

Breed Me, Daddy Alpha

Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2. Chapter 2: CHAPTER 2.

~Lyra~

I sat at the edge of the bed like a fucking ghost.

Legs pressed tight together. Toes curling against the carpet.

Eyes locked on my own reflection like I didn't recognize the girl staring back at me.

My skin was flushed.

My cheeks pink.

My nipples hard enough to show through the tank top.

And between my thighs?

A constant, pulsing ache. So swollen I could feel my heartbeat in my clit.

I looked ruined.

Fucked.

And he hadn't even touched me yet.

All he'd done was look.

One stare from that balcony and my body turned to heat.

One fucking smirk and I'd nearly creamed my panties in the goddamn pool.

I couldn't stop seeing it.

The way he stood there..shirtless, sword glinting in the sun, like some ancient fucking god made of violence and testosterone.

The way his eyes devoured me.

No smile. Just hunger.

Then that smirk.

That promise.

It was the kind of look that said he knew.

What I smelled like.

What I tasted like.

What I'd do for him if he just crooked a finger.

I should've looked away.

I didn't.

I couldn't.

He had me already.

"Lyra."

Tasha's voice snapped through the silence.

I jerked, blinking at her as she stepped out of the en-suite, towel clinging to her hips, droplets of water sliding down her bare tits like pearls down silk.

Her nipples were perky and hard. Her tits...fucking perfect. Plump. Upturned. Freckled with droplets. She looked like a porn star in a summer movie.

"What are you even doing?" she giggled. "You've been staring at yourself like a serial killer for ten minutes."

"I wasn't.." I cleared my throat, forcing my thighs apart a little, trying to cool the heat pulsing between them. "Just... zoning out."

Tasha rolled her eyes and dropped the towel with zero shame, standing there in nothing but a lacy pink thong while she rummaged through her drawer. Her tits bounced with every move—bare, jiggy, happy as fuck to be seen.

She didn't care that I was staring.

She never had.

And Goddess, she looked good.

No bra. No filter. Just long legs, smooth skin, and a rack that looked sculpted by the Moon Goddess herself. The way she bent over to grab a crop top made her tits sway and jiggle like they were begging for attention.

"You're so weird sometimes," she said, tugging on the top without a second thought. "But hot. So it's fine. We'll just say you're the quiet, mysterious one and I'm the reckless whore."

"Tasha..."

She spun, grinning. "What?! It's true. I've got one brain cell and two amazing tits. Look."

She grabbed them.

Jiggled them.

"Funbags, Lyra. Actual fun. And we're gonna use the hell out of them this summer."

I laughed, blushed, and shook my head.

She stepped close and smushed her boobs together like a sandwich. "Pool. Boys. Wine. Orgies...just kidding. Unless?"

I choked. "You're insane."

"And you're coming with me. First, pool. Then ice cream. Then we fuck around in the wine cellar until Daddy catches us and grounds us like we're still sixteen."

At the mention of her dad, my breath hitched.

Tasha didn't notice.

She just slipped into tiny shorts...if you could call them that...and flounced to the mirror. Her tits bounced the whole way.

I stared at her reflection.

Not at her tits.

Not really.

At the ring on her dresser.

His ring.

Damon Thornvale's Alpha ring.

Thick. Silver. Heavy with power.

My thighs clenched.

She grabbed her sunglasses, tied her hair up, and looked at me. "You coming?"

"I'll meet you there," I croaked. "Just need a sec."

She shrugged. "Don't keep Daddy waiting. He hates that."

I froze.

She winked. "Kidding."

And then she was gone.

The red one-piece clung to my body like a second skin. Cut high on the hips. Low on the chest. So tight I could feel my heartbeat in my nipples.

I slipped into it with trembling fingers.

No bra. No panties.

Just wet skin and soaked fantasies.

I didn't even care what it looked like.

I wanted him to see me.

To smell the heat between my legs from a fucking mile away.

The pool was already packed when I stepped outside.

Girls draped over lounge chairs in barely-there bikinis. Boys cannonballing off the rocks. Laughter echoed under the sun like sin having a party. The air smelled like coconut oil, chlorine, and teenage recklessness.

But when I walked out in my red one-piece?

Everything shifted.

Eyes dragged.

Whispers started.

Thirst bloomed.

Because the suit was fucking good.

Painted to my skin. High on the hips. Deep between the tits. Thin enough that when I got wet, it turned fucking transparent.

And I wanted it that way.

I wanted them to look.

I wanted him to smell it.

Tasha met me by the edge of the pool, tits bouncing in a lime green bikini that barely held her in. Her nipples were hard as diamonds under the thin fabric, and she didn't give a single fuck.

"Oh my Goddess," she squealed, grabbing my hand. "You look so fucking hot."

"You think?"

"I think if my dad sees you in that, he's gonna lock you in the basement and never let you leave."

