Shattered

by BabyAce

Summary

23 year old Grace Daniels flees from her hometown in Florida to avoid her dad’s abusive behaviour and to get a new, hopefully more positive, sight on life. Coming to the UK she doesn’t know what to do, until she stumbles upon a job as a nanny. But things aren’t really what they seem, and Grace finds herself in a tangled, possibly dangerous, situation.
Welcome to the UK

Chapter Notes

Hello!

This is the first thing I'm uploading to this website, and it probably won't be read by a lot of people, but that's okay. I am mainly writing because I think it's fun.

But if you feel like reading this, I am very grateful. And please let me know if there's something you want me to improve, or if there are any mistakes in the text.

Anyways. If you decide to read it: thank you, and I hope you enjoy it. Leave a kudos if you want to. They are always appreciated :)

The rain was pouring down as I rushed down the street, looking for a place to hide from the British weather. To my luck I see a bright sign in the middle of the dark street.

"Margaret's B&B." I read out loud, letting out a sigh in relief as I continue to sprint towards the little cottage.

The place was warm and crowded, yet cozy. People sat around tables, drinking and laughing. A fire crackled in the corner of the room, throwing a warm glow to the small room.

"Hello, dear. Can I help you?" A gentle voice said. I turned around and saw a small lady in her sixties looking at me from behind her round glasses.

"Oh, yes. I was wondering if you’d perhaps have a room available?" I said with a smile. The lady, who must've been Margaret, furrowed her light grey eyebrows, creating even more wrinkles in her face than she already had.

"I don’t know, as you can see we’re quite crowded this evening."

We walked behind a red curtain leading to another room. It was even smaller than the lobby/lounge room, with only a single lamp hanging in the ceiling, throwing a weak light to the room. There were crates everywhere, stacked up to the ceiling.

"Follow me."

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"Follow me." Margaret said before disappearing behind some stacked crates. Behind the crates there’s a staircase leading up to small attic. The stairs creaked as I walked on them. I was thinking to myself that they would probably break underneath me, but I continued to walk anyways.
“Is this okay?” Margaret asked as she pointed to a small bed propped into the corner of the room. “I’m afraid that’s all we’ve got.”

“Yes, of course.” I walked over to the bed and dropped my luggage of by the foot of it.

“What’s your name, dear?” she asked me while putting some clean towels on the small, brown bureau by the door.

“Grace. Grace Daniels, ma’am.”

“Oh, please, call me Margaret.” she chuckled. I nodded slowly as I removed my wet coat, hanging it over a chair.

“So, Grace, where are you from? I hear you aren’t from here.” The little lady asked with such curiosity in her voice. I looked at her with a weak smile playing on my lips. “If you don’t mind me asking.” she quickly added, afraid that I got offended my her nosiness.

“No, it’s fine.” I chuckle. “I am from Florida, actually.”

“Wow. What is a big city girl, like you, doing in such a small town like this?”

I quickly glance down at my feet, not sure what to answer.

“I, uhm.” I start. “I needed a vacation.” I say and look up at Margaret again. She gives me sympathetic look and nods.

“Well, I am going to leave you alone now. I’ll be down stairs if you need anything.” she said and started walking down the stairs again.

“Okay. Thank you so much for letting me stay here tonight, Margaret.” I call after her. She stopped and peeked her head in again.

“Of course, dear. I couldn’t send you out there again.” she gives me a warm smile. “Welcome to the UK”

Heavy breathing next to my ear. Body pressed onto mine. Wrist held in tight iron grips.

“Please no.” I cried out in pain. My body pressed to the floor.

“Hush, little girl. I’m in charge here.” his voice was deep, stern. Filled with hatred. I felt him touch me, pressing my face harder down to the floor. Tears were streaming down my face. It hurt. He was hurting me. I tried my best not to make a sound, knowing that it would only make it worse. I heard him moan as he stroke my neck, down to my back. He stopped by my butt, grabbing and slapping it violently. I winced in pain, a tiny whimper escaped my lips.

“I told you to shut the fuck up, didn’t I?” he growled into my ear.

“I’m sorry.” I whispered, helplessly trying to grip onto the floor.

I felt him grip my hair tightly, pulling it backwards. My head was forced up from the floor, yet I couldn’t see. The room was dark, cold. I was lying naked on the floor, with him ontop of me, forcing my body down.

“You’re sorry?” he spat. “I’ll show you sorry.”
“No, please!” I screamed as I shot straight up in the bed. I looked around and realised that I was safe, but my breathing was still heavy. My heart was still pumping. I stroked my messy, sweaty hair from my face and reached for my phone on the floor.

The bright screen shone up as I pressed the button. I squinted at the bright light, having to adjust my eyes before I could see.

“Are you kidding me?” I whispered to myself as I saw that it was only six am. I knew that I couldn’t go back to sleep, so I got up and started heading for the shower, grabbing a towel and some clean clothes on the way.

The water was warm as it ran down my body. I felt my muscles relaxing as I stroked my hair back. Showers had always been something I love. It was a way to escape the world. A way to relax and to be alone with your thoughts. Everything felt better as soon as I stepped into the shower. I came to realise that my dad couldn’t hurt me anymore. I am safe here. I am on the opposite side of the world, and he doesn’t know I’m here.

Yet I started crying. I somehow knew that no matter how much I ran, no matter how far I ran, I would always have the memories. They were there no matter how hard I tried to force them away, running after me, tormenting me. I sat down and hugged my knees as the water continued to rain over me.

As I got out of the shower and got dressed I heard a knock on my door. I jumped at the sudden noise. “He’s here.” I thought.

I slowly walked to open the door, my hand trembling as I turned the knob.

“Good morning, Grace.” Margaret said with a smile as I opened the door. I let out a sigh in relief, realising how paranoid I had been. “Of course it wasn’t him.”

“I’m sorry to disturb you, but I made you some tea” she said and held up a tray with a single cup on it. “Only if you want it, of course.”

“That’s so sweet of you. Thanks.” I said and shot her a smile as I took the tray from her hands.

“It’s really no problem at all.” she said and straightened out her purple skirt. She was just about to turn around and go down the stairs again when I stopped her.

“Do you think I could get a job here?” I asked all of a sudden. “Anything will do, really.”

She looked at me for a while before letting out a sigh.

“I’m sorry, Grace.” she said. “I’m afraid we don’t have any jobs available.”

“Oh, yes. Of course. I-I understand.” I stuttered. “Sorry for asking.” I turned around to place the tray on my bed, taking a sip out of my tea.

“If you want, I can help you find a job.” she offered as she noticed how distraught I seemed.

“Would you do that?” I asked, a glimpse of hope sparked inside me.
“Absolutely.” she reassured me. “I have some flyers in the lobby. I’ll go get them for you.”

“Thank you so much.” I said. She smiled sweetly at me before walking down the stairs.

I sat down on the bed and continued sipping my tea. It was incredibly good.

Margaret came back, her hands filled with flyers. She sat down opposite to me and laid down the papers on the bed.

“Okay” she said and clasped her hands together. “What kind of job are you looking for?”

I searched around in the pile, shaking my head.

“Oh, I don’t know.” I chuckled. “Anything except things involving machines and filth.”

“Let’s start looking then.”

After, what felt like hours, of going through different jobs I felt like giving up. I scanned through the, now messy, pile of flyers. Picking up the ones that looked interesting, but threw them away when the job wasn’t appealing, or when the date was from, like, three years ago.

“Are you sure you don’t want to work at the pigs farm?” Margaret asked for the fourth in five minutes. “I’m sure you’d get used to the job.”

“No. I don’t want to slaughter pigs for a living.” I sighed in exhaustion. What would I do if I couldn’t get a job? I couldn’t go back home again. Never again.

Suddenly one flyer in particular caught my eye. I lifted it up to look closer at it. It was a picture of a family of three. A man, his wife, and their little son. “Nanny needed for our son, Brahms” read the headline.

“Look, Margaret.” I said and showed her the flyer. “They’re looking for a nanny. That sounds good, doesn’t it?”

She looked at the paper I held up in front of her. Her smile dropped and the colour from her face disappeared.

“I don’t think you should work there.” Margaret said quietly, looking down at the pile of flyers.

“How not?” I asked, my eyebrows furrowed as I looked at the picture again. It seemed normal. The little boy seemed cute, he had a weak smile on his lips, holding his mummy’s hand. “Is there something wrong with the family?”

“Well, no.” she took a deep breath. “The family is as good as ever. Very generous. They’re great people.”

“Then what is it?” I asked. I leaned closer to her, intrigued by what she was about to tell me.

“It’s nothing.” she shook her head. “Besides, the flyer is old. They probably found one already.”

I pursed my lips as I scanned the flyer again. The date was from less than a year ago. Maybe, with a bit of luck, they could still be looking.

“I think I’m gonna go there anyways. Maybe they’re still looking.” I said to Margaret.
She looked at me and pushed her round glasses up the bridge of her nose, sighing.

“Do whatever you want.” she said. “But I wouldn’t get my hopes up.”
Heelshire Manor

Chapter Notes

I realize that this chapter might be a little boring, but it's building up to the real story, so please bear with me.

Other than that, thank you for reading this. It really means a lot to me.

If you like this story then it would make me really happy if you'd leave a Kudos. Thank you <3

The car ride to the house was long. I spent the time looking out the window. The nature was beautiful with tall, majestic pine trees and flowers. The cab stopped outside a huge castle looking house. I gasped at the sight of it.

“Wow. It’s beautiful.” I said in awe. The man who drove the cab put my luggage down by my side and looked up at the house as well.

“Sure.” he said quietly before turning to look at me, his hands in his pockets. It took me a while to realize that he was staring at me, since I was too busy staring at the mansion that towered up before me.

“Right. The payment.” I said as I noticed his intense stare. I started digging around in my purse to find my wallet, the man still staring at me. It made me uncomfortable and stressed, but after a while I managed to find it.

“Aha.” I said and held the wallet up in front of me as I stroke a strand of hair behind my ear. “Here you go, sir.” I smiled as I handed him the money. The man took the money, giving me one last glare before getting into the car and driving away. I followed the little black car with my gaze as it disappeared into the forest on that small dirt road, until it was completely swallowed by the trees.

I turned around and picked up my luggage before proceeding to walk up to the front door of the house. I knocked with my clenched fist and waited for someone to open the door. While waiting I took the opportunity to stretch out my clothes, fix my hair a bit and try to look as responsible as possible.

But there was no answer from inside the house. I tried knocking again.

“Hello? I’m Grace Daniels. I’m here for the nanny job.” I shouted, looking around where I stood on the porch. There was still no answer. I shook my head and picked up my luggage, ready to leave. Just as I started walking down the stairs I heard a loud banging sound from inside the house. I turned around again and hesitantly grabbed the door handle, jerking it carefully. To my surprise the huge door opened with a creaking sound, making my ears hurt.

“Hello? Is anybody here?” I called out into the huge hallway as I doubtfully took a step inside. I put down my luggage by the door, it was too heavy to carry around.

There was still no answer, no sign of anyone. The only thing I could hear was the echo from my footsteps tapping against the wooden floor as I proceeded further into the house.
The house was just as beautiful on the inside as it was on the outside. The walls were decorated with paintings and stuffed, and mounted, animal heads. To cover up the naked wooden floor they had laid out a blue carpet, big enough to cover the large space of the rooms.

The kitchen was brighter than the rest of the house. Cabinets in white, as well as the walls. The checkered, marble floor was in two different shades of grey, one a bit brighter than the other. In the middle of the kitchen there was a kitchen island with some bar stools placed around it. I ran my fingers along it as I looked around the room.

“What is this?” I asked myself as I saw a box in the corner of the room. I walked up to it and opened it. It was a freezer full of empty plates and lunch boxes. I wrinkled my nose at the sight of the leftovers and closed it shut again.

I had walked around the first floor, without seeing or hearing anyone. I had begun to feel hesitant. It didn’t feel right to pry around in someone else’s home without them even knowing I was there.

“No, I can’t do this. What I’m doing is illegal.” I thought to myself. I went back to the hallway to take my stuff and leave, thinking that I could come back later, but I stopped in my steps as I saw that my luggage was gone.

“H-hello?” I stuttered as I spun around again. “This isn’t funny.” I said, feeling my heart race. I bit my lip anxiously while stroking some hair away from my face. Suddenly I heard a bang from upstairs, making me jump. Someone was in the house, but why didn’t they answer when I called after them? Why didn’t they come out and introduce themselves?

With a deep breath I slowly started walking up the stairs. The head of the sheep hanging on the wall staring at me as I did so. “Fucking creepy” I thought to myself. As I got up the stairs I saw a painting of the picture they had on the flyer. I stopped to look at it for a second. There was something about it, but I couldn’t really put my finger on it.

What pulled me away from the painting was the feeling of being watched. A cold shiver went down my spine as I turned around. The corridor behind me was empty, but I was so sure that someone had been watching me. I shrugged it off and continued down the corridor before turning around the corner that lead to yet another corridor. I had just walked a couple of steps before I saw something in the corner of my eye that made me jump.

In the first room after you had turned in the corridor sat a doll on the bed. It had the most intense stare, which creeped me out more than the sheep on the wall. I swallowed hard as I walked up to the little boy, crouching down in front of him. As I came closer I saw that he was broken. He had cracks all over his face, and a piece of his “skin” on the forehead was gone. His eyes were a mix of green and grey, and up close they looked more sad than intense or creepy. His plastic hair was in a deep shade of brown and it looked kind of messy. His clothes, on the other hand, were the opposite to messy. He was wearing a black suit, with a white button-up, matching it with a striped tie and some black patent shoes.

“Wow, you’re the fanciest doll I have ever seen.” I said to the little doll as I gently touched his messy hair. “What’s your name?”

The doll, of course, didn’t answer. I smiled and scanned him up and down, realising that he had a letter in his lap.

“Oh, what is this?” I asked and grabbed it. “To my nanny.” was scribbled onto the envelope with a messy handwriting. I opened it carefully and started reading the letter inside of it.
“Hello, dear nanny. My name is Brahms Heelshire.” I read. I looked at the doll and took his little hand in mine, shaking it gently. “Nice to meet you Brahms. I am Grace.” I giggled. I stroked my thumb over his broken hand before carefully putting it down and looking back at the letter.

“Please follow my rules. Be good to me and I’ll be good to you.” the letter said. I looked up at the doll again, cocking an eyebrow at it.

“What rules, Brahms?” I asked. I looked around and realised that there was yet another paper on a clipboard beside him. I picked it up and saw that it was the rules he’d been telling me about.

1. No Guests
2. Never Leave Brahms Alone
3. Save Meals in Freezer
4. Never Cover Brahms Face
5. Read a Bedtime Story
6. Play Music Loud
7. Clean the Traps
8. Only Malcolm Brings Deliveries
9. Brahms is Never to Leave
10. Kiss Goodnight

I shuffled a bit where I crouched and furrowed my eyebrows.

“Clean what traps?” I asked. I looked at the doll curiously as if he would give me an answer, but of course he didn’t. “Whatever I’ll figure it out.” I said and shook my head.

“And who’s Malcolm?” But of course the doll didn’t answer this time either. I lifted the paper and saw that there was another paper underneath. It was a schedule of what Brahms should be doing during the day, and when.

“Well, this seems to be quite simple.” I said and stood up. I walked up to the window and glanced down at the lawn, wondering when the family would come back with the real Brahms.

I then realised that my luggage was still gone. Someone was still in the house. That feeling running down my spine was back and I turned around again. I looked at the doll where it sat on the bed, and then to door frame.

I left the doll in his room as I continued to discover the house, determined to find who was in here with me, and why they didn’t show themselves. Right outside of the boy’s room was a trapdoor in the ceiling, probably leading to the attic. I found a cane leaning towards the wall and used it to get the trapdoor to open. I pulled with all of my power but it didn’t budge. With a frustrated sigh I put the cane back where I had found it and continued my little adventure.

It had now become dark outside, and the Heelshires still hadn’t come back. I let out a yawn as I wandered back into Brahms’ room. As I walked into it I noticed that the doll was sitting in a different position than before. It was now sitting by the pillow, leaning it’s back against the bed frame.
“What the hell.” I said under my breath as I approached the doll. This couldn’t be real. I stared at it for a while, not sure how I should react. I shook my head and told myself that I probably moved it before I left the room earlier.

I sat down in a chair next to the bed to let my body rest for a while. I was thinking of the doll, the Heelshires and what Margaret had said about them as I slowly drifted off to sleep.
Follow the Rules

Chapter Notes

Hey.

Thank you so much for the kudos and the hits! I can’t believe people are actually reading my story, that’s unbelievable!

Here is chapter 3 of the story, which is mostly Grace realising what she’s gotten herself into, but I hope you won’t get too bored reading this.

Kudos are always appreciated, it makes me really, really happy. So if you enjoy the story so far it would really make my day if you would hit that kudos button!

Enjoy this chapter. :) <3

I woke up to the bright sunlight shining in through the white curtains, lighting up the room. I sat up straight and stretched out my stiff muscles, moaning in the process. My eyes had started to adjust to the sunlight that shone into the room, and my memories of last night slowly came back to me.

“Holy shit.” I cursed under my breath as I jumped up from my spot. The doll. The doll was gone. At first I got scared, thinking that the doll had moved on it’s own, but then I realised that the Heelshires were probably home by now. Not that that thought wasn’t less scary. The Heelshires must’ve been freaked out when they realised that a stranger was sleeping in their son’s room. But then again, why hadn’t they awoken me?

I slowly started walking out of Brahms’ room and down the long corridor, listening for any sounds that could indicate that the family had come back. No, I couldn’t hear anything but the birds chirping outside, and the breeze rocking the trees.

Suddenly a dark rumbling sound was heard, making me jump. I soon realised that it was my own stomach. I chuckled and shook my head at my jumpiness, why was I so scared all of a sudden? I walked down to the kitchen and opened all the cabinets to see if there was any food, but I wasn’t even surprised that the cabinets were as empty as the house itself.

Letting out a long sigh as I slammed the cabinet shut. I turned around and got scared, again. Brahms was sitting on one of the stools by the kitchen island, staring at me. “How did it get there?” I thought to myself, feeling a shiver travel down my spine. I was sure that I had not moved him this time, which only creeped me out more. I wasn’t alone in this house.

“Hey, Brahms.” I chuckled hesitantly, slowly walking closer to the cracked doll. I picked him up and slowly looked around, trying to see if someone was lurking behind a corner, hiding from me. No matter how much or long I looked, I couldn’t see anyone at all.

I walked up the stairs and sat the doll down on Brahms’ bed before walking out again, making sure I closed the door behind me. This way I could be sure if someone was here or not.

Since the Heelshires didn’t have any food I had to go grocery shopping. Maybe they would like me more if they saw that I was willing to go shopping for them. I opened the big front door and stepped
out on the porch. The sun was out, but it was still quite cold. I felt the wind pinch my cheeks as it blew past me. I hugged my arms and went inside again to get a coat, but as I walked up the stairs again I remembered that my luggage was gone, so I quickly spun around and walked outside, slamming the door behind me.

I tried my best to relax, not only was I freaked out by my things going missing and the doll moving around on its own. The weather was also really cold, especially for me since I’m from Florida, and it made my muscles more tense than they already were.

As I walked down the path, laid out with cobble stone, I noticed something by one of the bushes. I crouched down to get a better look at it, being careful not to touch it. I let out a small squeak as I noticed a dead rat in a box made out of wood.

“This has to be one of the traps I’m supposed to clean.” I thought, which reminded me of the list.

“Only Malcolm brings the deliveries.” was one of the rules. It made me hesitant. Would they get angry if I bought food myself? I didn’t want to piss them off, but they didn’t have any food at home, and it didn’t look like they would come back any time soon.

And how am I supposed to know when this Malcolm is coming? And how am I supposed to know who he is? It certainly didn’t look like he’d been at the house for a very long time.

I shrugged it off and continued down the path. How bad can it be?

“That’ll be £44, please.” the cashier said with a flirtatious smile. I smiled back at him as I handed him the money. He was quite handsome, if I’m going to be honest, with his dark hair and green eyes, looking like he was in his thirties.

“Do you know where the Heelshires are?” I asked him. The smile on his face quickly faded as I mentioned the family.

“Last time I heard from them they went on a holiday, but that was almost a year ago now.” he said as he started fiddling with something behind the counter.

“Oh.” I quietly said. “Well, maybe you know who Malcolm is? He’s supposed to be delivering to the Heelshires.” I started shifting where I stood with the bags in my hands, trying not to get freaked out as I thought of what was going on in the house with the doll.

The man’s expression changed to some kind of mix of sadness and anger.

“Well, yes. He’s my little brother.” he said shortly, trying to brush it off. I didn’t want to sound nosy, especially since it seemed like he held some kind of grudge against his brother, but I needed to know more about what was going on.


“I’m afraid he isn’t.” he said with a smile that was obviously fake. “He’s moved to the US with his girlfriend, Greta, who used to be Brahms’ nanny.”

“What did they do to Brahms after they left?” I asked. “I mean, they couldn’t just leave him there all by himself.”
The cashier looked at me like I was crazy. He glanced me up and down, his eyebrows deeply furrowed.

“You're kidding, right?” he chuckled. “I know you aren't from here, considering your accent and all, but you have got to be joking.”

I was stunned. My mouth hung agape as I stared at the man in front on me.

“What do you mean?” I managed to stutter out.

He leaned over the counter, coming closer to me. I felt his breath brush against my cheek as he whispered:

“Brahms is a doll.”

I was walking back to the Heelshire manor, bags in my hands, on that small dirt road. All I could think of was what Adam, the cashier from the store, had told me about the Heelshires.

Brahms had died in a fire on his eighth birthday, about twenty years ago. To cope with the death of their son the Heelshires got the doll and treated it like their real son. It was quite sad when you thought about it.

Greta had apparently been a nanny for the doll, but Adam didn't know what caused Greta and Malcolm to leave the country so fast. They never told him. And that was almost a year ago now.

And if no one was in the house, how could all of those freaky things happen? A dark thought popped into my mind, causing my body to grow even colder than it already was by walking home, without a jacket, in the cold british autumn weather.

What if the doll was possessed? Maybe the spirit of Brahms had entered the little doll right after he died, and that was why the Heelshires had treated the doll as their own?

No, that was stupid. There is no such thing as ghosts, or spirits. I shrugged off the thought and started walking faster.

I got back into the house and started unpacking the groceries when all of a sudden loud opera music was blasting from the lounge. I had just picked up a jar of jam and the sudden noise made me drop the jar, smashing it into a thousands of pieces as it hit the marble floor.

I cursed under my breath, looking down at the mess I’d just made, but that wasn’t what bothered me the most. What was bothering me was that someone had just put on music. So someone was in the house after all.

I took a deep breath to strengthen myself as I started walking towards where the sound came from, trying to be as quiet as possible. What I saw when I entered the huge room wasn’t anything that made me feel less scared. On the chair, behind the desk they had in the lounge, sat the doll.

With shaky hands and trembling legs I walked and turned off the music, keeping my gaze at the little porcelain boy. After doing so I walked up to Brahms to see that the list of rules was placed on the desk in front of him. I picked it up and saw that something was scribbled at the bottom of the paper in a deep red colour:
“FOLLOW THE RULES.”

I dropped the clipboard, it making a loud crashing sound as it bounced onto the desk, and walked backwards from the doll. My legs felt like overcooked spaghetti, barely being able to keep me standing, as I walked further away. I gasped escaped my lips as I hit my head in the wall. I slid down it and curled up on the floor, hugging my knees. Panic raised inside of me, my heart beating like war drums in my chest and my breathing sharp, it felt like I was swallowing razors. I felt tears prick behind my eyelids. I closed my eyes and hid my face with my knees.

I had come to realise that I wouldn’t be able to leave. I was stuck in a house with a possessed doll, who had taken all of my belongings, forcing me to stay with him. I was never getting out of here, was I?
This was a nightmare. What was I supposed to do?

I couldn’t leave. It wouldn’t let me. He wouldn’t let me. Even if he did let me go, I had nowhere to go. I’m still hiding from my father.

After Brahms’ tantrum in the lounge I had rushed up into one of the rooms, slamming the door shut behind me and locking it. I was now sitting on the king sized bed, trying to wrap my head around the situation.

I had tried to call someone, only to notice that there wasn’t any service out here, and the old fashioned landline phone the Heelshires had wasn’t working either. Someone had cut off the lines.

“Okay.” I thought to myself. “You are in a house, alone, with a doll possessed by an eight-year-old boy. What are you going to do?” I took a deep breath.

“What does he want?” That would be the most important thing to ask myself.

“He wants me to follow the rules, but why?” I didn’t really get why he loved those rules so much and wanted me to follow the so bad.

I tried to come up with some kind of conclusion as of why they meant so much to him, which was hard since I didn’t know the boy when he was alive. I didn’t even know him dead either. No matter how hard I tried to think of the reason why, I couldn’t. That lead me to another question:

“Why don’t I just follow his goddamn rules?” That was a good question. Why didn’t I? I did come to this place to be his nanny, after all.

I was awoken from my thoughts as I heard footsteps outside the door. I held my breath. The footsteps stopped right outside my door. I could see a shadow in the gap between the door and the floor. My heart was beating out of my chest. There was someone outside my door.

Three soft knocks were heard and a sweet, chime-like voice spoke:

“Gracie?”
I couldn’t manage to answer. My throat had suddenly gone dry and my bottom lip was trembling. Was there a ghost on the other side of the door?

“Please come out, pretty Gracie.” the child’s sweet voice said.

I was in complete shock by now, my body shaking uncontrollably. There was actually a ghost outside my door. I couldn’t believe it.

It was quiet for a while. I had just started to think I was imagining everything when I heard that sickly sweet voice again.

“Be good to me, and I’ll be good to you.” he said with a gentle voice. And with that said, the footsteps were heard again. I was listening as they slowly faded away as he walked further down the corridor.

I couldn’t move. The boy was really here, in spirit, and I had just completely ignored him. I felt bad for the child. But at the same time there was something that felt wrong. Why would his parents have left him? And why did Greta and Malcolm leave so fast without even giving a proper explanation?

Well, probably because Brahms is a ghost, or some kind of spirit. Yeah, that was probably why. They probably felt like no one would believe them anyways, so they left without saying anything. But then again, why would they leave if Brahms was a nice little boy?

“Be good to me, and I’ll be good to you.” was what he had said. If they treated Brahms with respect, why wouldn’t he treat them the same way? I doubted that they treated him badly. Brahms had probably told them the same thing he had told me just a couple of minutes ago.

There was definitely something freaky going on here, apart from the ghost/spirit situation. The question was: “What?”

After I had calmed down from the previous experience, that had happened about an hour ago, I decided to sneak out of the room. It was quiet as I walked down the majestic stairs and into the kitchen to clean up the mess I had made earlier today.

I found myself constantly looking over my shoulder. My hands were still shaking after the previous occurrence, and my anxiety level was sky-rocketing.

To my surprise the pool of jam and shattered glass that had been on the floor only a few hours ago, had vanished.

Had Brahms cleaned it up?

Maybe he wasn’t so evil after all.

It was getting dark outside and I realised that I still hadn’t eaten yet. Everything had just been a real mess since I was at the store earlier today.

I started preparing dinner. While I was chopping some vegetables a thought popped up inside my head. Am I supposed to cook for Brahms? I knew that he was some sort of ghost, and didn’t eat, but wasn’t it a part of his rules?

I walked into the lounge and picked up the clipboard from the desk, glancing over at the little doll sitting next to it. It was staring straight forward, into nothing.

It didn’t exactly say that I was supposed to cook meals for Brahms, but it did say that I should save
meals in the freezer, and I guessed that it was kind of the same thing. So I went back to cook us both a nice meal.

After I had made dinner, I put some of it on a plate, while saving the leftovers in a lunchbox before putting it in the freezer.

I went with my plate and sat down by the large dining table. The room was big, and I felt really alone as I sat there all by myself. It was the first time, in a very long time, that I had felt bad about being alone.

When I had been living with my dad all I wanted was to be alone, but my dad didn’t like leaving me alone. He was always forcing me to be with him, whether it was eating, or just simply being there. He was always thinking that I would run away from him if he didn’t keep his eye on me at all times, which was what I did eventually.

The few moments where I was left alone were both a paradise and war zone. While it was nice to get away from him and his groping hands for a while, it was also absolutely terrifying to be left alone with my own thoughts. Who knew that your own head could be so toxic?

It would always drift off to the darkest places, leaving me feeling hollow and numb inside. My mindset would consist of self-destructive and suicidal thoughts, which was something that I feared almost more than I feared my own father.

There they were again. The thoughts. The so called: “demons” that haunts your brain and leaves you thinking that you are worth jack shit. Infecting your mind with things that makes you convinced that the world would be a better place without you, that you are just a waste of space and oxygen.

I snapped out of it and realised that I was softly caressing my arm. I pulled up my sweater and looked at the purplish pink scars that were buried deep within my wrist. They were disgusting to look at, yet it was something that made me feel other things than the constant fear and numbness inside of me. It was something I did to check if I could still feel something. To see if I was still alive.

I shook my head and blinked away the tears that had welled up in my eyes. I pulled down my sleeve and shot up from the chair, walking into the lounge to get Brahms.

The doll sitting opposite to me wasn’t the best company in the world, but at least it kept my mind from wandering of to those dark places. It was staring at me with those greenish grey eyes, as if it could see straight through me and all of my secrets.

After dinner I cleaned up in the kitchen, with Brahms placed on one of the stools behind me. I wasn’t going to leave him out of my sight. Not only was it because I was done getting spooked by his little tricks, it was also one of the rules. From now on, I was going to follow all of those rules to avoid pissing him off.

“9. Brahms is Never to Leave.”

We spent the next coming hour listening to music. There was only opera and classical music, which wasn’t really my type of music, but if it made Brahms satisfied, then I was happy.

“No. It’s time for bed now, Brahms.” I said after I had gotten too tired of listening to his music. I got up and stretched out my limbs before picking up the doll and walking up to his bedroom.

I found a blue pyjamas in one of the drawers, and put it on him.

“I like that PJ on you.” I said and stroke his hair before laying him down in his bed, pulling the
covers up to his shoulders.

I picked up the clipboard to see if I was following his rules correctly, and to see if I had to do something else before leaving him.

“Oh, so I have to read you a bedtime story?” I asked and rose an eyebrow at the little doll in the bed. “Okay. What do you want to hear?”

I walked over to one of the bookshelves and looked at the many books. I settled for a book with a blue cover and walked back to lay beside Brahms and read it for him.

I read for him a while, feeling how my eyelids slowly grew heavier and heavier.

“That’s enough for tonight Brahms.” I said and closed the book. I stood up and retreated the book into its former place before walking over to look at the clipboard again.

“10. Kiss Goodnight.”

I looked at the doll and then at the clipboard again. Would I really kiss a doll? I had to. What would happen if I didn’t? I didn’t want to find out.

“Rules are rules, I guess.” I said under my breath and leaned down to Brahms. I looked at his cracked, white face before closing my eyes and gently placing a kiss on his cheek, feeling the cold porcelain against my lips.

“Goodnight, Brahmsy.”
And with that done, I turned the lights off and walked out of the room, closing the door behind me.
Hello!

This chapter is kind of a mess, and I feel like there are alot of time skips, but I hope you understand anyways.
I really want to get deeper into the story now so I've decided to do these time skips so it won't get too boring.

Anyways, as always, Kudos are always appreciated. Thank you so much <3

Enjoy this messy little chapter!

I had gone to sleep in the very same room I had locked myself in after Brahms’ tantrum. It felt like my room now.

My luggage was still gone so I had to gone to sleep in the same clothes I first wore when I got here, which felt quite disgusting. Unfortunately there wasn’t anything I could do about it.

I wasn’t sleeping so well that night. Dreams about my father and the possessed doll haunted me. When I woke up I was covered in sweat and it didn’t feel like I had slept at all.

With drowsy eyes and dull legs I stapled out of the bed and into the bathroom to splash my face with some cold water. It didn’t help that much, but it was something atleast.

When I walked into the room again I saw that my luggage stood by my bed. A smile spread across my face. I rushed over and opened it eagerly. I could finally get out of my dirty clothes.

I grabbed some fresh clothes and a towel before proceeding into the bathroom. This shower was something I deserved, and I was going to take the time I needed in there.

Days passed, and I had started to like living with Brahms. We got along well, as long as I followed the rules I got to do a bit of what I wanted aswell. There had been times when I didn’t do exactly what Brahms wanted, which resulted in him throwing some kind of tantrum, but other than that we were like best friends.

I had decided that I would go grocery shopping every Friday, but that was the only time I left the house. I wasn’t allowed to leave Brahms alone, neither was he allowed to leave the house.

Halloween had slowly snuck up on us. My favourite time of the year. Every year my friends and I would throw a huge party, inviting all of the students on our campus, but this year was different, I was in another country.

I decided to call my best friend, Carly. It had been a while since I talked to her and it was something that drove me crazy. One of the cons of leaving the country was that I lost all of my friends, but it was for my own good.

“Hello?” I heard her chirpy voice say on the the other side of the line.
“Hey, Carly. It’s me.”

“Oh my God, Grace! Hi! How are you? How’s the UK?” her voice sounded exactly like I remembered it. She had always been the most energetic and positive person, which you could hear on her voice.

“Yeah, I’m fine, and the UK is great.” I chuckled. “It’s a bit cold though.”

“Yes, of course.” she giggled. “So what are you doing? How are you providing for yourself?”

“Uhm.” I said. This was a tough question to answer, I didn’t really know what I did. It wasn’t like I got any money from taking care of Brahms.

“I am a nanny.” I decided to tell her. It was kind of the truth, just not the whole truth.

She laughed at the other end of the telephone, a sound I had missed so much.

“Really? That’s great!”

“Yeah, I really like it.” I said and smiled. “So, what are you doing for Halloween?”

It was quiet for awhile, the only sign of that she was still there was her breathing.

“I don’t know. It’s not the same without you.” she finally said. Her voice sounded sad now.

“I know. But you can’t just stop with our tradition just because I’m not there.”

Silence.

“Hello? Carly?”

“Hey! I’ve got a great idea!” she almost screamed into the phone. I flinched at the sudden sound.

“Oh yeah? And what’s that?” I said and rubbed my ear she’d screamed into.

“Why don’t we all fly over to the UK and have the party at your place?”

I hesitated. Would it really be a good idea?

“Do you even think that the whole campus would want, and have the money, to fly all the way to Europe for a party?”

“Well, duh. The party is all they’ve talked about for the past week.” she explained. “It’s the highlight of the year.”

“Okay.” I heard her squeal at the other end. “But you can’t all stay here, though.”

“No, of course not. We’ll find someplace to live.”

“Yeah, okay.” I said and fiddled with a strand of my hair. “I have to go now. I’ll see you on Saturday, then?”

“Absolutely! And don’t worry, we’ll bring some stuff with us aswell.” she said with a chuckle. “Say hello to little-” she stopped as she realised she didn’t know his name.

“Brahms.”
“Right, Brahms. Say hello to little Brahms from me.”

“I will. Bye now.”

“Bye bye!”

I hung up the phone and stared blankly in front of me. Was this really a good idea? How many would actually want to fly all the way to the UK for a party?

I shrugged my shoulders and started heading downstairs to prepare dinner. Carly had always been persuasive and I trusted her to atleast bring some people here. She had four days to convince the pupils at the university. Only time will tell how well that’ll go.

It was now Friday. One day before the party, and I had no idea how many people would come. I hadn’t talked to Carly since Monday, and I was anxious to see what was going to happen.

A part of me didn’t want to throw the party, thinking that something was going to go wrong, but the other part of me was jumping with excitement and joy. I decided to rely more on the positive side of my conscience.

The morning went smoothly. Brahms and I spent it by eating breakfast, reading some poetry, and listening to some music.

“Now, Brahms.” I sighed and sat the doll down in my lap, looking into his greenish grey eyes of his.

“I am going to go and do some grocery shopping. I will come back soon, so don’t be scared.” I explained and stroke his small cracked cheek. “I will never leave you.”

I got home from the grocery store to see that the lounge had been turned upside down. Books and paper scattered all around the room, the furniture had been moved around, and a chair had even been torn apart. In the middle of the mess sat the doll.

“What the hell, Brahms.” I groaned, putting down the heavy bags I was struggling to carry. I walked up to the doll and lifted it up, looking into it’s sad-looking eyes.

“Why?” I asked. “Just… Why? Did I do something wrong?” My eyes roamed around the messy room, and then back to Brahms. I sighed and stroke some of his hair back from his face.

“I’ve done everything you’ve asked me to. I’ve followed your rules. Yet you do this.” The doll, of course, didn’t answer. It’s empty, hollow eyes seemed to look straight through me. It’s pale, cracked skin glistening in the sunlight that shone through the half closed curtains.

“Fine. Whatever.” I sighed in frustration and put the doll down on the floor again, it’s back leaning against the wall.

I went back to get the groceries and started packing them up in the kitchen. I couldn’t understand what I had done wrong.

Had I forgotten to play him his music? No, we did that today. Was it the book we read? No, it couldn’t have been. He loves that book. Maybe I had forgotten to kiss him goodnight? I knew how much the kiss meant to him. The most important thing on his list. I tried really hard to think about last night, but I’m sure I remembered to kiss him.
Suddenly it hit me. It was the party. He didn’t want me to throw a party.

“1. No Guests”

“Shit.” I said under my breath as I walked into the lounge again. I had to talk to him about it. Maybe we could come up with some kind of agreement.

“Brahms, I’m sorry. I-” I interrupted myself as I discovered that Brahms wasn’t sitting where I had left him just a couple of minutes ago. I turned around and scanned the mess of a room, trying to see the playful little boy somewhere, but he was nowhere to be seen.

“Brahms, where are you?” I called out. No answer, of course. I ran my hands over my face, letting out a low groan. I didn’t have time for this right now. There was so much to do.

But then it hit me. If I play along maybe he’ll agree to let me have the party, as some sort of reward for playing with him. “Genius idea, Grace.”

“Oh, you want to play, Brahmsy?” I called out with a slight giggle, turning around to throw a quick glance into the hallway.

“Ready or not, here I come!”

I looked in the kitchen, in his room, and even in my room, but he was nowhere to be found.

I had started to get worried. Where could he be?

I looked around the whole house once again, but didn’t find him this time either. This little boy sure was good at hiding.

I suddenly remembered a room I hadn’t checked yet. The bathroom. I rushed into the room and looked in every corner, in the laundry basket, and in the cabinets, but no.

Just as I was about to look somewhere else I remembered a place where he could be hiding. Behind the shower curtain. I quickly spun around and sneaked up to the bathtub.

“Aha!” I screamed as I pulled back the curtain. And there sat the little doll.

“Wow, you are great at hiding, Brahms.” I giggled, and picked up the boy, walking to his room.

“Now.” I sighed and put him down on his bed, stroking his hair. “I know that I’ve disobeyed your rules, Brahms. But I really need this.”

I sat down opposite to him, ready to pour my heart out to a doll, hoping the ghost, spirit, whatever, was listening.

“I love it here. I love taking care of you. But you have to understand that I get lonely.” I cleared my throat, feeling the familiar burning behind my eyelids. “It would all be different if you were here. Like, really here as a person.”

A single tear rolled down my cheek and landed on the bed. “But you aren’t. So please let me do this. It's just for one night.”

I looked at the doll in front of me. His blank expression staring at me. I nodded slowly and wiped the tears away from my face.

“Okay.” I almost whispered. “I hope you can understand, and let me have this one night. I promise I
won’t leave you.”

I sniffled, and shook my head. “No more tears, Grace.”

“Now, let’s go do something fun.” I said with a smile, and picked him up. “How about we go and play some piano? Maybe we can play Brahms’ Lullaby?”
Hey, dear readers!

So, this is where the story really starts to pick off. This chapter is a little bit longer than usual, so I hope you enjoy every bit of it!

As always, Kudos are very appreciated. Thank you so much if you have left one already. You should know that you make my day. <3

And I can't believe this little story of mine has hit over 200 hits! Whaaaat?! Thank you <3

Anyways, enjoy this, hopefully, thrilling chapter! ;)

“Aaand, done.” I said with a smile. I took a few steps back to get a proper look at the decorated room. I had spent the whole day trying to balance decorating and preparing for the party happening tonight, and at the same time pay attention to Brahms and his rules.

I was now, finally, done decorating the house. I stared in awe at the spooky decorated lounge, the bowls filled with snacks, and the alcoholic drinks.

“What do you think, Brahms?” I asked as I turned around to pick up the little doll I had placed on a chair while decorating.

“It’s pretty, isn’t it?” I stroke some of his brown hair out of his face, and smiled.

“Thank you for letting me do this, Brahms.” I placed a kiss on his cracked forehead. “It really means allot to me.”

I looked at my wristwatch and saw that it was 4 pm. They should start dropping in soon.

As of magic, I heard a knock on the front door. I rushed over, with Brahms steadily in my arms, and opened it.

“Heeeeey!” Carly screamed in excitement, and jumped up and down, holding out her arms so I would hug her. Her strawberry blonde hair bouncing as she did so.

“Oh my God, Hi C!” I screamed equally as excited, and hugged her with one arm, while holding Brahms with the other.

“Oh, you look fantastic.” I said and looked at her costume. She was wearing a tight black latex suit, topped with a pair of cat ears and some whiskers drawn on her cheeks.

“Thanks!” she said with a smile. “Look at these shoes!” she took a step forward and flaunted her black stilettos.

“How are you even able to walk in those?” I chuckled, shaking my head.
“I don’t know!” she laughed and threw her hands out, tilting her head slightly to the side. Her blue eyes shimmering out of happiness and excitement.

“So, this is Brahms?” Carly said after she’d calmed down a bit.

I held Brahms with a steady grip, and stroked his hair with one of my hands.

“Yes.” I answered shortly, trying to hide his face. Fearing that she would think I was crazy for being a nanny to a doll.

“Oh, well he’s a bit shy, isn’t he?” she giggled, and walked towards Brahms and I, trying to get a glance of his face.

“Uhm, yes.” I agreed, slowly backing away further into the hallway. “Carly, why don’t you make yourself at home, and walk into the lounge while I go with Brahms upstairs to his room.”

“Sure.” she said with a smile, and walked away, looking at the huge mansion.

I let out a sigh in relief as I looked at Brahms. “That was close.” I thought to myself, and started walking up towards Brahms’ room.

“Oh, Brahms.” I cooed as I put him down on his bed. “I need you to be a good boy now, and stay in here for the rest of the night. I know it isn’t fun, but it’s for your own good.”

I looked at the doll, as to see if the ghost/spirit was there, and understood what I was saying.

“There will be alot of people down there that are-” I interrupted myself. How was I supposed to explain drunk to an eight-year old?

“There will be alot of people down there who aren’t in full control of themselves, and I don’t want you in any danger.” I explained and cupped his cheeks.

“So please be a good boy, and stay here.”

I was hoping that he understood what I was saying. I gave him a slight nod, and walked out of the room, locking it behind me. I didn’t want anyone to walk into his room. After I did so I walked into my own room to dress into the costume I had bought the day before.

It was cliché, and maybe a bit tacky, but they didn’t have alot of options in the store. It was the classic bunny with the ears and the little cotton tail. It was either that or a zombie bride.

The tiny latex jumpsuit hugged all of my curves, and barely hid my butt. I spun around in the mirror to see if it looked okay.

“Trash.” I said to myself as I looked at the girl in the mirror. Was that really me? A pair of white ears ontop of the blonde head, a tiny, sleeveless, latex suit with a white bowtie, and a bunny tail. As if it wasn’t trashy enough I wore some fishnet stockings underneath. I looked like a hooker.

I walked over to my suitcase and started looking for some shoes to wear. I settled for a pair of black high heel pumps. It was the most festive pair of shoes that I had. Most of them were converse, and other sneakers.

“Holy smoke!” Carly exclaimed as I walked into the lounge. She sat up from the couch she’d been laying in, and scanned me from top to toe.

“Please don’t. I look like trash.” I laughed, and tried to hide my body by folding my arms.
“No, no, no, no.” she said and stood up, walking towards me. “You look so fucking sexy!”

“Oh, please.” I said and rolled my eyes. Carly was always taking things to the extreme, it was just who she was.

“So, is anyone else coming, or?” I asked anxiously. It would’ve been sad if Carly was the only one who showed up, even if I loved that she was here with me.

“Yes! They’ll be here any second now!” she smiled, and walked over to pour herself a drink into one of the red cups I had placed on the table beside the drinks and snacks.

“Want one?” she asked and pointed at the drinks.

“Sure, why not.”

After about an hour the house was crowded. How Carly had managed to persuade so many people to come was a mystery. There were probably over a hundred people in the house, which was crazy. There were even people I didn’t know at this party, and it was even harder to detect people with their costumes.

I was standing with Carly and some of my other friends, drinking and talking about everything I had missed while being in the UK, when someone came up to me.

“Hey.” a man in a fire fighter suit said. He was wearing a pair of red pants, red suspenders, but no shirt. The guy was clearly trying to show off his abs. On top of his head he wore the typical fire fighter hat. He had sand brown hair, and the most piercing green eyes I had ever seen.

“Hi.” I chuckled while raising an eyebrow.

“Are you Grace?” he said with a smirk.

“Yeah, I am. Sorry, who are you?”

“Sorry. I’m Mike.” he said and tipped his hat.

“Hello, Mike.” I said, and took a sip of my drink.

“Wanna dance?” Mike tilted forward and held out his hand for me to take. I stared at it for a while, trying to decide whether or not I was going to accept his offer.

“Sure.” I said with a smile, and took it.

I danced with Mike for a while, then we went to fill up our drinks. We stood there talking and joking. He was a charmer, funny and flirtatious. We had been drinking quite alot, and Mike had started slurring on his words. I, on the other hand, hadn’t been drinking just as much, so I was still in a good shape.

“So, you live here?” Mike asked and took a sip of his drink.

“Yes, only temporarily though.”

“Do you live here, in this huge house, all by yourself?” he looked around the huge room, which was crowded my unknown people in costumes.

“Well, yes.” I hesitated. I was kind of alone, but I didn’t feel like explaining what was going on to a
“Can you give me a tour of this beautiful house of yours?” he slurred, trying to look as seductive as possible, even though he failed hard because he was so intoxicated.

“Uhm.” I looked around to see where my friends were, but they were nowhere to be seen. “Sure.”

The second floor was much more quiet. Mike and I walked down the long corridor as I pointed to all the paintings and rooms, showing him the house, but he didn’t seem to be interested.

“And this is my room.” I said and opened the door, revealing the big room with the king sized bed in the middle of it.

“Great.” he said and walked in. He leaned against one of the bed posts, and looked at me with a smirk playing on his lips. His eyes were glimmering in the dim light of the room, almost making him look vicious.

I let out an awkward chuckle and took a few hesitant steps into the room, him following my every steps.

“You’ve got a very nice house, bunny.” he purred and walked towards me, gazing into my eyes. He didn’t stop until he was inches away from me. I felt his hot breath on my cheek, it smelt like alcohol.

I let out an uncomfortable chuckle. “Thanks.” I stuttered, and started backing away from him.

He didn’t seem to get how I wasn’t interested in his little attempt to get with me, as he continued to walk towards me, backing me up towards the wall.

“You’re really pretty, you know.” he said and licked his lips while glancing my body up and down.

“Please stop.” I whimpered. I felt panic rise, and my heart started beating faster.

“You know you want to.” Mike said and leaned in, locking his lips with mine. They tasted like alcohol and cinnamon.

I tried to push him away from me, but he was too strong, pinning me against the wall.

“N-no. Stop it.” I turned my face away from him, only to feel his fingers trace my jawline, and force it right back again.

“Hush, little bunny.” he chuckled against my lips. “You are going to enjoy it.”

I felt his fingers snake around my back, trying to undo the zipper. I squirmed in his grip, and screamed for help, but the loud music downstairs swallowed my voice.

Mike had now managed to force me down onto the bed, sitting ontop of me as his hand traced every inch of my body.

Tears were streaming down my face as I made a desperate attempt to get out of his firm grasp, but without success. I closed my eyes as I felt his hands get inside of my costume, finding his way to my nipples.

He held my hands in one steady grip over my head with one of his hands, while the other was groping my, now, bare breast. Fiddling and nibbling onto the nipple.

I had now accepted my fate. I was going to get raped, and there was nothing I could do about it. I
laid still, with closed eyes, crying and whimpering as he continued to play around with my breasts.

All of a sudden I heard a loud crash, followed by a groan. The weight was lifted away from my body. I let out a deep breath as I sat up in the bed, covering myself up with my arms as I tried to see what happened.

A tall man with a dirty, green cardigan and dark, raven curly hair was standing with his back towards me, looking down at Mike where he laid on the floor. I had no idea who this man was, or how he found us, but I was glad he did.

The man suddenly dove down and put his large hands around Mike’s throat, squeezing it. I was paralyzed. I didn’t know what to do. Was I going to stop him, or let him do whatever he desired to do with Mike?
The Man with the Mask

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

It's been a while since I updated. Sorry for that.

Anyways, this chapter is dedicated to my friend, Kevin, who's been nagging and complaining that I haven't uploaded this chapter, so here ya go Kev.

Like I always say; Kudos are appreciated. Thank you so so much!

Mike’s face had started to turn blue, and the unknown man’s knuckles had turned white due to the strength he put into choking Mike.

I had no idea what to do. I had somehow managed to put on the suit again, and I was sitting at the end of the bed, clinging onto one of the bed posts for dear life.

“No, stop it!” I heard myself cry out. The man with the curly hair loosened his grip around Mike’s neck, and slowly turned his head towards me.

He was wearing a doll mask over his face, making it impossible for me to see who that man was. The doll mask was dirty, and had large crack right in the middle of the face, from the forehead, to the eyebrow, and down to the side of the cheek. A dark lock of his hair was covering some of his mask.

The man let out a low grunt and turned back to Mike, placing his hands around his throat, yet again.

I jumped out of the bed and rushed over to the two, placing my hands onto the masked man’s shoulders to try and get him off of Mike. I felt his muscles tense at my sudden touch, but he didn’t flinch.

“Please, get off of him!” I pleaded while squeezing his shoulders.

He let out a growl and pushed me, throwing me to the ground. I landed with a thud, letting out a groan as my butt hit the floor.

I sat there, wincing in pain as I saw him sit onttop of Mike, only he wasn’t holding his hands around his neck anymore.

The man suddenly stood up and walked over to me. He was towering over me where I sat on the wooden floor. His hairy chest was raising up and down at a quick phase, and I could see that he was wearing a white top underneath his dark green cardigan.

His black trousers were being held up by a pair of grey suspenders. I could also see that underneath his mask grew a dark beard, completely covering his chin, and it looked like it grew up his cheeks aswell.

He tilted his head while looking at me. He didn’t say anything at all. He was just staring at me.
I was unsure of what to do. This man had shown himself to be dangerous, so I decided to sit still on the floor, glancing up at the tall man towering over me.

He suddenly reached his hand out. I stared at the large, dirty hand, up at him again, and then back to the hand once again.

I anxiously bit my bottom lip as I took his hand. It swallowed my hand completely, and it felt clammy against my own.

The man carefully pulled me up before letting go of my hand again. He was still towering over me as I stood up.

I stood really close to him. My face was the same level as his chest which was still raising with a quick phase. I felt his smell, his odour. He smelled like sweat and dirt, and at the same time that musk all men have.

He bent his head further down to my head. I could hear his breathing echoing behind the mask. I swallowed hard, he was uncomfortably close, but I didn’t dare to move. I had seen what he was capable of.

“W-who are you?” I managed to stutter out. I looked up to meet his gaze. Those dark eyes behind the mask scanned every inch of my face, but he didn’t answer.

“What’s your name?” I tried asking again. I didn’t get a response this time, either. All the man did was cock his head to the side, like a little child that couldn’t understand why their mum was scolding them for something they had done.

“Oh my God, Grace!” I heard Carly scream as she rushed into the room.

I turned to face her, seeing that her face had gone completely pale.

“What is going on? Are you hurt?” she said, and walked up to me, squeezing my shoulders while examining my face and body.

“No. I-I’m fine.” I tried to sound as confident as possible, even though my whole body was trembling.

“Come here.” Carly said and led me out of the room, and towards the bathroom.

“What the fuck happened in there?” she asked as she sat me down on the toilet, crouching down to my height.

“I-I-” I tried to explain but tears started rolling down my face, my breathing hitching.

“Hey, hey, hey.” Carly soothed, and pulled me in for a hug. I clung onto her with dear life, fearing that someone would take me away if I let go.

She stroke my hair, trying to calm me down as I was full on crying.

“It’s okay.” she quietly repeated into my messy hair, but things weren’t okay.

I pulled away from her arms, and wiped away the tears from my face.

