

Read Novel Alpha Male

Alpha Male Chapter 3-Rafe

I stood behind my office chair, the leather clenched between my fists. I knew I recognized the fluffy little bunny headed downstairs to the pain levels Fray offered. I knew because I couldn't stop myself from touching her. From tormenting her.

Willow Bonnier was in my club.

She'd haunted my waking moments from the day I watched that video of her grieving from weeks ago, a phantom who followed me through every round of the club until I gave up trying to find a play partner suited to my needs.

They couldn't, not one of them, because they weren't her.

Killian's warning to not obsess about her sat bitter in my mouth. He was right, but I couldn't bring myself to admit that to his face.

What the hell was she doing here? Whoever let her sign up for the lower level was in for a world of hurt when I was done with them. We made the decision early on in Fray's history not to allow soft players to wander too freely around the club after a horrendous incident with a little gray 'roo shifter. The abject fear the shifter exuded was so powerful it permeated every level and set off every predator in the club. Killian managed to clear the premises before we ended up dealing with an all-out bloodbath, but the damage was done, and we spent a year rectifying that kerfuffle.

I pulled Willow's file and scanned through it. Her shifter type remained unlisted, but it had to be something akin to a rabbit or a kitten. A teacup puppy? I snorted and flicked through the security feeds linked directly to my office. She'd been allocated to room four... there.

Her position stole every inch of air in my lungs.

Gone were the soft, frilly coverings she'd worn to parade through the ground floor. In its place, a neon pink body harness enclosed her body in strategically placed straps, the sort that fit around the gentle curve of her generous breasts and slid between her thighs to frame her bald pussy.

Strung spread-eagled between two posts in a giant X, tethers held her wrists and ankles wide apart. A blindfold covered her eyes, and dark tendrils curled around the material in se*xy waves that reminded me just how soft and sensual her body felt pressed against mine. Her head flicked side to side, searching.

The entire setup highlighted her pristine body, all slim limbs and sweet curves, and not a mark on her. I peered into the darkened corner at the tool bench for her playmate. The man straightened, his face semi-visible between the shadows and the harsh overhead lights, but it was enough to identify him.

I swore, shucking my jacket off, and headed for the lower level.

The door to playroom four stood ajar. It hadn't been locked, which made my covert entry all the easier. From the quiet, panicked breaths I could hear from my side, his torture hadn't started ... yet.

Martin Lansdown was an ass of the highest order. The fox shifter received more warnings than any other person in the club, and I'd suspended his membership on one memorable occasion. That he'd been set up with a newbie irked me, but then she'd been the one stupid enough to tick the anything box on the form. A rookie error. Martin Lansdown liked to play hard and often left his toys ... broken.

I couldn't have that now, could I? Willow would be mine, and the thought of anyone else's hands, his hands, on her brought bile to my throat. I swallowed it back and let my rage fuel me, uncaring that I was doing the exact opposite of what Killian recommended.

I pushed the door open, stepped inside the room, and jerked my head.

"Out. Now," I ordered.

Martin swiveled on his heel. A shock of bright orange hair flopped over one eyebrow, giving him the look of a preppy school kid, despite that he must have been in his forties, making him a solid decade older than me.

His hand strayed from the row of clamps, over a small sharps box. We allowed the use for decorative purposes on club premises, but Lansdown pushed those limits every time he walked in my damn door.

He made no move to leave but watched me with a curious gaze. "Want to join me, Astor?"

"You have thirty seconds to vacate the room." My emotionless voice terrified most.

Lansdown didn't seem to pick up on that cue. My gaze flicked to Willow as she pretended to be still in her bonds while the exchange took place in front of her. Powerful waves of fear hit me head-on, mixed with a tang of arousal. My lip curled. She liked not knowing what was coming for her, did she? I could work with that later.

Lansdown gripped the sharps case, fiddling with the lock. "I paid for her time."

"And I'll pay you for yours." My gaze dropped to his lingering touch, my stomach turning over on itself.

The harder player liked the sharps, but his playmate was supposed to be aware of his intentions in that regard. Before they started playing. It should have been included in her locker room information. I doubted he'd declared the night's activities to her, or to anyone else.

Fear rolled off Willow as she hung spread-eagled in her bonds. Limbs tightened, trembling as she stood silent and waited. She couldn't do much else from her tethered position.

Lansdown hesitated. Lust, greed, and something else I couldn't quite define passed across his face. It happened so fast I would have missed it if I hadn't been looking.

"Now, Martin." I shot him a hard look.

The fox shifter scurried out the door. It slammed shut behind him, leaving the room silent.

I crossed to the door and flicked the lock. Not our usual policy, but my club, my damn rules. The click echoed in the open space, giving me the effect I wanted. Willow squirmed in her bonds, her heartbeat thundering in her chest. My senses picked up the change at a distance, her natural tendency to flee calling me to her.

She's your prey.

My body knew that, knew I should open the door, call an attendant, and walk the fvck away from the whole situation.

I took a step closer to her.