4

I laughed...but my thighs clenched.

Because that didn't sound like a punishment.

It sounded like a promise.

Tasha spun and slapped her own ass. "Come on! Everyone's here. We're doing shots on the floaties."

I followed her down the stairs into the water, the cold slicing against my heat, my nipples hardening instantly. It felt filthy. Like a tease. Like a fuck waiting to happen.

There were at least six people already in the pool.

Molly..black hair, big tits, chewing her straw like it was a cock. Her top was red and practically useless, her nipples dark and pushing against the soaked triangles.

Violet..curvy, thick, always pouting. Her bikini was gold. Her tits floated on the surface of the water like soft sex toys begging for hands.

Sofia...tiny, tan, loud. Her string top was slipping and she didn't even bother to fix it.

Three boys were near the deep end. Big. Tall. Alpha-blooded. Practically naked. Their shorts clung to thick, veiny cocks that swelled the fabric. I couldn't stop looking.

Matteo...tattooed. Scar across his brow. Dick so fat it looked painful.

Romano..quiet, broody, but packing a cock that curved like a weapon, heavy enough to swing in his shorts every time he moved.

And Nico..cocky as fuck. His bulge was massive. Thick at the base, fat at the tip. The kind that made your jaw ache just thinking about it.

I swam slowly, feeling the water glide over my body like a stranger's tongue. When I surfaced, Tasha handed me a shot.

"To filthy fucking summers," she grinned.

We clinked. We drank.

The burn was nothing compared to what I felt inside.

"I missed you so much," she whispered, wet and drunk and glittering in the sun. "This summer's gonna ruin us."

She pressed her lips to my cheek. Her tits brushed my chest. Her fingers lingered.

Then someone pushed her under.

Chaos broke out.

Splashes. Screams. Laughter.

And in the middle of it?

Matteo.

He climbed out of the pool like sin rising from the deep. Water poured off his chest. His shorts clung to his thighs. His cock bulged like it was trying to break free. My mouth went dry.

Then Romano grabbed Violet waist underwater and pulled her into his lap. She gasped..loud. Slapped his chest. Moaned when he bit her shoulder.

No one cared.

No one looked away.

Violet ground her hips against him, moaning louder, wet sounds echoing as the water sloshed. He pulled her bikini to the side under the surface. I could see the motion. His hand. Her twitch.

She was riding his fingers.

Right there in the pool.

I turned to Nico. He winked at me.

Then swam up behind Sofia and wrapped his arms around her chest. One hand palmed her tit. The other slipped beneath the water. She arched back against him with a filthy little moan.

Tasha was laughing. Her nipples poking out. Her legs brushing mine.

And I was soaked.

But not from the pool.

I moved to the edge. Climbed up. Sat on the hot tile with my legs dangling in.

That's when I felt it.

Him.

The stare.

My spine straightened.

My nipples tightened.

I didn't need to look.

But I did.

High above.

Second-floor balcony.

Damon.

Leaning on the railing.

Shirtless again.

Cocky.

Dangerous.

Unmoving.

Just watching.

His eyes locked on me like a sniper's scope. Like he could see my cunt clenching through the water. Like he could smell what was leaking out of me.

I should've covered myself.

I didn't.

I arched my back a little. Spread my knees just a hair. Let him look.

I wanted him hard.

I wanted him furious.

I wanted him down here with his hand on my throat and my body bent over the nearest chair.

The pool exploded with moans.

Sofia was getting fingered hard now. Nico's hand worked beneath the water while her head rolled back, mouth open, tits bouncing.

Violet was full-on grinding on Romano's cock. I could see it through the water. The movement. The tension. The way her tits slapped against his chest. Her moans were real.

Tasha laughed again, then swam toward me, breasts bouncing in the water, tongue flicking out to taste salt or sex or both.

"You okay?" she asked, grabbing the edge beside me.

I nodded, barely breathing.

Her hand found my thigh under the water.

"You're trembling," she whispered.

I looked at her.

Then looked up.

Damon was still there.

Watching.

Tasha didn't follow my gaze. She didn't know.

She just leaned close. Her voice was a purr. "You want to be fucked so bad, don't you?"

I couldn't speak.

She dragged her fingers higher.

Past my thigh.

Under my suit.

Straight to my pussy.

I jerked.

She didn't stop.

"I knew it," she giggled. "You're soaked. And it's not the pool."

"Tasha..."

"Shh," she whispered, her fingers stroking. "Just for a second. Just let go."

And I did.

I came with a whimper.

A soft, broken sound that melted on the sun.

She kissed my cheek and giggled again. "Told you this summer would ruin us."

And when I looked up?

Damon was gone.

But I knew..next time?

He wouldn't be watching.

He'd be doing.

And he'd make me come so hard I'd forget my name.