



# Blackwell Manor: A Lesson in Submission

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

**Description:** Blackwell Manor: A Lesson in Submission is an intoxicating tale of power, temptation, and surrender.

When Isabella Sinclair accepts a position as a governess at the illustrious Blackwell Manor, she believes she is stepping into a world of wealth and refinement. But the imposing estate holds secrets far darker—and far more seductive—than she ever imagined.

Elias Blackwell is a man of control, his presence commanding and his expectations absolute. A single glance from him is enough to make Isabella's breath hitch, his deep, measured voice a whispered promise of things she has never dared to crave. But it is his wife, the enigmatic and dangerously alluring Lillian Blackwell, who first begins to unravel her. With teasing touches and knowing smiles, Lillian draws Isabella into a game she is unprepared to play.

As desire coils around her like a silken trap, Isabella finds herself torn between resistance and surrender. Every moment under the Blackwells' watchful eyes chips away at her defenses, revealing a yearning she can no longer deny. Bound by their unrelenting passion, she is faced with a choice—cling to the illusion of control or succumb to the forbidden pleasures of submission.

But in Blackwell Manor, submission is not simply an act. It is a lesson, a transformation, a claim. And once Isabella gives in, there will be no turning back.

Sensual, provocative, and deliciously wicked, Blackwell Manor: A Lesson in Submission is a masterpiece of seduction that will leave you breathless until the very last page.

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## Blackwell Manor: A Lesson in Submission

### Chapter 1 – Arrival at Blackwell Manor

The long, winding driveway leading to Blackwell Manor was lined with towering oaks, their branches stretching toward the sky like skeletal fingers. The evening air was thick with the scent of damp earth and fading sunlight, the last golden rays spilling over the mansion's stone walls. It was beautiful, grand, and intimidating as hell.

Isabella gripped the steering wheel of her little car, her stomach tightening as she pulled up to the entrance. The estate was massive, more of a palace than a home, its arched windows flickering with a warm, golden glow. The structure itself was timeless—old money, untouched by modern vulgarity, filled with history and secrets. She had worked for wealthy families before, but this was different.

She had been hand-selected for this position, an opportunity wrapped in whispered praise and veiled warnings. Elias Blackwell wasn't just wealthy—he was powerful, untouchable, the kind of man who commanded attention without speaking a word. His wife, Lillian Blackwell, was a socialite wrapped in mystery—a woman whose beauty was only outmatched by the dangerous amusement that flickered in her eyes whenever she looked at someone too long.

And now, Isabella was here.

She exhaled slowly and stepped out of the car, smoothing down her crisp white blouse and adjusting her pencil skirt. She had dressed conservatively—professional,

respectable—but as she stared up at the mansion’s towering entrance, a strange unease curled deep in her belly. It wasn’t fear exactly. It was anticipation, a restless energy that made her pulse a little too fast.

She wasn’t sure why.

Before she could talk herself out of it, the heavy wooden doors swung open. A man stood in the doorway, framed by the glow of the chandelier-lit foyer.

Elias Blackwell.

The moment their eyes met, Isabella’s breath caught in her throat.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, dressed in dark slacks and a black dress shirt with the top two buttons undone, revealing just a hint of firm, golden skin. His jawline was sharp, his lips full and firm, and his eyes—God, his eyes—were like cold steel, piercing and unreadable.

A man who was used to being obeyed.

For a long, silent moment, he simply studied her, his gaze unapologetic, assessing, stripping her down to the bones without touching her.

Then, his deep, rich voice cut through the silence like velvet over steel.

“You’re late.”

Isabella swallowed, her throat suddenly dry.

“I—I’m sorry. There was a delay—”

“I don’t care about your excuses,” he murmured, stepping aside with effortless grace.  
“Come in.”

She hesitated for only a moment before stepping inside, the warmth of the house closing around her like a trap. The grand entrance hall was a picture of old-world decadence—marble floors gleaming under the soft glow of chandeliers, a grand staircase winding up toward shadowed corridors, the scent of aged wood and something darker, muskier, lingering in the air.

And then, she saw her.

Lillian Blackwell.

Leaning against the stair railing, watching her.

Where Elias was imposing, demanding, a force of control, Lillian was temptation itself—effortless seduction wrapped in silk and mischief. She was dressed in a low-cut black gown, her bare shoulders catching the dim light, her raven-black hair falling in loose waves over her collarbones. And her lips—deep red, glossy—curved into the kind of smile that made men ruin themselves.

Isabella knew that smile.

It was a test. A challenge. A slow, delicious warning.

Welcome to our world.

“Isabella,” Lillian purred, her voice honeyed and slow. “We’ve been expecting you.”

Isabella ignored the heat creeping up her neck and forced a polite smile. “Mrs. Blackwell, it’s an honor to be here.”

