

Spanking

"Bella"

I slowly opened my eyes, squinting as the bright morning light seeped through the curtains. The sudden assault on my senses made me close them again, but I couldn't escape the inevitable. Gently, I uttered my eyelashes, my curiosity building. As I glanced around, it became apparent that I wasn't in my own room. Panic coursed through me, causing my heart to race. I clutched the covers tightly to my chest, desperately trying to piece together the events of the previous night.

"I see you're awake!" A deep, husky voice broke through my thoughts, snapping my attention toward its source.

I blinked, trying to clear the last remnants of sleep from my mind. My confusion deepened as I looked at the man in an expensive suit standing before me.

"What am I doing in your bedroom, Vin?" I asked, my voice trembling with uncertainty.

"Do you remember what happened last night?" he inquired, his expression stern. I nodded slowly, my memories ooding back.

"Good, because you should understand why you're facing consequences," he stated, causing my eyes to widen in alarm.

"What do you mean?" I snapped, my brows furrowing in frustration. I watched as he picked up a glass and two pills, walking toward me like a hungry predator.

"You'll nd out what I mean soon enough. By the way, how are you feeling?" he asked in his calm, measured tone.

"I'm ne.Why do you ask?" I replied, my confusion growing.

"Are you experiencing a headache?" he questioned, avoiding a direct answer.

"Yeah, slightly," I muttered while touching my forehead.

"Hmm, take these pills," he said, handing me the medication. "You'll start feeling better."

I looked at the pills from him, inspecting them closely.

"What are these?" I frowned, still suspicious of the situation.

He let out an exasperated sigh as if struggling to maintain his patience.

"You ask a lot of questions," he remarked, tilting his head.

"I don't trust people easily," I mumbled, and in the blink of an eye, Vin pushed me back onto the mattress, looming over me. His once bright blue eyes now darkened with a mix of anger and a desire to control.

"You don't trust anyone, huh?!" he challenged, his tone sharp. "Then what were you doing with those lthy men who were ready to devour you at the rst opportunity?" His eyes narrowed into thin lines, causing me to shrink back into the bed with fear.

"I knew what I was doing, and it's not your concern what I do or who I associate with," I whispered deantly, my grumpy tone belying my vulnerability.

He let out a low, chilling laugh, and a shiver ran down my spine in response. His demeanor was sending fear coursing through me.

"You're family, petal," he sneered wickedly, a malevolent glint in his eyes. "Everything you do is my concern. You were supposed to be careful because I couldn't be everywhere to protect you from the hungry wolves out there. You didn't behave properly last night," he declared, as if he held ownership over me. I was left stunned by the dark aura he exuded, a level of anger I had never witnessed from him before in my life.

"And for being a bad girl, you need to be punished," he growled, gritting his teeth. My heart pounded in my chest as I realized the seriousness of the situation.

Before I could react, he forcefully pulled the blanket from my body, leaving me exposed and vulnerable. I was clad only in his oversized shirt, with nothing underneath. Confusion and fear welled up inside me. Wait, I had been wearing my pants and top last night. Who had changed my clothes?

"Wait, Vin," I squealed, my voice quivering with fear as he hauled me onto his lap. My head hung low toward the oor, my body arched in a compromising position lifting my ass in the air, my exposed s*x tingling from the cold air of the air conditioner brushing over my sensitized esh.

"What the f**k are you... Ah!" I couldn't complete the question as a hard impact landed on my bottom.

"How can you spank... f**k!" I cried out louder because this time he spanked even harder. Tears stung my eyes as I panted, struggling to catch my breath.

"You should understand and be a good girl to know what's in your best interest," he grunted, his rough, big palm again landing rmly on my burning ass cheeks.

"Vin!" I gasped, and he caressed my aching butt cheeks gently.

I tried to get up and move away from him, but he placed a rm hand on my back, effortlessly keeping me in place. I bit my lip as his ngers brushed my bare thighs, moving dangerously close to my dripping p***y. However, he intentionally teased me, fully aware of what he was doing. He didn't touch my sensitive esh; instead, he expertly trailed his ngers over my inner thighs, kneading my asscheeks. I had to bite down harder on my lips to stop myself from moaning.

"Little petal, relax your body and feel my hand on you," he rasped in his sexy voice when he sensed my body stiffening.

"Your punishment will be more enjoyable if you stop resisting," he breathed into my ear, his hard, rm chest pressing against my back.

I remained silent, holding my breath and waiting for his next move. I could hear his sensual chuckle.

"Breathe, baby. We've only just begun," he announced, and before I could fully grasp his meaning, he spanked me once again.

"Oh God! Umm..." My cries soon turned into moans. How was he able to do that?

"Good girl!" he praised, and I could hear the smile in his voice.

"One last time, and it's over," he informed me. His hands landed rmly, and my core shook. Before I knew it, I reached an intense climax, a loud moan escaping my lips as waves of ecstasy coursed through my body, rendering my other senses numb while my s*x remained alive.