Willow's limbs were long and lithe in her bonds, leaving her exposed to me in her cute-as-a-fvcking-button pink harness.

A wry smile curled the corners of my lips. "Pick that one out yourself, did you?"

Her blindfolded face jerked up, turning in my direction as she likely tried to work out where I stood, and who had decided to play with her. What would happen now that the program she expected had changed.

I strode around the inside perimeter of the room and approached her from behind. My fingertips grazed her sides, testing for ticklish areas.

She released a small yelp. It cut off as she slammed her mouth shut. "Where is he?"

Her breath puffed hard through her nose, though the rest of her body stilled, adjusting to the new circumstances. Her raging heartbeat evened out as she exerted control over her body's natural reaction to a predator she couldn't see and couldn't identify. She just knew I was there.

Well, well. My little fluffy bunny was becoming an interesting little plaything.

"Your partner?" I laughed against her skin, my lips grazing the shell of her ear. Fvck, but she was beautiful, spread out for my pleasure.

Anyone's pleasure.

Mine.

No one else would touch her. Screw Killian and his warnings. A deep-seated need to claim her rose in me at the thought of her beneath me, over me, waking next to her and doing it all again. Hell. I raked my hand through my hair, lowering it in a gentler touch over her br*east.

"What does he like? Sir?"

“Someone read the manual,” I murmured. “What have I deprived you the pleasure of experiencing? Your assigned partner likes—” Needles. But that would scare the shit out of my little rabbit, and I didn’t want that. I wanted her hot and aching and pliable. Ready to fvck.

“Whips?” Breath whooshed out of her body.

“Things that ... pinch.” I let my fingers shift into darkened talons, scraping the curved tips in the lightest touch over the sides of her br*east, tracing to the sensitive peaks. I made an open cone between my talons, dragging them to a point over her n!pple.

She let out a long, sweet m0an, her head tilted back at the dark caress.
“Please.”

She begs.

Fvck me. She said it so sweet, I almost came in my pants like a teen ready to get his d!ck w*et for the first time. “Yes, pretty girl?”

“Do it again? Please?”

My heart hit a fast staccato beat in my chest as blood roared in my ears, blocking out everything else. My world narrowed to us. Not the large, empty room, not the muted sounds of the club pounding above us.

I taloned my other hand and did both br*east at the same time, leaving fine, red str!pes on her translucent skin that would last until tomorrow. A trophy of her night with me.

Her m0ans became the music we played to as I scraped deadly tips across her belly, the soft, tender flesh there so easy to damage.

She’s prey.

I politely told Killian’s shade to fvck off out of my head and continued my torment, those sweet and heady cries my reward for the night.

But I wanted so much more than one night with her. One paid night. My brow dipped as I ran my talons back over her n!pples, lost in thought.

She sagged into her ropes with a soft, guttural cry that left me in no doubt she was in the wrong place. I needed to test her. I couldn't be with a girl who couldn't stomach more than a softer side, if I had one at all.

I wrenched a flogger off the wall, spinning it in a continuous figure eight to burnish her skin to a sweet pink. Her moans hardened me past the point of pain, though I managed to keep my hands—and my cock—to myself.

The swift kiss of the crop earned me the same response. When pretty red marks covered her body, along with a fine sheen of sweat, I put that back too. The cane? No. Too much for tonight. She reacted well to soft play. A whip? She'd asked about those too. None of those were what I needed. I rested my hand on my leather belt and made up my mind, unthreading it.

"Do you enjoy this, little bunny?" I leaned forward and kissed along her throat.

She tipped her head back to me, exposing everything.

Her surrender fueled my desire. I snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her flush against me, my belt folded in my hand to form a short impact toy.

"You know who I am, rabbit?"

"Rafe Astor." The admission was choked from her throat.

Ahhh... So she'd known all along.

"Good girl." I stroked the belt over her unmarred skin. "I want to fuck you and make you scream. Only one of those things will happen tonight. Do you understand?"

"Yes." That one came out a touch shaky.

Good.

"I won't fuck a girl because she's paid for sex. Come back tomorrow night. You'll be paid for the weekend by morning. Tomorrow is of your own free will, if you want to come back at all. My office, seven. Wear ... something I can ruin."

Her breath trembled against my lips as I spoke, my body arched over her smaller one, and she gave me her desire.

“Yes, Sir.”

I nodded, though she couldn’t see it, and brought my belt down.

Once, twice.

Right on her clit.

She screamed and twisted in her bonds as I set her body on fire with my pain, but her sweet little sigh was something else. Her body gave up all pretense of supporting her through our playtime. I took her weight in my arms as she came hard, unable to hold herself up.

Her body trembled all over as I kissed her throat, licking over her pulse. My wings strained within my human form, begging to erupt and take her like some biblical half-horror, crouched over the soul I would steal as payment.

I’d already given her mine.

The honeyed scent of her orgasm permeated my senses, overriding them with the pleasure I ripped from her body.

“You’re perfect,” I let out my own shuddering sigh and unwound her bonds before I did something stupid.

Like fuck her right there in my own damn club.