

# My Hockey Alpha

## Chapter 7: Playing Hard to Get

When I saw the human girl with the two black braids at the bar on Friday night, I honestly didn't think twice. She was just another average human girl — pretty, with a nice body, but ultimately useless for me.

You see, I'm a werewolf. I was never meant to have anything to do with humans. In fact, they always bored me; I much preferred being around my own kind. But when my father came to me one day and told me that he was purchasing a company that would do business in the human world and that he wanted me to be the face of the company, I couldn't say no. My father was always in control — he was the alpha werewolf, and as his son, I was expected to do whatever he told me to do if I wanted to be the next alpha.

So, when he enrolled me in a human university and put me through rigorous training to be a sports god, I had to just grin and bear it. Everyone else at the university thought I was human, and as far as I knew, none of them knew anything about werewolves to begin with.

To the ordinary human, werewolves were just a myth; a story from a book written to scare children. The only human at the university who knew about my true nature was the dean, who was a hybrid. My father had paid him well to let me enroll and keep my secret safe.

To everyone else, I was just a popular, wealthy hockey star.

Eventually, after the first three semesters of being a hockey star, I actually wound up enjoying it. Hockey was the one thing that kept me sane during all of this; when I was on the ice, it was only me and my opponents. No drama, no company, no father telling me what to do and where to go.

I could just focus on the puck.

Outside of sports, my father always wanted me to mate with a girl who was poised and proper — someone to hold up the image of our household — but I never wanted that.

I never found a mate, anyway. It's not that I didn't want to find a mate; I just never found the right person. That's why, when my father told me to date a

hot, popular cheerleader to gain prestige at the university, I did what he told me to do.

I didn't even like Lisa at all, though. She was hot, but she wasn't a werewolf, and my wolf, Fio, hated every second in bed with her. She was nothing at all like the werewolf girls I had experienced so far.

The werewolf girls that I always liked were wild and free. Most of them didn't care about skimpy clothes and makeup, and much preferred wearing practical clothing to move about freely in nature.

My father was angry at first when I told him that Lisa and I broke up, although I was relieved.

"You had one job!" he said. "Christ, Enzo! Can't you just be happy to be a god at this school? You're going to ruin the face of our company."

He got over it pretty quickly, however, when I explained that not dating Lisa could be a good thing. It meant that I was "available" and all of the girls would fawn over me. His eyes practically showed dollar signs when I told him this, and from that day forward, my orders were to specifically stay out of a committed relationship.

I never told him about all of the sex. Admittedly, being in the human world made me miss the werewolves, and Fio was ravenous for women. He didn't like the human girls, either, but they served as fresh meat to fulfill our craving for sex and relieve stress.

But when I saw Nina in the bar, Fio went berserk.

"Get her," he said. "I want that one. I have to have her."

"What's so special about that one?" I replied in my mind. It was convenient to be able to speak to my wolf without saying anything out loud.

"I don't know," Fio said. "But her scent... I have to have more of it."

Fio would have been inconsolable if I said no, even though I wasn't planning on having any sex that night. His stubbornness sometimes gave me a headache, but nonetheless I took a big swig of my whiskey and walked up to the bar. I put on my best show, which I put on for all the girls; and soon enough, she was in my bed.

She looked average at first, but when she took off her clothes, her body was smoking hot. She had a small waist and a round ass, long legs, and perky breasts that fit perfectly in my hand. She was a virgin and had no skill with sex, but being with her made me feel differently than I felt with the other girls. Was Fio onto something?

Right after we had sex, she got dressed and went home. Normally I would have been happy to have my bed to myself, but admittedly I was a bit disappointed and I couldn't stop thinking about her. I laid awake all night, playing our sex over and over again in my head. I could still taste her skin on my tongue, I could still feel her warmth.

I saw her in the bleachers at my hockey game on Saturday afternoon, and I knew she was watching me through her binoculars. She looked away as soon as she saw me watching her, but I could tell that there was a small part of her that liked it.

I saw her again as she was buying food from the stand during halftime. She looked cute up close. I liked her long braids and her practical clothing. Her ass looked perfect in her tight jeans, and when I saw my teammates checking her out, I was a bit jealous.

For some reason, I felt territorial over her. I wanted her all to myself. I wanted to sink my teeth into her and fuck her like a wild animal. I knew my father would never approve of me publicly being with a somewhat nerdy, unpopular girl, but that only made me want her more.

Saturday night, after the hockey game, I saw her again at the homecoming party in the woods. I could tell that she dressed up just for me. Even though she was dressed up, she still looked comfortable and practical. All I could think about was pinning her up against a tree and lifting her skirt so I could thrust myself into her.

Fio still had no explanation for this strange feeling. She was just an ordinary human, but both of us knew that we had to have her. Maybe if I had sex with Nina just one more time, the feelings would fade and I could move on with my life...

But getting her back into my bed proved to be more difficult than I thought. She was playing hard to get.

I would find a way to convince her, though.