Lillian tilted her head, her smile deepening. “Lillian, darling. No need to be so formal.”

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She moved closer, too close, until Isabella could catch the faintest hint of jasmine and something sweet, like vanilla and sin.

Elias watched from the shadows. Silent. Unmoving.

Isabella's pulse thumped violently in her throat.

What the hell was she getting herself into?

### Chapter 2 – The First Temptation

Isabella was a professional.

She had worked for wealthy families before. She had tutored difficult children, dealt with impossible parents, and never, ever crossed a line.

But nothing had prepared her for the Blackwells.

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### A Classroom Unlike Any Other

The morning sun spilled through the tall windows of Blackwell Manor's library, casting golden streaks across the mahogany bookshelves and the velvet armchairs that lined the walls. The room was breathtaking—rich, elegant, soaked in wealth and old money, the scent of aged paper and polished wood filling the air.

Isabella sat at the grand oak desk, her hands folded neatly, her expression calm, controlled, unaffected.

Across from her, Emily Blackwell, the eleven-year-old heiress to the Blackwell fortune, sat with her chin propped in her hand, sighing dramatically as she stared at her unfinished arithmetic worksheet.

“Math is boring,” Emily whined.

Isabella arched a brow, lips curving slightly. “That doesn’t make it optional.”

Emily groaned. “Mrs. Townsend never made me do so much work.”

“That’s because Mrs. Townsend retired early,” Isabella said dryly, tapping the worksheet. “Let’s focus. One more problem.”

Emily huffed but obeyed, scribbling halfheartedly. Isabella sighed, glancing at the clock. It was barely 10 a.m., and already the day felt heavy.

Not because of Emily.

Because of them.

Because of Elias Blackwell. Because of Lillian Blackwell.

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### Lillian’s Dangerous Play

Isabella had felt it from the moment she stepped into this house—the weight of something unspoken, thick in the air like smoke. She had felt it last night, when

Lillian greeted her with that wicked smile, and again this morning, when Elias walked past her in the hallway, his gaze dark, unreadable, suffocating.

She felt it now.

Because Lillian was in the room with them, seated gracefully on a velvet chaise by the window, a book in hand—but she wasn't reading.

She was watching.

And Isabella knew it.

The older woman wasn't subtle.

Every time Isabella looked up, she found those dark, knowing eyes locked onto her, studying her like she was something to unwrap, to savor, to break apart piece by piece.



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Lillian's lips curved, amused. She didn't look away.

Neither did Isabella.

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### The First Touch

When the lesson finally ended, Emily scampered off, leaving Isabella alone in the vast library.

Or almost alone.

She gathered the worksheets, her fingers brushing the smooth wood of the desk, her breathing steady—until she felt a shift in the air, the presence of someone stepping too close.

Lillian.

Isabella's spine stiffened as the older woman moved behind her, so close she could feel the heat of her body.

“You're very patient with her,” Lillian murmured, her voice low, warm, dripping with something dangerous.

Isabella swallowed hard. “She's bright. Just needs guidance.”

A soft hum. “And do you enjoy your work, Isabella?”

The way she said her name. Slow. Measured. As if tasting it.

Isabella turned her head slightly, but it was a mistake—because now, Lillian was even closer, her breath a whisper against Isabella’s ear.

And then it happened.

A touch.

Faint. Lingering.

Lillian’s fingers brushed down the length of Isabella’s arm, barely there, but enough to make every inch of her skin tighten, every nerve flare awake.

Isabella did not move.

She couldn’t.

She didn’t want to.

“You’re very tense,” Lillian whispered, her fingers ghosting along Isabella’s wrist, soft, unhurried. “Are you nervous?”

Yes.

No.

Maybe.

Because this wasn't normal. This wasn't right. And yet—

A shiver rolled down Isabella's spine, her breath catching in her throat.

Lillian's touch didn't stop.

Instead, she dragged a single nail up Isabella's forearm, so faint, so deliberate that Isabella felt her stomach clench, heat coil low between her thighs.

She needed to step away. She needed to say something, to put an end to this before—

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“Isabella.”

Elias’s voice.

A sharp, commanding cut through the moment.

Isabella jerked back, pulse hammering. She turned toward the door—

And there he was.

Standing in the library entrance, watching them.

Watching her. Watching Lillian.

The look in his eyes was deadly calm, but his posture was stiff, his jaw tight.

He had seen everything.

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### Elias’s Silent Warning

For a long moment, no one spoke.

The tension in the room crackled, unbearable, and Isabella knew—she knew—she had just crossed into something dangerous.

Slowly, Lillian smiled, amused, unbothered. As if she enjoyed the show.

“Elias,” she purred, stepping away from Isabella as though nothing had happened.  
“You’re home early.”

He didn’t respond.

His gaze was on Isabella.

