

Chapter 2: Very Hungry Cock

LOCKE

I needed to know.

Cause I felt it.

The moment her hands touched my chest, power zapped through me like lightning. I could tell because I'd been struck by lightning before and it was nowhere near as intense as the electricity that just made me come alive.

I looked down at my bulge. Never had one before. I had been with women...even men, but none of them could make my member rise with this much vigor and vengeance.

"Your healing will find you in the most random of places." I suddenly remembered what my late grandmother told me in a dream, and I wondered....could this be it?

I looked at her again - shiny black hair with tiny slivers of white hairs framing her face. She had big ocean blues that looked both startled and wary. Her plum pink lips were parted, taking in air in soft pants.

My gaze fell to them, and something about how soft they looked made me even more feral.

She swallowed, her eyes darting everywhere. "I'm just a girl who wants to go home...in one piece." She added, and for someone whose heartbeat I could hear running a hundred miles an hour, her voice was surprisingly calm.

I let her go, but it wasn't because I wanted to. It was because I needed her heart to calm down long enough for me to hear and think properly.

"Your hands..." I muttered. "...they did something to me. What was that?"

She swallowed again, shifting her weight from foot to foot. "I don't know what you're talking about." She took a step back, her gaze falling to my miraculous erection. "If you don't mind, your Highness, I'd like to leave."

"But you came in on your own."

She rubbed the back of her neck. "I was..I was..uh...I was looking for the bathroom."

"I don't take kindly to people who lie." I said, itching to wrap my hand around her throat and demand answers, but something else took over the burning curiosity inside me.

I took a step forward, a new appetite for sex developing as I appraised her body.

My miracle healer had thick thighs straining against the fabric of her jeans, and although she wore an oversize black hoodie, I could still see the huge mounds on her chest and the illusion of a small waist.

She was... perfect, like a buffet on a Sunday morning, and all I wanted to do was feast on her. Just to know what she tastes like.

She took another step away, her back hitting the door. That's when I realized I had gotten close. So close I could smell the strawberries in her hair and the cheap perfume on her skin.

So close that I could see the tiny scar on the edge of her upper lip.

So close I could kiss her.

If she could give me an erection with one touch, imagine the orgasm I'd have with-

I sucked in a quick breath, fighting the urge to follow the brand new desires swimming in my veins. My wolf wanted her clothes off in one rip, maybe two. He wanted her naked in and bent over my sink, taking in our very hungry erection.

I couldn't blame him. He'd been starved for twenty-two years.

I gritted my teeth, stopping him from taking over.

Although I hadn't had sex before, I knew all the motions. I've had fantasies I wanted to re-enact, and right now, she seemed like the perfect candidate.

"What's your name?" I asked, forcing myself to focus on something else.

She swallowed again, her cheeks, a deep shade of red. "Myra. Myra Clarke."

I repeated her names, testing them on my lips. My wolf stirred, showing his approval and desire.

"Are you going to hurt me?" She queried, the battle between fear and courage taking place in her eyes.

The answer to that would have her on her knees in tears.

"What if I wanted to?" I took another step closer, my finger catching onto a strand of her wavy hair. "Would you stop me?"

I met her gaze, a smirk building on my lips, but instead of fear, I realized courage had won and the girl standing before me would definitely try to stop me.

I admired that. I always loved a challenge.

In that moment, dirty, nasty images flashed through my mind, my wolf instigating me to take action and claim the one person who has managed to make us both come alive.

Moving back, I sucked in another breath.

"Get out!" I ordered.

At first, she was shocked and then within seconds, she dashed out of the bathroom and out of my room.

I turned my back on the door, curling my hands into fists. The urge to chase after her overwhelmed me like the pressing urge to pee. Instead, I gripped the edge of my sink, breathing hard as my claws elongated.

Raising my head, I caught my reflection in the mirror.

Pitch black eyes with elongated fangs, my wolf was out and ready to chase.



Send Gifts



5 Likes