“I was almost raped tonight.” I said, my words sounding monotone and almost hollow.

Carly’s eyes widened, her baby blue eyes looked like they were shooting lightnings.
“What?” she said with gritted teeth. “By who? The creepy guy in the dirty clothes, and creepy mask? Oh I’ll show him.” she spat and stood up, prepared to rush over to the tall man and defend me.

“No, no, no. Not by him.” I said and grabbed her wrist, stopping her in her steps. “It was Mike, the fire fighter.”

Carly turned around again and crouched down to my height, her mouth hung agape.

“The guy with the abs?”

I nodded.

“God fucking dammit, I knew it. Typical white boys.” she slammed her fist into her hand and shook her head.

I let out a weak laugh, looking down at my trembling hands.

“But who was the other guy?” Carly asked. “He seemed to get very close and intimate with you.”

I looked up at her with a confused expression. Hers was equally as confused, her eyebrows deeply furrowed.

“I don’t know who he is.” I said slowly. “All I know is that he saved me.”

Carly’s expression changed to a slightly uncomfortable one, mixed with something else. Maybe disgust, I couldn’t tell.

“Well, he looked like a creep.”

I chuckled lightly and shook my head.

“Maybe.” I said, biting my bottom lip. “But he did save me, and for that I’m very grateful.”

Carly nodded her head understandingly and got up again, holding her hand out for me.

“Come on.” she said. “We need to kick out the douchey fire fighter.”

I agreed, and took her hand. We walked together into my room, only to stop in the door frame and squeeze each other's hands tightly.

“He’s gone.” I breathed, looking at the spot where he’d previously been laying.

“And so is the creepy guy with the doll mask.” Carly added.

I nodded slowly as my eyes scanned the whole room, but none of them were to be seen.

“Do you think he kicked Mike out?” Carly asked, turning her head to look at me.

I shrugged, feeling how my body slowly started shaking again. “I don’t know.” I whispered.

“Come on. Let’s go look for him.” Carly said and pulled me down the stairs and into the crowd.

It was warm, almost claustrophobic. I clung onto Carly’s arm as she dragged me through the crowd of drunk, masked people. Carly sometimes stopped to ask people if they’d seen Mike or the guy with the doll mask, but no one had. A few people pointed to me and said that the last time they saw Mike was with me.
It was pointless, we weren’t going to find them. They were gone.

“Carly, I need to get some air.” I told her, my breathing getting heavier by the second.

“Yes, of course.” she said and let go of me. “Do you want some company?”

I shot her a smile, and shook my head. “I’m fine. I think I want to be alone for a while.”

Carly returned the smile and nodded. “I’ll see you later.”

I opened the gigantic front door, letting the cold autumn wind surround me. I inhaled the fresh air, stepping out on the porch. I leaned against the wall as I looked out into the dark forest.

The forest made me feel a strange mix of relief and anxiety and the same time. It was dark, yet the orange leaves glowed from the trees, and it was far away from the village, far away from the civilisation.

That was probably the problem. It was far away from other people. Something that was both good and bad. My father couldn’t find me here as it was too far away, but at the same time; no one could find me here.

The sound of a twig breaking woke me up from my thoughts. I turned my head to where the sound came from, trying to see what it was.

I squinted in attempt to see in the dark, but I didn’t see anything.

At first.

There was one thing that stood out from the blinding darkness.

A mask. A white mask.

The tall man with the doll mask stepped out of the darkness, and stood by the end of the stairs, up to the porch. His white shirt he wore underneath his green cardigan looked even more dirty than before, and his messy, curly hair was sweaty, some of it sticking onto his, or the mask’s, forehead. His hairy chest was glistening in the light from the little lamp on the wall of the house.

“You.” I said, taking a step forward towards him.

He started shuffling, his hunching shoulders grew tense as he started rotating his hands.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

He stared at me with those dark eyes. Glancing me up and down.

“So you’re not going to answer me?” I said and rose an eyebrow.

Still no response.

I pursed my lips, and nodded slowly, starting to rock back-and-forth where I stood.

A dark, muffled voice broke the awkward silence that had formed between the two of us; “Brahms.”
You're Mine

Chapter Notes

Hii!

I have to say that this chapter is probably my favourite so far, it's dark and twisted, which I love. :) 

I hope you like it aswell, and if you do then please leave a Kudos, if you haven't already, bc it makes me really, really happy! <3

Sooooo, yeah. Enjoy! :D


He tilted his head to the side as he continued to eye me up and down with his dark eyes.

“Hello? Is anyone there?” I asked sarcastically while waving my arms in front of me.

I could hear him sigh underneath his mask. He slowly started walking up the stairs, his eyes locked on mine.

I held my breath, my body felt paralyzed. There was something intimidating about him. His tall frame, and unpredictableness.

He continued to walk past me, but stopped right behind me. I could hear his breath against my ear as he whispered with a chime-like voice I was so sure I had heard before:

“I see everything, pretty Gracie.”

And with that being said, I heard him walk away. The door slammed behind him, and left me all alone in the darkness.

My body was still paralyzed. That voice. I was so sure I had heard it before. The sweet, chime-like voice of a child.

Wait.

A child? That was a full grown man.

And that nickname: “pretty Gracie.”

Brahms. It was Brahms.

I inhaled, sharply. Suddenly the weather turned colder, sending a shiver down my spine.

It all made sense now. Of course there’s no such thing as a ghost, or spirit. The fact that a grown man had been living in the same house as me for all this time was truly terrifying.
But where did he hide? I had searched through the whole house multiple times when I first got there, and I hadn’t found anything. Unless he lived in the attic. The attic has always been locked, so that’s probably where he’s lived all this time.

I shivered. If it was because of the cold weather, or the fact that I’ve been living with an unknown man these past weeks, I did not know.

I decided to go back inside again. I needed to find Carly and tell her about what happened.

Carly was standing with a guy dressed as a devil, talking and laughing.

“Carly! Carly!” I exclaimed and I rushed up to her. She spun around with a sceptic look pasted onto her face.

“What?” she asked, her eyes round as globes. “What happened?”

“I need to talk to you.” I said and took her wrist, pulling her away from the devil-guy.

I dragged her to the second floor, where we could speak in private, and actually hear each other properly without the blasting music.

“What is it, Grace?” she asked again as we stood in the corridor. “Have you found Mike?”

I shook my head, making my blonde hair swirl around my face.

“No, no, no.” I breathed. “Mike is still gone. It’s about the other guy.”

Carly nodded, and waited for me to continue. She stared at me with a confused and intrigued face.

I took a deep breath and was ready to tell her everything. That’s when I saw him.

He stood by the end of the corridor, behind Carly. He just stood there, his hands behind his back, staring at me.

I lost my ability to speak. My mouth was still half open as I looked over Carly’s shoulder at the man with the doll face.

“Grace, are you okay?” Carly asked and grabbed my shoulders. I looked back at her and met her gaze.

“You look pale.” she said, her eyebrows deeply furrowed due to her concern for me.

She turned around to look for what I was staring at, but no one was there. He was gone.

“Maybe we should call off the party.” Carly suggested, and squeezed my shoulders gently.

I shook my head, sceptically. I didn’t want to be alone with Brahms. Who knew what he could do

“Sweetheart.” Carly said and cupped my cheeks. “You need to rest. It’s been a long, rough night.”

She let go of me and started walking down the stairs, I watched her as she bounced down every step until she disappeared.

“No, please.” I whispered. “Please don’t leave me.”
I didn’t sleep well that night. In fact, I didn’t sleep at all. Just knowing that Brahms could be lurking in every corner, watching my every step, was enough to keep me awake.

I stayed in bed until the sun started seeping through the curtains, lighting up the room.

With shaky legs I got out of bed and headed for the shower. My salvation. The warm droplets running down my body made me forget all of my problems for a while. In this very moment I was all alone. No one could hurt me here.

Just as I got out of the shower the phone rang. I wrapped a towel around my body and rushed over to the old wired telephone in my room.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Grace.” I heard Carly say at the other end of the phone. “Are you feeling any better?”

“Yeah.”

“Great! I was just wondering if you’d want to go out tonight? Just you and I.”

Go out? Yes. Perfect. I wouldn’t have to be in this house with a strange, dangerous man. I could go out, and never come back. I didn’t know where I would go, but I certainly didn’t want to be here anymore.

“Sure, I’d love to.”

Carly squeaked at the other end. “Yay! I’ll see you at eight tonight! Bye bye.”

“See ya.”

I hung up, and got dressed before I skipped down the stairs. If I acted like everything was normal then maybe Brahms wouldn’t get suspicious.

The day went by. I hadn’t seen Brahms all day. I guessed he wanted to be by himself. The only sign that he was still in the house were the missing plates of food I had left in the freezer.

I had taken a shower, again, and gotten dressed in a pink blouse and a pair of light blue, skinny jeans. To match the outfit, I put on a pair of white sneakers, and a silver necklace with a little heart. Nothing too dressy, but not too casual. Just the way I liked it.

I started walking down the stairs, trying to be as quiet as possible. I realised that it was hard to do so with my shoes on, so I took them of before proceeding to walk towards the front door.

I put on my shoes again as I got to the hallway. I stood up, and took a deep breath.

This was it.

I had just placed my hand around the handle, starting to open the door, as I felt a pair of strong arms wrap around my waist.

I let out a squeal as I was flung over a broad shoulder covered in a familiar green cardigan.

“Let go of me!” I cried out, squirming around in attempt to get away from his grip.

“Why aren’t you following the rules?” the disgustingly, sweet, chime-like voice asked.
“I have! I have done that all day!”

Brahms didn’t answer, but I could hear him growl from underneath his mask. He proceeded to walk up the stairs, and into my room where he put me down on my bed.

I brushed some hair away from my face as I looked at him, following his steps with my gaze. He went to close the door before sitting down in a chair in the corner of the room.

We both sat at the opposite sides of the room, staring at each other. His hands were folded in his lap, and his mask was as creepy and vacuous as yesterday. He hadn’t changed his clothes since yesterday, either, and his dark hair was still a curly mess.

Silence filled the room, the only sound being heard was me trying to catch my breath, and the wind blowing through the trees outside.

Without any notice I bolted for the door, trying to escape. But Brahms’ reflexes were fast, and I felt his arms wrap around me once again.

“No.” he said in a much darker voice, as he pressed me against his muscular chest.

“Why won’t you let me go?” I cried. I felt my heart racing in my chest, and a strange feeling erupted in my stomach as I realised how close he was to me. What the feeling was I didn’t know. It was a mixture of fear and… Arousal? No. It couldn’t be.

“You’re mine.” he whispered into my ear. His voice sounded like a rumbling thunder, echoing inside the mask.

“What?” I breathed in shock, making me lose my iron grip I had around the door knob.

Brahms took this to his advantage and threw me over his shoulder once again. I clung onto his cardigan as he walked away from the room. I could only see his back and floor, so I didn’t know what was going on, until he sat me down on a chair, once again, back in my room.

He held a rope in his other hand, which I assumed he had went to get as I was flung over his shoulder. Brahms took the rope and tied me to the chair. I tried my hardest to make it as difficult for him as possible, but he was much more stronger than me.

“Why are you doing this?” I whispered, once I was tied down, a single tear rolling down my face.

He cocked his head to the side, looking at me with those dark eyes of his. “I won’t let you get away.” he said with that childish voice.

“I won’t, I swear.” I pleaded, shaking my head violently, causing my hair to fall in front of my face.

Brahms crouched down in front of me, gently stroking my hair away from my face. He then shook his head, his brown eyes now pitch black. “Liar.”

His gruff voice sent shivers down my spine. I looked down and closed my eyes, trying not to cry, as I suspected it would give him the pleasure he desired.

I could hear Brahms let out a deep sigh as he stood up again. He circulated around the chair, around me, and traced his slender fingers along my arm, my back and neck, and then down my other arm.

“Pretty Gracie.” I heard him mumble under his breath.

I had stopped trying to escape now, realising that it was impossible. He was much larger, and
stronger, than I was.

All I could hope for was that Carly would know something was wrong and take a cab over here. But that was probably just wishful thinking.
Captivated

Chapter Notes

Heyyy!

Uhm, so this chapter is a bit short, I'm afraid. I tried to stretch it out as much as possible without it getting too sloppy, so I hope it's okay.

I've already written the next chapter, and I tell you that it's good, it's good. So please bear with me on this one.

And as always, kudos are appreciated, leave one if you haven't already. It makes me super duper happy, as cheesy as it sounds!

Enjoy! :D

I heard his breathing in my ear. It was heavy, and it echoed from inside his mask. I felt the cold material brush against my neck.

“What do you want from me?” I whispered. My voice weak, and trembling.

He had kept me here for more than an hour, just circulating around me, playing with my hair, and gently tracing his fingers along my arms and back. I had just let him. I was too tired to try anything, and I knew it wasn’t going to work anyways.

Brahms didn’t answer my question. He didn’t answer most of the time when I talked to him. It was almost like he didn’t know how to talk, even though I knew he could. Instead he just grabbed my neck, carefully squeezing it, rubbing it.

“You’re tense.” he mumbled with his raspy voice, his british accent breaking through.

“Yeah, no shit.” I spat. “You’re holding me captive.”

He let go of my neck and walked around the chair, crouching down in front of me. I looked away, too frightened to look at that vacuous mask he wore. Brahms placed two fingers under my chin and tilted my head, forcing me to look into his eyes. His eyes had lost that pitch black colour to them, they looked more of a warm brown. It was weird. He didn’t look as monstrous anymore.

“I’m not going to hurt you.” he said slowly, staring directly into my eyes.

I swallowed hard. His eyes were showing more feelings than he had ever done before. I couldn’t understand why. If he didn’t want to hurt me then why was he forcing me to be here? Why was he showing so much feeling towards me just now?

Brahms cleared his throat, and stood up. He walked around the chair again, so that I couldn’t see him.

“Unless you hurt me first.” he murmured while I felt him start playing my hair. His fingers twirling strands of my hair before letting them fall against my shoulders again.
My heart was racing again, beating inside of my chest. There was something about him playing with my hair that made my stomach feel weird, almost like a fuzzy feeling, but that couldn’t be right. This unknown, dangerous, man was holding me captive, trying to isolate me from the outside world. I couldn’t possibly feel anything positive towards him, could I? Then why was my stomach reacting this way? It was tingling, almost tickling me, as I felt his touch.

I tried to ignore the feeling. The feeling I got as he played with my hair. The feeling of a warm lump inside of my stomach, and the feeling of my cheeks heating up. I felt how my hands started to get clammy as I grasped onto the armrests, digging my nails into the cherry wood.

A loud bell suddenly erupted, echoing through the whole house, breaking the silence. Brahms retreated his hands, and started walking towards the window.

A glimpse of hope lit up inside of me, thinking that it would be Carly coming to save me. I looked at Brahms, trying to see what kind of reaction this had on him, even though it was hard because of that mask he always seemed to wear.

Why was he wearing that anyways? Was it to hide his face from me in case I managed to escape? So I couldn’t identify him?

Brahms clenched his fists, and let out a low growl as he stomped away from the window, and over to the door. I heard a small click before Brahms walked over and sat down in the chair he’d previously been sitting in.

“W-who was it?” I asked shyly, afraid that he would lash out. I couldn’t see him where he sat behind me, but I could almost hear how his whole body tensed up.

“No one important.” he answered shortly, his voice dark, and terrifying.

I was quiet, too afraid to ask another question. The loud bell continued to echo through the house, and we sat there, listening to it. I swallowed hard, I couldn’t handle this tense silence between the two of us.

“Did you lock the door?” I asked quietly, referring to the small click I had heard before he had sat down in that chair.

I heard him sigh, probably sick of my questions. “Yes.”

“Hello?” a chirpy voice called from downstairs. “Grace are you home?”

“Carly.” I whispered to myself. She came for me. Maybe she could rescue me.

Brahms let out an aggressive groan, slamming his fist onto the armrest, before standing up.

“Carly, I’m up here!” I cried out, hoping that she would hear me. “Carly, please hel-”

My mouth was covered by Brahms’ large hand, muffling any sound that tried to escape my mouth.

“Shut up.” he whispered with gritted teeth, his voice back to that dark, rumbling one from before. Back to that voice that sent shivers down my spine.

My heart was beating like war drums, and my breathing became shaky. All I could do was listen to Carly as she walked around the huge mansion, calling my name, being totally unaware of what was going on.
Brahms breathing was also being heard, right beside my ear. It was fast, the echo from inside the mask making it almost frightening to listen to. He kept his hand over my mouth, putting pressure on it. His other hand had travelled around my torso, underneath my breasts, barely touching them with his arm.

"Grace?" I heard from outside the door. The door knob was being turned, without success, of course. "Grace, are you in here?"

Brahms tightened his grip around me, making it hard for me to breathe as he put so much pressure over my torso, and mouth. I could hear how his breathing turned slower, but they were longer, and sounded more aggressive. Almost like a bull before attacking the matador, who was swaying a red blanket in front of it.

After a while, Carly seemed to give up, and I could hear her footsteps walking down the corridor, slowly making it impossible to hear them. Only a minute or so after, I heard the front door slam shut, and we were all alone again.

I didn’t realise I was crying until a tear rolled down my cheek and landed on top of Brahms’ hand. He flinched at the wet liquid touching him so suddenly, and he retreated his hands from me.

He walked over to me and crouched down once again, looking at me. I was quietly sobbing, trying to cover up as much sound as possible my pursing my lips. The tears continued to stream down my face, dripping down and landing on my jeans.

Brahms cocked his head to the side, eyeing my face, and looking down at my thighs where the tears had started to form a wet spot. He looked up at my face again with those warm brown eyes I had seen before. He sighed lightly, and shook his head, reaching to wipe away the tears from my face with his thumbs.

“There’s no need to cry, pretty Gracie.” he said with that childish voice. “You’re safe here, with me.”

I couldn’t understand what he was thinking. I was crying because I was stuck here, with him! A monster!

Brahms continued to look at my face, as if he wanted to remember every single detail of it. He nodded slightly and caressed my cheek before standing up and walking over to the door. I heard him unlock it, and open it.

“You’ll realise sooner or later.” he said with his grown voice.

And with that, the door was slammed shut again, leaving me alone in the room, strapped to the chair.

My mind was racing. I had no idea what I was going to do. Should I even make an attempt to escape? I didn’t think I would be able to get past Brahms, anyways. There was no use.

I sat there, twisting and turning my wrists, trying to see just how hard he had tied the rope around me. It was neatly done. It was probably close to impossible to break free without some kind of tool.

My eyes scanned the room to try and see if I could spot something I could use, but there wasn’t anything useful in sight.

I let out a deep sigh, letting my head fall down. My eyes were stinging from tiredness and crying, my wrists and ankles were hurting from the ropes, and my stomach felt like it was being eaten from the inside by my anxiety.
Why was Brahms holding me here? Why me? What did he want from me?

And why was he wearing that creepy mask?

Something clicked inside my head as I remembered what Adam had told me in the store, only a couple of weeks prior.

Brahms was supposed to be dead. He died in a fire on his eighth birthday. But somehow he had managed to survive. The mask was probably there to cover up any potential scars from the fire. Maybe, just maybe.

If I managed to work up the courage, maybe I could ask him. Even though he probably wouldn’t want to answer. But I could still try.

I felt my eyes grow heavier. I tried to keep my eyes open, but it was hard. In attempt to stay awake I stared into one of the lamps by the nightstand. But after awhile the light slowly seemed to fade, and it all turned black.
Hello :) 

Uhm, idk what to say about this chapter. It might seem a bit short, and there isn't too much going on. But I have written chapter 11, 12, and 13 already, and they're pretty good, I guess. Idk. So I know this isn't the best chapter, but I hope it's okay :) 

Okay, I know I'm nagging and all, but I just wanted to remind you that if you like this story so far then you are more than welcome to leave a Kudos to let me know. It really makes my day. It really does. So thank you <3 

His hands were exploring my body, feeling every inch of it. He was breathing heavily into the crook of my neck, his hair tickling my cheek.

His hands stopped by my bare breasts, stroking with his thumbs over my nipples before gently squeezing. I let out a low moan in pleasure, his touch felt so good.

I heard him let out a smug chuckle before he continued to move further down. He stopped, once again, by the hem of my panties, lightly patting the skin around it. I breathed heavily and gripped his messy hair, caving in to his touch.

His fingers slowly started slip inside my panties, circling closer to my quivering heat.

He let out another chuckle as he felt my wetness against his fingers.

Without any notice he started running his fingers up and down my core, making me grip his curly hair tighter. I let out a loud moan;

“Brahms!”

I woke up, my body covered in sweat, my breathing heavy. It was bright outside again, the sun shone in and lit up the room.

What was that dream? I had no idea how my mind would create something like that, with him.

I suddenly heard footsteps, and the door was flung open.

Brahms walked in and slowly started untying the ropes around my limbs. Had I moaned out his name in my sleep?

I tried to read him by looking at his eyes, but he didn’t give away anything that could tell me if he had heard me or not.

He stood up after he was done, and looked down at me, waiting for me to make a move.

I stared up at him, feeling my face heat up as I made eye contact with him. The dream still being so
fresh in my mind.

I tore away from his gaze and looked down at my wrists. They had red marks around them from the ropes. I carefully touched the sore skin, biting my bottom lip as I felt him continue to stare.

“A-are you hungry?” I asked, having to break the deafening silence. I looked up at him, cocking an eyebrow. I had to get away from this situation, and I, myself, was hungry.

Brahms hesitated before nodding slightly.

“Good.” I said and stood up. “I’ll go make us some breakfast.”

He followed my every step, prepared to capture me if I tried to make an escape. As I prepared breakfast he sat down by the kitchen island, fiddling with the ropes he held in his hand.

I remembered what I had thought yesterday, about his mask. I took a deep breath, and swallowed hard.

“Are you wearing that mask because of your scars?” I asked shyly. “If you have any, of course.” I quickly added after, afraid he would get angry if I assumed anything.

He was quiet for a while. I had my back turned against him, but I could feel his stare drilling through me, almost burning me.

“Yes.” he murmured. Nothing more.

I nodded slowly, understanding that he probably didn’t want to talk about it.

We ate in silence. Or shall I say, I ate in silence. Brahms was sitting opposite to me by the dining table, looking at me while I ate my breakfast. He didn’t even touch his.

“I’ll go clean this up.” I said quietly while stacking all the plates - except for Brahms untouched one - on a tray before proceeding into the kitchen.

As I was washing the dishes I heard Brahms walk up behind me, dropping his empty plate into the kitchen-sink so I could wash it.

I smiled weakly as I saw that he had eaten, and started cleaning his plate, hearing him sit down by the kitchen island again to watch me.

After I had washed everything I turned around and looked at Brahms where he sat.

“Can I go and take a shower?” I asked him, biting my bottom lip anxiously.

He cocked his head to the side, eyeing me up and down as to see if I was trying to play any tricks on him. He nodded slightly and got up from his chair, prepared to follow me up the stairs.

Brahms was standing outside of the bathroom as I showered. He wasn’t going to let me out of his sight, and I knew it.

I tiptoed out of the room, a towel tightly wrapped around my body. I could feel Brahms looking at me as I walked down the corridor and into my room. It made my cheeks heat up, but I tried to ignore it as much as possible.

I settled for a simple black t-shirt, and a pair of blue jeans, wearing the same sneakers as yesterday. I walked over to the mirror and brushed my hair, examining my face. I had dark circles under my light
blue eyes, and my face was pale.

“Whatever.” I whispered to myself as I headed for the door. It wasn’t like I was trying to impress Brahms or anything, was it? No. Of course not. He’s a mentally disturbed man. Why would I ever?

“So.” I said as I opened the door, looking up at Brahms where he stood, leaning against the wall. “What do you want to do now?”

Brahms stood still at first, probably trying to decide what he wanted. But after a moment of awkward silence, he walked over to me and grabbed me by my shoulders, guiding me down the stairs and into the lounge.

He sat me down by the piano before sitting down next to me. Our shoulders were touching, or rather, my shoulder was touching his upper arm. I tried to ignore the tingling feeling I had felt as soon as he had touched me, as it was probably something that had lingered on from my dream.

“Play for me.” Brahms said after awhile of me staring blankly at the piano keys.

“I don’t know how to play.” I lied, not being comfortable being this close to him.

He let out a sigh. “I know you can. You have played for me before.”

I started shifting, uncomfortably, remembering that I had played for the doll, without knowing that this full grown man was listening aswell.

“Oh my God, Grace.” I heard Carly breathe from the other side of the phone. “Where the fuck did you go last night?”

I bit my bottom lip, knowing I couldn’t tell her the truth. Brahms was still keeping his eyes locked with mine, making sure I wasn’t trying to do anything to inform her of my situation.

“I must’ve fallen asleep or something.” I lied, being unable to tear away my gaze from Brahms’ dark eyes.

“You didn’t even wake up when I went over to your house? I rang the bell probably over a hundred
times, and I even went inside and called after you!”

“Yes, I’m so sorry, Carly. I must’ve been in a really deep sleep.”

Brahms crossed his arms over his chest, clearly amused by the little scene going on. I could see a little spark in the corner of his eye, indicating that he was smiling underneath his mask.

“Close to dead.” Carly chuckled. “Anyways. I’m leaving soon, you know, I’m going back to the US. To school. And I need to see you one last time before that.”

I bit my bottom lip once again, tears prickling behind my eyelids. I knew I couldn’t do that. Brahms wouldn’t let me.

“Yes. But you’ll have to come here then, I don’t know if I want to leave.” I lied. “I’m scared that I might see Mike.” I added to sound more convincing.

Brahms sat up straight, letting his hands slide down my his sides as his muscles tensed up. The spark in his eye now gone, and back to that pitch black colour.

“Oh, okay. I’ll come to you then. How about tonight?”

I swallowed hard, my heart started beating inside of my chest.

“Sure.” I said weakly, being completely absorbed by Brahms’ dark eyes as they stared directly at me.

“Okay great!” Carly chirped. “See you tonight then!”

“See ya.” I said and hung up. I kept my hand at the black, wired telephone, and glanced down at it, too afraid to look back at Brahms again.

“No.” Brahms growled, and walked up to me.

I continued to look down at the phone, which he didn’t seem to like, as he tilted my head up with his finger, forcing me to look into his eyes. I swallowed hard. He was so tall, towering over me where I stood against the wall.

“She can’t get suspicious.” I said, trying to calm him down, afraid of what he might do.

Brahms cocked his head to the side, slowly rubbing his thumb up and down my jawline.

“Smart girl.” he purred before letting go of my chin, and taking a step back. “Now play some more piano for me.”
Sup? No, sorry. Hi!

Soooo, this chapter is quite angst, I guess. I hope you like angst as much as I do! ;)

You probably guessed what I'm going to say now, and you are right! I just wanted to remind you that you can leave a Kudos if you are enjoying this story so far, cuz it keeps me motivated to write more!

I'm going to stop being annoying now. Sorry. Enjoy this chapter! <3

Brahms held my arms in a tight grip, even though he made sure not to hurt me. He stared directly into my eyes with his dark ones, looking like he stared straight into my soul.

“Don’t you even try to play any tricks, pretty Gracie.” he said with gritted teeth, his british accent thick. “Or else I will have to punish you. And you wouldn’t like that, would you?”

I couldn’t manage to say anything, his intimidating frame towering over me, so I just shook my head.

He continued to stare at me, trying to see if I was lying, before letting his hands slide down my arms and let me go, accidently touching my trembling hands in the process.

My heart skipped a beat, and I swallowed hard as I felt my cheeks heat up.

Throughout the day, my heart, and mind, had continuously been acting weird. As soon as Brahms had touched me, talked to me, or even looked at me, I had felt a weird feeling inside of me, and my cheeks heated up. It was absurd. There was no way in hell I could be attracted to someone like him. Yet my body reacted as if I was.

“Now go to your friend.” he said and ushered me down the stairs. “But remember, I’ll be watching you.”

I skipped down the stairs, still thinking about Brahms’ warning, and opened the door, greeting Carly with a big smile.

“Hey, stranger.” Carly said, and embraced me.

“Hi. I’m sorry about yesterday.” I apologized.

“Yeah, it was kind of a dick move, but it’s okay.” she chuckled, and let herself in.

I closed the door, and watched as she strutted into the lounge, completely unaware that there was a man hiding somewhere in the house, watching us, making sure I wouldn’t try to escape, or cry for help.

I quickly glanced around to see if I could spot him anywhere, but I couldn’t, so I followed Carly into the lounge where she had gotten comfortable in one of the sofas.
“Hey, do you have some wine here?” she asked as she saw me in the doorframe.

I nodded slowly and went to get a bottle and two glasses.

“Are you ready to go back to school?” I asked Carly as I poured up the glasses with the dark red liquid.

She took a sip and shook her head. “Not at all. I don’t really want to go back.”

“Hey.” she said, and sat up straight in the sofa, looking at me. “Why don’t I stay here with you?”

A loud bang was heard from somewhere in the house, making us both jump.

“What was that?” Carly breathed.

I shook my head. “I don’t know.” I said, yet I did know. It was Brahms demonstrating against her idea.

“So, wouldn’t it be great if I stayed here with you?” she asked again, a smile spreading across her face.

“I don’t know, Carly.” I sighed. “Brahms is a very shy little boy, he doesn’t like unknown people in the house.”

Carly stared at me with raised eyebrows. “I know Brahms is a doll, Grace. Don’t you think I noticed at the party?”

I didn’t know what to answer. I felt ashamed. I had lied to my best friend. I bit my bottom lip and looked down at my hands I had folded in my lap.

“Hey.” Carly said and grabbed me by the shoulders. “It’s okay. I know you had to get away from your dad, even if that meant taking care of a doll.”

I nodded slowly, feeling how tears started prickling behind my eyelids. If only she knew.

“So, how about I stay here?” she suggested again. “You won’t have to be so lonely anymore.”

I was just about to answer her when a loud crash was heard from somewhere in the house that I couldn’t locate.

“What was that?” Carly whispered, fear in her voice.

“It was probably nothing.” I lied, even though I knew it was Brahms again. “It was probably just the wind knocking down a vase or something.”

Carly looked at me. I thought she would see straight through my lie, but she didn’t say anything.

“Okay.” she said. “So, how about I stay here, with you?”

“No, you can’t. I’m sorry C.” I apologized, even though I knew I was doing her a favour. “But you can stay for dinner if you want.”

“Yes! Absolutely!” she chirped, jumping up from her spot on the sofa, and started heading for the kitchen.

As I followed her I heard another bang. I knew Brahms didn’t want Carly here, but I didn’t want to
be alone with him just yet. This was my last chance of normal human interaction. Maybe forever.

We made chicken for dinner. It was our meal. Carly and I always made chicken when it was just the two of us. We had so much fun I almost forgot that Brahms was in the house.

I put some leftovers in the freezer for him, though, before sitting down at the dining table opposite to Carly. We had just begun eating when she dropped her fork and looked at me with a sad expression pasted onto her face.

“Grace.” she sighed. “Your dad has been looking for you.”

I bit my bottom lip anxiously as I started fiddling with the silverware I held in my hands.

“Yeah?”

“He’s been going crazy. He came to campus, looking for you all over. The professors had to call the police to take him away.” she looked down at her plate. “But it wasn’t until he’d gone after Jay.”

I froze where I sat. My throat became dry. Jay was my ex boyfriend, and even though he was my ex I still cared about him, and I knew what my father could do to people when he didn’t get his way of things.

“H-how is he?” I stuttered out, feeling how my hands started shaking.

“I don’t know.” Carly sighed. “Last time I heard from him he had been hospitalized.”

I felt tears starting to roll down my face, and I put down my silverware to hug my arms.

“I’m sorry Grace.” Carly said and walked over to me, pulling me into a hug. “I’m so sorry.”

“Hey.” Carly said as she put on her coat. “Are you sure you don’t want me to stay with you?”

I nodded and gave her a reassuring smile. “I’ll be fine. Think about your future instead.”

She smiled, and hugged me one last time before opening the front door, and stepping out into the cold, autumn darkness.

“I’ll call you when I get back.”

“Sounds good.” I smiled, and waved her goodbye.

I watched her as she stepped into the cab, and drove away, leaving me with Brahms. A sad feeling suddenly hung over me. Maybe that was the last time I’ll ever get to see my best friend.

I shook the feeling off, and closed the door, only to bump into Brahms’ chest as I turned around.

“What’s with your father?” he asked, his dark eyes looking down at me with something that almost looked like concern.

“I-I don’t really want to talk about it.” I stuttered, walking past him, and up the stairs, only to be followed by him.

He stopped me outside my bedroom, spinning me around to face him.

“Tell me.” he demanded, his tall frame seemingly turning bigger, more threatening.
“I don’t want to.” I shook my head. “It’s nothing important.”

Brahms let out a frustrated sigh, and slammed his fist into the wall.

“Tell me!” he demanded again, his voice dark like a rumbling thunder.

I shook my head. Why did he care? It was none of his business.

Brahms let out a low growl and grabbed a vase on top of one of the cherry wood drawers, and slammed it into the wall. It crashed into thousands pieces, covering the blue carpet with tiny green shards.

I closed my eyes, trying not to cry as he got closer to me, his chest only inches away from my face. I could hear him breathe heavily from underneath his mask.

“Brahms, you’re scaring me.” I whispered weakly, my voice shaking.

Brahms seemed to calm down a bit, and stroked a strand of hair away from my face.

I looked up at him, seeing that those dark eyes had turned into those warm, brown ones again. He looked at me, and I could see his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. He lowered himself in order to get closer to my face, my forehead meeting the cold material of his mask. We were both breathing heavily, almost in sync.

Time stood still. I had no idea what was going on, but my heart was racing in my chest, and my hands got clammy. My eyes automatically fluttered closed, awaiting his next move, but nothing happened.

The cold touch on my face was suddenly gone, and when I opened my eyes again I saw that I was all alone in the corridor. There was no sign of Brahms anywhere.

I bit my bottom lip and hugged my arms. I had no idea what had just happened, and I had no idea where Brahms had gone. Not that I cared about him, or what he did.

I walked into my room and got changed into my pyjamas, which was a pastel pink tank top and a pair of white pyjama shorts.

As I stood and brushed my teeth I finally managed to wrap my head around what had happened. Brahms had almost kissed me, and more importantly, I almost kissed him. What was I thinking? The thought still lingered on as I laid down in my bed. I pulled up the duvet so far that it almost covered my face. Oh, the feeling of safety when you’re underneath your duvet. Even though I knew it wouldn’t keep me safe from him.
I woke up the next morning, feeling almost well-rested, which was unusual. I got dressed into a red hoodie, and a pair of grey sweatpants. I was too lazy to do anything with my blonde mess on top of my head, so I put it into a messy bun.

Brahms was nowhere to be seen in the house. I didn’t think too much about it, maybe it was for the better after the occurrence that happened last night. I proceeded into the kitchen and made some breakfast, leaving some of it on a plate, on the kitchen island for Brahms.

I ate the breakfast quickly, afraid that Brahms would enter the kitchen and watch me as I ate. It was an uncomfortable habit of his.

After I had done the dishes I came to realize that I had absolutely no idea what to do. There had been quite a while since I had been all alone, without having to worry about taking care of a doll, or being afraid of pissing off a grown man with a cracked doll mask.

What do you do, all alone, in a house like this? I had no idea. After walking around the house about three times, playing some songs on the piano, and making my bed, I decided to be productive. I was feeling quite well-rested, so why didn’t I do something useful with my energy?

I spent the whole day cleaning the majestic mansion, vacuuming, mopping the floor, changing all the covers on the beds. I even went outside to rake the lawn from the orange and brown leaves that had fallen down, and cleaned the disgusting traps.

As I picked up one of the small wooden traps, I noticed something carved into the side of it; “B.H”

“Brahms Heelshire.” I whispered to myself. He had made these traps himself. I would be lying if I said that I wasn’t at least a little bit impressed by him. I had never been able to create something like that.

After I was done with the outside of the property, I went inside again to do some laundry. I picked up my clothes and threw them into a laundry basket. As I walked towards the washing machine I remembered that I probably should wash Brahms’ clothes as well. His didn’t really look, or smell,
clean. I put down the laundry basket and attempted to open the trapdoor to the attic, thinking that I probably wouldn’t be able to. But to my surprise it opened.

I stood for awhile and just stared at the ladder that had folded out in front of me. I was about to enter the room where Brahms, my abductor, spent his time when he wasn’t spying on me, or controlling me.

With shaky legs I walked up, looking around the dusty room. I couldn’t see a bed, or anything that indicated that Brahms lived there, anywhere. But I stepped further into the room anyways.

I searched the space for clothes or something else, what I was really looking for I didn’t know, but I didn’t find anything interesting. A thought kept popping up in my mind; if Brahms didn’t live up here, where did he?

With a deep sigh escaping my lips, I was prepared to climb down again, when I stubbed my foot against something. I looked down and saw a navy blue book on the floor. I picked it up and brushed the dust off of it.

I opened it and saw that it was a photo album. The pictures were of a boy, from a chubby toddler to a cute, young child with the palest of skin. I turned one of the photographs around and saw that it had some cursive written on it.

“Brahms Heelshire.” I read aloud. The pictures were all of Brahms as a young boy. He looked so innocent and cute. Yet you could see that dark tint in his brown eyes even when he was young. His intense stare almost piercing through you from the picture.

But there was one picture that wasn’t just of Brahms. There was a blonde girl dressed in a pink dress in one of the photos, which Brahms stood in the background of.

I turned it around and saw that this photo also had some cursive written on it.

“Emily Cribbs and Brahms Heelshire.” I read. I had no idea who this Emily girl was, but it didn’t seem like Brahms was very fond of her, seeing his disaffected expression on his face, and how he didn’t even bother looking into the camera.

I put the photo album down on a stool, and climbed down from the attic, pushing the trapdoor close with the cane that was leaning towards the wall, before picking up the laundry basket again.

There was still no sign of Brahms as I did all the laundry. I had started to become nervous, not that I was worried about him. It was just that I was worried he might be planning something. Planning to trick me somehow.

After I had eaten dinner, and put some away for Brahms, I put in the last pile of clothes in the washing machine. I let out a pleased sigh and went upstairs to take a shower. I had been very productive today, which made me feel great.

It was now dark outside, casting creepy shadows in the house, but that wasn’t what scared me. What scared me was that Brahms could be lurking in a corner without me even knowing it.

The shower was well pleasing. My passion for showers was indescribable. But I couldn’t help but wonder how long it had been since Brahms had taken a shower. I had never heard the shower running, without me being in it, and he didn’t really smell fresh of soap.

I got out of the shower, a towel tightly wrapped around my body, and walked into my room to get dressed. I put on the same pyjamas I had worn yesterday, as it was a comfortable one, and it wasn’t
really dirty after just one, calm night.

As I walked out of my room I bumped into a wall of muscles. I stumbled back a bit and looked up to see Brahms.

“Why didn’t you follow the rules today?” he asked with his dark, british voice.

I shrugged my shoulders hesitantly, being completely swallowed by his eyes which were staring intensely at me.

“I-I didn’t think it would matter.” I stuttered. “Since I know that you…” I stopped mid sentence and continued to look at him. Brahms waited for me to finish my sentence, his eyes drilling holes into my soul.

“Aren’t the doll.” I said in a weak voice, almost like a whisper.

He walked up to me, eyeing my body up and down. He stopped only a few inches away from me, and I wasn’t sure if he was going to continue what he started last night or not. But I didn’t make a move, afraid that he would get even more angry if I did.

“I think I might need to punish you.” he growled. “You have to follow the rules.”

“N-no, please.” I pleaded, my voice cracking. “I didn’t know the doll mattered so much to you now that I know you’re alive.”

I felt Brahms’ hands finding their way to my hips, gently squeezing them. I got a feeling of wanting to pull away, but I fought the urge, knowing it would piss him off even more.

“Rules are rules.” he purred slowly as he pulled me closer to him, pressing my hips onto his.

“Brahms.” I said in the with the most confident voice possible, which wasn’t so confident. “Please let me get away this one time. I promise I won’t do it again.”

Brahms didn’t say anything. He continued to look down at me as his fingers slowly found their way to the hem of my shirt, lightly playing around it.

I felt that feeling erupting in my stomach again, and my cheeks heated up. I bit my lip in attempt not to pull away, or make any sounds that might have gotten him thinking I liked what he did. Because I didn’t.

My muscles tensed as I felt his fingertips gently traced circles around my hips, and my bare stomach. I started breathing heavily, hearing he was doing the same.

“Please, stop.” I whimpered.

Brahms continued to stay quiet, only the heavy breathing from underneath his mask was being heard. He continued to trace his fingers along my exposed skin, travelling further up. I held my breath as he got closer to my breasts. But he stopped right underneath them, gently caressing the soft skin before slowly travelling down my stomach again.

This time he stopped my the hem of my shorts, gently tugging on the elastic band. My heart was beating in my ears at this point, and my whole body was trembling. But not only was my body trembling because I was scared. A weird feeling inside of me felt like I was aroused by the way he was handling me, touching me, holding me close.
I fought the feeling away and put my hands on his hairy chest.

“Brahms, please stop.” I said once again, this time more demanding.

He stopped his movements, looking me straight into my eyes where I stood. He eyed me up and down before slowly starting to squeeze my hips again.

“No, Brahms. I told you to stop.” I said and pushed him away, only for him to stumble back a few steps.

Brahms looked at me, his eyes dark as night, almost looking like he shot firebolts from them. He slowly started walking closer towards me again, but this time I was faster.

I rushed into my room, slammed the door shut, and locked it to make sure he didn’t get in. I ran my hands over my face, trying to process what had just happened. This was worse than yesterday.

Not only was this worse than yesterday because he laid his hands on me in ways that wasn’t appropriate. The worst thing of all was how my body had responded to it. My heart was still beating faster than a bunny’s, and my face was still flushed.

I walked over to my bed and tried to fall asleep, even though I doubted I would be able to get a good night’s sleep.
Hello!

Okay, so this chapter is a bit different than the others, and I am actually really nervous to upload this. You'll see why.

Blah, blah, blah, leave Kudos if you enjoy this, blah, blah, blah.

Enjoy! :D

I woke up to someone caressing my cheek, and hair. The room was dark, as it was probably in the middle of the night, but I knew who it was. His presence had that effect on me that no one had had before.

I shot up straight in the bed, and turned the light on. He flinched at the bright light, before adjusting to it. I could see that he had actually showered, and changed his clothes. He was now wearing a white button up and another pair of black trousers, but the mask remained the same.

“Brahms, what the hell!” I said angrily. “What are you doing in my room?”

He didn’t say anything, he just stood there, eyeing me where I sat.

“Just, get away from me.” I said and bolted for the door. I janked the door knob, but it wouldn’t budge. The memory of me locking it last night shot up in my mind, and it made me think of how Brahms got into my room.

My thoughts were interrupted as Brahms pulled me away from the door, his strong arms wrapping around my waist. He pulled me close to his chest as I tried my best to get away from him.

“Let go of me!” I screamed. But there was no use. He was much more stronger than me.

“Okay, I will do whatever you want.” I said in defeat.

I felt his grip around me loosen up, and that’s when I hit my elbow as hard as I could behind me, hoping it would hit him. I knew it had when I heard a low grunt escape his lips, and I decided that this was the time to run.

I bolted for the door, once again, and unlocked it before sprinting down the corridor, and down the stairs. I was breathing sharply as I looked behind me, only to see that Brahms wasn’t following me. Not thinking too much about it I sprinted towards the front door, but before I could reach it, I was wrapped into Brahms’ arms again.

This time he pinned me down to the floor, holding my arms above my head as he sat down on my crotch, preventing me from kicking him.

“This isn’t what good girls do, pretty Gracie.” he growled with gritted teeth. I knew by the low pitch of his voice, and the pitch black eyes, that he was absolutely furious. I had probably never seen him
this angry before. It was scary, and kind of arousing at the same time. Even though I would never admit it.

“Let go of me!” I said angrily, trying to convince him that I wasn’t scared of him, even though I was.

“This time you will have to be punished.” he said and squeezed my wrists harder.

I winced in pain, and closed my eyes. I had never been more intimidated by him. Having him straddling you, pinning you against the floor, made you feel like a tiny mouse, and he was the cat.

“Yeah.” I breathed, trying to taunt him. “And how are you going to do that? Kill me?”

Brahms was quiet, still holding me in an iron grip as he thought of what he could do.

“No.” he murmured.

I laid there, underneath him, looking into his dark eyes as he scanned all the details of my body. I could feel the fabric of his trousers getting tighter as he looked at me, and I knew what I would have to do.

“I know how you can punish me.” I said and licked my lips.

Brahms looked into my eyes. “What?”

“If you let go of my hands I can show you.” I said, trying my best to sound as seductive as possible.

He hesitated. Not having enough trust in me. To convince him that I wasn’t trying to run away I bucked my hips and slowly started grinding against him. I heard him let out a low moan as he let go of my hands.

I smiled at him, and slowly led my hands to his trousers, fiddling with the buttons. I could hear how Brahms’ breathing became heavier by the second as I slowly unbuttoned his trousers.

“I know how you can punish me.” I said and licked my lips.

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“I stand up for me.” I purred, running my hands over his chest. Like he was in a trace, he stood up, keeping his eyes locked with mine.

I got up on my knees, and positioned myself in front of his crotch.

I had manipulated my dad like this as well. It was some sort of a defense mechanism that I had developed over the years. Who knew what could’ve happened to me if I didn’t have this little trick.

My hands travelled back to his trousers, slowly starting to pull them down to his knees. I could see that Brahms’ hands were shaking, and his adam’s apple was continuously bobbing up and down as he swallowed repeatedly.

I was teasing him by playing with the hem of his boxers, running my fingers up and down his crotch. Brahms was letting out weak whimpers as I ran my fingers over his bulging area.

“Don’t be such a tease.” he growled, his voice filled with lust.

I chuckled softly and bit my bottom lip as I looked up to meet his eyes. They were just as dark as a couple of minutes earlier, only they had another tint to them, a tint I was sure I had seen in the corridor earlier this evening.

“Sorry.” I said jauntily before placing my hands back at the hem of his boxers again.
Brahms inhaled sharply as I slowly pulled down his boxers, letting his erection spring free.

I licked my lips and gripped his length in my hand, looking up at him again. He was looking down at me, his eyes filled with anticipation. I kept my gaze locked with his as I slowly licked the head that was dripping with pre-cum. Brahms squeezed his eyes shut and let out a moan. His hands forming into fists.

I giggled at the effect I had on him, and ran my thumb over the same spot.

“No teasing.” he growled and grabbed a fist full of my hair.

“Right.” I whispered and took him into my mouth, earning a loud moan from him.

I started bobbing my head up and down his cock, his hands pulling my hair for support.

I had to remind myself that I was only doing this for my own survival, as the thought how I enjoyed this continuously popped up in my mind.

Brahms let out yet another moan, as I took him in even further than before.

I started to bob my head faster, feeling how his cock started twitching inside my mouth. His grip around my hair tightened as he guided my head closer to him, making me have to fight against the urge to gag.

Not long after that I felt his salty liquid fill my mouth, him letting out a long growl out of pleasure.

I swallowed, and backed away from him, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. My eyes found their way up to his, meeting instantly.

“Good girl.” he panted as he pulled up his pants again. “Now go to bed.”

I nodded quickly and stood up, walking towards the stairs. I could hear him follow me as I walked into my room, and sat down on the bed.

Brahms stood in the door frame as I sat there, looking at him, wondering what he was up to now.

As if he had read my thoughts, he moved from his spot, closing the door behind him, and walked over to the bed, crawling ontop of it.

“What are you doing?” I asked as he laid down beside me, and pulled me close to his chest, which had tiny pearls of sweat clinging to it from what had happened downstairs.

He hushed me and reached over to turn the light off, leaving us in complete darkness.

“This is a part of your punishment.” he whispered into my ear, and started stroking my hair.

“Not fair!” I said and tried to move away from him, only to get pulled right back into his chest again.

“Hush now, pretty Gracie.” he said with his high pitched, childlike voice. “You wouldn’t like me to get mad again, would you?”

“N-no.” I stuttered. There was something about that chiming voice that made me feel like I couldn’t resist.

“By the way.” I said after a while. I could hear Brahms let out a deep sigh in frustration, but I didn’t care. “How did you get into my room when I had locked the door?”
I heard him swallow hard, and his heart rate was seemingly increasing.

“Don’t ask questions you don’t want the answer to.” he said after a while, his voice back to his dark one.

I had no idea what he meant by that, but I didn’t have the courage to ask yet another question.

None of us said anything after that. Brahms held me in a tight grip around my waist with one hand, while the other one stroke my hair, repeatedly. My forehead was touching his chest. I could hear his heartbeat, and feel how his chest rose and sunk in a steady rythm.

His scent filled my nostrils. His, now familiar, musk, and something that reminded me of the forest. I appreciated that he had actually taken a shower and changed his clothes, since he didn’t smell as bad as before.

I tried my best to stay awake, as I was scared what he would do after I had fallen asleep, but I couldn’t help it. Brahms holding me close to his chest, soothingly stroking my hair as I listened to his soft breathing, and the steady rythm of his heartbeat, was surprisingly calming. Without even realizing it, I fell asleep in his arms, then and there.
Hey.

This chapter isn't much. It's mostly just building up for upcoming, hopefully more exciting, chapters. I'm sorry if you find it boring, hopefully I can make up for it in the upcoming chapters.

Kudos are always appreciated. It makes my day, and I am really happy about the 60 I have gotten already. Thank you so much <3 <3 <3

Enjoy this chapter! :D

When I woke up the next morning Brahms was gone, which was probably for the better.

I got up and got dressed into a light blue polo and a pair of black, skinny jeans. I chose to wear the white sneakers, again, as they were one of my favourite pairs. As I walked past the full image mirror in the corner of the room I saw how awful my hair looked.

My blonde hair was a complete mess, resembling a bird’s nest. I tried my best to tame it, but it was to no use. Instead I put it up in a high ponytail, before walking out of the room.

The door to the room opposite to mine was open. Brahms’ room. Or the room that used to be Brahms’. Ontop of his bed sat the doll, staring in my direction. I remembered what had happened the night before, and understood that this was probably a test to see if I would start obeying to his rules again.

“Hey there, little one.” I chuckled softly and walked into the room, picking the doll up and placing him on my hip. It felt weird talking to the doll, knowing that it wasn’t being haunted by a ghost, like I had thought before.

Nonetheless I decided to act like before, knowing that it would probably please Brahms, and I wouldn’t have to get punished. Which was probably for the best.

I took the doll downstairs and started making breakfast, always keeping my eyes out for any sign of Brahms’, the real Brahms’, presence. But of course he was nowhere to be seen.

I had started to realize that that tall man could make himself unseen whenever he wanted to, how I did not know. But what I did know was that he was watching me. I could feel how I was being watched. My every step, every move, every breath being followed, watched. Nothing I did went unnoticed, which was terrifying. I tried my best to avoid the creepy feeling throughout the day.

Being with the doll was actually something that I had missed, crazy as it sounded. It was more simple to take care of a doll than a full grown man who wasn’t in full control of his behaviour, of his actions, and his hormones.

I felt almost happy being with the doll. It may be a doll, but atleaset I didn’t feel like I was walking on thin ice when I was around it, unlike when I was with the real Brahms.
The real Brahms was intimidating, unpredictable, and most of all; dangerous. The way he held me in a tight grip, making it impossible for me to move, or even cry out for help. Although he told me he wouldn’t hurt me unless I hurt him first, I felt threatened being around him. There was just something about his presence that made me feel like I couldn’t breathe.

And that vacuous mask he always wore. I knew he probably wasn’t wearing it to scare me, but rather because he didn’t like what was hidden underneath. Yet it scared me. The way it made him look like he didn’t have emotions, making him seem more like a monster than an actual human being.

The only way to actually get a hint that he could express any emotions at all was by the way his eyes looked. His eyes that shifted from a warm, brown colour, to the ones that was dark as night. Almost black.

The second way was by looking at his movements. You could easily see how his muscles would tense up whenever he was angry, uncomfortable, or even aroused.

The sun had just set, disappearing behind the tall pine trees that surrounded the mansion, when I had finished reading some poetry for the doll.

I closed the book, and put it back into the large bookshelf I had found it, before walking over to pick the doll up from the chair I had placed him in.

“Time for bed, little guy.” I said and booped his tiny porcelain nose that was covered in small cracks.

I took the doll up to its room, and got him changed into a baby blue pyjamas I had found in one of the drawers.

“Thank you for today.” I mumbled as I laid the doll down underneath the duvet. “It was nice.”

I bit my bottom lip, knowing that I still had one thing left on the list to do. I stroke some hair out of the doll’s face before slowly bending down. It was like everything in the house had suddenly stopped to watch. It had never been this quiet in this house, even the trees outside didn’t make a sound.

