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## Prologue

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“**E**xcuse me, ma’am?” I ask as I stop halfway to the end of the alley. “Are you hurt?” I take another step towards her. This isn’t uncommon on my patrol. We often have strays turn up in these alleys on my beat, drunk and lost. Some are homeless, and others are looking for men to sell themselves to for a quick buck.

She shifts on the pavement. “You can’t sleep here, ma’am. I’m going to have to ask you to move along.”

“Please.” I hear a small voice say. I hurry forward, ready to render aid, pausing to turn and look behind me. My partner is on a break down the street. He should be here soon and can go call for backup.

“Ma’am, can you hear me? Are you hurt?” I ask as I bend over her. I freeze the moment I see her face. She has pale skin, the color of snow. Her lips are so dark they look as though they’re covered in blood. “Ma’am, are you hurt? I’m an officer. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m here to help.” I gently place my hand on her shoulder and roll her from her side to her back.

Her eyes fly open, staring back at me. They’re silver, glowing in the moonlight. She grabs my neck with unnatural strength,

and in an instant, my back is up against the brick wall of the alley.

“Oh, sweet thing,” she purrs at me, fangs lowering from the top of her mouth. I struggle to reach my whistle. My hands are useless against the strength of hers on my neck.

She lunges towards me, teeth sinking into the side of my neck. Everything goes black. I hear my partner in the distance calling my name just before I slide into the darkness. “Don!”

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## Chapter 1

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*Seventy-five years later  
February – Wednesday  
Southern Maryland  
Summer*

**T**he bar swims in my vision when I hear Donnie say, “That’s not possible.”

“What!” I snap at him. “Are you accusing me of cheating on you? I will tell you right now, Donnie. You know damn well I would never do that! What do you mean it’s not possible? I peed on the fucking stick, and I’m pregnant!” I’m yelling now, even though I know people in the restaurant are turning to look in our direction. Most of the onlookers are people we know from The Den, the BDSM club where we are members. Their eyes are glued on us now, waiting to see what the yelling is about.

“Summer,” Donnie says my name quietly and puts his hand

over mine on the bar. “I’m not saying that. I know you wouldn’t —” I cut him off then.

“So then you need to grow a pair, man the fuck up, and accept responsibility for the mess that we are in.” I know I’m still yelling, but I can’t help myself. I don’t know how to navigate this situation

“Summer,” Donnie starts again, but I won’t look at him. I can’t make eye contact. My ears are ringing, and I feel like I’m going to throw up.

“Just get out! Go! If you’re not willing to accept your child and me, then, get out!” I throw my arm out at him, pointing in the direction of the door. Tears are starting to stream down my face. I turn my head, looking at the plate of nachos on the bar. I hear his footsteps as he walks towards the door, leaving me alone.

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*Donnie*

“Fuck!” I shout as I slam my hands on the steering wheel of my truck. I’m sitting in the parking lot of the Mexican restaurant I just left. My woman is inside crying because I couldn’t pull my head out of my ass and be there for her. She told me to go, but I won’t.

“I’m pregnant, Donnie.” I replay her words in my mind. She had the biggest smile on her face. Happy, so happy for the future we would have together. Summer, me, her son Gus, and our new baby. I could see her playing out our whole lives in the depths of her eyes at that moment.

I could tell the second she looked at me that she thought she was losing it all. Everything slipped through her fingers, the terror and disbelief on my face breaking her heart. “Fuck,” I say again more softly, dropping my head back onto the headrest.

“You have to fix this, Donnie. But how do I go in there and tell the woman I love that the baby she is carrying is half-vampire. You have to go back in there and fix this,” I tell myself.

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*Summer*

I’m still sitting at the bar when Melody and Sam show up. I have queso spread across my right cheek, and I know I look like a drunken idiot about to pass out on the bar. “Hey, honey,” Melody says when she walks up, rubbing my back. “You, okay?” I lift one shoulder and then drop it, shrugging in response. “Ah, Summer. Where is Donnie? Did he come with you?” she asks, and the fire inside me is reignited.

