

## Read Novel Alpha Male

### Alpha Male Chapter 6-Willow

Rafe's mouth came down on mine, soft, gentle, and oh so possessive. I melted into his embrace, arching up on his lap to return his kisses. Slow at first, grazes and permissions given, they transformed into a rush of hot lips, dancing tongues, and sighs that rushed a dose of pleasure straight to my pussy. I gasped against him, needing to be closer, needing air ... I couldn't decide which I needed more.

His thick cock hardened, trapped between us. I reached down, intent on repaying the favor he'd given me on our first encounter. He gripped my wrist, pulling it back to loop around his neck.

"Up here, Willow." Rafe's smile promised me so many dark things if I took the plunge.

"Yes, Sir," I murmured.

His smile deepened, throwing a thousand watts of pure hotness out, and I stood right in the way. "Good girl. You're becoming a fixture in my mind, you know that? I replayed your cries over and over in my head all night, straining against touching myself until I had you again."

"You haven't had me yet," I teased. My brain wondered why I seemed determined to set us on a suicide run while my heart sang at his words. Good to know he experienced the same sleepless hours, reliving the short period I'd spent in his arms.

Under his control.

His world resembled nothing like mine. Last night built trust between us, at least on my side of the equation, and it let something grow in me I hadn't experienced in almost a year.

Hope.

Hope and all things love. There'd been an investigation after Byron's death. Something about his legal work I didn't understand, and the event had been

hidden from the shifter community for eleven full months until we were allowed to disclose that he wasn't traveling, and that he wouldn't be coming home.

When we were finally permitted to hold a funeral for an empty box, the kids and I grieved a second time. I thought I'd long run out of tears. But my grief dug deep and emptied me out. In the weeks since, I existed bereft of emotion.

Until Rafe.

My head told me it was the insane situation I'd placed myself in. That anyone in dire need of money prepared to lay out their existence to pay debts I hadn't known we'd accrued would have an emotional reaction. Being strung naked *between two poles, whipped to orgasm*, and held by quite possibly the most dangerous man in the city couldn't be considered normal, even at a stretch.

Not a single iota of my previous line of thought mattered, as I was bundled on his lap and kissed senseless until my body reacted to his. Rafe tipped my head back, arching over me. His hands knotted in my hair in gentle tugs, and the kisses he gave me were anything but sweet. Hard, bruising, he swept his tongue into my mouth, opening me up to him until he left me exposed between the twin steel bands of his arms.

*I clung to his chest and weathered the storm raging within him. He tore moan after moan from my throat. My body reached of its own accord, rolling my hips against his rock-hard length, sliding my legs across his until I straddled him. My heat coated both of us in slick arousal. I whimpered at the whorishness of it. Naked, rubbing myself shamelessly on his cock, begging him to fuck me in his office.*

Rafe's hands closed on my hips, his cock notched against my entrance. Arousal dripped from me in a display we could both feel. Heat flared in my cheeks as he broke the kiss.

"Fuck, Willow." Rafe swore against my mouth, then pulled back, cradling my cheeks in his palms. He dotted tiny kisses along my jawline, between his fingers, nibbling along my throat to bite at the tender spot between shoulder and neck.

I gasped, holding him against me as I started to sink down on his length in a natural conclusion to the heat he'd brought on in me. A whine built in my throat as he held me at bay with one hand beneath my ass. "No, why—"

“Not. Yet.” He kissed my mouth, my nose. His fingers grazed over my breast, stroking my skin too lightly to elicit a full moan, yet enough for me to resume rubbing against him. “This happened fast. Too fast for someone like you.”

“How do you know who I am?” I shot back at him, then shook my head. Why bother to argue? He was Rafe Astor. That said everything. Still, I couldn’t help kissing him. “Oh, that’s right. You’re a little stalker in your spare time.”

