



The Count

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Category: Romance

Description: Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

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PROLOGUE

COUNT DMITRI ALUCARD

I never much liked coming into London, but business was business. A longtime acquaintance of mine and my family, Dorian Gray, had alluded to a proposition that I couldn't turn away from, so I made the journey from my home in Edinburgh to the rather drab streets of London. Gone were the tall trees and brilliantly colored flowers blooming in the gardens of my family estate, replaced by the concrete jungle that was the capital of England.

The things I had to do to make money.

I looked out the window, losing myself in all the shades of gray. The sky was covered in clouds, the constant threat of rain always upon us.

My eyes flicked to a street sign. Malet Street. We were driving through the University of London campus.

I allowed myself to enjoy the impressive architecture of each of the buildings along the side of the road. The school had been founded in the mid-1800s and they had done much to keep the grandeur of the original construction. I squinted up toward the cloud cover, blinking several times as the sun broke through the thick haze. When I couldn't bear the bright light any longer, I looked out the window and that's when I saw a sight that would change my world forever.

Her.

Like an angel fallen from heaven.

From the moment I first laid eyes on Jasmina Harker, I knew she was mine. I didn't know her name back then, but it didn't matter. I'd find it. I wouldn't stop until I did.

The sun streamed down from the break in the clouds, almost like a spotlight. She was with a friend, but I didn't even glance at her long enough to notice her hair or eye color or even what she was wearing.

Jasmina became my entire focus.

Dark mahogany curls cascaded down her back, bouncing with every single step. I wanted to grasp it in my fist. I wanted to hear her quiet mewls of pain when I pulled it tight. Her pale skin practically glittered in the sunlight. It would mark so beautifully from nothing more than my hand. She laughed and threw her head back, her radiant smile holding me completely captive.

I rolled down my window, needing to see better.

Her richly colored caramel irises sparkled as she glanced over her shoulder, seemingly looking straight at me and directly into my soul.

It felt like destiny. In my heart, I knew that one day she would be mine.

She looked back toward the university building and jogged up the stairs, grabbing at her friend's wrist and pulling her along.

I would see her again. I was sure of it.

I also knew that one day I would make her my wife.

I spent the rest of that drive thinking about her, not even noticing when we passed by St. James Street and drove into Piccadilly Square. I pursed my lips, immediately displeased by the choice in location for this introduction that Dorian had arranged for me. There was a homeless man on the corner pushing a cart, trying to escape the endless stream of tourists strolling up and down the sidewalks. When the car finally drew up in front of Barrington's, I cringed a bit.

It was a public gentlemen's club that was trying in some form to be like the much more magnificent private gentlemen's clubs here in London, but they weren't doing a good job, not even remotely.

With a sigh, I climbed out of the car. I looked around for a moment, adjusting my tie while I took in the seedy ambience of the entire place. My bodyguard climbed out of the passenger seat. In his hands were the funds to acquire a new product, all discreetly hidden in a black briefcase.

It was time to meet Edward Hyde.

Dorian had informed me that an acquaintance of his had provided several of my more lower-class colleagues with copious amounts of high-quality benzoylecgonine. When I had inquired if he had anything more exclusive than that, Dorian had arranged an in-person meeting. From the information I'd gathered beforehand, Hyde was a struggling university research scientist on a budget, but he was smart and inventive. I'd only gotten bits and pieces since then, but the drug he'd alluded to seemed especially promising.

If this turned out to be everything that I thought it might be, my clientele would be very, very pleased to pay whatever amount I asked for it.

I liked making money. I didn't much care if it was done legally or illegally.

I walked in the door, nodding to the front desk attendant. I didn't check in and she didn't stop me. This place already knew my name.

I strode through the hall into the back room. There was a full bar and to the undiscerning eye, it would have appeared grand, but I saw through that façade. The wood was scratched in places, deep gouges that spoke to the kind of client they entertained here on occasion. It was unpolished. I could see a thick layer of dust on the upper shelves that would have never been allowed in the type of clubs I would have preferred to frequent.

This place wasn't my choice though. It was Hyde's.

Off to the side, I saw Dorian. His suit was decadent among the rest of the rather mundane off-the-rack polyester suits that were in the room with us. He was sipping a glass of wine. Knowing him, it was probably an impeccable vintage. I wouldn't make the mistake of asking him about it. I didn't have time for the full explanation today.

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Beside him was another man in a tailored suit coat. He was sipping a glass of bourbon. He met my gaze with a confidence I didn't expect from a man like him. Most people were afraid to look me directly in the eye.

I took a seat beside them, cocking my head and appraising them both.

"Interesting location," I said, raising my eyebrow and sitting back in the upholstered chair along with them. At the very least, the chair was comfortable. I'd give them that.

"Hyde likes the ambiance." Dorian gestured between us. "The Count, meet Mr. Edward Hyde. Hyde, meet The Count."

I nodded in Hyde's direction. He returned the gesture, lifting his drink in greeting. An attendant came by, offering a drink and I waved him away. I didn't have time for this. I leaned forward and rested my elbows on my knees.

"I have other meetings this evening, gentlemen. Shall we get straight to business?" I asked impatiently.

Dorian smirked and rose beside me. "Introductions having been made, I hope you will both excuse me. I have a more pressing engagement." Dorian bowed his head politely, but I knew enough about him to see that familiar spark in his eye. He had a reputation here in the city. Some would call it a disreputable one, but not me. He just knew how to use his money and use it well.

Dorian leaned against my chair.

“Can I trust him?” I asked, keeping my voice under my breath so that Hyde could not hear.

“Maybe, but where would be the fun in that?” Dorian grinned.

“Perhaps. Thank you for the introduction. Enjoy your rather pressing engagement,” I smirked.

“I plan on it,” he smiled. I watched him leave the room, wondering what sort of trouble he’d gotten himself into this time. Finally, I turned my gaze back to Hyde.

“You have what I came for?” I asked pointedly.

He reached into his pocket, pulling out a vial full of thick dark crimson liquid and a single piece of paper. I glanced at them both longingly before meeting his gaze once more.

“Business before pleasure,” he grinned.

A man after his wallet. I could respect that. I had barely raised my hand before my bodyguard scurried to my side and presented the briefcase, opening it slowly and showcasing the stacks of pound notes neatly wrapped inside it.

My staff was well trained.

“One million, as agreed,” I offered.

“And now to the pleasure,” he beamed, passing the vial and paper to me. I took them both eagerly. I angled the sheet of paper into the light, scanning over the detailed formula with interest.

Yes. This was exactly what I was looking for.

“What is it called?” I asked.

“B188dX.”

With a name that unique, there was no doubt in my mind that he was a scientist after all. On the open market, I might simply call it ‘Blood.’ The rich would take to it well.

“Fitting. And the results?” I questioned.

He drained his glass of bourbon and stood up. His chest rose and fell and for just a moment, I was left with the distinct impression of a monster trying to break free of his cage, but then he buttoned his suit jacket and took the handle of the briefcase into his fist. He gripped the handle a bit too tightly, and I saw the whites of his knuckles in the process.

I knew instinctually that he wasn’t used to that kind of money. He met my gaze and he smiled, his entire expression going dark.

“Let’s just say anyone who takes it will feel like a different person.”

I closed my fist around the vial.

Very good.

CHAPTER1

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JASMINA HARKER

Adove fluttered by the window of the train, its pure white feathers a picture of innocence among all the smoke and grit of the station. The quiet rumble of the engines starting up made me jump. I pressed my hand over my heart, closing my eyes as I tried to shake off this strange feeling in my chest.

I wasn't sure why I was so nervous. This was just a normal work trip. If anything, it was the chance of a lifetime.

I'd only just gotten my real estate license a year ago. Through some miracle, a massive firm hired me and took me under their wing, teaching me the ropes even though I struggled meeting their quota from time to time. I wasn't bad at my job, but I wasn't extraordinary by any means. I told myself I could learn, and each day I was getting a little better. Then, early last week, my boss had called me into his office.

I spent the whole morning stressing about my progress, that I wasn't fast enough or personable enough, that I hadn't listed and sold enough properties to be worthy of working at the firm. Much to my surprise, however, he'd called me in because I had been specially requested by their biggest and most respected client.

Around the office, the client simply went by the nickname 'The Count.' His full name was Dmitri Alucard, but through some historical event, he carried the title of count. Rumor had it an ancestor of his had been a political ally of Henry VIII and had been granted not only titles, lands, and money, but the use of his many wives too.

He was a real estate tycoon with more money than anyone on our client list by far.

Honestly, he was probably richer than ninety-nine-point-nine percent of the world. He bought and sold properties like it was going out of style. For as long as I worked there, there wasn't a week that went by without him buying and selling a new mansion, house, or plots of land.

And he wanted me.

My boss thought he was thinking of selling his fifteen-hundred-acre estate just outside of Edinburgh. The count had personally requested me. Not only that, but he'd arranged and paid for the trip without even knowing if I would say yes.

To be honest, saying no wasn't even an option.

If I could land this listing, I would be something at this firm. I could grow, maybe even get a promotion. It was only the beginning and who knew where my career would go after this. The possibilities were endless, and I would not, could not pass that up.

So here I was, sitting in my own personal private suite on the most expensive train in the country about to take the ten-hour trip from London to Edinburgh. I glanced out the window at the stormy clouds. Several fat drops bounced off the glass and I sighed in relief.

Made it inside just in time.

The train started to chug away from the busy station. Outside my window, one man lifted his suitcase to block the rain, dashing under the overhang as the sky started to open up. Pouring rain sluiced across my window and everyone still standing outside raced as fast as they could to take cover. A loud crack of thunder broke overhead.

A second later, a bolt of lightning hit the metal on top of the station roof, lighting up

the night like it was the middle of the day. When it faded, it somehow turned so pitch black that even shadows ran from sight.

Feeling uneasy, I stood up and pulled the red velvet curtains closed with a shiver. Storms had always made me feel unsettled. There was something about the wildness of them that scared me, and I'd never been able to shake it.

With a deep breath, I settled back onto the plush bench seat. The velvet lining matched that of the curtains. There was a television in the corner and a single bed opposite me that was covered in luxurious fabrics that emanated first class.

I'd never been in anything like it. The level of detail was so incredibly ornate. Every wooden surface was carved beautifully, probably by hand. The fabrics and pillows were elegant and luxuriously soft. The sheets on the bed probably cost more than I made in a week.

I felt like I should be doing things that rich people do, but to be honest, I didn't know what those were. There was a chilled bottle of champagne on ice situated on a small table alongside an extravagant charcuterie board loaded with various meats, fruits, and cheeses. There was a bowl of caviar, a small container of honey, and a few different condiments that I couldn't quite identify by sight.

My stomach rumbled.

I got up and picked up the bottle, noticing it was already uncorked. I poured myself a small glass and popped three ripe raspberries into it. I took a sip and moaned.

That was definitely top shelf.

I poked around at the food, eating my fill and luxuriating in every jaw-dropping delectable bite. I didn't even want to hazard at what such a spread would cost.

The count had said he'd take care of my every need. If he wasn't supposed to be a business associate, I might have thought it romantic in an old-fashioned way.

The storm raged on outside and I wanted nothing more than to settle into the comfort and safety of the far too comfortable-looking bed. I hastily changed into my pajamas, feeling as though someone was watching even though I was all by myself. With a shiver, I jumped into bed and grabbed the cabin controlling tablet off the nightstand. I toggled it on, dimming the lights a bit and turning on the television in hopes of drowning out the storm outside. I didn't turn it up too loud, not sure how noise would travel in the train car.

I didn't want to get a knock on my door after disturbing the neighbors.

I sipped my drink nervously. I filled it once more as I flipped through the movie options, settling on a silly comedy I'd seen once before in hopes of lightening my mood. It didn't really work, but soon enough the hour grew late, and my body finally decided to grow tired. I dimmed the lights even further, setting my glass aside for the night and curling up with the hope of getting some sleep.

It was a fool's hope.

The lightning outside kept flashing so bright I could see it even though my eyes were closed.

The thunder was so loud that it made my heart stop with every rumbling crack.

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The rain couldn't seem to choose which direction to fall and kept pelting the window so hard that I thought it would break.

The gusts of wind outside howled noisily, rocking the train this way and that while we propelled down the tracks.

I don't know when I fell asleep. Honestly, I don't know if I really did. The rocking of the train faded away and suddenly I was on a ship somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, rocking back and forth, but that wasn't the worst of it.

There was no one else on that ship. No one at the helm. No one minding the sails or anything. I was completely alone, and a storm was breaking overhead.

The rain pelted down on my skull, icy cold droplets rolling down my back and I shivered.

Bright yellow eyes leveled with mine, sharp and intent. I swallowed, realizing for the first time that I was tied to the mast. I struggled, pulling my arms back and forth as I tried to break free. The eyes drew closer and closer. The predatory gaze never left mine.

Finally, the beast treaded near enough for me to make out that it was a giant black wolf. More pairs of eyes appeared all around him. They stopped only feet from me, licking their chops and stepping back and forth as though they were waiting for a specific moment to attack.

I swallowed hard, overcome by fear.

The black wolf cocked his head and time seemed to go on and on. Then he lifted his nose into the air. All around him, a chorus of chilling howls echoed, growing louder with every passing second.

I jerked backwards and I started to fall.

I opened my eyes only to find myself in the bed on the train. I could feel the scream dying in my throat. My heart pounded frantically and I gulped in several mouthfuls of air as I tried to get a hold of myself.

It was just a nightmare. That was all.

I was staring up at the ceiling when the same chorus of wolf howls started to echo all around me once more. In a panic, I sat up and jerked my head around, looking for the source.

Fuck me. It was the television. There was a wolf documentary that had started playing for whatever reason. With a groan, I laid back, turned the television off, and placed the tablet back on the table instead of beside me in bed where I couldn't accidentally hit it again. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

The sound of the train horn woke me up early in the morning, indicating that it was time to start my day no matter how terrible the night.

CHAPTER2

JASMINA

When I'd emerged out of the Edinburgh station, there was a private car waiting for me. The driver took my bags, loaded them, and opened the door as I climbed into the backseat of his blacked-out Rolls Royce. I slid my fingers along the luxuriously soft

leather as the car pulled away. The drive to the count's estate wasn't very long, but it was beautifully pristine in a way that London often didn't showcase. The grass felt greener, the trees older and fuller, the blooming spring flowers brighter. I spent the entire ride just admiring the scenery out the window.

When the car pulled up to the Alucard Estate, I gasped. I'd been to several older homes here in England growing up, but this one was somehow grander than all of them. In some ways, it reminded me of Sudeley Castle outside of Gloucestershire, with its breathtakingly beautiful gardens and rolling green acres. My driver opened the door and I stepped out, fully taking in the magnificently unobstructed view of the whole estate.

Alucard Estate was a castle. There was no other way to describe it. It was built sometime in the 1400s, but much to my chagrin, many of the records of the property had been lost. Back then, it would have undoubtedly been a castle in its own right, and since then it had simply grown bigger. I recognized a few different architectural nuances indicative of later eras, notably the Victorian-style spires at the top of the main structure. The windows were rectangular, rather than arched, which gave the whole structure a more modern feel, late 1800s at least. There were carved statues everywhere, including a pair of gargoyles on either side of the stairway of the front door as well as several more up on the top of the pointed towers. The castle itself was at least three stories tall, four in several of the taller towers.

It was beautiful in its authenticity, a gothic masterpiece that had been impeccably cared for over the course of hundreds of years.

The driver strode toward the massive wooden door without saying a word. Not knowing what else to do, I followed him. He carried my bags up the stairs, using the giant metal knocker to announce our arrival.

The door opened quickly as if they'd timed out how long my journey would take to

the exact minute of my arrival.

A man in a formal suit answered it, bowing his head respectfully at my presence.

“Miss Jasmina Harker,” he greeted, sweeping his hand aside and beckoning me to enter. “Welcome to Alucard Estate. My name is John Renfield. Pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“Thank you, Mr. Renfield.”

“Please, call me John,” he assured me. He opened the door wider, and the driver carried my bags inside the foyer. He nodded before leaving the way he’d come. I walked inside and John shut the door behind me.

I blinked several times.

It was remarkably dark despite the massive windows that I knew were a significant feature. There was an enormous gold chandelier above my head, its flickering lights a crown of dimly lit candles casting an ominous glow in the oversized entryway. The stairwell was beautiful, likely carved by hand hundreds of years ago. It was worn in places and pristine in others, but it was timelessly crafted and painstakingly cared for. There were several paintings along the walls, but as my gaze lifted to take in the luxurious interior, it was drawn to the landing as if it had a gravitational pull all its own.

The count was standing there, as if he had been waiting for me and me alone. He didn’t glance in the butler’s direction, not even once.

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I gasped; the brown of his irises was so dark it almost bordered on black. His beard covered the entirety of his chin. There was a thick tuft of it under his lower lip. His moustache was well groomed, as was the short mane of hair that adorned his head. It was the color of rich dark chocolate and the sudden yearning to run my fingers through it came over me.

I ignored that.

He had the face of a man who deserved to be king, and a certain weariness in the shadows of his eyes of a man who carried the weight of the world. I knew from the talk at the office that he was in his late thirties, but the instant his gaze landed on me, I was reminded of someone much older. His handsomeness was timeless. The power radiating from him felt dangerous.

