CHAPTER 7: SPANKED AND RAILED

BRIAR'S POV

Every single exhale can be heard.

No one dares move a muscle.

It's almost like the last minute might have been a sequence of all our imaginations, but the body tearing in a rapidly growing pool of its own blood begs to differ.

The weight of Tarsian's hand on my side sears through my clothing, just at the knowledge of exactly what those hands are capable of.

I don't dare move a muscle.

But lost in a rapidly resurfacing Lv2 rage, Lucas doesn't seem to get the memo. He pulls away from Tess with vengeance lighting his eyes.

"You think your stupid force of a wedding means s**t to me?" He shoves guards out of his way as he approaches Tarsian and me. "This is my territory! My home!"

He shouts, "And I'll be damned if I let you, or your stupid a**e, do whatever you f****g please."

Dad takes a step down, trying to keep Lucas from ascending, but he ducks right past him.

He curls an angry st, and panic surges inside me as he draws his arm back. But Tarsian catches it mid-air. Like it's easy as stopping a y.

A torturous moment stills the crowd, right before my father warns, "He's a royal heir. You can't—"

The brutal crack of bone snapping rings through my ears.

Just as Lucas drops to his knees with a cry of pain, his wrist still clutched between Tarsian's tigers, his arm draws back at an unnatural angle.

Another crack, another growl of pain.

I press my rigers to my mouth to mask a reaction. Did he fracture his shoulder?

Tarsian's leather boot shoves Lucas' face further into the ground.

"I'm going to take this opportunity to make something very clear," Tarsian's drawl is dark and uncaring. "But not, I want you to apologize to my wife."

My head snaps to Tarsian.

Is this really happening? Not only did he actually refer to me as his wife, but he's… defending my honor?

"I'd rather… roll over… and—F**k!" Lucas' stubbornness is met with another rough crunch of bone.

It takes everything to curb the urge to cover my ears.

"I didn't quite get you." Tarsian's foot digs harder. "Why don't you try again?"

His cheek digs into the blood of his fallen soldier as he chokes out a half-assed apology, "I'm sorry!"

"Again."

"I'm… sorry."

"Do you accept that apology, Briar?" Tarsian asks, and I realize then that it's the nd thing he's said to me all day.

The sound of my name makes me lift my gaze to his.

I don't know what I expected, but the calmness of his stare somehow seems worse than if I'd seen the violence of his actions reected in them.

He s**k his head at my hesitation, shifting his eyes back to Lucas.

"Kiss her feet."

Goddess.

"Tarsian… I—"

"You'll kiss her feet, and you'll apologize like you mean it, knowing that she is above you in every way." Tarsian's threat leaves no room for interpretation. "And I can assure you, you won't be getting another chance if you fail to do it right this time."

"I'm sorry, Briar!" Lucas cries. "I'm sorry for everything I said. It will never happen again. I'm sorry!"

"Better." Tarsian waits patiently for an answer. Scarily patiently.

Like I'm the sole object standing on the border of Lucas' fate, like I get to decide whether or not he's allowed to live another day.

Something about the power behind the prospect is oddly… thrilling.

I give him a slow nod of my head.

Satisfied, Tarsian lets go of Lucas with a sk of his wrist, letting all his attention fall back on me.

I'm incapable of meeting the eyes of everyone else, so I let my gaze linger on his. No matter how hard it turns out to be.

His arm stretches to mine, just like it did when I'd walked down the aisle. He's unaffected by it all.

The bloodshed… caused by his hand… doesn't faze him the tiniest bit.

So what makes me willingly put my palm in his?

With only a nod at my stunned father, he walks us down the steps.

The entirety of those present is nothing but a collage of shock and suspended states of fear.

He stops at the foot of the dais, his gaze sweeping over the stunned crowd.

"Please," he starts, "do enjoy the rest of the ceremony."

The soft click of the door falling shut lenses me down to my bones. Not because I feel unsafe or frightened by him, but because now I'm left with no other choice but to face reality.