He pulled me up, making me sit into his lap, and I fell into his arms like a lifeless doll.

"You took it so well, my little petal," he whispered, wiping my wet cheeks as he tenderly kissed my eyes.

I opened my eyes, my chest rising and falling heavily, still in shock over how he made me come into his lap.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, my voice tinged with disbelief.

He smiled softly, his thumb gently playing with my lips as he explained, "To remind you not to play with re again."

His face inched closer, his lips parting, and his eyes never left my mouth. However, I quickly placed a trembling hand over his eager mouth, preventing him from kissing me.

"You... you can't do this, Vin," I protested, my brow furrowing with worry. "We can't do this. It's wrong. You're engaged, and it's so unfair to Amara," I blurted out nervously, my guilt intensifying as I realized how I had allowed him to touch me while he was still committed to Amara.

"Don't worry about her, petal," he said sternly, his gaze unwavering.

"I can't just turn a blind eye to your engagement, Vin," I spat out angrily, attempting to free myself from his grasp. But he stared back at me seriously, his grip tightening, refusing to let me go.

"Let me go, Vin," I demanded, my eyes welling up with tears.

"You've been running away from me, Bella. But not anymore, and not this time," he declared stubbornly. "You want to know if Amara has any problem with us being together?" With determination in his eyes, he pulled out his phone and initiated a video call to Amara.

Panic surged through me, and I desperately pleaded with him, "What are you doing, Vin? Please, for God's sake, stop this craziness."

But he paid no heed to my pleas. The call connected, and I wished the earth would split open and swallow me whole before I had to face Amara in this compromising situation.

"Vin, why did you call me so early in the morning?" Amara's voice, tinged with sleepiness, resonated through the phone. It was clear she had just woken up.

Vin turned the phone screen toward me as he spoke, "Amara, remember my cousin Bella? She's concerned I might cheat on you," he confessed, sounding as arrogant and smug as he always did.

I saw Amara's face, and her expression was lled with pain and betrayal.

"I am sorry, Amara," I whispered, not knowing what else to say.

"Oh, my God, Vin! How could you do this to me?!" Amara's voice trembled with hurt and anger as her emotions spilled over.

"Shut up, Amara, and tell Bella the truth. She needs to know," Vin retorted, his frustration evident in his tone. I grimaced at his tone.

Wait a second!

The truth?!

"Can we tell her? Are you sure?" Amara asked, her demeanor changing and seeking conrmation from Vin. She looked calm as a small, relaxed smile stretched on her mouth.

What was happening here?

"Yes, Amara," Vin armed rmly, looking at me as his gaze warned me to get ready for a shocking surprise.

"Bella, the fact is we are engaged, but Vin is free to do what he wants, just like I am free to be with the guy I love," Amara disclosed, and my mind was ooded with a mix of shock and disbelief.

"Wait a second! Free?! What do you mean?" I scowled, trying to make sense of her cryptic statement.

"Actually, Vin is helping me by marrying me," she explained, her voice condent. "I love a guy who is a small accountant in my father's company. My father threatened me that I had to marry a man with wealth and fame. Otherwise, I will lose my inheritance. So, Vin and I are going to marry just for the name and will get a divorce after a year when I will get my property and funds," she revealed, unraveling the intricacies of the situation.

"So don't get me wrong. He is just helping me, so he can enjoy and be with whoever he wants because nothing can happen between us," she shrugged.

Then she shifted the camera, revealing her half-naked boyfriend lying beside her on the bed. The sight left me speechless, unable to nd the right words to respond.

"I will talk to you later, Amara," Vin said before disconnecting the call abruptly.

I shook my head, my mind reeling from the whirlwind of revelations. "What's going on, Vin? My head was already spinning, and now you've thrown another shock at me," I complained, my voice lled with confusion and frustration.

"Petal, you know," he began, his tone becoming more serious, "my parents and family have been pressuring me to get married for a while now. They kept pushing me to meet potential brides. When I met Amara, she was just like me, not wanting to marry. So, I came up with a plan, and she liked it. This way, we both get what we wanted, and our parents would nally stop bothering us about marriage," he disclosed, his explanation leaving me in even greater disbelief.

"What if, someday, your families nd out?" I challenged.

His family would be furious. They were already deeply upset by his reckless lifestyle and the frequent scandals he caused.

"Who's going to tell them?" he smirked, the unwavering condence radiating from him.

I sighed, looking at him in disbelief. This man had more layers to his personality than I had ever imagined, and it left me feeling uncertain. I realized that I might never truly know him.

"So, now that you know we're hurting Amara, are you willing to give me a chance?" he asked desperately, his eyes searching for mine for an answer, and I looked away.

"Vin, now that I know you're such a good game planner, it makes me think harder now," I admitted with the burden of my uncertainty and apprehension.