

Lilas.

I enter through the doors of the large estate by a walk of shame. After I left the strange warehouse where Salvatore possessively kidnapped me, I boarded a taxi that brought me to the house of the person I'm running away from. Isn't that insightful? I stand at the entrance, taking deep breaths after the things I just experienced in Salvatore's hands.

That man.

I cannot explain the things I felt when he rested in between my legs but they were felt. Most girls my age have lost their virginities but I'm left holding onto mine like it's a trophy. It never seemed right to let it go yet. I have been surrounded by playboys, f**k boys, lustful looking things and I decided not to give it to someone I cannot see a life with.

Salvatore is my mother's husband. Why did he do that? And more, why don't I feel appalled by his actions? Instead, why did I enjoy it? I place a hand on my forehead when I remember what touched me when leaned in. It was heavy, huge and long. He was a second late in taking my underwear off, if I didn't stop him...would he have slid it in?

Would I have lost my virginity to my step father tonight? I ask myself. I quickly run through the sophisticated receiving room to get through the spiral staircases. I don't want to see Lumen or Ciara. I found a few missed calls from her when I was in the taxi and there was no explanation that I could give to her.

Would I have told her that I was kidnapped by her dad who spread my legs and saw the color of my panties? I peep from one hall to the other until I get to the bedroom which was given to me. I open the doors and seal it behind me. A gasp escapes my mouth and I can nally breathe in the room.

I make my way to the bathroom. The bathroom is a symphony of elegance. It is bathed in natural light. The space is adorned with sleek marble countertops and glistening chrome xtures. It looks like it was created for a modern day princess and I'm nothing close to it. My father and I lived humbly in our old house.

I should have stopped for a while to be stunned by the beauty of the whole room but there are things that I have to pay attention to. I take off my dress immediately and step into the cold shower which is supposed to cool off the tingles in between my legs.

After showering, my damp hair clings in dark tendrils to my neck and shoulders. My breaths come in quick, shallow gasps, and my eyelids utter, attempting to banish the remnants of Salvatore that still linger in my senses. Despite the chill, my cheeks boast a faint rosy hue at the thought of him.

I need to be alone and for that reason, I pick my phone to text Ciara and Lumen that I'm tired. In the text, I also mentioned that I would talk to her tomorrow and I'm too lazy to talk now.

The next day, my eyelids utter open, revealing a dazed and disoriented gaze as I lay on the bed that gathered many pillows. All of a sudden, I remember that today is the rst day of the semester at Lead university. Also, there is a persistent knocking which echoes through the room, jolting me to be fully awake. Sitting up with a start, I pull the sheets away to run to the door but I stop hesitantly.

Could it be Lumen? Could she have found out what happened!? Oh no...I think as I'm a second close to opening the door.

"Lilas? You have to get up for class!" Lumen says from outside the door and the tension in my heart reduces when I realize that it's not about what happened yesterday.

"I'm already getting ready! I'll be out in ten minutes." I say to her, feeling lighter in my chest that it's not about Salvatore. I get ready as fast as I can in order to leave the house. In haste, I grab my bag and proceed out of my room.

I rush down from the staircase and Lumen begins to walk towards me. I squint my eyes in disdain as she spots me and I slow my steps.

"There you are. Come, let's have breakfast before you head to class. I got your message about how tired you were last night. Ciara was also jet lagged but I guess she has a project this morning." Lumen says, grabbing my hands and taking me to the dining area.

"Ciara? Did she leave already?" I ask, and Lumen opens a chair for me to sit.

"Yes, her boyfriend came to pick her up this morning. You met him last night, right?" Lumen asks and I take my seat.

"Yes. I did." I say, widening my eyes as I gaze at the items on the table. There is a platter of golden, crispy toast alongside a sizzling steak, its rich aroma lling the air. On the other side are sandwiches, stuffed with a medley of savory llings, sitting neatly arranged on a dish. There are fresh fruits, carefully sliced and artfully displayed, that add a burst of color to the scene.

"Lumen?" A girl who is no less than sixteen says and I glance at her. She is wearing a crisp, well-pressed uniform, the emblem of her school proudly displayed on her blazer. Strands of her hair escape the connes of her meticulously arranged ponytail, framing her face in a carefree yet studious manner. With a backpack slung casually over one shoulder, she gazes at me in confusion and a slight scorn

"West, this is Lilas, my daughter that I tell you about. You didn't return from your school trip earlier, so, I couldn't introduce the both of you." Lumen says with a smile at the girl.

However, the girl is not returning the smile. Her features are too serious and sharpened for someone her age.

"Nice to meet you, West." I say and she is quiet.

"I need to go to school now. Lumen, can you give me a ride?" West asks and Lumen looks at me in hesitation. It seems she wanted us to have breakfast.

"It's ne. I'll have a quick bite and head out of the house myself." I say and West rolls her eyes before waking away.

Lumen looks at me apologetically. She is about to speak when a sound of authoritative footsteps resonates behind me.

"Good. Honey, can you drop Lilas off at the college today?" Lumen asks and a cold shock extends on my face when I realize that the man I'm running away from is behind me.

"No, mom. I can..." I say, trying to stop her.

"Of course. I'll drop her off." Salvatore says and I glance at him. He is wearing a nely tailored suit that ts his imposing frames like a second skin. Salvatore is holding a cup of coffee against his sinful lips and as Lumen walks away, I look back at her.

Alone. I will be alone with Salvatore once again.