Maybe it was just that he was a rich man, and he was used to getting what he wanted. He certainly dressed that way. His suit was just as pristine as the rest of the house, the darkest black. The burgundy tie around his throat was silky, the pattern reminiscent of a gothic candelabra and it was alluringly beautiful.

I swallowed heavily. Along with the power that drew me in, there was something else. An air of seduction surrounded him, and my gaze dropped to his full lips.

I shouldn't be thinking about kissing him. I should be focused on selling his house.

"Welcome, Jasmina," he purred, and my heart pounded wildly in my chest. His voice was smooth as velvet. There was a slight hint of a Romanian accent, but it was very subtle. When he spoke again, I tried to pinpoint it, but it had seemingly disappeared.

He didn't introduce himself, but he really didn't need to.

"I hope the journey from London went smoothly. I heard there were several storms along the way," he continued. I got the unmistakable feeling that he knew that it had been a terrifying ride, even though a part of me knew it was wholly irrational to think that.

"There were," I said simply, smiling warmly as he came down the stairs. He approached me and it was as if the shadows followed him to me.

I shook my head.

Get it together, Jasmina. Sleep deprivation is not a good look on you.

He held out his hand, taking mine and shaking it heartily. His grip was strong. I kept my expression masked, but when he released me, my hand was a little sore.

"I'm sure you're hungry. I delayed breakfast long enough to allow for your arrival. John will bring your things upstairs while you accompany me to the dining room," he explained. I glanced nervously at the butler who had already taken my bags in hand and was moving quietly around us. I watched him climb the stairs for the briefest moment before I turned back to the count.

He was even more impressive up close. He towered over me by more than a foot. I'd always been on the shorter side, standing at no more than five foot one. He had to be six foot three. I had to look up to his face. His dark irises sparkled with amusement as though he knew what I was thinking.

Gently, he took me by the upper arm, sliding his hand around to my upper back. There was a slight forcefulness to his guidance that I brushed aside. Dropping my eyes to the floor, I let him lead me down the hall for a bit.

Along the way, I slyly studied the beautiful tapestries and paintings that lined the walls. There were several with slightly religious connotations, but only in their depictions of the suffering and wickedness that came with sin. Many of them were clearly centuries old. One section of the hallway had a mass of portraits, all of which resembled the count in small ways, so I assumed them to be his ancestors. I didn't ask their names. We were moving too quickly for that.

Polished silver accents were engraved into the beautifully stained wood trim that lined the halls. The walls appeared to be freshly painted, a soft creamy white that would do well on the market. There was so much character everywhere I looked.

Creating the listing for this place would be so difficult. There were so many details to note that paring them down was going to be an exercise of its own.

I would worry about that another day. For now, I was just going to enjoy everything this historical estate had to offer.

Dmitri led me into the dining room. I gasped as soon as I walked inside.

The amount of grandeur rendered me speechless. It was something out of a castle of old, almost as though the old kings had used this place only days ago to host a royal banquet, maybe announcing a wedding or the acquisition of new lands or the advent of a new alliance.

The dining table was massive, meant to host well over thirty people at a time. I'd never seen anything like it. It was made of real wood, mahogany by the looks of it. The rich stain brought out the rings of the trees the planks had been hewn from. Silver and gold inlay lined the sides.

It cost someone a lot of money a long time ago. They didn't make anything like it anymore.

There were only two place settings: one at the head of the table and the other right next to it. The amount of covered silver platters on the table was in direct contrast to this.

He led me inside and steered me toward the seat to the right. He pulled out my chair like a perfect gentleman, and I took a seat. Only when I was settled did he push my chair in and take his place next to me.

John appeared seemingly out of nowhere. He gently knocked my hand away when I reached for one of the lid handles, uncovering it himself.

There was a smorgasbord of foods. Omelets. Crepes. Pancakes. Waffles. All things that emulated an American breakfast, which I hadn't expected in a place like this. There were plates that were more indicative of a typical English breakfast, including beans, toast, tomatoes, potatoes, bacon, eggs, black pudding, as well as some rather delectable-looking mushrooms, but I found my gaze drawn to a plate of French toast covered in caramelized bananas that I'd only seen once before on an overseas visit to New York City.

"This is an incredible amount of food," I murmured.

"I wasn't sure what you'd like, so I had the kitchens make a little of everything so that you could enjoy a filling meal after such a long trip." The count sat back as John prepared his coffee, only leaning forward to take it into his hands when the butler had finished and moved away.

"Do you see anything that you'd like?" John asked. Politely, I asked for the French toast that had caught my eye and he served me the whole plate. He asked me several questions in preparing my coffee, how much creamer, how many sugar cubes, if I wanted a dash of cinnamon on top. When I took my first sip, I had to stop myself from moaning with pleasure at the delicious brew. Sweet. Bitter. And utterly perfect.

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“Thank you, John,” I said as he moved aside to serve the count. He covered his plate in mostly English-style breakfast foods. Dmitri took a small jar of what appeared to be cherry preserves and spread them over a piece of wheat toast. He took a bite, and the red jam marked the side of his mouth, looking a lot like blood for a second before he wiped it away. He chewed silently, watching me and I felt the need to speak to cover up the overwhelming silence.

“I very much appreciate your generosity in bringing me here to Alucard Estate. It is really as beautiful as all the articles said it would be,” I began.

“It takes a lot of upkeep, but I take pride in maintaining my family’s home,” he replied.

“I hear it was given to the Alucards by Henry the VIII in the 1500s,” I answered, hoping he would tell me more about the history of the place.

“It was. Much of the paper trail around the origins of this place has been lost through one natural disaster or another, but my family has passed the stories down through generations. My ancestor, Demetrius Alucard, escaped Romania during the year of 1514.”

“Escaped?”

“There was a revolt led by peasants against the nobility in his home country of Transylvania. He came here and befriended the king. Rumor has it he was involved in the match between the king and Anne Boleyn, but there’s no evidence or sources to confirm that. Throughout the king’s reign, it is said that Demetrius was involved with

many of the king's tumultuous relationships, along with several acquisitions of land and money with the help of funds from him."

I found myself hanging onto his every word in utter fascination.

"Did your family ever talk about any particular stories about the relationship between Demetrius and Henry?" I asked. I finally took a bite of my breakfast. I'd been too engrained in his story to even think about eating a single bite until then.

"There's one about a rather wicked night when the two of them shared a young maiden from court," he answered.

I blushed hard at the insinuation. Thankfully, he changed the subject.

"They both had a strong love for brandy, so much so that Demetrius started making some of his own stock for the two of them. We still produce the plum brandy he made back then today. That recipe is probably one of my family's most prized possessions," he continued.

"I'd love to try some," I replied.

"It's wonderful before bed. I'll have John prepare some for you tonight."

I ate several more bites of my breakfast, chewing thoughtfully. I didn't want to press the reason for my visit, but I wanted to know why he'd brought me here in the first place. This property was a piece of history. There was such revelry and appreciation in his voice when he talked about it. Did he actually want to sell it?

I sipped my coffee, trying to fight the pull of exhaustion from such a terrible night's sleep. Despite all my effort, I yawned so widely that my eyes watered.

The count chuckled softly. “Why don’t you finish your breakfast, and I will walk you to your chambers so that you can have an afternoon respite? This evening, John will take you on a tour of the grounds,” Dmitri smiled.

“Will you not join us?” I asked.

“I have business elsewhere this evening. Tomorrow, we will meet again,” he answered.

I didn’t think to press any further. A man didn’t get to his rank in life without hard work.

“I will look forward to it,” I smiled.

We made small talk for the rest of breakfast. I ate my fill and tried a few bites of several other dishes before I yawned once again, and the count announced that he should take me upstairs. He swept me out of the dining room and up the grand staircase. He led me down a long hall all the way to the end to a red-stained wood door. He opened it with a flourish.

“I picked this room for you myself,” he explained.

“Oh?”

“Yes. The view out the window into the gardens is stunning. The property has ten different gardens, but this one is by far the largest and most colorful of them all. I thought you might enjoy that,” he continued.

“I will,” I answered quickly.

“One more thing, Jasmina. Please keep to your chambers at night. Your safety is

paramount to me, and I wouldn't be able to live with myself if anything happened to you," he said softly, his tone deadly serious.

"Am I unsafe here?" I asked quickly, furrowing my brow in confusion. The property was pristine, heavily wooded, and mostly rural. What possibly could hurt me here—a pack of wolves or maybe a fox?

"Recently, there have been several sightings of armed men on the property. I have been unable to track them down or verify my staff's claims. Just in case, I would like you to stay up here where it's perfectly safe," he explained.

"Don't worry. I'll have all I need right here," I replied.

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“The phone by your bed dials straight to John’s cell. If you need anything at all, don’t hesitate to ask,” he offered.

“That will be perfect,” I smiled.

“Enjoy your rest, Jasmina. It’s been lovely meeting you.” He bowed his head.

“You as well.” I returned the gesture. He stepped out, turning on his heel before he walked down the hall. I watched his confident stride, feeling both insanely curious and mildly terrified of so grand a man.

I thought about his warning to stay in my rooms at night. I was too tired to really think about it then, though, so I turned around and really got a look at my bedchambers for the very first time.

The canopy bed was enormous, draped with beautiful deep purple cloth that spoke to the royalty that probably stayed in this room over the many years of its existence. I touched the velvet fabric, remarking over the other glorious pieces in the room. A Queen Anne dresser. A Victorian desk. So many pieces of history in one room.

The property was worth millions. I couldn’t even begin to price out the furnishings inside it.

I stripped down to my underwear and dug out a pair of pajamas from my bags. I dressed quickly before I slipped into the remarkably soft bed and closed my eyes.

I slept for several hours, waking up only when the sun was beginning its downward

arc through the sky. Its light pierced through the window, shining like a beacon upon my face.

I peeked out the window and a bit of movement caught my eye. I turned my head, watching as the count climbed into a private car. It drove down the driveway and disappeared from sight.

* * *

That evening, I dined with John's company. After that, he gave me a guided tour of the Alucard Estate, at least as much as we could cover in the waning hours of day, which ended up being only about half the place, maybe less. We walked through some of the gardens first while he pointed out several of the exotic flowers that the family had tended to over the years. He brought me through many of the smaller cottages on the property as well. They were lesser only in retrospect to the main castle and were bigger than several of the flats that I typically sold back in London.

He stayed at one of the cottages. We didn't go inside his, but he did take me out back to his small bird sanctuary. He kept a flock of swallows in a massive custom-built cage, and he brought me inside to help him feed them their favorite treat—dried flies from his hand. He placed some in my palm and a female sparrow landed on my wrist, gently pecking at the bugs, and flying away soon after. It was really quite remarkable.

We walked through the castle last, exploring room after room of priceless historical artifacts interwoven with more modern contemporary elements. There were several locked doors and hallways that he didn't take me down, which sparked my curiosity more than anything. I kept quiet though. I was simply a guest here.

When I returned to my chambers late that evening, there was a bottle of plum brandy waiting for me, along with a small tray of desserts. I picked at the food, still quite full of the large dinner I ate not long ago. I poured two fingers worth of brandy into a

crystal glass, taking a small sip and enjoying the very unique, sweet flavor. It burned a little going down my throat and I choked a bit at first.

I glanced out the window into the gardens.

I peeked back at my door and then at the liquid inside my glass. I swirled it around for a few minutes before I put it aside and stood up. Outside, the sound of a lone wolf howl echoed somewhere in the distance. The wind roared noisily. There was another storm rolling in. I could see dark threatening clouds on the horizon. On a normal night, I might not have seen them, but the light from the full moon cast an ominous glow on the thick billowy surfaces.

The hair rose on my arms and a harsh shiver ripped down my spine. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, telling myself that it was simply a strange new place, and I would get used to it soon enough.

I had to do something. It was still early, and I wasn't ready for bed yet. I wanted to see more of the castle. If he did decide to list this place, I needed to know all the ins and outs, not just the ones that he showed his guests.

The count had warned me that the grounds might be dangerous at night. He hadn't exactly said the castle was off limits. He'd implied it, maybe, but what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

I took another sip of brandy, pacing back and forth. The wolf howled outside, a deep sad song that resonated throughout the night.

I was going to do it.

I downed the rest of my drink, needing both the liquid courage and the warmth that it offered. I put the glass aside and slipped into a pair of gray yoga pants. I pulled a soft,

loose-fitting black sweater over my head and slid my feet into a comfortable pair of ballet flats.

I ignored the increasingly noisy wind gusts roaring outside the window, opening the door quietly just as raindrops pelted against the glass.

The hallway was dark. The only light was from a few dispersed candles flickering in the distance, casting the long corridor in endless shadow. I knew this wing was comprised of mostly guest rooms. I stopped and peeked in several of them, enjoying how the designer had chosen a single color and embraced it as the theme in decorating each one. I didn't dally, moving quickly along.

I was most interested in the main levels. I took the main staircase, stopping when I heard someone moving around. I peered through the stairwell, seeing that it was John striding through the foyer with a candle in his hand. Was he making rounds of the property? When did he sleep?

A soft chirp echoed in the large room, and I realized that he had one of his sparrows on his shoulder. He cooed to the small bird and slipped it a small treat.

He was a slightly odd man, but a kind one. Before I had retired to my chambers, he had made certain that I had everything I needed and told me to not hesitate to give him a call no matter what time it was. It was protective in a way, and I found that his manner brought me comfort.

When the coast was clear, I started making my way down to the main floor. The property was rumored to have dungeons and secret rooms and all sorts of odd things. I wanted to find some of them.

As I explored, I found an endless number of guest rooms, dining rooms, sitting rooms, bathrooms, all the typical things you would expect in a mansion of this

magnitude. On the right side of the estate, there was a massive three-story library, chock full of books. On the first floor, there was an extravagant solid gold stand showcasing a single book.

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On top of it was the most beautiful hardcover I'd ever seen. It was an illustrated edition of *Dracula* by Bram Stoker, the surface covered with gold leaf that was engraved with the title and author. There was a silver leaf rendition of a bat on the front, almost too magnificent to touch. With extreme hesitation, I flipped the cover open, listening to the gentle creaking noise the spine made that indicated it hadn't seen much use.

I slid my fingers very carefully across the paper inside it, cream in color and quite thick. I flipped the pages with great care, admiring the impeccable detail that had gone into making such a treasure. When I was done, I put it back the way I found it before exploring more of the massive castle. I found myself stopping and admiring the myriad paintings in every hallway. Many of them were dark, some of them violent, others sad, but every single one was an absolute work of art.

I stopped at the one that had caught my eye earlier that day. It was a ship caught in the middle of a storm. Up close, I could make out the ship's name.

Demeter.

The wooden frame was made of what appeared to be driftwood. It was smooth to the touch, but the man roped to the main mast seemed to be staring right into the depths of my soul. It left me feeling uneasy and I drew away.

Even as I walked away, I could feel the seaman's gaze on my back, as though he was a real person right there with me. I didn't like the feeling of familiarity that came along with it too.

I descended into the castle, losing myself in myriad spiraling steel and stone staircases. There was a seemingly endless wine cellar, old storage rooms full of timeworn furniture, and I soon found myself overwhelmed by the sheer space in the estate. Only after looking in what was probably the fifteenth bathroom did I realize that there was a distinctive lack of mirrors in the entire place.

There were none to be found anywhere. Come to think of it, there weren't any in my chambers either. I hadn't noticed it at the time because I'd been so tired, but it stood out like a sore thumb to me now.

It was odd, but maybe somewhere down the line Dmitri's family developed an aversion to their own reflection or maybe there was a moral reason for it.

I would have to ask the count tomorrow.

By the time I had finally begun to grow tired, I was more than certain that I was lost. There would be no retracing my steps because I didn't really have any clue as to the path I'd taken. My wandering had been impulsive, and I'd been turned around multiple times.

I eventually meandered into a big kitchen. It was fully stocked, the interior design something out of the 1920s or maybe even the thirties. I'd have to brush up on my knowledge if I did end up listing this place.

My stomach rumbled. The place was so quiet that I worried that someone might have heard me. I walked as silently as I could to the fridge, reaching out for the door handle when someone cleared their throat behind me.

"You're not supposed to be here."

CHAPTER3

JASMINA

The hair on the back of my neck rose straight up. I whirled around and searched for the source of the voice in the dark. A switch clicked and the chandelier above me showered me in light. My gaze raced to the door, only to see the count was leaning against the frame.

His presence seemed somehow bigger, more powerful, and infinitely more dangerous. I had thought briefly on what I would say if someone caught me exploring the castle, but none of those explanations came to mind. It was as if his dark predatory gaze had chased every single one away.

I swallowed heavily and braved a look into his eyes, immediately regretting it as his held something akin to anger and disappointment, but more confusing than any of those things was his arousal.

Like he'd expected this. Like he'd been waiting to catch me.

"Dmitri," I whispered. His black suit was darker than a moonless night. It almost seemed to swallow the overhead lights.

"Mina," he said sternly. The nickname startled me.

"No one has called me that in a long time," I answered.

"It fits you," he replied.

"I... I wanted to see more of the estate," I stammered. The shadows highlighted the tenseness in his jaw, and I chewed my lip worriedly at the sight of it.

"I warned you that the estate was dangerous at night, didn't I?"

“Yes, but...”

“I asked you to keep to your chambers.”

“I know, but...”

“You disregarded my wishes,” he said simply.

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“Please don’t ask me to leave,” I blurted out. I jerked my head up, suddenly very worried that he was going to kick me out and that my career at my firm would be over because I’d pissed off our biggest client.