Heavy. Dark. Calculating.

And she couldn’t move.

Her knees were locked, her hands frozen against the desk, her body still buzzing from Lillian’s touch, from the lingering heat of her breath against her skin.

Something stirred in Elias’s gaze—something deep, dangerous, possessive.

Isabella felt it.

And then, without a word, he turned and walked away, his footsteps slow, deliberate, disappearing down the hall.

Only when he was gone did Isabella finally exhale, her lungs burning, her fingers gripping the desk so tightly her knuckles ached.

Behind her, Lillian chuckled.

“Oh, darling,” she murmured, her voice dripping with sweet, sinful delight. “I think he likes you.”

Isabella's heart slammed against her ribs.

She was in deep, deep trouble.

And she wasn't sure she wanted to get out.

Chapter 3 – The Private Dinner

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The invitation came in the form of a handwritten note, left on the tray of afternoon tea that had been delivered to Isabella's room.

Join us for dinner tonight.

9 PM. The dining hall.

Wear something elegant.

—Lillian

There was no question. It wasn't a request.

It was an expectation.

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### Dressing for Trouble

As Isabella stood before the full-length mirror, smoothing the silk of the dark green dress she had packed for rare formal occasions, she wasn't sure why her hands trembled.

It wasn't fear.

No, it was something far worse.

Anticipation.

Because she knew—knew—tonight would not be just a dinner.

Tonight, something would happen.

The thought thrilled her. Terrified her.

And yet, she still went.

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### A Dinner Unlike Any Other

The dining hall of Blackwell Manor was like something out of a Victorian dream—or a wicked fantasy.

The long mahogany table was set for three, silver candelabras casting flickering golden light across the gleaming surface. Crystal glasses were already filled with rich, ruby-red wine, their stems catching the glow of the fire roaring in the grand stone hearth.

And at the head of the table sat Elias Blackwell.

Dressed in black, his shirt unbuttoned at the collar, his sleeves rolled up just enough to reveal the tanned skin of his forearms, he looked impossibly relaxed.

But his eyes?

His eyes told a different story.



Because the moment he saw her, they darkened, his gaze dragging slowly, deliberately over her body in that dress.

A silent claim. A warning. A promise.

Lillian was waiting, too.

Seated to Elias's right, she was draped in a slip of silk the color of wine, her hair cascading over one bare shoulder. She looked like temptation itself, a woman who knew exactly how much power she had—and enjoyed wielding it.

“Darling,” Lillian purred as Isabella hesitated in the doorway. “Come. Sit.”

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Isabella's pulse pounded in her throat, but she obeyed, stepping toward the table on unsteady heels, lowering herself into the seat opposite Lillian.

Elias said nothing.

But she felt his eyes.

She felt the weight of the air between them.

And she felt something else.

A game had begun.

And she was the prize.

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The Taste of Temptation

Dinner was a slow, decadent thing—course after course of rich, delicate flavors, paired with wine that burned like liquid fire down Isabella's throat.

But it wasn't the food that had her breath coming short, her thighs pressing together beneath the table.

It was Lillian.

Lillian, who kept reaching for her glass—only to brush her fingers against Isabella’s wrist as she did.

Lillian, who licked red wine from her lips in a way that made Isabella’s stomach clench.

Lillian, who leaned in, whispering, her lips so close to Isabella’s ear that she could feel the heat of them.

“You’re blushing, darling.”

Isabella’s fingers tightened around the stem of her glass.

“I’m not.”

A soft, wicked laugh.

“Oh, but you are,” Lillian murmured, tracing the rim of her wine glass with a single, teasing finger. “You were blushing this morning, too. When I touched you.”

Elias shifted.

A small movement. A barely there sound.

But Isabella felt it like a command.

She flicked her gaze toward him, heart hammering, skin burning—but he didn’t look away.

He simply sat there, watching.

Waiting.

Because this was a test.

A test she was rapidly failing.

Lillian sighed, tilting her head, studying her. “You’re so tense, Isabella.”

The way she said her name. Like a kiss. Like a sin.

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Lillian reached across the table—slow, deliberate—and took Isabella’s hand.

And this time?

Isabella didn’t pull away.

Didn’t breathe. Didn’t move.

Because Elias was watching, his gaze searing into her skin, his body so still, so measured, so deadly calm that it made her pulse between her thighs.

And Lillian knew it.

She stroked her thumb along Isabella’s palm, tracing slow, teasing circles that sent a shiver rolling down her spine.

“Do you like being touched, Isabella?”

The words landed low in her stomach, hot, consuming, aching.

She should have said no.

She should have ended this game.

But her body?

Her body didn’t want to end it.

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## Elias Makes His Move

A clink of glass shattered the moment.

Elias set his empty wine glass down with deliberate care, his jaw tight, his fingers curling into a fist on the table.