An arched eyebrow rose. “As it happens, yes. That’s what I spent today on. Looking you up. Your ... family.” He set me back on his thighs, pressing his cock between us where he had no chance of me accidentally fucking him because I got too excited. His lips pursed at whatever discontent he read on my face. “You know I’m going to fuck you senseless tonight anyway. Wait. Give me one minute.” His cautious gaze searched mine, easing the sting out of his barb.

“In case I change my mind? Not likely.” I huffed a laugh.

Rafe said nothing for a long moment, tucking me against his body so we sat thigh to thigh and belly to belly. I leaned into him and stole a kiss before he could object.

“Are you going to let me talk, you horny little thing?”

“You started it.” I peeked up at him from beneath my lashes and offered him a wicked little smile, remembering how he liked it when I begged. “Please, Sir?”

“You fell into this far too easy, you know that?”

“I did some research.”

“Ah. So I’m not the only stalker in the room.” He leaned back with a satisfied smile, tracing slow circles along my sides.

“Yeah, ’cause it’s cute on me, but for you ... you are dangerous, Mister Astor.” I booped his nose with mine, unable to hold back a fit of giggles when both eyebrows rose.

“God save me.” He shook his head. “Sit still and listen to me, you little feral. I did stalk you. And your husband, and your children. It wasn’t hard to piece together what happened to you this past year. I thought you only lost him a

month ago to start with.” He ran his fingers through my hair. “But none of the dates line up. Neither did flights.”

“What are you, the Shifter Intelligence Agency?” I shook my head. It was all public knowledge, and that was where I’d chosen to hide—in plain sight. Enough information clogged feeds to disguise the lie and hide the timing of Byron’s death. I still didn’t understand why it was necessary.

“One-man army,” he corrected, grinning. “And I have my own confession. I might have been watching you for the last few weeks. Since I first heard the story. I try to watch out for the local community. Most of us end up through my doors at some point in their lives, and that gives me ... some responsibility for them.”

His words sent a warm tingle through my body that didn’t equate with arousal. I wasn’t about to share that little piece of information. He seemed to have collected enough on his own.

“You are a little stalker. Like Bat—Eagleman,” I adjusted the phrase and frowned. “That’s a terrible superhero name.”

“Why would you think I’m a superhero?” Rafe stared at me, his mouth open.

“Well, let’s see.” I held up a hand and ticked off my list on my fingers. “You watch out for your part of the community. You protect families like mine who are in debt and have lost a provider. You save innocent fools like me who put themselves in imminent danger. I’m sure I could go on.”

“I did not protect you when you lost your provider,” he said with a growl, crashing his mouth to mine. He broke the kiss violently.

“Is that all you heard?” I smiled, tracing the lines furrowing his brow. “You’re so pretty.”

Rafe paused. “I don’t think anyone has ever called me that before.”

“First time for everything.”

He laughed outright and leaned forward. His arm shot past me, swiping across the surface of his desk. Several things went flying in random directions. My back pressed to the frigid surface. I released a yelp as he loomed over me, fisting his cock.

“What— How—” I blinked up at him, my ankles curled around his hips, drawing him closer of their own accord.

Rafe produced a foil packet from thin air, or maybe a desk drawer. “Open this for me, Willow?”

My gaze narrowed. “That came out far too casually.” I took the pack and extracted the condom.

“You’re right.”

He caught my wrist, pulling me up off the desk in a high crunch, and placed my hands on his cock. Velvet hardness filled my fingers, and his yellow and black gaze pinned me.

Lost in his eyes, I rolled the rubber the full length of him, giving him long strokes with my hands just to hear him groan. “Like that?”

He fisted my hair and used it as leverage to push me back onto the desktop. “You are nowhere near as innocent as you make out.”

“I never made out that I—ohhh.”

Rafe gripped my hip with his free hand as he slid inside me. Teeth bared, he echoed my moan, burying himself balls deep between my thighs. My overstimulated, swollen pussy pulsed as I adjusted to his length, his intrusion welcome. I was pretty certain my eyes rolled back and I blacked out for a moment.

Rafe leaned down to kiss me as he began to move in long, slow strokes. “You’re so tight.”

