

Breed Me, Daddy Alpha

Chapter 1 - CHAPTER 1

~Lyra~

I never intended to fuck my best friend's Alpha dad. But I'd be a damn liar if I said I hadn't fantasized about it.

Dreamed about it.

Tasted it behind my closed eyelids with my legs spread and my fingers dripping between my thighs.

Yeah. I know how that sounds.

I'm not sorry.

Because every girl has a first crush.

Mine just happened to be a man who could kill with his bare hands, command an army of wolves, and make my thighs tremble just by walking into a room.

Damon Thornvale.

Alpha. Billionaire. Beast in human skin.

And the man who made me cum for the first time without ever touching me.

I used to touch myself to the sound of his footsteps.

The deep rumble of his voice.

The way he said my name..Lyra..like he owned it. Like he owned me.

And maybe he did.

I was a bit younger the first time I came thinking about him. I can't remember what age but I know I was fully aware of how I felt.

Locked in Tasha's bathroom with the lights off, panties pulled to the side, my back arched and my face buried in a towel so no one could hear me moan.

I'd seen him shirtless that day. Just once. A glimpse in the hallway.

I couldn't stop thinking about the way his chest rose when he breathed.

The cut of his hips. The way he'd looked at me..like he knew.

Like he knew I was already wet.

That I was already his.

I bit down on the towel and shoved two fingers inside.

I came in thirty seconds.

And then again.

And again.

I was addicted.

To a man twice my age. My best friend's father. A god among monsters.

And I didn't give a fuck.

Every summer I spent at Thornvale, I watched him.

In silence. In secret.

My legs always crossed. My panties always damp.

Because even as a teenager, I understood what Damon Thornvale was.

He wasn't just off-limits.

He was forbidden.

Sin with a cock the size of my fucking forearm and a voice that made my pussy flutter.

He wasn't mine.

But I wanted him to ruin me.

I didn't want gentle. I didn't want slow.

I wanted him to bend me over the dining table while the maids watched.

I wanted him to fuck me in the shower loud enough for Tasha to hear.

I wanted him to make me scream "Daddy" while he filled me so full I couldn't walk.

I didn't want to be loved.

I wanted to be used.

And now?

I'm eighteen.

Legal.

Fuckable.

And back in the place that started it all.

Thornvale Estate.

Where the walls remember every wet dream.

Where the floors remember every barefoot sprint toward the room I wasn't allowed near.

Where the scent of him still lingers—cigars, blood, sweat, and sex.

The gates closed behind me with a sound that made my spine stiffen.

Clang.

Like a coffin.

I clutched my bag tighter.

"LYRA!"

Her voice cracked the thoughts in my head

And then she was there..Tasha Thornvale, my best friend, in all her chaotic, sun-drenched glory. Blonde hair wild. Lips glossed.

Legs long and bare in tiny pink shorts that hugged her ass like a second skin. She ran down the steps barefoot, boobs bouncing like they were trying to escape her tank top.

My mouth dried.

Her tits were bigger than last year. Full. Round. Perfect.

She wasn't wearing a bra.

Of course she wasn't.

Her nipples were hard from the wind and her grin was wicked.

"My Goddess, you look grown!" she squealed, grabbing me in a hug that smelled like perfume, pool chlorine, and secrets. Her tits pressed right up against mine. "You've got boobs now!"

I laughed. Blushed. Tried not to stare at the way hers bounced when she pulled back and threw her arms wide.

"What? Last year you were flatter than my iPad. Now look at you!"

She twirled in place like a drunk fairy, then wiggled her ass with a playful slap. "You're gonna make my life hell, aren't you?"

"Shut up," I muttered, heat rising in my cheeks as I tucked a curl behind my ear. But I was smiling.

Because for a second, it almost felt like we were still girls.

Still sneaking wine from the cellar.

Still peeking into forbidden halls.

Still pretending we didn't know what lived behind that door at the end of the west wing.

"Come on," she said, grabbing my hand and tugging me toward the mansion. "Daddy redid the whole house. It's insane now."