Lillian smiled, but there was something sharp, wicked, victorious in it.

“Oh, Elias,” she purred, tilting her head. “I do believe our guest is enjoying herself.”

Elias’s eyes burned into Isabella.

“Is that true?” His voice was low, deep, rough like a command in the dark.

Isabella’s breath hitched.

She knew she had a choice.

She could deny it.

She could run.

Or she could surrender.

And when Lillian’s fingers trailed up her wrist, up to the delicate skin of her forearm, Isabella didn’t move away.

And Elias saw it.

He saw it. He felt it. He knew.

His lips curved, slow and dark. A predator watching his prey come willingly.

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And then, without another word, he stood.

Isabella's stomach dropped.

The room shifted.

Elias moved around the table, slow, steady, hunting.

Coming for her.

And Isabella didn't run.

Because she wanted to be caught.

### Chapter 4 – A Lesson in Obedience

#### The Note

Isabella woke to the soft glow of moonlight spilling through her window. Her body felt heavy, restless, aching—as if it still remembered the heat of Lillian's touch from dinner, the way Elias had watched her, silent, patient, waiting for her to break.

She sat up, her fingers tangling in the sheets, her mind still clouded from wine, from desire, from confusion. But then, she saw it.

A note.



Slipped under her door.

She hesitated before reaching for it, unfolding the smooth paper with unsteady hands.

Come to the library.

Do not hesitate.

There was no signature. No explanation.

But she knew.

And she knew she shouldn't go.

She should lock the door. She should go back to sleep.

Instead, she rose from the bed.

Because she wasn't sure she could ever sleep again unless she knew what awaited her.

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## The Library

The house was silent as Isabella made her way through the dimly lit hallways, her bare feet padding across cold marble. The darkness felt thick, pressing against her skin, whispering secrets in her ear.

When she reached the library doors, her heart hammered against her ribs.

She could still turn back.

She could still pretend this never happened.

But instead, she pushed the door open.

And Lillian was waiting for her.

### The Game Begins

The library was bathed in the soft, flickering glow of candlelight. The air smelled of aged books, leather, and something deeper—something sinful.

Lillian sat in one of the high-backed velvet chairs, a glass of red wine in hand, her body draped in a silk robe that did little to hide the curves beneath it.

Her lips curled into a slow, knowing smile as she traced the rim of her glass with a lazy finger.

“Darling,” she purred, eyes gliding over Isabella’s form. “You came.”

Isabella swallowed, her throat dry, tight, burning.

She should say something.

But her mind was blank, her body suddenly too aware of the way Lillian was watching her, as if she were something delicious, something already half-devoured.

Lillian gestured to the empty seat opposite her.

“Sit.”

Isabella hesitated for a single breath. Then, she obeyed.

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## The Trap Closes

Lillian sipped her wine, the silence stretching too long, too thick, too unbearable.

Then, she set the glass down and leaned forward, voice soft, teasing.

“Tell me, Isabella,” she murmured, her fingers tracing lazy circles along the stem of her glass. “Did you think about my touch after dinner?”

Isabella’s pulse jumped.

The question was a dagger wrapped in silk—sharp, deliberate, meant to cut her open and expose her.

“I—”

The door clicked shut.

Isabella froze.

Because she knew—before she even turned her head—who had just entered the room.

Elias.

The air shifted, thickened, grew heavy with something dark, something inevitable.

His presence was suffocating, drowning out the candlelight, the very air in her lungs.

When Isabella turned, he was standing by the door, watching them, his posture relaxed, yet terrifyingly controlled.

A man who had planned this moment.

A man who had been waiting.

For her.

### The Command

Elias didn't speak at first.

He simply walked slowly, deliberately, his footsteps echoing against the polished wood floors as he approached the two women.

Lillian leaned back, crossing one leg over the other, her silk robe parting slightly, exposing a scandalous stretch of thigh.

She smiled. She was enjoying this.

And Isabella?

She could barely breathe.

Elias finally stopped behind her chair, his presence looming, electric.

Then, in a voice so deep it felt like a vibration beneath her skin, he spoke:

“Stand up.”

Isabella's stomach dropped.

Her fingers dug into the arms of the chair, her pulse pounding, her body frozen in

place.

But she knew.

She knew this was a moment she could not ignore.

And so, she obeyed.

Slowly, she rose to her feet, unsteady, trembling, burning.

Elias stepped closer. Close enough that she could feel the heat of his body, the sheer weight of his presence pressing into her back.

His voice was low, quiet, absolute.

“You want this, don’t you?”

The words sent a shockwave of heat through her, a pulse that settled deep, low, aching between her thighs.

She should have said no.

She should have lied.

But when Lillian reached out, fingers trailing up Isabella’s wrist, over her palm, her lips curving in victorious delight, Isabella did something far, far worse.