“That asshole! Who cares where he is? He probably left. Abandoned me here to deal with his mess!” I yell as I look around the room to see if he has had the nerve to come back into the bar yet. Melody puts her hands on my shoulders and looks me right in the eyes.

“All right, stop. You need to start from the beginning,” Melody says. I just turn away. I’m ashamed of how I’ve been acting towards Donnie in front of our friends. I’ve made a huge mess. “What is going on?”

“I think I can help with that, lass.” I hear a man’s voice say and turn to look in the direction it came from.

“Colin, what are you doing here?” Melody asks him as she steps in his direction out of earshot. I swirl a nacho in cheese sauce, absentmindedly sobbing again.

Melody is back after what seems like an eternity, and I look up at her with tears running down my cheeks. “Honey, tell me what happened,” she says as she takes a sip of her drink.

“I’m pregnant!” I bellow, then break into another sob, and bury my face in my arms, laying my forehead on the bar.

“Well, honey, I’m pretty sure the whole bar figured that out. I’m sure by now the entire Southern Maryland BDSM community knows because this place is packed. Take a breath and back up. You’re pregnant?” Melody’s words ring in my ears, my heart racing.

Slowly I raise my head and feel my cheek stick to my cheese-covered sleeve. I wipe my face with the back of my hand. “You brought Donnie here before the munch and told him.” I nod at her statement. “So, he doesn’t want it?”

I sigh then start to explain. “No, it’s not that. I don’t know what it is, Mel. I told him, and he just sat there staring at me. He wouldn’t say anything—” She stops me before I can go on.

“So, I’m guessing that is when you went all *Summer* on him and flipped out. Yelling and screaming and not even giving him the chance to process what you told him, right?”

I smile at her meekly. “I can’t do it, Melody.” I feel defeated, I’m exhausted, and this night has not gone how I planned it at all. “I can’t do it alone again. I cannot be a single mom to two kids on my own at twenty-five.”

“Honey, Donnie loves you, and Gus. He treats that boy like he is his own. The two of you are his world. I don’t think for one second that he will not love this baby just as much. I think you told him at the wrong time and maybe in the wrong place. You didn’t give him the chance to process what this would mean for you two before you flipped the switch and started yelling at him because you’re panicking.” She gets me perfectly. I nod while wiping my eyes and nose with the back of my sleeve.

“Yea, Mel, you’re right. What am I going to do? I messed it up good this time.” I sigh and feel the tears building behind my eyes again.

“No, you didn’t, sweetie,” Melody says, grabbing my hand. “Let’s be honest, this isn’t Donnie’s first time facing your crazy.

Sam and Colin went to go find him, and they're going to drag his ass back here kicking and screaming if they have to. But, Summer, they won't have to. That man is head over heels in love with you. He will love you when this night is over and love the baby the two of you made more than you ever thought possible. I promise."

"I will," I hear Donnie say from behind Melody. When I turn to look at him, the love in his eyes takes my breath away, and I smile. "Come here, baby. I'm so sorry I left," he says, his eyes soften as he opens his arms to me.

"No, I'm the one who should be sorry," I cry as I stand up and go towards him. He holds out his hands to stop me.

"Stop. Listen, Summer. We need to talk about this in private. I'm never going to walk out on you like that again. But you need to come home with me now so we can talk. Okay?"

I turn and look towards Mel. I'm not sure where to go from here. I just know I have to trust Donnie and my gut. "Go," she mouths to me. I take Donnie's hand in mine, turn back and wave at Mel.

"Thank you," I say over my shoulder as we head for the door.

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By the time we reach the truck, I feel much better, like this evening might be salvaged. "Summer, we are going to go home and talk about this," Donnie says as he climbs into the driver seat after helping me into mine. "But I need you to understand that how you went about telling me was not fair. You had to have known this was a bad idea, and for that reason, once we get all of this taken care of, you know you're going to be punished." My stomach does a little flip at his words.