I closed my eyes and kissed the doll’s cold cheek.

“Goodnight.” I whispered, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind me.

I ran my hands over my face. Another day over in the Heelshire mansion. Only, probably, hundreds, thousands more to go.

“No, don’t let your mind wander over there.” I thought to myself. “You’ll find a way out, somehow.”

To clean my head from the negative thoughts, I took a shower. The only place in the house where I actually felt somewhat safe. Which was weird since I could so clearly see in front of me how Brahms could just stroll in here like it was nothing. But he has got to have some kind of courtesy in him, right?

As if I had called for him, Brahms stood outside of the bathroom when I walked out. He stared at me where I stood. My wet hair dripping, leaving my breasts covered in small droplets of water. I could see how his adam’s apple bobbed as I tightened the towel tighter around my body.

“What do you want, Brahms?” I sighed, and rolled my eyes. Even though I had felt something tingle
inside my stomach as I saw him.

“You have been a very good girl today.” he said in a quiet, yet dark, voice. The way he stared me dead in the eyes as he said so sparked that tingle once again in my stomach, and I could feel how my heart started racing.

“That punishment sure had its effect.” he continued. Brahms placed his hands around his back, and started walking towards me, painfully slow, and let out a small chuckle which echoed from underneath his mask.

I swallowed hard as he came closer, stopping just a couple of inches away from me. He let out a low humming sound, and took a steady grip around my wrists, forcing them away from where they were around my, almost bare, breasts, and guided them down by my sides.

I anxiously bit my bottom lip as Brahms scanned my body up and down. At this moment I could hear my heartbeat in my ears, and I felt how my legs started trembling. He had this effect on me, making me feel like I couldn’t do anything but obey to everything he said, and did. I felt so powerless in his presence, and I didn’t know why.

Brahms slowly started caressing my collarbone with his fingertips. His warm touch sent shivers down my spine, and even though I didn’t want to admit it, it was more than just those kind of shivers you got when you were scared.

I inhaled sharply, looking straight forward at his chest which rose and sunk in a steady rythm, as he continued to trace his fingers down my arm, and up again to my shoulder.

I felt goosebumps appear all over my skin, and I licked my lips, finally looking up at him. The light from the bathroom lit up his frame, and I could clearly see his brown eyes from underneath the mask. They were calm, but couldn’t seem to find their place to look, as they continuously wandered around, looking at my whole body.

I could see him swallow hard, and let out a small sigh, as his fingers gently brushed over the skin of my bare chest. I felt my cheeks heat up as he ran his fingers close to my breasts, but he didn’t do anything to try and touch them. Instead he continued down my other arm, only to stop by my forearm.

I could see how his eyes looked slightly confused as he felt the bumps I had on my arm. He looked down and took my arm in a gentle grip, carefully holding it up, closer to him, to allow the light from the bathroom to throw some light on it so he could get a better look at it.

My heart started beating faster as I saw that he had discovered my scars. Brahms carefully ran his thumb over them, cocking his head to the side.

I panicked, and pulled my arm away from his grip, pressing it against my chest to protect it from his stare.

“Why?” he asked simply, and looked down at me with those brown eyes. It looked like they were filled with pure concern, and sadness, which confused me. Why did he care?

“Tell me why you would do something that awful to your pretty body.” he said, this time his voice a bit darker, more demanding.

He took a step forward, getting even closer to me. I let out a shaky breath, still looking up at him where he towered over me.
“Only if I get to see your face.” I said weakly, my voice barely a whisper. “Your real face.”

Brahms eyes widened a bit, and his body got more tense as he heard my command. I could, once again, see how his adam’s apple bobbed, and he continued to keep his eyes locked with mine.

He was considering it. I could see it in his eyes. But I could also see how he got this certain look in his eyes. A look I hadn’t seen on him before. He looked… Scared.
The silence that had filled the corridor was deafening, close to unbearable. Neither of us had said anything for several minutes.

“No.” Brahms finally responded, his voice merely a murmur. He shook his head and took a step back. As if to get away from me.

“Okay, then.” I sighed. “It’s settled then.”

I flicked some of my wet hair off of my shoulder, and walked away from him, towards my room. As I opened the door I spun around to look at him where he stood, in the same spot I had left him. Only he had turned his head to be able to look at me.

“I am ready when you are, Brahmsy.” I said with a sweet voice. “Goodnight.”

And with that being said, I walked in and closed the door behind me. I got dressed into a pastel blue t-shirt and a pair of black sweats, that I could sleep in. A smile spread across my face. I had really set down my foot out there. I had really showed him.

As I laid down in the bed, I thought of his stupid expression he probably had under his mask at that moment when I demanded him to take it off. Next time he better think before he says something like that. If he wanted me to reveal some of my secrets, then he would have to be prepared to reveal some himself.

I fell asleep feeling proud of myself for standing up against the man that was holding me captive. And the feeling still clung to me as I woke up the next morning.

I let out a satisfied moan as I stretched out in the bed. I quickly got dressed into a white t-shirt, a light pink blazer over it, and a pair of light blue jeans. Today I settled for some black boots, instead of my usual white sneakers. My hair was in it’s usual, natural state, gently falling over my shoulders and back.
Turning away from the mirror, and ready to head for the door, I noticed something on the floor in front of the door. I bent down, and picked it up.

It was a small letter. I unfolded it, and saw that there was a message written on it with a blue pen.

“I am sorry, pretty Gracie.” was all that was written on the paper.

I let out a soft chuckle, and folded the letter before putting in in my pocket of the blazer. It was a sweet gesture by him, I had to admit that, but it wasn’t enough to make me forgive him for what he did last night. It had been an intrusion on my privacy. What I did to my body was none of his business, and it was never was going to be.

As I stood in the bathroom and brushed my teeth, I heard some soft piano music streaming through the house. I sneaked down the stairs, and heard that it came from the lounge.

I tiptoed closer, and stopped by the doorframe as I saw that it was Brahms who was playing the piano. I leaned against the doorframe, crossing my arms, as I listened to him playing that soft music. He was playing it really well, it was actually impressing.

His slender fingers danced across the black and white keys, his raven curls lightly bouncing as he moved his head slightly so he could keep track of his hands. He was wearing the same white button up as before, and the trousers also remained the same.

I wondered how often he changed his clothes. The outfit he had been wearing before this one had been really dirty. It had dirt all over it, and it smelled of sweat and filth. Atleast he had changed it now, and I must admit that he looked even better in this outfit.

I accidently made a sound, which caused Brahms to stop playing immediately. He let his hands slide down into his lap, but continued to look at the piano.

“I didn’t know you could play.” I said quietly as I took a few steps into the room.

Brahms shuffled a bit where he sat on the stool, still not wanting to look at me.

“Did you receive my letter?” he asked after a while, his accent shining through his dark voice, like it never had before.

“I did.”

He nodded slightly, not knowing what to say.

“I appreciate the apology.” I said and took yet another step forward. “But that doesn’t mean that I forgive you, Brahms.”

I could see how his shoulders slouched slightly, making his dark curls fall in front of his mask, hiding it from my sight.

The room stayed quiet after that. Brahms continued to stare down at the piano in front of him, and I continued to stare at him, slowly starting to rock back and forth where I stood.

“Well.” I sighed after a while. “I’m gonna go and make us some breakfast.”

I walked out of the room, and headed for the kitchen, expecting him to follow me. But to my surprise I didn’t hear any footsteps behind me. I understood that he might have been embarrassed, and maybe even sad, so I didn’t think too much about it. He probably needed some space.
After I had made us breakfast, I put it on two plates, and walked with them to the lounge so I could give one to Brahms. But when I got there I saw that he was gone.

Anger started building up inside of me. I didn’t really know why, but I wasn’t going to tolerate his childish behaviour. What’s with him and running away all the time, leaving me alone without a notice, before popping up when I least expect it.

“Fine!” I screamed, making sure he could hear me, wherever he was in the house. “You go hide from me. The doll is better company than you, anyways!”

I spun around and stomped into the kitchen again, putting his plate on the kitchen island, before walking into the dining room to eat my breakfast. Alone.

After breakfast I walked into the kitchen, once again, to clean up after myself. I saw that the plate I had left for Brahms had remained untouched, which angered me even more. I had actually spent my time making him food, yet he didn’t even eat it.

The rest of the day I spent my time with the doll, being extra happy, and chirpy, only to make Brahms realize that I didn’t need him. To let him know that I was better of without him.

I didn’t know why I reacted the way I did. Or why it mattered so much to me whether he was with me or not. Wasn’t I already angry at him for what had happened yesterday? Of course I was. Then why did it matter so much to me that he didn’t want to spend the day with me?

Whatever the reason was, I didn’t care. I shrugged it off, thinking to myself that I shouldn’t waste my time thinking about him, nor his childish behaviour. The doll was my company for the day, and it was much better than the real Brahms.

When I had put the doll to bed, I went to take my nightly shower. Something inside me was hoping to see Brahms standing outside the room as I walked out, like he usually does. I held my breath as I opened the door, but no one stood outside of it. The dark corridor was empty.

The rage started building up inside of me again. He had been neglecting me all day, and I wasn’t going to tolerate that.

“Really, Brahms?!” I screamed out, looking around to see if I saw him anywhere. “Are you seriously going to ignore me?!”

There was no answer. I didn’t even know if he could hear me, but I didn’t care at this point. I was too angry.

“You keep me here, forcing me to stay in this house, that is in the middle of fucking nowhere, by the way, and then you just ignore me.” I continued. I heard how my loud voice echoed through the huge mansion. “Why do you even bother keeping me here if you aren’t even paying attention to me?!”

Still no answer. I clenched my jaw, trying to shrug it off, but I couldn’t, so I just stomped into my room, slamming the door shut behind me.

I got changed into my pyjama, and went to bed. My blood was still boiling inside of my veins. I couldn’t fall asleep as the questions kept me awake.

“What is Brahms trying to accomplish?” I thought to myself. “Is he trying to make me leave so he could punish me again? That wouldn’t even surprise me.”
“And even if that wasn’t the case. Why would he just leave like that?” I shuffled around in the bed, pulling the duvet tighter around my body. “Was he mad at me for not accepting his apology? Was that was this was all about?”

“I am the one who should be mad at him! He is the one who had been inappropriate. Capturing me, touching me, and even tying me to a fucking chair!”

I let out a frustrated sigh.

“Get a hold of yourself, Daniels.” I said to myself.

He wasn’t worth the energy. I didn’t care about him anyways. Why would I even want to spend time with someone who’s been holding me captive, forcing me to lie to my best friend, and completely shutting me out from the outside world?

No. Brahms wasn’t even good to me, so why would I get offended if he left me alone? Being alone was better than being with him. All he did was put me in danger. He was dangerous, and I should be happy for getting rid of him.

With that last thought still in my mind, I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.
Hey!

So this is the next chapter, and I hope you are going to like it.

Thank you so much for all the Kudos, and for the ones who have commented, thank you so much. You all make my day so much brighter! I love hearing about your opinions, it motivates me to write more! :D

Do you want to be a nice person? Then go ahead and leave a Kudos if you enjoy this story! It really makes this pathetic girl behind the screen happy! :D (Of course you don't have to if you don't want to)

Anyways, enjoy! <3

Today was Friday. I couldn’t believe that a week ago I was playing hide and seek with a doll, thinking it was possessed by a ghost. It was almost funny how ignorant I had been. Of course there is no such thing as ghosts. It had been Brahms all along.

But it was also Friday today, which meant that I was going to go grocery shopping. The first time I was going to leave the house since I found out about Brahms, the real Brahms.

I got dressed into a black jumper and a burgundy coloured skirt, that ended just above my knees. As it was too cold outside I put on a pair of black stockings to protect my legs. I decided to put on the same boots as yesterday.

I wasn’t even surprised when I walked out of my room to discover that Brahms still hadn’t come out from his hiding. I let out a sigh, thinking that I wasn’t going to waste even more of my time on him.

“Heeey, little one!” I greeted the doll as I stepped into its room. “I missed you.”

After I had dressed the doll, I carried him with me downstairs. When I went into the kitchen, I saw that the plate of breakfast I had left for Brahms yesterday, was empty. So he was still in the house after all.

I ate breakfast with the doll, and cleaned up after me, as usual. I had gotten bored of the same routines every day. I needed something new. Luckily I was going to the grocery store today, which wasn’t something I did every day.

The doll and I played some piano. Or, I played the piano, and the doll sat beside me. And after that I read him some poetry, before taking him outside to clean the traps.

It was now noon, and I had just eaten lunch. After I had cleaned up after myself, I looked around in the cabinets, the fridge, and the freezer, to see what I had to buy. I scribbled what I needed to purchase down on a piece of paper, before going up to my room to find coat.
I was quietly humming to myself as I skipped down the stairs, with my coat in my arms. I stopped in front of the front door to put on my coat. But just as I reached for the door I felt someone grip my wrist.

“What do you think you are doing?” I heard Brahms say with gritted teeth. His dark voice I hadn’t heard in so long sent a shiver down my spine.

I spun around and looked at him. His dark eyes were piercing through me, having that black tint to them, like they always had when he was angry.

“Oh, so now it fits the gentleman to step forward.” I spat, trying to jank away from his grip, but he held onto me too tight.

I could hear how he was exhaling, trying to keep calm. The sound echoed behind the mask, like most sounds did.

“You can’t leave. I won’t let you.” he said, his voice still having that angry tone to it.

“Yeah, okay, fine.” I said, and let out a frustrated chuckle. “I will just let us starve in here then. Because we are starting to run out of food, and you won’t let me go grocery shopping.”

We stared at eachother for awhile. Brahms was trying to read me, to see if I was lying to him, and I was staring at him to convince him that I wasn’t.

“Fine.” he said after a while, and let go of my wrist. “Wait here.”

I looked confusedly at him as he walked away. I had no idea what he was up to now, and all I wanted to do was to sprint out of that door at this very second. But my curiosity won over that urge, and I stayed to see what Brahms was planning to do.

He came back with something in his hand.

“Here.” he said quietly, and reached his hand out.

I looked down at it and saw that he held money in it. I looked up at him, seeing that he was already staring at me.

“Take it.” he said, and shook his hand slightly, gesturing for me to take it from his hand.

With shaky hands I took the money, touching his large hand in the process. It made my stomach tingle, but I ignored it. I was still angry at him.

“Thanks.” I whispered, looking down at my hands.

“If you try to escape.” Brahms said, his voice back to that dark rumbling one, once again. “I will come, and I will find you.”

I looked up at him and nodded slightly before turning around and starting to walk down the cobblestone path, trying to ignore Brahms’ stare burning me.

It all went way to fast. Everything from the walk to the store, to the shopping itself. I said goodbye to Adam in the store, and slowly started walking home again. Home. Was that really what it was? It sure felt more like a prison.

I didn’t want to go back. I wanted to run away, and never go back there. But I knew I couldn’t. Not
only was there nowhere I could go, but Brahms had said that he would come and find me if I left. And I was already on the run from a man.

When I got back, I immediately headed for the kitchen, and started unpacking the groceries.

“You came back.” I heard Brahms say from behind me.

I didn’t answer. I didn’t have anything to say to him. And it didn’t seem more than fair to ignore him. That’s what he had done yesterday, wasn’t it?

I nonchalantly continued to unpack the groceries, ignoring Brahms where he stood in the doorway, looking at me.

As I put some pasta into the cabinet, I felt a pair of strong hands grab my hips, squeezing them.

“You think it’s fun to tease me, don’t you, pretty Gracie?” Brahms growled into my ear, the cold material of his mask brushing against my neck.

I didn’t answer him. I wasn’t going to give up that easily. I stood still, staring blankly in front of me as I heard him breath next to my ear.

Without any notice, he spun me around, forcing me to look at him. I gripped onto the kitchen counter as he inched closer to me. He pressed me against the counter, and at the same time he pressed his pelvis closer to mine.

“You think this is funny?” he growled, squeezing my hips a little tighter.

I continued to stay quiet. I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction, so I just stared into his eyes.

My actions only seemed to make him more angry, as I saw how his eyes turned pitch black, and his breathing became heavy.

“Someone’s begging to get punished, I see.”

I started shifting where I stood now. I wasn’t so sure that I liked playing around with him anymore.

“Not so tough anymore, are we?” he chuckled, seeing how I reacted.

“No, please, Brahms.” I pleaded weakly. “I’m sorry.”

He let out another chuckle, and shook his head.

“You should have thought of that earlier, love.” he said, and cocked his head to the side.

I swallowed hard as I felt his long fingers finding their way to my shirt. He played with the hem of it, pressing me harder against the counter, before slipping in underneath it. His fingertips felt warm against my bare skin. I bit my bottom lip, and kept my eyes locked with his, as I felt how his fingers travelled further up, towards my bra.

“Please, Brahms.” I tried once again to plea. “I will do anything.”

Brahms stopped his movements, his fingers resting just underneath the fabric of my bra.

“Anything?”

“Yes, anything.” I breathed, feeling tears prick behind my eyelids.
He looked at me, deciding what he wanted, as his thumbs slowly caressed the sensitive skin underneath my breasts. He let out a quiet humming sound as he did so.

“Well, there are alot of things I want from you, Grace.” he purred.

“Just pick one.” I whispered weakly. Already assuming what he would demand from me.

“Okay.” he said slowly, letting his hands slide down to rest by the hem of my skirt. “I want you to tell me everything.”

“W-what?” I stuttered, not getting the response I had thought.

He let out a soft chuckle as he saw my confused expression.

“Yes. you heard me.” he said and took a step back, guiding his hands to my hips, once again. “I want you to tell me about yourself.”

“Oh, okay.” I whispered, letting go off the counter, and pushing some hair out of my face.


His hand travelled up and gently gripped my arm, gesturing that he wanted an explanation for the scars on my forearm.

“Are you sure?” I asked hesitantly, not wanting to tell him about my life. “It can take quite a while.”

“Well, good.” he chuckled, once again. “I like spending time with you.”

I let out a sigh, knowing I couldn’t get away now. I had to tell him everything. He wouldn’t accept a no for an answer.

“Can we go somewhere else?”

Brahms looked at me, cocking his head to the side.

“I mean, like, we could sit down somewhere.” I suggested. “Perhaps on the sofa in the lounge?”

He let out a quiet humming sound, and pulled me closer to him. “How about the bedroom?”

I knew that it wasn’t a suggestion, it was a demand. I nodded slightly, and bit my bottom lip.

Brahms took my hand in his, leading me up the stairs and into my bedroom, where we sat down on the bed, opposite from eachother.

“Now, pretty Gracie.” he purred, placing his giant hand on my thigh. “Tell me about yourself.”
Hey!

Don't know if you'll like this chapter or not. You are very welcome to leave me feedback, if you want to.

And yes, it's me nagging again. Please leave a Kudos if you like this story, it makes me so happy! Really! :D

* THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS DEPRESSION, TALK ABOUT SELF HARM, AND RAPE *
*I DO NOT GLAMORIZE MENTAL ILLNESSES, NOR DO I ROMANTICIZE IT *
* 
* PLEASE GET SOME HELP IF YOU FEEL BAD *

Enjoy! :D

I looked at the large hand on my thigh, feeling how my body started trembling.

“Grace?”

“Yeah, sorry.” I said, and shook my head, looking up at him again. “Uhm, where do I even start?”

“From the beginning.” Brahms said, cocking his head to the side.

“Okay.” I nodded slightly, wetting my lips. “So, my name is Grace Daniels. I grew up in Florida, USA, with my mom and dad. I guess my life was quite normal, until my mom died from breast cancer when I was ten years old.”

I took a deep breath, and looked down at my hands, who had found their way to the hem of my shirt, and played around with it.

“After my mom died, dad started drinking alot, and he started getting violent. I practically had to take care of him every day, and also take care of myself.”

My breathing became shaky, and I hesitated before continuing. I could feel how Brahms started rubbing his thumb in soothing circular motions over my thigh.

“When I hit puberty, around the age of twelve, my dad started acting differently towards me. He wasn’t only aggressive, and hit me from time to time, he also started touching me in ways fathers aren’t supposed to touch their daughters.”

Brahms moved closer to me, intrigued by the story. His intense stare was still locked on me where I sat and glanced down at my lap.

“H-he was abusing me, both physically, verbally, and sexually, and I didn’t know what to do. I was twelve at the time, and I didn’t have anyone I could talk to, no one that would care. And I didn’t
want to go to the police. I was too scared of what would happen if I did. I feared that they would take my father away from me, and I know that must sound weird, but he was still my father, and he was all that I had. Without him I would have absolutely no one, and I would probably come to some kind of foster home, and I know they aren’t good.”

Tears had started falling from my face now, and my body was shaking uncontrollably. Brahms still kept his hand on my thigh, his thumb continued to rub me gently in circular movements.

“When I started high school, I met Carly. She was really sweet to me, and she became my best friend. I don’t know where I had been today if it weren’t for her. She has always supported me, and been there for me whenever I wanted to talk, or just be with someone.”

I smiled weakly, thinking of my red haired friend with the contagious smile, and sparkling blue eyes.

“Carly and I decided that we would try to be friends for the rest of our lives, and we both wanted to go to the same college. The only problem was that I didn’t have the money, so Carly, being the awesome friend she is, helped me collect, and earn money. We both worked double shifts, and her parents were also really sweet, and helped us.”

I chuckled a bit as I thought of how Carly and I had desperately found different ways to get the money.

“I also stole money from my father, not that he noticed. He was too busy being drunk, and unconscious. And I don’t know how, but somehow we managed to get the money we needed. I felt like my life had taken a turn, and I thought that I was finally going to be happy. I even got a boyfriend, whom I loved very much.”

“Was it that Jay?” Brahms asked.

I looked up at him, and nodded. I couldn’t believe he remembered that.

“But my father found me. He came to our campus and dragged me out of there, saying that I wasn’t allowed to go to school. That I wasn’t smart enough to get a good education. So he forced me to stay inside. He had put bars on my windows, so I couldn’t escape, and he locked me inside of my room. The only time I was allowed to leave was when he needed me to…”

My voice died out. I didn’t want to continue, the memories came flashing inside my head. I looked down at my lap again.

“To what?” Brahms asked, his voice soft, but still dark.

“He only allowed me to leave my room when he wanted to use me to fulfill his needs, his desires.”

I pursed my lips, the tears continued to roll down my cheeks. Brahms still hadn’t moved his hand from my thigh, but he didn’t say anything this time.

“Anyways.” I said. “When I was 23, which I am right now, I managed to escape after I had… Helped him fulfill one of his desires. He had fallen asleep, and I managed to get out of his grasp he held me in. I escaped, and didn’t look back. But I knew I couldn’t run to campus, and I knew I couldn’t even stay in Florida. He would find me somehow.”

I cleared my throat, and wiped away the tears from my face.

“I was walking down the street, and saw an ad for London. I thought the city looked beautiful, but I couldn’t afford going there, it was too expensive. Once again, Carly came to my rescue, and helped
me with the money, but it still wasn’t enough for London.”

I looked up at Brahms again, his eyes were still fixated on me, and he was listening to me like I was
telling him the most intriguing, exciting, story of all time, even though it was only the mess of my
life.

“And that’s how I ended up here, I guess. In this small village, in the middle of nowhere.”

He nodded slowly, trying to take in all of the information.

“You missed something.” he said quietly, and moved his hand to my arms, his fingertips tracing my
forearm.

“Oh well, that.” I sighed. “I did that for the first time when I was about fourteen, I think, but it
wasn’t something I did regularly. I didn’t feel the need to when I had Carly, and later, Jay. It became
a bad habit of mine after my dad locked me inside my room. I was about nineteen, and it was just
something that made me feel a bit better.”

I shrugged my shoulders, and looked up at Brahms, seeing how his eyes wandered over my body,
looking slightly confused.

“I know that must sound weird, but it was actually something that made me feel better. When you
have been feeling shit for so long, you get this sort of feeling. A feeling that is so hard to explain. It
kind of feels like you are feeling every negative emotion, and at the same time don’t feel anything at
all. You start to feel like a living dead. You feel numb. And feeling pain was something that made
me feel alive. I know it sounds strange, but I don’t know how to explain it in a more simple way. I
did it so I could feel something other than sadness, and worthlessness, I guess.”

“I’m sorry.” Brahms whispered, and started running his fingers up and down my arm, touching me
ever so slightly.

“It’s just life.” I shrugged.

“No.” he said, his voice stern. “It’s not just life. You deserve better.”

I looked up at him. I was the one who looked confused now.

“You deserve to be loved. To be treated like a princess.”

Brahms snaked his arms around my waist, and pulled me closer to him.

“You are way too beautiful to have been treated this way, pretty Gracie.” he said with a low voice.

He lifted me up, only to put my down in his lap, my face only inches away from his mask. I could
hear his heavy breathing.

“I can give that to you.” he whispered, looking into my eyes with his brown ones.

I didn’t know what to do. I felt paralyzed by his touch, by his words. My body was trembling
uncontrollably, and my breathing was just as shaky as it was heavy. His hands were slowly starting
to travel underneath my shirt, and caressed the skin of my back.

My hands had automatically snaked around his neck, carefully playing with his soft curls. My eyes
fluttered close as Brahms inched closer to my face. I could feel the cold material of his mask meeting
my lips. It was an odd feeling, and I didn’t know what to do at first, but after a while I started kissing
it. It was like a reflex. I felt the taste of the mask against my lips. It tasted like nothing.

Brahms pressed himself closer to me, tightening the grip around my waist, as he moved his head closer to my face. It was like he was trying to feel my lips from underneath the mask with his own.

I pulled away from him, confused.

“No.” I panted, and shook my head. “This isn’t right. I’m sorry.”

Brahms’ eyes grew wide, wandering over my face. I let my hands slide down from his neck, and rested them on his chest that was rising and falling with a quick pace.

“I am just upset right now.” I explained, and started to move away from him.

To my surprise, he didn’t do anything to stop me. I stood up from the bed, and started walking towards the door, running my hands over my face.

As I gripped the doorknob, I turned around to look at Brahms. He was still sitting in the same position I had left him in, but he had turned his head, so he could look at me. His brown eyes had a tint to them that I hadn’t seen before. It almost looked like he was heartbroken.

I opened my mouth, trying to say something, but nothing seemed to come out. I let out a small sigh before opening the door, and exiting the room to walk outside. I needed to get some fresh air.
The Walls

Chapter Notes

Hi!

Dunno what to say here. Here's a new chapter for you.

Kudos are always appreciated. Thank you if you've already left one. <3

Enjoy!

The cold wind embraced me as I walked outside, and I hugged my arms in attempt to keep me warm.

What had I done.

I leaned against the wall, and let out a sigh. I had really fucked up this time.

I couldn’t believe that I had let myself get manipulated by Brahms. He took advantage of me when I was vulnerable. Of course he didn’t care about me. He didn’t care about my backstory. All he wanted to do was to get into my pants, and make me stay in this house.

The worst thing of all is that I actually, genuinely, thought for a moment that he cared about me. But I’m just a fool.

Suddenly music was being heard from inside, which woke me up from my thoughts. I walked inside, and into the lounge where the soft melody of “Air on the G String” was playing.

I walked up to the old gramophone, intending to turn it off, when I tripped over a pile of books. I stumbled to the side, and slammed into the wall with such force that it caved in.

“Fuck.” I whispered under my breath as I stood up, trying to adjust to the gloomy light.

I had no idea where I was, but it was dark in here, and it smelled weird, and damp. With a mix of mold and dirt.

My hands reached out and grabbed the wall, leading me away from the pile of wall I had fallen into. As I had adjusted to the gloomy light, and spun around a couple of times, I realized that I was inside the walls.

I continued to follow the pathway, keeping my hands in front of me to keep me from falling once again. The pathway wasn’t wide, neither was it small, but it was enough for my arms to be able to touch one side of it, to the other.

It seemed like a massive maze, and I had no idea where I was. Stairs and ladders allowed me to go up and down, probably pendling through the different floors.

After what seemed like forever, I saw a weak light at the end of the pathway. With shaky legs I walked towards it, only to lead me into a room.

It was a small, messy room, decorated with a fridge, with a microwave ontop of it, a bed in the
corner of the room, a desk, a bookshelf, and other things you needed in a home. The only source of light was from the small lamp on the nightstand, by the bed.

It hit me like a cold wave, making me shiver. This is where Brahms had been living this whole time. And the pathways was how he got around in the house, being able to spy on me, without me even knowing it.

On his bed was a doll. Not a small doll like the Brahms doll. A life size doll with medium long, brown hair, dressed in a coral dress.

It was creepy to think what he did with that doll, and why he had it. The most creepy thing of all was to think of who it was. Had the doll been created to look like someone in particular, or was it just a random doll?

I didn’t know if I wanted an answer to that question.

I slowly walked further into the room, and walked up to the desk. It had papers, glue, and paint scattered all over it, but there was one thing in particular that caught my attention.

A handwritten letter.

I picked it up, and started reading it.

“Our Dearest Son,”

“Words cannot describe our heartbreak as we leave you now.”

“We will not be back. We simply cannot bear to live with what we have allowed you to become.”

“The girl is yours now. She is yours to love and care for.”

“May God forgive us all.”

“Love always,”

“Mummy & Daddy X X X”

My hands started shaking, and I dropped the letter back onto the desk. What does that mean? Is this why Greta had left? Was he just as possessive towards her? Or even more?

And what did his parents mean?

“We simply cannot live with what we have allowed you to become.” Had they killed themselves? Because of Brahms? They knew about him?

I couldn’t breathe. I needed to get out of there.

Somehow my shaky legs carried me, and I was just about to turn around when I bumped into a wall of muscles. My body got tense. I had been caught, and who knows what he might do next.

“What are you doing here?” he said slowly, his dark voice rumbling from behind his mask.

“I-I’m sorry.” I stuttered. “It was an accident. I tripped and fell through the wall. I swear I didn’t do it intentionally.”

Brahms grabbed me by the shoulders, and spun me around. He held me in a tight grip as he looked
down at me, his intense stare drilling through me. I felt hypnotized, and couldn’t look away from his pitch black eyes.

“You are not supposed to be here.” he growled in a low voice, his fingertips squeezing my upper arms.

I winced in pain. Never had he hurt me before. I thought he was furious the night when I had hit him in the gut, but this. This was so much more. It was a different kind of rage, I could sense it.

“I am sorry! Please!” I whimpered, tears forming in my eyes. I would have lied if I didn’t admit that I was terrified.

“Please, what?” Brahms growled as he pulled me closer to him.

“Please don’t hurt me.” I whispered weakly, the tears now rolling down my cheeks.

He stared at me, still holding me in the same uncomfortable position, his fingertips still drilling into my arms. I continued to cry quietly, closing my eyes to avoid looking at him.

All of a sudden he pushed me, causing me to fall onto the bed, me letting out a high-pitched squeal as I did so.

I propped myself up on my elbows, and started crawling further away from Brahms who was walking towards me where I was laying on the bed. The tears continued to stream down my face. My body was trembling, and my heart was beating rapidly. I could hear it in my ears.

Brahms stood by the bed now, and I continued to back away until the back of my head hit the wall behind me. I was now sitting on his pillow, next to his creepy doll, and Brahms stood by the end of the bed, looking down at me.

He sat down on the bed, and slowly started crawling towards me, his eyes locked with mine.

“Please, Brahms! I’m begging you!” I cried, my voice nothing but a shaky whimper.

But Brahms didn’t stop. He continued to crawl towards me, not saying a word. I pulled my legs closer to my body as he got closer, but he wouldn’t allow that. He gripped my ankles and pulled them towards him, causing my whole body to follow with them.

I was now laying with my head on his pillow. I was petrified. I couldn’t move. Brahms continued to crawl until he was straddling me, his hands reaching up to rest on my shoulders.

“I didn’t mean to intrude, I swear.” I whispered weakly, gripping onto the sheets for some kind of support.

He leaned closer to me, still looking directly into my eyes. I could hear how his breathing was sharp, and heavy at the same time, and I could practically hear how he was growling. His chest was racing with a quick pace, and I could see how sweat had started forming, causing his skin to glisten in the weak light from the lamp next to us.

“You know what this means, pretty Gracie.” he whispered, but not in a gentle way. His voice was raspy, decisive. He had all the power, and he knew it.

“No, no, no.” I repeated quietly, shaking my head violently. “Please don’t do anything, Brahms.”

“But you hurt me, pretty Gracie.” he said with that chime-like voice. “And you know the rules. Be
good to me and I’ll be good to you.”

He leaned even closer to my face, I could feel my nose brushing against the cold porcelain.

“And you haven’t been good now, have you?” he said, his voice back to his mature one.

“But Brahms!” I cried. “I swear I didn’t mean to hurt you! I am sorry, truly sorry! It was an accident, I didn’t mean to fall into the wall, I swear!”

“And the letter?” he asked, his voice a dark whisper. “Did you read the letter on accident as well?”

I bit my bottom lip, trying to swallow down the sobs that continued to escape my mouth.

“I didn’t know.” I cried weakly. “I didn’t know what it was until I had read it. If I had known what it was then I wouldn’t have read it.”

“Well, it’s too late now.” he whispered, shaking his head slightly. “I think I will have to punish you now.”

I finally got in control of my body again, and started squirming around underneath him, trying to get away.

“Don’t make this any worse!” Brahms screamed, his voice dark and raspy, his british accent thick.

His hands found their way to my wrists, and grabbed them tightly. He pulled them up above my head, making it close to impossible to do anything in attempt to escape.

“Well, well, well.” he chuckled. “Have we not been in this situation before?”

I kept quiet, my teeth found their way to my bottom lip again, and started nibbling on it anxiously. “Don’t you think this situation seems awfully familiar, pretty Gracie?” he purred, and slowly started grinding against my pelvis.
In the Darkness

Chapter Notes

Hello!

I hope you like this chapter. I'm not quite pleased with it, so idk.

Have you left a Kudos yet? You have? Wow thank you so much! If you haven't then you are very welcome to leave one!

Enjoy this flawed chapter!

“Is that what you want?” I whispered weakly. “The same as before?”

Brahms looked at me, his pitch black eyes narrowed. He stopped his movements, but continued to hold my wrists in a tight grip above my head.

“I want more.” he said slowly, the words almost seemed to roll from his tongue in a dark, raspy voice.

I squeezed my eyes shut. The first time I met Brahms he saved me from getting raped, and now he wanted to do the same thing. How foolish of me to think that this monster, driven completely by hormones and testosterone, wouldn’t want to do anything to me. He knew that I had been before, so he probably thought I was an easy target.

“Oh, pretty Gracie.” he purred in a low voice. “I wouldn’t do anything without your consent, of course.”

I was frightened by how it seemed like he had been reading my thoughts. I opened my eyes slowly, and looked up at him.

“Y-you wouldn’t?”

Brahms let out a soft chuckle, which echoed behind his mask. He shook his head slowly.

“Why would you think that?” he asked, cocking his head slightly to the side.

“Don’t ask questions you don’t want the answer to.” I said, cocking an eyebrow at him.

Brahms let out yet another chuckle, getting the reference I had made from when he had told me the same thing when we were cuddling in my bed. Or, more like, he was cuddling with me.

“Fine.” he said. “I’ll let you off easy this time.”

A flash of hope lit up inside of me, and I was prepared for Brahms to let me go, but he didn’t. Instead he reached over and turned the lamp on the nightstand off, leaving us in the darkness.

There was no windows down there, which was even more scary. It was pitch black in there, and I didn’t know what would happen next. Perhaps he would rape me anyways.
I heard, and felt, Brahms shifting slightly where he was sitting on top of me, but he didn’t move. His lower body was still pressed against mine.

All of a sudden I felt something warm press against my lips. I hesitated, laying completely still as I tried to feel what it was.

Could it be?

Could it be his lips? His real, actual, human lips?

My suspicion was confirmed when I felt how they slightly parted, and his hot breath brushed against my lips.

He pressed his lips to mine again, a bit rougher this time, and I couldn’t help but to kiss back. Our lips moved together, in sync, and I felt my hands reaching up behind his neck, my fingers tangling into his curly locks. My muscles were trembling underneath him, and a warm sensation erupted in my stomach.

I could feel how Brahms smiled into the kiss, letting out a small chuckle as he knew he had me wrapped around his finger at this very moment. His hands found their way around my waist, and he gently pressed my body closer to his.

After some time, Brahms pulled away, allowing me to catch my breath.

The light remained turned off, but I could almost sense how he was wearing a satisfied smirk on his face.

“How was that, pretty Gracie?” he asked slowly, his word coming out quite shaky as he tried to catch his breath as well.

“Have you ever kissed someone before?” I asked him, dodging his question.

I felt how his muscles got tense, and his grip around my waist twitched.

“Why do you ask?”

“Because I was wondering.” I said, my words turning more aggressive than I expected.

“Why do you care?”

"Why do you care about me, and my life?” I spat, tired of him dodging the question. “You forced me to tell you my whole life story, and for what? So you could use it against me?”

His hands had travelled to my hips, and I felt how he squeezed them, trying to keep calm.

“Why would you think that?” he said with gritted teeth.

“Oh, I don’t know.” I said sarcastically. “Maybe because you are keeping me here, as your fucking prisoner, and think you could do whatever you want with me!”

“Don’t!” he roared, his hands gripping my hips so tightly it hurt, but I kept my facade up. I couldn’t back down now, I needed to stand up for myself.

Brahms let out a long sigh, and his grip around my hips loosened a bit.

“Don’t-” he started, his voice more gentle.
It was quiet. I waited for him to finish his sentence.

“Forget it.” he mumbled.

I could feel how his weight was lifted from my body, and his hands dissapeared from my hips. I was too scared to move, and I laid still on the bed, waiting for him to do something.

But nothing happened. It was completely quiet in the room. I finally worked up the courage, and reached over to turn the light on.

The room was empty. Brahms was gone.

I let out a sigh, and got up from the bed. I had to find my way out from these walls.

As I passed the desk, I glanced at the letter lying ontop of the mess.

His parents had left him, leaving him with Greta. But Greta had left aswell, no wonder.

I could understand why Greta fled from the country, together with Malcolm. Brahms was dangerous. A possessive, mentally unstable, man who forced you to do whatever pleased him.

What I wondered was why they hadn’t gone to the police. Why did they let Brahms wander around freely, when they could’ve locked him behind bars?

Now I was stuck here, with him. And there was no way I could escape.

Perhaps I could get a hold of Greta, and ask her about Brahms, and how she managed to get away from this hellhole. But in order to do that, I needed to get out of the house, and find her number somehow.

When I go to the grocery store next time would be a great opportunity to find it. Brahms wouldn’t suspect anything. Or would he?

After what seemed like a lifetime, I managed to find my way out from the walls. It had turned dark outside now, casting dark shadows around the house.

I went into the kitchen to make some dinner, realizing that I hadn’t eaten since this morning.

As I stood and cooked some pasta, I heard footsteps approach from behind, but I didn’t bother to react.

I heard Brahms clear his throat, trying to get my attention, but I was stubborn.

Suddenly I felt his hands wrap around me, pulling my back close to his chest. How he managed to move so swiftly, without me even noticing it, from where he stood across the room was something that made me shiver. He could be so fast when he wanted to, it was intimidating.

“You really want to start teasing me again?” he whispered into my ear. I heard that his mask was once again on his face again, as his voice echoed behind it, like it always did.

“Just because I don’t want to talk to you doesn’t mean I’m teasing you.” I murmured.

“Don’t toy with me, pretty Gracie.” he whispered more aggressively, pressing me closer to his body. I could feel the cold material of his mask press against my cheek, along with his rough beard.

“Leave me alone so I can cook us some food.” I spat, and pushed him away by bucking my hips
against him.

“Fine.” he spat back, before letting go of me and walking away.

As we sat down the dining table, I felt how my appetite had dissapeared completely. None of us touched the food, our eyes were fixated at eachother.

“Eat.” he demanded, and nodded slightly towards the plate in front of me.

“You can’t make me.” I spat, raising an eyebrow at him.

“I sure could if I wanted to.”

The silence spread once again in the room. This time I stared down at the plate instead, but I could feel how he kept his gaze locked at me.

“Did you feel anything?” I suddenly asked, looking up to meet his gaze. “When we kissed, I mean.”

His dark eyes narrowed into this lines, and he cocked his head to the side.

“You told me that your face is burnt.” I explained. “Did you feel anything?”

He kept quiet, his eyes still locked with mine. He had this habit of staring at you so intensely it makes your skin crawl.

“Fine.” I sighed. “I was just trying to get to know you, trying to make conversation.”

“I did.” he said quietly. “A little bit, atleast.”

His voice had turned into a weak, sad voice. Like he was ashamed of his face, and how he couldn’t feel the way other people felt.

“Oh.” I said quietly, getting uncomfortable because of how he had reacted. I couldn’t help but feel bad for hurting him.

“Please eat, pretty Gracie.” he said with his sweet, chime-like voice.

“Okay.” I whispered, trying to make up for what I had said to hurt him.

He watched me as I ate, like he always did when we ate together. But he didn’t touch his own food.

“You can eat aswell, you know.” I said. “It would be nice to eat together for once.”

He shifted uncomfortable in his chair, his hands, that were resting by each side of the plate, forming into fists.

“I don’t care if you are burnt, Brahms.” I said gently, and tilted my head to the side. “I promise I won’t stare.”

He looked at me for awhile, deciding what he was going to do.

“No.” he said quietly, and shook his head while looking down, causing his dark locks to fall in front of his face.

“Oh.” I pursed my lips. “Just know that I am ready to see you, when you are.”

He looked up at me again, his brown eyes glistening in the light from the candles.
“I’ll let you know.”
Hi!

Here's another chapter for ya! I know there isn't too much happening in it, and I'm sorry for that. Hopefully the upcoming chapters will be better.

If you like this story please leave a Kudos, because -you probably know this by now- it makes me happy. :) 

Anyways, enjoy!

I dreamt about Brahms that night. The night after he kissed me. The night after we talked about his burnt face.

I dreamt about his face. What it would look like.

*He was pushing me up against the wall, pressing his chest close to mine.*

“Are you ready?” he asked, his voice a dark whisper. *I could hear that he was out of breath.*

“Yes.”

*Brahms looked down, and put his hands on the mask to remove it.*

*I waited with anticipation as he slowly took it off. It all went in slow motion.*

*His dark curls was hanging in front of his face as he looked up at me again.*

*I slowly reached my shaky hand up to stroke it out of his face.*

*Only to reveal a skull, with bugs, and worms, crawling out of the holes where his eyes were supposed to be. Flies were swarming out from his mouth.*

I woke up to myself screaming.

*“It was just a dream.”* I thought to myself, trying to calm me down.

I ran my hands over my face, feeling my shirt cling to my sweaty body.

Fast, thumping sounds were heard, and the door from the closet was flung open.

“What are you doing?” Brahms asked, sounding slightly annoyed.

I looked at him, still trying to catch my breath. “I-I’m okay.”

His narrowed eyes turned into those warm brown ones as he looked at me closer.
“What happened?” he asked, stepping closer to the bed.

“It was just a nightmare.” I breathed, hiding my face in my hands.

“Oh.”

The room was filled with silence. Neither of us said anything.

“Wait.” I said, and looked up at him. “Did you come from the closet?”

Brahms started shifting, his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed.

“Yeah.” he said slowly, his eyes narrowing again.

I flung the duvet off of my body, and rushed past Brahms, into the closet.

“You have a secret pathway that goes into the closet?!” I exclaimed once I saw a small trap door in the panel wall.

Brahms had followed me, and stood in the doorframe, his hands behind his back.

“Yes.” he mumbled quietly.

I stood up from my crouching position, and walked over to him, pressing my index finger to his chest.

“That’s how you got into my room that night!” I said, pressing my finger harder, causing him to shuffle a bit.

He didn’t say anything, but I could see by the way his eyes were wandering around the room, my face, and my body, that it was true. I let my finger slide down his torso, and rest by my side again.

“How many secret trap doors do you have in this house?”

His eyes continued to wander around as he shrugged his shoulders.

“Bullshit.” I chuckled. “Of course you know. You’ve lived here all your life.”

“Why do you care?”

“Because I am supposed to live here as well, right? So maybe I should know about the house, no?”

“Maybe.” he murmured, his eyes finally stopping to wander around, and lock with mine.

“Then tell me.” I said and lightly pushed him. Not that it had any effect on him.

He hesitated, his eyes narrowing, once again, as he looked at me.

“Soon.”

“No. Now.” I demanded, pushing him once again, this time a bit harder. It didn’t have any effect on him this time either, instead, he caught my hands in his.

“No, Grace.” he growled, and stepped closer to me, still holding my hands.

“Why not?”
“Because I said so.” Brahms hissed, and stared into my eyes from where he towered over me.

“I’m not scared of you.”

He suddenly grabbed me by the shirt, and pushed me up against the wall. My feet were dangling just above the floor, my face in line with his.

“Really?” he asked, his voice turning into that dark, rumbling one I was so used to by now.

“Nope.” I said, popping the P.

Brahms let out a low growl as he pressed himself closer to me, his eyes dark as night

“You should be.”

“Well, maybe I would be if you told me about yourself. Your dark past.” I cocked an eyebrow at him, hoping he would take the bait.

“Nice try, pretty Gracie.” he chuckled, and put me down again.

“You’ll have to tell me at some point!” I called after him as he left the room.

I got dressed into a white, knitted jumper, and a pair of jeans, wearing the same boots as yesterday. My blonde hair was falling down my back and shoulder, as usual.

I skipped down the stairs, on my way to the kitchen to make some breakfast, as I quietly hummed some chirpy melody.

Just as I walked through the doorframe I felt myself being pulled to the side. I let out a high-pitched squeal as I felt myself being pressed against the wall.

“I knew you were scared of me.” Brahms chuckled, pinning me against the wall by holding my arms in a steady grip.

“Hey!” I protested. “Anyone would be scared if they suddenly got pulled back by an unknown person.”

“Well, I’m not an unknown person.” he said, and tilted his head slightly towards me.

“Sure you are. Unless you tell me about yourself.”

Brahms let out a frustrated sigh, and I could see how he rolled his eyes behind the mask.

“Nagging will get you nowhere, pretty Gracie.” he said in a low voice, and stroke some hair out of my face with his finger.

“I won’t have to nag if you’ll just tell me!” I exclaimed, cocking my head to the side, trying to avoid his touch.

Brahms let out yet another sigh, and his hand found their way to the back of my head, holding it in a steady grip. His fingers tangled in my hair.

“Why do you want to know it so bad?” he growled. “Does it really matter to you?”

“Yeah, it does. I told you, and you’ll have to tell me now.” I breathed, looking into his, now, black eyes.
“That was different. You had been ignoring me, and that was your punishment.”

“It’s not like you haven’t ignored me!” I spat. “You pretended like I didn’t exist for a whole day! And for what? Because you had crossed a line, and were ashamed of yourself?”

His hands gripped my hair tighter, and he leaned closer towards me. I could hear his heavy breathing from underneath his mask.

“You better watch your tone.”

“Why? Are you going to punish me again?” I said, and cocked an eyebrow at him.

“It sounds like you’re begging for it.” Brahms purred, his mask only inches away from my face.

I swallowed hard, unable to respond. My throat had become dry, and I felt how I got hypnotized by his dark stare.

“What happened to pretty Gracie now?” he said in his childlike voice.

His arm found its was around my waist, and he pulled me closer to him. My body pressed against his, as his other hand was still tangled in my hair, lightly pulling it back so he could look at me in the eyes.

“Out of witty comebacks, are we?” he chuckled, his grown voice once again, echoing from behind the mask in a way that sent a shiver down my spine.

“Let go of me.” I whispered weakly, feeling how my heart started racing in my chest.

“Are you scared now?” he purred, and cocked his head to the side.

“N-no.” I stuttered, trying to calm my breathing.

“Liar.” he said in a low voice. “I can feel your heartbeat. It’s like a hummingbird’s.”

“Maybe my heart is always like this.”

Brahms let out a soft chuckle, and shook his head.

“I know it’s not.” he said, hunching over me so he could press his forehead against mine.

“Your heartbeat is slow, and steady when you are sleeping.”

He let out yet another chuckle.

“You’re deep sleeper, you know. You slept like a wee baby in my arms.”

“Shut up.”

“Oh, are we back here again?” he said. I couldn’t see his face, but I knew he wore a smug smirk under that mask of his.

“Just let go of me.” I said, squirming around in his grasp.

“You sure? I think you like it when I hold you.” he teased, and wrapped both his arms around me, pressing me against his chest.

My face was pressed against his chest, making my nostrils fill with his scent. He smelled like a forest
after it rains, and like the musk all men have. The scent had begun to smell familiar at this point.

“Can’t I just go and make some breakfast?” I sighed, my voice muffled slightly since my cheek was pressed against him.

Brahms didn’t answer. He held me close, his fingers lightly tapping against my skin. His breathing was calm, and I could hear his steady heartbeat.

“Brahms?” I asked hesitantly.

“Hush.”

“What do you want from me?” I asked, getting annoyed by his actions.

“Isn’t this nice?” he asked calmly. “We can always have it this way, Gracie. Just be good to me.”

“What? No. This isn’t nice!” I stated, putting my hands up against his torso, trying to push myself away from him. “Let go of me already!”

Brahms let out a low growl, and loosened his grip around me, allowing me to push myself out.

“You can’t always act like this, Gracie.” he said with a dark voice. “You’re lucky you’re so pretty.”

“Why don’t you just let me leave? I don’t want to be here!” I exclaimed, ignoring his threat, or compliment, or whatever it was.

“But, love.” he said calmly, cocking his head to the side. “You’ve got nowhere else to go.”

I swallowed hard. He was right. I had nowhere to go. I couldn’t go home, not to my father. I was all alone. I felt how my eyes started to water, and I bit my bottom lip to prevent it from trembling.

“There, there.” Brahms soothed, and put one arm around my shoulder. “It’s okay. You’re fine here.”

I shook my head slightly as a single tear rolled down my cheek. “Let’s go and make some breakfast, shall we?” he suggested, and led me to the kitchen.
Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas to you all!

It's actually only the 24th, but it's Christmas here in Sweden, and I won't upload until the 26th so I want to wish you a Merry Christmas, or whatever you might celebrate!

Take this chapter as a little gift from me, I hope you like it.

Enjoy! :D

“Play some for me.” Brahms said and pointed to the piano in front of us.

The breakfast had been awkward. Him staring at me as I ate, like he always does. After I had done the dishes he had led me to the lounge, where we stood now.

“No.” I whispered, and shook my head.

He let out a frustrated sigh, and put a hand on the small of my back, motioning me forwards to the piano.

“Play.” he demanded with a stern voice.

“Why don’t you play it for me instead?” I spat. “Seems about right since I’ve played for you so many times.”

“Watch your tone.”

“No!” I exclaimed. “I am tired of you constantly pushing me around, trying to control me like I’m a fucking puppet!”

Brahms turned to me, gripping my upper arms in an iron grip, staring straight into my blue eyes.

“Don’t swear, pretty Gracie.” he said with gritted teeth. “That’s not what good girls do.”

“And who the fuck has claimed that I’ve ever been a good girl? Maybe I don’t want to be a good girl!”

I felt Brahms’ fingers digging into my skin, his eyes dark as night. I squirmed around in his grip, trying to get out of it, but there was no use.

“Don’t toy with me, Grace. You don’t want to anger me.”

“Are you threatening me?” I asked with a chuckle.

“If that’s how you want to put it.” he said with a low voice.

“Come on then.” I taunted. “Do something. Hurt me. Kill me. I don’t care. Everything is better than being here with you.”
Brahms let out a dark growl from behind his mask, his eyes narrowing. He was probably trying to come up with something to do with me. Still holding my arms in a steady grip, he pulled me closer to him.

“Don’t try and put on an act.” he said with a raspy voice. “I know you aren’t as brave as you think. You are scared of me, we both know that.”

“Fine. Scare me then.” I spat, cocking an eyebrow at him.

For a long while he just stood there, towering over me, and staring at me with narrowed eyes. I had just begun to think he wasn’t going to do anything when he threw me over his broad shoulder, walking towards the stairs. I let out a squeal, gripping tightly onto his shirt where I hung, my hair falling down in front of my face.

Brahms threw me down on my bed, and walked over to the bureau, taking out ropes from one of the drawers.

“What are you doing?” I asked, my eyes wide as globes.

“Learning you a lesson.” he answered shortly with a stern voice, before beginning to tie my limbs to the bedposts.

I tried to fight back, yet I knew in the back of my head that I wouldn’t be able to fight against him, he was too strong.

“Comfortable?” Brahms asked with a chuckle as he leaned towards one of the bedposts with crossed arms, admiring his work.

“Fuck you.” I spat, trying to get out from the ropes.

“There’s no need to be rude, love.” he sighed. “You asked for it.”