“I’m not going to ask you to leave,” he answered quickly.

His gaze passed over me, darkening a bit more. The air of arousal I’d seen before had returned, except it was much sharper now. His pupils were slightly dilated, and his lips curled up in a very subtle smirk.

“Bend over the table.”

“Wha... what?” I asked, baffled. I glanced to the table and back to him, furrowing my brow in confusion.

“You disobeyed me, Mina. In my house. I’m going to punish you and then I will put you back in your bed where you belong.”

He folded his arms over his chest, and I just stood there for a long moment, opening and closing my mouth in bewildered shock.

“Punish me?” I echoed. I hadn’t even realized that I’d spoken aloud until the words were already out in the open.

“Yes, Mina. Now bend over the table.”

Every syllable out of his mouth was formidable, like the pounding of a drum in the

dead of night. I found myself walking toward the table without even thinking, one foot moving in front of the other out of their own accord. I stared at the tips of my flats, watching them move and not really understanding why. Was I drugged? Was it something in the brandy?

I couldn't be certain.

Just as I approached the table, I stopped and closed my eyes for only a second, trying to understand the rising heat in my body and the way my nipples were pebbled in my soft, wireless bra. That wasn't the worst of it though. I knew without a doubt that my panties were wet too.

My upper half lowered down to the table. I heard him move behind me. It was as if my sense of hearing was somehow heightened. The rustle of his slacks seemed terrifying. The soft click of his shoes against the stone floor was deafening.

I didn't know what was happening.

His fingers brushed against the small of my back and I jumped as an electric surge of desire coursed through me. He hadn't even touched my bare skin. The high waist of my leggings separated his skin from mine. What surprised me the most was that I didn't want that barrier between us anymore.

What was wrong with me?

He was not only a client, but my firm's biggest client.

He was one of our most lucrative sources of revenue and if I did anything to fuck that up, I was certain I would be the first one kicked out the door. I chewed my lip, fidgeting from side to side as I imagined his eyes on me.

“Since you were obedient, I’m going to use my hand this time.”

His hand?

“Wait, what?”

I pushed up, but the hand that had brushed against my lower back pressed down, pinning me over the table in an instant. I pressed a bit harder against the wooden surface with my palms, trying to get up and his strength more than overcame mine and held me in place. My mouth opened and closed several times.

He’d said he was going to punish me.

I had thought that maybe that meant that he would fuck me, that the desire in those eyes had been because he wanted to sink his cock inside me, which to be honest, I wasn’t opposed to either. He was a striking man, a handsome one, and I was a woman who appreciated that.

The hand not pinning me down brushed against my bottom.

It finally clicked.

He was going to spank me.

I had gotten caught breaking the rules like a naughty girl and now I was bent over the table about to be punished like one.

By my client.

Suddenly, the world seemed so very small, hyper-focused on this single moment and my mouth went dry. There was no running from this. Sure, I could try to fight him the

best I could, but there was little chance he wouldn't overpower me. I could report him in the morning and likely lose my job and blow up my life over this or I could lie over the table and let him spank me like he wanted.

My clit throbbed greedily.

My mind was in a constant struggle, but my body was not. I was heated with my own arousal, something I'd only ever explored in my own bed with my own fingers under the cover of nightfall and even then, never when anyone else was in the house.

I hadn't even known what an orgasm was until I'd had one in the privacy of my own studio apartment when I was in university. Since then, I hadn't really talked about it with anyone other than my best friend Clara and even that was difficult for me because I was so embarrassed about it. It felt shameful to tell anyone that I had pressed my fingers between my thighs and touched myself until my release had exploded over me unexpectedly.

"I've never..."

I didn't really know what I was saying. I'd never been spanked in my life, but I'd also never had sex. I didn't finish my thought because I wasn't sure I could adequately explain myself even if I tried. I pressed my thighs together, closing my eyes with shame when I realized that the seat of my panties was thoroughly soaked.

I hoped it didn't show through my yoga pants. I couldn't bear it if he knew I was wet for him right now.

His palm slid down the curve of my bottom and I was speechless. I didn't know how to react or what to say, not that he was asking me to speak. My legs were trembling slightly, and I tried to tense them enough to stop them, but they seemed to shake even worse when I did so I attempted to just relax instead. That didn't work either.

His hands felt so different from mine. It made me wonder what they'd feel like somewhere else.

I could have slapped myself for thinking that.

His hand cupped my left cheek, squeezing it gently before it lifted and left me entirely. I was so caught off guard by the sudden absence of his touch that I didn't tense or even expect what came next.

He spanked me. Legitimately, actually spanked me. Just like he'd said he would.

My mind rolled through several different emotions in the seconds before the second slap struck my backside. The first was absolute disbelief. The second was that this was actually happening. The third was extreme unwelcome desire and the last was the realization that it hurt.

Maybe I had thought he wasn't really serious, that he'd playfully swat me a few times, let me up and send me back to bed with a sense that my pride had been bruised a little bit.

That wasn't what that first spank was. Not even close.

When he finally allowed me to go back to my chambers, not only would my pride sting, but my ass would too.

The third spank hit my right cheek. The sting was fiercer now, throbbing deep into the muscle of my backside and somehow sinking straight into my core. My clit throbbed harder in direct response, and I didn't even know how to begin to handle that.

He spanked me several more times and I gasped, the sting building even more. I

hadn't expected that at all. When he finally paused, I breathed a sigh of relief.

It was over.

His hand on my back hadn't moved. I tried to push up, but he held me down.

His fingers pushed my sweater up and slid underneath the waistband of my leggings. My brain short circuited as he started to pull them down.

"Dmitri," I squeaked.

He didn't answer.

"You don't have to do this," I sputtered.

He pulled my leggings down slowly, leaving my panties up for which I was grateful. At least I was at first before I remembered that they were a light rose pink. Undoubtedly, he'd be able to see how wet my pussy was through the fabric. A cold, yet somehow heated shiver raced down my spine.

"But I do, Mina," he pronounced, and I pressed my thighs even more closely together hoping to hide as much of myself as possible.

His fingertips slid along the now bare skin of my back and a cascade of gooseflesh popped out all over me. I gasped quietly, and he continued his exploration of my body by descending down. The pads of his fingers brushed against the bare parts of my backside.

"You knew that you might be caught, didn't you?"

"Yes..." I breathed softly, feeling like a naughty scolded girl more than ever.

“What did you think would happen?”

“Not this,” I blurted out.

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“Maybe a part of you wanted me to catch you so you would find out what I do to naughty girls who break the rules in my house,” he continued, and my cheeks flushed red hot. I was thankful he couldn’t see how much his observation had made me blush.

“I didn’t really...”

“I had hoped you would be disobedient. I very much wanted the opportunity to spank this ass bright red,” he exclaimed, a seductive rumble to his tone catching me off guard.

His hips brushed against the side of mine and there was no doubt in my mind that he was hard. Not only that, but he was enormous.

My pussy clenched tight at the realization. I tried not to think about how it would feel if he slid it into me, if he was the one to take my virginity, but it happened anyway. I couldn’t stop it.

“I don’t want a spanking,” I blurted out. The words felt wrong.

“It makes my cock very hard to hear you say that, my bad girl,” he growled and he slapped my right cheek hard. I gasped, the sting so much sharper than it had been before. The pain from that single slap caught me by surprise, but it was his bold declaration of his own arousal that undid me.

I opened and closed my mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out. It was as if my mind had gone blank.

He spanked me again, and I bit my lip. Maybe if I took this well and kept quiet throughout the whole thing, he would spank me hard enough to get his thrills and then it would be over, and I could go to bed and pretend like he hadn't pulled my pants down and given me the first spanking of my life.

His hand was firm on my back as the spanking began anew. For the first few slaps, I was able to keep my vow. I squeezed my eyes shut, bit the inside of my cheek, and dug my fingers into the table, not caring if my nails left marks behind.

The spans grew heavier. They started to sting far more. I tried to count how many times he spanked me, but I lost count when he surpassed thirty. The hurt that followed each slap escalated until I started to feel myself lose control and just when a soft cry escaped me, he paused and slid his palm over my heated cheeks.

It had to be over now, right?

Several long moments passed as he admired his handiwork. A part of me enjoyed those soft touches too much. My nipples hardened into tight peaks against the table, and I was ashamed to admit that my panties were even wetter.

“Are you feeling like a punished little girl, Mina?”

“Yes...” I whispered, miserably embarrassed and more aroused than I had ever been in my life.

“Good. Your punishment can really begin now,” he announced, and my heart dropped in a free fall straight to my toes.

“What?” I echoed.

His fingertips grasped the waistband of my panties and my eyes opened wide as

saucers. He couldn't mean to... No... It wasn't possible.

Oh, but it was.

He started to lower them, slowly, inch by painstakingly terrible inch. I reached back to try to stop him and in a deft maneuver that I couldn't even begin to describe, he pinned both of my wrists behind my back. I hadn't even been able to grab the fabric.

I couldn't pull them back up.

This was really happening.

He was baring me so that he could give me a spanking on my naked bottom.

I had felt bare before, but this was so much worse. This was exposure of the worst kind. Why then, was my pussy wetter than before? Why did I want him to touch me even more?

I was losing my damn mind. Maybe it was this place, but in my heart, I knew that it was him.

I tried to not let the slow exposure get to me, but I'd never had a man see me naked before. Even when I had needed to change in the locker room at university for dance team, I'd shielded my breasts and had strategically used a towel to keep the rest of my body covered whenever I had to change and that had only been around other women.

Never a man. Especially never a client.

If my boss ever caught wind that Dmitri Alucard had pulled down my pants and given me a hard spanking in his own kitchen, my career would go up in flames before

it even had a chance to begin.

I cried out in shame.

The fabric scraped against my thighs as he lowered them and I tried to pretend I was somewhere else, that this wasn't really happening, and he wouldn't see my bare backside and my naked, very wet pussy.

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But it was.

The soaked cloth was flush against my wet folds, sticking a little bit as he pulled it down and fully exposed me. I whined softly. Could he see how much my clit was throbbing? Would he be able to see the way I was glistening with my own wetness under the overhead lights?

Everything seemed to be spiraling out of control so very quickly.

“Your ass is even prettier than I ever imagined, bad girl.”

I blushed hard, trying to grapple with the knowledge that he liked what he saw even though I wasn’t really sure I wanted him to see.

“It’s going to look even more ravishing once it’s been properly punished,” he asserted, and my thighs quaked the slightest bit.

“I’m sorry, Dmitri,” I tried, my nerves beginning to win out. His hand had hurt over my leggings and even more over my panties. I was having difficulty imagining what a real spanking from him would feel like on my bare ass and it was even scarier knowing that I was about to find out.

“I’ve already forgiven you, naughty girl.”

“Please don’t spank me,” I pleaded. I felt so small begging like this, with my leggings and my panties pulled down to my knees. My ass was naked, up in the air and so very vulnerable. It stung already and I was suddenly nervous about how much more what

was coming was going to hurt. I was so out of my element.

His hand cupped my bottom, the tips of his fingers glancing dangerously close to my pussy. He was still for a moment, letting the proximity of his touch fully sink in before he took a single digit and dragged it up and down my inner thigh, through my wetness and only millimeters away from my most private place.

“You need this, Mina. This right here proves it,” he observed, making no secret that he could not only see my arousal, but he could feel it too.

I was so embarrassed, but I was also impossibly aroused, and I could do nothing to stop it. It was like a train steamrolling right off its tracks.

His hands squeezed my wrists, comforting in a strange way.

“This will be easier for you if you just surrender, my bad girl. The longer you fight, the more it’s going to hurt,” he said gently. There was no room for negotiation in his voice. There was simply the inevitable.

I was going to get a hard spanking.

It was going to sting very much.

Lastly, there was nothing I could do to stop it.

My body had stopped trying to fight him. My mind wasn’t ready yet. One of my hands wound around his wrist, holding on for what I knew was going to be the hardest part.

“Spread your legs,” he demanded. When I didn’t immediately comply, he used his foot to force them open. I wailed in shame, this new position somehow making

everything that much worse.

I had been exposed before, but now I was ondisplay.

His other hand cupped my ass cheek, squeezing it hard enough to cause the sting to return from his earlier smacks. Then he released me, only to start the spanking anew.

I realized then that he had been being kind earlier, that he was only spanking me at something like a thirty percent capacity and now he'd amped it all the way up. The punishment came hard and fast, covering every inch of my backside with cruel slaps that burned far more than any of the ones before.

I'd have equated it to sitting right on a fire or getting stung by a thousand bees, but this was so much worse than any of that. This was embarrassing and shameful and confusingly arousing in a way it shouldn't be.

I shouldn't like it.

His hand was relentless, but it was positively cruel once he punished the place where my ass met my thighs. Those spansks stung more than I thought possible, at least until he spanked the tops of my thighs.

My vow to keep silent fled by the tenth strike. I had no idea how long the spanking lasted or how many times his palm slapped my bare flesh.

All I knew was that it hurt. A lot.

My feet kicked against the floor, but the painful spanking continued. I tried to press my legs back together in hopes to hide my soaking wet pussy, but he simply slapped the insides of my thighs as punishment for that. I whined and cried and begged, but it didn't stop.

It wasn't going to end because I wanted it to.

It was going to end when he decided it should. That was becoming painstakingly clear.

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A single drop of arousal rolled down my inner thigh, blazing hot and utterly shameful. He paused for a moment, using his finger to catch it.

My mouth went dry as a desert.

He took that wetness and wiped it across my stinging bottom cheek. My shame expanded in the back of my throat like a cotton ball.

He spanked me even harder after that. I struggled to take it. Then, something happened. My body relaxed. My back arched a little and the rest of me succumbed to the punishment.

My eyes watered and I blinked several times. I sucked in a breath, trying to keep my composure and he started to spank my thighs so hard that I started to fight what felt like very inevitable tears.

“Please. I’m sorry. I won’t leave my rooms at night,” I begged.

“I mean to make sure of it, my bad girl,” he reassured me, and I sniffled, tensing as a few particularly hard strikes nearly stole my breath away.

Then I started to cry. There was no stopping it. One moment, my eyes were dry and the next there were tears dripping down my cheeks.

I wailed and the spanking slowed, each smack heavy and deep and my clit pulsed with need. Finally, he stopped, and I just lay over the table, trying to catch my breath. For a moment, he allowed me to stay there.

That moment passed far too soon.

He grasped my upper arm and lifted me off the table. I nearly stumbled, but he quickly steadied me. Gently, he led me to a corner of the room.

“Hands on your head. Nose in the corner. I want to see your bright red bottom while I prepare the next part of your punishment.”

I whimpered. It wasn't over?

I followed his instructions. I made no move to pull my panties up or my leggings. They'd fallen down past my knees now, but what did it matter? He'd already seen all of me.

I heard him open the fridge. I sniffled, feeling more than a little sorry for myself. I threaded my fingers together on the back of my head, wondering if he was looking at my ass. Did he still like what he saw? Did he enjoy the fact that he'd been the first man to spank me ever in my life?

Was he still hard?

A soft clatter sounded behind me, piquing my curiosity. What was he doing? I tried to quiet my interest, wanting to be obedient like he told me to be, but also wanting to know what he had planned. Slowly, my tears dried, and I eventually got a hold of myself.

I stood there with my bottom stinging. As the seconds passed, maybe minutes, I wasn't sure, I became shamefully aware of the absolutely soaked state of my pussy and I wanted nothing more than to take my hands off my head and slide my fingers over my needy, throbbing clit until I came.

The worst part was I knew that I would be thinking about the way he'd pinned me over the table and punished me the whole time.

Soon enough, I couldn't resist the temptation anymore. I had to look. I had to see what he was doing, but I also desperately needed to know that his cock was hard too.

For me.

CHAPTER4

JASMINA

It felt like I shouldn't be looking, but I did anyway. I peered at his tall strong form, admiring the way his suit hugged the planes of his muscles. I tried to temper my reaction, but it was difficult. His back was wide at the shoulders, and I couldn't help but wonder what it looked like beneath his shirt. Would he be just as chiseled as I imagined?

His waist narrowed at his hips. His legs were strong too, thick, and sturdy beneath his slacks.

My gaze stole to his crotch.

His cock was massive, and it was still rock hard. I could see the outline tented clearly through the fabric of his pants.

I fidgeted, stepping from one foot to the other.

A cock that big would hurt a lot when he fucked me.

When. Not if. When.

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My pussy clenched down hard, wetter than I thought possible. I was so distracted by the sight of him that I finally looked to see what he was doing.

There was a knife in his hand and a wooden carving board on the counter. I furrowed my brow in confusion, before I glanced at his hands. He was carving something carefully in his palm. It was creamy yellow in color, and I had to look at it for a few seconds before what it was dawned on me.

He was carving ginger root.

He worked slowly and meticulously, shaving off layer after layer until he had a bulbous round stem and a thick base. It narrowed a bit in the center.

There was a familiarity to the shape that I couldn't quite place, at least not at first.

"Naughty girls who wander in places they shouldn't are dealt with in very shameful ways in my house," he began.

I started, but his gaze captured mine in an instant. He'd caught me looking. There would be no denying it now.

"I had thought a hard spanking would be more than enough for a girl like you, but I can see that it wasn't. You need something much, much more," he continued.

