself deeper into me. “Ohhh Gemma, I knew you would be worth it.” He whispered through moans of ecstasy.

When Jack was done with me he collected his clothes and headed for the same window in which he came. “I trust that this encounter will not ring through the halls of this place?” I agreed to silence. I laid on my bed motionless, much like a corpse. I felt sore in my womanhood, but my pride had dealt a much worse pain tonight.

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