

1047

She pushed the needle forward and punctured his skin, watching as his warm red blood ran down and started to fill the first vial. He held his arm still, and she loosened the tourniquet before switching to the next vial. She tried to hold the needle completely still, not wanting to cause him any pain.

Soon, all the vials were filled and she removed the needle and pressed down on the vessel with a gauze.

"Hold this," she said.

He held on to it while she retrieved a piece of tape and placed it on top the gauze, holding it in place. She rolled her chair back to her table and attached the labels before filling out the forms needed.

"And that should be it," she said, before she briefly glanced at the note from her boss.

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"Not quite," he said.

His voice was filled with repressed laughter as if he knew something that she wouldn't like to know.

She couldn't quite make out her bosses handwriting. There was a lot of scribbles but they didn't make any sense at all. It wasn't that uncommon. His handwriting was always terrible, but this time it was worse than ever.

"I'm not sure what it says here," she said. "Same' or something."

"Semen," her client said.

"Semen?" she asked wondering if her face was flushed or ashen.

No way, she thought.

"What for?" she blurted out before thinking. "We never do semen samples."

"Don't ask me," he said smugly. "Maybe the doctor likes to be thorough."

She checked the computer. His file confirmed her suspicion.

"Yes, you're right. He wrote it here as well. Fertility studies," she read aloud.

Mr Sheringham laughed heartily.

"Is that what he calls it nowadays. Well, well."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," she tried to console him.

"What? You think that the problem is on my side?"

"Who knows? That's why he wants you to take the sample, I guess."

"Not take. Deliver," he said.

She blushed.

"Yes, of course."

She hadn't even known they were doing fertility studies at all. This lab was top secret and she had never had any access to these premises before. She had only been granted access for a few hours so she wouldn't find out either, she guessed.

She located some plastic bottles and handed it to him.

"Here you go. Put the lid on when you're done."

She turned to the door.

"I'll be just down the corridor. Let me know when you leave."

"Wait," he said. "I need some help."

"Oh, of course. I can check if he has any porn magazines or videos available."

She started to open a few drawers searching for something that might make it easier for him.

He laughed.

"Not that sort of help."

"What then?"

"Come here."

"What for?"

"Stimulation."

"No. You have to manage that part on your own."

"A little suction would work wonders for my performance," he said smugly.

"That will contaminate the samples and ruin the value of taking them."

"I could always fuck you and empty my load inside of you, letting you be the vessel."

His words produced an image that was far too pleasant for her peace of mind.

"Definite contamination. Not happening."

"You want to get rid of me, don't you?"

There was no need denying it.

"Yes."

"Let's just say that if I have trouble performing, this may take days."

"Meaning?"

"I don't have time for that and neither would you, I guess, eh?"

"Days?"

He nodded.

"You do have problems."

"Theoretically, yes."

Which was probably another way of admitting that he couldn't get it up, she concluded. Oh boy. How to solve this?

He looked at the woman and nearly laughed when he realised what conclusion she had drawn. If she had even bothered looking into his lap she would have seen that there was nothing to worry about. Or, from her point of view, it was wise to worry.

The first meeting between a full-grown werewolf and his mate was seldom a boring event. He felt a strong urge to claim her the sooner the better, but he tried to stay in control of his beast. It would scare her if he followed his instincts and bent her over for him before he plunged his cock deep inside of her.

The precum from his cock would ease the way. Making it easier on her. But as a human female she would not be accustomed to being taken as hard as he wanted to. He had never thought that his mate would be human. That was a major surprise.

He had always thought that he would find his mate among the many female werewolves. At least in one of the packs he'd assumed he would find the mate he was seeking. But the search had been fruitless. No one was even remotely a match.

So, he had turned to their Research facility. The leading researcher, Dr Robert Philips, had suggested that they used scientific methods in order to find a match for him. He had come in once before and left his saliva and blood samples.

Based on that, Dr Philips had found two women that was a potential match and the doctor had laughingly asked whether he wanted to meet the blonde or the brunette first.

"Which is the most likely candidate?"

"The brunette."

"Okay. Arrange something. I don't want to waste time."

The following evening, he came to the lab after working hours. Meeting the woman that science told him might be a match. Finding out if science and animal instincts could come to the same conclusion. And so far they had.

When their eyes met the first time as she greeted him in the doorway, he felt something special. That feeling became stronger when she touched his arm. He had felt the immediate response from the tingling in his arm and spreading rapidly down into his groin.

He felt into the animal within and every female he met was indistinguishable from the rest. He had been bored, for a lack of a better word.

But now, both he and the animal were wide awake. Just from a slight touch to his arm and the scent of a woman's arousal teasing his nostrils. Oh yes, he had smelled her arousal as soon as it had started.