My heart was pounding in my chest and nothing I did or thought would make it calm. I chewed the inside of my cheek, trying to think of something to say that might inspire his mercy and knowing deep in my soul that there was nothing I could do to

stop whatever was coming.

Somehow, that made me even wetter. My clit throbbed, seemingly developing its own heartbeat as I stood there naked from the waist down in front of Dmitri Alucard.

“Come here,” he demanded, and the deep command of his voice vibrated through the marrow of my bones. Before I knew what was happening, I was moving toward him, small steps so I didn’t trip over the pants and panties around my ankles.

He placed the ginger root back down on the carving board and I looked at it for one moment before I finally realized what the shape reminded me of.

It looked like a butt plug.

He didn’t...

He wouldn’t...

He couldn’t mean to put it there... Right?

He said nothing as he knelt before me, guiding my feet out of my shoes, and then slowly taking off my leggings and panties. When he stood back up, he made a point to look directly at my pussy and I blushed hard, unable to meet his eyes knowing that I was soaking wet and swollen with my arousal right now.

He grabbed my sweater, and I clutched my arms close to my chest in hopes of keeping some measure of my dignity.

“Arms over your head, Mina. Don’t make me take off my belt,” he warned, and my mouth opened wide in disbelief. I closed it quickly. Finally, I did as he asked, obediently raising my arms because I didn’t want to find out what his belt would feel

like too.

My bottom was already sore from only his hand. I couldn't imagine how much more his belt would hurt on top of that.

He pulled my sweater up slowly over my head. I closed my eyes, struggling with the knowledge that he was baring me himself. He tossed my sweater to the side with the rest of my clothes and slowly turned me around. His fingers slid down the line of my spine before he deftly unclipped the connector of my bra. It sprang forward and my breasts bounced a bit with the heaviness that came with desire. He pulled the straps down my arms, slowly baring me.

I whined softly in disbelief. He wasn't even looking at me yet and I was already so overcome with shame and arousal and nerves that I didn't know what to do.

He took hold of me and turned me back around. His gaze held mine for a long moment and I had difficulty staying still, but when he finally glanced down, I stood rooted in place because a part of me wanted him to see while another much smaller piece yearned for him to turn away.

He didn't though. He drank in his fill of me.

My nipples peaked under his scrutiny, hardening into even tighter buds the longer he looked. There was no judgment in his gaze, only admiration and his own very obvious arousal at seeing me like this.

When he finally reached to touch me, he didn't grab at my breasts or my pussy like I expected him to. Instead, he trailed his fingertips down the side of my waist and along my hip. In truth, it was innocent in nature, but it felt anything but.

"You're absolutely ravishing like this, Mina," he purred.

I blushed so hard that I thought my face might catch flame. I wanted a black hole to open up beneath my feet and swallow me whole, but then I knew I'd regret not finding out what he meant by shameful.

My curiosity had been peaked and I needed to know what came next.

"I... I..." I started, nervously glancing at the carved ginger on the island counter.

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His palm cupped my face, his thumb pressing over my lips and silencing me gently. With a nervous shiver, I dared to look back into his gaze.

“Bend back over the table. It’s time,” he instructed. I watched as he grasped the root. The overhead light made the juice glisten, highlighting the places he’d scored with the paring knife.

“What’s going to happen?” I questioned nervously.

He didn’t answer, which somehow made it worse. As scared as I was though, I still felt safe somehow. I don’t know why, but I knew he wouldn’t hurt me.

My pussy throbbed all the harder because of that.

He grasped my upper arm and gently led me to the table. He guided me over it, hoisting me up a bit so that my toes didn’t quite reach the floor. His fingers grazed my scorched bottom and he patted it, jostling my cheeks just enough so that my pussy felt every single shameful movement.

“You wanted me to catch you, bad girl,” he began.

“I...”

He slapped the tops of my thighs hard several times, reigniting the burn and my lips opened and somehow words came out.

“Yes,” I gasped.

“Yes, sir,” he corrected.

I said the words before I even thought about them. In some ways, it was comforting and in others it amplified the dichotomy of power between us right now.

“A spanking wasn’t enough to teach you to follow the rules, was it?”

“No... sir,” I replied hesitantly, shivering because I wanted to know what came next. Would he fuck me? Would I enjoy it?

His hands squeezed the backs of my thighs, just brushing my wet folds. A spark of desire surged through me, and I had difficulty staying still.

“You need more, don’t you?” he asked, and those fingers glided along my inner thigh more boldly now.

I did need more. I needed his cock to sink deep inside me, but I wouldn’t dare admit it. Not for anything.

I chewed my lip, trying to keep quiet.

“I’m going to enjoy this next part very, very much, little girl,” he continued.

The use of little girl struck me this time. It felt like he’d deliberately avoided my name and used a term to make me feel small, vulnerable, and exposed. In that moment, it felt safe, but it also terrified me more than anything about what else he had planned.

“You will give me your surrender, little girl. Before long, you’re going to be begging me for what you need in very explicit detail,” he warned.

I whimpered softly. Instinctually, I knew he wasn't bluffing, but I still had some sliver of pride left. I didn't want to break for him.

My mind didn't, at least. My body certainly did. The two were at war and I was no longer certain which was going to come out the victor.

The muscles of my body clenched nervously, and his palm pressed between my legs, cupping my pussy possessively.

Oh, my god. Oh, mygod.

His fingers were touching my bare pussy and no matter how much I squeezed my legs together or pretended this wasn't happening, I couldn't deny it any longer.

The pads of his finger slid over my clit and a shamefully aroused moan escaped me before I could stop it. The moment the sound left me, I clapped my lips shut, but it was already too late.

"Do you know how I know you need this?" he asked.

His fingers started to lightly circle my clit and my entire body shuddered with pleasure of its own accord. I couldn't have stopped it if I tried.

"No, sir," I whispered hoarsely.

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I was lying. I did know and I knew that he knew I did too.

“This right here, little girl. This soaking wet little pussy tells me everything I need to know,” he explained. My clit throbbed in response to every single syllable. Without meaning to, I pressed more firmly against his fingers.

I arched my back, inadvertently spreading my legs.

He took advantage of the opportunity and slapped my pussy with the flats of his fingers. I yelped, the sting from his hand instantaneous and terrible.

“This needy little pussy is going to have to wait though. Bad girls who need very shameful lessons have to be properly punished first,” he stated.

My burning pussy throbbed hotter, stinging from his palm and pulsing with need more powerful than I had ever known. His fingers brushed against my bottom again and I bit my lip, nervous and confused and so aroused that I could hardly stand it.

I stiffened when his knuckles glided up and down the cleft of my ass. I tried to keep still and be obedient. Maybe if I did what he wanted, he would forget about all this and let me go to bed.

I glanced back, wanting to see his face. He was staring at my backside, and he chose that single moment to spread my bottom open.

The raw desire in his gaze nearly undid me. Now that I knew he was looking, there would be no hiding from this. There would be no denying that he was simply doing

this to shame me, that there was a part of him that wanted to do this to me, and I didn't know how to handle that.

It was terrifying and seductive all at the same time.

"I've neglected this tight virgin hole for long enough," he observed, and my entire body tensed at his words.

"You can't..."

"I can, bad girl."

The truth was I knew he was right. I wasn't going to tell anyone that he'd spanked me. I wasn't going to tell a single soul that my pussy had turned into a puddle when he punished me, and I most certainly was going to keep the fact that I wanted him to fuck me after all that my own little secret.

He maneuvered behind me, getting in between my legs, and forcing me to remain open for him in a way that deliberately displayed my pussy rather salaciously. I wanted to hate it, but deep down I knew that I enjoyed it far too much.

Something must be wrong with me. I shouldn't be enjoying this.

I wanted his touch back in between my thighs. I wanted his cock even more.

"It's time, little girl."

I should have been more afraid when he said those words, but the only thing I could fathom was his touch and what he'd do to me after that. My bottom still ached, but it was only heightening my desire.

I was starting to feel brave again.

A cold wet thing pressed against my bottom hole and all other thoughts fled from my mind, washed away in an instant. A quiet gasp fled my lips and before I could push up against the table, his hand was against my back, holding me in place again.

He was really going to put the ginger inside me.

I hadn't actually believed he would until that very second. It had been some distant make-believe possibility that he wouldn't actually do it, that it was happening to some faraway person in some fictional sordid fantasy that was never supposed to be true.

This wasn't a dream, or a wayward threat made in jest to remind me to do as I was told.

This was real.

For some reason, my brain hadn't processed that information until that moment and now I didn't really know what to do with it.

There wasn't anything I could do. That piece of ginger was going inside my asshole whether I liked it or not.

The tip of the ginger had warmed a little. He increased the pressure and it felt so foreign that I could not for the life of me relax. I tensed, fighting against its entry even though I knew it was inevitable.

It slid inside me with ease, even as I struggled. Even though it hurt.

I'd never been stretched open like this, and my bottom hole burned with a deep

aching sensation that hurtled up and down my spine and all the way to the tips of my toes.

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It felt so wicked, so taboo, and I hated that a part of me actually liked how it felt. It was utterly shameful, but I couldn't help it.

I'd never imagined anyone touching me here, let alone going inside it. The base of the ginger plug grew wider, stretching me more with every passing second. My thighs trembled and I was sure he could see it.

I bit my lip, trying to keep quiet as the pain hurtled through me. Roughly, he pushed the ginger the rest of the way inside me.

There was a thick base at the end of it that kept it safely in place.

I gasped, in relief or fear, I wasn't quite certain.

"There now, little girl. Just relax for me now."

I pressed my forehead against the table, simply trying to catch my breath and forever struggling with the knowledge that there was something inside my bottom and I felt so very full in a very strange way.

My pussy clenched and my asshole did along with it.

The ginger felt cool and soothing in a way. I relaxed a bit against the table, thinking that the worst was over, and he'd just wanted to teach me a lesson by being the first to touch me in such a foreign place.

I was wrong. The ginger didn't stay cool.

My asshole started to grow a bit warm. At first, I thought it was just my arousal returning and I shifted slightly, trying to make it go away. It only seemed to intensify after that.

I bit my lip, the burning sensation growing warmer still. I swallowed nervously, thinking that maybe it was just some weird reaction to having my bottom filled for the first time, but after a while, even I knew that was a foolish thought.

A minute passed. Then another and my asshole grew hotter.

I cried out softly at first, alarmed by the stinging sensation more than I cared to admit.

“The ginger is starting to work, isn’t it, little girl?”

There was an amused arousal to his tone that hadn’t been there before. He’d known this would happen and he was taking great pleasure in watching me suffer.

My pussy clenched and I cried out, the stinging burn from the ginger intensifying for several seconds afterward.

His palm on my back smoothed over my skin.

I wanted to remain stoic. I wanted to take this without begging or doing any of the things he’d said I would. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying my best to keep quiet and knowing that I was never going to be able to keep that vow.

He grasped the base of the ginger and started to pull it out. I sighed in relief, but then he pushed it back in far more roughly than he had the first time.

I tensed without meaning to. Cruelly, he pumped the ginger in and out of my bottom, fucking me with it.

It burned and stung, but the feeling of it using me in a place that was never supposed to be taken was oddly seductive. I tried to deny that I was enjoying myself. I didn't want to think about what it might mean if I did.

The juice trickled from my asshole down onto my pussy. There was so much wetness between my thighs, and I wasn't certain if it was me or the ginger anymore.

My sensitive pussy reacted to the juice much faster than I expected. Soon, the burning of my asshole seemed inconsequential to the blazing bonfire of heat that punished my needy pussy.

I cried out, not a strangled cry like the ones before, but a real panicked one that fully exposed how out of my element I was.

"Oh. Please," I tried.

He pumped the ginger in and out of me several more times.

I blinked, suffering through an endless onslaught of fire that wouldn't stop. A wail escaped me and then another.

I needed it out.

"Please take it out," I begged.

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He pushed the ginger back in, holding his thumb over the base as my body revolted against it. My asshole tensed around the base several times. The wet sound of it was humiliating, but my clit throbbed anyway like a damn traitor.

My pussy was stinging so much that it was nearly unbearable.

“Please use your belt. Anything but this,” I begged. He chuckled softly.

“You don’t need me to take it out, little girl,” he replied.

“Yes! Please! I do need it out,” I wailed.

I’d have chosen his hand to spank my pussy over this. This was unexpectedly terrible, and the burning refused to cease, growing worse and more overwhelming with every terrible second.

“Tell me what you really need,” he coaxed.

“I’m sorry!” I tried. I didn’t know what else to do. I hoped he’d take pity on me, maybe grant me mercy if I showed him that I was contrite.

“It’s okay, little girl. I forgive you,” he replied gently. He slapped my pussy lightly and I would have jumped off the table if he wasn’t holding me down.

“Please, I won’t leave my room at night again,” I pleaded.

“I know you won’t, little girl.”

He didn't make any move to take the ginger out, but a part of me had known he wouldn't. He wanted me to admit that I wanted more, that I wanted him to take his big thick cock out and fuck me with it until I couldn't stand.

I couldn't admit that.

The burn grew worse, and I whimpered, blinking back tears.

"It hurts," I wailed.

"I know, little girl. But you need it to hurt. You need this so you can finally tell me what you really need," he explained. There was a gentleness to his tone that made me feel safe even among the confusing feelings of a very punished and very aroused little girl.

My entire body quaked.

This wasn't about pain or punishment or shame, not really.

This was about giving up control.

This was about him taking it.

I gasped against the table, rounding my back, and tensing for one last moment before the rest of my fight fled from me.

I opened my mouth and closed it again, struggling to get the words out and knowing I had to. He didn't rush me, and I was grateful for it, but the longer I waited, the more the ginger stung. As if he knew I needed one last push, his fingers tenderly pressed between my legs, capturing my clit.

He started to tease me.

His touch was perfection, as if he'd had a lifetime to learn my body and already knew how to please it. My focus was torn between the stinging ginger and his expert fingers, and I lost all sense of control.

I surrendered.

"Please," I begged.

"Please what, little girl?"

"Please, fuck me," I pleaded quietly.

"You're going to have to be much more specific than that, little girl," he answered, and I whined into the table. His touch strummed over my clit, pressing harder, circling a bit faster and I shamelessly moaned out loud.

"Please fuck me... with your big... cock..." I pleaded.

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“Where should I fuck you? Your soaking wet little pussy? Or maybe your sore burning bottom? Tell me, little girl. Tell me exactly what you need,” he commanded.

My body folded for him.

“In my soaking wet little pussy!” I shrieked.

He slipped a single finger inside me there and I let out a broken strangled sound that was something of a cry and a moan morphed together as one. He pumped that finger in and out of me slowly. I felt every thick knuckle and he paused.

“This soaking wet, virgin pussy,” he murmured, and I gasped, blushing so hard that my face felt like it had caught fire just like the rest of me.

“Yes,” I wailed.

“Say it. All together. Out loud for me,” he instructed, his voice taking on a sternness that left no question in my mind that I was going to have to obey him.

“I need you to fuck me with your big cock in my soaking wet, virgin pussy,” I begged, my voice shaking the entire time. It was barely above a whisper, but I knew he could hear every single word plain as day.

The silence that followed was damning.

Had I said the wrong thing? Had he not wanted that?

“That’s my good girl,” he finally murmured, and the air billowed out of my lungs on one long breath. I whimpered softly, still being punished by the burning ginger and hoping that would soon end.

He stepped away from me and I arched my back, lifting my bottom for him.

“Would you please take it out now, sir?” I asked hopefully.

“No.”

My world pitched forward, my heart dropping straight down to my toes. My mouth opened, but my protests died at the back of my throat at what he said next.

“The ginger is going to stay inside your naughty bottom while I fuck you, little girl.”

Behind me, I heard him unbuckling his belt. The sound of his zipper lowering echoed loudly and a hard shiver raced down my spine. I wanted to look back, I wanted to see his cock, but he didn’t allow me the privilege.

“You were a very bad girl, Mina, and now you’re going to get fucked like one,” he growled.

The head of his cock pressed against my entrance, molten hot and overwhelmingly massive. I panicked for a moment, but his hands grasped my hips gently. His thumbs caressed my skin, chasing away my nerves at least enough to settle me.

“You were made for this, little girl. I’m going to prove that to you,” he assured me.

He started pushing his cock inside, just a little at first. I gasped, taken aback by the unexpected painful stretch that came with it. He was gigantic. From just the feel of it, it was a fucking horse cock and he was going to put it all inside me.

I didn't know if my virgin pussy could survive that. When he pushed inside just a little, my inner walls clutched at him fiercely to push him out, but to also pull him in.

I tried to open for him. I tried to take it with grace, but I froze when he reached my virgin barrier. He leaned over me, grasping the back of my neck and my shoulder with a single hand. He kissed the arch of my spine and my pussy clenched tight around him. He didn't move right away, and I thought maybe he was waiting for me to say something.

"Please. Fuck me,sir," I begged.

"Anything for you,mylittle girl," he answered.

There was no time for me to think through the possession that the addition of that single word carried because he thrust forward so hard that it felt like he'd pierced into me with an iron spike. He sank his cock into me all the way to the hilt and a ferocious volley of pain rattled through me with a terrible violence that took my breath away. I screamed, the sound of it low and desperate.

In the following seconds, the pain began to quell, and I realized the worst was over. He released my shoulder and slid his fingertips down my spine.

"You're so beautiful like this, your bottom full and your pussy impaled on my cock."

