

Chapter 12

Anaiah's POV

Arya is sweet and kind, I think she has a shopping addiction, I'm so tired and I'm sure my legs will be sore.

We are in Victoria's Secret store and It's my first time here so I keep looking around.

'Here, love,' Arya gives me a set of... Omg, I get the set of sexy underwear from her with a blush, I've never even worn lingerie before.

'For you know,' She winks and I hide my face from her. 'Those will look beautiful on you,' I just put them in the basket and continue looking around. They have lingerie's in all forms, shapes, and sizes. I go to another part of the store, it has less light, and my eyes get fixed on these wild toys. I get one from the shelf and inspect it, it looks painful. I shudder and put it back but as I turn, I bump into a male. I almost lose my balance and fall but he catches me. I look up at him, he's an older man with a grey beard and a smug expression on his face, and the way he's looking at me makes me uncomfortable. I swallow and apologize for bumping into him but his deep and hunky voice stops me.

'Do you fancy?' He is now holding a small whip in his hands and chains. Memories of what happened in the dungeons flashed before me, the whipping. I shake my head and walk away but he suddenly grabs my wrist, stopping me from going.

'Let me go,' I try to struggle against him but it's futile. His hold on me is strong and he's smiling.

'I'll give you 1 million dollars if you agree to play with me, sweet little girl,' He displays, ignoring my struggles. Damn, why are werewolves so strong? I growl at him but it only seems to please him, upset, I kick him in the balls several times. He immediately releases me and doubles over in pain, yet he has a stupid smug expression on. I grab the whip he had in his hands a few seconds ago and inspect it, wanting to whip this pedophile but again, those fucking images taunt me and I drop it as if it shocked me.

'Hey, love! why did you drop that?' Comes Arya with a smile, oh no, there is something about it that screams danger.

'Daddy wants to play,' She pouts, bending down to caress the man's beard. The man now has a grimace, he seems terrified by the Lycan Princess. He tries to stand up but she pushes him back so that he is still on his knees,

'My- my Princess, I was- '

'Did I ask you to talk?' Arya says, her eyes changing gold a brief second before they go back to their beautiful amber. The old man bows again I'm sure his neck is hurting so much.

Arya selects a long whip I didn't see. She smiles and caresses it with her fingers.

'Daddy wants to play,' As soon as the words leave her mouth, she raises the whip so high that it comes landing on the man's back with a harsh sound. The man hisses but doesn't scream. I cover my eyes when she lifts it again and hit him for the second time, the man just groans in pain.

'Oh, daddy. Isn't this fun?' She teases, Arya continues her assault on the man and now I see beads of sweat forming on his temple.

'My my-'The man cries.

'Shut up,' Arya grits, her voice dominating, and like a button on the remote, he keeps quiet.

'Now, I strike you five more and you'll count with me,' The man is crying now and I almost interject but he deserves it, who knows how many girls he has lured just to do vile things.

'Am I clear?' He nods vigorously.

The Princess whips him again and he counts.

'One...' She continues and they are getting harsher, the man is trembling and holding in a sob. I take a moment to look at the girl giving punishment, she's so beautiful and graceful even as she does it, the dark leather pants and crop top she's wearing give her a baddie kind of look, yet her eyes can communicate her emotions.

When Arya delivers one last strike, and the man breaths a five, he falls limb to the ground, she crouches down and exhales

'Bye daddy, it was fun,' She turns to me and extends her hand towards me.

'Let's go,'

I hesitantly take her hand and leave the store. After she pays for the things, we go to her car

'Arya, what was that,' I ask, remembering all the weird toys I saw in that store.

'Have you heard of BDSM?' I squint my eyebrows and shake my head. She hums and starts her car.

'It is an aspect of sex that involves dominance, control, and submission,' She explains, glancing at me.

'And they use those things?'

'Yes, it involves bondage and so much,' She continues to explain more about it, actually seeming to enjoy it a lot.

'People enjoy that? Being whipped and hurt!' I ask, unable to believe what I'm hearing.

'So that old man is a dominator?'

'Yes, and he's not old! He wanted you to be his submissive, he can either reward you or punish you...'

Unfortunately, we reach the packhouse however, my heart flutters at the thought of Leon, I didn't see him the whole day and I kinda miss him. A few guards help us with the bags, giving me a slight glare yet smiling at the Princess.

I ignore their sharp glare but Arya doesn't.

'Does something smell bad?' She asks the two Omegas; they shake their heads and scurry inside.

'Damn this pack needs to be taught manners,' she says under her breath, glaring at some members who don't look her in the eyes.

'Brother!' My heart skips and I smile as I watch my mate approach.