“I asked you to kill me, not tie me up!”

“I won’t kill you, Grace. I won’t give you that satisfaction.” he said simply, walking over to me. He leaned closer to me, his vacuous mask only inches away from my face. “Especially when you haven’t been a good girl.”

“Shut up with your good girl shit. I do whatever I want. I’m not your slave.” I said with gritted teeth before spitting, hitting him right on the mask, underneath his eye.

Brahms stood up straight as he let out a frustrated sigh, wiping away my dripping saliva from his mask. He stood still, looking down at me where I laid on the bed. His hands had curled up into fists, his knuckles white.

“Oh, are you angry now?” I taunted. “Are you absolutely furious? Maybe you want to kill me now? I deserve it. Release your inner feelings, Brahmsy.”

He let out a low growl, and spun around, walking over to the wall. In a swift move his fist connected to the flowery wall, leaving a hole in it. I stared at it, feeling how my throat had become dry. He was much stronger than I had thought, and something inside me was glad that the wall hadn’t been my face.

Brahms walked over to the bed again, folding his arms behind his back, staring at me again.
“You look scared, pretty Gracie.” he chuckled.

I didn’t respond. I just continued to ignore his gaze by staring at the hole in the wall. Brahms let out a soft chuckle and sat down beside me by the bed, leaning closer to my face.

“I told you not to toy with me.” he whispered, his voice dark and raspy.

“Fine.” I whispered weakly. “Can you let me go now?”

Brahms let out a hum, putting his hand to his mask, resting his cheek in the palm of it.

“No.” he said simply.

I closed my eyes, letting out a sigh. Why did I have to be so cocky? I knew I didn’t have a chance against him, so why was I even trying? What was I trying to accomplish?

“What are you going to do with me now?” I asked quietly, my voice a shaky murmur.

“I don’t know.” he said, running a finger up and down my arm. “Depends on how you act.”

“What happens if I do as you say?”

“Then maybe I will let you off easy.”

I swallowed hard.

“And what happens if I don’t?” I said with a shaky voice.

Brahms leaned closer to me, his face hovering only a few inches over mine, his curls surrounding his expressionless mask.

“Dare to try?” he asks with an insidious voice, his dark eyes piercing through me.

I rolled my eyes and looked away from his intense stare, over to the wall once again. Brahms didn’t seem to be so fond of my actions as he gripped my face and turned it back to meet his.

“I don’t like that attitude.” he growled.

“Oh, come on!” I exclaimed. “You can’t expect me to be all rainbows and sunshine when you’ve tied me to a fucking bed!”

“What did I tell you about your language?” Brahms said with a stern voice, gripping my face a bit harder than before.

“Sorry.” I mumbled, looking into his eyes.

“Good girl.” he purred, his eyes wandering over my face. He let his thumb run slowly from my cheek to my lips, where it gently brushed over my bottom lip. I kept looking at him, as his eyes stared at my lips with the most gentle look.

“What’re you doing?” I asked, my voice a mere whisper.

“You’ve got the most beautiful lips, pretty Gracie.” he said with a low voice. “So plump, and peachy pink.”

I swallowed hard. I didn’t know what to answer.
“They are so soft. Like freshly fallen snow.”

“Kiss me.” I whispered.

Brahms looked into my eyes with a slight confused expression.

“What?”

“You heard me.” I whispered, tilting my chin up closer to his face, bringing my lips closer to him.

He didn’t answer. He continued to stare at me, with the same confused expression. But after awhile of thinking, his hands slid down and rested on the pillows, trapping my face inbetween his arms. He inched closer to me, resting his forehead against mine. I felt the cold material of his mask. A feeling I almost gotten used to by now.

“No, Brahms.” I said quietly, and shook my head. “Without the mask. I want to feel you. The real you.”

He hesitated. His whole body froze, almost as if he was a real life doll.

“Please.” I pleaded weakly, and slowly inched closer, only for my lips to touch the mask ever so slightly.

His breathing became heavier, but he shook his head no.

“No.” he murmured. “I can’t.”

“Why not?” I asked quietly, looking into his brown eyes.

Brahms shook his head again, and retreated his face from mine.

“Could you atleast untie me?” I asked, and wiggled my wrists slightly. “I’ve learnt my lesson now.”

He stared at me, probably trying to see if I was to play any tricks on him, but nodded his head after a while.

“Okay.” he said quietly, and began to untie the knots with an awfully slow pace.

I waited patiently, trying not to piss him off once again. I was going to be good for as long as I could, hoping it would give me benefits.

“Thank you.” I said quietly as I sat up and caressed my sore wrists, that had already begun bruising.

Brahms nodded slightly, and sat down on the bed again, facing me. I could feel how his gaze was locked at me, but I continued to look down at my wrists, not wanting to make eye contact just yet. He let out a sigh, and scooted closer to me, reaching out his hands to take mine. He held my wrists in either hand, and softly ran his thumbs over the red bruises.

“It’s okay, Brahms.” I said quietly. “I got what I deserved. I was being a real-”

I stopped mid sentence. I was sure he wasn’t going to appreciate me saying “cunt” as it was a swear word, and he had made it clear that he didn’t like those. I looked up at him, only to see that he was already looking at me, his eyes wandering over my face, waiting for me to finish.

“Jerk.” I said shortly.
He nodded, and looked down at my wrists again, continuing to gently caress them. I looked down as well, only to see that the knuckles on his right hand were blue from when he had hit the wall. I pulled away from his touch, and proceeded to take his bruised hand into mine.

“Are you okay?” I asked. “You’re hurt.”

“I’m fine.” he said quietly, and jerked his hand away.

“No, you’re not.” I said with a stern voice, and shook my head. “Let me fix that for you.”

I stood up from the bed, and reached out my hand for him to take. After a while of his eyes wandering back and forth from my face to my reached out hand, he decided to take it. I smiled weakly, and led him down the stairs to the kitchen to patch him up. One thought constantly repeating itself in the back of my mind:

“Be good to him, and he’ll be good to you.”
Howdy!

I hope you had an amazing Holiday!

I am so happy, and grateful, for all the Kudos you guys have left me, and if you haven't yet then please don't hesitate to leave one. Only if you want to of course!

Anyways, enjoy this chapter. :D

“All patched up!” I said and clapped my hands together.

Brahms looked down at his hand which was covered in a gauze bandage, only his fingers sticking out from the tight wrapping.

“Thank you.” he mumbled, and stood up from the stool by the kitchen island.

“No problem.” I answered simply, and closed the first aid kit, lifting it up to put it away where I found it.

As I started walking away, Brahms placed himself in front of me, placing his hands on mine, which were holding the band aid kit in a steady grip. I looked up at him with a confused expression.

“What now?” I asked.

“Allow me to return this.” he said, trying to make it sound gentle, but the echo his voice made behind the mask only made it seem sinister.

“Why?”

He looked down at me, his brown eyes narrowing.

“Because I want to?”

“You should be resting your hand.” I said, and cocked an eyebrow at him.

“I don’t need to. I’m fine,” he stated, and tried to pull the box away from my hands, but I managed to hold onto it.

“Brahms!” I said in a stern voice. “Do as I say!”

Brahms retreated his hands from the box, but stood still in the same spot, looking down at me with narrowed eyes.

“Let me follow you then.”

Brahms took a step closer towards me, leaning in so he could get closer to my face. His dark curls tickled my forehead as he stared into my eyes.

“I’m not gullible, pretty Gracie.” he said with his child-like voice. “I know what you are trying to do.”

I looked into his dark eyes, trying to come up with something to say, but I was stunned. Never would I get used to that child-like voice. It didn’t belong to a grown up man like Brahms. Brahms stood up straight again, and put a hand on the small of my back, ushering me forward.

“Come on now. Let’s go.” he said with his normal voice again, and started walking with me away from the kitchen.

I couldn’t sleep that night. Everything that had happened the last couple of days were enough to keep me up. I tossed and turned for what seemed like hours, but it didn’t matter. My body couldn’t relax.

With a groan I threw the duvet off of me and let my bare feet meet the cold, wooden floor. I tiptoed out from my room, and down the stairs, being careful not to wake up Brahms where he slept inside the walls.

I went into the kitchen and drank a glass of water before walking into the lounge. My gaze instantly found its way to the hole in the wall where I had fallen yesterday. With slow steps I walked closer to it, cautiously looking into the dark hole. Brahms was sleeping in there, somewhere in the maze-like hideout.

A thought popped up in my head. A terrible thought, but not as terrible when it came to Brahms. I could probably sneak in and find his room, walk up to him where he slept in his small bed, and stick a knife through his chest. End his life. End my suffering.

“What are you doing?” a dark voice rumbled from behind me, causing me to jump.

“I-I-” I stuttered, spinning around to face Brahms where he towered over me, only a few inches away.

He was staring at me, the moonlight casting a pale blue light over his doll mask, making it look more eerie than ever with its dull expression and cracks that ran over it. His dark, raven curls loosely falling down to cover his forehead.

“I couldn’t sleep.” I breathed, my voice shaky.

Brahms cocked his head to the side, his dark eyes narrowing, but he didn’t say anything.

“Why are you awake?” I asked while stroking away some hair from my face.

“Couldn’t sleep either.”

“Okay.” I said slowly, starting to anxiously rock back-and-forth where I stood before him in my pyjamas.

The room was filled with an awkward silence. My eyes roamed around, looking at everything in the room but his face, while his eyes were fixated on me.
“Hey.” I said suddenly, looking at Brahms. He seemed startled by the words leaving my mouth so suddenly as his eyes widened slightly. “What were you doing up here? Why weren’t you in your lair? You have everything down there.”

Brahms uncomfortable shuffled a bit where he stood, reaching up and scratching his rough beard.

“Not everything.” he said with a low voice, the moonlight reflecting in his eyes, making them look less human. He took a step forward towards me, his hands sneaking around my waist, pulling me closer to his chest.

“Everything except you.”

The words rolled off his tongue smoothly. His voice dark, and raspy. My heart started beating faster. I swallowed hard as I looked up at him, trying to keep my breathing steady.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, my words nothing but a weak whisper.

“I missed you.” he said with the same low voice. He lowered his head, burying his mask in my hair, pulling me even closer to his chest as he did so. I could hear how he inhaled sharply from underneath the mask.

“Is he smelling me?” I thought to myself, shifting a bit in his arms, but I didn’t try to escape.

We stood there in the dark room for what seemed like hours, none of us speaking. Just me being engulfed in his strong arms, and him nuzzling the top of my head, rubbing circles with his fingertips around my waist, and the small of my back.

“Why don’t we do something else?” I asked hesitantly, afraid that he would be mad at me for interrupting his moment.

Brahms pulled away slightly, still keeping his arms around my waist while he looked down at me. I could see that he was looking at my lips, his eyes glistening with something I could only describe as excitement.

“Let’s play some billiards.” I said with a small chuckle, realising that he probably thought I wanted to do something physical with him.

Brahms looked back into my eyes again, staring at me for a while before nodding slightly. He took my hand in a gentle grip and lead me to the room where the large billiard table stood.

“You’re pretty good at this.” I chuckled, leaning onto the cue, watching Brahms as he shot yet another ball into one of the holes.

He looked at me from the other side of the table, shrugging his shoulders.

“I’ve had plenty of time to practice.”

“I can tell.” I smiled.

Brahms’ eyes glistened, I assumed he was smiling underneath the mask. He then proceeded to shoot another ball, only this time he missed.

“Bummer.” I said. “My turn!”

After a couple of rounds I felt how my eyelids started to get heavy. I let out a yawn, and put the cue
in its place.

“I think I’m ready for bed now.” I said while stretching out my tired limbs.

Brahms looked at me and nodded, putting his cue beside mine.

“Good night.” I said, and exited the room, heading for my own.

Not long after I had turned the light off in my room I heard the door opening slowly, and the sound of bare feet against the floor approached. I turned around and turned the light on with a sigh.

“What now, Brahms?”

“Nothing.” he said simply, reaching over to gently push me down onto the pillow again.

I watched him as he turned the light off, leaving us in the darkness. I couldn’t see him as the room was too dark, but I listened to his movements. The sound of him walking around the bed, and the creeking sound the bed made when his body weight weighed it down. I didn’t move, wanting to know what he was up to.

His hands suddenly met with the exposed skin of my arms, his fingertips caressing them gently. With one swift movement he had scooped me into his arms, my face being pressed to his warm chest.

“What are you doing?” I asked quietly, tilting my head up to look at him, even though I couldn’t see anything in the darkness.

Brahms didn’t answer, instead he reached one of his hands up to my hair, caressing it soothingly. I put my hands up to his chest, and pushed him away from me.

“Grace.” he said with a dark voice, causing me to stop my movements. “Stop resisting. It’s only going anger me, and you don’t want to end this night with that, would you?”


“Depends on what?” he sighed, clearly frustrated by my behaviour.

“What would you do to me if I pissed you off?”

“Want to find out?” he said, pinching my sides, causing me to jump a bit.

“Maybe?”

“I don’t think so.” he chuckled. “If you think this is bad, then you don’t want to know what I would do if you made me angry now.”

“Is that a challenge?” I asked, rubbing my thumbs over his pecks.

“No.”

“Sounds like it to me.” I said teasingly, pushing myself further away from him.

“That’s enough.” he said with gritted teeth, his fingers burying themselves deeper into my hips.“I don’t want to handle this kind of behaviour right now.”

“Are you angry now?” I teased, biting my bottom lip.
Brahms let out a long sigh.

“Please stop, pretty Gracie.” he said in his chiming, child-like voice. “Let’s have one good night where we don’t fight.”

“Goddammit, I hate that voice.” I mumbled, and stopped pushing myself away from him.

Brahms let out a low chuckle before pulling me closer to him again, only this time I turned around in the process, having my back pressed against his chest instead.

I still couldn’t sleep. Not with him this close to me. I could feel his mask nuzzling into the crook of my neck, and how his fingertips lightly tapped against the exposed skin between my shirt and shorts. I started shifting a bit, trying to find a more comfortable position, only for Brahms to sink his fingers into my skin.

“Stop moving so much.” he whispered in my ear with a husky voice.

I then realized how my butt was pressed against his, now, bulging crotch.

“Sorry.” I said quietly, biting my lip to prevent me from bursting into laughter.

Not long after that I finally fell asleep, with Brahms’ breathing into my neck, and his strong arms being wrapped around my body.
When I woke up the next morning Brahms was missing. I wasn’t surprised at this point. He was never by my side when I woke up.

With tired eyes I got out of bed, and headed for the bathroom to take a shower. As I opened the door I was surprised to see Brahms standing in there.

“Oh, I’m-” I started, only for my words to die out when I saw that he was only wearing a pair of grey trousers, and of course, his mask.

I found myself staring at him, his physique. Brahms torso was glistening from the droplets of water, the hair on his chest wet. He was surprisingly fit, having that lean body type. Toned abs showing, with a slight V-line. I would be lying to myself if I said that I didn’t find his body attractive. All of his muscles showing as he stood there in front of me, exposed.

“I’m sorry.” I whispered, my gaze glued to his torso.

Brahms cleared his throat, taking a step towards me. I tore my eyes away from his body and looked at his face instead, feeling my cheeks heat up. His curly hair had water dripping from it, the droplets landing ontop of his pecks, and rolling down his upper body. I bit my bottom lip, looking into his brown eyes.

“You’re in the way, Grace.” he said with a gentle voice.

“S-sorry.” I stuttered, and stepped aside to let him through.

He nodded slightly at me as he walked away, only to stop after couple of steps.

“You’re adorable when you’re flustered.” he chuckled, before continuing further down the corridor.

After I had taken a shower, and gotten dressed into casual, pink t-shirt, and a pair of stone washed jeans, with a pair of white converse, I walked down to the kitchen to make some breakfast. Brahms was nowhere to be seen, but I started cooking anyways.

“Brahms!” I called out as I put the plates on the dining table. “Breakfast is ready!”

I sat down, waiting for him to come. I knew he liked eating with me, or he liked watching me eat.
Unsettling as it was having someone watching me as I ate, it felt better to have someone at the table with me. The dining room was big, as well as the table, and sitting alone by it made me feel uncomfortable.

But Brahms never showed up. I let out a deep sigh, and started eating my breakfast. Alone.

He didn’t show up after that either. I spent the morning with the doll, thinking that he was probably testing me again. It felt weird being with the doll after so long. But it was better than being alone, which was something I usually didn’t think.

Brahms didn’t show up for lunch either, which wasn’t so surprising. This was probably one of those days where he wanted to be alone, probably sitting in his lair, doing who knows what. Maybe it was for the better, after that awkward incident in the bathroom earlier that morning.

As I did the dishes, I heard the phone ring. I wiped my hands on a kitchen towel before rushing over to it in the lounge. Something inside me wishing that it was Brahms who was calling from his lair in the walls.

“Hello?” I said into the phone, holding it in a steady grip with my hand.

“Grace?” the voice said from the other side. “It’s me, Carly.”

I couldn’t help but to let out a small sigh. I was glad that Carly had called, but the feeling inside me that wanted it to be Brahms weighed down my body, and I couldn’t help but to feel disappointed.

“Oh, hi C.” I said, trying my best to sound happy.

“How are you? I haven’t heard from you in awhile.” Carly giggled, obviously not noticing that there was something wrong.

“I’m good.” I lied. I wasn’t good. I was still trapped with a dangerous, mentally unstable man, yet I had started to feel odd without him being in my presence, which was only more frightening.

“Okay, that’s good.” she said. “I’m sorry I haven’t called, I’ve been busy with school and stuff.”

“It’s okay. I get it.”

“No, it’s not okay. You must be so lonely! Being alone in that huge mansion, in the middle of nowhere, only having a creepy ass doll as company!” she exclaimed. I could hear the guilt in her voice.

“It’s okay, really.” I chuckled softly. If only she knew that I wasn’t so alone after all.

“I’m going to visit you again soon, I promise.”

I bit my bottom lip anxiously. Brahms would not want her to come here.

“Can you really afford that?” I said, trying to convince her to stay, knowing that she would get hurt if she came. “I don’t want you to waste all of your money on me.”

“Nah, money is not a problem.” she giggled.

“Well are you sure you want to spend so many hours on a shitty airplane? It really sucks, you know.”

“You’re making it sound like you don’t want me to come.” Carly said hesitantly. “Are you sure
“Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine. I swear.” I reassured her, rubbing my free hand over my face. “I just don’t want you to feel forced to come here. I can manage.”

“But I want to come! I miss you.”

“I miss you too, but—” my voice died out. I didn’t know what to say.

“But what?”

I let out a sigh. I couldn’t come up with anything to say as an excuse.

“Whatever,” Carly said. “I wasn’t calling only to check up on you. I’ve got something to tell you, Grace.”

I could hear how her voice started to sound sad, and shaky. My stomach churned, and I felt how my heart started beating faster.

“W-what is it?” I stuttered.

“It’s Jay.” she said quietly. “He’s dead.”

My breathing hitched, and my head started spinning. I leaned towards the wall, running a hand through my hair. My throat became dry, tears pricking behind my eyelids.

“I’m sorry, Grace.”

“H-how?” I managed to croak out.

“He was murdered, a gunshot to the chest. The police found him yesterday.”

I inhaled sharply. Jay was my first boyfriend. I knew that it was my father who had killed him, it had to be. I couldn’t think of anyone else who would do something that terrible to him. Jay was a great guy, liked by everyone he met because of his natural charm. I slid down the wall, pulling my knees up to my chest, hugging them with my free arm.

“Grace?” Carly asked with a shaky voice. “Are you there?”

“Y-yes. I’m here.” I whispered.

“I’m so sorry, Grace. I really am, this must be so hard on you, and I’m so sorry I had to bring you these news.” she paused. I could hear her sniffle from the other side of the phone. “I just thought that you needed to know this, even though it hurts.”

“Have they caught him?” I asked, tears streaming down my face.

“No, not yet. They are still looking.”

“This is all my fault.” I cried silently, grabbing a fist full of my hair.

“No, no this is not your fault, Grace.” Carly was crying now as well. “Don’t blame yourself.”

“But it is my fault! I was the one leaving the country!” I cried, barely being able to breathe. “It’s my fault that my father went after Jay! If I would have just stayed then he would still be alive!”
“Stop it! Don’t say that! You needed to leave, Grace. You couldn’t continue to live like that. Like a prisoner.”

I held onto the phone in a cramping grip, squeezing my eyes shut as I bit so hard into my bottom lip that I could feel the taste of blood in my mouth.

“Look,” Carly said in a weak voice. “I need to go now, but you have to promise me not to blame yourself, because it’s really not your fault! Do you hear me?”

“Okay.” I whispered.

“Good. I’ll call you again, soon. Bye.”

“Bye bye.” I sniffled, and hung up.

I continued to sit down on the floor, hugging my knees while tears streamed down my face. I couldn’t believe that Jay was dead. Gone. Forever. And it was all because of me. I was being so selfish, leaving the country without thinking about the consequences. I knew what my father was capable of, yet I left. Now Jay was gone, and my father was still on the loose.

Maybe he would come after Carly next, and there was nothing I could do about that either. I was stuck here with a man who was just as possessive as my father, only he didn’t rape me. Luckily.

Where was he now, by the way? Was Brahms watching me now? Had he listened to the phone call? Probably. He always did. Yet he didn’t have the guts to come here and support me. He probably liked seeing me this way. Seeing me breaking down until I was nothing but a weak, trembling mess. Brahms was nothing but a monster who liked to be in control, seeing his victims slowly lose their minds as he forced them to stay in his home.

With shaky legs I got up from the floor. I couldn’t sit here all day. I walked upstairs and into my room, my feet dragged behind me. I laid down in my bed, and pulled the duvet over my head. My safe haven.

I didn’t know for how long I cried before I passed from exhaustion, leaving me under the soft duvet.
Blood and Hatred

Chapter Notes

Hey!

Thank you all so much for the lovely comments I've received. I appreciate every single one of them! <3

* MAJOR TRIGGER WARNING! *

* THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SELF-HARM *

* I DO NOT PROMOTE SELF-Destructive Behaviour, NOR DO I ROMANTICIZE OR GLAMORIZE IT *

* IF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU MIGHT DO SOMETHING SELF-Destructive I SUGGEST YOU GO SEEK HELP *

Anyways, enjoy this chapter! And take care of yourself, you are loved.

I woke up all sweaty, and just as exhausted as I was before I fell asleep. It was now dark outside, casting eerie shadows in the room.

I sat up and rubbed my hands over my tired face. The thoughts of Jay, and that he was dead, came flooding back. I was the one to blame for his death. My eyes started watering again, and I was surprised I still had tears in me since I had cried so much earlier.

I looked down at my arm, tracing my pink scars with my fingers. The urge to make new ones suddenly filled my mind.

With trembling legs I walked over to the bureau, and pulled out one of the drawers. I dug to the bottom of it, finding my razor underneath the pile of clothes. I stared at the small piece of metal where it lay in the palm of my hand, thinking about how I had thought that I wouldn’t need one anymore. Thinking that I would be happy here in the UK. But I was now grateful that I had packed down a few in my bag anyways.

I walked out of my room, and into the bathroom, positioning myself in front of the sink. The bright light shone onto my body in a way that made me look pale like a sheet. I had dark circles under my eyes, and my blonde hair was a mess.

My hand was shaking as I pressed the razor to my skin. I let out a deep breath and slid it across my wrist, feeling the familiar, comforting pain. The blood seeped out from the wound, and dripped into the sink. The red liquid stood out from the white surface, and I watched with a sense of relief as the blood continued to drip into the sink, running down it until it dissapeared into the drain.

I placed the blade to my wrist again, sliding it across the tender skin as I heard a voice from behind me.

“No! What are you doing?!” Brahms exclaimed, and took the razor away from me, flushing it down
“Why would you do that?!” I screamed, feeling how the tears started rolling down my cheeks again as I looked up at him. “I needed that!”

“Poppycock.” he said, and took my bleeding wrist in his hand, reaching over and placing a towel over the wounds.

“Why would you do something so utterly stupid to yourself?” he scolded, his voice dark. His eyes stared straight into mine, his stare so intense, and his eyes so dark it made my breathing hitch.

I couldn’t manage to answer, my voice was drowned in sobs. I looked down at the floor, letting the tears fall freely, dripping onto the tile floor.

“I don’t understand why you would permanently damage your perfect body like this.” he continued. “You are blessed with a body that doesn’t have any flaws, yet you create these hideous scars.”

He took one of his hands and put it under my chin, tilting my face up so he could look into my eyes.

“Don’t you know how lucky you are to not look like a freak?” he said with gritted teeth, his dark eyes glossy.

My stomach churned looking at him and his mask, remembering why he was wearing it, and seeing how upset he was. The feeling of guilt washed over me like a tidal wave, and I started crying even harder.

“I’m sorry.” I stuttered out inbetween the sobs.

Brahms let out a low growl.

“Stay here and hold the towel to your wounds, I’ll be right back.” he said, and walked away.

I felt terrible. I thought about what Brahms had said, feeling selfish. He was right. I was lucky to have a fully healthy body, yet I treated it like shit, when I should be happy about it. There were some people out in the world who would do anything to have a fully functioning body without any defects, and Brahms was probably one of them.

“Give me your arm.” Brahms said quietly as he came back with the first aid kit in his hands.

I reached it out for him, without saying a word, or even protesting. He took it in his hand, and lead my arms to the sink, gently rinsing it with water and some soap. Brahms then opened the box and took out a bottle of chlorhexidine.

“This is what mother used to do whenever I got hurt.” he explained.

“Before everything happened.” he added quietly, almost like he was talking to himself.

I couldn’t help but to wonder what he meant by that, but I didn’t ask, knowing that it wasn’t the right moment to do so.

He poured some of the alcohol over my wounds, and dried it with a new, clean towel before wrapping my arm up in a compression bandage.

“Are you sure this is the right way to treat cuts like these?” I asked, looking up at Brahms.

“No.” he admitted. “But it’s better than nothing.”
I nodded slightly, and looked down at my arm again, seeing how Brahms carefully wrapped it up.

“All done.” he said, and tilted my head up again my putting his index finger under my chin.

“Now promise me you won’t do something like that to yourself ever again.” he said, staring into my eyes. His eyes had now shifted to those soft, brown ones.

“I promise.” I whispered, feeling how tears started rolling down my cheeks again.

He nodded slightly, and wrapped an arm around my shoulder.

“Good.”

Brahms led me back to my room, and ordered me to sit down on my bed, which I did. I looked up at him where he stood at the foot of my bed.

He had changed his outfit again. This time he was wearing the same pair of grey trousers he was wearing when I walked in on him in the bathroom, only now he was wearing something on his upper body. A navy blue knitted jumper, hugging his body perfectly by showing of his broad shoulders, muscular arms, and fit torso.

“Why are you staring at me?” I asked him. “I can’t hurt myself, you flushed the razor down the toilet.”

“I know, but I don’t want to leave you alone.” he said, and crossed his arms.

I rolled my eyes and looked down at my arm, fiddling with the bandage.

“You can stop pretending to care about me.” I mumbled.

“What?”

“I said,” I looked up at him again. “You can stop pretending to care about me!”

“What do you mean by that?” Brahms growled, his eyes shifting into those dark ones he got when he was angry.

“You don’t care about me, Brahms. I don’t know why you are forcing me to be here, claiming that I am yours, even though I’m not. But I am getting tired of you pretending that you care about me when you make it so obvious that you don’t!” I spat, feeling how my guilt and sadness turned into anger.

“And what is that?” Brahms spat back, his voice rumbling, pointing at my arm. “Didn’t I just take care of you?”

“You did it so I wouldn’t die!” I screamed in pure anger. “You only want me here for your own purposes! You don’t care about me, you only want to use me as some kind of slave!”

I could see how Brahms’ muscles tensed, and his hands formed into fists, yet he didn’t say anything, which only fed my anger.

“You are too possessive, thinking that everything is yours, even though they aren’t! You also have some serious anger issues you need to work on!”

I stood up from the bed, completely driven by adrenaline, and walked up to him where he stood, in the same tense position.
“You’re a monster, Brahms! Do you understand? You are a monster!” I screamed, and pushed him, but he didn’t budge. “No wonder why Greta left you!”

That last sentence slipped out, and I instantly regretted it, seeing the effect it had on Brahms. His eyes were filled with something I had never seen before. Something way worse than any type of anger I had witnessed.

In one swift movement he had grabbed me by the collar of my shirt, and pressed me up against the wall, my feet dangling over the floor.

“How dare you utter her name?” he screamed in a dark, rumbling voice. A voice so intense that it could drown the sounds of thunder.

“Let go of me!” I screamed, my hands helplessly grasping onto his, my nails digging into his skin.

“You’ve taken it too far this time!”

Brahms threw me over one of his broad shoulders, and walked away with me. I was kicking and screaming, trying to get away from his grasp, without any luck. I was still angry, but most of it had been washed over by fear. I heard how he was pulling down the trapdoor to the attic, and started climbing up the ladder.

“No! What are you doing?” I screamed as I continued to slam my fists into his back. “Let go of me!”

Brahms put me down in an old rocking chair, and found a rope to tie me to it with. He didn’t say anything, I could only hear how his breathing was rapid, and how low growl echoed from underneath his mask.

He shot me one last glare, filled with rage, before he climbed down the ladder, and closed the trapdoor shut, leaving me in the gloomy darkness.

“Fuck off!” I screamed after him. “I hate you!”

I squirmed around in the rocking chair, trying to get out from the ropes. To my surprise I managed to slip out of them. I rushed over to the closed trapdoor and started slamming my fists onto it, hoping it would open.

My hands started hurting after awhile, and I realised that there was no way I could get out. With a deep sigh I spun around, hiding my face in the palm of my hands, wondering how long he would keep me up here.

When I looked up I saw a window. It was sealed, and it had a broken broomstick inbetween two of the boards. I rushed over to it and started jerking the broomstick. With a grunt I managed to get it out, and I used it in attempt to open the trapdoor once again. But as I suspected, it didn’t budge. Neither did it work on the window.

I let out a loud scream, releasing the last bit of anger and energy I had. I sat down in the rocking chair again and started rocking back and forth. I couldn’t do anything but wait until Brahms let me out again.
Beauty and the Beast

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year! :D

I hope you had an awesome end to this, very, awful year.

FYI: I use the story of Beauty and the Beast in this chapter (as you can see in the title) but it's from the book by Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont, and not the Disney movie.

Other than that; I hope you enjoy this chapter. :)

I was surprised that I had managed to fall asleep in the uncomfortable rocking chair. When I woke up the sun was streaming in through the sealed window, and I had to squint my eyes at first.

After I had gotten used to the light, I stood up, and walked over to the trapdoor. It was still closed, and I tried one more time to slam my fists onto it, but it didn’t budge this time either. I was still angry, and the fact that Brahms had just left me here overnight, not giving a shit whether or not I would be fine, only made me fed my anger.

I let out a groan and started looking around the attic instead, trying to find something, but I didn’t know what I was looking for. Something to distract me I supposed.

Out of all the junk that was up here, a pile of books caught my eye. That was a perfect distraction. I walked over to it and started searching through the pile. There were alot of books I had never heard of, but there was one book in particular that I recognized.

“Beauty and the Beast.”

I scoffed. How incredibly stupid, and ironic. A girl who is trapped with a hideous monster in his huge castle-like home. Him being possessive, thinking that she belongs to him, while she doesn’t have alot to live for, her family treating her like shit. Him keeping her locked up like a prisoner in his home.

Nonetheless, I started reading it since I had nothing better to do.

I was so caught up in the story that I didn’t even notice when the trapdoor was opened until Brahms was standing before me.

“What are you reading?” he asked, his voice still dark, rumbling like thunder, but I could tell that he tried to make peace with me, despite his rage.

“Why do you care?” I spat, and looked up at him.

He let out a deep sigh, and clenched his hands into fists.

“Fine. Stay here for another day.” he growled, and turned around, heading for the ladder.
“No, wait!” I said. “I’m sorry. Please let me out, Brahms.”

“Come on then.” he said in a low voice, and reached out his hand for me to take.

“Do I have to hold your hand?” I asked hesitantly.

“Yes. Now come on before I change my mind.”

I sighed and took his hand, holding onto the book tightly with my other hand as we climbed down. It was hard to do so since ours hands were intertwined, and I held a book in the other. Brahms climbed down first, and lifted me down the ladder when he saw that I struggled to balance without my hands.

“I’m hungry.” I mumbled, and walked away from Brahms, heading to the kitchen. I didn’t want to be with him, I was still angry, and also humiliated that he had to lift me down from the ladder like I was a little child.

I placed the book on the kitchen island, and started preparing a big breakfast as I hadn’t eaten since yesterday morning. I heard how Brahms walked into the room, and sat down on a stool by the kitchen island, watching my every step, but I ignored him.

He followed me into the dining room as well, watching me as I ate. And as always he didn’t touch his own food. Everything was how it used to be, except for the tension between the two of us, and the fact that neither of us said anything to each other.

As I washed the dishes I thought of what had happened last night. The image of Brahms being so out of himself would never leave my mind. It was a miracle how he had managed to contain himself. Maybe I did mean something to him after all.

“Beauty and the Beast?” Brahms said from behind me.

I spun around and saw that he held the book in one hand, while holding his empty plate in the other one.

“Yes,” I said simply. “Haven’t you read that before?”

Brahms shook his head, continuing to look at the book. I took the plate from his hand, eyeing him while doing so. He was looking at the book like it was the most interesting thing he had ever seen in his entire life. He was so caught up by the bunch of printed papers that he didn’t even react when I took the plate.

“Read it for me.” he demanded when I was done with the dishes.

I stared at him with wide eyes. What had made him think that everything was forgotten? That everything was fine now, all rainbows and sunshine.

“First we have to take care of your arm.” he said, and nodded towards it.

I looked down at it, seeing that the bandage was stained with blood, and pulled it up to my chest. No way that he was getting anywhere near me and my arm.

“I can do that myself, thank you very much.” I spat, and spun around, walking to the bathroom.

To my surprise, he didn’t object. He didn’t even follow me.

I sat down on the toilet, and started unwrapping the bloody bandage. Everything went fine until I accidently made the wounds start bleeding again. I didn’t even know how I did it, and I didn’t notice
it until I felt the blood drip onto my jeans.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed, and started ripping paper off from the toilet roll, covering my arm in it before trying to get the blood off my jeans.

“Need any help?” Brahms chuckled from the door frame.

I looked up at him, glaring at him where he stood with crossed arms, his eyes glistening from behind his mask as he was probably smiling underneath it. The sight of me struggling was probably one of his favourite things in the world, that sadistic prick. I wouldn’t let him get the satisfaction.

“I’m fine.” I spat, and reached over to get some more paper, only to knock down the toilet roll. I swore as it started rolling across the floor, towards Brahms.

He chuckled once again, and picked it up before walking over to me. Without asking, he grabbed my arm and cleaned it with the same procedure as yesterday, wrapping it up in a fresh bandage.

“Now,” he said and helped me up from the toilet. “Time for some reading.”

“And who said I agreed to read for you?” I asked, crossing my arms.

“You owe me that.”

“I do?” I scoffed. Unbelievable. Was he really thinking that I would do something for him?

“Yes. Come on now.” he said, and took my hand, leading me down the stairs, and into the lounge. I tried protesting, jerking my hand away from him, but he was stronger than me. All he had to do was squeeze my hand in a tighter grip.

He sat me down in the sofa, and handed me the book. I looked at it, then up at him. He motioned for me to take the book, which I did after I let out a deep sigh, and rolled my eyes. Only to prove to him that I still hadn’t forgiven him.

Brahms looked pleased nonetheless, and sat down next to me, looking at me, his brown eyes filled with anticipation.

I opened the book and took a deep breath before starting to read it. I had to make peace with him, or else I wouldn’t be able to call Greta. He would watch me over me like a hawk watched over its prey, and he would notice if I was gone for too long.

We read the whole day, only taking a break over lunch. When I read the last sentence, and closed the book, it was dark outside. I had somehow ended up in Brahms’ lap over time, and I was now feeling uncomfortable sitting there. His large hands resting on my thighs as my butt was pressed against his crotch.

“I liked that book.” he said in a low voice, right next to my ear, the cold material of his mask brushing against me.

“Really?” I said quietly, looking down at the hands engulfing my thighs. His hands were huge, they could probably snap my neck like a popsicle. “What was your favourite part?”

Brahms was quiet, probably trying to think of what to answer. Meanwhile the tension grew between us. My body was paralyzed in his lap, feeling how his chest rose and sunk against my back.
“The part where Beauty sees in the mirror that the Beast dies, because he is heartbroken about her leaving him. She then spins her ring, coming back for him. She admits that she loves him, even though he is hideous, and they get married, and live happily ever after.”

“Why do you like that part?” I asked, my eyes fixated at his hands which had started to rub my thighs up and down.

“Because the Beast truly cared about Beauty, and he got love in return.” he said, his hands travelling up to my thighs, stopping by my hips, where he pulled me even closer to his chest.

“Instead of hatred.” he whispered with gritted teeth into my ear.

I swallowed hard, not knowing how to respond. My heart had started racing in my chest, beating like war drums.

Without any notice, Brahms lifted me up, and spun me around so that I faced him, his hands holding me in place with a steady grip by my hips.

“Doesn’t that sound lovely, pretty Gracie?” he purred, and squeezed my hips.

“It sure does.” I breathed, not being able to look away from those dark eyes of his. “Too bad it’s just a fairytale."

I felt how Brahms’ fingertips twitched, and he took a deep breath.

“It doesn’t have to be.” he whispered, and pressed his forehead against mine.

“Life can’t be like fairytales, Brahms. I thought you understood that.” I whispered, and shook my head slightly, yet I didn’t move away from him. It was like I was in a trance.

Brahms didn’t answer. Silence filled the room, the only thing being heard were the both of us breathing heavily. His hands travelled up my shirt, caressing my back. I gripped onto his shoulders as he slowly started grinding against me.

I bit my bottom lip. I knew this wasn’t right. I knew I had to tell him to stop, but I couldn’t. A burning sensation erupted in my stomach, and I felt my legs starting to tremble. Brahms’ eyes had closed shut. He nuzzled his face into the crook of my neck, letting out a low moan which sent an electric shock through my body.

My body automatically started grinding against him as well, and I felt how the fabric of his trousers got tighter because of his growing bulge. I let out a soft moan, and let my hands slide around his neck, my fingers tangling themselves in his hair as I moved closer to him, craving his touch. It had been a while since I had felt this kind of pleasure, making it close to impossible to resist.

Brahms’ hands travelled down, placing themselves on my butt, squeezing it as he used his hands to motion me to his desired pace. I felt how his hair started to get sweaty, and his breathing was heavy, and shaky. I couldn’t help but to let out a moan in pleasure, causing Brahms to twitch underneath me.

I moved my head down to his neck, and started leaving wet kisses along it, owning a moan from Brahms. I knew he was close. I could feel it my the way his motions got sloppier by the second, and how his fingers continuously twitched where they rested on my butt.

I moved closer to his ear, and let out another moan, causing him to go over the edge. He squeezed tightly onto my butt as he let out a deep groan, making the warm pit in my stomach grow. I
continued to ride him throughout his climax, which eventually led to my climax as well. I felt how my body turned into a trembling mess, as I gripped tightly onto his curly hair for support.

We sat still in the same position, trying to catch our breaths. My head rested onto his shoulder, while his face was nuzzled into my hair. I felt how my shirt clung to my sweaty body, and my hands were clammy, still tangled in his, equally as sweaty, hair.

The sudden realization of what had just happened occurred to me. What had I done.
Chapter Notes

Hey!

I almost forgot to upload today, whoops. Luckily I remembered, and rushed to upload it, so if there are any mistakes, I'm sorry.

Anyways, thank you all so much for the support and feedback I've gotten so far. I can't thank you enough! I promise to keep uploading throughout 2017, and I can't wait to see how you guys are going to react to the things I have in mind! :) (If there are any complications I will inform you guys beforehand.)

Enjoy this cute little chapter! <3

“I-I-” I stuttered, standing up from the sofa, and backing away from Brahms where he sat.

He looked at me, his hair a curly mess on top of his head, clinging to his mask due to the sweat.

“Good night.” I said quietly, and walked with a quick pace up to the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

I stepped into the shower, letting the warm water run down my body, soothing me. I couldn't believe what I had just done. What happened downstairs was a mistake, a big one. I was angry at myself for not resisting, angry at myself for actually liking what had happened deep down. Why did I like it? I did not like him. He knew I was vulnerable, and took advantage of me. Of course he did, he was a monster, a maniac. He didn’t have any real feelings.

When I got out of the shower, and opened the door, Brahms stood outside, like always. He had changed his trousers to a pair of black ones, and had changed his shirt into a navy blue button up.

“Why did you leave so quickly?” he asked, his eyes wandering over my body.

“I am tired,” I lied, covering my wounded arm with my hand. I didn’t want him to see what it looked like without the bandage, I was still ashamed of what I did. “I want to sleep.”

He took a step forward, and took my arm, holding it gently in his large hand. I didn’t care to resist, knowing it would piss him off.

“It looks better.” he said, and looked at me. “Don’t you think?”

I nodded slowly, and pulled my arm away from his grip.

“Good night, Brahms.” I said with a squeaky voice, and started walking towards my room. I needed to get away from him. My heart was still beating rapidly in my chest, but I didn’t know if it was for what had happened downstairs, or if it was because of him.

I felt him grip my wrist, spinning me around again to look at him.
“It’s only six o’clock, we haven’t even eaten dinner yet.”

“I’m not hungry.” I said quickly, and tried to jank out of his grip, but he held on tight.

Brahms cocked his head to the side, his eyes narrowing slightly. He pulled me closer to him, moving his hands to my hips.

“What’s wrong, pretty Gracie?” he said with his chime-like childish voice, sending a shiver down my spine.

“I hate that voice.” I murmured, looking down at the floor.

Brahms let out a small chuckle.

“Well?” he said with his normal voice.

“I’m fine,” I lied. “There’s nothing wrong, I’m just tired.”

“No, you’re lying. I can tell.” he said with a low voice.

“Please just let me go, Brahms.” I whispered weakly, feeling tears prick behind my eyelids. It was all too much. Everything that had happened today was hard to handle.

“Fine.”

He let his hands slide down my hips, and put them behind his back. I looked up at him, and gave a weak smile, as a thanks, before turning around, walking into my room.

I got dressed into a grey tank top, and a pair of red pyjama shorts before laying down in my bed, pulling up the duvet to cover my body. My mind was raising, everything was a huge mess. First Jay’s death, caused by my father, who still hadn’t been caught, putting Carly in danger, and then this. And it was all my fault. It was my fault that Jay was dead, my fault that Carly was now in danger, and it was my fault for letting Brahms take advantage of me.

I felt how tears started rolling down my cheeks, and I turned my head to bury my face in the pillow, drowning my sobs. I gripped the pillow tightly, holding onto it for some kind of support while I was uncontrollably sobbing, tears wetting the soft fabric.

The door was suddenly opened, and I heard footsteps approach the bed, but I didn't move or care to look up from the pillow.

“What are you doing?” Brahms asked, his voice echoing like it always did behind the mask.

“Just leave me alone, Brahms.” I sobbed, the words coming out muffled as they drowned in the pillow.

“Are you crying?”

“No.”

“Yes, you are.” he said, and walked over to sit down beside me on the bed. “You can’t lie to me, love. I see straight through you.”

I looked up at him, seeing that he held a tray in his hands. A tray with a sandwich and a glass of milk.
“Did you make that?” I asked, and nodded towards the tray.

He looked down at it, and nodded slightly.

“I did. For you.”

“Thanks, but I’m not hungry.” I said and turned around, facing the wall instead of him.

I heard him sigh, and put down the tray beside him on the bed. I felt how he gripped my shoulder, and turned me around to look at him.

“Eat.” he demanded, yet not aggressively.

I didn’t move. I didn’t want to eat, I wasn’t hungry.

“Please.” he said with his disgustingly sweet, childish voice, cocking his head slightly to the side.

“Fine.” I mumbled, wanting to get rid of him, and that horrible voice.

I sat up, while he scooted the tray closer to me. I ate the sandwich in silence, avoiding Brahms’ intense stare. The sandwich was plain, and it felt dry in my mouth. If it was because I was dehydrated, or for the lack of butter on it, I didn’t know. Nonetheless I forced the sandwich down my throat, washing it down with the milk.

“Good.” he said after I was finished, and put the tray on the nightstand next to the bed.

“Can I go to sleep now?” I asked quietly.

“Yes.”

“Thank you.” I said, and laid down, pulling the covers up to my chin, and turning away from him. Trying to indicate that I wanted to be alone.

But Brahms didn’t leave me. Not that it surprised me, or anything. I was used to him being glued to me like a leech. Instead he put an arm around my waist, and laid down beside me, pulling me to his chest.

“Brahms…” I mumbled, getting annoyed by his presence.

“Hush, pretty Gracie.” he whispered into the crook of my neck.

“I want to be alone.” I said with gritted teeth as I tried to get out of his grip.

“No. I won’t leave you.” he spun me around, and looked into my eyes. “You’re sad.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

Brahms’ eyes wandered all over my face, examining every single detail of it, but he didn’t say anything.

“You know what it feels like to lose someone you care about.” I whispered, feeling how my eyes got watery again. “And I also know that you were listening when Carly was calling yesterday.”

His brown eyes locked with mine. He moved his finger to my face, and stroke some hair away from it before letting it slide to rest at the back of my head. I could feel how he tangled his fingers in my hair as he pulled me closer to him, my face resting in the crook of his neck. His course beard was
scratching against the side of my face. It was uncomfortable, but I couldn’t move in his tight grip.

“Brahms, I-” I started, but Brahms hushed me, starting to stroke my hair while his other arm snaked itself tighter around my waist.

“No,” I shook my head, and pushed back a little so I could look into his eyes.” I need to talk to you about what happened downstairs.”

“Okay.”

“I-It was a mistake, okay?” I stuttered, seeing how his eyes got a darker tint to them. “I was upset, vulnerable, and I just needed the comfort. But that doesn’t mean what we did is something that’s going to become a habit, an everyday thing.”

Brahms’ gripped my hair tighter, and his eyes started roaming around my face sceptically.

“Please don’t react that way. You know that I don’t want you.” I sighed, and rubbed my hands over my face.

“But you do.” he said with a raspy voice, pulling me closer to him.

“No, Brahms. I don’t.” I said with a stern voice, and pushed myself away from his grip.

“Yes, you do. I know that because you told your friend that she couldn’t come here.” he said, looking straight into my eyes.

“I did that to protect her.” I explained, my voice turning aggressive. “Protect her from you.”

“No. You told her she couldn’t come because you know I don’t want any other people than you here.” he said, and shook his head.

I let out a sigh.

“Yes, partly. I don’t want her to get hurt, and I know that you would not only hurt me if she came here.”

Brahms didn’t answer, all he did was continue to look at me.

“I’ve already lost one of my closest friends, and I don’t want to lose another one.” I said, my voice cracking as tears started welling up in my eyes.

“Do you think she’s going to get hurt?” he asked quietly.

“If they don’t catch my father before that, then yes.” I whispered, letting the tears roll down my cheeks and land on the pillow.

Brahms reached out and gripped my arms, pulling me close to his chest again. His strong arms surrounded me, one around my waist while the other one was around my shoulders. I felt protected in embrace. For the first time ever.

I cried harder, and sneaked my arms around his neck, burying my face in the crook of his neck. Brahms rubbed soothing circles with his thumbs, trying to calm me down. I didn’t care at the time that Brahms was a monster who held me captive. All that mattered in that moment was that I needed support, and he gave that to me. He didn’t say anything, probably unsure of what he would say, but it didn’t matter to me. Just having his arms around me, like a safe haven, was enough.
We laid there for what seemed like forever, and I was surprised that he didn’t get fed up by my continuous crying, and walked away. He laid there ever so patiently, rubbing my back, soothing me. It felt nice knowing that I wasn’t alone, and even though Brahms didn’t say anything, I knew that he understood how I felt. He too had lost people he cared about.

My crying died out as I grew more tired, and Brahms reached over me to turn the light off, before going back to the same position. I fell asleep in his arms once again, only this time it wasn’t against my will. I was actually grateful for his presence.
To my surprise Brahms was still laying by my side when I woke up the next morning. He was gently stroking my cheek, trying to be as careful as possible not to wake me up.

“Hey.” I said softly as I opened my eyes, adjusting to the sunlight that was streaming in through the curtains.

“Did I wake you?” he asked, and pulled away his hand from me.

I shook my head no, giving him a weak smile.

“No, you didn’t.”

“Oh, okay.”

The room went silent, only us laying down, looking at each other.

“You didn’t leave.” I said after a while. “You usually leave after I’ve fallen asleep.”

Brahms looked down at my wrist, and took it in his hands, examining the scabby wounds.

“I can’t hurt myself anymore.” I said quietly, and shook my head. “You flushed down my razor, remember?”

I bit my lip anxiously. I could still hurt myself if I wanted to. I had two more razors hidden in the bureau, but Brahms didn’t know that. He didn’t have to know that.

“They are looking better, don’t you think?” he asked, and looked up at me again.

I nodded my head, and gave him a weak smile. Trying to suppress my anxiety that had started to build up inside of me.

“Sure.”

He sat up, and tilted his head to the side, his eyes narrowing.

“You look nervous.” he said with a low voice. “Are you hiding something?”

I shook my head quickly. He couldn’t know about it, it would probably only anger him.
“N-no, I’m just hungry.” I said with a small chuckle, flashing him a fake smile. “Let’s go and make some breakfast, shall we?”

I jumped out of bed, and opened the door, looking back at him where he sat on the bed.

“You coming?”

He nodded slowly, and got up from the bed, following me down to the kitchen.

“So, what do you want to do today?” I asked Brahms as I took a bite out of my sandwich.

He looked at me from the other side of the dining table, his hands resting in his lap.

“Follow the schedule.”

“Right. Of course.” I nodded slightly. “With you or the doll?”

“With me.” he said with a voice like it was the most obvious thing.

“Sure, but on one condition.” I leaned over the table, getting closer to him.

“What?”

“You’ll have to learn how to take care of yourself. You’ll have to do the things with me.”

He tilted his head to the side, his eyes narrowed.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that I’m going to teach you how to cook, do the dishes, clean, and all that.” I chuckled, leaning back onto the chair again.

Brahms looked at me, his eyes still narrowed, considering my offer.

“Fine.” he said after a while.

I smiled at him, and stood up from the chair, picking up the plate. I was glad that he agreed to it. It was going to be fun seeing him confused, and out of place. That didn’t make me a terrible person, did it?

“Great! Now eat quickly, I’ll be waiting for you in the kitchen.”

It didn’t take long until Brahms walked into the kitchen, his empty plate in his hand.

“Okay,” I said and hopped down from the kitchen counter where I had waited for him. “Now the first thing you do is fill the sink with water.”

He put the plates in the sink, and turned to me, his eyes looking straight into mine.

“I know how to wash dishes, Grace. I’m not stupid.”

“Of course not, sorry.” I apologized, and bit my bottom lip, giving him a quick nod. Maybe he wasn’t so helpless after all.

I watched him as he washed the dishes, drying them with a kitchen towel, and putting them back to their correct places. He clearly knew how to do the dishes, like he had stated, and he moved around
the kitchen so effortlessly, knowing exactly where everything went. It probably wasn’t so weird since it was his house.

“You know what to do next.” I said as he walked over to me.

He nodded, and walked towards the lounge, making sure I was following him.

“I want to read this book.” he said, and handed me a small book with a green cover.

“Oh no, sweetheart.” I said and shook my head. “You are going to read for me this time.”

Brahms looked at me, his eyes getting slightly darker, but he obeyed me.

He sat down on the sofa, gesturing for me to sit down beside him by patting the sofa. With a small smile I sat down beside him, leaning slightly towards him so I could read along with him. I felt his muscles tense a bit as he felt my chest press against him, but he didn’t pull back.

Brahms took a deep breath, and started reading the first page, but after about half a page I stopped him.

“I’m gonna be honest. It’s kinda hard to understand what you’re saying, Brahms.”

“What?” he said, looking down at me.

“Yeah. I think I would hear you better if you took of your mask.” I said hesitantly, already knowing in the back of my mind that he wouldn’t take the bait. “Your voice echoes too much.”

“You’ve never had that problem before.” he said, and crossed his arms.

“Well, I guess your voice gets more unclear when you’re reading.” I said jauntily, looking up at him.

“Please take the bait.” I thought to myself, seeing how his eyes wandered over my face, a small spark glistening in the corner of his eye.

“Nice try.” he scoffed, before turning back to the book, continuing to read for me.

We read for about an hour, and even though the book was incredibly boring, it was nice to hear him read for me. His voice somehow turned more soothing, and it was nice to see how he himself was so caught up in it. He was so passionate about books, it almost made him adorable. Almost.

