

1 | Non-Fictional Men

BRENNA

The lycan's grip around my throat tightened, and I had to stand on the tips of my toes now, pinned to the wall and with him towering over me. A lycan! It was a real lycan! Tall, monstrous, with a wolf's head and enormous sharp claws. And an immense desire to kill me.

How could that be real? How did I get here? And how could I survive now? My thoughts were a mess!

"Onyx Tynan, you drugged me to sleep with me. Don't you think even for a second that you are going to get away with it!" His voice was barely human, glowing garnet eyes piercing mine with determination to kill.

If this, by some crazy chance, was indeed real, I was going to die here and now.

I would be killed by a character from my own book, and there was nothing I could do about it. My neck would snap if he simply clenched his fingers a bit harder.

However, instead, he turned into his human form again before my eyes, making me forget how to breathe and still not letting go of me. His thumb brushed over my lower lip, making it part.

"I didn't do it! I swear!" I stuttered, and a cruel smirk curled his lips.

"Then prove it!"

~***~

Flashback

My one and only attempt at being single and ready to mingle went horribly wrong and I wanted to cry.

Just a week ago, I found out that my *ancé* Jeremy and my best friend Mal were sleeping together and laughing at me behind my back. This came as such a shock to me that I still couldn't recover. I came home early one day and found them consummating like two rabbits that had no tomorrow on my own bed. That broke my heart, and although their sex was remarkably short, what followed after was even worse.

As a fantasy romance author, I was used to people laughing at me from time to time. They loved telling me that I was too old for fairy tales and needed to grow up or made dirty jokes about werewolf smut that was on the rise as if I was personally responsible. However, it wasn't a problem when it came from strangers. I was ready for that.

But Jer and Mal lived with me for two years, they were my closest people, and they knew how serious I was about my work. Moreover, they never had a problem with it when I paid all our bills. So, it struck a chord when I heard them laugh that I was a nerd who didn't know how to live and had no experience with anything. I may have been working too much, but it wasn't fair to mock me when they were the ones reaping the fruit of my labour. The last straw was when Jeremy told her that compared to her, I was not fun in bed.

So, today I tried to block all of that out. I was ready to move on and wanted to try something new. I wasn't a one-night stand kind of girl, but I desperately needed to let my steam off and feel desired again. So, I went to a bar and picked up a guy. The hottest one I could find.

His name was Chad, and that alone should have been a big red flag. Nevertheless, his perfect six-pack made me close my eyes to some of his dumb jokes.

However, when we reached the hotel, I quickly realised that I simply couldn't do it. He was all pushy and sloppy, and stopped being appealing after two minutes of us staying alone.

"On your knees, baby girl," he told me while sliding his tongue up and down my arms as if it was meant to do something other than repulse me. "Suck Daddy's balls, baby."

Daddy kink just wasn't it for me. Not to mention that the dom tone didn't suit him. I already knew I wasn't going to do what he was asking the moment he opened his mouth.

How unfair was it that such a nice-looking guy was so useless where it counted?

"Chase." I shook my head, trying to come up with an excuse. "This is going too fast."

"It's Chad," he pursed his lips, letting his jeans fall to the floor, his member springing cheerfully at attention and hitting his stomach.

It was impressive, yet somehow made me want him less.

"Just one, then?" He asked while knitting his brows, and I bit my lip not to laugh hysterically. "Listen," he towered over me, "For us both to have pleasure tonight, you need to do something for me. Then I will do something for you."

He tried to spell it out to me as if I was dumb, sealing his fate. This one-night stand thing wasn't for me, after all. Whom was I kidding? I was a romance fantasy author, and for the past ten years, I have spent all my nights writing about perfect couples falling in love with each other.

Tonight wasn't my idea of fun. It was my worst nightmare.

"But you didn't do anything for me yet," I pointed out, immediately regretting my words because that eager glint of hope reappeared in his eyes.