She whispered the truth.

“Yes.”

Elias exhaled, slow and measured.

Lillian laughed, a soft, delighted sound, her hand sliding up Isabella's arm, over her shoulder, up to the delicate line of her throat.

And Isabella?

Isabella closed her eyes and let herself fall.



### Chapter 5 – Tasting Forbidden Fruit

#### The Last Thread of Resistance

Isabella was unraveling.

The air in the library was thick—too thick—with wine, candlelight, power, and desire. It wrapped around her, tightening, pulling her deeper into something she couldn't escape, something she didn't want to escape.

Not when Lillian was touching her.

Not when Elias was watching.

Her breath hitched as Lillian's fingers ghosted along the edge of her dress, a featherlight tease that sent shivers rolling down her spine.

“Do you know how long I've been waiting for you?” Lillian whispered, lips brushing the shell of Isabella's ear.

Isabella's knees went weak.

This is wrong.

This is dangerous.

But when Elias moved behind her, when his broad, powerful hands gripped her hips,

pressing her gently but firmly against Lillian, Isabella realized—

There was no turning back.

She was theirs now.

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Elias Watches. Lillian Plays.

Lillian hummed, her fingers trailing lower, just barely brushing against the bare skin of Isabella's thighs.

“You're trembling,” she murmured, tilting her head. “Tell me, darling... is it fear?”

Isabella shook her head.

Lillian smirked, glancing up at Elias. “See? I told you.”

Isabella's heart pounded against her ribs.

Elias hadn't moved, his grip still firm on her hips. His body was heat and power, solid and unyielding against her back. But he wasn't rushing.

He was waiting.

Watching.

Letting Lillian push her, test her, break her down one touch at a time.

“Say it,” Lillian whispered, dragging her nails slowly up Isabella's inner thigh. “Tell

him what you want.”

Isabella bit her lip, her head spinning, her body betraying her.

She should resist.

She should step away.

But Lillian knew.

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She could see it. She could feel it.

And so could Elias.

Isabella's lips parted, and the truth spilled out—soft, breathless, sinful.

“I don't want you to stop.”

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Elias Takes Control

Elias exhaled sharply, his fingers tightening on her hips, pulling her back against him.

Hard. Unyielding. Possessive.

And for the first time, he spoke—his voice low, deep, rough with control.

“Good girl.”

The words wrecked her.

A whimper caught in Isabella's throat as Lillian smiled, her lips curving in pure, wicked delight.

“I told you she'd be perfect.”

And then—Lillian’s mouth was on hers.

Soft and demanding, teasing and taking, tongue sliding past Isabella’s parted lips, stealing the last of her resistance.

Elias growled, his grip tightening, his breath hot against the back of Isabella’s neck.

His wife was devouring her.

And Isabella?

She was falling apart.

## Chapter 6 – The Master’s Touch

The air in the library was thick with heat and something darker—something inevitable. The slow, wicked game that had started days ago was nowhere near innocent. It had been building, stretching between them like a taut wire, waiting to snap.

And now, Elias was done waiting.

He was behind her, his body heat and dominance, his breath slow and steady against her neck. His hands gripped her hips, possessive, anchoring her to the reality of what she had just surrendered to.

Lillian had claimed her lips first.

Now, he would claim the rest.

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## The Command

Elias didn't rush. He never did.

Instead, he lifted a hand, brushing Isabella's hair away from her neck, exposing the delicate skin beneath.

Then, he spoke.

“Kneel.”

One word. A command, not a request.

A pulse of heat shot through Isabella’s body, her breath catching in her throat.

She should have hesitated.

But she didn’t.

She obeyed.

Slowly, she lowered herself, sinking onto her knees before him, her fingers shaking, her pulse hammering in her ears.

Lillian’s soft hum of approval reached her ears, and when Isabella looked up, she found those dark, sinful eyes watching her, filled with amusement and hunger.

Elias ran a finger along Isabella’s jaw, tilting her chin up until their eyes met.

His gaze was calm, controlled, devastatingly intense.

“You’ll learn to do as you’re told.”

Isabella’s body clenched, burned, ached in places she had never ached before.

Because she wanted this.

She wanted to be taught.

And Elias knew it.

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### Lillian's Game

Lillian moved behind her, her fingers trailing down Isabella's shoulders, along her arms, teasing, testing.

"Look at her," Lillian murmured, voice dripping with satisfaction. "She's already so pliant. So eager."

Her hands glided lower, slow, deliberate, fingers tracing along the edge of Isabella's dress.

Isabella sucked in a sharp breath, her body strung so tight it was nearly unbearable.

Lillian's lips brushed against her ear, her voice a sensual whisper that sent shivers rolling down Isabella's spine.

"You want to be good for him, don't you?"

Isabella's breath hitched.