It's my last night in the place I've lived all my life, because come morning, I'll fully step into the light as Briar Ashwood Silverton.

Just hearing his last name fix me with an odd sense of familiarity. I'll no longer be living as the woman I used to be.

He walks to the chaise lounge chair, undoing the cuffs of his jacket, and unclasping his watch. He has his back to me, entirely focused on his task.

Goddess.

It could be one-sided, but the tension in the room is thick enough that I'm certain I could tease my tongue out and taste it.

"Did you know it was me all along?" I can't keep myself from voicing the question.

Moments of silence comme me he has no intention of answering. Just when I'm about to let the matter drop, he offers a single question.

"And if I did?"

And then I'm at a loss for words. I should feel tricked, led on.

But instead, I let the soft, "Thank you," echo in the space of the room.

He shrugs off his suit jacket, but the subtle incline of his head tells me he heard me.

"For earlier," I clarify. "For saving me."

"Seems like I've got myself a handful, wouldn't you agree?" His response catches me off guard.

I voice my confusion. "What do you mean?"

"A bully and a little that."

My cheeks heat at the last accusation, knowing damn well what he's referring to.

He turns around to face me, his gaze lazy as it trails down my body.

"Makes me wonder what I need to do about it."

Warmth spreads through me like wildfire. I school my features, trying to come off unaffected by his intense scrutiny.

"What do you think I should do about it?" he presses, just as his large build sinks down into the velvet sofa.

He takes up so much space, spreading his arms out and watching me carefully.

A dangerous thought slips through my defenses, and I almost blanch at the prospect.

The thought of being put in my place… being taught a lesson, at his mercy in particular, heats my blood to scary levels.

I swallow down a wave of nicklessness.

"I want to hear it."

My eyes snap back up to his. He arches a single brow. It's like he can hear every single erotic thought spinning in the wheels of my head.

"What do you want me to do about it, Briar?"

The slow curl of his mouth around my name shows my female reservations six feet under, and right now, I hope I never get those reservations back.

"Maybe… maybe you should… punish me."

He s**k his head. "Maybe?"

My tongue darts out to moisten suddenly parched lips.

"You should punish me for what I did."

He leans forward, resting both elbows on his knees.

"Do you want me to punish you?"

There's a soft, breathy. "Yes."

He rests back in the seat, studying me as the weight of what I said oats between us. He widens his thighs.

"Come here."

Like a moth to a ame, I follow the condent command.

Every inch of space that disappears between us multiplies the pressure pulsing between my legs.

I stop to my knees, right between his parted ones, and look up at him. His eyes are lazy swells of grey as he cups my chin.

"You agree you've been bad, right?"

"Yes."

"You agree you deserve this, right?"

"Yes."

He leans forward, his hand cupping the back of my head.

His face comes so close as he voices the last question, each spoken word ghosting his lips over mine. "And you'll let me do whatever it is I want to you, am I right?"

"Yes."

His arm wraps around my waist without hesitation, lifting me off the oor with ease as he settles me across his lap.

My rigers clutch the velvet fraser as his calloused hands trail over my calves, underneath my wedding dress.

"You got any sentimental attachment to this dress?"

"No, why—" The question lapers off at the loud ripping noise.

It's just one tug, and the bogus material falls away from my skin, leaving me lying on top of him in nothing but a lacy white thong.

My s**t**g drag across the front of his suit pants as he settles me back in place, and the friction travels south with a mind of its own.

There's a pinch at my hip as he tears my thong clean off my body.

A hard, hot slap connects with my ass cheek, and my yelp of surprise soaks into the velvet foam of the sofa.

"I'd like to have my ring back." His rough tone is at odds with the slow, soothing circles his palm now makes on my stinging ass.

"It's in safekeeping," I retort breathlessly. "You left it out for carelessly."

Another slap. This one so loud the impact echoes off the bedroom walls.