"Spread your legs, baby," Chad licked his lips, "I will take care of you, and then you s'ck me off. Deal?"

Hell no.

This was exactly my problem with non-fictional men. While my male leads were ready to get a star from the sky for their beloved, guys in real life were offering deals like that at best.

Rushing, I left the hotel with tears burning my eyes after I made up a stupid excuse and made Chad wait for me in the cold shower, which he needed.

I took a bottle of champagne from our room and opened it on my way to a nearby park entrance, where I wanted to find a taxi to get back home. It was the middle of the night, so the street was empty, and I wasn't embarrassed to take a big gulp right there. God knew I needed it now. I wanted to hop to the other side of the road as quickly as possible, drinking and thinking of how unlucky I was to have my life full of Jeremys, Mals and Chads of this world. Where were epic love, noble intentions and true friendship?

Not here.

The blinding ash of headlights appeared so fast and out of nowhere that I didn't even have time to process it. I heard the screeching of the brakes, and suddenly I flew into the air, my dress and hair blowing from the impact as the time around me froze. The champagne bottle slid out of my hand, and the last thing I saw was my crimson-red shoe lying on the ground far away from where I landed.

I got hit by a car...

With that thought, my eyelids became too heavy, and although I struggled to keep them open, the darkness consumed me after all...

~***~

I took a deep breath and exhaled in a loud moan when I felt a hot tongue trailing my nipples while a large palm was slowly sliding down my abdomen in between my thighs.

"What the—" I gasped as I felt warm fingers brushing over my sensitive flesh. It felt so good that another moan escaped me.

Phew. It was all a dream! That was the good news. A car didn't hit me.

The bad news - I stayed to sleep with Chad after all.

Then again, he was doing something with his fingers now that was quickly rehabilitating him in my eyes.

"So sweet—" Chad muttered as he moved to kiss my neck. It was dark, and I laced my fingers into his hair which was surprisingly longer now. I would have wondered why, but I did not care since I was nally getting the one-night stand of my dreams! And also, this length was easier to tug to where I wanted it.

I probably dozed off after drinking one too many and had a nightmare, so I was happy to be in this man's strong arms. And the best part was that he was exceeding my expectations now.

In one swift move, he roughly pinned both my hands on top of my head, fixing them there. After which, he found my mouth at last, and his hot breath tickled my lips.

"What did you do to me?" he growled and plunged his tongue inside of me, entangling it with mine in what seemed like a fight for dominance. I wasn't losing this battle to Chad, of all people, so I made sure to bite him just for the fun of it. This, however, seemed to only ignite his desire as he hooked up my thigh and positioned himself at my entrance.

Crashing his lips into mine again and holding me in place, he thrust into me.

"Mother of *&^%#!" I swore loudly as tears formed in my eyes from the unexpected pain I had experienced. What the hell was it? It was so much worse than my first time! And how on Earth?!

I tried to catch my breath when he kissed me again, stealing my moans away. He wasn't moving, giving me time to adjust.

"Are you okay?" he was already panting, but I knew that this wasn't due to tiredness. His body against mine did not seem exhausted. He was barely holding himself from devouring me here and now.

He wanted more. More of me, more of us...

Gosh, this was hot!

I wrapped my legs around his waist and ran my nails over his back, causing him to growl again. Usually, I wasn't a fan of such Alpha male things, but, damn, he sounded so natural at this! I loved it!

He swore under his breath as pleasure surged through my core and then rippled all over my body again and again.

Chad was good! So good that I forgot about everything while in his hands.

Thank God that horrible dream about being hit by a car was just a dream! I was probably too drunk to differentiate a simple nightmare from reality.

Loud banging on the door woke me up. Seriously, what was up with that? This was an expensive hotel after all!

A groan behind my back reminded me that I wasn't alone, and it was probably the time to escape gracefully... as long as the situation allowed me. However, I found two large hands wrapped around me tightly. One of them was covered in tattoos, and this was strange. I was pretty sure Chad didn't have any.