Lillian's touch didn't stop, moving over her, teasing at the fabric of her dress, slipping along the bare skin beneath.

She wasn't just being touched.



She was being owned.

And Elias?

He watched.

His breathing slow, measured, his posture relaxed but radiating control. He let Lillian explore her first, let her test Isabella's limits, let her push and pull.

And then—finally—he moved.

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### The Master's Touch

Elias's hand was suddenly in her hair, tilting her head back, forcing her to meet his commanding gaze.

A dark, knowing smirk ghosted across his lips.

“Good girl.”

The praise hit Isabella like a physical touch, warmth curling low in her stomach, flooding through her veins.

Lillian laughed softly, her lips finding Isabella's throat, trailing teasing kisses along her sensitive skin.

“You like it when he calls you that, don't you?”

Isabella whimpered, barely able to breathe, because it was true.

She wanted to please him.

She wanted to surrender.

Elias ran his thumb across her bottom lip, his touch both tender and demanding.

“Are you ready to learn, Isabella?”

Her body shuddered, burned, craved.

She was beyond ready.

She was theirs now.

And they both knew it.

## Chapter 7 – The Morning After

### Waking Up Marked

The morning light spilled through the heavy velvet curtains, soft and golden, cutting through the dimness of the room. The air was thick with heat, with sin, with the lingering scent of bodies tangled together in the dark.

Isabella stirred, her body aching in the most delicious way, muscles sore, skin still humming with the remnants of fingertips, lips, and whispered commands.

She barely had the strength to open her eyes, but when she did, she saw her wrists—marked.

Faint, dark smudges where Elias had held her down.

The evidence of Lillian’s teeth on her hip.

The reminder of what they had done to her.

A sharp pulse of heat curled low in her stomach, between her thighs, deep and unrelenting.

She had surrendered.

And she had loved it.

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### Lillian's Smirk

A soft chuckle made her turn, her body sluggish, tangled in sheets that still smelled of desire, sweat, and something darker.

Lillian was beside her, bare except for the silk sheet draped lazily over her waist, one arm propped behind her head, watching Isabella with a knowing smirk.

“Good morning, darling.”

Isabella swallowed, her throat dry, her lips still sore from the night before.

Lillian reached out, tracing a slow, teasing finger along Isabella's bare shoulder, down her arm, over the curve of her waist.

“I must say,” Lillian mused, eyes dark with satisfaction, “you lasted longer than I expected.”

Isabella's cheeks flamed.

Her entire body was on fire again, remembering.

Lillian's lips against her skin.

Elias's voice in her ear.

The way they had taken her, consumed her, made her theirs.

And she had let them.

She had begged for it.

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Elias's Silence

A movement from across the room made Isabella turn.

Elias stood near the grand fireplace, already dressed in black slacks and a crisp white shirt, the top buttons left undone, the sleeves rolled up to his forearms.

He was calm, unreadable, composed—like a man who had taken his pleasure and was already moving on.

Except... Isabella knew better.

Because when he turned, his gaze found hers immediately, and something dark, something possessive flickered in his eyes.

She had thought the hunger in him had been satisfied last night.

She was wrong.

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"This Isn't Over"

Elias moved toward the bed, slow, deliberate, stopping beside her.

Isabella sucked in a breath, suddenly hyper-aware of how bare she was, how exposed, how vulnerable.

Lillian's fingers still traced absentminded circles on Isabella's hip, smirking up at Elias like she knew something Isabella didn't.

For a moment, he said nothing.

Then, in that deep, controlled voice that made her pulse pound between her legs, he said:

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“You belong to us now.”

The words landed low in her stomach, twisting, coiling, sinking deep.

A claim.

A truth.

An unchangeable, inescapable fact.

Her body shivered, and Lillian hummed in amusement, her lips curling against Isabella’s skin.

Elias reached down, gripped Isabella’s chin between his fingers, tilting her face up until their eyes locked.

“This isn’t over.”

Then, just as calmly as he had entered her life, as effortlessly as he had undone her, he turned and walked out of the room.

Leaving her breathless, aching, and completely undone.

And as Lillian’s lips curved into a slow, wicked smile, Isabella realized something terrifying.

She didn’t want it to be over.



Not yet.

Not ever.

## Chapter 8 – Bound by Desire

### A War Within

The days passed in a blur of longing and denial, of stolen glances and burning touches, of restless nights spent aching for something she couldn't name.

Isabella tried to be rational.

She tried to remind herself that this was wrong.

That she was a guest, an employee, an outsider who had no place in their world of dark, sinful pleasures.

And yet...

Every night, she found herself drawn back to them.

To Elias's commanding voice, his unshakable control.

To Lillian's teasing whispers, her hands that knew exactly how to break Isabella apart.

To the way they unraveled her, stripped her of everything but the pleasure they wanted her to feel.

