

CHAPTER 150

w©(w).No©el©oR.m.C©m

150 Lisa: Enthralled (1) 150 Lisa: Enthralled (II) [WARNING: Sensitive content ahead.] 418 LISA

When he leans forward again, jerking my face away doesn't work. He just grasps my chin in those fingers, like icicles where his nails dig into my skin and yank me toward him. His mouth is cold and unpleasant against mine, at odds with the gentle ki*s'es he peppers against my lips. Disgusting. "Sweet kitten. You'll soon see that you are meant to be here." His words are a winter wind that shuts down any hope in my soul. "I truly hope you last longer than the others." Involuntarily, I glance around the room, at the stains on the walls. He chuckles. "Yes. They died here. But you will live for me, won't you, kitten? You'll be my good little pet, won't you?" I feel like I've read before that you have to go along 17:55 1/10 with your kidnapper's delusions. I'm not sure if that works with supernatural ones, but I'll do anything if it means I'll live until rescue arrives. "Yes" I whisper, hating how my heart sinks at his brilliant smile, those creepy red eyes glittering as he watches me. "Such a sweet little lie." He sighs, nuzzling his cheek against mine. "Ah, you smell divine. So sweet. A treasure found in such a nasty place. Such a tantalizing treat." His words make no sense; he talks like he's delusional. His frigid mouth ki*s'es the side of my lips, across my cheek, and down to my neck, where he groans. "Bliss," he murmurs. "I'll give you bliss." My body recoils, but those dagger nails of his yank my head back toward him and his voice sends shudders down my back. "Our first time," he murmurs, nuzzling against my pulse. "Don't worry, I'll make it beautiful for you. Your heart is already racing for me. Ready for me to suck every drop out of your body. But I won't. Not yet. You need a little more flavor" 17:55 2/10 160 Lisa, Enthralled (II) He sounds half-mad as he nuzzles his way down my neck, ki*s'ing across my collarbone. My face is finally freed from his nails, only for his hands to grab at both my breasts, his touch almost clinical as he squeezes and moves them to and fro. He chuckles suddenly, leaning down to inspect beneath my left breast. "Ah, yes. Just as I suspected." Then he bites at my nipple, groaning when I thrash and kick. I manage to bite back a shriek, but my body refuses to go along with his ideas. "Shh. It's just a little taste, kitten." Shit. A taste? He f@cking bit me. Is he going to eat me or r@pe me? I'm not sure which is worse. Or maybe it's both. The worst of both worlds. When he rips my shirt to shreds, I try to ignore it, to think of other things. But I can't. I can only focus on those icy hands rubbing on my skin, twisting my nipples painfully as his breathing grows quick and shallow. 17:55 3/10 150 Ly Tomated in His manic murmurs quickly turn into angry growls. "You need to participate, kitten. I'll be furious if my meal is ruined." "I don't know—" He ki*s'es me again, and I think he's trying to be sweet, because his hands no longer twist and yank at my breasts but flick and fiddle. The nauseating feeling he brings is the same, though. Then he pulls back with another growl, glowering down at me. "I told you not to ruin my meal." I wince when he slaps my breast, hating the sting of his palm against my skin. "I don't understand." What the f@ck is he even saying? How can I ruin his meal? I am his meal. Clearly. "Here." He shoves his hand roughly between my legs, snarling as he rubs his fingers against my jeans. "You need to be wet. Throbbing. Filled with desire. It enhances the flavor. I want you to bring me to euphoria, kitten." Seriously?! Tough f@cking luck, buddy. 17:56 4/10 "I can only do that when I'm attracted to-" His slap knocks me to the ground, my head ringing and my face pounding, pulsing in pain. Regret and pride war with each other as I tongue the cut on the inside of my cheek, dragging in deep breaths to calm my accelerated heartbeat. Relax. Relax, damn it. You can survive this. "Naughty little kitten." His words sound like they're coming from under water. Blood is in my mouth, and he yanks me up by my chin. My neck pops at the sudden movement. "No, no. You have to share," he breathes, shoving his mouth over mine, that cold tongue sliming its way into my mouth as he groans. "So sweet," he murmurs, in