Chapter 5

~Lyra~

I didn't speak at breakfast.

I didn't eat either.

I just sat there like a fucking ghost in a silk robe that clung too tight to my overheated skin, trying not to breathe too loud or shift too much. Trying to convince myself the tea in my hand was hot, that my body wasn't flushed from memory, from ache, from him.

But it was a lie. All of it. Because my thighs were already wet. My pussy was already throbbing. And every breath that touched my lungs was tainted with his scent.

Across the table, Tasha was doing what Tasha did best...running her mouth like it had never been fucked shut.

She flipped her hair over her shoulder, scrolling through her phone like she was casting spells with every swipe.

"So. I was thinking lake house for my birthday. Something elegant. Something Luna-worthy, you know? But also slutty. Like. Give 'em goddess but make it porn."

She paused, waiting for my reaction.

I gave her nothing.

She clicked her tongue. "Lyra. Hello? Earth to blue balls. You didn't even blink."

"I'm thinking white bikini for the morning boat ride. Or maybe the cherry red one. You know, the one with the gold chain sides that makes my ass look like it could finance a war."

My throat clenched. I forced a nod.

She didn't stop.

"And for the dinner party? That sheer black dress with the slit up to my cervix. I want Daddy to threaten to send me home. Just once. Just enough to remind me I'm his favorite problem."

I twitched.

Not because of her.

Because of that word.

Daddy.

It shouldn't have made my pussy clench.

But it did.

She groaned, tossing her phone down. "Ugh. You're not even listening."

"I am."

"Then contribute."

"I'm tired."

"From what?" She leaned across the table, eyes narrowing. "You barely came out of your room yesterday."

I looked away. "I didn't sleep."

She tilted her head. "Nightmares?"

No.

Worse.

Fucking worse.

The kind of dream that leaves you sobbing under the sheets, nails digging into your own thighs because you can't come hard enough. The kind that leaves you sticky and shaking and ashamed the second you open your eyes.

But I wasn't asleep.

I didn't tell her that.

I didn't say I'd seen the footprints outside the bathroom. I didn't say the hallway still stank of sex and sweat and primal heat hours after I locked myself in. I.

"I'll nap later," I said instead, voice tight. "Where's your dad?"

"Out. Patrol meeting. Some rogue pissed him off yesterday. Might be a war if it gets messy."

Something flickered in my chest. Sharp. Bright.

He's gone.

Gone.

Gone.

I tried not to react.

Tried not to let the breath catch in my throat or the blush rise back into my cheeks.

But she noticed.

"What?"

I blinked. "Nothing."

"You asked about him."

"It was just a question."

"You smiled."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you fucking did." Her eyes narrowed. "Wait. Are you seriously..Lyra. Oh my fucking goddess. You're not thinking about my dad, are you? You fucking better not girl!!"

"What? No. God. No."

"You are."

"I'm not."

"You are!" she shrieked, slamming her hand on the table. "You're thinking about him. You're fucking wet, aren't you? You little freak. You're sitting at breakfast dripping for my father."

I stood up too fast. My chair scraped the floor. My robe slipped at the shoulder, exposing the curve of my collarbone. Her eyes went wide.

"Holy shit," she whispered. "You are."

"Shut up."

She leaned back, lips curling into a wicked grin. "He's gonna ruin you, Lyra. He doesn't fuck virgins. He breaks them. So it's best you fucking stay away from him. You hear me!"

I didn't answer.

I couldn't.

Because I was already walking away.

I waited an hour.

Maybe less.

My nerves were shot. My body was on fire. My clit throbbed with every step. I paced my room barefoot, robe still tied too tight, my nipples painfully hard against the silk fabric, my thighs slick from arousal I couldn't control.

I'd tried the shower. Ice cold. Brutal.

Didn't work.

The more I scrubbed, the more sensitive I became.

I could still feel his voice on my skin.

Next time, I'm the one making you cum.

It played in my head on a loop. Over and over. The sound of it. The weight of it. The way his breath had fogged the air behind the bathroom door like he was already inside me, whispering straight into my soul.

I should have stayed put.

Should have locked the door and prayed to the Moon Goddess.

But I was already lost.

Already his.

I slipped into the hallway like a thief. Heart pounding. Feet silent.

Turned left. Past the family photos. Past the silver-framed mirrors. Past the places I was allowed to be.

Toward his wing.

Tasha's words echoed.

Never go there. It's where the bad shit happens.

Good.

I wanted it.

The carpet thickened under my soles. The scent grew darker. Wilder. Like pine and whiskey and wolf heat. Like something forbidden. Like something that could eat me alive.

I reached the last door.

It was cracked open.

Barely.

Just enough to tempt.

I touched the edge.

Pushed.

The creak was loud. Almost gut wrenching.

I winced.

And then I saw him.

Damon.

Alpha.

Flesh and danger.