She should have left.

She should have packed her bags, walked out of Blackwell Manor, and never looked back.

But she didn't.

Because she wanted more.

And she knew they wouldn't stop until she admitted it.

### Lillian's Game

On the fourth night, Lillian came to her first.

Isabella had been in her room, trying—and failing—to sleep when the door opened without a knock, and Lillian stepped inside like she owned the air Isabella breathed.

She wore nothing but a silk robe, parted just enough to reveal the soft, tempting curves of her body.

She didn't speak.

She didn't need to.

She simply crossed the room, slid onto the bed beside Isabella, and ran her fingers along the bare skin of her arm.

“Why do you keep fighting it?” Lillian whispered, lips brushing against Isabella's ear.

Isabella's body shuddered, burned, betrayed her.

She tried to move away, to resist, but Lillian was too close, too warm, too intoxicating.

“Tell me,” Lillian purred, trailing her fingers lower, across Isabella’s hip, teasing.

“Do you think about him when you’re alone?”

Isabella’s stomach clenched.

Because the answer was yes.

She thought about Elias.

His voice. His hands. His unshakable dominance.

She thought about the way he had taken control of her body and mind without ever raising his voice.

She thought about how he had claimed her like she already belonged to him.

And Lillian knew it.

She smirked, her lips curling against Isabella’s throat.

“You do,” she whispered, laughing softly. “You want to be his. Don’t you?”

Isabella’s breath hitched.

Lillian was relentless.

“You want him to tell you what to do.”

Lillian’s hand slid lower.

“You want him to take you apart.”

Lower.

“You want to be owned.”

The words shattered something inside her.

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A desperate, helpless moan slipped past Isabella's lips, and Lillian grinned, victorious.

She turned Isabella's face toward her, eyes dark and knowing.

"Say it."

Isabella shook her head, trembling, breaking apart.

Lillian kissed her, slow and deep, pulling her closer, dragging her deeper into the abyss she'd been trying so hard to escape.

And then—

A voice.

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Elias's Final Push

"She doesn't need to say it."

Isabella froze.

Lillian pulled back, smiling against Isabella's lips, but she didn't look surprised.

As if she had known he was watching the whole time.

Isabella turned her head slowly, pulse slamming in her throat, and found Elias standing in the doorway.

Dark. Commanding. Unshakable.

His gaze was locked onto her.

Only her.

Lillian slid off the bed, moving toward him, fingers trailing across his chest as she passed.

“She’s ready,” she murmured, pressing a kiss to his jaw before slipping out of the room.

And then—it was just them.

Elias and Isabella.

Her body trembled under the weight of his stare.

Her breathing was shallow, unsteady, wrecked.

And he knew.

He knew she was already his.

But still, he waited.

He gave her one last chance to run.

One last chance to deny what she had already admitted with her body, with her moans, with the way she melted under his wife's touch.

One last chance to fight.

But Isabella?



She was done fighting.

She stood—slowly, carefully, her body betraying every last ounce of restraint she had left.

And then, she crossed the room and knelt before him.

Her head bowed.

Her lips parted.

Her breath uneven, full of need.

Elias exhaled, slow and satisfied, as he reached down, tilting her chin up with his fingers.

“You understand now, don’t you?” he murmured.

Her entire body ached for him, for his touch, for his control.

“Yes.”

Elias’s lips curved into a slow, knowing smirk.

“Good girl.”

## The Offer

Isabella stood in Elias's office, her body tense, burning, wanting, the weight of his gaze holding her in place. The fire crackled softly in the grand fireplace, casting flickering shadows against the walls, but the true heat in the room wasn't from the flames.

It was from him.

From Lillian, who lounged in an armchair beside him, smirking like she already knew the outcome of this conversation.

From the decision Isabella had to make.

She had thought the past few days had been about temptation.

But now she realized—they had been about control. About ownership. About whether she would take the final step into something she could never come back from.

And now, Elias was done waiting.

He leaned back in his chair, utterly composed, utterly powerful, his fingers tapping once against the desk before he spoke.

“Stay.”

One word. A command, not a request.

Isabella's breath caught, her body tight, pulsing, betraying her.

Elias continued, his voice steady, firm, absolute.

“You know what this is, Isabella. What we are.”\*\* He leaned forward slightly, and she could feel the power in his words, the weight of them pressing into her skin.\*\*

“No more games. No more hesitation. No more fighting it.”

Lillian hummed in amusement, stretching lazily. “Oh, darling, don’t pretend you don’t want this. We’ve already seen the way you fall apart when we touch you.”

Isabella shuddered, breath uneven, heart hammering against her ribs.

Because they were right.

She did want this.

More than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

But this wasn't just a night of pleasure.

This was a choice. A surrender. A promise.

