

First Time

****Trigger Warning: sexual assault****

Samantha

Dmitry places his hand on my neck and looks me in the eye, "May I speak with you outside?" He whispers.

I nod and glance toward my parents, who look hopeful.

"Excuse me, Alpha Wheeler, while I speak with my mate," Dmitry takes my hand and leads me towards the outside doors.

We pass Beau on the way, and he has a look of fear on his freckled face. I wave to him, and he waves back. Dmitry growls lowly and pulls hard on my arm. I don't let him know that it hurts.

As we get outside, his dark eyes only get darker as he shoves me hard against the stone wall. This time, I let out a pained yelp. He tightly grasps my throat, and I feel pain

and fear instead of pleasure.

"From this point on, you do not speak to any other males besides your father," He hisses in a deep tone. "You are mine, Samantha." He leans in, and I expect him to kiss me, but he begins to lick and nibble my neck.

I give in to the fear as the pain is replaced by pleasure. A small moan escapes my lips as he nibbles harder. He releases his hold on my neck, and I close my eyes as his nibbles turn to kisses.

"Here," He whispers right before he bites into my neck.

My eyes widen when I realize he is marking me right here and now, "Wait," I whine and struggle to get away.

Dmitry's hands press me to the wall as his teeth dig deeper. All at once, I am flooded by new senses and new voices.

There is supposed to be pleasure instead of the burning pain, but I do my best not to cry.

"There, now everyone knows who you belong to," He growls as he pulls his teeth from my neck. There is mild relief as he licks the wounds clean. He releases me and hands me a handkerchief. "Clean yourself up before returning to the ballroom," He orders. "And remember, no speaking with any males."

"But Prince Beau- "

"No males!" He roars and raises his hand like he is going to slap me.

Tears well up in my eyes as I nod.

"What did I just say?" He grasps my chin, causing pain.

"No speaking with any males," I mutter.

"Except for your father. You may speak with him," Dmitry almost smiles and walks away.

I look at the silk handkerchief with his initials embroidered into it. I saunter inside and find a bathroom. My neck is red and bloody from his cursed mark.

"Sam?" Lydia says as the stall door opens. "Oh my god," She points at my neck. "He marked you already."

I nod slowly as I wipe the wounds clean. My heart pounds against my chest as my wolf remains silent. Why isn't she saying anything?

"Are you okay?" Lydia takes my hand and leans to look at my wound. "God, are they supposed to look like that?"

I have nothing to say and shrug.

"He forced it, didn't he?" She exclaims. "We need to tell your dad!" She says and tries to leave the bathroom.

I grab her arm, "No, Lydia, don't!" I yell. "Please. I can handle Dmitry."

"Samantha," Lydia huffs. "Look what he did."

"It's fine," I say, looking in the mirror to fix my hair.

"Lydia," Deanna steps into the bathroom. "

Oh, there you are," she says to her daughter and then sees me, "Samantha?"

"Hi, Dea," I wave.

"Are you okay?" Deanna gasps, and I catch her looking at my neck. She covers her mouth. "Samantha."

"It's fine," I say and turn away from her.

"Why are you all in here?" My mother says. "So, Samantha?" She nudges me, and I turn to her, and she gasps, too. "He marked you?!" She yells.

"Mom, it's fine," I say and put my hand over the mark. "He's my mate."

"But- "she trails off as her eyes glaze over. "Oh dear, your mate is looking for you."

I shudder as Aria whimpers in my head. This is the first noise she has made since declaring Dmitry mate.

We walk out of the bathroom, and the scent of bourbon is heavy in the air as I find

Dmitry yelling at my father. His dark eyes lock onto me as he marches over to me.

"Where have you been?" He asks while sniffing me.

"I didn't talk to any males," I declare. "Just them," I point at my mother and the others.

He purses his lips as he looks at my parents. "I was worried about her," He states. Dmitry wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me to his body. He dips his nose to the crook of my shoulder. "Do not do that again," He growls.

"What?" I counter.

"Do not go anywhere without informing me," He hisses.

"You told me to clean myself up," I argue. "I went and cleaned myself up," I say, holding his handkerchief.

He yanks the cloth from me and grasps my arm. "Come with me," He growls.

I gulp as I am whisked out of the ballroom. Prince Beau is just outside with a few others.

"Samantha?" He calls to me.

I look toward my friend but say nothing as Dmitry drags me down the hall.

"Alpha Volkov," Beau calls out.

A low growl rumbles from my mate as he stops, "Yes, Prince Beau?"

