Chapter 3

~Lyra~

That night, I couldn't take it anymore.

Tasha passed out early, curled in a silk robe on her massive bed, mumbling about hangovers and cousins and how she'd totally fuck Nico if he didn't flirt with everything that moved.

I didn't answer.

I didn't breathe.

Because my skin was on fire.

And the only thing I could think about was him.

Damon Thornvale.

Watching me from that balcony like he already owned every inch of me.

Like he knew I'd let him fuck me in the pool if he crooked a finger.

Like I'd crawl to him...naked, dripping, on my knees..if he told me to.

The house was quiet.

Silent.

But I could feel him.

In the walls.

In the air.

In the throb between my legs that refused to die.

I slipped out of bed, my breath shallow, my skin flushed. I grabbed a towel..not to use, just to look normal. And I padded barefoot down the hall.

Not a sound.

Not a creak.

I reached the bathroom and locked the door behind me.

Then I turned on the shower.

Scalding.

Steam curled around me instantly, fogging the mirror, kissing my neck, dragging down my spine like invisible fingers.

I dropped the towel.

Stood naked.

And stared at myself.

Nipples tight.

Breasts flushed.

Thighs glistening with arousal before the water even hit me.

My pussy was already slick. So wet it clung to my inner thighs like syrup.

So swollen it looked obscene.

I stepped into the shower and braced my hands on the tile.

Let the water pour down my back.

Let the steam soak into my bones.

But it didn't help.

It didn't burn it away.

Because my thoughts?

They were pure filth.

Daddy.

That's what I called him in my head.

Not Damon.

Not Mr. Thornvale.

Not Alpha.

Just Daddy.

Because that's what he was.

The man who watched me like prey.

The man who made my cunt pulse just by existing.

The man I wanted to ruin me.

I thought about his voice...deep, slow, the kind that slid between your legs before your brain could stop it.

I imagined him behind me.

Hot breath at my neck.

Big hands on my hips.

That voice...right at my ear.

"You like touching yourself for Daddy, don't you, little Omega?"

My legs nearly gave out.

I slid my hand between my thighs.

And gasped.

I was soaked.

My folds throbbed. My clit pulsed like it was begging. I was tender. Swollen. Needy.

One slow circle of my fingers and I almost cried.

Another...and I moaned.

My hips jerked. My mouth fell open. My knees buckled.

I was fucking desperate.

I whispered his name.

"Daddy..."

The steam swirled.

The water roared.

And I didn't stop.

My fingers moved faster.

Harder.

I was panting. Whimpering. Dripping.

"Please, Daddy..."

Then.

I heard it.

A breath.

Low. Rough. Male.

Outside the door.

I froze.

My fingers stopped. My heart slammed against my ribs. My eyes widened.

The water drowned everything else, but that sound?

That breath?

I knew it.

I turned off the water slowly.

The steam hissed.

I grabbed the towel. Wrapped it around my soaked body. My thighs trembled as I stepped out onto the tile.

The mirror was fogged.

The room was hot.

But I could feel the cold air from the hallway seeping in through the crack in the door.

I reached for the handle.

Pulled.

The hallway was empty.

But the floor?

Wet.

Huge.

Bare footprints.

Leading away.

Slow.

Predator's pace.

My cunt clenched so hard I whimpered.

He'd been there.

He'd heard me.

He watched me moan his name and touch my pussy like a slut for him in the dark.

And he'd walked away.

Left no trace.

No voice.

Just a fucking warning.

A promise.

I stumbled back to my room like I was drunk on him. My legs didn't work. My breath wouldn't settle.

I dropped the towel. Crawled under the sheets. Naked. Soaked. Fucked without being touched.

And I couldn't sleep.

Every shadow looked like him.

Every sound was his breath.

And when I finally drifted off, curled on my side with my fingers resting against my cunt, I heard him.

In the dark.

In the dream.

Low and rough and filthy.

"Keep touching yourself, little Omega. Next time, I'll do it for you. And I won't stop until that tight little cunt breaks open around Daddy's cock."

I came in my sleep.

Loud.

Soaked.

Twisting in the sheets, whimpering like a girl who didn't stand a chance.

And when I woke up, I could still feel him.

Everywhere.

I didn't leave my room the next morning.

Couldn't.

Not after what happened.

Not after waking up with the sheets soaked in my own cum, my thighs trembling, my fingers twitching with the memory of what I'd dreamed.

His voice.

His promise.

That filthy growl in the dark.

"Next time, I'll do it for you..."

I'd moaned for him in my sleep.

Whimpered "Daddy" into my pillow like a little whore begging to be bred.

I'd cum so hard I thought I was dying.

And I hadn't even touched myself yet.

He'd broken me from outside the room.

Without laying a finger on me.

That kind of power?

It changed something inside me.

I belonged to him now.

Not officially. Not publicly.

But in all the ways that mattered.

He had my thoughts.

He had my body.

He had my fucking soul.

The hours passed in silence.

I didn't eat.

Didn't dress.

I just sat in the bed, naked under the covers, pressing my thighs together and replaying it.

The way the bathroom door creaked.

The wet footprints.

The way the mirror had fogged like he was right behind me, breathing down my neck while I fell apart.

Every second made my clit throb.

I didn't speak.

Didn't move.

Until the sun dropped below the trees and the house fell quiet again.

Tasha was passed out in the other room, drooling into her pillow, still wearing her bikini bottoms and nothing else. She'd muttered something about Moscato and pool boys before her face hit the mattress.

I waited.

Watched the shadows stretch across the walls.

And when the silence settled?

I moved.

Slow.

Naked.

I didn't bother with a towel this time.

Didn't bother locking the door either.

If he was going to watch?

Then I was going to give him a fucking show.

I stepped into the bathroom.

The tiles cold under my feet.

My nipples tight before I even turned the water on.

The mirror was still smudged from last time.

My scent still lingered.

And it was stronger now.

Feral.

Heat-slick.

Soaked in need.

I turned the water on full blast. Scalding. The kind of heat that should've melted the need out of me.

It didn't.

I stepped in, braced both palms against the wall, and bowed my head under the rush of the water.

And whispered…

"Daddy…"

My knees almost buckled.

My pussy clenched.

I was already soaked. Already dripping. My folds swollen. Sensitive. My clit throbbing like a live wire.

I reached between my legs and groaned.

Sticky.

Slippery.

Slutty.

I rubbed slow at first.

Fingertips circling.

Teasing.

Then faster.

Harder.

I moaned.

"Please…"

The water hissed. The tile steamed.

And still, I kept going.

"Use me…" I whispered. "Make me yours…"

I imagined him behind me.

Big. Silent. Furious.

His eyes locked on my body.

His cock thick in his fist.

Watching me unravel like a good little Omega bitch.

"You like this, Daddy?" I gasped. "You like watching your slut fall apart for you?"

My thighs shook.

I dropped to my knees.

Water pounding my back.

Fingers slipping deep inside my cunt.

I moaned like I wanted the whole fucking house to hear.

"Breed me…"

I didn't care anymore.

"Fuck me…"