She was standing at the edge of a precipice, staring into the abyss of the unknown.

And all she had to do was fall.

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### Lillian's Last Push

Lillian rose from her chair, crossing the room with that slow, teasing grace, her robe falling open just enough to make Isabella's pulse stutter.

She stopped in front of her, tilting her head, studying her like she was something exquisite, something delicious.

Then, she reached out, dragging a single finger down the length of Isabella's arm, slow, teasing, featherlight.

“We’ll take care of you,” she whispered. “We’ll teach you.”

Her fingers traced lower, over Isabella’s wrist, across the trembling pulse at the base of her throat.

“Elias will show you what it means to obey,” Lillian continued, her lips curving into a wicked smile. “And I’ll show you how much fun it is to misbehave.”

Isabella sucked in a breath, her knees weak, her skin burning from the inside out.

They were giving her a choice.

But the truth was—there was no choice at all.

Because she had already made up her mind.

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The Surrender

Isabella inhaled deeply, steadying herself.

Then, without hesitation, she sank to her knees.

A slow, deliberate movement.

A statement.

A surrender.

Lillian let out a soft, pleased sigh, her fingers threading through Isabella’s hair, tilting

her chin up so their eyes met.

“Oh, look at you,” Lillian murmured, her voice dripping with delight. “Such a perfect little thing.”

Elias rose from his chair, his footsteps slow and deliberate as he crossed the space between them.

When he stopped in front of her, Isabella felt the full force of his presence, of the power he exuded with nothing but a glance.

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Then, he reached down, gripping her jaw between his fingers, tilting her face up to him.

His touch was firm, possessive, inescapable.

His eyes were dark, knowing, satisfied.

She had finally broken.

Finally given in.

Finally understood.

“You belong to us now,” Elias murmured, his voice sending a shiver down her spine.

His thumb brushed over her parted lips, teasing, testing, claiming.

And Isabella?

She let him.

She had fought for too long.

She had tried to resist.

But now—

She was theirs.

Completely.

Willingly.

Forever.

Chapter 10 – The Blackwells' Pet

A New Reality

Isabella had always thought she understood control.

She had spent her life keeping herself in check, drawing firm lines between desire and duty, between what she wanted and what she allowed herself to have.

But now?

Now, there were no lines left.

No boundaries.

No hesitation.

She belonged to Elias and Lillian Blackwell.

And she wouldn't have it any other way.

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Days of Teasing, Nights of Sin

The days in Blackwell Manor had taken on a dangerous new rhythm.

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Mornings were filled with stolen glances, teasing whispers at breakfast, and a knowing smirk from Lillian every time Isabella shifted in her seat, still sore from the night before.

Afternoons were a game of patience.

Lillian loved to test her.

A touch here. A lingering brush of lips against her throat as she passed. A promise whispered against her skin when no one else was looking.

And when the sun set?

The house became something else entirely.

The moment the doors closed, the moment the night settled in, she was no longer Isabella Hawthorne, the private tutor.

She was theirs.

Claimed.

Marked.

Owned.

Her nights were filled with dark pleasures, ones she had never dared to imagine

before them.

Elias's voice in her ear, giving commands she craved to obey.

Lillian's soft moans against her skin, teasing, tormenting, worshiping.

She lost herself between them, over and over again, and the most sinful part?

She never wanted to be found.

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## The Collar

One evening, Isabella stepped into Elias's office, expecting another night of pleasure and discipline.

Instead, she found Lillian waiting for her, lounging on the desk, her lips curved in a smirk.

And in her hands?

A collar.

Simple. Elegant. Black leather, with a single silver ring in the center.

Isabella's breath hitched.

She knew what it meant.

Lillian turned it over in her fingers, watching her with dark amusement.

“This isn’t just about pleasure anymore, darling,” she purred. “You’re ours now. Body, mind, and soul.”

A shiver rolled down Isabella’s spine.

Lillian lifted the collar, tilting her head.

“Do you accept it?”

The question wasn't playful.

It wasn't a tease.

It was a final choice.

One last chance to step away.

But Isabella didn't step away.

She took a slow, steady breath.

Then, she sank to her knees.

And let Lillian fasten the collar around her throat.

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Elias's Final Command

The sound of footsteps made Isabella look up, her pulse pounding.

Elias stood in the doorway, his gaze dropping immediately to the collar around her neck.

A dark, satisfied smirk touched his lips.

Lillian leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Isabella's forehead before murmuring:

“She's ready for you, my love.”

Elias stepped forward, his presence suffocating, intoxicating, inescapable.

He reached down, gripping Isabella's chin between his fingers, tilting her face up.

His thumb brushed slowly over her lower lip, teasing, testing.

She didn't pull away.

She didn't want to.

His voice was low, dark, absolute.

“Good girl.”

And Isabella?

She had never felt so free.