



Chapter 44

Something sharp was puncturing the first layer of skin on my inner thigh and I gasped when the pain flooded my senses.

"Darian," I quivered.

I lifted my head to look at him and saw his sharp fangs extended.

"Darian please," I trembled.

He lifted his head, and we locked eyes long enough for me to see the unhinged rage in his before he widened his jaw - I gasped and he waited long enough for the fear to spread through me before he penetrated my flesh and locked his jaw on my thigh while his finger remained inside of me.

I cried out, a sound I didn't know I could make but there it was, filling the room and vibrating through me when the pain spread like wildfire through my leg and up my core.

The air in my lungs ran out and I clenched my jaw and squeezed my eyes shut as the cries continued to wail out.

Darian opened his jaw and pulled his fangs out, he licked the wound shut while still moving his finger in and out of me.

The last of my tears rolled down my face and lifted my head to look at the wound. He had made a new mark on my inner thigh, a copy of the one on my neck, he branded me twice.

I looked at him - he raised his head, took out his finger, and rubbed it between my folds as he rose and leaned over me - my blood stained his fangs and a drop fell on my chest. He placed his hands on either side of



my head and lowered his face to my neck as his fangs scraped over my mark.

His hands slid over my arms and he grabbed my wrists, lifting them off the bed one at a time.

He stretched to the side and reached for something that I couldn't see but in the next moment, I felt my wrist being strapped into the padded velcro.

"Shh, relax,"

"Trixy, I'm scared,"

"He won't kill us, not yet,"

"That helped a lot, thanks." The sarcasm dripped in my tone and she rolled her head. I pulled my arms trying to get free but Trixy whimpered in my mind as she stepped back. 1

"There's no use, everything you do only happens in your head. Your body is listening to his orders, not to yours,"

"Darian, what are you doing?" He didn't answer me.

"Please don't," I begged

He strapped me in and dragged his hands down my arms and my body, following every crease and curve while he stepped back, he worked his way to my ankles and pulled me down.

The cold metal burned my skin when the cuffs clamped shut and my legs were forced further apart.

He stepped back and stood by the foot of the bed with his eyes burning



patches into my skin where they trailed down my exposed body.

"Close your legs,"

Thank god, I thought.

I pulled to shut my legs and hide from his gaze. I heard the chains whip in the air and scramble against each other. My legs cramped, I tensed every part of my body and circled the rope hanging from the crown around my hands as I pulled myself up and gave it everything I had.

With sweat cooling my skin and my legs shaking on the bed I realized that nothing had happened. The chains didn't budge, the rope tied to the velcro was intact and I was still spread out under him.

"Good," he said and placed his hands on the crown of the bed while he leaned in. His fingers closed around the wood and the bed creaked from his weight falling on it. "Now do as you wish," he said.

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