“Now, let’s listen to some music.” Brahms said, and closed the book shut.

I nodded, and watched him as he placed the book back to its previous place. He shot me a quick glance before he walked over to the old gramophone, as if to see if I was still there. After him fiddling with it, changing the vinyldisc, some awful opera streamed out from it.

Brahms turned around, and put his hands behind his back, looking at me where I sat on the sofa.

“It’s a bit loud, don’t you think?” I asked, grimacing at the awful music.

He shook his head, causing his messy curls to whirl slightly.

“I like it loud.”

I let out a deep sigh, and leaned onto the armrest, thinking that this obnoxiously loud woman was
going to be the death of me. Brahms seemed to notice how uncomfortable I got since he turned back
to the gramophone and put on another song.

“You like this one, don’t you?” he asked as the familiar tune of “Air on the G String” streamed out
from the gramophone.

“I do, indeed.” I said with a nod.

“Me too,” Brahms said, and walked over to me, looking down at me where he towered over me. “It
reminds me of you.”

I didn’t know what to answer, instead I flashed him a quick smile before looking out the window,
too uncomfortable to look at him. I could feel how my cheeks heated up, and I could only imagine
the smirk Brahms wore underneath his mask.

After lunch, that I had cooked for us since Brahms had promised he would cook dinner instead, we
walked out to clean the traps. I asked him if he was the one who made the traps, showing the initials
I had found when I had cleaned them a couple of days prior. It was indeed him, but he didn’t think it
was a big deal at all.

We were now sitting by the piano, arguing.

“I’m not going to play for you!” I spat. “You are supposed to learn how to take care of yourself
today Brahms, so you should play for me!”

“I already now how to play, and I read for you today, so I think it’s more than fair that you play for
me!” he argued, his voice loud, and rough.

“Well, I made us lunch, so it’s your turn to do something!”

“But I said that I will make us dinner, so stop arguing with me and start playing already!”

“Fine!” I spat, turning back to the piano.

Brahms crossed his arms triumphantly, which only angered me more, but I decided to shake it off. I
didn’t want to piss him off more, or else he might get more strict with me, and what I’m doing, which
would make it harder for me to call Greta when I go grocery shopping next time.

I flipped through the pages of the music sheets, trying to find a song I wanted to play. I settled for
Brahms’ Lullaby, not only because it had his name in it, but also because it was short.

I could hear how Brahms let out a frustrated sigh from behind his mask as he saw what song I had
picked, but he didn’t object. He was quiet throughout the whole song, his arms staying crossed over
his chest.

“That was kind of unfair,” he said after I finished. “That song is so short. It’s too short.”

“You didn’t tell me what song you wanted to hear, and you didn’t say that it had to be a long song.”
I said to my defence, looking up at him to meet his gaze.

He let out yet another sigh, but didn’t say anything back. I got up from the stool, and started walking
towards the kitchen.

“Come on now, Brahms,” I called out as I walked away. “It’s time for you to make dinner.”
I could hear his footsteps behind me, the sound of his shoes tapping against the marble floor in the kitchen.

“How nice of you to cook for me Brahms. I appreciate it.” I teased, and sat down on one of the stools by the kitchen island, just like he always does.

He shot me a glare filled with anger and annoyance before turning his back on me to start preparing the meal for us.

It didn’t go so well for him. He could make sandwiches, sure, but when it came to cooking on a stove, he was completely lost. I ended up helping him, teaching him how to use everything correctly without burning down the whole house.

“You take the dishes this time, Brahmsy,” I said with a sweet voice as I helped him clear the table. “You were so good at it last time.”

He let out a low growl in disapproval, but did as I said.

“Time for a shower, Brahms.” I said after he was done, and motioned for him to go upstairs.

With hunched shoulders he walked up the stairs, and dissapeared into the bathroom. I waited for him outside, just like he does when I shower.

After a while, he opened the door, wearing nothing but a towel around his waist. I stared at him, still so unused to the sight of him without a shirt.

Brahms cleared his throat, causing me to wake up from my thoughts.

“Why aren’t you wearing a pyjamas, Brahms?” I said, and crossed my arms. “You are supposed to go to sleep.”

“Well, you didn’t really give me a pyjamas, or any clothing for that matter.” he chuckled, cocking his head to the side. “Does it bother you to see me like this?”

“Of course not.” I spat, feeling how my cheeks started heating up. “Now go to bed.”

“You’re supposed to tuck me in.” he said slowly, his eyes sparkling in the dim light.

“Well, you’re not a little kid anymore. It’s time to grow up.”

He walked closer to me, his bare chest only inches away from my face.

“Then atleast give me a kiss good night.” he demanded, leaning down closer to my face, droplets of water dripping from his dark curls, and onto my shirt.

“Fine.” I said, and pecked the mask quickly on the lips before rushing away from him, and into my room, trying to ignore the burning sensation in my stomach, and my heated cheeks.
The next morning I woke up, and got straight into the shower.

As I got dressed into a grey knitted dress, with a pair of black stockings underneath, I could smell something from outside my room. Something burnt.

I hopped into my pair of black boots, and sprinted down the stairs, following the awful smell into the kitchen.

“Brahms?” I asked as I stepped into the room, seeing how he stood by the stove, wavering his arms around to get rid of the black smoke that rose from the pan. “What’s going on?”

He was coughing as he turned around at the sound of my voice.

“I was trying to make breakfast for you, but it didn’t go so well.”

I started laughing, unable to contain it. I walked over to him, and lifted the pan from the stove to the sink.

“It’s not funny!” he said with a stern voice, crossing his arms like a little kid.

“I’m sorry,” I said, calming down from my laughing fit. “It was a nice gesture, Brahms.”

I walked over to him, and put my hands on his crossed arms, looking up at him.

“But next time you should probably do something that doesn’t require a stove. I don’t want you to burn the house down.”

He nodded, and let his arms slide down to rest my his sides.

“Now, let’s make something together, shall we?” I suggested calmly.

“Okay.” he said simply.

After we had eaten, and washed the dishes together, I took him by the hand, and led him up to my bedroom.

“Grace, what are you doing?” he asked slowly, his eyes narrowing.

I looked at him where he stood in the door frame in his dark trousers, and red jumper, with a white button-up underneath it, its collar sticking out by the neck. I had to admit to myself that I liked that
outfit, it looked good on him.

“Oh, calm down, Brahmsy.” I said, and grabbed him by his hands, pulling him further into the room.

“I’m confused.” he said, looking down at me where I stood only a few inches away.

“There’s no need to be. I am going to teach you how to make the bed.”

I chuckled, seeing how confused eyes closed shut as he let out a deep sigh. He was tired of my shit now, I could tell.

“No, I don’t want to.” he groaned.

“It’s important.” I said, and walked over to the bed. “Come on now.”

He let out yet another groan, but walked over to me where I stood, and let me teach him how to make a bed in the most neat way. It was a bit messy at first, but he got better for each time he did it.

“Please don’t let me do anything else that is as boring as this.” Brahms said after I had approved his embedding.

“No, what we are going to do now is much more fun.” I said with a smile.

He looked at me, waiting for me to tell him what we were going to do next.

“Well?”

“Come on.” I giggled, and took his hand, leading him to the washing machine.

“No.” he said shortly as he saw it before him, shaking his head repeatedly while crossing his arms.

“I’m not doing this.”

“Yes, you are. It’s time to grow up.” I chuckled, and picked up the laundry basket that stood beside the machine.

“Now, I’m going to be nice. I will pick up everything that needs to get washed, if you get your own clothes from your room.” I said, and gave the basket to him, knowing he didn’t like me being down there.

He shot me a glare of annoyance, but took the basket before stomping away towards his little lair. Probably by one of the secret doors in the panel wall, somewhere in the house.

I smiled to myself as I walked around the house, picking up things I thought needed washing. It was fun to boss Brahms around, just like he had been doing to me before. Seeing him under my power sent a boost of confidence, and made me feel happy.

I waited for Brahms by the laundry machine, but he didn’t show up. I let out a frustrated sigh, and walked into my room, and into the closet where I crawled into his little trapdoor in the wall.

The inside of the walls were still unfamiliar to me, and it was hard to know where I was in the house. I walked around in the huge maze, determined to find Brahms somewhere.

Somehow I managed to find his room. I walked in to find him laying on his bed with a book in his hands.

“Brahms, what the fuck?” I sighed, and walked up to him. “You had one task.”
He seemed startled, and quickly put the book down beside him, sitting up in the bed.

“Don’t swear.” he said in a low voice. “I don’t like it.”

“Well, I don’t like it when you don’t do as I say.” I spat, and put my hands on my hips.

“And I don’t like when you barge into my room.” he countered, looking straight into my eyes.

“Too bad, mister.” I spat, and walked closer to him, stopping only inches away from him. “I wouldn’t have had to go down here if you would’ve just listened to me in the first place.”

He looked up at me, his brown eyes glistening in the light from the lamp on his bedstand. With a quiet hum, he pulled me down onto his lap, holding me by the hips. I let out a squeal in the process, not prepared for his sudden movements.

“What are you going to do about it?” he whispered with a raspy voice, leaning closer to my face.

“Oh, you are going to clean the whole house all by yourself for the rest of your life.” I said, putting my hands on his shoulders. I had no idea how I could manage to stay so confident, knowing that I had no power in his grasp around me.

He let out a chuckle, and shook his head.

“Love, I think you’ve forgotten that I am the one in control in this house.”

“Not anymore.” I said simply, and shook my head, my lips curving into a small smirk. The confidence was still driving me and my actions, I couldn’t seem to turn it off.

“Oh really?” he said, and flipped me so I was laying down on the bed, him on top of me. “How about now?”

I swallowed hard, feeling my heart race, but I shook my head nonetheless.

“What has gotten into pretty Gracie today?” he said with his chiming childish voice, sending a shiver down my spine.

“Stop it, I hate that voice.” I said, and gave him a light push.

“I know.” he said with his normal voice, lowering himself so that his body was pressed against mine, as well as the mask that was pressed against my forehead.

My breathing became heavier, and more shaky, as I could hear my heartbeat in my ears. My confidence was gone now, and replaced with nervosity. I didn’t want this to spin out of control.

“Brahms, what are you doing?” I breathed, looking into his eyes.

“Scared?” he asked with a dark voice.

I shook my head no, even though I was, deep inside. He was so much bigger than me, and I knew I wouldn’t be able to do anything if he started acting out.

Brahms let out a low hum as his hands travelled up under my dress. His fingers tapping against my thighs as he passed them, and up to my stomach where they stopped.

He looked down at my body, seeing the exposed skin of my stomach, as well as my underwear, and let out a deep sigh.
“God, you are so beautiful.” he said under his breath, and looked back up at me again, his hands continuing to travel up, only to stop by my bra this time. Goosebumps formed on my skin as those words off his tongue, the tingling, almost burning, sensation forming in my stomach.

I didn’t know what to do. A part of me wanted to tell him so stop, to let me go, but another part of me liked the way his warm touch felt against me, liked the way he was dominating me.

Brahms kept his gaze locked with mine as he slowly started rubbing his thumbs over my bra. I could see how his adam’s apple bobbed, and how his breathing was as heavy as mine, if not even more.

“Brahms,” I finally said, putting my hands up to his chest, gently pushing him away from me. “We need to clean the house.”

He let out a frustrated sigh, but did as I said, letting go of my bra, and sitting up straight.

“Have you collected your clothes?” I asked, trying to calm my breathing down.

“No.” he said quietly, and stood up, throwing pieces of clothing into the laundry basket he had placed beside the bed.

I watched him as he did so, pulling down my dress in the process. I couldn’t let things get out of control like that ever again. Maybe next time I won’t be able to stop him, neither will I be able to stop myself. It had almost happened twice now. Never again.

“I’m ready.” he said, holding the basket in his arms.

“Good.” I flashed him a quick smile, and stood up from the bed. “You lead the way. I get lost in here.” I chuckled nervously.

He nodded, and started walking, me following him a couple of steps behind, still trying to process what had happened in his room.

We spent the rest of the day cleaning the house. I taught him how to vacuum, mop, and iron. Although he was very negative towards everything, he still did as I told him, and he caught up surprisingly quick. I was actually impressed by him.

“Can we do something fun now?” he asked, sitting down on the sofa.

“Go to sleep? It’s late.” I said with a chuckle.

“But Grace!” he whined, sounding like a little kid in a toy store who doesn’t get the big plushy he wants. “We haven’t done anything remotely fun today!”

“Well, we can have fun tomorrow.” I said, and took his hands, trying to pull him up from the sofa.

With a deep sigh he stood up, and followed me as I walked up to my room.

“Good night, Brahms.” I said, standing in the door frame.

“You forgot something.” he said, and tilted his head to the side. His eyes having that familiar spark to them. The spark that appeared whenever he was excited, or playful.

I looked at him for a while, trying to figure out what he meant.

“Oh.” I said quietly as I remembered that he wanted his good night kiss.
I took a step closer to him, and got up on my toes to kiss his mask, my hands resting on his chest to steady myself. I could hear him sigh from underneath it, and his hands found their way around my waist, pulling me closer to him.

“Brahms, you have to let go of me now.” I breathed against his mask.

He stood still for a while, holding me close, before nodding slightly. He let me go, and connected his hands behind his back.

“Good night, pretty Gracie.” he said in a low voice, eyeing me from top to toe. “Good night.” I smiled, and closed the door behind me.
Peaceful Strolls

Chapter Notes

Hey!

This chapter is a bit longer than usual, and hopefully I'll be able to make the rest of the upcoming chapters at this length.

Thank you all so much for the support you've given me, it makes me really, really happy.

Enjoy! :)

“Time to wake up, pretty Gracie.” I heard Brahms say, his voice sounding surprisingly happy.

I turned around in the bed, and pulled the duvet over my head. I didn’t want to get out of bed while he was watching me, it felt weird.

“Go away.” I mumbled.

He let out a chuckle, and I could hear how his footsteps approached, stopping right by the bed. With a small groan he pulled the duvet off of my body, exposing me where I laid in my pink pyjamas shorts, and black t-shirt.

“You promised we would have fun today.” he said with his chime-like voice, causing me to grimace. There was no words that could describe how much I despised it when he spoke like that.

“Not if you are going to use that voice.” I mumbled, running my hands over my tired face.

He let out yet another chuckle, and bent down to pick me up bridal style.

I squealed, and begged him to put me down, but he refused.

“You need to get up now.” he said.

I let my hands slide down my face, squinting at him. I tried to ignore the tingling feeling that surged in my stomach.

“I can walk by myself, you know?”

“It’s nicer this way.” he said simply, and started walking out of the room.

“Well, I don’t think so.” I said hesitantly, trying to calm down. I couldn’t possibly feel like this, not towards him.

“Too bad. You had your chance.”

I had to wrap my arms around his neck as he walked down the stairs as he started shaking his arms - probably on purpose-, which made it feel like he was going to drop me. My heart started racing as I was incredibly close to his face, his rough beard scratching against my forehead.
“Could you please put me down now, thanks?” I asked Brahms when we had reached the kitchen.

He hesitated before nodding slightly, putting me down. He eyed me up and down where I stood before him, in only my pyjamas. I crossed my arms over my chest in attempt to feel less exposed, but it didn’t really help.

“What do you want, Brahms?” I asked quietly, feeling how cold my feet felt against the marble floor.

“Well,” he said, and walked past me. “I want you to help me make breakfast, of course.”

“Is that why you carried me down here?” I asked, and turned around, seeing how he had picked up a frying pan. “To make you breakfast?”

“I don’t want any time to go to waste. You promised me we would have fun today, remember?”

I recalled what I had said to him yesterday in the lounge, and sighed deeply. I wasn’t going to get away with that. I had told him that we would have fun today, and I knew that Brahms wouldn’t let that opportunity slip away.

“Can I atleast take a shower first?” I asked, and gesticulated at my body, showing him that I was still in my pyjamas.

He looked at me, his eyes narrowing slightly, before letting out a deep sigh, nodding his head.

“Fine.” he said in a low voice. “But hurry up, will you?”

“Yeah, yeah.” I sighed in annoyance, and started walking up towards the bathroom.

He was always so controlling. Was he thinking that I would purposely take a longer time in the shower just because I didn’t want to spend time with him? Well, he wasn’t wrong. That was actually what I was planning to do.

I turned on the water, and stripped down until I was completely naked. I looked down at my arm, carefully running my fingers along the dark red, almost black, scabs. They looked hideous, but atleast they were healing properly. That was all because of Brahms, even though I would never say that to his face, or mask. If he hadn’t rushed in and patched me up, who knows where I would’ve been?

I shook my head, not wanting to go down that path, and got into the shower, letting the warm water soak me. Everything I did in the shower, I did with a slower pace, trying to waste time that I would have to spend with Brahms. As I lathered my body for the second time I heard the door open.

“What the fuck?” I exclaimed, peeking my head out from the curtain shower. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Brahms looked at me, his eyes having a slightly dark tint to them. He didn’t seem to think he had crossed any boundaries by barging in on me, which made me angry.

“You are taking too long.” he said, and crossed his arms over his chest.

I rolled my eyes at him, he was acting like a little child.

“I’m taking the time I need.” I spat, and cocked an eyebrow at him.

“No, you don’t need this much time. You don’t usually take this long in the shower, I know that.” he stated, and shook his head, causing his curls to bounce around his head.
“Don’t be such a child, Brahms. Get out.” I gave him an angry look before retreating behind the curtain again.

I listened as Brahms let out a small growl. It took a while before I could hear his footsteps, and the door slamming behind him as he walked out of the room.

Maybe I was being a bit childish as well. I did actually force him to do chores two days in a row, and I did promise him we would do something fun today. If I did as he wished, then maybe I would benefits in the future. If I’ll be good to him, then he’ll be good to me.

“Okay, Brahms.” I said after we had eaten breakfast together, and jumped up on the kitchen island. “What do you want to do today? You’re in charge today.”

Brahms was standing with his back against me, looking out the window.

“I want to take a walk outside,” he said in a low voice, and turned around to look at me. “With you, pretty Gracie.”

I nodded, and gave him a small smile.

“Sounds good. Go get your jacket and I’ll meet you by the front door.”

The chilly wind pinched my cheeks as I walked outside. It was cloudy, but it was enough sunlight for Brahms to squint as he walked up beside me. I wrapped my red wool coat tighter around my body to block out the continuous winds that blew past.

“You okay?” I asked with a small chuckle, looking up where he stood, his hands in the pockets of his grey coat, and his eyes wandering around the property, scanning every detail of it.

He looked down to meet my gaze, his eyes shifting to a slight puzzled expression.

“Of course,” he said, and shifted a bit so he could take a better look at me. “Why would you ask that?”

“I don’t know.” I shrugged my shoulders, and buttoned the large black buttons on my coat to secure me from the wind. “You look a bit uncomfortable, that’s all.”

“It has been awhile since I was outside.” he mumbled, and looked away from me, towards the green forest that towered before us.

I nodded slowly, not knowing how to respond. An uneasy feeling crept up my spine, but I tried my best to ignore it. I didn’t want to make things worse because of a feeling I had. I had promised Brahms to do whatever he wanted today, and I wasn’t going to break that promise. I wasn’t even sure why I felt so uneasy.

“Shall we?” Brahms said with a sigh, and reached out his arm for me to take. I looked up at him and gave him a small smile before taking his arm, my hand lightly squeezing his bicep.

We walked around the house, through the passageway, looking at the beautiful late autumn nature, and the statues standing here and there in the garden. We were quiet most of the time. Only the birds chirping in the distance, and the trees slowly being rocked my the cold wind. I didn’t know what to talk about, and Brahms was busy taking in every detail of the scenery, the statues, and the passageway. It was weird seeing how intrigued he was by his own property, his own home.

“Why are you staring at everything so intensely?” I asked with a hesitant chuckle. “It’s like you
haven’t been outside for ten years.”

Brahms finally turned his head, and looked down at me for the first time during this stroll. His eyes had that rare brown tint to them, the tint that I had only seen a few times before. The tint that looked like sadness.

“It’s been almost twenty-one, actually.” he said, and let go of my arm, taking a step back from me.

I laughed softly, shaking my head. But my laughter soon died out when I saw the expression in his eyes. They had gone from that sad tone, to the more familiar black one. The look he got when he was angry.

“Y-you’re not kidding.” I said quietly, hugging my arms. My stomach churned, knowing that I had fucked up.

“Of course not.” he growled, and spun around. He started walking away from me with decisive steps, his shoes pounding against the dirty, brick red, paving stones.

“No, wait, Brahms!” I called, and started running after him. I caught up with him and grabbed his arm with both hands, trying to make him stay.

“I’m sorry. Please slow down.” I pleaded, squeezing his forearm and bicep.

Brahms let out a deep sigh, and slowed down his steps, but he still refused to look at me. He clearly didn’t want me to hold onto his arm since he tried to make me let go of it by jerking it. No matter how much he tried to get rid of me, he didn’t succeed. I held onto it with an iron grip, and he gave up after several attempts, and let me cling onto it. His arm was stretched out behind him, as he was trying to keep me distanced from him.

I looked down at the ground, biting my bottom lip anxiously. He was angry at me, and I didn’t know what to do to make it up to him. I knew I had to do something, or else my plan for tomorrow was going to fail. He would find out, and who knows what would happen to me if he did.

Brahms abruptly stopped his steps, causing me bump into him. I let out a small groan, and peeked out from behind him, trying to see what had caused him to stop. Before us was a tombstone, but I couldn’t see what the epitaph said. I let go of Brahms arm, and took a step forward.

“BRAHMS”

“1983-1991”

“...he shall not perish,

but have everlasting life”

I swallowed hard, remembering that Brahms was supposedly dead. The churning feeling returned to my stomach. I didn’t know what had happened, only that Brahms was supposedly burned alive on his eighth birthday. But then I remembered the letter I had found on his desk in his room. His parents knew he was alive, so why did they fake his death?

I looked up at Brahms, unsure if I dared to ask him. He was staring straight forward, down at the tombstone. His brown eyes looked expressionless, almost as inhuman as the mask he wore on his face. My gaze then turned to his hand that was dully resting by his side. With a slow, hesitant movement I reached out and entwined my fingers with his, trying to show him that I was sorry. I looked up at him again, and saw that his gaze now had turned to me.
“I’m sorry.” I said quietly, and squeezed his hand, trying to comfort him.

Brahms turned to look down at his tombstone again, his dark, messy curls surrounding his mask.

“You must be wondering why I’m still alive.” he mumbled, keeping his gaze at the tombstone.

“Yes, actually.” I said weakly, afraid of being too nosey, causing him to lash out. To make sure I meant well I took a step closer to him, gently pressing my cheek against his arm.

“I-” he started, but interrupted himself. I looked up at him, placing my other hand on his arm, squeezing it gently to signal that it was okay, that he could trust me. I could feel how his muscles had gotten tense, and his hand was squeezing mine in a tight grip. It was uncomfortable how hard me was holding it, but I ignored, for his sake. I didn’t want to do anything that he could interpret as distrust, or disobedience.

“No.” he said, and shook his head, jerking himself away from my grip. “I can’t tell you.” And with that being said, he stomped away, and disappeared into the house. Leaving me alone on the bare ground with his tombstone. The leafless, almost dead-looking, trees surrounding me.
Hello!

Idk what to say here. It's a new chapter, and I hope you'll like it. Things will get more exciting soon, I promise.

And as always; thank you so much for all the support I get, it makes me so happy to see that people actually like what I'm writing!

Enjoy! :)

I didn’t understand. What could possibly be so bad that you had to fake your death, and then not being able to say what the reason for it was to the only human interaction you had? It wasn’t like I could run away from him. He had made that very clear several times, so what was he so afraid of?

I put my freezing hands in my pockets, and looked down at the ground, kicking the wet soil. I had no idea what it was, but apparently it was so bad that Brahms didn’t want to talk about it. It had also driven Greta away, made his parents kill themselves, and who knows what else.

I let out a deep sigh, seeing my breath steam out into the cold air. With a shudder I started walking towards the house again. I couldn’t stand another minute by that grave, atleast not alone.

“Brahms?” I called out into the huge house as I got inside. I waited for some type of sign that he was present as I took of my coat, but it was almost like he had vanished. No strange noises, or banging in the walls, nothing.

“Brahms, I know you’re here somewhere!” I called in another attempt to get him to step forward. I walked into the lounge, listening for sounds. “Please, come out from wherever you are! I don’t want to end this day on a bad note. We were supposed to have fun today, remember? I promise I won’t try to push you to say something about your past.”

I stood still, listening intensely. At one point I thought I heard him in the kitchen. I rushed into the room, but he was nowhere to be seen. I looked around the room and saw that the loud bang I had heard was the wind that had slammed shut a window. With a deep sigh I walked over and closed it, making sure it wouldn’t slam again.

I figured Brahms wasn’t ready to reveal himself yet, so I decided to make us some lunch. Perhaps that would lure him out. I knew he liked watching me as I ate, even though I didn’t know why he liked it.

“There’s some lunch ready for you here!” I called out, hoping that Brahms could hear me. “It would be great if you’d want to join me. I’ll be waiting for you in the dining room!”

After five minutes of me sitting all by myself, staring at the empty chair opposite to me, I gave up. He wasn’t going to come out from his hiding, and I had given up on trying. I let out a small sigh, and started eating my lunch. He had to come out sometime, he couldn’t hide forever.
The light had now turned to darkness, and Brahms still hadn’t showed any sign of being in the house. The lunch I had made for him remained untouched in the freezer, aswell as the dinner. I was sitting in the lounge, reading a book. The temperature had dropped rapidly, and it had started to rain again. The typical british rain.

The sound of the rain pattering against the windows, and soft classical music quietly streaming out from the gramophone, were the only things that kept the house from being eerily quiet. I was curled up on the sofa, a knitted blanket in a deep blue colour around my cold body. It wasn’t the most comfortable blanket, it was itchy, but the house was cold, and it was cozier to sit with a blanket wrapped around myself.

A loud slam was suddenly heard, echoing through the whole house. I jumped slightly where I sat, and quickly put the book down, rushing to where the sound came from. As I walked into the huge hallway I saw Brahms stand by the front door, completely soaked. His curly hair was messier than usual, clinging to his temples, and mask. His clothes were practically dripping water, and his shoes were covered in mud.

“Brahms, where have you been?” I exclaimed, and walked towards him. As I stood before him, looking up where he towered over me, I could see that he had branches, and leaves, stuck in his hair. I could hear his breathing from behind the mask. I could tell that he was out of breath by the way it echoed behind it, and how his chest was rising and sinking with a quick pace.

“A-are you okay?” I asked slowly, and tilted my head to the side. I tried to sound as gentle as possible, trying not to overstep any boundaries.

Brahms didn’t answer, instead he grabbed my shoulders, and forced me to step aside before walking past me. I watched him as started walking up the stairs, and decided to follow him. I wasn’t going to let this night end badly.

“Brahms, I’m sorry.” I pleaded, and grabbed his hand when I caught up to him. He turned around, even taller than before as he stood two steps above me on the stairs. “I didn’t mean to upset you in any way.”

He looked at me, his brown eyes having a dark tint to them. A tint I couldn’t really figure out what it meant, but it didn’t look like a positive one. He mumbled under his breath, something I couldn’t hear, and jerked his hand away from me before continuing up the stairs.

I continued to follow him, determined to turn this night around. If I didn’t manage to make him happy I would be screwed. No call to Greta for me.

“Please, Brahms, I’m begging you. Please stop.” I pleaded in a shaky voice, looking at him where he stood a few feet in front of me in the long corridor. Tears were prickling in my eyes. I didn’t really know why. It couldn’t be because I craved his presence and affection. More likely because I knew my plan was going to fail if he continued to stay mad at me.

“I’ll do whatever you want. Whatever. Just stop running away from me.” my words came out weak, and shaky, a single tear rolling down my cheek. I quickly wiped it away, not wanting Brahms to think I was crying over him.

He stopped his steps, and slowly turned around to look at me. The corridor was dark, only a small lamp lighting up the room where it stood on one of the bureaus, but I was pretty sure his eyes were wandering over my face at that moment, trying to determine whether or not I was lying. Like he always did when I said something that would favour him in any way.
“It’s your day, remember?” I said with a gentle voice, tilting my head to the side. “You are the one in charge today. We can do whatever you’d like.”

Brahms slowly took a few steps towards me, his hands, that previously had been curled into fists, were now loosely resting by his sides. He cocked his head to the side as the lamp on the bureau casted its gentle light over his mask, bringing out the warm brown colour in his eyes.

“Whatever I want?” he asked in a low voice, his eyes scanning me from top to toe, just like I had suspected.

I swallowed hard, and nodded my head.

“Whatever you want.”

He let out a low hum as he walked up to me, his chest inches away from my face. I felt my heart racing in my chest, his scent filling my nostrils. With a swift movement he snaked his arms around my waist, and pulled me into his chest.

“What is it that you want, Brahms?” I whispered, and looked up at him. “Tell me.”

Brahms stared straight into my eyes as I felt his hands travel up my shirt, stopping on the small of my back. My breathing hitched, his touch so warm against my skin that it almost burned me.

He burried his face into the crook of my neck, his hands continuing to travel up in a slow pace, only to stop by my bra. His curls were tickling my face. I reached my hands up into his hair, stroking it away from my face. I could hear Brahms let out a long sigh as he felt my touch.

“Bloody hell.” he whispered with a slight annoyed tone as he struggled to unclasp my bra. His hands were clumsily fiddling with it, yet he didn't manage to do it.

“What do you want from me, Brahms?” I said in a low voice, my fingers tangling into his wet curls, playing with them.

He turned his head, the cold material of his porcelain mask brushing against my ear. I could hear him breathe heavily from underneath it.

“You know what I want, Grace.” he said with a husky voice, pressing his pelvis against mine. I gasped slightly as I felt him press against me, a warm sensation erupting in my stomach.

I swallowed hard, and nodded, pulling away from him.

“Come with me then.”

I took his hand, and led him to the bedroom where I sat him down on the bed. His eyes were following my every step as I walked to light some candles, and to close the door behind us. There was no need to close it, since we were the only ones in the house, but I needed to take it slow. Was I really going to do this? Was it worth it?

I gave Brahms a weak smile before sitting down on the bed, grabbing the collar of his shirt. I laid down on the pillow, pulling him down ontop of me, my face inches away from his mask. I reached my hand up to it, caressing the cheek as I kept looking into Brahms’ eyes.

“You know you have to take it off, right?” I said quietly. “We can't do this with your mask on.”

“But we've already done it before.” he said, his eyes looking sceptical, wandering over my face.
I shook my head, letting out a deep sigh.

“No, Brahms, that's not the same. What we did in the lounge is nothing like this.”

He sat up, his eyes had now shifted into those dark ones. I propped myself up on my elbows, feeling how anxiety crept up my spine. That look of his wasn't something you'd want to see. He was angry, and it could end badly, I knew that.

“Is this some sort of trick you are pulling on me, Grace?” he said with gritted teeth, his fists clenching. “I’m not going to play this game with you.”

“N-no, Brahms. I’m not trying to trick you, I swear.” I stuttered, feeling how the pleasant sensation in my stomach had been replaced by a churning, almost stinging, feeling.

I crawled towards him where he sat, and snaked my arms around his neck, tangling my fingers into his damp hair once again. I had to turn this around, this was my last chance.

“I just want to feel you against me. I miss the way your lips feel against mine.” I sat down in his lap, my legs wrapping around his waist, and my breasts pressing against his chest. “You remember that, don’t you? When you kissed me in the darkness in your room?”

His adam’s apple bobbed, his chest rising and sinking with a quick pace. I could see in the weak light from the candles that his eyes were still dark, but they had started to shift into a different shade, the shade he got whenever I was close to him, pressing against him.

“I do.” he said shortly, his eyes wandering over my face. His hands slowly found their way to the small of my back, pressing me closer to him.

“I want to do it again, don’t you?” I asked, biting my bottom lip while looking deeply into his eyes. I could see that he was conflicted, probably trying to come up with a solution. I could see in his eyes, feel in his movements, and hear by his breathing, that he wanted to. But I also knew that he didn’t want to take off his mask. His face was his Achilles’ heel.

“I do.” he said again, this time a bit shakier. I flashed him a smile, carefully moving my hands from the nape of his neck, to his mask.

“But I can’t.” he said with a more aggressive tone, moving his hands to grip my wrists. He pulled my hands away from his mask, and held them inbetween our chests.

“Oh, I get it, you’re not ready.” I said with a weak voice, seeing that the hazy, excited, tint in his eyes were gone, and had been replaced, yet again, with the black one. “I won’t push you Brahms. Only you can tell when you’re ready.”

I pulled my hands away from his grip, and stood up from his lap. I noticed that the twigs, and leaves, in his hair were still there, and reached over to take them away.

“Let’s do something else then.” I sighed, and gave him a smile as I reached out my hand for him. “I found a deck of cards in a drawer downstairs, maybe we can play?”

Brahms looked at me, his eyes slightly narrowed as he scanned me up and down. I didn’t know what was going on inside his mind most of the time, but I wish I knew. Everything would be much easier if I was able to tell what was going on on the inside.

“Fine.” he said quietly, and took my hand, letting me lead him downstairs.
Call to America

Chapter Notes

Hi!

It's Friday the 13th today. Luckily nothing disastrous has happened to me, and hopefully not to you either.

But if something has happened to you, I'm sorry, and I hope that this chapter is going to cheer you up! <3

Enjoy! :)

Today was the day. Friday. The day where I was going to break one of Brahms’ rules, hopefully without him noticing. I had walked on eggshells these past days, especially since yesterday. Brahms and I had ended the night on good terms though. I had taught him different card games, which I think he enjoyed. Atleast he had looked like it, his eyes had been shimmering the whole time, and it was like the unpleasant event that had happened before was long forgotten.

“So, Brahms, you know what time it is now.” I said, and stood up from the piano we sat by. We had been playing the piano the whole morning after breakfast, both of us taking turns to play for eachother.

He turned around, and looked up at me where I stood, nodding his head.

“Grocery shopping.”

“Exactly.” I smiled at him. “I’ll see you later.”

I spun around, and walked with a quick pace towards the front door, eager to set my plans into work. Just as I reached for my coat, I heard Brahms walk up behind me.

“You forgot something.” he said. I turned around, and saw that his head was slightly tilted to the side, his brown eyes glistening.

I looked up at him, trying to remember what I had forgotten. Was it a kiss that he wanted? I knew he demanded a kiss goodnight, but was this going to be a thing aswell? I nodded slightly, and reached up on my tiptoes to peck the lips of his mask. As I pulled away I saw that Brahms’ expression had changed, his eyes now wide like globes, wandering over my face.

“That wasn’t what I was expecting.” he said with a chuckle. I looked down at my shoes, flustered.

Why did I expect him to want that? Brahms took a step forward, and tilted my chin up with his index finger so he could look into my eyes again.

“That doesn’t mean I didn’t like it.” he said, and cocked his head to the side, a spark glimmering in the corner of his eye.

“What did I forget?” I asked with a quiet voice, wanting to switch the subject, and get going. I was getting impatient, I had already been forced to wait several days, and I couldn’t take it anymore.
Brahms let go of my chin, and spun around, disappearing from the hallway, with his hands behind his back. I stood there waiting for him to come back, impatiently tapping my shoe against the wooden floor. When Brahms came back he reached out his hand.

“You forgot this, of course.”

I looked down and saw the money he had in his hand. I looked up at him again, my eyebrows slightly furrowed. Was that some kind of insult?

“But I’ve got money myself.” I said, and crossed my arms.

Brahms let out a sigh.

“Yes, but I’ve got more. I know you’ve spent all of your money travelling here.”

I bit my bottom lip, knowing he was right. I didn’t really have alot of money, but it felt weird taking his. It felt like some kind of trap. Would he take it to his advantage? Forcing me to do stuff just because he gave me money?

“Take it.” he said with a stern voice, causing me to flinch a bit as I had gotten lost in my thoughts.

I slowly reached out my hand, and let Brahms place the bills in my hand, folding it for me, gently patting my, now, curled fist.

“Bye, Brahms. See you soon.” I mumbled, and turned around, walking out of the door as I put on my coat.

“Can’t believe you’re still here.” Adam said as he packed the groceries for me. “What have you been up to since you came here? Where do you live?”

I met his green eyes, not knowing how to respond. I couldn’t tell the truth, but did I have to lie? Could you even lie in such a small village like this? They would all find out sooner or later, and they would end up at the doorstep with pitchforks, and torches.

“I’ve been, uhm…” I paused, licking my lips as I thought of something clever. “I’ve been taking care of a mentally disturbed person.” It wasn’t exactly a lie, it just wasn’t the whole truth.

“Oh, really? I didn’t even know there was a psychiatry ward in this village.” he said, and flashed me a half smile, his eyes having a mischievous gleam to them.

I scratched the back of my head anxiously. He knew I was lying. He knew this village better than me, of course I wouldn’t be able to lie.

“Well, i-it’s not in this village, actually. It’s kind of far from here, and the facility is quite small so you’ve probably never heard of it.” I continued, trying to save me from the messy disaster I had created.

He let out a small chuckle, and handed me the bags.

“Okay then. Have a great day, Grace.”

“Thanks, you too.” I waved at him before turning around, only to stop by the exit.

“Is there a library in this village?” I asked Adam, and turned around to look at him again. He looked up from behind the counter, that smug smirk still pasted onto his face.
“Why? Don’t you have books at home?”

“Yes, I do. But I’m looking for a computer, and we don’t have that where I live, because I live together with this lunatic, and he can’t handle computers.” I said and rolled my eyes.

“Calm down, it was a joke.” he shook his head, a small chuckle escaping his lips. “It’s just down the street, to the right. I’m sure you’ll find it right away. It has an enormous sign above the door.”

“Thanks, goodbye Adam.” I said, and left the store.

Adam was right, It was easy to find. The sign that hung above the entrance was huge, a painting of an open book where the name of the library popped out from the pages in neatly written cursive.

The inside of the library wasn’t as large though. As you came in there was a desk to the left where an old man with crazy white hair, and big rectangular glasses sat. To the right there were two leather armchairs in a worn out brown colour, and a small matching sofa, stuffed up in the corner, three small, cherry coloured, bookshelves around them. Behind the bookshelves there was a staircase leading up to an upper floor, though the stairs weren’t nearly as big and majestic as the one’s back at the manor.

“Can I help you, miss?” the old man said with a creaky voice, looking up, his eyes looking abnormally large behind his glasses.

“Why yes, do you perhaps have a computer here that I can borrow for a see?” I smiled at him, adjusting the heavy bags in my hands.

“Oh, you’re an American, I see.” he said, and gave me a small smile, showing his slightly yellow teeth.

“I am, indeed.” I nodded.

“May I ask you from what part of the big country you are from? I am so thrilled about it. Once my wife and I, before she died, went to California. Beautiful place, really. I-” he started rambling, but I cut him off.

“Sorry, I’m in a bit of a rush, can you tell me where the computer is?” I gave him a polite smile, trying not to come of as rude in any way.

“Sorry, I’m in a bit of a rush, can you tell me where the computer is?” I gave him a polite smile, trying not to come of as rude in any way.

“Oh, yes, of course. It’s upstairs. I’m sorry for rambling on and on, it’s just that it’s so rare to get tourists in this small village.” he apologized, and scratched his chapped lips with his thumb.

“It’s okay. Thank you.” I said, and headed up the creaky, old stairs.

I let out a deep sigh as I saw the computer. It was old, almost ancient-looking. It must’ve been one of the first models to ever have been released, judging by the thick screen, and outdated design. But it would have to do. I didn’t have much of a choice.

The computer started with a loud buzzing noise, sounding almost as if it was to explode at any second, and it took ages before I managed to connect to the internet. It was a miracle that I managed to look up Greta Evans on that dusty, old computer. I found three different phone numbers under that name, so I would have to try and find out which one was hers.

I left the library, and went looking for the nearest telephone booth. It wasn’t hard spotting it in a village that was mostly brown, and white. The telephone booth looked like the typical british ones you find on google images. It was hard to fit inside the small booth together with the grocery bags,
but I managed. I put in some pennies, laying the rest of them on top of the small metal counter, and started typing in the first number that I had scribbled down on the receipt from the grocery store.

It took four long beeps before a voice greeted me on the other side.

“Hello?” said a shaky, fragile voice on the other end.

“Hi, is this Greta I’m speaking to?”

“Who is this?” the voice said suspiciously, and I realized that this probably wasn’t the Greta I was looking for, as the voice sounded to belong to an old lady.

“I’m sorry. I must’ve dialed the wrong number.” I sighed, and hung up.

The second attempt wasn’t very successful either, as no one answered. My stomach had started to churn, thinking maybe the last number wasn’t going to be Greta’s either. What would I do if it wasn’t her? Then my plan would’ve failed anyways. Everything I had sacrificed so that I could do this, for nothing?

With shaky fingers I typed in the last number, anxiously biting my bottom lip as the low monotone beeps were heard.

“One, two, three.” I counted the beeps in my head, shifting a bit where I stood in the small booth.

“Greta speaking.” I heard a sweet voice say on the other end. It sounded much more convincing than the old lady.

“Hi, my name is Grace Daniels, is this Greta Evans I’m speaking to?”

“It is, indeed. Can I help you?” her voice sounded a bit more suspicious, but still had that gentle tone to it.

I was quiet, not knowing what to say. I hadn’t really come this far in my head. How do I really know that it’s the Greta Evans I’m looking for?

“Hello?” I heard her ask on the other end.

“Have you…” I swallowed hard, trying to wet my throat that had suddenly become dry. “Been to the UK this past year?”

It was her turn to be silent now, the low static from the phone filling my ear.

“Maybe. Why are you asking me this?” she said, her voice had started to shake, confirming that I was talking to the Greta I was calling for. I could understand why she sounded so shaky. I didn’t know what had happened to her, but it must’ve been bad. Knowing Brahms, he probably hadn’t treated her well.

“I know about Brahms, the real Brahms.” I said in a low voice. This was the first time I had spoken to anyone about him, and it made my heart race in my chest. I was scared that Brahms would find out, somehow.

“W-what?” I heard Greta stutter, her breathing being heard over the phone.

I told Greta my story of how I had travelled to the UK to get a fresh start—not telling her about why I wanted one, of course—and how I ended up in the Heelshire Manor, and met Brahms. I told her my situation, trying my best to keep calm, and not starting to cry hysterically. After I was done she
stayed silent for a long while.

“I’m so sorry.” she said with a small voice. “You need to run, Grace. Find a way to escape from him. You have to idea what he is really capable of. What he did to that firefighter-”

Greta paused, and let out a shaky sigh.

“It nothing compared to what other terrible things he’s done. He is dangerous. Leave and never look back, okay?”

“Wh-what has he done?” I stuttered, feeling how fear crept up my spine, paralyzing me. I knew that he was dangerous, but hearing from a stranger who’s desperately pleading for you to leave was something else. It was like everything was suddenly confirmed, and it wasn’t all just some twisted nightmare.

“Are you sure you want to know?” she asked hesitantly, sounding scared.

“Yes, of course.” I breathed, feeling how legs had started trembling.

“Okay, then.”
Chapter Notes

Hey!

So this chapter isn't quite like the rest (as you can see by the title). This was actually a suggestion from one of my readers, Olympia (thank you so much, I love getting suggestions), and I thought it would be quite interesting to write about what's going on inside our favourite mask-boy's mind.

I know you guys had been looking forward to Greta's story, but I'm too much of a tease to give it to you just yet! :)

I hope you enjoy this special chapter! :)

She was so pretty. The way the sun illuminated her long, silky hair. I loved when it did that. The sun made her blonde hair glisten in various shades of gold, which made her appear more beautiful than ever. Almost as if she were an angel. An angel who’d descended from heaven, for me.

Grace. Grace Daniels. She really was graceful. Everything about her was perfect. Everything from the top of her head, down to her feet. Not to speak of her eyes. Those two bright blue eyes, matching the colours of the ocean, of the sky. I felt like I could drown in them.

At first I wasn’t sure about her. When she first came knocking on the door, asking for mother and father. I wasn’t sure if I was ready. Not after what had happened the last time. But she surprised me, changed my mind with her mesmerizing body, and dulcet voice.

I knew I had to introduce myself to her, in a better way than before, but I didn’t know how. I was scared that she would leave, just like everyone else. And she tried. After what that bad half-naked man had done to her, and I stepped in. I saved her, yet she wanted to leave me. But this time I wouldn’t accept it. She was mine, and only mine.

She had really been a pain in the arse, continuously trying to escape from me. But it seemed like she had started to calm down. She liked it here now, and she wouldn’t leave me. I’m not alone anymore. I finally had my own girl. Just like mother and father had wanted me to have.

There had been times where she was being a real struggle, playing with my emotions. And even though I didn’t want to admit it, there had been times where I had almost lost it. Where I had almost hurt her. I was glad that I had managed to behave. Behave enough for her to forgive me.

But there was one thing I didn’t like. I didn’t like how she continuously tried to make me take off my mask. Doesn’t she realize that the mask is my face? She always says that she won’t be scared, that she won’t stare, but I knew she would. I hated the way I looked, and I knew that she would also hate me if she saw me. Yet there was something inside me that wanted to show her. A voice telling me that it would bring us closer. A way to keep her faithful.

After the first time I didn’t think I would ever feel the same. The way she had broken me down, trying to kill me. I was only trying to help. She had asked for my help, and I gave it to her. For what?
So she could play a dirty trick on me, stab me, and run away with him? Greta betrayed me and left with the grocery boy. She left with Malcolm. After he had tried to take her away from me. I never wanted to hurt him, but he tried to take her away from me. I didn’t want her to be taken away from me.

Anger built up inside me as I thought about them, and what they had done to me. I slammed my fist into my desk, causing everything on it to rattle, some of the things falling onto the floor. I let out a growl, and slowly lifted my fist, seeing that I had punched a hole into the desk.

I stood up with such force, causing the chair I was sitting on to fall back and slam against the floor. The loud noise echoed through my room, and out the pathways inside the walls. I stood there, in the mess of my room, with a clenched jaw, and hands curled up into fists.

She had betrayed me. The one I thought was the love of my life had betrayed me, and left me for dead. I lifted up my shirt, and examined the pink scar on my stomach. The aftermath of the screwdriver. I would’ve died if I hadn’t remembered what mother used to do to treat wounds. My wounds.

It had been hard, and messy. Blood had been seeping out everywhere, and it had been hard to get rid of all the stains afterwards. I wasn’t entirely sure what I was doing to the deep wound was right, but I had had to do something about it. The healing process had been slow, and painful, but somehow I had managed to get by.

I sometimes missed them. Mother and father. Especially after she had left me. I was all alone, and that’s when I really understood that my parents were gone. They were never coming back, because they didn’t exist anymore. I didn’t know exactly what to feel. A part of me missed them, while the other one was filled with rage towards them.

What did they mean by; “We simply cannot bear to live with what we have allowed you to become”? There was nothing wrong with me. The way they wrote it made it seem like they thought I was some kind of monster, and I was not! I hadn’t really thought about it while I still had her. But after she left I didn’t have much else to do but to reflect over everything.

I wasn’t alone anymore though. I had her, my angel. She said she wouldn’t leave me. I wouldn’t let her leave. Never would I let someone else slip away. I was done being toyed around with.

Where was she now? Had she come home from the grocery store yet?

I walked through the pathway and out the, not so secret anymore, trapdoor that opened into Grace’s closet. I walked up to the closed door, examining the hole I had tried to fix. The memories from that night flood back, causing my heart to start beating faster. He had hit me in the face with a telephone. All I wanted was to make sure she stayed with me. I never wanted to hurt her. Yet they ran. They ran like prey run from their hunter, but I wasn’t hunting them, I just didn’t want them to leave me. I tried to protect her.

I swallowed hard, trying to suppress my anger. It was over now. I didn’t need her anymore, I had Grace now. With a sigh I opened the door, revealing the room where they both had slept in. This was where Grace saw me for the first time, the real me.

I remembered it like it was yesterday. I had been looking at her the whole night. She had been
wearing a tight black suit that didn’t cover most of her body. I remembered how it had made me feel. I had the sudden urge to walk up to her, touch her. My fingers were itching, my body was craving her. She wore a pair of bunny ears, and a fluffy little tail on her bum. I wasn’t very fond of animals, but she sure was a cute bunny.

But then he had come along. The half-naked firefighter. I remembered how they had walked into this very room I was standing in right now. I was watching them from inside the walls, watching as he started doing awful things to her. She was screaming, crying. It made me absolutely furious. No one lays a hand on my girl.

I had practically flown over him. The adrenaline pumping in my veins as I put my hands around his throat. I could hear her scream from the bed. She was scared, but I couldn’t stop. He had to pay for what he had done to her.

She had walked up to me, trying to pull me off of him. I had pushed her to the floor. The feeling of regret washed over me, as it did right now as I recalled the incident. I forced myself to stop what I was doing to the bad man. I had to see if she was alright, try to tell her that I was sorry for what I had done to her. I remember how her eyes were glowing with fear as she trembled slightly. She was scared, of me.

I had tried to apologize, tried to tell her who I was, but I couldn’t. All I did was stand there, taking in her sweet scent. She smelled like vanilla. But then her friend came, Carly, and she stole her away from me. I already despised her for barging into my house, dragging hundreds of people with her, but this made me hate her. She tried to steal her from me, just like Malcolm.

On the other hand, it was probably for the best. Grace was shook, and I had to take care of the unconscious body lying on the floor. I finished what I had started, and dragged him outside, burying him in the forest, where no one would ever find him. All for her. My love.

She stood on the porch as I tried to sneak into the house again. I feared what she was going to say to me. Mother and father hadn’t been too happy with me after what I had done to that horrible girl, Emily. But it didn’t look like she was angry with me, only curious.

I remembered how she asked for my name. I couldn’t manage to answer. She was staring directly at me, her blue eyes glistening with interest in the damp light. She was even more beautiful up close. I couldn’t help but to stare. She seemed annoyed, staring to rock back-and-forth where she stood. That’s when I managed to tell her my name.

She had tried to tell her friend about me. I couldn’t let that happen. They would take her away from me, but she was mine. She had tried to escape the next night, and that’s when I properly touched her for the first time. I could still recall the hot sensation that shot through my body as I felt her press against me.

And look where we were now. We had come so far, yet our journey was far from over. We had a long way to go. I knew she didn’t trust me completely yet, and to be perfectly honest, I didn’t know if I could trust her completely either. Things seemed too good to be true. Things had never truly gone the way I wanted them to. So why would they do that with her?

I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to check if she was home yet. The clock that stood on the nightstand shown that she had been gone for over two hours. She had never been away for that long before. I knew things were too good to be true. She had left me. She was gone. Forever. I was all alone again.

Rage filled my entire body, and this time I couldn’t suppress it. I screamed out loud as I kicked the
door to closer in. Of course she would leave me, they all do. The door wasn’t enough to calm me down. My eyes desperately wandered through the room, stopping by the mirror. I stomped over to it, and punched it, shattered pieces of glass flying all over the room.

My hand was bleeding, the floor covered in glass. I was breathing heavily, my warm breath heating up the inside of the mask. I walked over to the window, planning to open it. I was thinking that the chilly air could have calmed me down, there was no use being this angry. It wouldn’t bring her back to me.

But as I walked over to the window I instantly calmed down. She was coming back. She came back to me. Her blonde hair was flying around her face like a whirlpool in the cold wind, her hands clamping around the grocery bags. A sense of relief washed over me, as well as a bit of shame. I had doubted her.

As she came closer the relief I had felt was gone. She had a special look on her face, I couldn’t quite read it. It almost looked like a mix of anger, and fear.
Real Life Nightmare

Chapter Notes

Howdy!

This chapter is really long, and it took forever to write if I'm gonna be honest, so I hope you'll like it! You'll probably recognize it though since it's taken from the actual movie, so yeah. The next chapter will be more "normal" than these last two, I promise.

Anyways, I hope you enjoy! :)

“It was a nightmare. I still dream about it at night.” Greta’s voice was shaky, the words merely a whisper.

My heart was beating fast in my chest, the churning feeling in my stomach being almost unbearable. I was scared to know exactly what kind of person Brahms really was. If he even was one.

“I thought it was bad enough that I was going to babysit a doll.” she chuckled softly. “If only I had known. I would gladly have switched it to the spirit of a little boy trapped inside a porcelain doll.”

I didn’t know what to answer, so I just mimicked her chuckle, wanting her to continue with this horror story of hers. The horror story I had walked into.

“I don’t now exactly where to begin.” she sighed. I could hear her shifting the phone from one hand to the other.

“Start from where you realized he wasn’t a doll, but a grown up man.” I said gently, trying my best not to sound rude, or nosey.