Her tits bounced with every step. Her shorts rode higher with every swing of her hips.

"Like... leather couches. Marble floors. New guards who look like they fuck with their guns still strapped on."

I blinked. "Sounds... intense."

"You have no idea." She tossed her hair. "Couches so deep you'll drown in them. And the pool..." She stopped walking, turned, grabbed her tits, and jiggled them. "The pool is so sexy, it made my nipples hard."

I choked. "Tasha..."

"I mean look!" she laughed, cupping her boobs and squeezing. "Permanent diamonds, babe. Daddy made it 'aesthetic' or whatever. Black tiles. Underwater lights. No rules. I gave a blowjob on a floaty last week. You're gonna have the best fucking summer."

2

Jesus.

Her laugh rang through the courtyard as she pulled me toward the looming black estate.

Thornvale.

Three stories of danger dressed in sharp angles.

There were guards by the door.

Big.

Unsmiling.

Watching.

I felt their eyes skim my legs. My chest. My face.

I didn't look back.

Because I already knew where the real threat was.

Inside.

The front doors opened with a sound like breath being sucked from a grave.

Cold air hit my skin and made my nipples peak beneath my hoodie.

The atmosphere had a Mint. Smoke. Leather smell.

And something darker.

Alpha.

2

Him.

I clenched my thighs.

No.

Not now.

Not in front of her.

But Goddess, the house smelled like him.

Like his sheets.

Like sweat and sex and blood.

I followed her deeper. Past the chandeliers. Past the black carpets. Past the oil paintings of wolves with blood dripping from their jaws.

"This place isn't a house," I whispered.

She glanced at me over her shoulder.

"It's a fucking kingdom," I finished.

Tasha smirked. "Yeah. And Daddy's the king. Which means you better behave." She winked, licking gloss off her bottom lip. "Unless you want him to punish you."

2

My knees almost buckled.

She didn't mean it like that.

But my cunt clenched anyway.

She opened a door. "This is your room."

The space was unreal.

Creams. Silks. Candles. Big bed. View of the courtyard. Everything was giving luxury.

And that was when I saw him.

Through the window.

Sword in hand.

Shirtless.

Muscles glistening in the sun like oil poured over rage.

Damon.

Alpha.

King of this fucking nightmare.

His body moved like a weapon.

Every strike of the sword brutal.

Every twist of his torso pornographic.

I bit my lip so hard it bled.

Then he turned.

And he saw me.

Our eyes locked.

Blue.

Fucking blue.

Like frostbite.

Like punishment.

And then.

He smiled.

1

Not warm.

Not kind.

But cold.

I stumbled back from the window like I'd been yanked by the soul.

My thighs were soaked.

My chest was heaving.

My panties were fucking ruined.

"Tasha..." I rasped.

She didn't answer.

I turned.

She was gone.

Gone.

Like the house had swallowed her whole.

And now?

Now I was alone.

With his scent crawling up my spine.

With my pussy clenching like it was begging for a cock I hadn't even seen yet.

With the ghost of that smile dragging me down to my knees.

I backed away from the window.

I needed to breathe.

I needed to change.

I needed to get my fucking fingers inside me before I screamed.

Because if Damon Thornvale didn't fuck me soon, I was going to go insane.

And the worst part?

I'd let him.

Gladly.

I reached between my legs.

Just to check.

I was dripping. Fuck that was fast.

And he hadn't even laid a fucking finger on me.

Not yet.

But he will.

Because this summer?

I'm not leaving Thornvale untouched.

He's going to fuck me.

Knot me.

Breed me.

Make me scream his name with tears on my cheeks and his cum pouring out of me in thick, endless waves.

And when it's over?

I'm going to crawl back for more.

This is not a story.

This is a warning.

You're about to enter a world where girls get on their knees for their best friend's Daddy and beg to be used like filthy, desperate sluts.

If you don't want to cum?

Put this book down.

Because by the time Damon's done with me?

You'll be soaked too.