between disgusting thrusts of his tongue. "My sweet kitten. It's going to be hard not to drain you." I don't think I'm ever going to look at cats the same way again. He's ruined their furry little existence in my heart. When he's cleaned all the blood from my mouth, my face still nounds and throbs and mu hand cuima na ha 17:56 5/10 150 Lisa Enthralled (1 shoves me to the floor. I heave, but nothing comes out, and it doesn't deter him from his goals. I can feel him yanking my pants off, tearing them when he's frustrated, unfazed when I kick at him, trying to hinder his progress. He yanks my knees apart, digging into them with his painful nails, and I tense as he shoves his face between my legs. He's sniffing. Hard. "You smell like wolf," he growls, digging his fingers into my thighs, shoving my legs a little wider apart. My pelvic burns and aches with the stretch, despite how much my flexibility has increased since I arrived at Westwood. "Because I was f@cked by one." Shit. My mouth is definitely going to get me killed. I don't want to die. But I can't submit to this f@cking creep, either, no matter what all those stupid true crime podcasts say. He yanks me toward him and I yelp in pain as my body scr@pes across the floor. When chilly, stabbing fingers 17:56 6/10 150 Lisa: Enthralled (0) invade my vagina without warning, reaching as far as they can and scraping down my insides, I scream. It's so much worse than I thought it would be, and I'm positive he's tearing me apart. It takes me a second to realize he's trying to clean me out, using his other hand to shove down on the top of my pelvis to halt my attempts at escaping the pain. The urge to vomit slides its way up my throat as I can feel him pushing at my G-spot in a weird and random burst of pleasure through the pain that sends revulsion through me. It's just stimulation. My body doesn't know any better. But it still makes me feel gross and tainted. "f@cking wolves," he mutters, and I grit my teeth, staring at the ceiling, waiting for the humiliation to end. Even as he's trying to scoop out every last bit of Bren from my vagina, he drops winter's-breath ki*s'es against my thigh. Suspecting nothing, I try to ignore the sensation of icicle lips. Until he bite me. 17:56 7/10 150 Lisa: Enthralled (II) My entire body folds in on itself as I yell in shock, trying my damndest to get away. His fangs are like acid burning my skin, and I try to slap his head away, kicking at him with all the force I can muster, even as my screams tear my throat apart. But he's impervious to each strike, shoving his fangs in deeper. The pain ebbs as a weird, traitorous fire slides through me, a desperate need. He suckles there, in long, deep pulls. I hope he doesn't leave a hickey, I think for a moment, a hysterical giggle bubbling up, before artificial desire hazes my thoughts. It's like a drug that makes its way through, leaving my body soft and pliable beneath him. Every part of me yearns for more of this connection between us, of that space where we're connected, where my blood flows into his mouth. Intrusive fingers are now inviting, and the hands I'd used to hit are now tangled into his long hair, pulling his face closer to my thigh. But then he stops, pulling away from my leg, long before I can reach the peak of desire. 17:56 8/10 I've stopped screaming. I think I might have even been moaning. That dirty feeling persists. This is wrong. "Please stop," I whisper, and he laughs as he leans over me, a manic look in his eyes and a crazed smile curving his lips. Blood drips from his mouth, a crimson trail snaking down to his skin. My blood. "Hush, kitten. I don't want to lose you yet." He grabs my face once again, holding me still as he drops a gentle ki*s against my lips. The relief I feel as his fingers disappear from between my legs- Thank God. He's done. "You aren't ready yet, kitten. But you will be. You'll be mine, just like she will be." No, I f@cking won't. But that spot on my thigh burns and aches, wanting 150 Lisa: Enthralled (1) him to

return.©w©.nOvEl©oR.m.c©m

Updates... Humans have no place with these supernatural creatures. Wolves. Vampires. How the f@ck am I supposed to fight against him when he can cause my body to betray me? Comment 0
Leave the first comment for this chapter Vote [Www.NoVeLWorm.c©M](#)

W(w).w.n(o)vE©w©RM.©©M