

morena

"What do you mean spank me? You are going to hit me?" I asked terrified. It's not like I don't know what spanking is. I read way too much erotic books for an eighteen years old person but O doubted pleasure is what Leander wishes to convey. He called it a punishment and I am sure those huge hands of his will leave hideous marks on my poor little ass.

"It is not considered as hitting, mutt." He answered back with a dark chuckle. As if my scared expression brought him immense pleasure.

"Now, do as I say or I will make you." He added.

"But..." I argued.

"The more you talk back, the more severe your punishment will become." He threatened getting a bit closer to me. He held out his hand for me to take. I hesitantly placed my palm in his. The sparks that erupted did nothing for my nerves. He pulled me towards his desk and with a swift movement cleared everything that was on it. Papers and pencils scattered all over the floor. I stood with my back to him, staring at the now empty desk. His frame came closer to mine. He towered over me and I could feel his breath on the back of my head. He leaned down until his lips were touching my ears and whispered : "lean down and place both of your hands on the desk, Morena." His voice was huskier than it was earlier and I felt a shudder run down my spine. I however obeyed his command and placed my trembling hands on the edge of the wooden desk. My ass was in the air and my knees were trembling. I doubted I could stand straight if I push away from my current position. He watched me for what felt like hours. The air in the room growing thicker each passing second. Just as I about had enough of waiting in such a compromising position, I felt him move behind me. The fabric of his jeans touching my bare legs.

He ran a hand from the top of my spine till he reach down the hem of my dress. He gathered the fabric in his hand and yanked it up revealing my panties. He let out a growl as soon as he saw my undergarment and if I wasn't so nervous I would have swooned. It sounded so damn hot. My thoughts were getting foggy and I wanted whatever this is to end as quickly as possible. My train of thoughts got interrupted when suddenly a slap landed directly on my left cheek. I let out a yelp and my body went up to get away from the desk. Leander's hand was on my back holding me down so my attempts to get up where futile. My face was now pressed on the hardwood desk. He ran a hand on my throbbing cheek before he slapped it again. I tried to muffle my sounds as best as I could. I won't give him the pleasure of hearing my pain. By the fifth spank, I had tears running down my face and my hand was about to bleed as I was biting down on it.

"Are you counting, Morena?" he asked in husky voice as her ran his hand over my skin. I nodded because I was to afraid to hear my own voice.

"answer me with proper words." He ordered with another spank.

"S-Six" I answered, my words barely intelligible.

"Good girl. From now on you count loudly. You fail to do so and we start all over again."

"How many am I getting?" I managed to get out in a whisper. I was sure he would hear me thanks to the heightened senses so I didn't speak up.

" you will be getting ten. I would love to give you more but it is only fair you punishment is light considering half of this is not your fault. Next time you don't leave your room unless it's me or Asher. Am I clear?"

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I nodded my head and that earned me another spank. "I told you to voice your words didn't I? Now, am I clear?" he asked again.

"Y-yes, clear." I hated how weak my voice came out.

"Now, how many do you have left?"

"three more to go."

"Good girl." He whispered in my ear sending a shiver down my spine.

Damn mates bond getting me all worked up for this asshole.

The final three blows came in a quick succession and I let out a breath of relief.

End *of* The Chapter

Chapter 11



Comments

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Gifts

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