“Okay.” Greta let out yet another sigh before she continued. “Well, it was in the middle of the night. I woke up when I heard Cole scream my name from the billiard room.”

“Who’s Cole?” I asked, trying to recall if I had heard of him before, but I couldn’t.

“He, uhm. He is - was - my ex-boyfriend. I don’t want to talk about him, but he had managed to find me, and I couldn’t send him away when he had come so far, so I let him sleep on the couch in the billiard room.” she explained, her voice cracking. “Brahms had written on a message for him on the window with blood from some rats.”

“What did it say?” I asked quietly, not being sure if I wanted to know. Maybe it would be something gruesome.

“It said: “Get out”, but I guess that was kinda my fault. I had told him to help me get rid of him, because Cole wasn’t a good guy, and I was scared. But I didn’t know at the time that I was asking a grown up, mentally disturbed, man for help. I thought I was asking the little ghost boy.” she rambled, her breathing getting quicker and shakier by the second. “Anyways, Cole thought I had written it, which I can understand. No one would really believe you if you said it was the ghost of an eight-year old. Malcolm, who’s my fiancé now, came in to help me, because he had heard me screaming from outside where he slept in his car. Cole then blamed Malcolm, since he could sense
that we had something going on. We both desperately tried to get him to understand that it was Brahms who had done it, but he didn’t believe it.” her voice died out, and I could hear her sniffle softly through the phone.

“W-what did he do, Greta?” I stuttered out, my voice weak. She had just begun and I already felt dizzy, like I was going to faint at any second.

“He had managed to get a hold of the doll, and smashed it into a thousand pieces. And that’s when we started hearing loud bangs from inside the walls. The lights started flickering, and the paintings on the walls were rattling. Cole thought he heard something behind a mirror, and walked up to listen. Suddenly Brahms punched through the wall, crashing it, and making Cole fall to the floor. I got down on my knees to see if he was alright, and that’s when I heard him. He was calling my name in a childlike voice. It was terrifying.”

I could hear that she was crying at this point, and as much as I hated to make her relive this traumatizing moment, I needed to hear what Brahms had done.

“It’s okay Greta, you’re safe now.” I tried soothing her, even though I somewhat knew that it didn’t really help her, I was only a stranger after all.

“Both Malcolm and I looked towards the hole in the wall where the sound had come from, as he repeated my name once again in that same eerie voice. Malcolm helped me get up on my feet as a large hand came out from the wall. Malcolm stepped closer to get a better look at it. That’s when we saw him. I’m never going to forget that mask. It just looked so wrong on the face of a grown up man that tall, you know?”

“Tell me about it.” I mumbled, shaking my head as I thought of that goddamn mask that I hated so much.

“It was like everything was going in slow-motion. I couldn’t really wrap my head around the situation happening before me. Brahms suddenly bolted for Cole where he was lying on the floor, but Malcolm stopped him, trying to push him away. But Brahms was stronger than him, and pushed him away with one hand, while hitting him across the face with a sharp wooden cane, or something like that, I couldn’t really tell what it was. Malcolm fell to the floor, and that’s when Brahms flew onto Cole, pushing me away from him in the process.” Greta took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down. I also needed to. I knew what Brahms was capable of, and to be honest, the scene Greta was describing kind of reminded me of when I first saw him in the flesh as well.

“He pushed Cole down to the floor again, and sat on top of him so he couldn’t move. He then grabbed Cole by the shirt and started slamming his head against the floor repeatedly. I grabbed Brahms by the arm to try and stop him, but he pushed me away once again. The next thing I knew he had grabbed a piece of porcelain from the doll’s broken head, I barely had the time to react before he shoved the piece of porcelain into Cole’s neck.” Greta paused once again, and I could hear her sobbing quietly through the phone.

“I’m so sorry, Greta.” I said quietly, feeling how guilt built up inside of me. It felt like I was torturing her by making her tell this story.

“No, it’s okay. You need to understand how horrible he is.” she took a deep breath. “It was like time stood still. I could hear myself screaming in the distance, while my gaze was locked with Cole’s. His eyes started rolling back as he was gurgling on his own blood, taking his final breaths. Brahms let go of the piece and turned to look at me where I sat beside them. I somehow managed to get up on my feet, trying to run away from him, but he was too fast. He grabbed me, and started dragging me away from the room. I couldn’t do anything in his grip, he was too strong. I was desperately
clinging onto his arms, trying to break free, but there was no use.” she paused once again. I could hear how she shifted the phone to her other hand, clearing her throat.

I held tightly onto the phone, feeling how my hands had gotten clammy. The worst thing with this story was that it was all true, and I knew she wasn’t making anything up since I recognized Brahms’ aggressive, and possessive, behaviour. The amount of times he had pulled me into his iron grip, making me unable to move. Just like he had done to Greta.

“Luckily for me, Malcolm came up from behind and hit Brahms across the head with a floorboard he had found somewhere. Brahms fell to the floor, and Malcolm helped me get up on my feet again. We started running, but somehow Brahms ended up in front of us is the hallway. We turned around and started sprinting up the stairs instead. We ran all the way up to the room I had been sleeping in, and I locked the door behind us as Malcolm headed for the phone, trying to call someone for help. But Brahms had cut off the landline. Malcolm desperately tried to open a window that we could escape from, but it wouldn’t budge. At the same time I could see the shadow of Brahms through the small gap underneath the door. He started jerking the door knob, both Malcolm and I were stunned, both of us staring at the twisting door knob.” Greta stopped to take a deep breath, trying to control herself as her voice had started trembling once again.

I tried to say something to make her feel better, to calm her down, but I couldn’t manage to say anything. My throat was as dry as a desert, and my lips felt chapped.

“Then he stopped. He stopped jerking the door knob, and we could see how he walked away. We continued to stay completely still, and I could hear how creaks, and footsteps could be heard from inside the walls. It hit me that he was going to come out from the closet. I told Malcolm as I rushed over to try and close the door, but as I got there Brahms already stood by the doorframe. I somehow managed to close it, and Malcolm helped me keep it that way. I don’t know how he did it, but somehow Brahms punched through the door, and managed to grab my arm. Malcolm ran over and grabbed the phone, hitting Brahms in the face with it which made him lose his grip around me. We ran out from the room, trying to find another way out. As we got into the corridor I could hear Brahms calling my name in that same childlike voice, only it sounded more aggressive than before. Malcolm and I ran into Brahms’ room and tried to find the key to lock the door, but instead I found a secret opening into the walls.” her voice stailed off. “You know about the walls, right?”

“Yeah, I do. They’re pretty creepy.” I said, letting out an uncomfortable, and nervous, chuckle.

“Tell me about it.” she sighed. “Anyways, I told Malcolm that we could find a way out from there, and just as we got inside we heard the door burst open. I told Malcolm to close the trapdoor, which he did just in time before Brahms was about to follow us into the walls. We had no idea where we were going, the walls were like a maze, and we were the rats being chased by a cat. I don’t know how, but somehow I found a door that led into a room. It was Brahms’ room where he had been living all along, but you already know about that room I suppose. The worst thing about that room was that he had a life-sized doll that was supposed to resemble me. He had even stolen my dress, and necklace, and cut off pieces of my hair!” Greta said the last sentence with a high-pitched, somewhat angry voice, and I could totally understand why she felt like that. I, too, would be furious if Brahms had done that to me.

“Yeah, I’ve seen that doll. He still has it in his room.” I said quietly, biting my bottom lip anxiously.

“Disgusting.” she spat. “That’s when I realized that he had been watching all along, and I even found a suicide note from his parents. They had planned to leave me with him, saying that I was his.”

“I’ve read that letter. It’s sad, but also very disturbing. I’m sorry.”
Greta hummed quietly before she continued.

“Malcolm and I continued to run. We stopped in the middle of a pathway when we heard Brahms’ footsteps. I peeked through a hole in the wall, and saw him walk past. We stood still, trying to hear where he was. All of a sudden he busted through the wall. We ran, but somehow he managed to catch up by busting through another wall. He almost fell ontop of Malcolm who was walking behind me. Malcolm kicked him in the face, and we continued to run. Finally we got to a part of the pathway which had a small trapdoor leading outside. I tried to open it but it was stuck. I could feel it give in, but we didn’t have the time. Brahms was on his way to us. Malcolm screamed, saying that I should go, but I refused to leave without him. Malcolm taunted Brahms as he came around the corner, and Brahms flew ontop of him, tackling him to the ground. He was straddling him, and slammed Malcolm’s head against the floor, the same way he had done to Cole. They continued to wrestle on the floor as I screamed at them in fear. Brahms got a hold of the cane you use to open the attic, and hit Malcolm in the head with it, causing him to faint.”

Greta cleared her throat once again, trying to choke down the sobs that had started to build up again.

“Brahms then turned to look at me where I sat a few feet away. He called my name once again, his voice still in that childlike one. He leaned a bit closer towards me, and told me that he would be good to me, his voice cracking into his grown up one. I screamed no, and made a last attempt to open the small trapdoor. His voice was deep, husky, and intimidating. He was telling me to come back to him, but I continued to try and open the door. I finally managed to open it, and ran away as I heard him scream at the top of his lungs that he would kill Malcolm if I left. Just like he had killed the others, but I don’t know who “the others” were.”

“He probably meant Cole.” I mumbled, feeling like I had to say something since I had been so quiet.

“Yeah, probably, and Emily.”

“Wait, who’s Emily?” I asked, shuffling a bit where I stood in the small, claustrophobic telephone booth.

“Sorry, I thought you knew.” Greta apologized with a small chuckle. “Emily Cribbs. She was this girl that Brahms used to play with as a child. But he allegedly killed her on his eighth birthday, and that’s when they set the house on fire and “killed him”.”

“Oh, yes. I think I saw a photo of her in a photo album in the attic.” I recalled, and nodded my head slowly. “Wait, did you say that they set fire to the house on purpose?”

“Well, I’m not sure. Malcolm said that by the time they had found Emily’s body their house was already up in flames. But I don’t really know if it was an accident, it just sounds very convenient that the house caught fire as Brahms was the prime suspect for Emily’s death. But as I said; I don’t know.”

“Yeah, that’s sound kind of fishy.” I said quietly, thinking of the possibility of it. “But how about your escape? You didn’t really leave Malcolm behind, did you?”

“No, of course not. I came to the gates before I decided to turn back. I couldn’t just leave him there. I ran back to the house, and sneaked inside. I found a screwdriver in one of the drawers, and walked through the corridor. I stopped to peek into the room where Cole’s body was lying, and that’s when I realized that Brahms was staring at me in the back of the corridor. It was very dark, but I could hear his heavy breathing, and if I looked closely I could see his tall silhouette.” she paused for a while before continuing. “I told him that I came back for him, and that I wouldn’t leave. He walked up to me and- I know this must sound strange, but I think he smelled me.”
“Probably, he’s done that to me as well.” I sighed, running a hand over my face.

“Euw. Anyways, I told him that it was time for him to go to bed, and to my surprise he actually listened, after three times, but whatever. It was like he was a little boy still, and I was still his nanny. It was weird seeing this tall man behaving like a little child, but I could control him, and it was all that mattered in that moment. We walked to his room where I demanded him to put down his “weapon”, and get under the covers. He did as I said, and I tucked him in, but that’s when it got even weirder.”

“I find that hard to imagine.” I chuckled hesitantly, scared to offend, or even hurt her.

“He wanted me to kiss him.” she said shortly, her voice sounding distant, and monotone. “And when I refused to, telling him that he didn’t deserve a kiss good night because of what he had done that night, he gripped my wrist, and demanded me to kiss him once again. I figured I had to obey him if I wanted to get Malcolm out of there alive, so I did as he wished. The thing was that he refused to let go of me, and pressed his mask harder onto my face as I tried to pull away from him. I…” she stopped, and the other side of the phone was quiet for a while. I was just about to ask her if she was still there when she spoke again.

“I stabbed him. I stabbed him with the screwdriver. It went straight into his gut, somewhere around his solar plexus. There was a brief moment where I thought I had won as I stared into his eyes, but I was wrong. Brahms threw me into the wall, literally. I crashed against it, and fell down to the floor. Just as I was about to get up and run, he grabbed me by the throat and pinned me against the wall. He lifted me up, choking me. My feet were dangling above the floor, and my vision started to get blurry as I struggled to breathe. I fumbled with my hand until I caught a grip around the screwdriver, and started twisting it where it was still stuck in his stomach. After a hard struggle of dominance between the two of us, Brahms finally collapsed onto the floor, taking me down with him. I stood up, and caught my breath for a while as I watched Brahms squirm around on the floor, trying to get up, but he couldn’t as he was too weak from his wound. I ran to Malcolm, and got him to his truck where we drove away. We fled the country, afraid that Brahms would find us, and we’ve never looked back since.” Greta ended with a sigh, and the phone went quiet again.

“I’m so sorry you had to go through that, Greta. I really am. And I know it sounds weird coming from a stranger you’ve never met, but I understand you, and the situation you’ve been in.” I said with the most gentle, sincere voice I could, trying to comfort her in some way.

“Thank you. But you’ve got to realize how dangerous he really is. You have to run before you get hurt! If he loses it you’ll have no chance of survival. He’s too strong. He threw me into a goddamn wall with a screwdriver drilled into his gut! Please run, for your sake.” Greta pleaded, making my stomach churn. Just the thought that I had lived in the same house as this lunatic for a month or so was terrifying.

“I will.” I said. “But I’ve got to ask you, why didn’t you go to the police?”

“Malcolm wanted to, but I didn’t think it was necessary. I thought I had killed him, and it would only drag us into some big murder investigation, so we just fled the country to be sure. I didn’t know that someone would be so unlucky to end up there. I’m sorry.”

“No, you don’t need to apologize. You couldn’t have known.” I shook my head, even though she couldn’t see that.

“Grace.” she said with a stern voice. “Run.”
Hi!

Sorry for the late update, I've been so busy these last couple of days! Hopefully this chapter is going to make it up to you somehow.

Btw, thank you all so much for 200 Kudos! Wth! What did I do to deserve those? Ahah.

Enjoy! :)

Run? Yes, I wanted to. But I didn’t know if I could. What if he’d find me? I didn’t have enough money to flee the country like Malcolm and Greta, and I couldn’t stay there. The village was so small, he would’ve found me in no time. And I didn’t even want to think about what would happen when he found me. After the story Greta had told me everything was possible. If Brahms, who clearly had been so in love with Greta, could be ready to kill her, then what would he do to me? I was just a simple object to him. Someone he could use whenever he desired to. So it wouldn’t be so hard for him to get rid of me.

I was walking the long way back to the manor, my feet were hurting, and my arms had started to give in to the heavy weight from the grocery bags. The air was cold, and I could feel how my hands had started to go numb due to the freezing winds that blew past.

The only thing that kept me going was my blazing fury, and the adrenaline from my fear. I was scared to face Brahms again, and at the same time angry for what he had kept away from me. He had so many secrets that he never told me, even though I deserved to know what kind of person he was. I did live in the same house as him, after all.

I hadn’t realized that I was aggressively stomping as I walked until I reached the huge black gate. Mud was covering my black boots, and some had splashed up, staining my blue jeans. I put down the heavy bags with a frustrated sigh, and went to push the heavy gate open. It opened with a loud squeaking sound, sending a shiver down my spine. I had always hated the sound the gate made when it was opened, but this time it sounded more ghoulish than ever before.

As I picked up the grocery bags, and closed the gate behind me, I realized what I was actually doing. I was on my way back to a mentally disturbed, murderer, but why? Wouldn’t it be better if I found somewhere else to stay, only for a little while before he found me again? Atleast I could live a few days in peace before I would get killed, instead of going back to my own death, and dying as a prisoner.

I figured that if I put on an act that I wasn’t scared, and only angry, then maybe he wouldn’t kill me as quickly. Maybe he would have fed off my fear, and my death would get twice as brutal if I showed myself to be the lamb to his lion. With that thought in my mind I continued to stomp up the small gravel road, not caring that mud and dirt splashed all around me. But the fear lingered on, and I couldn’t shake it off no matter how hard I tried.

When I got inside I immediately went into the kitchen to start unpacking all the groceries. I tried to
stay calm, relaxed, but my ears were continuously listening for the slightest sound, and my muscles were tense. I felt like a stiff puppet where I walked around on eggshells in the large kitchen, and he was the one who had me on his strings.

My ears caught a creaking sound coming from behind me just as I put in some bread in the cupboard. I felt how my whole body froze, knowing he was standing right behind me, watching me.

“You came back.” his voice was low, and husky, causing my heart to race.

I swallowed hard. Refusing to face him I turned back to the grocery bag to unpack the rest of the things.

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I?” I mumbled, trying to keep my voice calm, but it came out as shaky as an aspen leaf.

“You were gone for longer than usual.” he continued, either ignoring or not acknowledging my abnormal voice.

I cleared my throat, trying to make it sound more confident.

“Well, I stopped for a while to talk to Adam, and I lost track of time.” I bit my bottom lip, hoping he wouldn’t see through my lie, which he always used to do. An unnerving feeling crept up my spine as I heard Brahms walk up to me, his breathing being heard just a couple of inches away from my neck.

“Do you like this Adam?” he asked. His voice had gotten a more sinister tone to it which only fed my fear for him.

I stayed quiet, not sure what to say. It didn’t seem like he had detected my lie, but would he be able to if I lied and said that I didn’t like him? Because I did like him, sure, but maybe not in the way Brahms thought I did.

“Hm?” he purred right next to my ear as I felt his slender fingers sneak to my hips, pulling me closer to him.

“Let go of me.” I whispered with a stern voice, gripping the kitchen counter for some kind of support.

“What’s wrong, pretty Gracie?” he asked, and spun me around, his dark eyes staring straight into my blue ones. “Do you like him more than me? Do you want to run to him, and leave me?”

I swallowed hard. His hands were now fully resting on my hips, squeezing them in a tight grip. I tried not to wince as I felt his fingertips dig deeper into my skin. I didn’t know what to answer. I knew Brahms was on the verge of a furious outbreak, and after I had heard Greta’s story I wasn’t so sure I wanted to push his buttons.

“Answer me!” he screamed into my face, his voice echoing inside his mask. He stepped closer, pinning me against the counter. The small of my back was pressed against the hard edge of the surface, causing a small whimper to escape my lips.

“You’re hurting me, Brahms.” I whispered in a shaky voice, staring into his eyes. Every part of me was praying that he would calm down, and realize what he was doing to me.

Brahms stayed in the same position, his eyes wandering all over my face. With a small frustrated sigh he took a step back, but his grip on my hips didn’t falter. I let out a deep breath in relief, and straightened up my posture, the pain in the region of my lower back still aching.
“I have to clean the traps.” I said, and put my hands on top of his, pushing them off of me.

Just as I started walking away towards the front door Brahms gripped my wrist, stopping me in my steps.

“You’re lying.” he said in a dark voice. “We already did that before you left.”

My heart was beating out of my chest, the sound surging in my ears. I had been caught with my hand in the cookie jar, and I feared what was going to happen next.

“You don’t want to be with me anymore, do you?” he continued, still holding onto my wrist.

I spun around, pulling my wrist away from his grip. The adrenaline was now taking over my body, filling me with confidence.

“I know what you’ve done, Brahms.” I said, taking a step backwards, away from him. “I know what happened with you and Greta before I came here.”

His body stiffened, his eyes turning pitch black as I said her name. I could see how his chest started rising faster by the second as his adam’s apple bobbed. I knew exactly what this meant. He was beyond furious, and I was not on the safe side anymore.

“What happened back then is nothing like this.” he said with gritted teeth, trying to keep himself from screaming out loud, yet his voice was just as aggressive as if he would have.

“But that doesn’t mean you’re not a monster anymore, Brahms!” I exclaimed, feeling how tears welled up in my eyes. “You killed him! And you almost killed Malcolm!”

I continued to take slow steps back, my plan being to escape out the door, but Brahms started to follow me, his pace just as slow as mine.

“He was hurting her. He hurt me.” he said with the same voice, his stare drilling into me, making my body feel weak.

“And Malcolm, huh? Malcolm never hurt anyone. And what about Emily? She was a child Brahms! She hadn’t done anything!”

“You know nothing, Grace. You weren’t there!” he screamed, his voice so loud it echoed through the whole house. I jumped at the sudden outburst, which caused me to stop in my steps, paralyzed with fear.

“I didn’t have to, Greta told me everything! You are a terrible person, Brahms!” I screamed back at him, the tears rolling down my face. The feeling of wet droplets on my cheeks made me regain my control over my body, and I rushed towards the door.

Just as I reached the door handle I felt his arms wrap around my body, dragging me away from the door while I was kicking and screaming.

“Let go of me!” I cried, digging my nails into his arms.

“No! You are not leaving me!” he screamed, pinning me down to the floor, and positioning himself on top of me.

“Are you going to kill me now?” I cried, squirming underneath him. “Just like you killed the others?” Brahms didn’t answer. All I could hear from him was his heavy breathing, and low growls escaping
now and then. We stared at each other, both out of breath. I took this opportunity to clasp my hands together before swinging them towards him, hitting him right in the solar plexus. He let out a small groan as his arms reached around his stomach in pure reflex. I pushed him off of me and sprinted up the stairs, the only thing in my mind being to get away from him.

As I turned around the corner into the corridor Brahms stood before me. I halted, and let out a gasp. There was no escape from him. He had his pathways, which he knew much better than me. I had no chance of outsmarting him, especially not since what happened with Greta.

“Leave me alone, Brahms!” I pleaded while starting to walk backwards again in a slow pace. He shook his head slowly as he started to follow me.

I reacted quickly, and sprinted for the bathroom, locking the door behind me. I was hoping he didn’t have a secret door into here. I hadn’t seen one before anyways. With shaky breaths I backed away from the door, keeping my eyes locked on the door knob. I backed into the cold tile wall, and slid down it just as the door knob started jerking. My heart was beating like war drums in my ears, was this how Greta had felt?

My stomach was churning with fear, and the feeling only got worse as the door knob stopped jerking, and Brahms’ footsteps faded. I nervously scanned the room for any secret doors he could enter from, but I didn’t see one. Until I could see the door of the closet, that stood in the corner of the room, slowly opening.

I realized that there was no escape from here. I was trapped inside this small room, inbetween the sink and the bathtub while a homicidal man, twice the size of me, was blocking the door. My only escape.

Brahms rushed over to me, lifting me up by my hair as I screamed bloody murder. He opened the door, and dragged me to my room where he threw me down on the bed. I tried to escape, only for him to drag me right back again.

“Stay still and I won’t hurt you!” he screamed, his hand gripping my throat. I nodded slowly, my breathing as shaky as the rest of my body.

Brahms slowly let go of my throat, keeping his eyes locked with mine. Just as his hand went to rest by his side I bolted for the door, but I was too slow. Brahms managed to get a hold of my arm, and held it in a tight grip. I could already feel it bruising.

“Don’t leave me!” he screamed. His voice had started to get raspy as he had overused it.

“Tell me one reason not to!” I screamed back at him, turning around to look at him while I continued to squirm around in his grip.

He didn’t answer. All he did was stare at me. I rolled my eyes and turned around again, still trying to get out from his iron grip.

Without any notice, he pulled me back to him, pressing my body against his. I didn’t have the time to react before he threw of his mask onto the bed, and crashed his lips onto mine.
Under the Mask

Chapter Notes

Hey!

I hope you all survived the cliff hanger I pulled on you in the last chapter. It was actually really funny to see your reactions to it, haha. Anyways, here's a rushed chapter that I hope you'll like.

Enjoy! :)

It came out of nowhere. I was stunned. At first I just stood there, trying to comprehend what was going on. It wasn’t until Brahms’ hand reached up to tangle his fingers in my hair, while pressing me closer to him, that I realized. I didn’t know what to do. My legs were trembling underneath me as his hot lips were pressed against mine. Too scared to pull away from him, I reached my hands up to his neck, my fingers lightly playing with the soft curls at the nape of his neck. I started moving my lips along his, feeling his hot breath brush against my skin as he let out a soft sigh. I was completely under his control now. He was still holding onto my hair in a tight grip with one hand, while his other one had snaked around my waist, pressing my body closer to his.

Suddenly I felt his tongue brush against my bottom lip. With hesitation I opened my mouth slightly to allow him to slip his tongue inside me. I could tell that he was inexperienced by the way it sloppily moved around, but I didn’t pull away. Brahms let out a soft moan as I started to use my tongue back, his fingertips digging into my skin.

After a while his tongue movements got a bit more secure, and his hands found their way inside my shirt, moving along my sides until he reached my bra. His hands then travelled to my back, starting to fiddle with the clasp in attempt to unhook it. I let out a weak gasp against his lips as he managed to do it, and I could feel how his lips curved into a smug smile.

He broke the kiss, slowly pulling away from me to pull my shirt over my head. That’s when I got a clear look of his face. I froze once again where I stood, looking up at him. Brahms didn’t seem to realize it at first. It wasn’t until his gaze travelled from my body up to my face that he understood why I had stopped. His eyes showed a hint of shame, and embarrassment, before his head dropped to look down at the floor, his curls covering his face.

I then realized that I had been staring, and felt ashamed for my actions. With certain hesitation I reached my hands under his chin, his beard coarse against my fingertips, and tilted his head up again.

“No.” he mumbled, and put his hands over mine, pushing them away from him.

“It’s okay, Brahms.” I whispered softly, and reached up my hand again to tilt his head up. His eyes were sceptically wandering over my face as I stroke some hair away from his face, allowing me to take a better look at him.

The scars covered most parts of his face, his beard reaching up to cover the sides. He lacked of his eyebrows and eyelashes, but despite that and his scars he had handsome features. He still looked human, and nothing like what I had seen in my dream before.
“You don’t—” I started, but I lost the rest of the sentence as Brahms’ eyes locked with mine, staring at me so intensely with the most human look I had ever gotten from him. He waited for me to finish my sentence, his adam’s apple bobbing as his fingers nervously twitched where they were resting around my waist.

“You don’t look the way I had imagined you to.” I said with a weak voice.

I could see how his jaw clenched, and his expression got a hint of confusion into the embarrassment, and shame. He reached his hand up and pulled down his hair in attempt to cover his face.

“No, I didn’t mean it like that.” I said, and pushed away his hair again. “What I meant was that you don’t look as horrible as I had imagined.” I tried to fix my sentence, but I could see that I had failed as Brahms’ expression turned even more insecure, even a hint of anger to it, and his hands let go of me, sliding down to his sides.

“N-not that I had thought that you looked horrible, of course.” I chuckled nervously as Brahms took a few steps back, his hands behind his back. He scanned me up and down, the skin where his eyebrows used to be furrowed.

I let out a frustrated sigh, and hid my face in the palm of my hands.

“You know what, I’m sorry.” I apologized, and walked up to him, placing my hands on his chest as I looked up at him, battering my eyelashes to look as apologetic and sweet as possible. “You’ve got nothing to be ashamed of.”

Brahms eyes softened a bit at my words, but they were still wandering over my face, his chest rising with a quick pace underneath my hands. He didn’t say anything, silence filling the room as we both stared at each other.

“Can I touch it?” I asked hesitantly, and slowly reached up to his face, inches away from actually touching it.

Brahms looked at me for a while before nodding slowly. He inhaled sharply as my fingers touched his cheek, but let out a small sigh as I gently stroke my fingertips over his cheekbone. My fingertips continued to travel up to his forehead, carefully caressing the scars. Brahms shut his eyes, his head dropping a bit by my touch.

I was thinking of the story of how he got the scars, suddenly remembering what he had done. I quickly pulled away from his face, and took a few steps back. Brahms opened his eyes again, looking at me with a confused expression.

“This doesn’t change anything, Brahms.” I said, and reached up to clasp my bra again. I had totally forgotten that he had managed to unclasp it in the heat of the moment. “What you did was still wrong.”

Brahms turned his face away from me, and looked for his mask. He found it tossed on the bed, and put it back on before taking a few steps closer towards me.

“What did you do to Mike?” I asked, swallowing hard. “Did you kill him too?”

Brahms let out a sigh, and walked up to me, his tall frame towering over me where I stood pressed against the closed door.

“I did it to protect you, Grace.” he said with a low, stern voice. “He was hurting you.”
“You didn’t even know me, and you certainly didn’t need to kill him.” I spat, feeling how my heart started racing, afraid that he would lash out like he had done just a couple of moments ago.

He didn’t say anything, his eyes wandering over my face. Only silent breaths escaped from him. They were slow, but heavy.

“Why did you kill him?” I asked. “And don’t tell me it was because of what he did to me, because that is no excuse.”

“What do you mean by that?” Brahms asked, and tilted his head to the side, his eyes narrowing. “Why didn’t he deserve it?”

I let out a sigh. This was going to be harder than I would’ve thought.

“Because killing someone just because the did something bad isn’t right. I’m grateful that you wanted to help me, but you didn’t need to kill him. All that was needed was for him to be stopped, and then someone could’ve called the police. He didn’t need to die.” I tried to sound stern, but my voice came out more shaky than I had expected.

Brahms continued to stare at me like I was the crazy one, his eyes narrowed into thin lines.

“Where’s the body, Brahms?” I asked after a while of silence, sighing slowly.

“Where no one is ever going to find it.” he mumbled, and hunched a bit so he could rest his forehead against mine. The porcelain felt cold against my slightly sweaty forehead, but I couldn’t pull away.

“Show me.” I whispered, licking my lips. “Show me where.”

Brahms stood up straight again, and took a step back, his eyes wandering across my body. His hands reached to connect behind his back again, his curls messily laying over his mask.

“Please?” I said, and tilted my head to the side, slightly pouting my lips.

“Fine.” he sighed, and walked over to me, taking my hand in his before pulling me to the side so he could open the door. “But you’ve got to hold onto me so I know you won’t run away.”

“Deal.”

We walked for a long while into the woods. It was cold and wet outside, and I had started to regret wanting to come out here. It was eerily quiet out in the forest. Not even birds could be heard chirping in the distance. It was like everything had stopped to watch us as we walked to look at a dead body.

Brahms suddenly stopped, and his hand squeezing mine tighter.

“We’re here.” he said in a low voice, looking down at me where I stood beside him in my red coat.

“Where is it?” I asked, and looked around, trying to see a half decomposed body somewhere under some leaves.

“Stand still.” Brahms said to me before shoving the shovel he had been carrying with him into the wet dirt.

I watched him as he dug a deep hole into the ground, too afraid to even breathe. My body was shaking uncontrollably, and the churning feeling I had in my stomach got even worse when Brahms turned around and reached his hand out for me. I took it after awhile of hesitation, not knowing if I
really wanted to see a dead body, and walked up to stand beside him in front of the large hole he had made.

“Is that him?” I asked with a shaky voice, looking down at the cadaver wrapped in a dirty white sheet.

“Yes.” Brahms said shortly.

I felt ill. I regretted going out here, seeing a dead body, but at the same time I wanted to make sure that it really was Mike’s body that was wrapped in that sheet.

“Can you show me?” I asked weakly, looking up at Brahms.

He hesitated, but nodded after a while, and jumped down into the hole beside the body. I anxiously bit my bottom lip, feeling how my heart was beating fast in my chest as Brahms slowly unwrapped the cadaver.

I inhaled sharply as I saw the half decomposed body. His face was a pale grey, worms and different bugs crawling over it. I turned around and put a hand over my mouth, trying to tell myself not to vomit.

Brahms climbed up from the pit, and put back the dirt over the disgusting body, covering it completely.

“Come on now.” he mumbled, and took my hand again, leading me back to the house.

When we got back to the house I went straight into the kitchen to make some tea. The image of Mike’s corpse continuously kept popping up inside my mind, and I knew that I was now a criminal. I knew that Brahms had killed someone, and I had even seen the body, yet I didn’t report it to the police. I wanted to, but I couldn’t.

“Do you want some tea?” I asked Brahms where he sat behind me by the kitchen island, like he always did.

He shook his head slowly, his hands clasped together, resting on the counter.

“A brit that doesn’t want tea? That’s odd.” I chuckled nervously, and turned around to pour some sugar into the hot beverage. I could hear Brahms let out a low chuckle, making my heart skip a beat. I was scared of him, and what he was capable of. Hearing him chuckle was something that I found unnerving, almost disturbing. How could he just chuckle like that? It was like he didn’t even realize how awful of a human being he was. Then I remembered that he actually didn’t know that. And that thought was even worse.
When I woke up the next morning I was confused at first. The unfamiliar surroundings made me feel scared, but then I remembered what had happened the night before.

Brahms didn’t trust me enough to leave me alone. He had been following me around the house wherever I went, saying that I would try to escape from him if he left me by myself. When it was time for me to sleep he had forced me to sleep beside him in his bed, in his room inside the walls. I had objected and said that it was enough if he slept beside me in my bed, but Brahms refused and said that I could wake up and escape when he was asleep. But he knew that I couldn’t find my way out of the walls as quickly, and that’s why it had to be there.

I squirmed around a bit in the small, uncomfortable bed, trying to get into a more comfortable position, but it was hard since I didn’t get much space where I laid inbetween Brahms’ large body, and the wall. To make everything much worse Brahms also had his arms wrapped around me.

Brahms let out a groan as I was squirming around, pulling me closer to him.

“What are you doing?” he mumbled into the crook of my neck. The porcelain mask felt cold against my warm body, and I tried to ignore the shiver that ran down my spine.

“Nothing.”

“Were you trying to leave me?” he asked in a husky voice, pressing me closer to his body while digging his fingertips into my sides. I tried not to squirm around as I felt the pain spread through my ribcage, but I couldn’t help it.

“No.” I whispered weakly, biting down my bottom lip in attempt to contain my actions.

“What were you doing then?” his fingers kept digging into my sides, keeping me in place where I laid in his arms, my back pressed against his torso.

“I was just-” my voice died out as I felt how he nuzzled into my hair, inhaling deeply. “trying to get into a more comfortable position.” I finished in a weak voice.

“Is he smelling me?” I thought to myself, feeling yet another shiver run down my spine.
“Are you?” he asked with the same husky voice, slowly loosening his grip around my sides.

“N-no.” I stuttered out, afraid that he would get angry, and do something horrible to me, yesterday’s event still imprinted in my mind.

I was surprised when I felt Brahms let go of his tight grip around me, allowing me to adjust my position. I chose this moment to sit up in the bed, looking over my shoulder down at him where he laid, his eyes following my every movement.

“Comfortable?” he asked while scanning me. His eyes having a slightly annoyed tint to them.

“No.” I shook my head, and pushed some hair away from my face. “I’m still here.”

I instantly regretted the last sentence that slipped out of my mouth as I saw how his eyes turned into those dark ones I was so familiar with at this point.

“You’re not leaving me, pretty Gracie.” he gripped my wrist tightly, but not as hard as yesterday, and sat up. “I won’t let you.”

“That wasn’t what I meant.” I corrected myself. I didn’t want to throw a fit, I was too scared of what he would do to me. “All I meant was that I wanted to take a shower.”

He glanced me up and down, probably trying to detect whether I was lying or not, like he always used to do. I stared at him while he did so, scared that he would think I was lying if I broke the eye contact.

“Fine, but not alone.” he said after a while, letting go of my wrist. I pulled my arm away from him, and gave him an angry glare.

“You’re not going to join me.” I scoffed, and shook my head. “No way.”

Brahms didn’t say anything. I was wondering what was going on inside his mind as he continued to look at me, examining every detail of me. He wasn’t seriously thinking I would let him shower with me? Together? That was just crazy.

“Well,” I said, and pushed myself of the bed. “I want to shower now, so if you’d be so kind and help me out from here, that’d be great.”

He nodded slowly, and took my hand before leading me out from the maze-like walls. I didn’t like holding his hand, not only because it was much larger than mine and practically swallowed it, but also because it was Brahms. A mentally disturbed murderer. It was like he thought he could trick me into thinking he was just a sweet gentleman when he pulled a cute little gesture like holding my hand. I was not being fooled by this behaviour. I knew exactly who he was. Or, almost, atleast.

“Okay, bye now.” I said to Brahms, and walked into the bathroom, but just as I was about to close the door he put his hand on it, pushing it open again.

“I’m not leaving you alone.” he stated, looking straight into my eyes with those stern, yet glimmering, eyes.

“You can just stand outside like you usually do!” I exclaimed, and pointed to the wall he usually leaned against while waiting for me when I was in the shower. “It’s not like I can turn invisible and sneak past you, or anything.”

He shook his head slowly, still keeping his gaze locked with mine.
“You know about the closet now. I can’t risk you escaping from there.” he said with a lower voice.

I had actually forgotten about the closet, strangely enough. I stood for a while, staring at Brahms where he towered over me, his torso only being covered by a thin tank top, showing everything that was hiding underneath.

“Fine. But you’ll sit on the floor.” I said, and stepped aside to allow him to enter the room. Brahms nodded slightly, and walked past me, sitting down on the floor in front of the closet door.

I stood in the middle of the room, looking down at the large man with the dark curly hair, and eerie doll mask where he sat on the tile floor. Brahms was looking up at me, his brown eyes glistening with anticipation.

“No peeking.” I shuffled uncomfortably before pursing my lips and stepping into the shower, still wearing my pink t-shirt and grey sweatshorts.

I could see Brahms’ silhouette through the sheer shower curtain. He was still sitting in the same spot, his head turning as he was looking around the room. I slowly stripped down and threw my clothes on the floor before him, seeing how he flinched as he saw the fabric land by his feet. With certain hesitation I turned around to face the shower head, and turning on the water.

To my surprise, Brahms was actually behaving as I was showering. I continuously shot glances in his direction to see if he had moved, but he never did. As I was very grateful for that, I still hadn’t forgotten about who he was. He was still an awful human being, and no gentleman gestures in the whole world could ever change that.

“Brahms?” I asked as I felt the hot water slowly run out. I had procrastinated from stepping out of the shower, too scared to face Brahms again.

He hummed silently in response, and I could see how he straightened up his posture where he sat.

“Could you-” I paused. It felt awkward asking him for a favour, especially after my previous behaviours. “Could you please be so kind and hand me a towel, thanks?” I asked in the most polite, gentle voice as possible, hoping he wouldn’t refuse, and force me to face him naked.

“Okay.” he said silently, and got up to get one for me. I watched his silhouette from behind the shower curtain as he opened the closet and took out a clean towel. I carefully peeked out from behind the curtain and took the towel from his hand, giving him a small smile as I did so.

I wrapped the towel around my body, and stepped out of the shower. My hair was still dripping water. The droplets ran down my chest and down my cleavage. I could see how Brahms followed them with his gaze, his adam’s apple bobbing as it dissapeared inbetween by breasts. I pulled the towel tighter around my body, and tried my best to hide my breasts from him.

“Can I go get dressed, or are you going to watch me as I do so?” I asked, and cocked an eyebrow at him. Hoping he wouldn’t actually think I would let him watch me get dressed.

He shuffled a bit where he stood, his eyes wandering over my body.

“I don’t trust you.” he mumbled. His voice echoing behind the mask, like it always did. “You’re going to leave me.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Brahms, I swear, I won’t leave you. I know I can’t because you’d find me. So please let me get
dressed” I pleaded, and looked up at him, trying to look at innocent and sincere as possible. “I promise I’ll be quick.”

He hesitated, his eyes locked with mine as he reached up to scratch his rough beard.

“You have thirty seconds.” he said, and put his hand on the small of my back, leading me towards my room.

“What? Are you kidding me?” I exclaimed. “Do you really think I can get dressed in thirty seconds?”

Brahms opened the door, and gave me a light push inside.

“I guess you’ll have to hurry then.” he said in a low voice, and closed the door.

I panicked. For the first few seconds I just stood still, looking at the closed door. I then realized that Brahms was actually going to do as he had said, he always did, so I rushed towards the bureau as I threw the towel onto the bed, and picked out the first few things I saw. I had put on my under garments, and was halfway through putting on my blue skinny jeans when the door was flung open.

“Dude!” I screamed, and jumped around where I stood, with my jeans halfway up my legs, so he couldn’t see my half-naked body.

“It’s been thirty seconds.” he said simply. I couldn’t see him where I stood with my back against him, but I could feel him staring at me intensely with those brown eyes of his.

“Just give me a sec.” I mumbled, and wiggled into my jeans. I held a hand over my breasts as I turned to the bed to pick up my red polo jumper, and swiftly pulled it over my head.

“Okay.” I said, and turned around to look at Brahms, ruffling my wet hair. He was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest. “What now?”

“Breakfast.” he said, and walked up to me, taking my hand before leading me to the kitchen.

“I won’t cook for you.” I said as we entered the kitchen, and pulled my hand away from his grip, crossing my arms. He turned around as he let out a deep sigh, giving me an annoyed glare.

“We’ll do it together.” he said, his voice just as annoyed as his expression. “Just like you taught me, remember?”

“Fine.” I sighed, and walked up to the counter, getting the bread out from the cupboard as Brahms got the rest of the ingredients.

As I picked up the bread knife to cut some slices of bread I glanced over at Brahms where he stood only a few feet away. The thought of stabbing him with the knife suddenly popped up in my mind. I could just shove it into his side, and then run. He wouldn’t be able to catch me with a knife jabbed into him, right? Just one swift movement and it could all be over. I could run away. Greta could maybe even help me flee this country. She seemed kind enough to do that. She knew under what circumstances I lived in, so why wouldn’t she want to help me? It could possibly save my life.

My thoughts were interrupted when Brahms reached out and took the knife from my hand. I flinched as I felt his touch, and looked up at him. He was glaring at me with an angry, almost hurt, look, and placed the knife beside him on the counter, on the other side from me.

“Don’t even think about it.” he said with gritted teeth. “You can’t escape from me, pretty Gracie.”
Howdy!

How are you? I hope you're doing great! Either way, here's a new chapter for you. I hope you'll like it, even though it was rushed (just like the previous chapters have been bc I'm the queen of procrastination).

Enjoy! :)

Brahms wouldn’t let me do anything after that. He demanded me to sit on the counter while he did everything, but this time he stayed away from the stove like I had told him to before.

The breakfast was quiet. The room was filled with awkward tension, only the sound of me chewing being heard. I told Brahms that he could eat now that I had seen his face, and after a while of hesitation he did. I stared down at the plate in front of me, not wanting to seem like I was staring at him. I knew how sensitive he was about his face, and he would probably get angry, and upset, if he thought I was staring.

“I can wash the dishes since you made us breakfast.” I mumbled after we had finished eating, and walked over to pick up his empty plate, balancing it upon the other dishes.

Brahms was watching me intensely as I washed all of our dishes, and putting it back into the cabinets. He wasn’t sitting on the stool by the kitchen island, like he usually did, he was standing right beside me. So close that our shoulders were nudging, or more like my shoulder nudged his upper arm.

“What now?” I asked while drying my hands on a kitchen towel. “What’s happening?”

He tilted his chin up, and eyed me up and down, as if he looked down upon me. As if I was nothing but scum to him. He then walked up to me, and pulled me closer with one swift movement, causing me to squeal.

“What are you doing?” I breathed, our chest pressed together as his face was just above mine. I could feel how my heart was racing as he looked at me with those brown eyes.

“You’ve been kind of rude this morning.” he said in a low, raspy voice. He tilted his head slightly to the side, his eyes still locked with mine.

“No, I haven’t.” I shook my head quickly, feeling how despair started building up inside of me. “I’ve been good.”

“Really?” he chuckled, and stroke some of my hair behind me ear. It was uncomfortable enough to be so close to him, but for him to tuck some hair away from my face was a whole another level of discomfort.

“Really!” my voice had begun shaking. I feared what he might do to me. None of the things he’d forced me to do as a punishment had been pleasant, and I doubted this was going to be.
“You want to leave me.” his voice got darker, silently rumbling from behind the mask. “You tried to kill me.”

I shook my head, feeling how tears burned behind my eyelids. My legs were trembling underneath me, and my heart was beating fast in my chest, the sound surging in my ears. He was always intimidating, but never was he as intimidating as when he got angry. It was almost like a dark shadow was thrown over him as soon as he got mad, making everything around him more terrifying.

“I would never, I swear.” I pleaded desperately.

“Stop lying to me!” he screamed in my face while grabbing my shoulders in a tight grip.

I closed my eyes shut as I felt warm tears slowly roll down my cheeks. My whole body was trembling, and I tried my best to choke down my sobs.

“I’m sorry.” I sobbed silently, still having my eyes closed as I feared to look at him.

His fingers twitched where they dug into shoulders, and I could hear him let out a deep sigh. I continued to keep my eyes closed, sobbing quietly as I feared what would happen next. Maybe this was the end.

“Okay, I’ll forgive you, Grace.” he mumbled, his voice raspy from his previous scream.

I slowly opened my eyes, not believing what I was hearing.

“What?” I breathed.

“One one condition.”

I nodded slowly, waiting for his proposed condition. Brahms’ eyes wandered over my face, his eyes still having a slight dark tint to them, yet they glistened like they did when he was happy, or satisfied.

“I want you to kiss me.” he purred in a husky voice, bringing me closer to him.

“Okay…” I whispered, looking at the lips of the porcelain mask. It wasn’t the worst thing he had forced me to do.

“But don’t just kiss me.” he said, and placed a finger under my chin, tilting my head up so he could look directly into my eyes. “Kiss me like you mean it.”

I didn’t quite know what he meant by that. I supposed he wanted me to put some depth into it, and not just peck his lips in a quick movement. Nonetheless I nodded my head slowly, and reached my hands up to his mask. Brahms’ hands slid down to rest on my hips as my fingers reached the cold material he wore over his face. I looked at him, waiting for approval, before I slowly took it off. I carefully put it down on the counter, and licked my lips as I looked back at him.

The sight of his face was still so unfamiliar, and I tried my best not to stare as I knew it would set him off. With trembling hands I cupped his face, and got up on my tiptoes to connect our lips. Brahms instantly started moving against my lips, without hesitation. His hands snaked around my waist, and pulled me even closer to him, our chests pressing against eachother.

“More.” he demanded against my lips.

I nodded slowly, knowing what he meant. I let my tongue slip inside his mouth and with his. His kisses were still sloppy, but it was better than the last time. A fluttering feeling erupted in my stomach
as I heard him let out a small moan, and it encouraged me to deepen the kiss even more. My hands
snaked around his neck, and my fingers connected to his curls. Just the way I knew he liked it. My
actions earned me yet another moan, causing me to smile smugly against his lips, but the smile
disappeared as Brahms abruptly pulled away.

“What’s wrong?” I panted, wetting my lips as I looked up at him.

He scanned me up and down, and I could see his lips curve into a small half-smirk. It was the first
time I had actually seen him smile, or even gotten close to it. I couldn’t help but to smile a little at the
sight. It was like discovering a new nature phenomenon no one had ever seen before, in a very
strange way.

Brahms’ glistening eyes connected with mine, and for a second it was like time stood still. I felt
myself drowning in his dark eyes, my legs quivering underneath me. He reached up and stroke some
hair away from my face, his thumb gently caressing my cheek. I swallowed hard, not being able to
look away. He suddenly gripped my hand, and dragged me up the stairs, and into my bedroom.

I had no self-control whatsoever. His actions were the ones that controlled me, and only his. I was
completely absorbed by his actions, his reactions. Brahms gently pushed me down on the bed before
joining me. I sat up on my knees, and let him crash his lips against mine once again. It was intense,
and I was in complete ecstasy. I had not felt this high in a very long time.

Brahms’ hands reached to the hem of my shirt, and he broke the kiss to remove it from my body, and
throw it onto the floor. He took a quick glance of my half-naked chest before connecting his lips to
mine once again. His hands placed themselves on my sides. They felt warm, almost clammy, against
my skin. He slowly put his body weight on me, pushing me down against the soft pillows, and I let
him.

He pulled away once again to remove his own shirt. He threw it to the floor where my shirt was,
before leaning down towards me again. I put my hands on his chest, pushing him up again so I could
take proper look at his exposed chest. I ran my fingers down his pecks, down his toned abs, and
that’s when I noticed it. A large pink scar in the middle of his chest, right underneath the ribcage.
And it all flashed back to me.

I pushed him of off me, and crawled backwards, away from him until my back reached the
headboard. It was Brahms. The same Brahms that had killed a little girl at the age of eight. The same
Brahms who had killed his love interest’s ex-boyfriend, and almost her current boyfriend. This was
the same Brahms that had tried to kill his own love interest.

Brahms noticed my sceptic behaviour, and let out a frustrated sigh. He reached out in attempt to pull
me closer to him once again, but I quickly jumped of the bed, and walked to pick up my shirt.

“Get away from me.” I said, my voice weak from being out of breath, but also because I realised
what terrible thing I had done. “The things you’ve done are too terrible. I could never be with you.”

I pulled the shirt over my head, and by the time it had passed my head Brahms was standing in front
of me, his tall frame towering over me. His chest was inches away from my face, the hair almost
touching my nose.

“You don’t know anything.” he said in a low, raspy voice.

“I know enough!” I exclaimed, and spun around to walk out the room, but he gripped my arm before
I could.
“No, you don’t.”

The feeling of being in complete ecstasy was long gone, and had been replaced with fear, and even anger. I was angry at myself for not having enough self-control to resist him, and I feared him for being, well, himself. I had no idea why I felt to utterly weak in his presence, letting him dominate me like I was puppet on his string. One thing was for sure. I wasn’t going to let him do this to me anymore. I would rather die right here, right now, than to continue to live like this.

“Oh really?” I spat, and turned around to look at him again. “What is it then that I don’t know?”

“There are alot of things you don’t know.” he told me, and looked into my eyes.

I rolled my eyes, tired of his little mind game.

“Then stop avoiding the subject and tell me!”

He looked me up and down, knowing him he was probably deciding whether or not he would. As I was waiting for his decision my eyes found their way to his chest again. It was hard to think that the good looking torso in front of me belonged to an insane murderer. I couldn’t tear my gaze away. I swallowed hard as I saw his abs twitched slightly, and his chest rose and sunk as he breathed.

“Ohay then.” Brahms said suddenly, startling me where I had sunken into a trance staring at his torso.

I looked up at him, feeling my cheeks heat up as I was caught in the act of staring at him. He didn’t seem too amused by it though as his mouth was just a straight line across his face.

“What?” I asked, completely forgetting what had been going on.

“I’ll tell you.” he said shortly in a monotone voice.

“About your face?” I asked, still not completely comprehending what was happening. I didn’t realize what had actually left my mouth before I saw Brahms reaction. He looked hurt, and embarrassed as he pulled down his fringe to cover some of his burnt face. He cleared his throat, and walked out of the room, me being dragged behind him by the grip he had around my arm.
Hello!

I actually had some troubles with this chapter, bc I didn't know how to tell this story, but then one of my readers (Olympia) suggested that I would make another chapter out of Brahms' POV, so I decided to do that.

Thank you all for supporting me and my story. Everything from clicking on it, to reading it, leaving Kudos, comments, suggestions, they all make my day. Ever single one.

Anyways, here's a chapter out of eight year old Brahms' POV.

Hope you enjoy! :)

“Happy Birthday Brahms!” they all cheered, clapping their hands.

I didn’t understand. They didn’t like me, I knew what they all said about me, yet they were here. I didn’t want them here. I wanted them all to go away so I could go back to reading my books. They were only here so they could get closer to mummy and daddy. They weren’t here for my sake.

“Brahmsy, make a wish!” mummy said with a smile. I could see that she faked it, probably for them. For the show they always put up whenever the others came around.

I blew out the candles on the stupid cake, and they all started cheering again. I looked around the room, at all the fancy old ladies and men. They looked stupid. The old ladies all wore stupid dresses, and pearl necklaces. The men all wore suits in boring colours, just like me. I didn’t like wearing suits, but mummy forced me to wear one today.

“I want to look good for your birthday, don’t you Brahmsy?” she had asked as she tied the black tie around my neck.

I didn’t want to “look good”, I didn’t feel the need to. They weren’t here for me anyways.

Mummy cut a slice of the cake, and gave it to me, still wearing that fake smile I had seen so many times before. I looked over to the corner of the room, seeing daddy sitting with some other old men. They were drinking alcohol, like always. I didn’t understand why daddy always did that. I had once tasted it after daddy had fallen asleep with it in his hand. The amber coloured beverage looked kind of like apple juice in the crystal glass, but it wasn’t. The smell was horrendous, and the taste even worse. It burned as soon as it touched my lip, and I never tried to taste it ever again.

I looked down at the slice on the plate in front of me. I felt sick just looking at it. I didn’t like cake, and mummy knew that. But she had to put on this show in front of everyone. Opposite to me sat Emily. Mummy and daddy always forced me to play with her, but I didn’t like her. She wasn’t very nice to me. She was always calling me names, mocking me for not wanting to play the same way other children did.
“Honey,” mummy said, and crouched down beside me, putting a hand on my shoulder. "What’s wrong? Why aren’t you eating your cake?"

