

Chapter 36: Bridget

Chapter 36: Bridget

MY DRESS POOLED AROUND MY ANKLES, LEAVING ME IN ONLY MY LACE bra and thong. Trembles wracked me—from anticipation or the slight chill in the air, I wasn't sure. Probably a mixture of both.

Rhys was silhouetted against the moonlight so I couldn't see his face, but I could feel the heat of his gaze as it raked over me. Dark and possessive like a lover's touch, leaving a trail of delicious goosebumps in its wake.

I wet my lips, dying to touch him, but knowing it was in my best interest not to move until he told me to.

“Bra. Off.”

Two seconds later, white lace joined green silk on the floor.

I reached down to shimmy out of my underwear, but a low growl halted my movements.

“I didn't tell you to do that.” Rhys's eyes lingered on my breasts, and my nipples, already so hard they could cut glass, pebbled further. “Keep your underwear, gloves, and heels on,” he said, still in that deceptively soft tone. “And crawl to me.”

My breath gusted out in shock even as my core spasmed at the order.

I'd never crawled for anyone in my life—while I was all but naked, no less. Even if I wasn't the future queen, it would be degrading. Humiliating. Depraved.

And I'd never been more turned on.

I sank to my hands and knees, shivering again at the feel of the cool wood floor against my bare skin.

And I began to crawl.

The room wasn't that big, but the anticipation made it seem endless. Halfway across, I glimpsed myself in the full-length mirror mounted on the wall, and my skin burned at the sight.

I still wore the elegant elbow-length gloves that came with my bridesmaid outfit, but when paired with only my heels and thong, they looked obscene.

My breathing grew choppy. I was so wet my thighs slid against each other, and by the time I reached Rhys, I was dripping all down my legs.

I stopped at his feet and looked up. I could see him more clearly now, but his expression remained unreadable except for the fire blazing in his eyes.

"Good girl." He fisted my hair with one hand and used the other to unbuckle his pants. His cock sprung out, thick and hard, the swollen head dripping with pre-cum.

God, I needed to taste him. No one had ever turned me on as much as he did. Every word, every touch, every glance. I wanted it all.

I stared at him with pleading eyes.

Rhys hadn't finished nodding before I took him in my mouth, savoring his groans and the way he pulled my hair as I eagerly licked and sucked.

"What would your people say if they could see you now, princess?" he grunted, pushing his cock deeper until it hit the back of my throat. I spluttered, my eyes watering from the sheer size of him. "Crawling and choking on your bodyguard's cock?"

I moaned out an unintelligible response. My hand drifted between my legs, but I didn't make contact before he yanked me up and captured my mouth in a hard, punishing

kiss.

He was still angry about Steffan. I could taste it on his tongue, feel it in the roughness of his hands as he squeezed my ass.

“You’re more than just a bodyguard to me.” I needed him to understand that, even amid our lust-drenched haze.

“Yeah, I can get you off, too,” Rhys said caustically. “Bet none of the lily-livered aristocrats out there can fuck you the way you need.”

I didn’t take the bait. “It’s more than that.”

It was the closest I’d come to voicing what was in my heart.

Something vulnerable flickered in Rhys’s eyes, and his touch gentled for a second before his face hardened again. He spun me around and bent me over the table, pressing his body against mine until every inch of him melded into every inch of me.

He lowered his mouth to my ear and tangled one of his hands with mine. “I want you to know something, princess,” he said, his voice a hoarse rasp against my skin.

“There’s not much in the world I want to claim as mine. I’ve seen and done too much shit in my life to believe in forever. But you...” He grasped my chin with his free hand. “You belong to me. I don’t give a fuck what the law or anyone else says. You are mine. Understand?”

“Yes.” I squeezed his hand, my heart and body aching for completely different reasons.

Rhys exhaled a harsh, shuddering breath and pulled back. I was about to protest before he roughly parted my thighs and yanked my underwear down.

The ball of anticipation in my stomach coiled tighter.

“There’s something else you should know.” He dragged two fingers through my wetness before shoving them in my mouth, forcing me to taste my juices. An unbidden

moan slipped out at the unfamiliar tang on my tongue. "I don't like it when other people touch what's mine. Especially when it's a date who's not me."

I knew I'd been in trouble the minute I said that.

"But maybe you need a lesson to drive that point home." Rhys rubbed his thumb over my swollen clit before his palm landed where his thumb had been. My body jerked, and a yelp of surprise and pain tore from my throat, but Rhys's fingers in my mouth muffled the sound.

His palm landed on my pussy again with a loud slap. And again. And again.

I was shaking, my eyes filled with tears as razor-sharp sensation spiked through me. My entire world had narrowed to the pulsing heat between my legs and the man who doled out pain and pleasure in equal measure.

"Who does your pussy belong to?" Rhys removed his fingers from my mouth and squeezed my breast.

"You," I gasped, clutching the edge of the table so hard my knuckles turned white.

"Say it again." Hard. Demanding. Authoritative.

"You! My pussy belongs to you." My voice broke in a sob as he delivered another stinging slap to my clit.

"That's right. It belongs to me, and don't you ever forget it." Slap.

I let out a keening wail, trying to scrabble away and push back harder against him at the same time. I couldn't tell whether I loved or hated what was happening, only that I was dripping and burning and every scrape of my nipples against the wooden table sent another jolt of heat straight to my throbbing clit.

"Are you going to dance with your date again?" Rhys's voice sounded remarkably even, if tightly controlled.

I shook my head, the tears sliding down my cheeks.

“Good.” Slap. “You are so wet, princess.” Slap. “You should see how pretty and swollen your clit looks right now. Like it’s begging for me to spank it harder.” SLAP.

It was too much. The words, the brutal, filthy punishment, the fact we were doing this just around the corner and down the hall from my family and friends.

I exploded. Hard. Long. Violent. Ears buzzing, knees buckling, showers of lights bursting behind my eyes. I would’ve fallen to the floor had Rhys not held me up while the strongest orgasm of my life tore through me like an electric storm, and I had to drop my head and bury my face in my arm to stifle my screams.

I was still riding out the waves of my mind-shattering release when I felt Rhys’s tongue gently stroke my clit, licking and soothing until the burn faded.

Just as I gathered myself together, he stood and slowly pushed his cock inside of me. He withdrew equally slowly, until just the tip remained inside, and paused. I inhaled, but my first real breath of the night broke into a squeal when he suddenly slammed into me with a vicious thrust. His fist in my hair kept me in place as he bottomed out with each downward stroke, and the contrast between the gentleness of his entry and the savage fury with which he now fucked me scrambled my senses to the point where I could only hold on to the table for dear life.

In and out. Harder and faster each time until the tingles at the base of my spine came back to life, and I crashed over the edge again.

“Oh, God, Rhys.”

“That’s it, princess.” He pressed a kiss to my shoulder, his movements growing jerkier. He was about to come, too. “Such a good girl. Come for me.”