

Have You Heard Of BDSM

Anaiah's POV

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

We are in the Victoria's Secret store, and It's my first time.

"Here, love," Arya gives me a set of... Omg, I got the 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 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. As I turn, I bump into a male. I almost lost my balance and fell, but he caught me. I look up at him. He's an older man with a grey beard and a smug expression. 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, werewolves are so strong. I growl at him, but it only seems to please him. Upset, I kick my knee in the balls several times. He immediately releases me and doubles over in pain, yet he has a complacent expression. 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. 1

"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 before returning to their beautiful amber. The 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 lands 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 hits him for the second time. The man groans in pain.

"Oh, Daddy. Isn't this fun?" She tease. Arya continues her assault on the man, and now I see beads of sweat forming on his temple. 1

"My my-" The man cries.

"Shut up," Arya grits, her voice dominating, and he obliges.

"Now, I strike you five more, and you'll count," 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 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 give her a baddie 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. 1

"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, 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 reached the packhouse. However, my heart flutters at the thought of Leon. I didn't see him the whole day, and I missed him. A few guards help us with the

 +5 BONUS

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 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.

This kind of events will not be posted on the current date

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