I tried to remove the arms awkwardly, but he just pulled me in tighter instead.

"Uhm, Chad," I called him, trying to wriggle out of his grasp so that I could at least see his face. "Do you mind? I need to get back home already and...."

I froze, looking at the man lying in bed next to me. The man I slept with. The man who wasn't Chad!

I gaped at him, at a loss for words. He ran his hand over his face, rubbing his forehead as if he had a headache. Then he opened his eyes, and our eyes locked. I saw the most mesmerising azure colour. It was so beautiful but absolutely not natural. Did he wear contact lenses?

However, all this was not important now. What was important was that I was lying in bed with God knows who.

It most definitely wasn't Chad.

The guy indeed had longer dark hair, almost reaching his shoulders, and when he nally spared me a glance, his own lips parted. It looked like I wasn't the only one shocked now.

"You?" he sat up at once, getting his hands from under me. Ouch. "How the hell did you end up in my bed?"

"That's a very good question!" I snapped back at him, pulling the sheets higher up my chest. His attitude was really something. "Where is Chad?" I asked the first thing that came to my mind.

"Who?" he furrowed his brows, getting out of bed and not even bothering to cover himself.

"The guy I was with!" I exhaled through my nostrils in annoyance, realising that this wasn't the hotel room we had booked yesterday. "How did you get me here?"

"Onyx Tynan," the man snarled at me. Snarled! "If you want to live, choose your words wisely!"

I wanted to retort with something snarky when it hit me.

Onyx Tynan.

I know that name!

I came up with that name a few years ago when I was writing my first-ever book, "The Heirs of Stars and Shadows". It was my first work. My very first book. It wasn't great, but it brought me success, helping me to kick off my writing journey. Many fans loved that story, even though my writing was not yet polished back then.

Onyx was a character in that story—the villainess everyone loved to hate. She was one of these archetypal evil females in romance books without morals but with a talent for elaborate or sometimes not-so-elaborate schemes. Even after years, I still had fans contacting me about that book and asking for a sequel that I couldn't write for some reason. Which reminded me... I gave the guy in front of me a glance over as he still didn't bother covering any of his impressive body parts.

Of course, my eyes went to his most prominent part on instinct... and God! Was that inside of me? For real?! Then again, it explained why I felt the pain at first but also why it felt so good later...

Anyway, never mind that. Back to business. My gaze skimmed over his impressive torso, sculpted by the gods in paradise, no doubt. Nature was kind to him. Or, better said, nature gave him all the best stuff and didn't bother much with the rest of the population. It was unfair that a man like that existed. He had a chiselled chest with every ab in place.

I traced those with my curious eyes, swallowing and remembering how I enjoyed touching them last night. But then my gaze reached his chest, and my lips parted in shock.

What the actual hell?! He had a large wolf tattoo on most of his left arm and shoulder to his chest. It was all black, and although I wasn't a fan of tattoos in general, this one was a piece of art. It depicted a fierce wolf, snarling with sharp canines bared and eyes that seemed to promise a painful death to anyone who stood in his way. Parts of the beast were turning into beautiful waves of darkness and then dissipating into shadows.

The sudden realisation hit me hard. No, no, no! NO! That tattoo... I also came up with that!

"I-is that a shadow wolf tattoo?" I pointed at him with my index finger, and I could swear his eyes asched red.

"What else could it be, Onyx?!" he growled again, and I whimpered quietly. "Of course, it's a shadow wolf tattoo!"

I couldn't panic. I couldn't! This was another hell. The shadow wolf was a tattoo of the male lead in that story! Rhin Brynmorr, the hot, misunderstood Alpha Lycan prince, the heir to the throne of Valreyn, who was mostly known for his murderous, cruel tendencies and dark past.

Moreover, everything here looked terrifyingly familiar... Just what was going on?