My toes curl. Something hard digs into my hips from underneath me, and I'm almost bwed at the low moan rising up inside me at the realization of what it is.

He's hard.

Goddess.

I grind my hips over the growing bulge, suddenly delirious with heat.

Another hard smack.

"You've got a smart mouth on you. Tell me it's got other uses."

"Wouldn't you like to nd out?"

A rough hand squeezes my ass cheek to the point of pain, sure to leave rigerprints, as his other hand closes over my mouth.

"Open."

I obey rivalry, letting my lips part as two of his rigers slide between them, down to the back of my throat.

I gag over them.

Another slap.

My teeth graze his rigers, and he lets out a rough hiss, still soothing the last smack with gentle caresses.

"I paid for a virgin bride." His sentence catches me off guard, just because I wasn't expecting him to broach the topic so soon.

"Can't lie," he states, and the next slap over my ass lands so hard my body jerks over his lap. "I'm pissed."

I arch my ass into his hand as he soothes the sting, a low murmur pouring from my lips wrapped around his rigers.

His hand reaches down, teasing the seam of my entrance, letting my wetness coat his rigers.

"I think I'm going to show you just how cheated I feel."

A soft cry echoes in the room as he slips one digit inside me.

"Wouldn't you want me to, Briar?"

"Mmmh," is all I can manage.

He pulls his rigers from my mouth, cupping my jaw.

"Answer me."

"Yes!"

Another rager joins the rst. "What was that?"

"Oh," my hips roll, "Yes!"

He wilks a third, and I shiver at the stretch.

"Yes, who?"

"Yes, Tarsian," I cry.

But he's unsatisfied, curling all three rigers inside me till I feel like I'm going to come apart right then.

"Yes, Who?"

"Yes, sir!" My voice is shrill as I cry out.

He lifts me off him with a hand in my hair instantly, settling me so I'm on my hands and knees on the sofa, my ass up in the air behind me.

The metal of his belt clinks as he pulls himself free from his pants, not even bothering to shed the rest of his clothes.

From the moment he'd touched me, my body responded to him, and I'm already drenched at the nd thrust. All the way in.

"Fk!" I cry, burying my face into the soft cushions.

With every forceful thrust, his hands on my hips pull me back for more.

Till I'm grunting and mewling in absolute pleasure, loving every single second of him owning my body.

It's not long before I'm coming apart all around him, my thighs locking and head swimming as the dreams sweeps me into a different dimension.

He pulls out of me and cradles me in his arms, walking us over to the bed. Only then does he strip bare before climbing on top of me once again.

This time, it's sweeter than sugar, just as intense and just as breathtaking.

I lose myself in the moment and in his very being, crying into the darkened room as I orgasm once more.

His body tenses over mine, and that's when he cradles my neck.

I don't g it. I don't even want to, as he sinks sharp canines into the base of my throat—marking me as his.

He kisses me after, soft and gentle, and my head logs with emotion.

As he lies beside me, moments later, his arm draws slow patterns over the freckles on my back.

"Tell me," he says, pulling me out of my near slumber, "what do you wish for out of this marriage?"

I mull over his question for a moment. The urge to give a stereotypical response hits me at nd, but something pulls the honesty out of me.

My voice falls distant as I mumble the words, "I want that fairy tale life." I start. "Long mornings, where neither of us wants to get out of bed because we're just too comfortable." I lean back, shifting to lay against his chest. "Smiles, and laughter. I know they say the honeymoon stage never lasts, but I want it to be that way forever."

My eyes shift to him for a reaction, but all he gives me is a crisp. "Go on."

"I didn't expect it to be you, Tarsian… and I don't think I have any complaints or any regrets about what led us here. I don't think I've ever been happier, and that's the honest truth. I want everything I know you'll give me. And more. A lot more."

"So then your husband didn't disappoint at the end of the day?"

"I can't think of being married to a better male than you."

The last thing I see is his slow smile as I drift off to a well-deserved slumber.