"I am concerned about Ms. Wheeler," Beau steps toward us.

"She is fine," He almost spats. "She is my mate."

"I see," Beau looks at me as Dmitry tightens the hold on my hand.

'Do not speak to him,' Dmitry orders in my head.

I smile at Beau but say nothing.

"Excuse me, Your Highness," Dmitry says

with a fake smile and quick bow. He grasps my hand and pulls me hard. He says nothing until we enter a guest room.

It has a large king-sized bed in the middle, and I gulp when I see Dmitry taking off his clothes. "Take off your clothes."

I shake my head, "What?"

Another growl rolls out of him as he wraps his hand around my throat again, "Take off your clothes!" He shouts.

"But I'm- "I am interrupted by a hard slap across my face. Tears well up as I look at my newly found mate with horror.

"You do not talk back," He snarls. "You do what I say. I am your alpha now." He roughly shoves me towards the bed.

"I-I'm not ready," I say.

"You are old enough for a mate. So, you are ready to mate," he says while sliding his pants down, revealing a large mound in his boxers. He touches himself as I stare. "Tell

me, Samantha, are you not excited?"

I shake my head, "No."

"You are just a little girl," He clasps my chin and kisses me. "I will make you a woman. Now, remove your clothes, or I will rip them off."

I sniffle as I slowly take off my dress under his stern gaze. I hug my body as I shiver. Aria is still quiet as Dmitry wraps his arm around me and kisses me again. My skin tingles from our bond as he walks me backward to the bed. I sit down and come face to face with his manhood.

"It's big, huh?" He asks with a smirk, and I nod. "Want to touch it?"

I shake my head.

"Touch it," He growls.

I reach out as he shoves his c**k into my face. I touch it, and he almost purrs.

"I have had other women touch it. But never

my mate," he says, and I shudder to picture how many women he has been with. "Now stroke it."

I do as he says, running my hand up and down the warm, smooth skin. He lightly thrusts his hip, and I use both hands to pleasure him.

"Kiss it," He purrs.

I look up at him, and he digs his nails into my scalp.

"Kiss it," He growls.

I place my lips on his d**k and offer a tiny lick. Dmitry purrs again as my wolf seems to wake up. She makes a lustful noise as I kiss and lick Dmitry's c**k.

Dmitry growls and thrusts while I kiss and lick him. "Oh, darling," He hums. "You have great hands." He pauses and yanks my hair, forcing me to look up at him. "I am your first?"

I nod, "Yes."

"You are a virgin," He glares at me. I sense his wolf trying to take control as he stares at me.

"Yes, I am a virgin," I confirm.

Dmitry lets go of my hair, "Good. I would have had to kill you if not," He growls. "Continue," He orders as I gulp.

I start pleasuring him again until he is grunting loudly. He suddenly stops and pulls me to my feet. His eyes are pure black with lust.

"Lie down," He orders while shoving me backward.

I do as he says and lie on the bed.

He crawls over the top of me while looking at my body. "You are very beautiful," He hums. "Mama will approve of you." He begins kissing me and licking my new mark.

I cry out as it is still painful.

"You will give me a strong heir," He states. "A strapping boy like me."

I stare up at him as he suddenly rips off my panties and thrusts hard into my virginity. I scream out from the pain. He wraps his arms around me as he continues to thrust roughly into me.

"It will only hurt the first time," he says as he pulls out and repositions my legs. They rest on his shoulder as he thrusts into me again. "I love a virgin t**t," He purrs.

Tears fall down my cheeks as I try not to cry. My first time was supposed to be special. But it hurts. It hurts more than I could have imagined.

He thrusts harder and deeper despite my pained cries. He flips me onto my belly and thrusts from behind. The pain never subsides as he goes hard and rough.

I grasp the sheets and bury my face in the pillow. 'Aria,' I call to my wolf, but she just whimpers in response.

Dmitry turns me over onto my back again before thrusting hard into me. "Fedor says you are fertile," he says between thrusts. "You shall become the mother of my heir." He thrusts again. "It is a great honor."

I look up at him through tears.

"What is my name?" He purrs.

"Dmitry," I say with a quivering lip.

"Say it like you mean it," He orders.

"Dmitry," I say a little louder.

He growls louder and thrusts again as I feel his hot seed empty into me. With a final grunt, he collapses on top of me. His dark eyes lighten slightly as he lightly kisses me.

"Tomorrow, you say goodbye to your parents, then we leave," he says, and rolls off me. "You will be a fine Luna. But only if you give me an heir."