He stood at the center of the room like he owned the whole fucking world. Sweat ran down his bare chest. His muscles flexed with every breath. A single drop slid from his jaw to his pec, glistening like sin before disappearing into the dark tattoos that clawed across his torso.

He didn't turn.

But I knew he knew.

He always knew.

He shifted.

His voice cut through the silence.

"You lost, little girl?"

I tried to speak.

Failed.

My mouth opened. Nothing came out.

He turned.

And holy fucking hell.

His face. His body. That raw, brutal beauty that made your lungs forget how to work. His sweatpants hung low, hips sharp, cock heavy. Not hard. Not yet. But thick. Lying against his thigh like a loaded weapon. Veins coiled up the shaft. His scent wrapped around me like a noose.

My pussy pulsed.

Soaked.

Throbbing.

I backed up.

His smirk deepened.

"You didn't mean to come here?"

I shook my head. Useless lie.

He stepped closer.

One step. Two.

Like a god descending.

"You did."

"You came here knowing what I'd do. What I'd say. What I'd take."

"No..I didn't..."

He cut me off with a look. A growl low in his throat.

"Say it again."

"I didn't mean to," I whispered.

He moved fast.

Too fast.

Suddenly his hand was under my chin. Fingers rough. Grip firm.

He tilted my face up. Eyes locked.

"You lie pretty," he murmured. "But your pussy's louder."

My breath hitched.

"I can smell it. Leaking down your thighs like you're begging me to put you on your knees."

He leaned closer.

"You don't know what to do with this ache, do you?"

I whimpered.

He pressed his body into mine.

I felt everything.

The heat. The weight. The promise of what he could do.

His mouth brushed my cheek. "You touch yourself thinking of me. You whisper my name into your pillow while you fuck your fingers like a needy little bitch."

I moaned.

He chuckled. Dark. Sinful. Cruel. Like he was fucking enjoying this.

"You want to be ruined. Say it."

"I..."

"Say it."

My lips trembled. "I want you to ruin me."

"Please"

"I beg you"

He stepped back.

Just enough to tease.

His eyes burned.

"Not yet little girl. I don't know if you can fucking take me"

"I can, sir."

The words slipped out of my mouth. It was trembling, breathless, soaked in desperation.

But he didn't soften.

He didn't praise me.

He laughed.

"You can't," he murmured, stepping into me so close his breath kissed my lips. "You think you can take me? That sweet little virgin cunt of yours wouldn't survive a fucking inch."

His fingers curled around my throat.

Not tight.

Just enough.

Enough to make me swallow.

Enough to make me wet.

"Do you know what this cock would do to you?" he hissed. "It would tear you open. You'd scream. Cry. Maybe even bleed. You'd beg me to stop halfway in."

He leaned down, lips brushing the shell of my ear. "And I wouldn't."

I gasped. My knees buckled.

His grip caught me.

"Fuck, you want it that bad, don't you? You want to be ruined. Used. Split open like a toy. But look at you..shaking. Dripping down your thighs. You're not ready for this."

"I am," I whispered.

"No, you're not."

He dragged his thumb across my bottom lip. "You don't even know what this feels like."

"You don't want to take an Alpha's cock into your pussy, Lyra."

"You can't handle me."

That sentence alone shattered me.

My knees nearly gave out. My cunt clenched, empty and aching, throbbing like it knew it would never be enough for him. Not tight enough. Not ready. Not worthy.

But I needed him.

God, I needed him.

"Please, Alpha," I whispered, breath shaking, chest heaving. "I can. I swear I can take it. I want it. I want you.."

He moved.

Fast.

Too fast.

One second I was begging, the next I was against the wall. My back hit hard. My head snapped back. And then his hand was on my throat tightened.

I gasped. My feet left the ground. My fingers clawed at his wrist out of instinct, but fuck… it only made the heat between my legs worse.

His face was inches from mine.

His breath? Fire.

His stare? Punishment.

"I don't fuck little girls like you," he growled, voice thick with disgust..and hunger. "I destroy them."

I moaned.

Right there, with his hand wrapped around my throat and my legs dangling, my pussy gushed like it needed to be ruined.

And he knew it.

He looked down.

Saw the wet spot on my shorts.

Smirked.

"Fucking pathetic," he spat. "You're dripping, and I haven't even pulled my cock out."

I whimpered.

My clit throbbed.

He ground his hips forward.

And I felt it.

God, I felt it.

The thick, hard bulge in his pants slammed right against my stomach..high on my stomach. That cock… it was huge. Monstrous. The kind of cock that would leave a girl sobbing through her orgasm.

The kind of cock that would break me.

I gasped. My body jerked. My thighs rubbed together like they were trying to fuck the air.

"Next time you try that nonsense," he said, his voice cold and deadly, "I won't take it lightly."

Then he let go.

And walked away.

Just like that.

Leaving me gasping. Wet. Aching.

My panties were soaked.

My throat burned.

And my cunt? My cunt was twitching.

Starving.

Still begging for the Alpha who'd just denied me like I was nothing.