I shivered hard with shame and unfathomable arousal. Somewhere in the mix, the burning of the ginger had faded just a little bit, transforming from something that had simply been punishing and terrible to devastating arousal.

Slowly, he pulled out and thrust back in.

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It still hurt, but not in the way it had before. It hurt because he was so terribly thick, and my body had never taken anything close to its size before. Every thrust was a struggle, but soon enough, my body opened for him little by little.

The pace was slow and steady, and I found myself deeply enjoying the mix of pleasure and pain before much time passed.

I felt every ridge of his cock as it thrust in and out of me. I moaned. I writhed.

When he grasped the base of the ginger root, I whimpered. I told myself that he was going to take it out, but in my heart, I knew that wasn't going to happen.

He started to fuck me with the ginger while at the same time he fucked my pussy with his cock.

I was so full that I couldn't help but squeeze and fresh juice dribbled down onto my pussy. I moaned as it slid down my wet folds and I keened when it dripped onto my clit.

My world was set on fire once again.

“Time for you to scream for me like the bad girl you really are.”

Without any more warning, he pulled out of me and slammed back inside me. In that moment, I realized that he'd been being gentle with me, and things were about to get a whole lot harder for me.

The juice had dripped onto his cock and when he fucked me, he was pushing the juice inside me and a whole different place started to burn anew.

I screamed, my whole world a blazing fire of stinging arousal. I couldn't escape it. Even more shameful, I knew that even if I could, I wouldn't want to. My core spiraled tight with desire. My clit throbbed insatiably and all that tension that had been raging between us all night finally exploded.

My orgasm slammed over me without warning. Even if I had known it was coming, there would have been no stopping it. Like an uncorked bottle of champagne, I popped hard.

I screamed, writhing against the table and lifting my hips in a way that a lady shouldn't. His cock fucked me deep, slamming against my cervix over and over as if he wanted to claim that too.

My back arched and my inner walls clutched at him. He took me hard and fast, never once slowing down. He didn't stop punishing my bottom and soon, I couldn't tell if something hurt or if something felt good. Pleasure and pain became one and the same.

I burned with red-hot fire. I squeezed my eyes shut, losing myself in that first devastating orgasm like never before.

I knew I would never be the same after this.

It felt like freedom.

My eyes rolled back in my head and my body quaked with one savage sensation after the next. By the time that first orgasm crested and eventually faded into something more bearable, my whole body was trembling from the sheer intensity of that first

one.

I tried to catch my breath, expecting him to begin to slow, but then I realized something.

He hadn't come yet.

He hadn't even begun to slow down.

"I'm far from through with you, little girl. You're going to keep coming for me until you break so hard that there's pretty little tears dripping down your cheeks."

CHAPTER5

JASMINA

Every single part of me was burning. My no longer virgin pussy and my punished asshole blazed red hot. His grip on my hips tightened, using my body as leverage so he could pound into me harder than I thought humanly possible.

He was so strong.

I closed my eyes, horrified and ridiculously turned on at the same time. His cock surged in and out of me and despite everything I tried to do to stop it, my arousal started to bubble up inside me once again.

The stronger it grew, the more I had trouble believing it.

I'd never come more than once in my life. He lifted my hips from the table and one of his hands slid beneath me, cupping my scalded pussy that was still simmering from the ginger. I gasped as his fingers found my clit and slowly circled around it.

A delicious tremor of desire hurtled through me.

“I can’t...”

“You will, Mina. It is your nature,” he purred, and my clit throbbed hard beneath his fingertips. His touch was suddenly firmer, more consuming and devastating than before. My entire body trembled, fighting against the inevitable onslaught of pleasure.

The wilder it grew, the more I realized that I couldn’t fight it. I couldn’t outrun it. It was going to take me whether I liked it or not.

My thighs tensed, my muscles tightening around him, and the wave started. For several seconds, it was as if I was watching the tide coming in, but it was going way too fast. By the time it was finally on me, it was a far bigger swell than I could have ever imagined.

A cry escaped me, and it quickly turned into a scream.

My body shook hard, and my eyes rolled back in my head. I arched, taking him deeper. White-hot bliss spiraled through me in spades, holding me captive in its powerful thrall. It was exquisite pain and pleasure all wrapped into one and there was nothing I could do except simply survive it.

I whined, my whole body shaking. My inner walls fluttered around his cock and when that second orgasm finally began to fade, I was left breathless, overwhelmed, and sore.

He still didn’t stop.

He pounded into my pussy, ignoring my pleas for mercy as he teased my overly sensitive clit. Before long, my body responded against my will, slowly rising toward a third release that I knew would be even more brutal.

When it finally slammed over me, I screamed, my voice wavering and growing hoarse. It came on too fast, but that orgasm was so hard and long that by the time it finally crested, and I could catch my breath, I felt like my body had been shattered into a million pieces.

He kept going. I kept suffering.

I could only think of one thing that would end this.

“Please. Please come,” I begged.

Men got tired after they came, right?

“I’m enjoying myself, little girl,” he replied curtly. His tone was dangerous, and a frisson of fear cut through me, sharp as a knife.

“Please. I’ll do anything. Please just come inside me, sir,” I pleaded.

I could feel a fourth terrible orgasm looming and as much as I wanted it, I was terrified of it. Every nerve in my body was overcome with sensation. They wouldn’t stop firing. I couldn’t tell the difference between pain and pleasure anymore. I simply hurt.

He fucked me more slowly now, continuing to torture my clit with those ever-knowledgeable fingers even as I yelped from over-sensitization.

“Anything...” he answered, pistoning into my pussy several times with savage force.

I cried out, but that did nothing to deter him.

“Please! Anything,” I begged. My voice shook audibly, showcasing my desperation for him in all its glory.

“You aren’t going to stay here for a week. You will stay for a month,” he declared.

“Yes! I’ll stay. However long you want!” I pleaded.

“Good. Now come for me one last time,” he commanded.

I wailed as my fucking turned truly feral. He took me with the savagery of a monster. I screamed and cried and suffered.

He growled behind me, gripping my flesh hard enough that I knew he’d leave marks that I’d find in the morning. For some strange reason, I couldn’t wait to see them.

I turned my head back, catching the ruthless cruelty painted all over his face. The light made his flesh seem paler, his features sharper. Somehow, there was a red gleam to his eyes. He smiled, but it felt ominous, and my stomach curdled with anxious arousal.

My inner walls clutched tightly at him, and I cried out, not wanting them to and not being able to stop my body from rising to his call again and again.

I could feel that final orgasm, swirling with terrible promise just outside my reach. He groaned, and it surged forward. My pleasure captured me, sweeping me away on the cruel endless wave of agonizing bliss. There was no outrunning it.

With a roar, he jerked his cock in and out of me with ferocious intensity. He slammed it all the way into me, and I felt the first hot splash of his cum pelt my insides.

My own release tore through me with a rabid mercilessness that I couldn't have prepared myself for even if I'd known how.

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His cum spurted inside me, wave after wave of intense heat.

I screamed so loudly that my voice broke.

I lost all sense of reason, writhing and moaning beneath him. I twisted, thrashing as he held me in place.

I broke, overwhelmed with pleasure and pain and everything that this night had become.

I began to sob. Not a soft cry that I could keep quiet, but heart-wrenching sobs that tore me open.

His thrusts slowed and finally came to a stop, but I wasn't really aware of anything outside my own body anymore. Vaguely, I realized that he was pulling the ginger out.

I was numb. Everywhere.

He'd made me come so hard that I'd cried. My mind whirled with that single realization. It wasn't just some mythical thing in the movies or in books.

This was real.

He pulled out of me, and I felt his seed drip down onto my thighs, but I was too exhausted to care. My tears kept rolling down my cheeks. His arms wrapped around me, lifting me up. He carried me out of the kitchen and through the rest of the house, not caring that I was completely naked.

Exhausted, I curled against him. My head fit well in the cradle of his neck, and I tentatively wrapped my arm around him. His fingers squeezed my arm and pushed it into place.

He didn't ask me to say anything, but we both knew I didn't need to. I sniffled, not caring that my tears and messed-up makeup were probably getting on the collar of his shirt.

He carried me all the way to my chambers in silence. I used that time to gather myself. My tears slowly dried and my quiet cries tapered off. My erratic heartbeat finally calmed, and a languid numb tingling spread through my limbs. My core ached. My pussy and my ass both felt warm inside and out, but it was no longer painful.

He hoisted me up a bit so he could pull down the covers.

Gently, he laid my body on the bed, tucking me under the blankets and pulling them up to ensure I was covered.

"You will sleep naked for me tonight, little girl," he instructed softly.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, my voice still quite hoarse. My body slumped against the bed, thoroughly exhausted.

"Tomorrow in the daylight, you may explore more of the estate. For now, though, I want you to rest for me, my Mina," he murmured.

The possessiveness in his tone was comforting. I knew it should have alarmed me a little, but I was too tired to put any more thought into it.

He brushed my hair off my forehead and behind my ear. I pressed into his touch a little, wanting to extend that moment for as long as humanly possible.

“Sleep now. I will be away on business until late in the afternoon and you will dine with me in the evening.”

He leaned forward. His heat emanated around me as his lips pressed against my forehead. I closed my eyes, enjoying the feel of his kiss on my bare flesh.

I was just about asleep by the time he walked out of my room. There was a gentle noise that reminded me of a key turning in a lock.

I wasn't sure if it was a dream or if it was real.

CHAPTER6

JASMINA

When I opened my eyes the next morning, I lay there for several minutes trying to ascertain if I was alive or dead. Every part of my body ached, from the top of my head to the bottoms of my feet.

I turned my head, looking at my right hand. Were my fingers were still working?

They moved. That was a good sign, at least. I wriggled my toes under the comforter. A languid feeling was simmering through me.

I was naked... completely naked.

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I didn't typically sleep this way. I blinked several times, finally coming to the realization that last night wasn't just a nightmare or a dream. It had all been real.

I brushed my thighs against one another. His seed was still there, sticky, wet in places, dry in others. I blushed and closed my eyes, thankful that I was alone, and no one could see me like this.

Dmitri Alucard had actually spanked me, punished my asshole with ginger root, and fucked me over the kitchen table in his own home. The worst part of it all was that I'd enjoyed it enough to come not just once, but four times.

I pressed my hands to my face as if I could hide from my shame even as it seared through me.

Then I remembered that he'd said we would have dinner together.

I'd have to face him tonight.

A strangled cry left my throat even as my clit throbbed. I wanted to reach between my thighs and spank it myself for being such a wretched little traitor, but I knew that would remind me of him even more.

Of his hand smacking my ass hard enough to make me beg.

Of his hand between my thighs.

Of his big cock sinking into me.

Fuck me. I was hopeless.

Needing to do something to take my mind off what had occurred downstairs in the kitchen, I pushed the covers off of me. I padded over to my bag and dug out my toiletries, wandering into the attached bathroom.

Again, I noticed the very distinct lack of mirrors.

I turned on the water in the tiled rain shower, stepping inside when the glass-walled stall was swirling with steam. I turned down the heat a bit and settled under the spray, just relaxing under the water for several long minutes before I began washing myself.

I explored my body with my fingers. My pussy ached. My clit was still very sensitive to the touch. My hips were marked with purple bruises from his fingers holding onto me while he fucked me. I squeezed my bottom lightly, wincing from the soreness from the spanking. With extreme hesitation, I spread my cheeks and brushed a single finger over my asshole.

It wasn't as sore as I'd expected it would be. There was no lasting heat from the ginger, and I sighed with relief.

All in all, my body was fine. My mind, however, would be much slower to recover.

I scrubbed all over, thinking about last night even when I didn't want to. I should be angrier, furious even, that he'd had the nerve to punish me like that, but I couldn't bring myself to be.

The truth was that it had been the best night of my life. I'd learned things about myself that I would have never known because of him.

I wasn't a virgin anymore. He'd taken my innocence and crushed it while showing

me the magnificence that awaited me in its wake.

I took my time washing up simply because I wanted to. I used my favorite peach coconut oil exfoliator. I shaved and lathered a few conditioners in my air. When I was done, I rinsed off and finally turned off the water.

Surprisingly, it had never gone cold.

I wrapped myself in a towel and went back into the bedroom. I gazed out the window into the colorful gardens, admiring the rich blue of the hydrangeas in full bloom. With a smile, I decided to walk through the garden in person this afternoon, maybe even while listening to music with the sunshine warming my face.

I could get used to this.

Finally, I turned around and unpacked my bag, hanging up all my things in the big closet so that they wouldn't get wrinkled. I choose a simple purple summer dress that was professional enough to wear in front of clients, while also comfortable enough to wear whenever I wanted to be just a little dressy.

I reached for the door handle, somewhat expecting it to be locked but it turned with ease. I shook my head.

Maybe that part had actually been just a figment of my imagination.

I opened the door, finding my clothes from the night before in a neat pile on the floor. My panties were folded tidily on top. They'd been washed. With a mortified gasp, I picked them up and brought them inside my room so that no one else could see the evidence of my shame.

Shaking it off as much as I could, I walked down to the main floor where the

delectable scent of breakfast wafted toward me. I excitedly went into the dining room to see John setting up myriad covered plates on the table.

“Good morning, Mina,” he grinned. He was always so warm. “Breakfast is ready for you. Would you like your coffee as you did yesterday?”

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“Yes, please. Thank you, John,” I smiled in return.

I sat down as he started to prepare a mug for me. I said my thanks as he passed it to me, relishing a luxurious sip of the best coffee I’d ever had the privilege of tasting.

The morning passed quickly as I enjoyed a nice quiet meal with his company. I asked him some questions about the property, discovering he’d been here for most of his life and knew the place like the back of his hand.

When I was finished, I excused myself and told him I was going to explore on my own. He nodded, smiling gently with understanding.

“Enjoy yourself, Miss Mina.”

I spent the afternoon wandering the place, losing myself in the seemingly endless gardens and among the books of the incredible library I’d discovered the night before. I found hallways and rooms that I hadn’t discovered in the dark. There was a whole servants’ quarters section I’d missed last night, along with a few display rooms for historical artifacts that had been stored here over the centuries.

The hours passed by in a blink. Dinner came far too quickly.

When the time came, I nervously walked into the dining room to see that Dmitri had already been seated. His warm gaze lifted to mine, saying everything even though he didn’t speak a single word.

The relationship between us had changed forever.

I blushed, dropping my eyes to the floor as I strode over to my seat. As I lowered myself into the chair, I could feel him watching me and my face blazed even hotter. Was he thinking about me naked? Was he thinking about fucking me?

“Tell me about your day, Mina,” he finally said.

It was such a simple question. I cleared my throat mainly as a procrastination technique so I could gather my thoughts.

“I explored the estate today,” I answered. My voice cracked a little.

“What was your favorite thing you found?” he asked.

He flexed his hand and I found myself staring at the broad surface of his palm. When I caught myself, I quickly jerked my head away only to see the hint of a smirk on his lips. He’d seen me looking.

He probably knew exactly what I was thinking about too.

I swallowed nervously, digging into my bowl of soup. As soon as I put the spoon against my tongue, I cried as the hot liquid burned the roof of my mouth.

“There’s no need to rush,” he chided, but it felt like he was saying so much more than to be patient when eating hot soup.

I nodded quickly, simply trying to recover.

Throughout the whole meal, he never once referenced the night before. For that, I should have been grateful, but for the life of me I couldn’t keep my mind away from it. Every single thing he did or said reminded me of being bent over the kitchen table to be spanked and fucked. Every time he looked at me, I smoldered and by the time I

finally excused myself to retire to my chambers, my panties were soaked through with my own arousal.

Trying to distract myself, I read a book late into the evening. Eventually, I fell asleep and the howling of a wolf woke me up in the middle of the night. I got up out of bed, tiptoeing over to the window.

I went to open it, wanting some semblance of fresh air. The window didn't move. I stared at it in confusion for a long while, eventually realizing it was sealed shut.

I turned toward the door, a scared sinking feeling coming over me. I walked over to it and tried to turn the knob.

This time, it was locked.

I'd been invited as his guest, but I was being kept as his prisoner.

* * *

Over the next several days, I fell into something of a routine. I showered, then ate breakfast with John in the mornings, chatting about the history and area surrounding the estate. If I needed anything at all, he would get it for me, be it a book or a piece of chocolate or a special meal I wanted to eat. I grew to like him very much and would go so far as to call him my friend. I helped him with his sparrows most days and developed a bond with a tiny female named Lucy.

I said nothing to him or Dmitri about the fact that I knew that they'd been locking me in my chambers at night.

It should have bothered me more than it did, but there was something about it that made me feel safer, like they were protecting me from something unknown out there.

The thing that bothered me the most was Dmitri's indifference toward me. The night we'd shared had been ridiculously intense for me. It had felt like a critical event in my life that had fundamentally changed me as a person.

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To be honest, it had made me feel like a real woman, a wanted woman.

I wanted him to reach for me, to pull me close to his chest, to kiss me and stroke my hair before he dragged me off and had his way with me in his bed.

He never did.

I spent most days wondering if it was simply a one-night stand for him, if that was what he did with the women in his life.

Was that all I was to him? Just another notch in his belt that he'd manhandled, spanked, and fucked?

He didn't look at me like that though. Every time his gaze met mine, it was pure heat and power emanating from his every pore. His dark brown eyes were portals into the unknown and I just wanted to discover everything he had hidden inside them.

