

CHAPTER 48

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XANDER'S POV

She continues to surprise me with each passing day.

She was being a brat, and that annoyed me greatly. It was going to be too much of a hassle sending for a whip at that moment, and I settled for a spanking. That was it.

That was supposed to be all. A spanking to get her in order. Show her some pain, make it hard for her to sit the next day. Then perhaps by morning she'd eat.

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What I hadn't ever expected was for her to actually like it! In my wildest imaginations I didn't believe she could like it, that she could get so turned on. www.love worms.com

The urge to chase after her crossed my mind. It was so strong that I turned away from the door, inhaling deeply to ground myself back. I won't go after her. I must not go after her.

The small whimpers she made replayed like a loop in my head. I couldn't get the sight of her red ass out of my mind. It was fascinating to watch as she shuddered, her ass jiggling with each smack of my hand on her. She way she moaned, her body trembling. Her knuckles white from how tightly she gripped the material of her gown. The tremble in her thighs, her voice as she counted out each number. Her sobs. Everything was overwhelming.

I grabbed the edge of the table, inhaling deeply. I don't think I've ever been this ruffled. To my horror, I was already semi hard. Turns out spanking her not only turned her on, but me too,

I turned to the door again. She must not have gone far. Even if she had, it wouldn't take long to find her. It wouldn't take much either to rip the clothes off her body, have her bared before me like the finest meal fit for a king. www.love worms.com

Would she make those sounds again, the softest moans sweet as honey. What would her face look like as I stuff her full of my cock? How does she like to be fucked? would she beg, would she scream? Or would she curse me out? For someone who hated me so much, the slick that coated her thighs told another story.

Ah, fuck

I groaned deeply and closed my eyes. There's no way I'm thinking of fucking her right now. What is wrong with me? Is this some kind of dark spell she has put on me?

I glanced at the door again.

I can't deny it anymore. I want her. I want her body under me, I want to watch her come undone and know that I'm the one responsible for it. Fuck her till all she can think about is my name, the feel of me inside of her. She's into pain. I'll give her more of it.

I can't take this anymore. And yet I can't go after Sabrina. No. Not now. I will have to find my relief elsewhere.

"Nifra," I called through our mind link.

"Your majesty."

"Send for Blair to be released. Clean her up and bring her to my office."

"Your majesty, allow me to offer my sincerest appreciation. Blair said with a bow.

"Bend over the table." www.love worms.com

She nodded, dutifully walking over to the table. She still wasn't pardoned, not by a long shot. She hurt Sabrina. But right now if I don't get rid of these strange feelings, I will hurt Sabrina even more.

The sheer nightgown she wore was in the way, I shredded it off her body. A twinge of disappointment settled in my chest. She's not Sabriña.

"For fucks sake." I muttered angrily.

Sabrina should be the one here right now. Hent over, pliant and ready for me.

I grabbed Bair by the scruff of her neck and pulled her up to look at me. She gazed at me, a small gasp on her lips. Everything was wrong. Sabrina's tears stricken face flashed through my mind's eye again. The look in Blair's eyes were wrong.

"Tu not going to be gentle with you, Blair" I said. In as much as I want to bend her over and snap her in half, have her screams and echo through the palace walls, I do not wish to damage her beyond repair.

"Whatever you wish, your majesty, I shall do." Hair replied, ever willing to please.

Sabrina would have screamed at me to get off her, hatred shooting daggers at her. She would have struggled, and cursed at me. She was stubborn enough to starve herself for three whole days just to get a point across. She wouldn't be so easy. - She should be the one with me right now.

"Let me relieve you," Blair whispered, her eyes hazy with lust,

The love sick look in her eyes sickened me beyond words. I turned her back to the table, pressing the side of her cheek into the wood. I took my dick out and lined it at her entrance. She had taken time to prepare herself, the glide was smooth with the amount of fluids coating her folds. She wiggled her lips, moaning softly.

Salina's glistening thighs came to my mind. She wasn't just wet back there, she was dripping. Nothing I had ever seen before, not even on Blair. If I had fucked her on the dining table she would have felt amazing, I was sure of it.

I slammed myself into Mair without warning. She moaned, her walls fluttering around me. Her sounds were nothing like Sabrina, as I thrust into her, she got louder. It grated on my nerves, and before I knew it I was angry all over.

I grabbed her chin and forced her to look over her shoulder. My eyes blazed with anger as I met her eyes. "Shut up." I commanded. All sounds immediately ceased from her, her lips moved wordlessly. As much as she tries, she won't be able to make a sound Her eyes widened and fear flashed in her eyes for a moment. Oh she's scared, good,

The table creaked with the force of my thrusts on her body, Any other day, this would have done. This would have been enough to quell that fire inside of me

But I can't feel the satisfaction I feel from her. I fucked into her, chasing my end to no avail. At this rate, I want going to climax. at all.

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All I can think about is Sabrina What is she doing now? Is she in her room, crying? Or is she touching herself?

The image of her touching herself made me double over, my dick impossibly hard at this point. I glanced down at Blair's body, the faint bruising that was showing up at the back of her thighs. Her body trembled, her walls tight in a way that was from tension.

I'm being too rough with her. At this point, she'll break

I pulled out of her and turned her around, her back slammed into the table. Her eyes were full of tears, and that sick love. She's helpless.

And I wasn't near satisfied.