

# My Hockey Alpha

## Chapter 2: The Hockey Captain

Nina

Enzo must have noticed the expression on my face when I finally recognized him, because he smirked and held out a napkin for me.

“Your makeup is smudged.”

I blushed and grabbed the napkin from his hand, using it to wipe away my makeup while Enzo continued to stare at me.

“Rough night?” he said once I finished cleaning up my makeup.

“I guess you could say that,” I replied.

“You know,” he said, his deep brown eyes studying my face, “you look better without makeup.” His words made me blush even more. What were the odds that the hockey captain would be hitting on me on the night of my birthday, right after my boyfriend had cheated on me?

“Do you treat all the girls like this?” I said suddenly, surprised and embarrassed at my own question. It must have been the alcohol.

Enzo simply smirked again and finished the last of his drink.

He reached forward and brushed a bit of hair out of my face. “If you’re so intrigued by how I treat girls, why don’t you come see it for yourself? I live in Dorm B, fourth floor. Room 409.” His voice was low and sultry, and as we leaned closer together, I felt my breathing become slower and more aroused.

I frowned then and pulled away. I needed comfort tonight, but not that sort of comfort.

“No way,” I said, crossing my arms. “I know your reputation. You’re a player.”

“So what if I am?” Enzo murmured. “It’s your decision, but my room is open to you all night. You can just walk right in. No need to knock.”

With that, Enzo sat back up and tossed some money down on the bar. “I’ll pay for the lady’s drink,” he said to the bartender, then threw his jacket over his shoulder and sauntered out of the bar.

I kept sipping my drink while I thought about the unexpected proposition of sex. Enzo was well-known as an adonis, a handsome player. Ever since Enzo and Lisa — the cheerleader who stole my boyfriend — broke up last semester, Enzo’s dorm had a constant stream of gorgeous girls going in at night and walking out the next morning, their lipstick smeared and their hair a mess. No girls ever went back; Enzo only participated in one night stands.

I had never been interested in one night stands. In high school, I was nerdy and never had a chance with any of the boys. The one time I thought I had a chance, when the football quarterback asked me to prom, it turned out to be a prank. The whole school had laughed at me as I showed up in my blue dress, excited to dance with the quarterback, only for him to trip me and make me fall on the dance floor.

“Why would I want you?” he had said, pointing and laughing. “Ugly Nina will never have a boyfriend!”

After that, I swore that I would just focus on my studies. I eventually grew out of my ugly duckling phase once I started college, and lots of boys tried to get me to hook up with them, but I just wasn’t interested. If I was going to let a boy interrupt my studies, he would have to be perfect — someone who I would be willing to share my body with.

I had thought that Justin would be the one. He seemed so sweet and kind, but I guess that wasn’t the case. After this, I felt like never falling in love again.

“Sorry to say this, young lady, but the bar’s closing soon,” the bartender said, breaking me out of my deep thought. I nodded and finished off the last of my drink, then stood and left the bar. The thought of

going home right now almost made me sick.

Maybe I didn’t have to go home tonight.

I showed up at Enzo’s place a little while later. Before I entered, I hesitated for a little while as I considered just keeping my dignity and going home. But I was all dressed up tonight with expensive lingerie, and besides... with Justin

and Lisa's double betrayal, what would be a better way to get back at them both?

Taking a deep breath, I turned the knob and entered Enzo's dorm.

He was sitting on the couch when I entered, as though he had been waiting for me.

"Changed your mind, eh?" he said, standing and crossing the room toward me. He was much taller than me, and muscular to boot. This close, I could smell his cologne. It made my panties wet, almost like a pheromone.

"So," he said, "what changed your mind? I thought my reputation scared you."

"I just... Could use a little comfort," I said.

Without saying anything, he leaned down and cupped my chin with his hand. He kissed me deeply, his tongue exploring my mouth in a way that Justin's never had.

After we kissed, he wrapped his arms around my waist and picked me up. I wrapped my legs around him as he carried me to the bedroom. Our lips smacked together the whole way there. I bit his lower lip, which caused him to groan, and when we entered his dimly lit bedroom he slammed the door behind us and laid me down on the bed.

I was trembling, but there was something surprisingly gentle about Enzo's touch. I had expected a careless brute who only cared about getting himself off, but as he leaned over me and slid his fingers

down my panties, I realized that my assumptions were wrong.

Enzo kissed and licked my neck as he rubbed my clit, letting his fingers get wet with my juices as I moaned into his mouth. He pulled away briefly to remove his hand from my panties and let me taste myself off his fingers, then returned to touching me. Before he entered me with his fingers, however, I grabbed his wrist and stopped him.

"I should tell you that I'm a virgin," I whispered.

Enzo was silent for a few moments. I was worried he wouldn't want to continue after learning this about me, but then he merely smirked.

“I figured,” he replied, leaning down to nibble my ear. “I’ll be gentle with you.”

I let out a loud moan, arching my back as he let his long, thick fingers slide into me. He slid them back and forth, going faster and faster, until I was soaking wet and moaning loudly. I kissed and bit his neck as he fingered me, and moaned into his skin.

When he was finished pleasuring me, he removed his hand from my panties and looked me deeply in the eyes while he unbuttoned my skirt. I was still trembling, partially from nerves and partially from the tingling in my body.

“Lingerie, huh?” he whispered, sounding somewhat amused when he saw my lacy panties. I blushed. “Since you went to all that trouble, why don’t you give me a show?”

Still blushing, I stood and began to nervously remove my clothes. I removed my top first to reveal my breasts, which practically spilled out of the top of my bra, then slipped off my skirt to reveal my waist and thighs. I could see Enzo’s erection straining in his gray sweatpants as he bit his lip.

When I saw his huge erection, I knew that I wanted him. Saunter over to the bed, I pushed on his chest and pushed him down onto the mattress. I reached down and stroked his cock over his pants before sliding my hand inside and gripping it, feeling its warmth and girth in my small hand.

He let out a groan as I stroked up and down his cock with my hand. I pulled my hand out and slid down his sweatpants so that I could see.

Enzo must have seen the surprise on my face when I saw how big he was, because he chuckled and propped himself up on his elbows.

“Scared?” he said.

I shook my head, licking my lips. “Can I taste it?” I whispered, to which he nodded, his dark eyes fixed on mine.

I opened my mouth and took his cock inside, slowly working my lips and tongue up and down the shaft. It was awkward at first — I had never done this before — but the sounds that Enzo was making told me that I was doing a good job.

We laid naked together beneath the sheets, our limbs tangled together. Enzo spit on his hand and rubbed it along his shaft, pressing the head against me to go inside.

I flinched at first, but Enzo reassured me that it was okay. "I'll be gentle. I promise," he whispered into my ear, his breath hot on my neck.

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When it was over, Enzo and I laid in bed for a minute before he got up and put on his underwear. I sat up, feeling both heavenly and ashamed of myself, and pulled my panties on.

There was something different about Enzo now that we had had sex; his body language seemed more wild and dominant, and when he looked at me, his pupils were dilated. His eyes almost seemed like a different color.

He smiled at me then and his teeth were sharp and glistening. My heart started to race as I felt like he was a wolf and I was his prey.

Swallowing, I stood and put the rest of my clothes on.

"See you around." Before Enzo could reply, I rushed out of the bedroom and left the dorm.

What was that look he gave me? Why did he look so... feral?