“I don’t like cake, mummy.” I explained, tilting my head to the side. “I don’t like the taste.”

She sighed and let out a small chuckle, nervously looking around the room to see if anyone was listening to our conversation.

“You haven’t even tasted this cake, Brahms.” she said with a more stern voice.

“I don’t like it, mummy. Please don’t make me eat it.” I pleaded. I just wanted to go to my room and read my book. I didn’t want to put on this charade.

Her green eyes drilled into mine, and I knew she was angry at me. I lowered my head, ashamed of what I had said and done. I started fiddling with the buttons on my suit jacket as mummy’s grip around my shoulder tightened.

“Fine.” she said. I looked up at her, surprised that she let me do something I wanted. “Go play outside with Emily then.” she pointed at the chubby girl in the awful, puffy, pink dress, flashing her a fake smile.

I looked at Emily, seeing how a smile spread across her face, her chubby cheeks as rosy as her ugly dress.

“I’ll happily play with you, Brahms.” she chirped in her annoying high-pitched voice, and stood up from the chair.

“Lovely!” mummy smiled, and stood up from her crouching position, nudging me to follow Emily.

“Mummy…” I whispered, looking up at her, hoping she would see that I didn’t want to play with Emily.

“Oh, stop whining, Brahms.” mummy sighed in frustration. “You have to behave. You’re a big boy now, and big boys behave.”

I nodded slowly before walking up to Emily where she stood by the door frame, waiting for me. She giggled and took my hand, dragging me behind her as she ran outside. I felt my stomach churning. I knew Emily would start to mock me as soon as we were out of sight from the house.

“Why don’t you like cake?” she asked me, picking up a long stick she found in the moss. I looked at her as she patted the stick down into the dirt.

“I just don’t like it.” I mumbled, putting my hands into my pockets. I looked towards the house, hoping mummy or daddy would come at any second and take me away from this horrible girl.

“You’re so weird.” she said, and pointed the stick into my tummy, leaving a dirty spot on my white button-down. Mummy wasn’t going to like that. “Why are you so weird?”

“I’m not weird.” I defended myself. I took my hands out of my pockets and tried to rub away the dirt from my shirt, but the stain remained.

“Yes you are!” she exclaimed, pointing the stick really close to my face. I took a step back, not wanting her to poke my eye out, but she followed my steps.

“Stop it.” I said, feeling how my heart started racing. I clenched my fists, and the urge to hit her in
the face became harder to resist.

“You aren’t normal. Normal kids like to play outside, but you only want to sit inside and read stupid books, and listen to stupid music. You’re weird.” she continued, her lips curved into an evil smile.

“There’s nothing wrong with me!” I screamed, feeling how tears burned behind my eyelids.

“Are you going to cry now?” she mocked with a childish voice, pouting her lips. “Are you going to run to your mummy?”

“Stop it!” I screamed, closing my eyes shut as I felt the first tears roll down my cheeks. I didn’t understand why she was so mean to me all the time. Why were they all so mean to me?

“Crybaby! Crybaby!” she mockingly sang, poking me with the stick repeatedly.

“I’m not a crybaby!” I screamed, and pushed her. She fell to the ground, her ugly fluffy pink dress surrounding her.

“What’s wrong with you?” she screamed, propping herself up. “You’re such a freak!”

“I am not!” I flew ontop of her, hitting her in the face, and pulling her dirty blonde hair. We both screamed as we hit eachother. Emily got a hold of my arm, and bit me. I let out a loud scream in pain, and hit her right in the face, over her nose. She cried out a loud wail, and covered her nose with her hands. I could see how blood started running down her face, but I didn’t care. I was angry, and I couldn’t stop it.

I looked around the mossy ground, and found a rock not far away from Emily’s head. I quickly picked it up, and held it with a steady grip as I hit her in the head. She was crying now, tears streaming down her face as blood ran down, staining her dress. It made me feel strong. I was finally the one in control. I hit her with the rock two more times, but this time she didn’t make any sound. Her hands fell down from her face, sprawling out on her sides, and she had her eyes closed.

There was no going back now. I liked hearing the sound of her tiny skull crushing underneath my hand, and I continued to bash it with the rock until there wasn’t much of it felt. I then realized what I had done. I looked at the bloody mush in front of me and stood up, dropping the rock in the process.

I had killed her.

With heavy breathing I ran towards the house. I had to tell mummy. Maybe she could help me. It wasn’t my fault after all, it was hers. It was Emily’s.

“Mummy! Mummy!” I called as soon as I opened the front door, stepping into the hallway. My body was trembling as I stood there, waiting for mummy to come. When she finally came, she dropped her wine glass, letting out a gasp as she put her hand up to her mouth.

“What have you done, Brahms?” she asked in a loud, stern voice. Her green eyes were shooting lightning bolts, and I knew she was angry.

“It wasn’t me mummy, I swear!” I said with a shaky voice, feeling how tears started rolling down my cheeks again. “It was Emily’s fault!”

She crouched down in front of me, grabbing my shoulders with a tight grip, shaking me. I winced in pain, but didn’t try to squirm away from her.

“What have you done, Brahms?” she asked again, being on the edge of screaming out loud. I let my
head drop to the floor. I knew mummy was mad at me for what I had done. But if she could just
understand what I did wasn’t wrong, then she would forgive me. It wasn’t my fault after all.

“Come on,” she said, and grabbed my arm in a grip equally as tight. “We need to get you out of
those clothes.”

She started dragging me up the stairs, and I looked down at my suit seeing how it was stained with
dirt, and speckled with blood. My shaky hands were also very dirty, and bloody. Mummy dragged
me into the bathroom, and started running the bath. As the hot water started filling the tub she took of
my clothes, sighing deeply as she looked at them.

“You told me you’d behave, Brahms.” her voice was shaky, but still as stern as before.

“I’m sorry, mummy.” I mumbled, looking down at the floor.

“Get in the bath.” she ordered me. I nodded and did as she said.

As mummy washed the dirt and blood away from my body a chilling scream was heard, echoing
throughout the whole house, and probably even outside.

Mummy looked at me, her eyes filled with sadness, and worry. She pulled me up from the bath, and
wrapped me in a towel. She put her hands on my shoulders and led me to my room, dressing me in a
new suit.

As she was tying my tie, daddy rushed into the room. His ice blue eyes were wide as globes, and he
reeked of alcohol.

“What has he done?” he asked mummy. “What has our son done?”

Mummy shook her head, and covered her face in her hands. I could hear silent sobs escape from her.
Daddy walked up to her, pulling her in for a hug.

“It’s okay, mummy.” I tried to comfort her, tugging onto her dress. “It wasn’t me. It wasn’t my
fault.”

“What are we going to do?” she asked daddy, ignoring me completely. I let go of her dress and
looked down to the floor again. She was still angry at me, and so was daddy.

“I don’t know, darling.” he said in a sad voice, rubbing her back soothingly.

“They’re going to take him away from us.” mummy cried. “They’ll send him away to a hospital. The
village will never look at us the same way.”

I didn’t know what mummy meant by “hospital”. A hospital was a place you were taken to when
you got really sick, and I wasn’t sick.

Daddy was just about to say something when sirens were heard in the distance. They turned away
and looked out the window, so did I.

“They’ll be here soon.” mummy said in a low voice, wiping away a tear from her cheek. “What are
we going to do?”

Daddy turned to me, placing a hand on my head, stroking it backwards so he could take a better look
at my face.

“Brahms,” he said, his eyes wandering from the window, to mummy, and then back to me. “I need
you to climb up in the attic for me. Can you do that?"

I didn’t like the attic. It was dark, and scary. The ladder always slammed shut as soon as something touched it. The loud noise always startled me, and I kept away from the attic, never wanting to go up there.

“Daddy, it’s scary.” I said silently.

“I know, son, but you’re a big boy now. Big boys can stay in the attic for a while, right?” he gave me a weak smile, and brushed some dust off my suit jacket.

I nodded.

“I can do it.”

“Good boy,” daddy praised, and led me towards the ladder. He then demanded me to climb up, both him and mummy following me behind.

“Now, Brahms.” daddy let out a sigh. “Mummy and I need you to stay here for a while, but you can’t make any sound. Can you do that for us?”

“Why?” I asked. I didn’t understand what was going on, but seeing mummy and daddy like this made me feel scared, a heavy lump forming in my tummy.

“What you did was bad. Now you need to stay here for a while.” mummy explained. I still didn’t fully understand, but I nodded my head nonetheless.

Daddy gave me a smile, and ruffled my hair before turning around to climb down the ladder.

“Are you coming, darling? It’s time.” he asked mummy where she stood behind me.

“Yes, dear.” she mumbled. I turned around and saw that she was fiddling with something, but I couldn’t see what it was. Mummy kissed my cheek, caressing it softly, before following daddy down the ladder.

With a loud slam the ladder closed, leaving me in the darkness. I sat down, hugging my knees. I didn’t want to be up here, it was too scary. I sat there, drawing small figures in the dust on the wooden floor, when I smelt something.

I turned around, and saw that a small fire had caught onto a coat, smoke coming from it. I felt how panic rose up inside me. I quickly crawled over to the closed trapdoor, and started slamming my fists onto it.

“Mummy, help!” I cried out, feeling how the smoke started stinging in my eyes. “Help me, please!”

I continued to helplessly slam the trapdoor, looking back to the fire that had now spread to some books. My throat tickled, and I couldn’t do anything but cough. I was scared. I knew I couldn’t do anything to stop the fire.

“Daddy please help me!” I screamed, tears streaming down my face, but no one seemed to hear me. Eventually I started to feel lightheaded, and I couldn’t put as much force into slamming the trapdoor. With a few last coughs I fell to the floor, looking at the now large fire as my sight turned blurry. Then it all turned black.
More Human than Ever

Chapter Notes

Hi!

So this chapter is going to be important for the plot, and it's going to bring this story forward. Hopefully you'll like that!

Other than that, I'm glad you liked the last chapter! It was incredibly fun to write, and it's always fun to read what you think about Brahms, and Grace.

Enjoy! :)

I had to admit I was kind of nervous to hear Brahms’ version of the story, whatever story he was going to tell me. He dragged me into the lounge, and sat me down on the sofa. Before he decided to sit down next to me, he stared at me very intensely, as if to try and convince himself to tell me about the story of his. With a sigh he sat down next to me, so close that it made me feel uneasy. I slowly scooted away from him until the armrest of the sofa touched my side. I then turned so that I was leaning against it, getting a better look at Brahms where he sat. Brahms also turned around, keeping his gaze locked with mine. His hands were folded in his lap, his fingers fiddling with each other.

“He’s nervous.” I thought to myself, bringing my knees up to my chest, hugging them. I didn’t exactly know what to do. He was nervous, probably because this was the first time he’s told anyone his story, perhaps in a very long time, or maybe even the first time ever. I felt kind of torn, not knowing exactly what to feel at this moment. I felt kind of sorry for him, but at the same time it wasn’t an excuse for what he had done. I couldn’t just forget about everything he had done just because he had a traumatic childhood, and is now showing that he is anxious to tell anyone about it.

“So,” I started, my voice low, and cautious. I didn’t want to push any of his buttons. “What are you going to tell me?”

Brahms looked down at his hands, his curls falling down to cover his exposed face. I got an uneasy feeling in my stomach thinking I had crossed the line. I was prepared to bolt for the exit as soon as he made a movement towards me.

“They didn’t like me.” he mumbled after what seemed like hours. The sudden sound of his dark voice, with that thick british accent, startled me a bit as I was already on edge, thinking he was going to hurt me.

“What?” I asked hesitantly, leaning a bit closer to him so I could hear him more clearly. “Who didn’t like you?”

He looked up at me, his brown eyes having a dark tint to them, but not that tint indicating that he was angry. They looked more sad, hurt. I would’ve guessed that if he’d still have his eyebrows they would be furrowed to match his eyes.

“Everyone.” he said.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, tilting my head to the side. He wasn’t really serious about
what he said, or at least I hoped so. He was a horrible person, sure, but he couldn’t actually think that everyone disliked him. He must’ve had someone that liked him. Everyone had. Even me.

Brahms cleared his throat, shuffling a bit where he sat, and then he started telling me a story about his eighth birthday. I was confused at first. How was a story about one of his birthdays going to make me understand him better? Nonetheless I continued to listen as he ranted about how he despised all those fake people who always showed up to his birthday, even though they made it clear that they didn’t care about him at all.

He also ranted about how he didn’t like playing with the other kids. That he much more preferred sitting inside listening to his music, or reading books. I didn’t understand why, at first, but then he told me about the children from school who bullied him, and one girl in particular. My heart skipped a beat when I heard him utter her name. His eyes turned pitch black, and his posture stiffened. Emily Cribbs. It was the girl that he had killed. I never knew how much a person could hate another until I was sitting right in front of one, seeing how he reacted as soon as he thought of her. And the way he said her name, filled with hatred. To be completely honest I found it terrifying to see how much hatred he had inside him, after all these years, for a little girl.

When he told me everything she’d done to him I slowly began to understand his hatred. This girl had done so many things just to hurt him. He told me that once she had followed him after school, and pushed him down into a puddle. It was absolutely appalling to hear how mean children could be to each other.

Brahms also told me that once she had come to play with him when he was at home, and his mum had happily let her in, even though Brahms didn’t want to. When Emily barged into his room she had begun to criticize everything, and even breaking some of his toys. When Brahms decided to tell his mum Emily simply started crying, saying that he had hit her with the toy, causing it to break. And his mum had bought it, getting angry at Brahms and scolded him for doing such a horrible thing to a sweet girl like Emily.

I understood why Brahms hated her so much, and I actually found myself sympathising with him after all those stories. Yet when he told me about how he had killed her during his birthday party I couldn’t fully wrap my head around it. Sure, she had been a real nightmare, and treated him like crap, but did he really have to kill her? The worst thing of all was that he didn’t even seem to be too upset about it. He talked about it like it was nothing, and it made me wonder if he really had emotions or not.

I was still trying to comprehend everything with Emily when he started telling me about his parents. From what I had gotten out from that letter I had found in his lair was that his parents knew who he really was, but didn’t really care enough to get him the help he needed.

I didn’t know what was worse; that all the kids at his school, Emily included, bullied him simply for being a bit different from them, or that his parents were absolutely terrible. From what he described them as his dad sounded like an alcoholic who couldn’t quite comprehend that his kid was different, and used his son as an excuse to get drunk. His mother was even worse.

Brahms’ dad seemed like a genuine guy who tried his best, even though he failed, but his mother seemed to be a controlling, fake, bitch. She seemed to be the one most disappointed by how her son behaved, and acted. She seemed to be too obsessed over having the perfect family that she started to limit her son, only approving things that she thought could help them look like the type of family everyone aspired to have.

The most appalling thing of all was how Brahms ended up in the attic after he’d killed Emily. I didn’t
think what he did was right, but for his parents to avoid getting Brahms the help he obviously needed, only to protect their “perfect family” image was absurd.

“You mom set you on fire?” I asked after he had told me how he got his scars. He looked at me with a confused expression, his head tilted to the side.

“No, she didn't.” he said, shaking his head.

I let go of my knees, and scooted closer to him, looking straight into his eyes.

“You told me your mom was fiddling with something behind your back right before she left the attic, and from how you told me, it sounded like the fire started right in that same spot.”

He looked away from me, and down at his hands with a furrowed expression. His eyes were roving around, and he was blinking so fast that I almost thought he had gotten some kind of seizure. I realized that he probably never had thought of it that way, and maybe I had been to harsh dropping that bomb on him. To try and calm him down I put a hand on his bare shoulder, squeezing it gently.

Like I had pulled him out of a trance he looked back to me with a sceptic expression pasted onto his face. His lips were slightly parted, allowing him to let out deep breaths. It was weird seeing him this way, it was like someone else was sitting beside me. It wasn’t the Brahms I had gotten to know. This was someone else. A broken man with a sad past, not the mentally disturbed murderer with lack of emotions like Brahms.

“She wasn’t trying to kill me.” he said after a while, his voice in a higher pitch than normal, cracking slightly. “She was trying to protect me. She said so.”

“Did she tell you that?” I asked with a gentle voice. As if I was talking to a child, and not a man that had killed several people.

He nodded his head, looking down at his hands again.

“They were fighting. Mother and father.” he said in a low voice. “Father was outraged over the fire, and I overheard them fighting about it.”

“So you knew your mom started the fire? And so did your dad?” I asked in the same tone, slowly rubbing my thumb over his trap muscle.

“Yes.” he mumbled. “Mother said that it wasn’t her intention to hurt me, or kill me. She told me she wanted to protect me from “the bad men in white coats”, which were the doctors in the hospital I suppose.”

I felt anger build up inside me again. I was so angry over the fact that his mother would rather protect their family’s image than get her son help from professionals. She would rather damage and scar her only son for life, than “ruin” her family’s image. She seemed like a selfish bitch in my eyes, and it was absolutely horrible.

“Do you even realize what you are saying, Brahms?” I asked, my tone turning more aggressive and stern due to the burning rage building up inside of me. “Are you seriously defending her after what she did to you?”

Brahms looked up at me again, this time with a confused, and slightly annoyed, expression.

“She was protecting me, Grace. She didn’t want to lose me.”
“She was just trying to protect your family’s image, and I know that you know that too. You are a smart guy, Brahms. Even though you don’t want to fully accept that, you know it’s true. She was too obsessed over the idea of having this perfect family that she would rather give you those scars you hate so much, and damage you for life.” I argued, feeling how anger bubbled up more and more.

As soon as I mentioned his scars he frowned a bit, looking away from me towards the piano and pulling down his fringe to cover his forehead. I could see how he clenched his jaw, and his hands were now clenched fists in his lap.

“You think there’s something wrong with me.” he said with gritted teeth. “You think I’m a monster who deserves to be locked up in a facility for the rest of my life, don’t you?”

I opened my mouth to say something to my defence, but I couldn’t come up with anything. It was true. I did think he needed professional help, and I couldn’t lie about that. He would see straight through me.

“Unbelievable.” he sighed, and stood up from the sofa, pushing my hand away from his shoulder. He stomped away from me, and up the stairs, probably going into his walls.

He left me sitting there, slowly trying to wrap my head around the huge load of his background that he had dropped on me. I knew he was angry about what I had said about his mother, but I couldn’t lie about that. The sooner he would accept what kind of person she had been, the better. But for now I would let him think whatever he wanted. He was a smart man, and I knew he would accept it sooner or later.

What I had to accept was that Brahms was actually a person, and not a real monster. Even though he behaved like one at times. After what I had seen during the moment on the sofa I knew that he was human. He wasn’t just a tall machine driven by rage and violence, he could actually show sadness, sympathy, and remorse. It was rare, and I had only seen it once before, and that was when I had cut myself after Jay had died.

“Maybe I should start treating him with more respect.” I thought to myself as I curled up on the sofa.
Hello!

Okay, this chapter might not be the best (and I'm aware of that), but I promise it'll get better! The latest uploaded chapter, and this one, are just chapters that are going to help bring the story forward. And especially this chapter is going to be more relevant in future chapters, so please bear with me!

And OML, this is chapter 40?! Can you believe it? bc I can’t! :D

Other than that, enjoy! :)

Brahms didn’t show up for the rest of that day. I could accept that though. I could understand that he needed time to process what had happened on the sofa, and so did I. It was probably for the best to keep some distance between each other.

I saved the lunch for Brahms in the freezer, not even bothering trying to get him to come out from the walls, and proceeded to do some house chores I felt were needed. One of those chores being to rake the leaves.

I knew it would probably take the whole day considering that the lawn was huge, and autumn was coming to an end which meant that almost all the leaves had fallen down to the ground. I put on my red woolen coat, and a white beanie to protect my ears, before going outside. It wasn’t too cold this November day, but the sun was blocked by thick clouds, making everything look dull, and grey.

Doing chores without music was like torture. I was always used to do chores with headphones in my ears that blasted out my favourite songs, but I couldn’t use my phone out here since there was no reception. I missed my phone sometimes. But not as much as I has done the first few days here.

By the time I was finished raking the leaves my back was hurting like crazy, and it felt like it belonged to a ninety-year-old, and not a twenty-three-year-old. I let go of the rake and stretched out my sore back, letting out a loud groan as I did so.

With my face being tilted so far back I noticed something about the house I had never seen before. At the top floor there was a balcony with boards covering the windows. I knew it had to be the attic, not only because of the boards, but also because of the thick line of soot that covered the side of the house, above the windows of the balcony.

My heart sunk a bit in my chest as I remembered that it was from when Brahms got trapped in there, at the age of eight, to get burned. To get scarred for life. Or maybe that wasn’t even the case. What if his mum tried to kill him? I didn’t know her, but from what I had heard it seemed like she could do extreme things just to keep the family’s reputation up. Maybe even killing her own son.

I picked up the rake again, and put it back in the shed where I had found it, before going inside again. I took off my coat, and beanie, and walked into the lounge. I sat down by the piano and started playing “Air on the G String”, trying to cheer myself up.
The soothing tunes filled the silent house, making it more homely. I was silently humming along as I played, being completely caught up in the song. I could hear how creaking sounds came from behind the walls, causing me to smile a little bit. Brahms was still in the house, and he was still curious to know what I was up to, even though he was angry. I ignored it, despite having the feeling of being watched, and continued to play.

When I had finished the song I sat still on the stool, looking down at the black and white keys in front of me. It wasn’t as fun to play by myself, so I decided to do something else instead. I walked around in the huge house, looking into every room to find something I could pass the time with. As I was on the bottom floor I noticed a door I hadn’t seen before. I was a bit frustrated with myself for not noticing it. I had been there, in the house, for over a month, after all.

I opened it slowly, hearing how it let out a whiny creaking sound. There was a small room inside, and a staircase leading down to complete darkness. I swallowed hard, trying not to scare myself as my brain automatically started thinking that maybe it was some kind of torture room where Brahms killed people. With shaky legs I walked down the grey, concrete stairs, one step at a time. As I stood on the last step I fumbled around the walls, trying to find a light switch.

What I found instead was a thick thread. I flinched when I first felt the soft, tickling, weave against the back of my hand, but then proceeded to pull it down. A bright, yellow lamp flickered in the ceiling, lighting up the room. To my relief it wasn’t a torture chamber, but a wine cellar. I let out a deep sigh as the pressure was lifted off of my body.

“Why couldn’t I have stumbled upon you earlier?” I mumbled to myself as I took a few steps further into the room.

Alcohol would’ve made all of my situations here easier. I wasn’t much of a drinker, especially considering that my father was an alcoholic, and therefore I had tendencies in my genetics to become just like him. But the things that had happened since I came there, to the house, were bad enough for me to forget the risks of drinking.

I dragged my fingers along the huge shelves, examining the wine bottles that were neatly aligned after each other. They all looked to be very expensive, and I was afraid that I would accidently knock one down to the floor.

As I examined a bottle that looked to be very expensive, standing out from the rest of the bottles, I thought I heard footsteps coming from above. A glimpse of hope lit up inside of me as I thought that it could be Brahms. I carefully put back the bottle where I had found it, and rushed up the stairs, not bothering to turn the light off.

“I brahms?” I called out into the house as I closed the door to the cellar. I walked around the floor, looking into every room for him, but he was nowhere to be seen. I couldn’t help but to feel a bit disappointed. Ever since he told me about his parents, and Emily, earlier this morning I hadn’t been able to get him out of my mind. Especially not since I saw the soot that was still covering the wall around the balcony.

I let out a small sigh, and proceeded to walk into the lounge to pick up a book. None of the books seemed to be even remotely fun, or interesting, but I decided to go for a book with a dark red cover. As I sat down in the sofa, wrapping a blanket around me, I thought that I could buy some new books next Friday. Hopefully Brahms would like that too. It could be like some kind of apology gift.

The book wasn’t too amusing. I had managed to fall asleep reading it, and when I woke up it was dark outside. I stretched out my sore back, and walked around the house to turn on some lamps since
I couldn’t see anything but things that were a foot in front of me.

As I turned on the lamp in the kitchen my stomach made a low rumbling sound, which reminded me that I hadn’t eaten dinner yet. I prepared a big meal, trying to make it look extra appealing in attempt to lure Brahms out from the walls. I had to talk to him about what had happened to him on his eighth birthday, and before that, without getting into a fight this time.

“Brahms,” I called out as I set the table, putting lit candles on top of it. “I’ve made some food, and I would love it if you’d want to join me.”

I waited for some kind of sign, maybe a knock in the wall, or distant footsteps, but nothing was heard. I nodded, and pursed my lips. He was still angry at me for what I had said, which was understandable.

I ate dinner alone, but I could feel that he was watching me behind the walls. I left the table the way I had set it as I walked into the kitchen to wash my plate. I had set the table for Brahms, and I wanted him to realise that it was for him. Hopefully he would be able to forgive me if I made it up to him by doing sweet little things.

After I had cleaned my dishes, I walked up to my room to get changed into my pyjamas. I was hoping that Brahms would get the courage to sneak out from his walls as I was in my room so he could eat something.

And he did. As I got down again the plate was empty, and the candles had been blown out. He had been there recently as smoke was still rising from the hot candlewick. A small smile spread across my lips as I saw it. How very thoughtful of him to blow out the candles, and eat my food, of course.

“Thank you, Brahms.” I called out, knowing that he could hear me as he couldn’t have gotten far. “I hope you liked it.”

I went to pick his dishes up, and washed them before heading up the stairs to brush my teeth. As I stood in front of the mirror, I realised the dark circles I had under my eyes. The last couple of days had been intense, and it had taken its toll on me. I could only hope that these upcoming days would be easier to handle. But it probably wouldn’t, not as long as Brahms held his grudge against me. The feeling of tiredness hit me like a tidal wave as I crawled down under the covers in my bed. I barely had the energy to turn off the lamp on the bedside stand, and if I would have counted sheep as I had fallen asleep, I don’t think I would’ve even gotten to three.
Stop Toying with Me

Chapter Notes

Hey!

So this chapter is based off of a suggestion I got from one of my readers (Nandice), thank you so much! <3 I really like it when you guys suggest stuff, it makes me happy! :)

I dedicate this chapter to one of my best friends, Felicia. Happy birthday, freak! I hope you enjoy this chapter! <3<3

And as for the rest of you;

Enjoy! :)

Three days. It had been three days since I had last spoken, or even seen, Brahms. It was almost like he had vanished. The only evidence that he was still in the house was that I could sometimes hear how he tiptoed around behind the walls, watching me. I also noticed how he ate the food I had put away in the freezer for him, and to be extra sure he was still there I left all the lamps turned on before I went to bed. I had noticed that it was one of his pet peeves as the lamps were all turned off when I woke up in the morning.

Today I was going to try a new strategy. After I had taken a shower I walked into my room and put on some red lingerie. The bra was with extra cushion, pushing up my breasts. To make it extra revolting, I put on a black slim dress, ending above my knees. Instead of putting on my usual black boots, or white sneakers, I put on a pair of black pumps with small straps.

I even put on make-up. Make-up was not my strongest side, but I had to make this work. I tried my best to get the smokey-eyed look, with winged eyeliner and red lipstick. I was actually surprised that I didn’t look like a clown when I was finished.

I looked myself up and down in the mirror. This was absolutely not something I would do on a casual day, but I was desperate. I had tried everything in attempt to get that curly-haired man out from his precious walls, but nothing had worked. This was my last attempt.

Throughout the whole morning I felt him watching me, tiny sounds being heard from behind the walls. I made my best attempts to look as seductive as possible, swaying my hips side to side, bending over slowly, and pushing up my breasts extra when I had the possibility to.

Brahms still hadn’t come out after lunch, and I was getting frustrated. What would I do if he never came out? I made a last attempt, and walked up to Brahms’ old room where the doll was. I knew it was one of his weaknesses, and I couldn’t believe that I hadn’t thought of it before.

“Hi, baby.” I cooed as I walked up to the doll, picking it up in my arms. I figured that if I kept calling the doll solely by pet names, Brahms would get more jealous of it. “It has been a while. I’m sorry.”
I looked at the doll, examining its greyish green eyes, and the small cracks that ran all over its face. I knew now why it was so broken, but I found it hard to understand how it could get so neatly fixed. Then I remembered the traps, and all the tools Brahms had in his lair. He was, of course, the one who had fixed the doll.

“So, Brahmsy.” I smiled, and stroked some of the dark, plastic hair out from its face. “How about we do something fun today, yeah?”

I booped the doll’s tiny porcelain nose, and walked down the stairs towards the lounge. I picked a random book from the bookshelf, and sat down on the sofa, placing the Brahms doll on my lap. I let its head rest against my pushed up breasts, and started reading the book. I made sure to keep my voice quiet, it being merely a whisper as I sat close to the doll.

This was all just an act, of course. I didn’t care about the doll. I was actually glad that it was out of my life, but I needed to lure the real Brahms out from his hiding. I thought that if I acted all sweet, and loving, towards the doll then he might come out and want the same affection. I also thought that it might annoy him, maybe even make him jealous, if he saw that I was spending so much time with the doll, being really close to it, doing things with it that he loved so much. Like reading books.

That was also why I spoke in such a low voice. I wanted to make sure that Brahms couldn’t eavesdrop on me as I read, because that would ruin everything. He could then stay in his goddamn walls.

I heard noises coming from the walls behind me, but I ignored it. He could stand and watch all he wanted, I wasn’t going to acknowledge him as long as he was hiding from me. Yet I didn’t want him to retreat further into the walls again, so I had to make things more interesting to keep him intrigued.

“You like this book, don’t you, sweetie?” I cooed to the doll, and pressed its face closer to my cleavage, gently caressing its hair, playing with it, just the way I knew Brahms liked it. I heard yet another creak from the wall, confirming that Brahms was still there, intrigued, and maybe even jealous, of what was going on.

“Yeah, you’re such a good boy.” I praised, and lowered my head to kiss the doll’s temple. Yet another creak. I bit my lip in attempt not to burst into laughter as I thought about what Brahms could be doing inside the wall right now. I was imagining him standing there, peeking through one of his little peepholes, filled with rage and jealousy as he saw me and his precious little doll.

“You know what,” I said, and turned the doll around in my lap so that I was facing it. “How about we go outside for a little stroll?” I playfully booped its nose, and let out a small giggle. I slowly stood up, making sure to pout with my butt towards the wall.

When I got inside again, with the doll pressed to my chest, it had begun to get dark outside. I had felt how Brahms had been watching my every step as I strolled around in the garden, looking at the scenery, and the statues, with the doll.

“Are you as hungry as I am, cutie?” I asked the doll. I nodded as if the doll had answered me. “Good”

I took of its beige jacket, and walked into the kitchen. I put the doll on the counter as I started preparing a big dinner. It wasn’t something I usually did, but it was time for Brahms to come out from his hiding. I was hoping that this dinner would look so appealing that he couldn’t stay away, especially if I dressed daringly.
I ate dinner with the doll, as the real Brahms didn’t show up. I was dissappointed, but didn’t let it show. I couldn’t let him know that I wanted him here, with me. He couldn’t know that I missed his presence. Then maybe he would stay inside the walls, knowing how it tortured me. I did know he was watching us though. The small noises coming from behind the walls aswell as his gaze burning into me gave him away.

“Okay,” I sighed after I had done all the dishes. “It’s time for bed now, sweet pea.” I smiled, and picked the doll up, walking up to Brahms’ old room. I dressed it in a faint, green pyjamas and tucked it to bed.

“Good night, Brahmsy.” I said, and kissed the doll’s cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I walked over to the door frame, turning back to look at the doll lying in the bed, staring straight up into the ceiling. With a faint smile I turned the light off, and closed the door. As I was about to turn around I bumped into a chest. I let out a small squeal, and looked up at Brahms who stood in front of me, his dark eyes looking straight at me.

“Well, hello there.” I said nonchalantly, crossing my arms over my chest. “What brings you here this fine evening?”

His eyes wandered to my pushed up breasts, and I could see how his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed. I took the time to check him out as well. He was wearing a light blue button-up which wasn’t buttoned all the way, showing off that chest hair of his. With the shirt he wore a pair of black trousers and a pair of black patent shoes. His hair was still the curly mess, like always, but it did look like he had washed the mask. It looked strangely clean, gleaming in the light from the lamp on the wall.

“Why do you keep toying with me, Grace?” he asked with a raspy voice, putting up his hand against the door behind me, his arm being right next to my face. I felt my heart starting to race as my cheeks heated up. I had almost forgot what it felt like to have him so close to me, his neutral, forest-like scent filling my nostrils.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I said jauntily, and tilted my head to the side, batting my eyelashes innocently.

“Oh, but I think you do.” he said in the same dark, raspy voice, putting up his other arm, trapping me inbetween.

“I’m simply just enjoying myself.” I licked my lips, staring straight into his eyes.

He let out a deep sigh, once again looking down at my breasts. A smug smirk spread across my lips as I saw what impact I had on him.

“So, what have you been up to lately?” I asked, starting to fiddle with one of the small buttons on his shirt. He looked down at my fingers, wondering what I was doing.

“I’ve been-” he swallowed, and looked up at my face again. “I’ve been, uh…” he stuttered as he saw me biting my lip, once again tilting my head to the side.

“You’ve been what, baby?” I purred, and placed my hand on his chest.

He looked a bit taken back by the nick name I just gave him, and took a step back, his slightly narrowed eyes scanning me.

“Stop toying with me, Grace.” he breathed, and I could see how his chest had begun raising slightly
quicker than before.

“I’m not toying with you, Brahms.” I shook my head, and took a step forward towards him. “I missed you, you know.”

He shook his head, his curls whirling around his face.

“Stop it.” he said in a more aggressive voice.

“I mean it. I swear I do.”

“This isn’t funny.” he said with gritted teeth, putting his hands on my shoulder to keep me from getting any closer to him.

“This isn’t a joke.” I chuckled weakly, putting my hands over his. “I’m sorry for what I said the other day, it wasn’t fair.”

“Stop trying to get inside my head.” he whispered with gritted teeth, squeezing his eyes shut. “You don’t mean it.”

“But I do, Brahms.” I breathed, feeling how despair started creeping up inside me. “I really do.”

He shook his head, placing his hands over his ears like a little child being scared of loud noises. I felt powerless. I had finally gotten him out from his hiding, but trying to convince him that I truly had missed him during those days was hard. I couldn’t blame him though. After all I’ve said, and done to him, it wasn’t so strange that he didn’t trust me.

I desperately looked around to try and come up with something to do about this disastrous situation, but there was nothing I could see in sight except for Brahms himself. The lamp threw a warm yellow light over his recently cleaned mask, making my heart skip a beat. I knew what I had to do.

I walked up to him where he stood, still having his eyes squeezed shut, and his enormous hands covering his ears, and took off his mask with one swift movement. I threw it to the floor, hearing it clink as it hit the wood, and crashed my lips onto his.
The Birds and the Bees

Chapter Notes

Hi!

Okay, this chapter is a bit short, but I'm too busy rn, and I don't have the time to write it any longer. This chapter is also kind of rushed, bc of how busy I am, so I'm sorry if some sentences don't make sense, or if there are alot of grammatical mistakes. If you find any please don't be afraid to correct me so I can change it.

Enjoy! :)

Brahms let out a small whimper as he felt my lips pressed against his. His hands slowly let go of his ears, and travelled down to my hips. He pressed me closer to him, and lowered his head to allow me to deepen the kiss. My arms snaked around his neck, my fingers tangling into his soft curls.

“N-no.” he breathed against my lips, and shook his head as he pulled away from me. He placed his hands on my shoulders, pushing me away from him. “Stop it. You don’t want me. You don’t like me.”

I tried to say something to my defence, but I was completely baffled. I had literally just kissed him, without him telling me to, and he still thought that I was trying to hurt him. Brahms let go of me, and went to pick up his mask that was lying a few feet away from us. He brushed it off as he looked back at me.

“You look absolutely stunning tonight, pretty Gracie.” he said in a low voice, his dark eyes wandering over me. “But I’m not stupid. I won’t let you use me.”

He turned around, and started walking down the corridor. I shook my head, still having a hard time trying to process what he just did.

“Wait, Brahms!” I called, and started running after him. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to-” I didn’t know how to finish my sentence, not exactly knowing what I had done to him. Had I disrespected him? Humiliated him? I honestly didn’t know.

He stopped his steps, and turned his head to look at me where I had caught up behind him.

“Didn’t mean to what?” he said with an aggressive undertone.

“I don’t know.” I sighed, slowly reaching out to grab his hand, afraid that he would slap it away from him. “Whatever I did. I’m sorry.”

I started rubbing small circles on the back of his hand with my thumb, looking up at him. He turned around to fully face me. He still hadn’t put his mask back on, and his curls had fallen down into his face, covering his forehead.

“You honestly have no idea what you are doing to me, do you, Grace?” he said in a dark, raspy voice, lowering his head so that his nose was brushing against my forehead. I shook my head, feeling how my heart started beating faster as I saw his dark gaze staring straight into me. He pulled away
from my grip around his hand, and placed his hand on my chest, just beneath my throat.

“You have awoken a part of me that I haven’t felt since-” he stopped, looking away from me. I tilted my head to the side, reaching my hand up to his cheek, gently pushing it back so that I could look into his eyes again.

“Go on.” I whispered, nodding reassuringly.

He took a deep breath, his lips slightly parting.

“You make me feel a certain way that is so very strange to me.” he continued in the same dark, raspy voice. “I want to do things to you that I have never-” he stopped again, his hand dropping from my chest as he turned away from me once again.

I felt my cheeks heat up. There was only one way that I could interpret what he meant by that. I stroke a strand of hair behind my ear, and cleared my throat.

“It’s okay, Brahms.” I said in a gentle voice, and took his hand again. “That’s completely normal. You aren’t weird for reacting that way. Adults tend to have those desires, you know.”

He looked at me, his eyes reflecting shame, but at the same time showing confusion, and interest.

“What?” he said, the skin above his eyes furrowing. “What do you mean?”

I sighed. It was going to be hard to explain what was going on inside his body. It wasn’t supposed to be me telling him about the birds and the bees, that was his parents job. Unfortunately they hadn’t cared too much about that, it seemed.

“Come on,” I said, and jerked his hand a little. “Let’s sit down on my bed.”

He nodded his head, and let me lead him towards my room, his gaze burning into the back of my head.

Once we sat down, facing each other, I cleared my throat once again. His brown eyes were staring at me so intensely, waiting for me to explain what was going on.

“When children reach puberty,” I started, feeling a bit uneasy. “They do not only grow physically, but also mentally.”

Brahms’ eyes narrowed, and he tilted his head to the side. He looked absolutely clueless, and I understood him. I had no idea, what so ever, about how I was going to talk to him about that. I had never prepared a speech, or anything like that.

“I know this is going to sound strange, and you have to keep in mind that I’ve never tried to teach anyone about this, but I’m just going to try my best, okay?” I chuckled uncomfortably.

Brahms nodded, and started to fiddle with the mask he held in his hand.

“When children reach puberty they start seeing the world in a new perspective, so to speak, and they start to feel things that they can’t really understand, and they don’t really know how to react.” I explained, trying to keep it as simple as possible. I knew Brahms was smart, but I didn’t want to explain it in the most complicated way, even though he probably could somewhat understand it if I did.

Brahms looked up at me, his eyes filled with shame, but I could see that there was a spark in the
corner of his eye. A spark igniting as he could relate to what I was talking about. He could understand what those kids felt.

“They might look at the other gender in another way than before, and some even look at people of the same gender in a different way, and that’s okay too. All people are different, but we all want the same thing.”

Brahms continued to let his gaze wander across my face, intrigued by the story I was telling him.

“What is it?” he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

“We all want to be touched, and feel loved my another person.” I said simply, flashing him a smile. He looked down at the mask again with a furrowed expression. His dark curls fell down to cover his face.

“You do realise that you have been one of those kids, Brahms, right?” I asked, and stroked some of his hair away from his face, allowing me to look at him. “You have once been that kid, and I know under what circumstances you’ve grown up in, and I know that your parents probably never talked to you about this.”

He looked up at me again, his eyes had gotten a bit darker, and the spark of interest had been replaced with anger.

“Stop criticising my parents, Grace, or I might leave again.” he threatened with gritted teeth.

“No, I didn’t mean it like that, Brahms. I’m sorry.” I apologized and scooted closer to him on the bed, placing my hands ontop of his. “I know that they didn’t want to accept the fact that you started to grow up. You weren’t the little boy they were so familiar with, and I know that you realize that, Brahms. But that’s not what we are talking about tonight.”

His jaw was clenched, and I could hear how his breathing had become heavy due to the anger he was trying so hard to suppress.

“You are a man now, a fully developed adult.” I told him, letting my fingers caress the skin of the back of his hands. “And you haven’t been able to fully act out on your desires, from what I can tell, since you’ve lived inside the walls for the last twenty-something years.”

Brahms’ eyes still had the same dark tint to them, but his jaw was more relaxed now, aswell as his breathing.

“I don’t exactly know what you’ve done to, uh, act out on your desires,” I stuttered, feeling how my cheeks heated up. It was awkward to think about what Brahms did when he was alone. “I don’t know, maybe you have used the doll you used to have on your bed, or something. I-I don’t know.” I mumbled, feeling how flustered I got. Brahms seemed to get flustered as well, and turned his gaze to his hands once again.

“I never did anything to that doll.” he mumbled, and shook his head, making his curls whirl around his face.

“O-okay. That’s fine.” I said, and ran my hands over my face. “But I understand how frustrated you must be. You’ve probably felt like this for a very long time, and you have never had the chance to release it, am I right?”

He looked up at me again, his eyes once again filled with shame, and even embarrassment.
“I guess so?” he said, tilting his head to the side. I nodded in response, and after that the room went quiet. None of us said anything for a long time. I didn’t know how to continue the talk, and Brahms seemed to be very flustered, and embarrassed, his gaze wandering over everything in the room, but me.

“Maybe, uh-” I started, but cut myself off. Brahms finally turned to look at me, his brown eyes looking straight into mine.

“Maybe what?” he asked.

“Maybe I can help you.” I said with certain hesitation, keeping my gaze locked with his. “I can help you get rid of those frustrating desires.”

Brahms started shifting a bit, his eyes narrowing.

“What do you mean?” he asked, tilting back a bit. I let out a deep sigh, pushing some hair out of my face.

“I can have sex with you, Brahms.” I said quietly, too scared to admit it louder. “If you want to.”
I couldn’t believe what had just left my mouth, and judging by the looks Brahms gave me he didn’t seem to believe it either. Did I really just offer myself to have sex with him? A mentally disturbed murderer who couldn’t control his emotions. Why did I do that?

“What?” he said in a low, baffled voice. A confused expression was pasted onto his face. His dark eyes were roaming over my face, like they usually did when he thought I was lying.

“You heard me.” I mumbled, and looked down at my hands that were folded in my lap. They had begun to tremble uncontrollably as soon as I had said those words, and Brahms had begun scanning me with those intense dark eyes of his.

Brahms crawled closer to be, and put a hand on my chest, right underneath my throat, and gently pushed me down on the bed. My heart was beating out of my chest, and I felt how my breathing became shakier by the second. He hovered right above me, his dark curls falling down around his face, framing it. His eyes continued to scan me up and down, and I couldn’t do anything else but to stare straight up at him.

He noticed that I was staring, and sat up straight again, putting on his mask. I realized that I had made him uncomfortable as I was staring at his face, even though I didn’t mean to. I had almost gotten used to his actual face by now, and yes, it looked different, and maybe a bit scary, but I didn’t find it weird at all. It was his face, after all, and he couldn’t help that his mother had tried to set him on fire.

“Brahms,” I sighed, and propped myself up on my shoulders. “Take of the mask.”

He looked at me, his eyes reflecting shame, and embarrassment, almost the same way it had just a couple of minutes ago, only this time it wasn’t because of his instincts that he couldn’t control, but his appearance.

He shook his head slowly, but didn’t say anything, before crawling onttop of me again. This time he leaned down, and pressed the cold porcelain surface against my forehead. I could hear his shaky
breathing coming from underneath the mask, echoing like it always did.

“You have to take it off. We can’t do this if you have it on.” my voice came out weaker than I had expected. I didn’t know how to feel about what was going on. I couldn’t help but to wonder how it would play out, and how it would affect our relationship. If we even had a relationship to begin with.

Brahms sat up straight again, his dark eyes wandering over my face. They were slightly narrowed, and I could tell that he didn’t really trust me. It was like we had gone back to the relationship we had had weeks ago, and he was back as the insecure little child that Greta had told me about.

“Brahms, please.” I pleaded, and tilted my head to the side. “You have to understand that I can’t kiss you with your mask on. You like kisses, don’t you?”

I was a spark of excitement ignited in the corner of his eye, and he nodded his head so drastically that it made his curls bounce up and down on his head. I flashed him a smile, and nodded my head in return.

“Then take it off, and come kiss me.”

Brahms froze once again, eyeing me up and down. He was still trying to decide whether or not he wanted to take it off. I gave him a sweet smile, and nodded my head reassuringly to signal that it was okay. With shaky hands he reached up and took it off. He let his head fall down, the messy mop of hair covering his face.

“Good boy.” I praised. I figured that if I treated him like a child things would go much smoother, and hopefully he would turn back into the Brahms that I recognized as soon as we began. “Now put that down on the nightstand.”

He nodded slowly, and reached over me to put the mask down like I had told him to. With a small sigh he sat down into his previous position, and looked at me.

“Come on then.” I chuckled, and gesticulated with my hand for him to come closer. “I won’t bite—unless you want me to, of course.” I bit my bottom lip as I realized what I had said. Brahms wasn’t he guy you could make those type of jokes with, and the look on his face confirmed it. He was half leaning over me, his head tilted to the side as he eyed me up and down with a confused expression.

“I—I’m sorry.” I let out a frustrated sigh, thinking that my comment had been completely unnecessary. “Just ignore that please.”

Brahms nodded once again, but stayed in the same position as before, his eyes wandering over me like an infant who had just seen something colourful for the first time. I reached up to tangle my fingers into his soft curls, thinking that it might get him to loosen up. He flinched slightly as my hand came close to his face, but he calmed down once I placed my palm on his cheek. As my fingers twirled themselves into his locks Brahms let out a soft sigh, and leaned his head closer to my hand, as if to try and get closer to it.

“It’s okay to be nervous, Brahms.” I mumbled in a calm voice. “Let’s get this over with, shall we?”

Brahms placed his enormous hand onttop of mine, and slowly took it away from his face. He sat up straight again, and scooted away from me on the bed. I didn’t understand what had happened. Had I made him angry in some way? His eyes certainly didn’t look to be angry. They looked more calm, maybe even a bit sad.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, and sat up so I could take a better look at him.
“I can’t do this.” he mumbled, his voice sounding almost disappointed. “Not like this.”

He stood up from the bed, and walked over to the wall he had punched a hole in just about two weeks ago. He ran his slender fingers over the wooden boards he had used to cover it up, while the other arm was resting on the small of his back.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, my voice coming out more aggressive than intended. I crawled to the side of the bed and let my feet place themselves on the floor while my hands were gripping the bed sheet.

“You don’t want to. Not really.” he mumbled, still facing the wall. His fingers continued to follow every crease in the wooden boards in a rhythmic motion.

“So you don’t want me anymore?” I scoffed, and cocked an eyebrow at him, even though he couldn’t see it since he was turned away from me. “You don’t want me anymore just because I let you have me?”

“That is not what I meant!” he spat, and turned around, his eyes had started to glow the way they did when he got angry, but I didn’t care. I was also angry. I didn’t fully understand why I was, because I didn’t really want him, did I? Of course not.

“What is it then?” I spat back, and shot up from the bed, taking a step towards me. “What’s bothering you this time?”

“What’s bothering me is that you will never truly want me!” he took a step forwards as well, placing his hands behind his back. “You will always see me as the monster that I am, and no matter what you’ll never want be like you wanted him.”

“That man that you liked, back in America. Jay.” he emphasized his name with a hint of disgust, and his eyes narrowed as he said it.

I rolled my eyes, and put my hands on my hips.

“That was different, Brahms.” I spat, furrowing my eyebrows. “He was my boyfriend.”

Brahms pursed his lips into a thin line, and walked up to me. I could practically feel his rage, and envy ooze from his body as he towered over me, looking down at me with pitch black eyes.

“That’s exactly what I mean.” he said with gritted teeth. His voice was low, and raspy. I couldn’t find an answer, as I wasn’t so sure of what he had meant.

“Was he implying that he wanted to be my boyfriend?” I thought to myself as I looked up at him. It had sounded like that, but I didn’t have the guts to ask him.

“Okay.” I said instead, trying my best to keep my voice calm. “Let’s do something else then. What do you want to do?”

I tried to read his expression, but it was hard to. His face was burnt, and the nerves and muscles in his face didn’t quite react the same way as it did on an unharmed one. I did spot his eye twitching a bit as I ignored what he had just said to me.

“Read for me.” he demanded after a while, but he didn’t make an effort to move from the position he
was standing in.

“Okay, sure.” I said, and put a hand on his chest, feeling my fingertips brush against the coarse chest hair that stuck up from the unbuttoned part of his button-up. I pushed him away from me slightly so I could walk towards the door without bumping into him.

Brahms followed me in silence, his hands still behind his back. As we got into the lounge I stood by the sofa while he picked out a book for me to read. He picked out a medium sized book with a faint green cover. He handed me the book, and sat down on the sofa, pulling me down beside him by grabbing my wrist.

“When’s Green Gables?” I asked, and looked up at him. “Is it any good?”

He nodded, and I thought I could spot his lips curve into a small smile. Even though it was faint.

“It is lovely.” he said, and paused for a while, looking down at the book in my hands. “It was my favourite as a child.”

I nodded, and looked down at the book as well. It was good that he had come to accept that he was an adult, and not the eight-year-old he had thought he was when Greta took care of him. He hadn’t really been acting all that childish since I had gotten to the manor, but he had never admitted that he was an adult before.

“Hopefully I will like it too, then.” I said quietly, and opened the first page of the book.

“I hope so, too.”

The book wasn’t all that bad. When he had first handed me the book I had thought that it was one of those really boring, non-fiction ones that Brahms had forced me to read before, but this wasn’t one of them. The story revolved around a little girl called Anne Shirley, who was an orphan.

One day she got sent to two middle-aged siblings who originally wanted a boy that could take care of their farm, but there was a misunderstanding at the orphanage, and they send Anne instead. At first the sister wants to send her back, but soon decided to keep her.

The story was also telling about how Anne got into trouble, like kids do, and how she has a wild imagination. Anne also got into a lot of trouble in school, and even mouthed at elders.

As I was reading the book, Brahms slowly put his head in my lap, and looked up at me as I read the book for him. My hands automatically found their way to his curls, and softly played with them as I continued to read the intriguing story about the little red-head, Anne.

Inbetween lines I would glance down at Brahms, and see how his eyes were glistening as I read about Anne getting into trouble, or did something that wasn’t considered appropriate.

I couldn’t help but to smile at his childish glee. I couldn’t imagine why it would be so amusing to read about an imaginary girl get into trouble in the nineteenth century. Maybe Brahms could relate to the little scrawny girl. Maybe he, too, would do playful pranks as a child, and got a feeling of nostalgia when reading this book.

I found myself getting lost in the story, but my fingers continued to play with his soft, dark curls. Before I begun to read yet another chapter I cleared my throat, and looked down at Brahms where he was lying in my lap. To my surprise he was sound asleep.
I smiled at the sight. He looked so peaceful lying there, and it was hard to understand that this was the same person that had killed people, and been so aggressive, and possessive towards me. Yet I didn’t have the heart to wake him up. I put the book aside, and continued to play with his hair as I carefully traced my fingertips across his scared skin. He may have looked like a tall, curly-haired Freddy Krueger, but he didn’t look too bad. The handsome features somehow managed to glow past the scars, and I couldn’t help but to feel a tickling feeling in my stomach as I looked down at him in my lap.
Oi!

I hope you don't find this chapter too boring. I just think both Brahms, and Grace, need to calm down a bit and actually have some fun.

ALSO!!! I don't know if you knew this already, but I read some trivia about The Boy (because I'm a no-lifer) and I discovered that Brahms was apparently supposed to rape Greta the same night as he stole all of her clothes(!) but they decided to erase it bc they wanted the movie to be PG-13. Isn't that just... crazy? I'm kind of glad they did cut that scene out, bc I wouldn't have looked at Brahms the same way if he had done something like that. He was originally planned to start fondling Greta as she kissed him goodnight, before stabbing him. Maybe our baby boy isn't as innocent as we all thought.

Haha, anyways;

Enjoy! :)

I hadn’t realized that I had fallen asleep until I felt Brahms shuffling around underneath me. I lifted my head up slightly and realized that I was lying on top of him, my head resting on his chest. I couldn’t remember how we ended up in that position. The last thing I remembered was that I was playing with his hair as he had his head in my lap.