When I went to bed at night, I fantasized about all the things he could do to me and all the things he had done to me. I remembered how it had felt when he'd bent me over that table, then lowered my leggings and my panties so he could punish me. Safe in the shadows of my room at night, I slipped my hand in between my legs and touched myself to orgasm night after night.

I didn't even try to stay quiet because a part of me wanted him to burst through that door and put me over his knee for having the nerve to touch myself without his permission. I screamed his name because I wanted him to hear it.

I came thinking about that too.

Every morning, I faced him trying to figure out if he'd heard me, if he knew what I was doing and what I was thinking before I fell asleep at night.

His gaze was a constant heated mystery that simply made my need grow even more intense.

One night about two weeks later, I stayed up, listening for the telltale sound of the door locking, but it never came. I licked my lips, summoning courage from a part of me I hadn't even known existed before I'd arrived in this place.

I'd grown tired of his denial, and it was time to do something about it.

I slipped my feet into a pair of soft slippers that John had given me. I was wearing nothing more than a long nightshirt and a pair of panties. I stared at the door and hesitantly touched the waistband of my underwear.

Fuck it.

I pushed them down until they fell to the floor. I stepped out of them and kicked them aside. I reached for the doorknob, holding my breath before it began to turn. When I opened the door, I peeked out.

There was no one there.

I wandered out, walking down the hallway as quietly as I could. There wasn't any sign of activity close by. I wasn't sure who was locking me inside my room at night, but I had a sneaking suspicion it was the count.

I'd seen him leave after dinner. It had felt increasingly tense between us. He could

probably tell that I was getting restless and a bit annoyed that he hadn't touched me once since what felt like forever ago.

I walked around rather aimlessly, finding myself in the library, then in some of my favorite sitting rooms, until I found myself back in the kitchen where I'd lost my virginity.

I dragged my fingers along the table edge, seeing the same nicks and scratches along its surface that had been burned into my memory since that night. I glanced to the fridge, wondering if it still housed fresh ginger root like it had the last time. The muscles in my backside tightened, remembering the scalding hot burn of it inside me.

I sighed.

"Naughty girl."

My heart nearly leapt into my throat.

"Was the punishment for wandering the estate after dark not enough for you?"

The light flicked on, and my breath stuck fast in my lungs. I didn't turn around right away, instead waiting for him to reach out and grasp my arm gently. I wanted him to make me look at him and he did. His smoldering stare caught me in an instant, holding me captive more thoroughly than a lock and key ever could.

I swallowed back an answer. I wanted to tell him that it wasn't enough, that I wanted so much more, but I said nothing at all.

I hated myself for chickening out.

He studied my face intently for a long moment before he lifted me up off the floor

and carried me out of the room. He brought me back to my chambers and placed me down on my bed.

“Up on your knees. I want that ass in the air,” he instructed.

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I swallowed as a sudden panic washed over me. What had I done?

“Do as you’re told,” he demanded.

Without thinking, my body did as he commanded. Slowly, I rolled to my belly, lifted my hips, and dragged my knees beneath me. He took a long time to admire me in such a vulnerable position. I stopped breathing when his fingers brushed the backs of my thighs and I stifled a moan as he slowly dragged them upward, taking the soft fabric of my nightshirt with him.

He bared my backside slowly. He found me naked underneath.

“Very naughty, little girl,” he observed. My entire body shivered. It felt like I had been waiting forever to hear him say those words again.

His palm grazed over my bare left cheek and an aroused shiver cascaded over every inch of my flesh. My clit pulsed as if it recognized him, and I sucked in a heated breath.

“Did you think you wouldn’t get caught?”

I didn’t answer because I didn’t want to give away the fact that I’d hoped for this exact outcome.

A sharp slap echoed through the room. I had expected it to sting. I remember it hurting a lot, but it stung so much more than that distant memory. A second one followed, and I yelped out loud.

Was he watching his handprint appear on my pale skin?

His hand descended between my thighs, and I cried out as he touched the place I'd been imagining him touching again for weeks.

"Is this what you wanted, bad girl? Did you need me to touch you here? To remind you that you need to be obedient? For me?"

His words were intoxicating. I found myself hanging onto every syllable and before I knew it, I was rubbing my clit against his thick fingers.

"I know how to deal with you, little girl."

He had said it again and my heart swelled with terror, comfort, and hope.

"Please," I begged.

I expected him to touch me, to rub my clit and make me come this way with his handprint on my bottom, maybe even fuck me after it was over, but he did none of those things.

He spanked my pussy instead, not once like last time, but a real spanking directly on my most sensitive place.

The first slap caught me off guard. My eyes opened as wide as saucers and I squeaked with surprise, but the second followed soon after. He used the flats of his fingers to punish my wet sensitive flesh and at once, that sense of panic grew and grew until there was nothing but my stinging pussy and the humiliating sound of his hand slapping wet flesh.

I squirmed, trying to bring my thighs together in hopes of protecting myself, but he

pinned my legs open with his other arm.

He punished my pussy ruthlessly.

It stung so much worse than a spanking on my naked bottom. I begged and cried for mercy, but he didn't stop until my entire pussy burned with red-hot fire. I bit back cry after cry, but it was useless.

When he finally paused, I tried to catch my breath, but I was too overcome by the stinging in between my thighs to do anything else.

“Arch your back. Show me that bright red little pussy,” he demanded.

I obeyed immediately, afraid of what would happen if I didn't.

His fingers stroked up and down my scalded flesh. Just that light touch stung.

He used his fingers to spread open my folds, exposing my clit. Without warning, he slapped it three times. That hurt worse than anything but once it was over, my needy bud throbbed with stinging pain and greedy desire.

I wailed, suffering and holding my position simply because I thought that he would expect it of me.

“Bad girls get sent to bed with very wet, very needy little pussies. They don't get to come,” he growled.

“Yes, sir,” I cried. My pussy was throbbing, yet I could still feel my wetness dripping down onto my thighs. He slid his fingers through it. He could see it too.

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“Climb under the covers and I’ll tuck you in.”

I did as he asked, wincing when I pressed my thighs together. He leaned over me and pulled the covers up, kissing me on the forehead.

“Sleep well tonight, little girl. I will see you at dinner tomorrow,” he murmured.

“Goodnight,” I answered, unable to hide the poutiness in my voice.

“Goodnight, my Mina,” he replied. He turned away and walked out the door. I heard the door lock behind him, and I slipped my hand between my thighs.

I was so incredibly wet. With the lightest touch I could manage, I gathered my wetness and spread it over my throbbing clit.

That night, I came twice with my freshly spanked pussy burning. By the time I finally turned over, satisfied and exhausted, I heard the floor creak outside my door.

He’d been listening.

Good.

CHAPTER7

JASMINA

Time seemed to pass in the blink of an eye. Before I knew it, I’d been there four

weeks and it was time for me to think about going home.

Much to my chagrin though, no one said anything about it. There was no discussion of my trip home, what time I would leave, if I would go by train or car or plane. Nothing.

When I asked the count about it, he brushed me off, telling me that we would make plans when the time came. A bit frustrated, I mentioned it to John, and he responded in the same way.

It made me uneasy, more so with each passing day. I had a life and career to return to. I checked my work email on my laptop for the thousandth time. There was nothing from anyone and there hadn't been in several days now. That wasn't particularly unusual, but the timing of it made it feel suspect.

I hadn't left the estate in weeks. Whenever I needed anything, John would go into town for me and when I tried to tag along with him, he just waved me off like it was nothing.

I had accepted that the count would probably never sell his estate, which left me wondering why he even had me here in the first place. He hadn't asked me to assist with any other property, no listings to buy or sell as his real estate agent. Occasionally, he would ask my opinion on a few properties he was interested in, but it seemed like he was trying to figure out what I liked in the process.

He hadn't touched me again either.

I could feel myself growing angrier and more frustrated each day. I felt trapped and needy, and I didn't know what to do. Whenever we were in the same room, there was a palpable tension between us, and I felt myself resenting him when he didn't throw me over the table and fuck me.

Nothing was said about my departure. Not even once.

Late one morning after breakfast, I walked through the gardens, wanting the time to myself without the influence of anyone on the estate. I tried to stem my fury, but the constant pulse between my thighs made it difficult. I lost myself in thought as I strode past the thick walls, starting when I came upon someone tending the gigantic rosebush toward the center. She dipped her head in greeting as she curtsied.

“Afternoon, miss,” she chirped.

“Afternoon,” I echoed. For a brief second, I stood there dumbly, not really knowing what to do or say after that. She kept her head bowed and I eventually cleared my throat.

“I think I’m being kept prisoner here. I don’t know how to get out. Will you help me?”

She stared at the ground and wrung her hands in front of her belly, nervously glancing up at me after a long moment of silence. “I cannot.”

Without a word, she disappeared around the corner. When I went to follow, she was already gone. I returned to the estate, feeling even more frustrated than ever.

I tried to ask for help from anyone I came across, be it the cleaning staff or the servants that worked the kitchen. Eventually, word seemed to spread that I was asking questions and they made themselves scarce after that.

I started searching the mansion for a set of car keys. I knew the count had a fleet of them housed away in the old carriage house. If I could get my hands on one, I could drive back down to London myself.

My search turned up empty and I found myself standing in front of the entryway to Dmitri's quarters. The oversized wooden door was locked. I touched the steel knob, imagining the skeleton key that would open it. The wooden surface was stained a deep red that bordered on the color of blood. The rounded top was bordered by a series of gothic crosses etched right into the wood. I traced my finger over one of them and someone cleared their throat behind me.

"You've been talking to my staff without my permission," Dmitri spoke, his tone low and dangerous.

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Like just before he'd taken my pants down and fucked me over that table.

"You're keeping me here against my will," I spat.

He strode toward me with purpose. Without warning, he whipped his arm around and grabbed the back of my neck. He spun me around and pinned me against the wall. I yelped, but my heart pounded in my chest and my pussy clenched hard. I lifted my gaze to his bravely, trying to hold my ground even when it felt like my body was going to internally combust.

Could he see that my nipples were hard through my dress?

"Have you not had everything you've needed, Mina?"

Just the use of my name felt cold somehow. I wanted him to call me his or use little girl like he had before.

It made me even madder.

"Fuck off. You kept me here for a month after it was only supposed to be a week? Why am I even here? What do you want from me?" I spat.

My chest heaved, rising and falling with my fury. His grip on the back of my neck tightened a little. Would that be enough? Would he actually do something about it now?

His gaze darkened considerably. His body surrounded mine, pinning me against the

wall. His proximity drove me wild, and I wanted nothing more than for him to lift my dress, push my panties aside, and fuck me right there in the hallway.

“Bad girl... Are you trying to make me punish you?” he purred. My heart fluttered with hope.

“Maybe,” I growled.

He chuckled and I turned my head, not wanting to say anything more because I wasn’t sure if I could, not with the hard line of his erection pressing against my belly.

“I have a business meeting right now, but we will deal with this matter tonight after dinner,” he threatened, and my heart thumped even harder.

His other hand snaked around the front of my throat. Those dark eyes bored into mine like they owned me.

“Kiss me, my little girl,” he demanded.

My legs went weak. If I wasn’t pinned, I’d probably have fallen to the floor.

I angled my face up, glancing from his eyes down to the soft line of his lips. He lowered his head, kissing me sweetly enough to take my breath away. It was everything I didn’t expect from him. With just a simple kiss, he’d turned whatever we were straight on its head.

My heart bloomed anew.

By the time he pulled away, my body was flushed with heat, and I found it hard to breathe.

“I will have dinner prepared and a dress sent up for you to wear. You will wear it for me.”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered breathlessly.

“After dinner is over, we will deal with what we just discussed. You are going to admit in a very, very shameful way that you don’t want to leave and that you want nothing more than to be mine forever.”

I opened and closed my mouth in shock.

“You are forbidden from touching that needy little pussy. Don’t think I haven’t heard you scream my name in your bed at night.”

I shook hard.

“Sir,” I murmured hoarsely. I bit my lip, suddenly feeling so embarrassed.

“My hand isn’t the only thing that can spank that greedy pussy bright red. Touch yourself without permission again and you’ll find out what my belt feels like between your legs before we even sit down to dinner,” he growled.

A strangled cry escaped my lips.

“Yes, sir,” I breathed.

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“Are you going to touch yourself without permission, little girl?”

“No, sir. I promise,” I pleaded.

“Good girl,” he replied. He dipped down, placing a soft kiss on my forehead.

He pulled away, letting me down gently against the floor.

“I must go for now. I’m looking forward to dinner, but I’m especially looking forward to teaching you such a shameful lesson after it’s over,” he smirked.

He walked down the hallway and disappeared around the corner. I pressed my palm over my heart and sank down to the floor, trying to catch my breath.

What had I just done?

* * *

For much of the rest of the afternoon, I hid in the library, trying to reconcile my fear about what was going to happen tonight and the vicious need that kept cycling through me with wild abandon. I thought about slipping my hand between my legs and coming right there in the stacks of books, but his warning kept playing in my head.

He’d said he’d belt my pussy if I disobeyed.

His hand had been terrible enough. I remembered having difficulty getting

comfortable after last time. It had stung long into the night.

I tried to pass the time by reading a book, but my mind kept wandering to other places. What did he have planned? And what exactly did he mean by shameful?

I worried my bottom lip as I stared down at the pages of the book, the words blurring together so much that I couldn't read a single one. With a massive sigh, I leaned back against the bookshelf behind me. I turned my head, looking at the cute little reading nook beside me. In the center was a small window that peeked into the gardens.

I climbed up into it, nestling myself into the pile of pillows. I stared at the book still in my hands and shook my head, putting it aside and curling up instead. I closed my eyes and drifted off into a fitful sleep. I napped on and off that afternoon in the silence of the library, finally waking an hour or so before dinner was supposed to take place.

Blearily, I walked back up to my rooms and opened the door to find the most magnificent dress I'd ever seen laid out on my bed. With a quiet gasp, I walked over to the bed.

It was like I'd gone back in time.

It was a Victorian ball gown. The dress was made of burgundy silk taffeta that glimmered in the soft light from overhead. There was a deep V-neck lined with ruffles and an exquisite skirt that bloomed out from the hips. There was a small bustle at the back where the train was gathered so that I wouldn't trip or snag it on anything. It had long sleeves that would hug my arms all the way to just above the elbows, with a billowy drape of fabric that would extend past my hands.

There were modern elements to it too. There were hand-embroidered roses lining the hem around the skirt, as well as around the waist. Instead of buttons, there was a

sturdy zipper hidden in the side seam. It looked brand new and never worn. Maybe it was the product of a custom designer piece or part of a collection.

I'd never seen anything like it. The only thing I knew was that it had to be very expensive.

There were two small boxes beside the dress. I slipped off the cover and sucked in a breath at the silky lace-lined black bra and panty. They were beautiful too. In the other box was a pair of heels, black satin with red bottoms.

Louboutins. Even I knew what those were.

I stared at the outfit for a long moment, before I stripped and started to dress in the beautiful finery. The bra and panties fit perfectly. I carefully slid the dress over my head and pulled it into place. The zipper went up easily, the dress somehow perfectly sized to me. I pressed my feet into the heels, smiling with a soft sigh at how comfortable they were.

I brushed my hair and used a small handheld mirror to fix my makeup. I sat on my bed and used a few different products in my hair before I curled it a little bit. It annoyed me that there weren't any other mirrors in the place to style my hair, but to be honest, I really didn't need one.

By the time I was done, I peeked in my little compact and smiled. For a finishing touch, I put on some of my red lipstick, liking the way it paired with the dress.

I made my way down to the main floor. I felt a little bit clumsy in my heels, but the more I walked, the more comfortable I became. The massive grandfather clock in the foyer rang loudly six times, indicating that it was time for dinner.

I lifted my chin, trying to call up whatever courage I had left inside me for what was

to come. Would the count be waiting for me? Would he like what he saw?

I could feel my clit throbbing, the thin fabric of my panties making me feel almost naked beneath my dress. Mortified, I realized that I had already soaked through them. Undoubtedly, he would discover that very soon.

My pussy clenched in anticipation.

I pulled my shoulders back as I strode through the dining room doors. A massive fire was already crackling in the fireplace. Dmitri was standing in front of it, sipping a glass of whiskey. The fire flickered, casting it in a golden light.

“Come here, Mina,” he commanded.

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My feet moved of their own accord, the gravitational pull of just his voice too much for me to fight. The closer I drew to him, the more comfortable I felt until finally I was inches from him. I wanted to reach out and touch him, but I held myself back.

He placed his whiskey on the mantel. When he turned toward me, there was a single tall shot glass in his hand. It was full of a dark burgundy liquid. In the flickering light of the fire and the surrounding candles, it looked almost like a vial of blood.

“Drink.”

I reached out, taking the crimson cocktail into my hands. I stared down into it and then back at him. The consistency was thicker than I expected. He nodded and my hesitancy vanished.

I took a small sip first, gasping at the delicious taste of mulled wine and something else I couldn't quite identify. He waited patiently and I tipped back the glass, downing the rest of the shot in a single gulp.

It made me feel so warm, more so than the plum brandy he'd had me try or anything else I'd ever tried. The aftertaste was smoky and spiced, with lingering hints of black cherries and vanilla that burned through me with vigor.

“Good girl,” he smiled.

“What is that drink called? I've never tasted anything like it.”

“Its name is Blood. It's a drug I've been working on perfecting for quite a while

now,” he answered.