"Yes, Sir," I say, nodding. I stare out the window as we drive towards Donnie's place through the night. I turn to look at him,

raising my eyebrows in question, when he reaches across the truck and squeezes my thigh.

“I love you, baby. No matter what, nothing is going to change that.” My heart warms at his words.

I smile softly, rubbing my finger across the black band of the ring he wears on his right hand, thinking back to the first time he told me that he loved me. I was on the St. Andrew’s cross at The Den about six months after agreeing to be Donnie’s submissive.

I squeeze my eyes closed at the memory, smiling now. “I love you, Donnie. I’m sorry for how I told you. This was a huge mistake tonight. Can you please forgive me?” I’m not trying to get out of my punishment, I know I deserve it, and I know it will help me feel better.

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“So, you’re pregnant?” Donnie asks. I just nod, then catch myself. We are sitting on the couch in his living room. The leather is cool on my legs, and I’m focused on the sensation, trying not to break down and cry again. Hormones are a real bitch.

“Yes, Sir,” I answer him, clearly. Donnie and I have been in a full-time D/s relationship for nearly a year now. But we haven’t discussed a future, and I have let that go up until now. Now, a future between us seems inevitable. “I’m keeping it,” I say firmly, and his silver eyes flash dark for a moment. He is angry. “I’m sorry if you disagree, Donnie. But I don’t—”

“No, Summer, you misunderstand me. I’m not angry that you’re planning to keep our baby. I’m angry that you think you need to tell me that. You should know that I would want and expect the same. Look at me, baby.” He reaches out, taking hold of my chin and turns my face back towards him as I try to look away, my eyes filled with shame for not knowing my man better.

“I’m not angry with you. I trust you, and I know that this will



be wonderful for us, Summer.” He pauses, then looking at me, I can see he is thinking his words through. “Summer, I didn’t think I could have children. Stop!” he says, putting his hand up. He is still holding my chin, so I can’t look away, and now he is holding his other hand up to stop my protest.

“I know you didn’t cheat on me. I know you never would, baby. I’m surprised by this is all. I know we have been careful. We have slipped up a few times but even with you being on the pill, I didn’t consider this a possibility. I never mentioned it before because we weren’t really there yet. But Summer, I honestly did not think I could have children.” I nod slowly at his admission.

“I don’t understand,” I say softly. “Why?” I know the confusion I’m feeling is reflected on my face. “What happened, Donnie? Did someone tell you that you couldn’t have children?” I stop, taking a deep breath, and waiting for him to go on.

“Something happened to me when I was younger, I was...” he pauses before continuing. “I was attacked at work, and the injury... Well, we assumed it was so severe that I wouldn’t be able to have children,” Donnie finishes.

I’m not sure why, but he is hiding something from me. Something I simply don’t understand, but I let it go. I know that in his work as a police officer, sometimes he sees things or does things that are hard for him to talk about, and I don’t want to push him.

“You never said so before. I mean, you never told me. So is this good news then?” I ask, unsure of where the conversation is going. “Are you happy?” I hesitate before I ask the last part, scared of what his answer might be.

“Of course I’m happy, baby. I love you, Summer, and Gus. He is like my own boy, and I was happy to have him because I thought I couldn’t have one of my own. Now we get to give him a sibling, and I’m overjoyed. I’m just still in shock a bit, I think. But I’m not going anywhere, and you need to understand that. The outburst you had at Mexico, the things you said, was

uncalled for. Do you understand that?" I nod at his question, my stomach fluttering.

I do understand. I know I should not have called him the things I did or disrespected him in that way, Dom or not, I was wrong, and I know where this is going.

"I understand that you had a hard time with Gus's dad. I know he left you when Gus was only a baby. Summer, I am not leaving you. I will not abandon you or either of these children. Do you understand that?" He speaks slowly making sure I'm paying attention. I know he means what he is saying. I nod. "I need to hear you say it, Summer."

