

Brightmore

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By : Glacius

The story of Elizabeth Hasting, a 16 year old girl who gets raped by her boyfriend while in his apartment to break up with him. It may have a follow up chapter with her dealing with the guilt and shame and possibly being continually raped by him.

Published on

Booksie

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Chapter 1: A cold breeze made Liz shiver. Her breath fogged up in the air and she tucked her face into her scarf to keep it warm. She stood in front of Brightmore apartment complex, the place that Landon, her boyfriend lived. He was 18 but had been held back in Highschool after his dad died. Dealing with his death was awful for Landon, the main reason Liz had stayed with him so long. They had been dating for a little over a year. Lots of people scrutinized and disliked the relationship between a 15 and 17 year old couple at the time. Landon's mother moved to New York shortly after Landon turned 18, leaving him all alone with lots of money to keep him well. Liz had managed to stay with him through thick and thin, but he had been skating on thin ice, and just recently broke through. She could deal with a lot of things, but getting drunk and almost killing another partyer with a pocket knife was way over the edge. Breaking it off would be hard, but it was the right thing to do. Liz entered the building and took the stairs to the second floor, where he lived. She stood in front of his door and chewed on her long, brown hair for a minute. Finally after working up her nerve, she knocked. Each knock sounded like banging a gong to her. Almost immediately, the door swung open. There stood 6'3, handsome Landon. He had the old Justin Bieber brown hair that always swung over to the side with perfection, no additional work needed. He wasn't wearing a shirt so those abs were making it all the harder for Liz to say anything. On top of all that, his face was red and blotchy just like he had been crying. "What are you doing here?" He said in a soft voice. Liz took a deep breath. She wouldn't let all of this fool her. This had been a long time coming for him and he needed to learn a lesson. "We need to talk..." She said with a voice crack. He stood back and gestured for her to come in. It was a bad idea even then, but Liz couldn't have known what would unfold when she entered. "What are you doing here at 9:00 on a Saturday morning? I thought you volunteer at the homeless shelter today?" He asked, walking into his tiny kitchen. The entire apartment was a pig sty. Dirty clothes everywhere, plates, cords, you name it. It all covered the floor in a Layer of grime. "We'll, that is one.... Strong smell," Liz said, trying not to gag. "If I would have known you were coming, I would have cleaned up. This is me in my natural habitat. Sorry," he replied. "Where's Aiden?" She asked him. Aiden was Landon's roommate and best friend. He was the one that kept that place fresh and clean. "Visiting his mom in Kansas for Christmas break. He visits her ever holiday that we get off. Anyways, what was it that you wanted to talk about? Or was it not talking at all, perhaps something else?" A shiver rolled up Liz's spine and she took a step back as Landon took one forward. "No, that's not why I'm here. I think that we shouldâ" He had backed her against the wall and wrapped his arms around her, inhaling deeply on her neck. "You smell nice. Is that the perfume I got you?" Liz side stepped out of his arms. "Landon, focus. We need to stop seeing each other..." The words stabbed her throat when they exited, but it needed to be said. You just have to rip the band-aid off. His face was one of total shock. That wasn't what he was expecting and it looked like someone had just punched him in the gut. "What?" He sounded shocked. "What?" The words were sounding more anger induced. "NO NO NO, YOU DO NOT BREAK UP WITH ME!" Liz stumbled backwards, but it was farther away from the door, the destination she needed to be at. Landon grabbed her arms and threw her back up against the wall, positioning his face less than an inch from hers. "We aren't done until I say so, okay? I'm still in love with you, and I'm starting to feel horny. I think this would be a perfect time for little church girl Liz to finally break free from her virginity!" "Stop!! Stop it! We agreed not to do this until marriage!" Liz screamed. It was too bad nobody would be able to hear her. The majority of the residence moved out after someone was murdered on the floor above. "Well we aren't getting married, so that stumps THAT deal!" Landon began kissing her neck and moved his left hand down her arm, down her torso, and to her thigh. Liz was scared to death. Her heart was racing fast and she needed to escape. She jammed her knee into his stomach. Landon doubled over just long enough to release his grip and let her run to the door. She was almost there, freedom was almost within her grasp when a hand clasped her ankle and jerked her back. Liz slammed her head against the floor and was dragged to the bedroom. Landon threw her up onto the bed and slid his pocket knife out of his pocket. She made another break for it, grabbing the lamp and chucking it at him. He ducked and she got back to her feet and smacked the knife out of his hand. Landon wrapped his arms around her tightly and rammed her into the wall. Liz slapped him on the face and

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started punching him on the back but it wasn't working. A quarterback football star had surely felt more than that in his lifetime. He grabbed her crotch. She yelped in fear and slapped him harder. He licked her neck and her face just as something started to rise. His finger was coming back up her leg until she realized that it wasn't his finger. Landon's fingers fumbled around and threw her jacket off along with her scarf. He threw her back onto the bed and grabbed the knife again. "You will have sex with me. Unless you want me to knock up your sister or maybe fuck up your brother next time, you'll have sex with me and stay quiet about it!" Liz began to bawl because she didn't know what else to do. Why her? Out of every girl, why her? And why him? Why did she have to pick one of the guys at her school that would rape her? "Take off your clothes." Liz froze for a second, and then started to undress. Her entire body was shaking. She stripped down to her underwear and curled up into the fetal position. "Those too," he hissed. "Please, please don't do this! I'll stay your girlfriend, I promise!" She said through sobs. "Damn right you'll stay my girlfriend. Now strip, bitch!" Liz slowly slipped out of all of her clothes and covered herself with a pillow. She closed her eyes when he started to pull down his pants. She didn't want to see that, not then, not ever again. He hopped onto the bed and threw the pillow to the side. "I want you to look at me when I knock you up." Liz only opened her eyes after she felt the cold from the knife on her neck. He took the knife away and pinned down both her arms. He entered her, making her yelp again. She looked him in the eye the entire time, which only fueled her hatred for him. He had a smile on the whole time, thrusting his hips back and forth and sweat dripping off of him and onto her. It felt good, but she wouldn't let it. She sobbed until no more tears would come out. Finally, his jaw dropped and he stopped thrusting his hips. He began gasping for air and eventually got off of her. He peeled his condom off, which he must have put on when he took his clothes off. He tossed it into the garbage and brought his penis to her face, pressing it to her lips and moving it all around her face. He finally put his clothes back on. "You sure are fun to do, even for a virgin." Not anymore. She used to be a virgin, but now she's just a shadow of her former self. Liz curled up into the fetal position again. "You got a nice body. Remember. Say a word to anyone about this and you won't be the only person I knock up, then I'll kill you. This is all your fault, you slut. Get dressed and get out of my apartment." She laid there, naked, and cried more, not knowing if she would ever be able to recover from that and praying that God would take her up, right then and there so that she wouldn't have to face the world ever again.

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