“A drug?” I squeaked. I stared into the bottom of the glass. “You drugged me?”

“It won’t hurt you, my little girl. It’s simply a formulation that is meant to bring your greatest desires to the surface. It’s far more complex than anything currently on the market.”

My clit seemingly tried to answer for me, throbbing harder than ever.

“You’re a monster,” I seethed.

“Perhaps.”

“Let me go. I won’t tell anyone about what happened between us. I promise,” I pleaded.

“Little girl, I’m a man that won’t stop for anything to get what I want, and I want you,” he declared. His dark eyes had turned almost pitch black. The flames flickered in his eyes, giving him an otherworldly, almost supernatural air.

“None of this is okay. It’s the twenty-first century. You can’t just invite a girl into your home and keep her on a whim. I’m not a possession to be kept on a shelf,” I fumed.

“Are you done?” he asked pointedly. My fury spiked and I threw the shot glass into the fire. It shattered against the stone wall. He grabbed me around my waist and jerked me away from the fireplace as several shards bounced out. The fire flared up for a second, burning away any remnants of the drug he’d tricked me into taking.

Even as my fury began to boil over, my arousal blazed hotter.

“No,” I scoffed.

He reached down to the fabric around my hips, gathering it in his hands.

“I had this made especially for you,” he declared, and he pulled at the skirt. The buttons holding it in place popped off and suddenly the bottom half of the dress was no longer connected to the top. I tried to reach down to pull it back up, having no idea how I’d keep it in place but needing to try anyway.

I still had some measure of dignity.

He lifted me off the floor, up and out of the skirt. My bottom was practically bare, the lacey little panties he’d bought for me barely covering my cheeks. His fingers slipped beneath the waistband, and he tore them clean off.

I gasped, the lacey fabric pinching the folds of my pussy cruelly. Instinctually, I pressed my thighs together on the off chance that they would protect me, but the stinging pain came regardless.

“I had hoped you would behave so that we could have a nice meal and I could enjoy the sight of you in such a pretty dress, but on second thought, I think having your bottom and your little pussy bare and within reach would be much more enjoyable for me,” he rumbled. His arm was still around my waist, and he pulled me flush against him, my back to his chest.

The iron hard spike of his cock pressed against my bare backside.

“Will you sit down like a good girl for dinner, or do I need to whip that pretty bottom with my belt first?”

My entire body shuddered hard. My hand reached back, sliding along his waist. My

fingers brushed against the worn leather of his belt. I pulled back, feeling as though I'd burned my flesh on a hot stove.

"I'll be good," I pleaded.

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“Good girl,” he praised. His arm took mine, slowly walking me over to the table. I stumbled a bit in my heels, but he was there to steady me. My face was aflame with heat, my embarrassment over being forced to have my lower half naked almost too much to bear.

Like a perfect gentleman, he pulled out my chair and I lowered myself down into the seat. He pushed my chair in before taking his.

I pressed my thighs together, more flustered and aroused than I’d ever been in my life. I wanted him to reach over and touch me, but most of all, I just needed to come. I stared down at the porcelain plate in front of me, studying the fine blue details that were painted around the edges of it.

“What’s the drug going to do to me?” I asked quietly.

“It will enhance your arousal, open your mind, and allow you to truly embrace who you are and what you need, little girl,” he answered.

I tried to temper my anger. I shifted in my seat, feeling my core tighten inexplicably at his explanation.

“Are there any side effects?” I followed up, my voice wavering with tension. I’d never taken any drugs before.

“No. None. I would never hurt you,” he reassured me.

For a long moment, I sat there stewing. I wanted him to touch me. Spank me. But

most of all, I wanted him to fuck me.

I couldn't reconcile who I thought I was with any of that.

"I'm angry with you," I finally said.

"I know you are," he answered, but there didn't seem like there was any room for negotiation in his tone. He almost sounded like he expected me to be like this.

"I didn't choose this," I spat.

"I know. I know because I'm the one that chose you, little girl."

"What does that mean?" I jerked my head up, searching his face. There was something there, something he wasn't telling me, and I sat back, trying to figure out what that was before he said anything at all.

"I've been watching you for a long time, Jasmina. The first time I saw you, I thought you were an angel fallen from heaven," he answered.

"How long?"

"I first saw you at the University of London, rushing from one class to another. I remember it like it was yesterday. The sun had broken out from between the clouds, shining down and catching your beautiful curls in the light. You were laughing beside a friend, your face utterly radiant with joy. You met my gaze for the briefest of seconds before you turned away and jogged up the stairs of one of the university buildings."

I blinked, trying to remember the moment he had referenced. He had seemed vaguely familiar the first time I'd met him at the office, so maybe somewhere deep down he'd

made an impression too.

“You showed interest in real estate,” he said next.

My mouth went dry.

“Your boss hired you at my request,” he continued, and my fury seethed forward once more. I pressed my thighs together, my anger and my arousal at war as my wetness seeped down onto my thighs and onto the seat beneath me.

There was going to be a wet spot when he finally let me stand up.

“You did well at the firm, and I was so very proud of you, but every day that passed felt like forever without you here with me instead. Last month, I decided enough was enough. I arranged with your boss for you to take an extended vacation and I paid him well for it. I made sure your absence from London was covered so that you wouldn’t be missed. I wanted to give you enough time here to be yourself and realize that you didn’t want to leave. That you and I are meant for each other,” he explained further.

My pussy started to tingle. I turned away, wanting to hide my expression from him.

“You’re crazy,” I whispered.

“I’m just a man that knows what he wants,” he answered.

“What do you actually want? Sex?”

“Your hand in marriage,” he replied.

I paused for a long moment, not knowing what to say.

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“There is a locked room upstairs near my quarters. There, I’ve stored the wedding dress that I’ve chosen for you. There are also detailed plans with the devised setup for the ceremony to take place on the estate grounds, complete with images of suggested flower arrangements, catering, the works. I’ve planned everything for us. The last thing I need is you,” he continued.

I stared at him, stunned into silence.

I shifted in my seat, thoroughly distracted by the needy pulsing between my thighs. My core was spiraling tighter, my need growing greater. Already, it was taking all of my concentration not to spread my legs and rub myself against the edge so that I could come.

He looked at me like he knew exactly what I was thinking.

“You want me to be your wife,” I echoed, afraid to believe it and wanting to all the same.

Why did the thought of that turn me on so much? I desperately wanted to brush my fingertips against my clit while thinking about walking down the aisle and saying I do.

“Does the idea repel you?”

“No,” I answered without thinking. His answering grin was chilling and arousing all at the same time.

At that very moment, John came in with a tray and I tried to conceal as much of my body beneath the table as I could, but there would be no hiding the fact that the count had stripped me from the waist down from him.

As John rounded the table, his gaze flicked downward, noticing the bare side of my hip. I dropped my hands to my lap, doing the best that I could to hide my pussy. His gaze wasn't overt in any way, but the expression on his face told me he knew exactly how this night was going to end for me.

"Trouble in paradise, my lord?" John asked, his mouth curving up slightly with the hint of an amused smile.

"Lucky for her, she's not sitting on a bright red bottom right now, though she should be with the kind of behavior she's showcased tonight," he answered, and my blush intensified to an open flame. If John wasn't aware of the fact that Dmitri had spanked me in the past, he was most certainly aware of it now.

I stared down at the table, willing myself to disappear.

"Dmitri," I whispered hoarsely, hoping to appeal to his sensibilities.

"I can give John a demonstration if need be, little girl," he warned. I didn't say another word, trying to survive the onslaught of my embarrassment and the near out of control arousal that was coursing through my veins right now. It was getting harder and harder not to touch myself.

In an attempt to distract me from my neediness, I watched as John served dinner. There was a plate of robber steak, with beef, bacon, onions, and bits of red pepper that had been cooked over an open flame. There were plates of roasted chicken, rich salads piled with juicy tomatoes and cucumbers, roasted potatoes, stuffed eggplant, garlic steamed vegetables as well as a decanter full of the plum brandy, just like the

one the count had shared with me on my first night.

I stayed still as John served my plate, keeping my hands in my lap until he rounded the table to serve Dmitri. When I pulled my hands away, I was mortified to see that those portions of my fingers were glistening with my own arousal.

I swallowed hard.

I reached for the small glass of brandy that had been poured for me, feeling the need to have a little liquid courage burning through my veins.

When John finally left the room, I felt like I could breathe again. The count's gaze settled on me, seductive and powerful and utterly full of mystery.

"Why me?" I asked.

"Why does anyone fall in love?" he answered.

"I'm no one special," I scoffed, using my fork to spear a piece of thick juicy beef.

"You're everything that makes my world special," he exclaimed, and my heart leapt into my throat. I felt both scolded and loved at the same time. My brow furrowed. He'd implied that he felt love for me. The sudden urge to ask overwhelmed me and I blurted out the question I'd been wanting to ask for the longest time.

"You love me?"

"Yes. I've loved you since the very first moment I laid my eyes on you."

There was no missing the absolute certainty in his voice. Every doubt I'd had about us fled away in that moment, leaving me awash in my own swirling emotions. I ate

several more bites off my plate, just needing the silence and the safety of my own mind.

My core ached.

“You can’t just take me captive,” I finally whispered.

“I live in a world that doesn’t play by the rules, little girl. I make them. Others abide by them,” he replied.

“Who are you?”

“My family always had money, but it was me who put them on the map. I’ve written a few pieces of software that have been bought up by the U.S. military. I’ve made a great deal off of real estate and investing in the right stocks at the right time, both legally and illegally,” he continued.

I narrowed my eyes a bit.

“I’m also the kingpin in a rather lucrative drug ring that spans the world. Blood is one of our rising stars that I’m hoping to bring to market very soon. One of my close friends developed it himself in his own lab,” he replied.

Reclusive billionaire real estate investor and part time drug lord.

Wow, did I know how to pick them...

I didn’t understand it, but I wanted his hands on me anyway. I didn’t care that he was a criminal.

I just wanted him to touch me again.

I wanted him to make love to me. To kiss me and tell me every single day that I belonged to him.

My core twisted tight, and I dug my fingers into my thighs hard enough to hurt. When the painful ache passed, I reached over the table and downed the entire small glass of

plum brandy.

I pushed up off the table, angry, needy, and so incredibly frustrated. My inner thighs were drenched with my wetness and my breasts were so heavy with desire that they ached terribly inside my dress. I needed to come.

I couldn't wait any longer.

"Where are you going?" he asked, his voice carrying a dangerous air.

"I'm going to deal with things myself," I snarled. I had every intention of disappearing into my room and coming as many times as I needed until this drug wore off or I passed out, whichever came first. I didn't much care which. I just needed relief.

"I told you I was going to deal with you after dinner, didn't I, little girl?"

"I don't know what you want. I don't know what I want," I shrieked.

"You do know, don't you?" he pressed.

Without thinking, I reached back and slapped him across the face. I expected him to react in kind, but he didn't. Instead, he took ahold of my wrist with a gentleness I didn't deserve and pressed it down. He took both of my small hands into his much larger ones and held them.

I didn't want to look at him. I didn't want to ask him to pull me over his knee and spank my bare bottom until I cried before he put me flat on my back and made my screams echo off the walls loud enough so that the entire estate knew that I was his.

I wanted the tension between us gone. I wanted him to give me what I needed, which

was a night of pleasure, pain, and utter satisfaction.

I wanted everything.

“Yes,” I whispered, enraged that he’d forced me to admit it.

“What do you need, my little girl?”

The words slipped out of my mouth before I could stop them. I couldn’t lift my gaze knowing his cheek was probably pink from my hand. I hated that I had done that.

“I need you to punish me, sir,” I breathed.

“You don’t just need that, do you, little girl?”

“I need you to fuck me,” I whispered, my voice almost silent. My entire body was trembling, and it was taking everything in me not to collapse. I teetered a bit in my heels, and he placed a steadying hand on my lower back.

“I’m going to take care of you, my little girl. Not just for tonight, but for the rest of your life,” he vowed, which only made my legs shake harder.

“Please,” I pleaded.

He took my upper arm gently in his grasp and led me out of the dining room, with my bottom still very bare. Every nerve in my body was firing with need and anticipation, fueled by the nervousness coursing through me at what was to come. When he reached the stairs, he carried me up them, only then placing me back on my feet. I expected him to bring me to my bedroom, but he didn’t.

He brought me to his.

He pulled a big skeleton key out of the pocket in his suit, slipped it in the lock, and opened the door.

The absolute grandeur of his room was awe-inspiring. It was decorated in rich shades of burgundy, red, and gold. The four-poster bed was the biggest I'd ever seen, with a draped silk canopy that screamed royalty. It was covered in plush blankets and pillows, so much so that it was probably like sleeping in a cloud.

He kept me close, reaching toward my right side and unzipping the top of my dress. His fingertips brushed against my skin, eliciting hot shivers cascading up and down my limbs. He lifted what remained of it over my head, tossing it aside without a care. He unclipped my bra with a quick pinch, threading that down my arms and throwing it with the top of the dress. My nipples hardened and it took everything in me not to reach up and pinch them myself.

My core spiraled with heat. His close proximity only made it worse.

He cleared his throat. "Go and bend over the bed for me. It's time I finally introduced you to my belt, my little girl."

CHAPTER8

JASMINA

My heart practically leapt out of my throat. It pounded wildly in my chest, and I

pressed my hand over it, looking back at the count and pleading with him in silence.

I pulled in a breath, and it was the hardest thing I'd ever had to do. "The belt?"

"Yes, my sweet. Now do as you're told," he said, his voice a quiet rumble of inevitability.

That only made my heartbeat quicken further. Before I knew what was happening, my feet started moving toward the bed. I thought the journey would take longer, but I'd reached the bed before I knew it. I stepped from foot to foot, looking at the bed for a moment before I looked over my shoulder.

He raised a single eyebrow and my pussy clenched hard. He said nothing else, and I knew I was quickly running out of time. I leaned forward, placing my hands on the bed.

It was just as soft as I'd imagined it would be.

Before I knew it, my naked torso was flush against the bed. The mattress was tall and when I shifted forward enough to support my hips, my heels left the floor for a second before I teetered back.

He knelt behind me, pulling off my red-bottomed shoes one by one. His caress on my ankles seemed incredibly intimate, enough to take my breath away with anticipation. His breath was hot on the back of my thigh, and I was increasingly aware of the proximity of his face from my pussy.

Without my shoes, my toes barely touched the plush carpet underneath.

It made me feel so small and vulnerable.

It also made me feel desirable.

He stood up behind me, the rustle of his clothes shifting the only indication that he had moved.

I could feel his eyes on my naked flesh. A soft tingling pumped through my veins, a sordid heat that was bubbling up inside me with powerful intensity. My clit throbbed firmly, and I pressed my thighs together even though I knew it would do nothing to cover up the soaking wet mess of arousal that covered them.

I heard him step behind me, the soft brush of his foot against the carpet. His fingers grazed along my lower back. An electric bolt of desire catapulted straight to my clit, and I bit my lip, trying to keep quiet. His touch was like fire, dragging back and forth and driving me wild. I wanted nothing more than to lift my bottom and spread my legs so that he could fuck me, but that wasn't all I needed.

He was right. I did need his belt.

It was a visceral sort of need, one I couldn't fight or deny any longer. The pain was going to mix with the pleasure and in the end, it would devastate me more than any single orgasm could.

Behind me, I heard him unclasp his belt buckle. I couldn't stop myself as I looked over my shoulder, peering back at him as he pulled the belt from the loops in his slacks. The swishing sound it made was both mesmerizing and terrifying and I found myself holding my breath.

His dark mahogany eyes bored into mine as he folded the thick black strap over in his hands.

The image of him standing there with the doubled-over belt in his hand would forever

be burned into my mind. My thighs slipped against one another as I whimpered softly.

“You’re so very beautiful, my Mina,” he murmured. My inner walls fluttered with need as he stepped beside me. I gasped when the wide breadth of his palm pressed against my lower back.

He didn’t hold me down, not yet, but I knew he would soon.

My muscles trembled just the slightest bit and he groaned at the sight.

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“I was still deciding how to handle you at dinner, but you made the decision for me when you slapped me, didn’t you, little girl?”

“Yes, sir,” I squeaked.

“I had thought you might just need a spanking over my knee, but you need much more than that, don’t you?”

I couldn’t say anything. I nodded into the bed, too overwhelmed to speak.

“The sight of you bare and waiting for a belting with your soaking wet pussy on complete display tells me that you need this, my little girl.”

“Please,” I begged.

I wished he would reach between my legs and touch me. I arched my back so that my bottom lifted, spreading my legs slightly so that he could see everything he wanted to see.

“You will be fucked after your belting, but you’re going to be fucked the way very bad girls are fucked, little girl.”

My entire body shivered. I didn’t quite know what that meant and the mystery of it made it even hotter. His fingers finally dove in between my legs, and I couldn’t keep my shocked moan from escaping me. One digit dragged over my clit, and I sighed with absolute pleasure.

“Please, sir,” I begged.

Much to my frustration, he pulled his fingers away. I would have whined out loud, but the quiet swish of the leather strap cutting through the air caught my attention only fractions of a second before it slashed across my bottom.

The sound of it whipping across my bare flesh was as loud as a gunshot. My mouth opened in disbelief and a shocked cry escaped me. At first, I thought the noise was the worst part, but then the stinging line of fire followed.

It wasn't instantaneous. Gradually, the line of fire worsened, growing hotter with each fraction of a second that ticked by.