I take a deep breath and exhale loudly. "I understand. But I'm scared. I never expected Mike to leave us. I thought I could trust him too." I stop the moment the words are out of my mouth. I know I've made a mistake. Comparing these two men is like comparing apples, to well, cow shit. My ex is the latter. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that, Donnie. Look at me." He is looking away, but turns towards me. Anger is rolling off of him, his fists clenched. "I didn't mean that because I trusted him, and he betrayed that trust that I think you will too. I know you won't. I trust you, Donnie. Always. I'm sorry, Sir." I smile at him and lean in to kiss him.

Instantly I'm wrapped in his strong arms. I smile into his shoulder. "I love you, Donnie. Always."

"Now that we have cleared that up," Donnie says, standing and holding his hand out to me. I reach up and grab it, letting him guide me up off the couch. "Downstairs," he says, it's a command, and I instantly obey.

"Yes, Sir." The tingles spreading through my body bring me to life.

He follows me as I make my way to the top of the stairs and turns on the light. We walk across the small media room in the basement to the door on the other side. When I reach the door, I kneel, bow my head, place my hands palms up on my thighs and

wait while Donnie pulls out his keys and unlocks the door. He steps inside and closes the door behind himself. I can hear him shifting some things around behind the door, and I can picture the dimly lit room in my mind. Even though I know we aren't going to play, this is a punishment, my pussy is already soaked. My body is buzzing with anticipation.

Soon, he opens the door. "Stand." His command reverberates through my bones. I do as I'm told and follow him into the room. Keeping my eyes downcast but peeking towards the center of the dungeon. I can see where he has moved the St. Andrew's cross and wooden bench out of the way. My curiosity is piqued, but I stand obediently, waiting for his next instruction. "Strip from the waist down. Stand in the center of the room and present."

I start slipping off my shoes and then my pants. I make my way to the center of the room where I stand, legs shoulder-width apart, placing my hands behind my head, elbows out to the side and interlocking my fingers behind my head. I can't see Donnie behind me now since I'm facing the room's back wall, its solid concrete with eye loops drilled into it sporadically for tethers. I smile at the thought of being chained to that wall.

"You're being punished, Summer. This isn't playtime." He is kneeling down behind me now, attaching a metal spreader bar with leather cuffs on each end to my ankles. He wraps one ankle in the leather cuff, then the other. "Bend," he commands, and I bend at the waist. This specific bar has a second set of cuffs in the center for my wrists. I position each wrist into the open cuffs, and he secures the buckles.

I'm cuffed to the spreader bar, bent at the waist, exposed to him. I struggle to maintain my balance, with my head hanging upside down, but settle into the correct position and steady myself. Donnie waits for me to finish and then steps up behind me. I can see his boots and the lower half of his legs as he stands

behind me. Just high enough that I can see his groin and the bulge straining against his jeans. I lick my lips.

“No,” he snaps at me. “Why are you such a little slut, Summer? What are you here for?” he asks as he smacks my ass with his open hand.

“To be punished, Sir,” I say, taking deep breaths to steady myself. The smack he gave me made me even more ready for him to slide into me. I know he won't, but I continue wishing he would.

“I believe you called me an asshole earlier, did you not?” He punctuates his question with another smack to my ass.

“Yes, Sir. I did, Sir,” I confess.

“Is that any way to speak to your Dom, Summer?” he asks, circling me this time. Adjusting my posture by grabbing my hips.

“No, Sir,” I say breathlessly, having his hands on me with him positioned behind me is doing things to my insides that I can't control. My toes are starting to tingle, my pussy soaking wet.

“You're going to be caned, Summer,” he says and then lets it sink in. I flinch at his words but stop myself from having an outburst. “What's your safeword?” Donnie asks. This time he rubs small circles on my ass over the spot where he smacked me. The heat is spreading across my skin.

“Purple, Sir,” I say, breathing through my nose, trying to focus on answering his question and keeping my voice steady. The cane is one of my soft limits, I have agreed to try it in the past, but we have never been this far. The long thin piece of bamboo scares me. I know he is using it now because it will leave welts that I will remember every time I sit for days. I will remember why I was punished.

