

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 5

Lyla's POV

"Strip" He repeated, growling at me this time. I trembled and shivered at the loud and strange sound.

It resonated across the room, making me jumpy and scared. I clenched the hem of my dress tightly, as silent tears rolled down my face.

"Do you want me to repeat myself?" He asked and I began shaking my head furiously.

"No? No, to removing the dress or no to repeating myself"

"No" I just replied silently.

"No? You dare defy me, Bunny" he started walking slowly towards me. I walked away from him as he got nearer until my back hit the wall of the room and I couldn't run any further.

A murderous look etched on his face and it wasn't until he was closer that I saw the scar that ran across his face. I hadn't noticed when I first saw him.

"You dare say no to my request" He said softly, making me look up to him. Once I did, I saw a hint of amusement on his face.

"You don't have to remove the dress, keep it on. I just needed to find out how unwillingly you can be under pressure" He said, moving away from me.

He brought out a gun from his pant and pointed it at me suddenly while his right hand banged the wall beside my head, and he caged me with a gun at a side and his hand on the other.

Once the gun touched my head, I shivered and tears again started rolling without control, my mouth was shaking out of the mumbled cry.

I thought he said it was okay!

He suddenly started moving the gun down to the neck, used it to caress my lips as I prayed silently that the trigger should not be pulled.

He stopped at my breast, smiling. Suddenly, he looked me in the eye and I turned, avoiding his gaze. His lips suddenly caressed my cheek before moving dangerously close to my ear.

"Were you trying to protect this? Just asking out of curiosity" He asked, referring to my breast. "Or....." he trailed off as he traced the gun down my body and below he could get right between my stomach, I pushed him off.

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"Stop, please" I begged with my eyes closed, becoming uncomfortable with his lunatic actions.

open your eyes and look at me

I didn't know if those were his words or his voice that I keep on hearing in my head but I know I obeyed, I opened my eyes slightly to look at him.

He suddenly touched my (eyes) with his finger before replacing it with his lips. I shiver at the sudden contact and I felt goosebumps all over my body. It was relaxing yet uncalled for.

Damon moved back, took a big look at me and commanded, "strip" and surprisingly, he walked towards a closer, brought our a towel and turned his back at me, probably waiting for me to strip.

"Why?" I asked, my voice shaky from crying for so long.

"I'm not comfortable with your smell. So, strip, take a f***ing shower, put on my shirt and get to bed" he commanded, his back still turned to me.

I stood rooted at a spot, not wanting to move or strip myself off my dress because I didn't quite understand what the hell it is that was going on.

"Do you want me to force that cloth off your body you just to get you to strip? I'll can f*** you till both of your legs until you can't walk anymore if you piss me off. So, don't get me mad at you, Bunny and don't make me repeat myself after this. Strip!" He suddenly turned, facing me now.

Embarra**ingly, I began stripping. I looked at him pleadingly once I saw he wasn't going to respect my privacy. He only etched his eyebrow at me and urged me to go on.

"What are you waiting for?" He asked

"For you to turn" I replied.

"When I did that, you didn't listen" He suddenly strides towards me but before I could move back, he suddenly turned.

"Make it snappy" he growled. I didn't wait for further talks before I removed my dress and wrapped the towel around myself.

"I'm done" I called out.

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He turned to face me, pointed to a door.

"Go in there and take your shower. Meet me out here in five minutes. Don't you dare try to run through the bathroom window, there's a shard of glass on the floor right outside and I do not promise it not reaching up to your knee once it enters your legs" he said, scaring me off.

As if waiting for another clarification, my feet stayed rooted at the spot. I couldn't move, I was too scared to take a step past him.

He had already turned his back to me as he was busy unbuttoning his shirt, and when he peeled the shirt off his body, my mouth opened on its own accord.

Apart from the tattoo covering up half of his body, he is almost a god with that well sculpted chest and well built arms.

"Waiting for me to turn fifty before going into the shower" His humor came strange to me.

"What?" I asked, my brain not processing the current situation after seeing the body of a god.

"Into the shower, now!" He yelled at me and I scrambled away into the bathroom. As I ran past him, I saw a word tattooed on his back; Lycan amidst us. I wondered what that meant but decided against it as it was none of my business.

The bathroom happened to be like a place of relief, I sat on the tiled floor, rested my back against the bathtub and kept on asking myself how I ended up in Spain.

My body trembled as the first bout of tears started, I was confused, angry and frustrated. How did I end up in the house of a man who looks so much like my Damon but not him? Where am I?

My brother, Henry would have gone through so much trouble by now. The old man had mentioned that I was an unexpected abduction, confusing me. Once I remembered Pearl, my heart cried for her.

Not realizing a presence in the bathroom, I was suddenly lifted up from the floor. I screamed at the sudden intrusion and tried fighting off but Damon was too strong to be fought off.

He suddenly dropped me in the bath tub, turned on the shower, still holding my hand tightly. He took the bath gel and a soft sponge, poured a little bath gel into the sponge and began washing me.

With a towel still wrapped around my body.

"I can do it by myself" I was exhausted and angry.

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"Like I asked you to talk! Listen and listen good, Bunny. When I tell you to do something and you do not follow my instruction to precision, there'll be consequences and if I do not tell you to talk and you do, I'll put a bullet straight in your head and watch life escape you. Do you understand me?"

i would never put a bullet through your head, not now, not ever

I replied through the water running down my body, despite the other sentence that I heard "Yes"

He walked out of the bathroom, leaving me alone in there.

Once I was done, I walked out of the bathroom with the towel wrapped around me. As I walked out, he was right outside the door. Before I could walk past him, he pulled me back and buried his face in my neck.

"Now you smell better" he replied before walking into the bathroom to take a shower.

I sat down on the bed and held on to my torn dress, waiting for a miracle to happen and probably st**ch itself back.

When he walked out, he threw a shirt at me and without questions or words, I knew I had to put it on.

"Get into bed" he commanded

"Why?" I questioned, scared of what could happen if I get into the bed like he had said.

He laughed hysterically, "I do not know how to take a woman by force. If I'll be f***ing you at all, you'll be the one who begged for it. Now get into the bed with your little a** and tight p**** before you get me mad" He demanded and I quickly jumped into bed, crawling to the farthest corner.

Switching off the light, I felt his weight on the other side of the bed and before few seconds, he was breathing heavily.

During the night, I heard wolves howling and I became jumpy as the last one sounded right outside the window. Through the rest of the night, my eyes were wide open, hoping for a miracle to happen or maybe for something to capture and kill me.

But none of it happened and I didn't have a choice but to sleep a little bit waiting for what will happen the next day