There was no getting used to it because the next painful lash quickly followed.

And then another.

And another.

I tried to tell myself that I would remain stoic, but by the time the fifth stroke lashed my bottom, I knew I wouldn't be able to keep that promise. His hand on my back pressed down harder, holding me in place for what was to come.

I chewed the inside of my cheek, grabbing onto the blankets of the bed beneath me in hopes of holding on as if they could offer me some sort of protection or comfort.

I had thought his palm was cruel, but it was nothing compared to this.

The stinging from the belt was intense. No matter how much I tried to squirm away, the count found his mark every time. I yelped and cried, but it did nothing to dissuade him.

If anything, it was probably making his cock harder.

My pussy tightened at the thought.

He whipped the tops of my cheeks, slowly working downward to the lower curves of my backside. I hoped he would stop there, but a part of me knew that he wouldn't.

When that terrible strap first lashed the tops of my thighs, I wailed out loud, the sting more brutal than I could have ever imagined. I reached back without thinking, and he diverted his arm to cause the belt to land harmlessly on the bed rather than my fingers.

"Hands behind your back, little girl. This is a punishment that's supposed to sting, but I don't want to hurt you," he explained.

I whimpered as I slid my arms backwards. He captured both of my wrists and pinned them behind my back.

"That's a good girl," he praised, and my heart pounded. Unconsciously, I raised my ass and he groaned in appreciation.

"Please, sir... I need..." I pleaded. My entire body was flushed with heat. For the first time, I was thankful for the fact that I was naked. I didn't know if I could take the fabric against my skin right now. Already, a few droplets of sweat were threatening to fall at the edges of my brow.

"I know, sweet girl," he answered.

The belt whipped me hard and fast after that. It was ruthless and there was nothing for me to do except take it, over and over again. My entire focus centered on my bare ass and that thick stinging strap.

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I could feel the welts rising on my skin. I knew that I'd probably still have marks in the morning, but that didn't much matter.

I fought the rising sense of panic that I knew would inevitably come. I wanted to take this with as much dignity as I could muster, but in the end, I knew he wouldn't allow me to keep even a shred of it. The belt ruthlessly lashed the backs of my thighs and all of my bare cheeks. The tip of the belt was the most painful part, the ache sinking deep with every terrible lash.

Even as the belt kept falling, I could feel my pussy growing wetter. My core spiraled tighter and I whined softly, needing to come more than I ever had in my life.

"Please. Please," I begged.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to survive the burning that was blazing across my bottom. My breath hitched and I tried to remain strong, but that only made my aroused panic simmer even hotter.

He leaned over me, laying the belt right in front of my face as he released my wrists from his hold. His other hand dove between my legs, finding me soaking wet just for him.

Fuck. Yes.This.

This was what I wanted.

He teased me, slowly at first, keeping the pressure light even as I writhed beneath

him. My hips rocked, trying to rub myself a bit harder against his rough knuckles, but he wouldn't give me what I wanted. Instead, he teased me.

Relentlessly.

He edged me to orgasm, not once or twice, but so many times that I lost count. I wailed with frustration, the painful sting of denial ripping through me again and again. I begged and pleaded for mercy, but none ever came.

"You don't need your freedom, do you, Jasmina?" he asked pointedly.

"Please," I whispered. He edged me once again and I screamed, so desperate that I knew I couldn't stand this for much longer. The pad of his finger pressed a bit harder on my clit and I moaned, hoping that this time he would grant me mercy.

He didn't.

He wouldn't allow it.

"You need to be like this. Naked and trembling, waiting for me to punish you, to take you, to use you."

My heart nearly stopped beating, the air ripped right out of my lungs. My fingers fisted the blankets beneath me. He was still leaning over me, and I wanted nothing more than for him to free his cock so that he could fuck me with it.

Hard.

"Yes..." I whispered. I didn't want to admit it out loud, but there were no other options.

“You don’t only need this, but a part of you wants it, isn’t that, right?” he continued.

My body blazed at his suggestion, as if it was answering for me without a word.

“I can’t...” I blurted out. His hand slapped my pussy. I was so over-sensitized that the sting was far more than I could have ever prepared for.

“Yes. Yes, I want this!” I wailed. My face flushed hot with shame, and I was grateful that I could hide it from him in the blankets that covered the bed. Being forced to admit it to him, bare like this with my bottom marked from his belt was shameful in a way I’d never imagined it could be and I wanted nothing more than to be swallowed up so that I could disappear and deal with my mortification on my own.

I knew he wouldn’t allow that though.

His fingers returned to my stinging folds, his touch still too light to make me teeter over the edge into the orgasm I so desperately needed. When he increased the pressure, I became hopeful that I’d given him what he wanted, that now he might allow me to come.

It was a fool’s hope.

He just teased me again, bringing me right to the edge before he tore his touch away. A forlorn cry escaped me, and my entire body quaked, suffering under the thrall of insurmountable pleasure that had built up inside of me.

It needed to be let out.

“Please. Please fuck me,” I begged.

“Do you need a fucking, bad girl?”

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“Yes... please...! Please! I need a fucking, sir!” I wailed.

There was no dignity in me left. Not even a shred of it. No sense of pride. Nothing. The only thing that remained was shameful need.

I’m not sure when it happened, but in that moment, I knew I had given him my surrender. Not just with my body, but with my mind.

“I’m not going to fuck this needy little pussy. You’re going to beg me to fuck another hole, my bad little girl,” he rumbled.

The panic that had risen during my belting returned with a vengeance. He couldn’t actually mean that. Normal people wouldn’t want to do those kinds of things. My thighs pressed together nervously, and my inner walls fluttered with greed, wanting every inch of his cock pressing inside it.

“Please fuck my pussy. Please. I’ll be a good girl,” I pleaded.

“Good girls get good hard fuckings in their needy little pussies, don’t they?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I whimpered.

“You weren’t a good girl, were you?”

“No, sir,” I wailed. I knew he was right.

My thighs were trembling now, and I knew he could see it. His hand hadn't left my pussy, sliding over my clit again and again as he relentlessly teased me.

The thought of his cock sinking into me there was so incredibly shameful that I couldn't voice it. Somehow, it felt more wicked than a bare bottom spanking, or even a spanking on my wet pussy, or even a piece of ginger inside my asshole. It felt more personal, more intimate than anything the two of us had ever done.

"Bad girls get fucked good and hard in their tight little assholes," he murmured.

His words removed all possibility that he could be talking of something else completely. There was no hidden meaning anymore, simply pure intention.

His cock was going inside my ass.

I moaned, shaking with unreleased pleasure as his fingertip glided over my clit again. My legs were quaking hard.

"Please," I begged.

"I know you need to come, little girl."

"Sir," I cried.

He stood up, lifting the belt off the bed. He kicked my legs open and before I knew what was happening, the belt licked between my thighs. Not once or twice, but three times.

I screamed, the stinging overwhelming in an instant. My pussy burned, the flames licking my sensitive folds over and over again in a crescendo of cruel sensation. The stinging didn't fade right away, and I was left whimpering from it.

“Tell me what you need, my bad girl,” he demanded.

There was no use fighting it anymore. This was happening.

“I need you to fuck me,” I wailed.

“How,” he pressed.

“Like a bad girl,” I whispered hoarsely. My hands swept forward, covering my face as if it would hide any semblance of my shame.

“Be more specific,” he pushed.

“I need you to fuck my bottom so I can come, sir,” I pleaded. My voice shook with every syllable, but every wall inside me had crumbled before him.

He’d set me free.

“I’m going to give you everything you need, my Mina.”

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He leaned over me, grasping the back of my head and turning my face toward him. He kissed me roughly, pressing the hard line of his cock against my sore left cheek. My pussy pulsed greedily, almost as if it was pleading for the fucking that it wasn't going to get tonight.

When he stood back up, he dragged his fingertips down the curve of my spine, like he was laying claim to every inch of me and maybe in a way, he was.

And I wanted him to.

Behind me, he stripped, and I couldn't help but look back. In the soft lighting, every one of his chiseled muscles looked enormous. The plane of his chest was so broad. His abdomen was rigid, so perfectly sculpted that it could have been carved out of marble. He kicked off his shoes and unbuttoned his pants, cocking his head with interest as he caught me watching.

I hadn't seen his cock the last time and a sudden need to see it now surged over me.

He pushed his slacks down, taking the dark underwear he was wearing with them. The magnificent spear of his cock bounced free, and I whimpered in sheer intimidation at the enormous size of it.

It was even thicker than I imagined.

I didn't have any idea how it had fit inside my pussy that first time and the sudden terror that it was soon going to be fucking my ass rattled me. I cried out, watching the thick veins on either side pulse with blood. He was so incredibly hard.

He wanted this.

He wanted to fuck my ass. He was looking forward to it. He'd probably been thinking about it since the moment he'd torn the skirt of my dress off.

"Reach back and spread yourself for me. Show me the virgin hole that's about to get fucked," he demanded.

The journey to reach my hands back felt like the longest one in the world. Every inch was a battle and when I finally cupped my backside, I gasped at the heat. I couldn't see it, but there was no doubt in my mind that it was bright, bright red.

I pressed my face into the bed as I pulled myself apart. Being made to do this was infinitely worse than having him do it for me. It made me incredibly aware of the fact that I was a willing participant in this, that I was showing him the place that he was soon going to be sinking into and that I was going to come when he did it.

I wanted to tell myself that I wouldn't have an orgasm with his cock in my ass.

That would have been a lie.

I knew that I would, that I was probably going to come harder than I ever had in my life.

I kept my eyes closed as I heard him grab something beside me. A cap flipped open, and a cold liquid splashed onto my exposed bottom hole. I yelped, but his fingers were soon spreading it over me there.

I moaned as his fingers circled, spreading the lubricant all over before the tip of his finger pressed against my tight hole. I tightened reflexively, but that didn't give him pause. With firm intention, he pushed that single digit inside me.

A deep ache hurtled through me, terrible and agonizing and somehow magnificently wonderful at the same time. He worked just the tip inside and I cried out. He pushed in that first knuckle and groaned.

“You’re so incredibly tight. I’m going to enjoy this very much,” he mused.

Another biting volley of pain hurtled through me. Slowly, he pumped that finger in and out of me, lubing me in the most shameful way I could have imagined. When the initial ache started to fade, he added a second finger, stretching me wider and starting the whole process all over again. I held myself open the whole time, gripping onto my sore cheeks in reluctant desperation.

I wanted to hate this.

I didn’t though.

I liked it. A lot.

When he added a third finger, I cried out even as my arousal rolled down my thighs. He pumped those cruel digits in and out of me, stretching me open in preparation for the monstrosity that was his cock.

Oh, my god. It was going to go inside me.

It was so much thicker than his fingers.

A fresh wave of panic washed over me. Immediately, my desire spiked higher, rolling through me in one surge after another until all that was left was need.

He stepped in between my legs.

“You may let go now, my bad little girl. I will take care of the rest,” he said simply and the finality in his tone made my entire body seize with fearful arousal. His cock brushed against my backside, and I stiffened.

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His fingers were still inside me. They didn't stay there. The moment they came out, I felt empty in a way I hadn't anticipated.

"This next part is going to hurt, but that's exactly what you need."

"Yes, sir," I moaned.

My clit was throbbing as if it had its own heartbeat. My legs quaked and the air rushed out of my lungs the moment that the head of his cock brushed against my asshole.

I was about to get my bottom fucked for the first time.

His hands grasped my hips, lifting me off the bed just a little to situate me just right. He leaned over me, putting just a little pressure against my already tender asshole.

It made the moment so very real.

He pushed a bit harder, breaching into me. My panic surged red hot at the inevitability of what was happening, and I cried out with it. I gripped the bed, wanting to crawl forward and escape at the same time that I wanted to push back and take even more of him.

Slowly, he pressed his cock into me. It was a struggle. His cock was incredibly thick, and it stretched me wide open in a way that I wasn't prepared for. I cried out, moaning in agony and desire as every inch speared into me. Pain hurtled up and down my spine with savage abandon. I tried to relax my body so that I could take him, but

it soon proved impossible.

Instinctually, my body tightened around him, which only made the ensuing bouts of stinging agony that much greater. His cock was slickened with lubricant, and I was thankful at least for that, but it hurt all the same.

When he'd worked the entirety of his thick length into my reluctant asshole, he stilled, just holding position in a way that made me completely aware of what was happening. My asshole tensed and I moaned through the painful reminder that followed.

His fingers tensed and he pulled out, only to push back inside a bit more quickly than he had the first time. It still ached, but it didn't hurt nearly as much as that initial thrust. My bottom hole stretched open for him and the tidal wave of desire that followed nearly made my eyes roll back in my head.

I moaned softly as I reeled with arousal.

I had thought it had been bad before. Now it was so much worse.

The Blood shot was working its way through my system, forcing out my hidden desires whether I liked it or not.

"Are you ready to come for me like a bad girl, Mina?"

I shuddered hard, but it wasn't with fear. It was with overwhelming shameful need.

I did need to come.

But most of all, I needed to come with him punishing methisway.

“Yes, sir,” I begged, quaking with my need, and pleading with him, both body and soul.

There were no more words, but there didn’t need to be. There was simply fucking. His cock thrust in and out of my asshole slowly at first, gradually building in pace until it was just as punishing as I imagined it would be.

My first orgasm tore through me with no warning. As soon as it began, I started to scream, writhing beneath him as he ravaged my asshole with his enormous cock. I wailed and moaned, but my body soared high, swirling with pleasure that was more powerful than I could have ever imagined. My legs quaked. My core imploded and the white-hot bliss of ecstasy blinded me to the rest of the world.

I shattered with that first release.

When my pleasure began to crest, my panic began to surface once again.

He wasn’t slowing down.

I knew he wouldn’t either.

Now that my initial arousal was beginning to fade, the pain returned, surging hotter than before. He hiked my hips up, leaning forward as he shoved his hand underneath my belly. His fingers slid underneath my pussy, and I gasped, inadvertently grinding forward against the rough surface.

“I’m far from through with you, my little girl,” he vowed.

He slammed his cock into me, and I wailed. Over and over, he thrust into me. His other hand pressed down on my hip, forcing me to buck against the firm surface of his fingers. I cried out, overly sensitive and unable to escape a single second of it.

It was devastatingly beautiful.

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I came a second time even harder than the first. I came so hard that it felt like my soul soared out of my body. I screamed and moaned until my voice went hoarse.

Still, he fucked me.

Still, it hurt.

But I needed it to.

I rocked my hips forward, shamelessly riding his fingers as he fucked my ass. Every ridge of his cock pushed in and out of me, wickedly cruel and wonderfully arousing.

I found myself arching to take him deeper, enjoying the feeling of his cock spearing into me in a place it wasn't supposed to be. My clit pulsed against his fingers, and I ground against them, riding myself closer and closer to another orgasm.

In that single moment, I knew he was right.

I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay. I wanted him to give him my freedom, but a part of me wanted him to take it.

I wanted his rough hands punishing me. I wanted him to throw me down on the bed every night and fuck me so hard that I collapsed and fell asleep in his arms.

I wanted to be his wife.

I came again. And again. I came so many times that I lost count.

My body sizzled with tingling pleasure. Every nerve was overstimulated, firing over and over again with agonizing bliss that left me reeling. My asshole was sore, but I didn't care because right now it wasn't mine.

Right now, it belonged to him.

He thrust into me fiercely, slamming his cock in my asshole so hard that I knew I would feel it in the morning. I shrieked, bucking forward and rubbing myself against his fingers.

I came again and he roared behind me.

The first splash of his hot seed inside my ass was as wicked as it was shocking. I cried out, my eyes rolling back in my head.

That first orgasm had shattered me.

The ones that followed broke me.

This last one obliterated everything that was me.

I came so hard that I started to cry. Tears rolled down my cheeks in rivulets, even as my core spasmed with the ceaseless fits of pleasure from such a savage claiming.

It was at that moment that I knew I was his. Once and for all.

I sobbed, clutching onto the sheets beneath me as my body quaked. The aftershocks of such a powerful orgasm nearly undid me and I tried to focus on the constant feel of his cock pumping his hot seed inside me.

It was shameful.

It was everything.

I sobbed, not from pain. It didn't hurt anymore. The only thing left was sheer numbing pleasure coursing through my limbs. He fucked me slowly, the warm feel of his seed inside me comforting.

This night had changed me forever. I would never be the same.

Gently, he pulled his cock out of my well-used asshole and his seed dripped down my thigh. I was too exhausted to even try to reach back to wipe it off. There was something that felt right about it marking me like that.

Without saying a word, he gathered me in his arms and put me down on top of the bed. His body surrounded mine. I reached for him, clutching at his chest as my tears continued to fall.

He held me for a long time after that.

Eventually, my tears dried. My breathing returned to normal. My heart was still palpitating in my chest, but that gradually calmed down too.

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“You’re right,” I finally whispered. It hurt to speak, but I did it anyway.

“You’re mine, little girl, and I’m going to keep you. Forever.”

He reached to the side, and I gazed up at the top of the canopy. Instead of staring up into the burgundy fabric that I expected, I was looking right back at myself.

It was my reflection.

In a mirror.

The only one in the house.

I watched as he grasped a small velvet box off the nightstand. I gawked as he opened it and pulled a massive sparkling diamond ring out of it.

He took my hand and slipped it on my finger.

“Forever,” I echoed.

The End