“You're going to count with me. Five for your first time. Do you understand?” Donnie asks me, circling like a hunter circles its prey. I'm shaking, partly from nerves, partly from being bent over in this position, the muscles in my legs are beginning to ache.

“Yes, Sir. Five strikes, Sir,” I answer him clearly, not wanting to give away my fear. I hear the whistle of the cane as it flies through the air. I suck in a breath and try to prepare for the impact.

Fire spreads across my backside, and I let out a scream. “Count, Summer.” Donnie’s words fill my ringing ears.

“One, Sir,” I say, choking on my sob. Tears dripping from the corners of my eyes. I squeeze them closed then as I hear the cane again and tense.

“Two, Sir,” I cry out then as the second strike stings my skin. I try to take in a deep breath, but I can’t seem to suck in any air, choking on my sobs

The next two strikes come in quick succession. I count them in my head as they hit me right on the sit spot where my ass meets my thighs, one on each side.

“Three, Four, Sir.” I’m gasping, crying in earnest now. The pain is not like what I’ve experienced when being paddled or flogged. The pleasure-pain with those builds slowly inside me, bringing me closer to climax. This is entirely different. This is proper punishment. The thought settles into my mind, and I realize why Donnie chose the cane.

“Five, Sir,” I say as the last strike shoots hot white fire through my already burning backside. “Thank you, Sir,” I say with a sigh. Donnie drops the cane and walks up behind me, gently rubbing me where the welts spread across my pale skin.

“Shh,” he says as I continue to sob. He reaches down and unbuckles my wrists, then helping me stand, he walks around to face me. “You were brave, but we’re not done yet,” he says, brushing his hand over my cheek. “Don’t move,” he commands, ignoring the questioning in my eyes. I don’t dare speak. I know that would only prolong the already unfinished punishment.

Donnie comes back from the cabinet in the corner of the room with a balm that he applies to my fresh welts. When he is finished, he says, “Kneel,” while holding out his hand for me to

steady myself. Since my ankles are still secured, I slowly kneel forward with his help. Once I'm on the ground, he guides my wrists back behind me and binds them together with a second pair of leather cuffs.

"You're going to have some quiet time now to think about what happened today, Summer." Donnie leaves the room. He flips the light switch on the wall as he crosses back into the media room but leaves the door open. The light pouring into the room through the open door is not enough to light it, and my eyes take time to adjust to the dark.

I hear him click on the TV and sit down on the couch to watch football. I'm left alone with my thoughts and the still stinging pain in my ass. I try to settle down onto my thighs but suck in a sharp breath the second my welted skin meets the backs of my thighs. I jerk myself back up into the kneeling position and shift uncomfortably.

I was wrong to call him those things, I think to myself. But he is still hiding something from me. I'm angry suddenly, but I realize that's not the point of why I'm here. I'm supposed to be remorseful for how I behaved, not building up a bratty fire in my belly to fuel my next outburst.

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*Donnie*

I sit on the couch and try to focus on the game playing on the TV, but I can't stop thinking about Summer. I know she thinks I'm hiding something from her, and I can't blame her, because I am. I'm not sure how I managed to hide it from her for this long. For three-quarters of a century, I have been moving around, working as an officer in each place. I have to eventually retire due to some terminal illness. I kill off my identity and move on, never

## Second Chance Summer

staying in one place longer than a decade. After that amount of time, people start to ask questions. They get suspicious about your age and family and want to know again where you came from. I should have left Washington, DC, over a year ago. The night before I planned to start the process of going, I saw her.

Summer was sitting at the bar in The Den, and I knew I had to have her. I would make her mine and dominate her before the night was through. That was it. I was hers from that day. Now she is waiting for me in the other room. Pregnant with my child, and I have to find a way to tell her the impossible truth. I am a one-hundred-five-year-old vampire.