“Worked those muscles every day.” I gasped, straining up to kiss him, and met his smile with my own.

“Rafe—”

“If you keep squeezing my cock with that magical little pussy of yours, I won’t last more than a few strokes, and I intended to fuck you into next week,” he grumbled above me.

“Sorry?” I wound my hands around his arms for leverage, rocking my hips in time with his. “Oh, wow.” The scent of him surrounded me in a heady wave.

Rafe laughed, his head thrown back as he thrust into me, long and deep. Tendons strained beneath inked patterns that wound around his arms and shoulders. "You're too cute, Willow. Touch yourself."

"What?"

"Touch. Yourself." His gaze darkened to almost fully black, struck through with glinting golden streaks. "Come for me, but not until I say. Can you do that?"

"I have no idea." Was he mad? I could barely work my body in my own time, but I'd try anything once.

He grinned. "Try for me, sweetheart. I want to watch you come this time."

I blinked, extracting one hand from my grip on him, and lcked my fingers. My lip slipped between my teeth as I slid my hand between my breasts, past the gentle swell of my stomach to circle around my clit. I needn't have bothered with the saliva. My arousal slicked every inch of flesh where we joined, coating my thighs and his. My face flamed as I touched myself for him.

"I love that you want me like this," Rafe murmured. His gaze locked on to my hand stroking myself.

"I do." The confession tore at my throat, despite the obvious evidence. I traced over my clit in tight circles, slow to start, but the bundle of nerves demanded more.

He fvcked me through it until I hovered on the edge. "Stop!"

My hand froze, hovering over my clit. My pussy pulsed once, twice. I stared at him, trying to remember why I needed to stop.

"Don't come until I say," he reminded me, amusement lighting his eyes. "You're going to struggle with this, aren't you?" He rocked hard into me, impaling me with his full length. "Don't. You. Fvcking. Come."

I bit back a moan and sucked in cold air through my nose. "Yes, Sir." My clenched teeth matched his. Heat flushed my body, the room around us a wavering haze. My focus became staying off the edge and not thinking about Rafe's cock impaled within me.

He thrust again, seating himself impossibly deep inside me. "Again."

“Again?” My voice cracked even as my fingers hovered over my clit, prepared to torture myself on his behalf.

“Again.”

His eyes hooded, Rafe brought me to the edge countless times, backing me off with a single command until I resembled a sweating, begging, writhing mess beneath him.

The last time broke me. “I don’t think I can—” A whine grew in my throat, determined as my orgasm not to be denied. I breathed it back again, the world blurring in a fresh wave of tears. Frustration, exhaustion, and arousal were never meant to be bedfellows, but he forced them on me, and I took it because ... that was what he wanted. And I wanted to please him, for him to be pleased with me. But my body had a limit, and I knew I’d reached it. “I can’t. Not again.”

My pussy pulsed around his cock where he thrust into me over and over, my swollen lips clinging to his slicked shaft as he pounded into me.

“You’re so fucking beautiful when you suffer for me.” Rafe leaned forward, dragging his lips up my cheeks.

I thought he would kiss me until his tongue followed in his wake, licking up my tears. That set me off, the depravity of it, and I rocked against him. He gripped me tight. “Again. Come for me, Willow.”

I could have screamed my relief at the command, if I had breath left to scream through. My fingers worked furiously, almost painful over my swollen clit. Waves of euphoria pulsed over me, tightening me around Rafe’s cock. I cried out, gripping his arms as the pleasure slammed into me. His heartbeat pounded against my chest as I clenched my legs around his hips, drawing him deep, and registered his own roar as faint as he sated his own need inside me.

Broad arms wrapped around me and gathered me into his embrace. Rafe slid our boneless bodies down his desk, cradling me as he hit the floor. He worked the condom off and tossed it in his office trash, then drew his body around mine in lieu of a blanket.

I rested my head against his chest, breathing out long and slow until our heartbeats matched. I fell asleep, safe in the knowledge that he’d claimed me.

