

## Claimed by the Wolf (erotica)

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NEW STORY: Claimed by the Wolf (erotica)

Alpha realizes his mate is a woman and the unexpected occurs

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He arrived with two large men following right behind him. Bodyguards, Serena thought, although she wondered why he would need them. He looked so large and muscular that there shouldn't be any need for any extra muscle. Still, it wasn't her job to ask a client to explain anything.

"You wanted to have some samples taken Mr...." Serena glanced down to her papers.

"Aiden Sheringham," he said.

His voice sounded so deep that she was surprised.

"Please follow me, sir," she invited as she led him into the nearest office.

Her boss had given her clear instructions to help this man. She had no idea why. Normally she worked at another unit, researching for the next cancer treatment.

This evening she had been ordered to work extra, just to help this client. The rest of the staff had gone home hours earlier so as far as she knew, she was the only one here except for the security guard outside.

This department was something completely different. Thankfully, the bodyguards remained standing outside the office. It would feel cramped with three large men in there.

She glanced at the note she had received from her boss earlier that day.

"We need to do blood and saliva samples."

She located the equipment she needed and some test tubes.

He seemed agitated and constantly on edge as if he had trouble relaxing. His eyes were scanning the room, but at last he seemed to be content with what he saw. As he made eye contact with Serena, he smiled broadly.

"Please sit down, Mr Sheringham," she said calmly.

"Sure," he said.w@w.no(e)eOwOr(n).c(o)M

He was so large that even when sitting down, the room seemed smaller than it normally would.

"And please undress your arm. I need to take the blood sample from your elbow.

"I always follow orders when a beautiful woman asks me to strip."

"I only want to see your arm. Don't get too excited," she said.

He chuckled.

She walked over to him and pointed to his mouth.

"Open up."

He leaned back in the chair and did as she requested and opened his mouth. Unfortunately, as he leaned backwards, she couldn't reach him without getting closer.

Even when she was standing, she felt small compared to him. It troubled her, but in a strange, exhilarating way. As if something primal inside of her worshipped the feeling of submitting to a more powerful being.

She tried to shake off that feeling. She was a modern and independent woman. Not some sissy that needed a man to fight her battles.

After a moment's hesitation she realised that the sooner she finished the job, the sooner she could go home. Get a grip on yourself, she commanded her mind. Act professional and get it over with.

She moved between his thighs and skimmed the tip of the sampler around in his mouth.

Standing this close to him she could feel his scent teasing her nostrils. He had a musky scent, both manly and very tempting at the same time. She glanced quickly at his clean-shaven cheeks and saw that dark stubbles were visible.

He would need to shave soon, she thought before stopping herself.

He was a young man, late twenties, early thirties, she guessed. A twinkle in his eyes made it all too clear that he was used to having women ogle every part of his tempting body.

She retreated quickly and put the sampler into a test tube and wrote a label that she attached onto it.

She tried to make herself busy with the ordinary tasks to prevent her mind from wandering into areas where it didn't belong.

"Okay, then it's blood."

She retrieved the vials and prepared the needle.

She looked at his arms. He hadn't removed any of clothing yet.

"Left or right?" she asked.

"What?"

He seemed surprised by her question as if he was thinking about something else entirely.(w)w.noV&ℓ(w)δrm.©δm

"Left or right arm? Which do you prefer?"

"Go for my left."

He got up and removed his jacket, before he started to roll up the sleeves of his shirt. He gave her a broad smile as if he enjoyed undressing in front of her. He towered above her, making the office seemed cramped and small. It was unsettling and she longed for him to sit down and stop blocking the light.

The words were at the brink of her tongue, but she held them back. This was a client. She had to treat him differently than she would treat a colleague. She sighed.

There was a reason why she preferred working behind the scene in the laboratory instead of meeting sinfully gorgeous strangers.

Finally, he sat down again, and she rolled her chair over to his left side and placed the tourniquet around his upper arm. She had to push his shirt slightly up to get there and he helped her to hold the fabric away.

She touched his arm briefly as she tightened the tourniquet and suddenly a sparkle seemed to transfer from his skin onto hers. It was so unexpected that her hands shook for a moment and she cursed herself.

She couldn't have shaky hands when taking blood samples. She would scare the client. She glanced into his eyes to see if he was worried.

Not a chance. He seemed to enjoy it a little too much, judging by his wolfish grin. He was probably used to having women being affected by him. She couldn't help herself and tried to get control of the situation by turning the tables in her favour.

"Do you normally faint when taking blood samples?" Serena asked in a silky sweet voice.

He snorted.

"Depends on how much you're planning to take."ww@.noO.kroRm.com

"Three vials," she said as she placed them in her lap.

She pushed her legs closer together to keep the vials from rolling away from her. At the same time, she felt an unsettling reaction in her lower body.

Oh boy, not now. The man was attractive, but there was no reason why she should respond to him at all. It was unseemly. She had to finish this and send him off as quickly as possible.

At the same time, she heard him take a deep intake of breath and she could hear him moan.

What on earth was going on, she thought as she peeked into his face. She met his smouldering eyes and it seemed that he had some similar ideas that this encounter was more arousing than it should be.

Quickly she turned back to his arm and concentrated on doing her job. She tapped lightly on his skin, feeling the faint spark each time their skin connected. What was this? It had never happened before with any of the other clients that she had taken blood samples from.

What was so different with this man? Could it simply be because she found him so attractive that even her skin jumped at the feeling of touching him? She had never heard about anything like it before.

Finally, she had located a vein that seemed promising.

"Ready?"

"Go for it," he said.

His voice sounded hoarse, as if he was talking about something else than the blood samples.