“Hi.” I said quietly, as Brahms looked down at me. His hand was resting on my head, his fingers tangled in my hair. I couldn’t help but to think that this situation was seemingly awkward, and made me uncomfortable for some reason.

Brahms didn’t say anything back. His brown eyes wandered over my face, and I could see his lips curving into a faint smile, even though it was barely visible.

“I’m sorry,” I said and pushed myself off of him, sitting up in between his legs. “I didn’t mean to fall asleep on top of you.”

A smug smirk spread across his lips, and a spark lit up in the corner of his eye, but he remained silent. His hands found their way to my hands, and gently started caressing them with his thumbs.

“Oh, wipe that smirk off your face, Brahms. I didn’t do it intentionally.” I tried to sound as stern as possible, but I couldn’t help but to smile a little. I stood up from the sofa, and glanced down at him.

“I’m gonna jump into the shower.” I announced, and started walking towards the stairs. “After that you are going to help me make breakfast for the two of us.”

When I got out from the shower Brahms stood in his usual spot, leaning against the wall across from the bathroom. I noticed that he had put on his mask again, which made me feel kind of sad. It was sad to think that he still wasn’t completely comfortable showing his face, even though I had tried my best to make it as clear as possible that I wasn’t bothered by the looks of it.
“I’m just gonna get dressed real quick.” I announced, and walked into my room, shutting the door behind me.

I got dressed into a simple grey t-shirt, and a pair of blue jeans. I put on my white sneakers, thinking of how thankful I was to get into something more comfortable than the outfit I had worn yesterday.

I was too lazy to brush my hair, and just simply ran my fingers through my wet hair as I walked out of my room.

“You ready?” I asked Brahms. He nodded, and followed me down to the kitchen.

He was awfully quiet that morning, and didn’t really say anything. He simply nodded or shook his head when asked a direct question, and pointed to things he wanted. I thought it was weird, thinking that this wasn’t the Brahms I was used to. The Brahms I was used to wasn’t this- I don’t know- shy?

I didn’t know what had gotten into him, and I didn’t dare to ask as I was too afraid that he would get angry, and leave again. He helped me make breakfast though, without any objection. The breakfast was just as quiet as the rest of the morning. All that was heard were our cutlery clinking against the porcelain, and our chewing.

What made me feel a bit annoyed was that Brahms didn’t fully take of his mask as he ate. He simply shifted it to the side to allow him to shove food into his mouth. It made me feel a bit angry because I had seen his face alot of times by now, yet it was like he was trying to hide it from me.

Brahms and I washed the dishes together, still in complete silence. I tried to engage in conversation but Brahms didn’t really seem to want to. All he did was shrug his shoulders, or move his head depending on his answer.

“Okay,” I said with a sigh as I wiped my hands on a kitchen towel. “What do you want to do today? We can anything you’d like.”

Brahms stood by the kitchen island, and looked down at the counter, tracing his fingers across the smooth surface. He shrugged his shoulders, still keeping his gaze down. I pursed my lips, trying to keep calm even though his unusual behaviour was starting to get on my nerves.

“How about we do something we usually don’t do?” I suggested, running my fingers through my hair as I continued to look at the tall man-baby in front of me.

He finally looked up to meet my gaze as his body posture got stiffer. His brown eyes were reflecting intriguing, but at the same time something that I could only describe as apprehension. I couldn’t really pinpoint why he was giving me that look.

“I haven’t done anything wrong, have I?” I thought to myself as I continued to try and read him. I then remembered yesterday, and how uncomfortable he had gotten when I had tried to have sex with him.

“No, nothing like yesterday, of course.” I shook my head vigorously, putting my hands up in front of me, and waving them back and forth.

His posture loosened up a bit, but he still looked to be uncomfortable, his eyes roaming over my face with the same look. I began to wonder if he was acting like this because of what had happened yesterday. It didn’t really make sense, but that was the only explanation I could come up with. Maybe this was his way of trying to slow things down. Maybe yesterday had been a step too far, that he wasn’t ready for yet.
“Do you have any suggestions?” I asked, and tilted my head to the side. “Is there something you want to do that we haven’t done yet?”

His eyes narrowed slightly, and his gaze found their way to the corner of the room. I stayed quiet, examining his behaviour. He was thinking of something to do, which was good. At least that meant he still wanted to spend time with me.

“You know what?” I said after he hadn’t said something in a while. “Let’s go see if we can find something in the attic.”

Brahms gave me a sceptical look as I walked past him, and up the stairs, but I pretended I didn’t see it. Soon enough I heard his heavy footsteps behind me, following me towards the corridor. I fetched the cane from where it leaned towards the wall, and reached up on my tiptoes to bring the ladder down.

I pulled on it hard, but it didn’t budge. I let out a frustrated sigh as I continued to try and get it to open. I could hear Brahms let out a quiet chuckle behind his mask, and walked up to me. He pushed my hands away from the cane, and gently pushed me aside so that he could open it instead.

I stood beside him, with crossed arms, as I watched him. I was convinced that he wouldn’t get it open either, and was ready to mock him for it just like he had mocked me. He let out a small grunt as he pulled the cane down with a hard yank. The ladder fell down with a loud rattling sound, and I felt Brahms put his arm around my waist to pull me out of the way.

“Thank you.” I said, and looked at him as I saw that if he hadn’t pulled me out of the way I would’ve gotten crushed by the ladder.

He nodded slightly, a spark igniting in the corner of his eye. I couldn’t see his facial expression because of his stupid mask, but I could only imagine a smile hiding underneath.

I climbed up first into the dusty mess. It had been a while since I was here, and I hadn’t really missed it. I looked down and saw that Brahms was still standing by the foot of the ladder, his hands behind his back as he looked up at me.

“You coming?” I asked. He shuffled a bit before hesitantly climbing up to stand beside me.

I hummed silently as I started to poke around in the dusty mess of things, solely having the weak sunlight streaming in from inbetween the wooden boards to light the room up for me. Brahms stood in the same exact spot, watching me as I helplessly roamed around the room to find something we could do.

“Aha!” I exclaimed as I found a chess board at the bottom of one of the boxes. I picked it up, and turned around to show Brahms what I had found. “Look, Brahms! I found a chess board!” I said excitedly, and walked up to show it to him. He looked mildly amused as he looked down upon it, and nodded slowly.

“Do you know how to play?” I asked, and shot him a smile. He looked at me with an expression saying: “duh, of course I do”, but didn’t actually say anything.

“Great!” I said with a nod before climbing down the ladder with the board under my arm. I hadn’t played chess in years. It was something I used to do with my parents before everything went to hell, and I was actually excited to play it again after all this time.

We sat down by the dining table, Brahms resting his head in the palm of his hand as I placed the board inbetween us.
“No, wait.” I mumbled, and frowned. “We don’t have any game pieces.”

I looked up at Brahms where he sat across from me, still resting his head in the palm of his hand. He let out a deep sigh before shooting up from the chair, making it screech as it was pushed backwards. He walked out from the room, leaving me with the incomplete chess game, feeling confused and dissapointed.

I let out a dissapointed sigh, and started tracing my fingers along the checkered chess board. I was thinking that Brahms was probably fed up by me now, and had retreated into his walls once again.

Just as I was about to stand up, and return the board into the attic, I heard something screech to the side of me. I looked over and saw that the wall had opened. It was Brahms who had walked out from one of his secret doors. I smiled a bit at the sight, thinking of how relieved I was that he hadn’t left me. I noticed that he carried a wooden box in his hand. Brahms sat down in his previous spot again, and put the box on the table, pushing it over to me.

I carefully took the box, and looked up at him for approval before opening it. As he gave me a slight nod I opened it, revealing the missing game pieces for the chess board.

“Thank you!” I said, and looked up at him again, a wide smile spreading across my face. His eyes glimmered as he looked at me, but he still didn’t say anything. He watched me as I put the game pieces in their correct places, his hands resting in his lap.

“Do you want to be black, or white?” I asked him, and spun the board around. He shrugged, and gestured with his hand towards the board, letting me decide.

“Okay, fine.” I said, and tsked. I spun the board so that I was white, and he was black. “But don’t get all butthurt when I win.”

Brahms and I were actually equally good at the game, and he was a worthy opponent. The game went on for a quite some time, and I enjoyed it. Every time I heard Brahms say “Check” I smiled a little. This game helped me get him to talk again, even though they were only single words.

“Checkmate.” Brahms said triumphantly, and knocked down my king with his piece, looking at me with glistening eyes.

I crossed my arms, and looked back and forth between him, and the board in front of us.

“I’ll get you next time, mister.” I said jauntily, and tilted my chin up. He let out a low chuckle, and stood up from the chair.

“What’s for supper?” he asked as he leaned onto the table. It wasn’t until then I noticed that it had turned dark outside, leaving us in the gloomy light.

“Whatever you want.” I said with a smile. “But only if you help me.”

“Of course, love.”
Howdy!

I'm sorry! This chapter is really, really late, but it's my birthday tomorrow (February 11th) and I've been busy planning it, and so on. But here it is, and I hope you like it.

Enjoy! :)

 Darkness.

 Complete darkness.

 I didn’t know where I was. I couldn’t see anything.

 All I could hear was my own shaky breathing echoing into the void.

 “Hello?” I called out, feeling how my body was trembling uncontrollably.

 My voice echoed into the darkness, slowly fading until I couldn’t hear it anymore.

 A loud crack was heard from underneath me. I looked down to see that my bare feet were standing on feather thin ice.

 “Oh no.” I whispered weakly, seeing how the ice was about to give in to my body weight.

 I tried to run, but I couldn’t. My feet were glued to the cold surface. With one last crack the ice gave in, and I fell into the freezing water.

 I couldn’t breathe, and I couldn’t swim. I helplessly kicked around in the water, but something was holding onto my foot. A large hand held my ankle in a tight grip, pulling me deeper into the dark water. I couldn’t hold my breath for much longer, but I could not get away from this iron grip I was held in, no matter how hard I tried.

 I closed my eyes, feeling how my lungs were filled with water as I inhaled. I coughed, causing water to fill my mouth, and seep down into my lungs.

 As I opened my eyes I saw that I wasn’t in the water anymore, but I was still choking. The large hand was now around my throat, and the body the hand belonged to was pinning me down against the hard floor.

 “You whore.” he spat with gritted teeth, squeezing harder onto my throat. “You had to fuck him, didn’t you? You disgusting slut.”

 I desperately clung onto his hand, digging my nails into it in attempt to make him let go of me. My eyes squeezed shut once again, tears streaming from down my cheeks.

 “Dad, please.” I coughed out inbetween the small attempts to breathe.
His other hand moved to mine, pushing it away and holding it with the same iron grip as my throat.

“Shut up.”

I had no idea how I was still conscious, let alone how my other hand had the strength to try and fight off his grip. He let go of my throat, allowing me to breathe in the sweet air. Never had it felt so good to breathe. His hand went from my throat to my other arm, holding it in a tight grip around my bicep, just like the other one.

“Let go of me!” I screamed, after I had somewhat stabled my breathing, kicking, and squirming around.

“Grace!” he screamed, his voice sounded distant, like it was from far away.

“I said let go of me!” I continued as the tears started flooding down.

“Grace!”

“No! Just let go of me!” I cried, helplessly struggling in the grip I was held in.

“Calm down!” the loud voice wasn’t coming from my dad, it didn’t have an american accent. I opened my eyes, and saw through my blurry vision how Brahms was holding me in his arms, trying to keep me still.

“Brahms?” I said weakly as I blinked the tears away. My body was trembling uncontrollably in his arms.

“Yes.” he said calmly, and I could hear how he was slightly out of breath. He let go of the tight grip he had around my arms, and let his hands slid down to rest on the duvet.

I bursted out crying, and threw my arms around his neck, burying my face into his broad shoulder. I was scared, and overwhelmed by the dream I had just had, and I was thankful that he was here.

Brahms seemed taken aback by my sudden action, and his body got stiff. I didn’t care though, just having his shoulder to cry on was enough for me in that moment. After a while I could slowly feel how his arms crept around me, hugging me as his hand started caressing my hair softly.

We sat like that, in the darkness of the room, for quite some time. I couldn’t seem to calm down, and I kept Brahms in a tight embrace so he probably couldn’t move even if he wanted to.

“Are you okay, love?” he asked in a calm voice as I slowly pulled away from him.

I nodded slowly, and wiped away the tears from my face with the back of my hand.

“It was just a nightmare.” I whispered in a weak voice, still having the fresh memory burning in my mind.

“Okay.”

His brown eyes wandered across my face, the eerie mask covering his features. I looked down at my trembling hands in my lap, fiddling with the strings on my pyjamas shorts.

“Good night, pretty Gracie.” he said in a low voice, and got up from the bed. I looked at him in the darkness, seeing his dark silhouette as it danced its way towards the door.
“Wait.” I said weakly just as Brahms started turning the doorknob. He slowly turned around and looked at me where I sat. “Please, come back.”

He tilted his head to the side, still holding onto the doorknob.

“I don’t want to sleep alone.” I mumbled, and looked down at my hands again, feeling how tears started to burn behind my eyelids again.

Brahms let out a soft sigh, and headed back to me. I crawled down underneath the covers and held it open so that Brahms could crawl down beside me. He complied, and put his arm around my waist as he laid down. My body was still trembling, but nuzzling closer to his warm chest felt comforting.

“Thank you.” I whispered, and put my hand on the cheek of the mask. He nodded slowly, but didn’t say anything. I heard his steady breathing echoing from behind the mask, and it bothered me. I slowly moved my hand from the cheek, and pulled the mask off. I felt Brahms shift uncomfortably beside me, but he didn’t try to stop me.

I reached over him, and put the mask on the nightstand behind him before going back into the same position, letting his musk, and that scent of wet forest, fill my nostrils.

“Much better.” I mumbled, and placed my hand on his cheek. I carefully traced my fingers across the scared flesh, being careful not to hurt him in any way. I could hear how his heart beat was starting to race, and he was laying completely still.

I woke up in the same position I had fallen asleep in; my face nuzzled into Brahms’ chest. My hand had fallen down from his cheek, and was laying around his neck. Brahms’ arm was still snaked around my waist, while the other one was lying underneath me like an extra pillow.

I carefully started to shift into another position, trying to look at Brahms’ face. My movements seemed to disturb him though as he groaned a bit. I looked up at him, seeing how he was still asleep. I didn’t know if I was ever going to get over how peaceful he looked when he was asleep. He looked like an entirely different person. I didn’t know if it was because his dark eyes weren’t staring at me so intensely, or if it was because of something else.

I reached my hand up and pushed his dark locks away from his face, being careful not to wake him. I continued to keep his fringe away from his face with my hand as the fingers of my other hand started caressing his scars. I gently brushed the bride of his nose with my index finger, letting it slide down to the tip before doing it again.

My finger then travelled to his lips. It slowly stroke his bottom lip, feeling the- now familiar- feeling of them. It felt weird knowing that my lips had been pressed to those a few times, and how it didn’t feel all that different from any other lips. They weren’t as soft, but you could still tell that they were lips.

Brahms suddenly pulled back, pursing his lips in the process. He looked at me with tired, narrowed eyes, scanning me where I laid.

“What are you doing?” he asked in a raspy morning voice. I felt my heart flutter as I heard it, but ignored it.

“I’m sorry.” I said in an abnormal high-pitched voice. I mentally face palmed myself at the gauche move, but I couldn’t go back and re-do it.

Brahms let go of his grip around my waist, and tried to jerk his arm out from underneath me. I sat up
to allow him to pull it away, and ran my hands over my face. The sun was shining into the room, reflecting his eyes, making it look like warm caramel against copper. Never had his eyes looked more beautiful, and mesmerizing.

“What were you doing?” he asked again, sitting up as well. As he sat up the sun hit his messy curls, showing glimpses of chocolate brown in his usual raven dark hair.

“I just-” I started, but didn’t really know what to say. He stared at me with those eyes, waiting for my answer. “I was just feeling… Your lips…”

He shuffled a bit, his expression turning into a confused, and slightly disgusted one.

“Why?” he asked silently, and reached his hand up to his face. He noticed that he wasn’t wearing the mask, and frantically looked around himself to find it.

“Because I like them.” I said slowly, looking at him as he finally found the mask behind him.

“Stop lying.” he said with an aggressive undertone, and looked back at me with the mask in his hands. “You know I hate when you do that.”

I crawled forwards, and took the mask away from his hands as he tried to put it on. I kept it in a tight grip, pressing it to my chest so that he couldn’t steal it back.

“I’m not lying!” I exclaimed. “There’s nothing wrong with you, Brahms.”

“Give me the mask.” he said, reaching out his opened hand towards me.

“No. You don’t need it.” I said, and shook my head.

He let out a frustrated sigh, and cleared his throat.

“Give me the mask, Grace.” he said once again, this time more demanding. His eyes were locked with mine, and I could see that familiar blaze rising in them.

I started to feel anxious, knowing I was out on thin ice, but I wasn’t going to give up. The first step into building up something was to make him realize that he didn’t need to hide from me.

“No.” I said quietly, shaking my head a bit slower this time.

His hand in front of me curled into a fist, his knuckles turning white. I looked down at it as I felt my heart racing in my chest. I was scared that he would hurl it towards my face, but my grip around the mask didn’t falter.

“Fine.” he spat, and stood up from the bed. “You keep the bloody mask.”

I was taken aback by his words. I had never heard him swear before, and even though he was british, that swear word sounded weird coming from his mouth. He hated it when I swore, so I hadn’t really been thinking that he did that. He had issues, but he always seemed to try and be a gentleman. Brahms looked at me for a while, his lips pursed into a thin line. His nostrils were flaring, and his chest was raising and sinking with a quick pace. He then spun around and stormed out from the room, slamming the door shut behind him.
Ahoy!

Ugh, a really late chapter, again. I’m so sorry. Hopefully this is going to make it up a little.

Thank you all so much for the birthday wishes, I had a great one! :)

Enjoy! :)

I looked down at the pale porcelain mask in my hands. I traced the large crack that ran over the mask with my fingertip, thinking of how I was going to make Brahms realize that he didn’t need that stupid mask. It was just another obstacle in the way of our evolution to a healthy relationship. I couldn’t be his friend as long as he didn’t trust me. I just couldn’t.

And now he was angry at me. Again. I looked up at the closed door in front of me from where I sat on the bed. He had probably retreated into his walls again. Yet another obstacle of ours. How was I going to communicate with him if he was going to run into his precious walls as soon as he got a bit upset?

With a deep, frustrated sigh I stood up from the bed, and headed towards the door. I couldn’t just let him hide from me again, I had to get him back. No matter how much he acts like a child, I still prefer it to being alone.

“Brahms?” I called out into the corridor as I opened the door. I looked around, but couldn’t see him anywhere. I continued down the stairs, and looked into the lounge, but he wasn’t there either.

“Brahms, I’m sorry.” I called out, hoping he would hear me wherever he was inside his walls. “You can have your mask back, just come out again, please.”

I waited, but couldn’t hear any sign of him. Not even as much as a tiny creak was heard. I sighed, and nodded my head. This was my fault. I looked down at the mask that I held in my hand before putting it ontop of the piano. That way he could take it whenever he wanted to.

I walked into the kitchen and started preparing breakfast, hoping that Brahms would take that time to come out from his hiding at retrieve his mask. Maybe he’d forgive me, and join me for breakfast.

But I was wrong, of course. I ate breakfast alone, and the mask hadn’t been moved from where I had put it. An anxious feeling churned in my stomach as I thought that he might have left the house. He’s done that once before, so what could stop him now?

After I had eaten my breakfast, and washed up after myself, I decided to head outside. If Brahms happened to be out there, then maybe I would bump into him. I put on my usual red coat over my simple white jumper, and black jeans, before going out.

The weather was surprisingly warm, considering it was in the middle of November. It wasn’t warm enough that you could go out without a jacket, of course, but I wasn’t shivering as I walked around
the property. The sunlight shone onto the beautiful scenery, making everything look like something out of a story book.

I strolled through passageway, my hands in my pockets, as I enjoyed the sunshine softly caressing my face. I had to admit to myself that I had missed the sun. Coming from Florida, it was a big change in climate. It was sunny almost every day back home, but here I rarely got to see the sun. I was lucky if I got to see it two times a week, but hopefully I would get to see it more often when summer would come.

I abruptly stopped my steps, and bit my lip.

“Did I really just think that I was going to be here when summer came around?”

A shiver ran down my spine. What was happening to me? I obviously didn’t plan on spending my summer out here.

I shook my head to get rid of the thought, and continued my peaceful walk. I made a stop by Brahms’ tombstone. It was so weird to think about the story behind it. Normally when I saw tombstones I would think of how sad it was that there was a dead body lying underneath. A body of someone who once had a life, hopefully filled with plenty of amazing people who loved them, but when I looked at this tombstone in front of me, all I felt was a lump in my throat, and an uneasy feeling of numbness in my body. There was no body lying under the ground, the tombstone was all just an act. A foul play. A terrible secret that would cause more people harm, than good.

“He shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” I muttered under my breath as I read the epitaph. I shook my head in frustration, and sat down on the damp soil. I pulled up my knees to my chest, and hugged them in attempt to feel some kind of comfort.

I didn’t know for how long I sat there in front of the tombstone, thinking of Brahms and his tragic childhood. I figured I had sat there for quite some time because when I stood up my whole body cracked, and I couldn’t feel my butt. I groaned as I stretched out my stiff muscles, and headed back inside.

The first thing I did when I got inside was to check if the mask was still lying ontop of the piano. My heart sunk a bit in my chest as I saw that it was still lying there, looking extra lifeless when it wasn’t attached to a body.

As I was walking towards the stairs I remembered the wine cellar. I didn’t usually drink, but I thought I deserved one now. I opened the creaky door, and headed down concrete stairs. I fumbled around in the darkness for the thread. When I finally found it I let out a soft chuckle as I recalled how Brahms and I had been fighting over the lights. I could only imagine how frustrating he must have thought it was when he had to walk around and turn off all the lights after me.

I looked around the room, looking at all the shelves for a wine bottle. I settled for a bottle of red wine from three years ago. Wine wasn’t my go to drink, but you take what you gotta take. I had yet to discover any other alcoholic beverages in this mansion.

I fiddled with the thread coming from the ceiling, trying to determine whether or not I was going to turn it off. Maybe Brahms would come out of the walls and scold me if I left it on? I was sure he was quite done with my little game, and wouldn’t let me get away with it.

And so I went out from the cellar without turning off the light. I went into the lounge to pick a book to read as I drank my poison. After a while I settled for “Anne of Green Gables”, Brahms’ favourite.
It was a good book that I wanted to finish, since I hadn’t gotten around to do that since we read it together yesterday.

I stopped my steps as I remembered that we hadn’t read it yesterday, it was two nights ago. It was Friday today, not Thursday. I put the wine bottle down beside the mask, and went into the kitchen to slap together some sandwiches before heading out to the grocery store.

After I had bought the groceries from Adam I stood outside on the street, wondering if I could do something to pass the time. I strolled around the small village, looking at the small shops, and cafés. The village looked like something out of a Disney movie, and I found it to be incredibly charming.

I stopped outside of a hobby store. Maybe Brahms was going to like it if I bought something for him, as an apology gift. I knew how he liked to craft things, and he must’ve gotten bored with the things he’s had for twenty-something years.

With a small nod, I decided to head inside. It was run by a girl who looked to be around Brahms’ age, maybe a bit older. She had blonde hair, and calm-looking green eyes. She greeted me with a smile as I walked in, and asked me if I needed help finding something. I told her I was good, and that I was just looking around.

The store wasn’t too big, but it was bigger than the library. I walked around, looking after something I thought Brahms would like. In the end I was choosing inbetween a pottery maker, and an easel.

“Hello,” the woman said as I walked up to the counter. “Going for the classic easel, I see. You like painting?” she asked.

“Oh, no, it’s not for me.” I said with a small chuckle.

“I see. A gift?” she asked, and cocked an eyebrow at me. I pursed my lips, and nodded slowly in response.

“I’m sorry.” she said. “I haven’t seen you here before, are you the new girl everyone is talking about?”

I furrowed my eyebrows as I felt a churning feeling erupting in my stomach.

“N-new girl?” I croaked out, starting to fiddle nervously with the buttons on my coat.

“Yes, you are the new girl, aren’t you? I can tell by your accent.” she smiled. I had no idea that people were talking about me in this village, but I figured that there wasn’t too much going on, so they didn’t have much to talk about. It was a small village, after all.

“What’s your name?” she asked. “I’m Olivia. Olivia Cribbs.”

I felt my heart stop. Could it be Emily Cribbs’ sister I was talking to? I had no idea she had one, Brahms never told me.

“Grace.” I said with a weak voice. “Grace Daniels.”

“Nice to meet you, Grace.” Olivia smiled, and shook my hand. “So, who’s this gift for? I bet I know the person.”

“Oh, I’m sure you know who it is.” I thought to myself, feeling how my hands got clammy.
“A friend.” I said shortly, and flashed her a fake smile.

“Oh? What’s their name?” she said, and cocked her eyebrow.

I was completely baffled. I felt how my body was paralyzed, and my mouth was as dry as a desert.

“Adam.” I heard myself say.

“Yes, Adam.” Olivia nodded her head. The smile on her face grew wider as she said his name, and I could even see how her cheeks turned into a bright shade of pink. “I know Adam.”

I nodded, and gave her the payment, being quick to walk out of the store again. I let out a deep sigh as the door shut behind me.

“That was unexpected.”

I started walking up the street, towards the mansion, with the easel under my arm, the material in one hand, while having the bags of groceries in my other. I had to stop every other step to re-arrange the stuff as I almost dropped them.

“Need a lift?” I heard someone call from beside me. I turned to the side to see Adam sitting in an old blue pickup truck, smiling like a fool.

I hesitated. He didn’t know I was staying in the Heelshire mansion, but I couldn’t manage to bring everything home by foot.

“Sure, thanks.”

“So, where you headed?” Adam asked as I sat down in the passenger seat.

“I’ll tell you along the way.” I said, and looked straight forward, afraid that he would be able to tell that I was scared, and anxious.

Adam nodded, and started driving where I told him to.

“Wait, isn’t this the way to the Heelshire’s mansion?” he asked as we pulled up on the small gravel road.

“It is.” I said quietly, and started to nervously fiddle with the buttons of my coat.

“I thought you were staying at that psych ward a bit away from town?” Adam said, and looked over at me. The churning feeling in my stomach came back again, and my whole body felt weak.

“Well, I’m taking a break from the job.” I lied, still looking straight forward into the road in front of us.

“Okay.” he sighed, not asking any more questions.

The rest of the ride was completely silent. I was too tense, and anxious, to say anything, and Adam seemed to be suspicious, but luckily didn’t question anything.

“Thanks for the ride, Adam.” I said and hopped out from the car, giving him a smile. “I really appreciate it.”

“No problem, love.” he returned the smile, a spark glistening in the corner of his eye.
I took the things I had bought, and walked up the porch, waiting for Adam to drive away before I went inside.
Hi!

Happy Valentine's Day! Whatever you did, or however you celebrated it, I hope you had a great time! I actually had this chapter written beforehand (see how good I am? I'm trying to clean up my mess of a life) but I was too busy celebrating Valentine's Day so I couldn't upload it until now. Sorry.

Enjoy! :)

As I opened the front door I saw Brahms standing by the stairs, holding the mask in his hand.

“Hello.” I said simply, and put down the bags onto the floor before taking off my coat.

“What’s that?” he asked, and pointed towards the easel I was holding. I looked at it, and smiled before looking back at him.

“It’s a gift.” I flashed him a wide smile, and walked up to him with the easel. “For you.”

He looked at the easel, down at me, and then back at the easel again. His eyes were narrowed, and his lips were pursed into a thin line. It seemed like he was suspicious about the gift, like he wasn’t sure it really was for him.

“Why?” he asked with a low voice.

“It’s actually an apology gift. I’m sorry for trying to take the mask away from you, it was stupid of me.” I apologized, and handed him the easel. He didn’t take though, all he did was continuing to scan the easel, and me.

“So you bought me this?” he asked, and nodded towards the easel. His voice had changed into a low, dark one, similar to the one he had when he was angry.

“Why, yes. I thought you might like it.” I explained. “I know you like to craft things, and you have deep thoughts and ideas, judging by the poems that you like to read, so I thought you might like painting.”

He placed his hands around his back, and tilted his chin up, looking even taller than he usually did when he stood in front of me.

“What are you trying to do, pretty Gracie?” he asked, eyeing me from top to toe. I let out a sigh, frustrated by how he was acting. Why he was so suspicious, still, was a mystery. I thought I had made it quite clear that I wasn’t trying to hurt him, or take advantage of him, in any way.

“I was just trying to be nice.” I said, my voice coming out more aggressive than intended. “But if you don’t want it I’ll go back and return it.”

I spun around and started heading towards the door, but Brahms gripped my wrist, spinning me back
around again.

“You’re not going anywhere, Grace.” he said with gritted teeth. “Don’t think that I didn’t see you with that man as you arrived.”

I looked up at him, baffled by his words. Did he think there was something going on between Adam and I? I rolled my eyes thinking of how immature he was acting.

“Adam and I have nothing going on, Brahms.” I said with a stern voice. “He was just driving by as I was struggling to bring everything back here, and he offered me a ride home.”

Brahms’ grip around my wrist tightened a bit, but he didn’t hold it tight enough that it would bruise, or hurt me in any way. His dark eyes wandered across my face, his facial expression impossible to read. It was like he was wearing the mask, except he wasn’t.

“I don’t believe you.” he said in a low voice, taking a step forward towards me.

I threw the easel to the floor, making Brahms jump a bit as the sound echoed through the house, but I didn’t care. I was done with that possessive behaviour of his. He couldn’t just go around and think that I belonged to him, because I didn’t.

“Can you stop that?” I spat, and tried to jerk away from his grip. “Can you stop acting like I’m your property?”

His grip around my wrist tightened even more to keep me in place. He pulled me closer and lowered his head so that my forehead was touching his.

“But you are mine, Grace.” he said with a dark, rumbling voice, sending shivers down my spine. “You’re mine whether you like it or not.”

My heart started racing in my chest, and I felt how my legs started trembling underneath me. A day ago I had wished to bring the old Brahms back, the Brahms I was used to, but as he stood here before me all I wished was to go back. I wished to go back to the moment where we could sit and play chess, read books, and he would just be a nice guy, and obey me.

“You can’t own a person, Brahms.” I said in a weak voice. “It doesn’t work like that.”

He pulled away slightly, and looked into my eyes. His pupils had dilated, making his eyes look almost completely black. He tilted his head to the side, his face still as expressionless as his mask.

I was expecting him to say something for his defence, but he just continued to look at me. I started to feel anxious as it felt like his intense stare was burning a whole into my body. The worst thing about the dominant Brahms was that he was so unpredictable. You never knew what he might do next, so there was no way you could try and counter it.

“Can you let go of me now?” I asked hesitantly, afraid he would go completely berserk. “I need to pack up the groceries.”

He looked at me for a while, before nodding his head and letting go of the grip around my wrist. I mumbled a low “thank you” and proceeded to pick up the grocery bags, and walking into the kitchen.

As I was putting everything in its place I could feel how Brahms stood behind me, in the door frame, watching my every step. He didn’t say anything, neither did he move, all he did was stand there like a statue, and stare.
When I had packed everything up I walked past Brahms towards the easel that was still lying on the floor in the hallway, making sure to bump into him as I passed by. He barely budged as I flung my shoulder into his side, and he let out a small scoff, as if to mock me.

“So,” I said in an aggressive tone as I stood my the easel, and looked back at Brahms where he had walked up to me. “What am I going to do with this then? You made it clear that you want nothing to do with it, and I am shit at painting, so what do?”

I could see how his eye twitched slightly as he heard me swear, but didn’t bother to comment on it. He silently walked up to me, and looked down at the easel.

“Take it up to the attic.” he said in a low voice.

I pursed my lips, and nodded as I lifted it up from the floor. I put it over my shoulder as I started walking up the stairs towards the attic, as I was told. I could hear how Brahms was following me, but I ignored him.

Brahms crossed his arms, and leaned towards the wall as we walked up towards the trapdoor. I leaned the easel towards the other wall, and took the cane in my hand. I shot Brahms an angry glare before trying to get the trapdoor to open. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Brahms wearing a smug smirk across his face, clearly amused by the sight of me struggling to get it open.

“Help me then, instead of just standing there!” I exclaimed, and threw the cane onto the floor in front of his feet. He let out a low chuckle, and bent down to pick it up. It was then my turn to lean against the wall with crossed arms, watching him as he pulled the trapdoor down.

“Ladies first.” he said, and pointed towards the ladder with his large hand, the smug smirk on his face growing wider. I shot him yet another angry glance before taking the easel under my arm, and climbing up the ladder. As I got up I looked down, seeing that Brahms was standing on the floor with his hands behind his back, looking back up at me.

“You coming?” I asked. He shook his head slowly, and took a step back. I shrugged my shoulders, and put the easel down by some boxes. I looked towards the wooden boards that covered the large window, and wondered if Brahms was always so hesitant to climb up to the attic because of what happened to him in there. Maybe he was scared that it would all happen again?

As I started to climb down the stairs I felt Brahms’ hands grip around me, carrying me down. I spun around after he had put me down on the floor, and gave him a look filled with anger, trying to ignore the heating feeling in my cheeks.

“What did you do that for?” I spat, and crossed my arms.

Brahms put his hands around his back, once again, and shot me a small smirk filled with something I could only describe as mischief.

“Because I wanted to.”

The way he said it made my stomach tingle, but I ignored it. I was angry at him for acting like a child, a possessive little child.

“You can’t just do that.” I said, and shook my head, giving him the most angry look I could. It didn’t seem like he was too bothered by it though.

“Why not?” he asked in a low voice, and leaned closer to me. His brown eyes were glistening, and the way his messy curls were hanging down his forehead made him look even more mischievous.
than before.

“It’s inappropriate. People don’t just go around and grab each other, it’s called personal space.” I explained, still trying to keep my angry facade up, even though he made it hard for me to do so. I could understand that he was a little behind on how to act around people, and such, but that did not make it okay for him to do whatever he wanted.

Brahms didn’t seem to be too bothered by my lecture though, as his eyes remained glistening, and the smug look on his face did not even do as much as twitch. He reached his hand up, and stroked some hair away from my face, tucking it behind my ear as he cocked his head to the side.

“But we’re not just people, pretty Gracie.” he said in his childish voice. I felt a shiver run down my spine, and tried my best not to cringe. I had not missed that voice at all. My hatred for it was unbearable. Apparently I hadn’t done a very good job trying to suppress my hatred as Brahms let out a low chuckle.

“Sorry, love.” he apologized, and moved his hand to gently stroke my cheek. I didn’t know how to feel whenever he called me that. I knew it was a thing British people said, but I had always thought it was solely for your lover, and I wasn’t his lover. Yet I felt how my cheeks heated up as I heard him say that words with his deep voice, and that thick accent of his.

“So, what now?” I asked, and pushed away his hand from my face, trying to get out of the uncomfortable situation. I could see how Brahms frowned a bit as I took away his hand, but he didn’t say anything about it. He put his hands behind his back, his signature pose, and looked at me up and down.

“We can continue to read Anne of Green Gables.” he suggested. “I saw that you were planning to read it before, and drink-” he trailed a bit at the word, like he was too disgusted, or even afraid, to say it. “Wine.”

He said the word filled with utter hatred, and I could understand it. Growing up with a parent who’s been practically living off any alcoholic beverage made you feel a certain way, often dislikement, or even hatred towards it.

“You were spying on me?” I asked, and cocked an eyebrow at him. I knew that he was always watching me, there was no way you could possibly miss the intense stare, it sent a shock through your whole body. But I wanted him to feel uncomfortable, and ashamed.

His head dropped to the floor, his dark locks falling to cover his face. He let out a quiet hum mixed with a slight chuckle, making me smile. It was always fun to see how Brahms reacted in situations. He wasn’t like every other person, and discovering new traits that he had was interesting. When I first had gotten to know him I could only imagine him as an angry, perverted creep, but now I had started to see different sides of him, and I liked that.

It was my turn now to invade his personal space. I walked closer to him, getting up on my tiptoes, and stroked his hair away from his face, causing him to look up at me again. I stroked it away from his forehead, and gave him a small smile. Brahms looked at me with a confused look, as if he didn’t know how to react.

“I’d love to read Anne of Green Gables.” I said, and took his hand. We walked down the stairs, and sat down on the sofa in the lounge. Before starting to read the book I looked up at Brahms where he sat beside me, so close that our bodies were touching. He looked down at me with a look of genuine excitement, and happiness even. Seeing him like that made me feel a warm pit in my stomach, but I shook it off.
Hey!

Thanks for understanding my distress. I know this chapter isn't so long, but I had to cut it off in a nice way, so that the next chapter can be more exciting, and longer. Hopefully you'll be okay with that.

Enjoy! :)

When we finally had read through the whole book, it had gotten dark outside. I put the book back into the bookshelf where I had previously found it, and asked Brahms if he was hungry. He nodded his head excitingly, and stood up, following me into the kitchen.

“Brahms?” I asked hesitantly as I was chopping up some vegetables. He let out a small hum in response, too concentrated on peeling the potatoes I had given him.

“D-did you know-” I trailed on the sentence, not sure whether I wanted to talk about it or not. Brahms stopped peeling the potato in his hand, and turned to look at me, his eyes wandering over my face. I looked back at him, and took a deep breath to gain some confidence.

“Did you know that Emily has a sister?” I glanced up at him, afraid to look directly at his face. My stomach started churning with anxiety as I felt his intense gaze burn into my skin. Brahms didn’t answer for a long time, and I had begun to think that he wasn’t going to, until he cleared his throat, and turned back to the potato in his hand.

“Yes.” he said shortly with a deep voice. I laid down the knife beside the vegetables, and turned to face Brahms where he stood a few feet away from me.

“You never told me that.” I said, and started nibbling on my bottom lip, feeling how my anxiety grew by the second. Brahms let out a sigh, and let the potato roll from the palm of his hand down into the sink, landing with a thud. He turned to look at me, his dark locks falling in front of his forehead as usual.

“Why would I?” he crossed his arms over his chest, his facial expression stern. His dark eyes were staring straight into mine, lacking that mischievous spark he usually had in them.

“Well, maybe because the whole Emily-incident is something that has had a great effect on your life, and it’s something that affects me too.” I argued, and put my hands on my hips.

“How can that possibly affect you in any way?” he spat in his thick accent. I was baffled by how ignorant he seemed. Did he really think that it didn’t affect me, whatsoever?

“Oh, I don’t know.” I said, and threw out my arms in a dramatic gesture. “Maybe because you’ve forced me to stay here with you, and all of your issues, and the Emily-incident happens to be one of them.”

Brahms took a few steps forward towards me, leaning down slightly so that he was disturbingly
close to my face. His eyes had gotten that blazing glow into them, like they did when he was angry.

“So you still want to leave me, huh?” he asked in a low, deep voice. I swallowed hard, feeling how close he was to my face. His, usually, adorable curls were hanging down his forehead, throwing a shadow over his eyes that made them look almost ghoulish when it mixed with his blazing spark.

“What’s the point in staying here if you’re never going to tell me everything that’s going on.” I tried to say with a confident voice, but it came out shaky, and almost weak. I took deep breaths in and out, trying to keep calm even though I had begun to fear what was going to happen next.

Brahms suddenly gripped me by the throat, holding it in a firm grip. I let out a gasp as the air from my lungs escaped my body. I had troubles breathing as he was squeezing my wind pipes, but he made sure that I wouldn’t choke under his firm grip.

“You are not going to leave me, Grace.” he growled, pulling me closer to his face with his grasp around my throat. “I won’t let you leave. Ever.”

“Then you’re gonna have to tell me what’s up in this f ** ked up village.” I coughed out, my hands gripping his shirt for support.

His grip tightened slightly as he heard me swear, and his lips pursed into a thin line. His eyes narrowed as he kept me in the same place, my face so close to his that I could feel his warm breath tickle my cheek.

“What have I told you about your language?” he said with gritted teeth.

I didn’t say anything in response. I wasn’t going to falter to his aggressive behaviour. I was never the one to give up easily, but I didn’t want to provoke him even more as I feared what he would do to me.

“It is not to be tolerated in this house!” he screamed, shaking me in his grip which caused me to start coughing violently. I squeezed my eyes shut as my hands automatically found their way to his enormous hand that was gripping my throat. I dug my nails into his hand in attempt to get some kind of support.

Brahms seemed to notice that I was struggling to breathe, and let out a deep sigh, trying to calm himself down. He stopped shaking me, and loosened the grip around my throat.

“You need to respect the rules in this house, pretty Gracie.” he tried to say in his childish voice, but it cracked into his normal, deep one as he was still to worked up.

“Fine.” I croaked out, desperately trying to get his hand away from my throat by digging my nails into the back of his hand. “Can we just go back to making dinner?”

He stood completely still, eyeing me from top to toe, probably trying to decide whether or not he would forgive me for my actions. After a while he nodded, and slowly let his hand slide from my throat, past my collar bone, and continue down my arm. I ignored the goosebumps that formed all over my body as his fingertips slid down my body.

“Thank you.” I mumbled as I turned back to the counter, picking up the knife to chop the last vegetables up into thin slices. Brahms stood still, watching me closely as I carefully cut the red bell pepper. I felt his gaze burn, but didn’t even do as much as glance in his direction. I kept my gaze locked at the knife, and how it smoothly sliced through the crunchy pepper.

Brahms turned around, and went back to the sink, picking up the potato that he had previously been
peeling. With one last glance in my direction he continued to peel the remaining potatoes.

We ate in silence. Everything was still stiff, and almost awkward, from the event that had happened in the kitchen a while ago. I didn’t mind it though, I wasn’t really too keen on talking to him anyways. I had nothing to say. He always got upset, and angry whenever I spoke.

“She didn’t like me.” Brahms said quietly, breaking the tense silence between us. I looked up at him from my plate, cocking an eyebrow in confusion.

“What?”

“She didn’t like me.” he repeated, and looked back up at me. “Olivia, I mean.”

“Oh.” I mumbled, and looked down at my plate again. I knew that Brahms was disliked, and bullied, as a child, but I couldn’t really take a stand in the whole situation. Like Brahms always said to me; I wasn’t there.

“She was ten when Emily-” he stopped himself, looking down at his plate again. I looked up at him, seeing how the skin above his eyes were deeply furrowed.

“Died?” I asked carefully, tilting my head slightly to the side.

He nodded in response.

“She never liked that Emily was spending time with me, even if she wasn’t really nice to me while doing so.” he continued, pushing the remains of his food around with his fork. “After my birthday, she stopped by the house and-” his voice died out once again. I continued to look at him, seeing how he slowly shook his head.

“What did she do, Brahms?” I asked in a calm, low voice, not wanting to get him worked up.

He kept quiet, his gaze fixated at the plate in front of him. He was fiddling with the fork inbetween his fingers, continuing to shake his head slowly.

“Brahms?” I asked again, my voice even more careful than before.

“I can’t tell you!” he bursted out, standing up from his chair so violently that it fell back, hitting the floor with a loud bang. He threw his fork onto the table, and stormed out from the room. I sat still, looking at the fork that was now lying in front of me. Some gravy had splashed from the fork, specking the table.

“Okay.” I sighed to myself, and stood up from the table as well. I started to clean up the mess Brahms had made, as well as cleaning up after the dinner. When I was done I walked up to my room, realizing that Brahms had dissapeared into his walls.

I laid down in a my bed with a deep sigh, burying my face in the soft pillow. I felt the exhaustion, and sleepiness wash over me like a tidal wave. The day had been a roller-coaster of emotions, and finding out new things about this place. It didn’t take long before I drowsed off into a deep slumber, the memories of the day repeating themselves in my mind.
Hello!

I don't even know where to begin. I am so sorry for just dissapearing the way I did without telling you guys anything. The thing is that I haven't been feeling well, you see, I struggle with mental issues and the last couple of months have been, excuse my french, shit.

And I'm not telling you this to get your pity, more because I feel like I owe you guys an explanation for my behaviour. I'm not entirely well, but I have seen your guys' comments and they have motivated me to scrape this little chapter together.

I don't know if I'm ready to start uploading on a schedule like before, but I will try and drop off some chapters every now and then when I have the time, and motivation.

It took a while, but here it is, and I hope you still want to read my story even though there are new stories that have been created since I left, and they are probably much better than mine.

Thank you for staying loyal, I really appreciate it. <3

I woke up to soft knocking on the door. I opened my eyes, blinking a few times to adjust to the bright sunlight that shone through the curtains. With a small moan I threw my legs over the side of the bed, and walked over to the door, dragging my tired legs behind me.

“Hi.” I greeted Brahms as I opened the door. He was standing with his hands behind his back, as usual, and wearing the mask over his face. He was wearing a grey knitted jumper, the collar of a white button-down peeking out from the collar of the jumper. To my surprise he wasn’t wearing his usual black trousers, but a pair of navy blue ones. They suited him.

“I want to show you something.” he said, and held out his hand in front of me. I looked down at it, confused at first. I then realised that he wanted me to take it, so I did. His large hand swallowed my petite one. He slowly stroke his thumb over the back of my hand, looking down at it where it laid so tiny is his.

His eyes wandered over it, his curls falling down as he tilted his head down. I began to feel uncomfortable, and confused as I had troubles understanding why he was staring so intensly at my hand. I cleared my throat in an attempt to get his attention. His head snapped up, his brown eyes roamed over my face with a spark of annoyance, as if I had ruined a very important moment for him. I pursed my lips, and cocked an eyebrow to make him realise that there was a purpose as to why my hand was resting in his. It took Brahms a while, but after an awkward minute of hesitant stares he nodded slowly before leading me down the stairs.

I was only in my short pink sweatshorts, and a white tank top, but I didn’t realise that until he had dragged me down into the lounge. I felt cold where I stood, exposed in the middle of the room with him staring at me.
“What is it?” I asked with a hesitant voice, hugging my arms to shield myself from his intense gaze.

Brahms didn’t answer my question, instead he turned around and went towards the gramophone. I kept my eyes at his tall frame as he leaned over the old music device, scavenging through the old vinyl-records. I shuffled where I stood in the middle of the room, feeling how goosebumps covered my bare arms.

After some time I could hear Brahms hum approvingly to himself as he added a quick nod, holding a vinyl up in front of him. He gently put down the record, and after a few seconds I could hear a slow, mellow melody flowing out from the speaker, filling the large room.

Brahms turned around to look at me as he placed his hands behind his back once again. As his intense, glistening gaze met with mine I felt a tickling feeling jolt through my body, making my stomach churn. The sudden reaction my body had caused me to grip my arms tighter as I took a step away from him.

He tilted his head slightly, curiosity shining in his eyes. He started taking slow steps towards me, his shoes tapping against the wooden floor, echoing through the room before drowning in the melody coming from the gramophone.

“Hi.” I squeaked as he walked up to me, towering over me. He was only inches away from me, his dark eyes wandering over my face from behind the porcelain mask. I spotted a playful spark glistening in the corner of his eye, and I couldn’t help but to wonder what he found so amusing.

“You’re so tiny.” he said, as if he had read my mind, a small chuckle coming from behind the mask. The sudden comment was so out of character that I got taken aback. I took a step back and looked at him with furrowed eyebrows.

“I am not?” I tried to say in a stern, decisive voice, but it came out more as a question as it mixed together with my confusion. Brahms tilted his head to the side, his eyes narrowing as he did so. Only this time they didn’t narrow out of suspicion. I could see small wrinkles forming at the corners of his eyes, indicating that he was smiling underneath that eerie mask.

“You are.” he stated, and nodded. “But it’s okay.” he added. “I like it.”

“Thanks, I guess?” I mumbled, and looked down at my cold, bare feet. They felt like a pair of ice blocks. The house had gotten so cold the last couple of days, and I did not like being barefoot when it was cold, in fact, I didn’t like being barefoot at all. A shadow was then casted over my feet, and the familiar echoing breathing was much closer than before.

“Dance with me.”

The sentence was simple, yet so shocking to hear. I looked up at him again, meeting his intense gaze. It wasn’t a question, more like a demand. I wondered what he would do if I said that I didn’t feel like it, and that I was too cold. The playful spark in the corner of his eye was gone, and had been replaced with a mysterious darkness which I couldn’t quite read.

“I can’t dance.” I said hesitantly, and shook my head, letting out a small, nervous chuckle. Once I saw the blank expression in his eyes I started to get anxious, and looked down at my feet again. I felt how my heart started beating faster in my chest as I feared that I had angered him with my rejection.

“I can teach you.” he said quietly in his deep voice, but there was an undertone of gentleness in his proposition. I slowly looked up at him again, afraid that I would be met by a terrifying, bloodthirsty monster, but all I could see was the person stuck between man and child. His eyes had gotten a
warmer tint to them, his pupils dilating as he looked down at me.

I opened my mouth to decline his offer, but nothing came out. I feared that I would anger him and cause him to lash out on me. So there I stood, looking silly with my mouth hanging open as I stared up at the freakishly tall man with the messy hair, and a white porcelain mask covering his face.

Without a word Brahms grabbed my hips and lifted me up. He placed my ice blocks for feet down on his before taking my wrist in a gentle grip, placing my hand on his shoulder. My eyes followed his actions, but quickly shot up to meet his once I felt his arm snake around my waist. He kept his eyes locked with mine, but didn’t say anything as he took my other hand in his.

With a slight nod he started moving in rhythm to the soft melody in the background, still keeping his dark eyes tracing my face. I swallowed hard. This was something my dad used to do with me as a child, before my mother died. I felt how panic rose inside me, making my chest hurt as breathing became close to impossible, but I knew I couldn’t back away. If I were to reject him now, the situation would probably play out in one or two ways; either Brahms would get really angry, and hurt me, or he would get hurt and upset, and retreat into his walls. I didn’t know if I wanted any of those things to happen, so I played along.

I tried to focus on how the fabric of his jumper felt underneath my fingers, and how his hand engulfed mine in his gentle grip. I looked at his mask, tracing the cracks that run all over it with my eyes. My eyes then wandered to his messy hair. Those dark locks that glistened in a deep chocolate brown as the sunlight hit them, and how they had fallen down to cover his forehead.

“This is nice, isn’t it, pretty Gracie?” he asked, interrupting my examination. My eyes snapped back to his eyes from his hair, and I felt how my cheeks started heating up as I saw how the same playful spark had appeared in his eye. I realised that he had been watching me looking at him, and I felt incredibly flustered, and embarrassed.

I bit my bottom lip, and let out a silent approving hum as I nodded my head.

“I’ve got to ask you, though.” I said quietly, the memories from yesterday flooding back. Brahms looked at me, his eyes wonderingly wandering over my face as he waited for me to ask my question.

“Aren’t you mad at me?” I asked slowly, narrowing my eyes slightly. The expression in his eyes changed from gentle to confused, and he tilted his head slightly to the side. “For what I brought up yesterday, I mean.” I quickly added.

Brahms stopped dancing, and his eyes got a shade darker than before. I felt how my body ran cold as I looked into his eyes, thinking that I had angered him by bringing it up again. He let out a deep sigh, and swallowed hard before slowly starting to dance again, making me let out a sigh in relief as it was signaling that he wasn’t going to throw a fit.

“I didn’t like that.” he said in a dark voice, and stared straight into my eyes. I nodded understandably and looked down at my feet that were on top of his, too anxious to look into his eyes as his stare was so intense, and dark. “But then I noticed your neck.” he added.

It was now my turn to look at him with a confused expression. I had no idea what he talked about. Brahms stopped dancing again, and let go of the grip around my hand, slowly leading his hand to my neck. His fingertips brushed against my throat, over my windpipes, and that was when I remembered.

I took a step back, my hand instantly covering my throat. He had almost killed me yesterday, and there I had been standing, dancing with him. What was wrong with me? How could I even forget
what had happened?

Brahms looked at me as I took yet another step back, his dark eyes getting an unusual tint to them. A tint so rare that I had only seen it once or twice since I moved into this house about a month ago. Guilt.

“You-” I started, but my vocal chords failed me. My voice dissapeared, and instead a raspy croak came out. I cleared my throat, and swallowed to try and wetten my suddenly dry throat, but it didn’t seem to help. So instead I shook my head, trying to choke down the tears that had begun rising.

It all became too much. I tried to see past the dance, and how it reminded me of the days where I lived with my mum and dad as one happy family, but as soon as I realised what was actually going on, and what Brahms had done to me only a few hours ago, it all became too much.

“Grace.” he said, his voice deep, but matching the look in his eyes. He reached out for me in attempt to pull me closer, but swiftly pulled away, and ran up the stairs and into my bedroom where I locked the door behind me.

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