

## Chapter 5

After several hours of throwing up into a bucket I must have passed out because the next time I opened my eyes there was light coming in through the window. My head was resting on Dominic's lap. Dominic was sitting upright with his back against the headboard. His hand was resting on my shoulder and he was in a deep sleep.

I felt terrible, my head was killing me and I still felt nauseous. I had never felt like this after drinking before but I guess this was what humans refer to as a hangover. Now I finally understood why they always claimed they would never drink again the morning after a night out.

I removed Dominic's hand from my shoulder and sat up. It took a great deal of effort to move into a seated position and I had to do it very slowly so that I didn't throw up yet again. This was awful, worse than that time that I ate a whole tub of Ben and Jerry's and half a small chocolate cake while binge watching superhero films.

Once the thumping in my head died down to a dull ache once more I pulled the silver necklace over my head and threw it across the room. It would be hours before my wolf and lycan would be able to heal my body fully but I could feel their presence again and that alone was a comfort.

"So I take it you don't like feeling human." Dominic said. He was smiling at me, I hadn't even realised that he was awake.

"I'm just not used to it." I said feeling a bit embarrassed, I didn't want him to think I was insulting him.

Dominic laughed.

"You are so cute when you panic." He said.

"I see. So how did you know I was a werewolf?" I asked. I turned my body so I could watch him. This was an important conversation but I also wanted to watch him squirm.

"I had my suspicions from the moment I met you. You act like a werewolf and you're warmer to the touch than a human but I wasn't sure until the first time you came here." He said.

I remembered the first time I came here. We had just started seeing each other and we had come to his place because he didn't have a roommate like I did. I was looking forward to spending the evening with him but I must have touched something that disagreed with me. I had some kind of allergic reaction on my hand. It was very painful and it took a few days for it to go away, even with my increased healing.

"Did you do something to me?" I asked. I suddenly felt worried, I had trusted Dominic and I didn't like the idea that he could have betrayed that trust.

"It's not like that." He said.

"I always keep a trace amount of wolfbane on the door. It's not enough to hurt a human but it will give a werewolf a nasty rash. I should have removed it when I knew you were coming over but I forgot. I was too excited about our date." He said.

I almost corrected him for calling our first (almost) night together a date but I bit my tongue. It was a minor detail and we had more important things to discuss.

"I am sorry." He continued.

He looked embarrassed and a little bit worried. I think he was worried that I would be angry with him but how could I be angry with him? If he knew about our kind then it would make sense for him to want to know if one of us was trying to enter his home. We are much stronger than a human and I could see how that could be intimidating.

"That's ok. So tell me, how do you know about werewolves?" I asked.

"That is a long story." He replied.

"I have nothing else planned." I said. Not that I would feel up to doing anything else right now anyway.

"Ok. My first experience with werewolves was when I was about six or seven years old. Me and my older brother lived with my mom and dad in a small town in Arizona. We were a normal, happy family until a werewolf took over one of the bars on the outskirts of town."

He was looking down at his hands as he spoke. He had a slight smile on his face as spoke about his family. I had never heard him talk about his family before. I hadn't thought about that until now, perhaps because my relationship with my own family was so complicated.

"One of the werewolves started showing an interest in her. She tried to ignore her feelings for him but he was her mate so it was only a matter of time until she gave in. He didn't even tell her about rejection so she had no choice and no escape." He said, his anger was starting to show.

"Anyway, a few months later she left my dad and moved in with the werewolf. As you are probably very aware, humans aren't allowed to know about werewolves." He said.

"I know." I conformed.

"There is an exception that allows a werewolf to change their mate but there is no exception for a mate's human children." He said.

"I guess that is true. I have never thought about it before though. Nobody in our pack has had a human mate as far as I am aware." I said.

In truth I didn't believe that this kind of thing was really enforced anymore. At least in our pack it was used more of a warning to make sure we were careful around humans. I had heard a rumour a few years back that there was an incident where one of the pack was spotted in wolf form. They claimed that our alpha had paid the human a large amount of money to keep it quiet.

"Well things went well for a few years. We lived on the outskirts of the pack and my mom and her mate hid the existence of werewolves from me and my brother. That was until one day when I was running late for school, I decided I would take a shortcut through the forest." He paused briefly.

"They always told me not to go into the forest. I thought it was just my mom being overprotective. If I had known, I wouldn't have gone that way. Maybe then things would have worked out differently." He said.

He turned his face away from me so I wouldn't see the tears forming in his eyes. He was a little too slow though. I put my hand on top of his to encourage him to continue.

"When the alpha of their pack found out that I had seen someone shift into their wolf form he ordered my death. We left the pack the very next day and have been on the run ever since. They searched for us for a while but I haven't heard anything from them for the last five years so I think they have given up." He said.

"I can't believe they actually tried to kill you. I thought that was just something they said to scare us." I said.

"What pack do you come from?" He asked.

I looked at him for a moment. It felt odd sharing this kind of information with a human but I couldn't think of a reason to keep it from him.

"Don't worry, I am not going to turn up at your house or something. I try to stay as far away from packs as possible." He said after sensing my anxiety.

"I am part of the Ward pack." I said.

"That makes sense. Your alpha is well known in the werewolf world for being fair. Not all packs are like yours." He said.

"I know. I have heard stories. When I was at school one of my classmates had a sister who had a mate in a different pack. By all accounts she would have been better off being rejected than leaving with him." I said.

"I can't see why any of your kind would let some mythical force dictate who you spend the rest of your life with." He said, rolling his eyes.

"He wouldn't say that if he had ever experienced what it was like to have a mate." Jade said, talking to me for the first time since last night.

"I don't know about that." I said. A lot of the mated couples I met seemed really happy with their mates.

"You don't have to accept your mate, you know. I always hoped you would take me as your chosen mate." He said.

He was looking at me with a look so intense I thought he might burn a hole right through me. I didn't know what he wanted from me, did he want me to promise that I would reject my mate for him? I would have to leave my pack too of course. That was a lot to ask of any werewolf, I don't think he had any clue how important packs were to our kind.

"One thing I don't understand. Why would you want to date me when you knew I was a werewolf." I asked.

He had a lot of reasons to hate werewolves. I wouldn't have been surprised if he never wanted to see another werewolf in his lifetime. Yet he had werewolf friends and he wanted a werewolf girlfriend.

"I don't judge all werewolves based on a few bad experiences. Besides, I saw a lot of similarities between us." He said.

"How so?" I asked.

"I don't know what happened to you in your pack but I know it is still painful for you. Maybe one day you will trust me enough to tell me about it." He said.

"I have to go back there for a few days. My stepfather is coming tomorrow to take me back." I said. I don't know why I told him that. Maybe I just needed to be comforted by someone who could understand the way I was feeling.

"Why?" He said.

"I don't know, some party. I think they just want me to stand beside my stepfather and play happy families." I said.

"That sucks but look on the bright side." He said.

"What's that?" I said. I failed to see anything positive about going back to live with my stepfather no matter how briefly.

"In a few days you will be back here with me and I will make you forget all about this party and your dysfunctional family." He said.

He leaned forward and kissed me. His lips pressed against mine gently as his fingers traced the outline of my body.

'Stop kissing him. He is not our mate.' Jade said.

She sounded panicked, she hated the idea of being with anyone who wasn't our mate. I could feel how much me kissing Dominic was hurting her.

I could feel Dominic's fingers trailing up the inside of my thigh then along the edge of my underwear. I moaned. I could feel my arousal building.

'Maybe we could just be with him this one time and dump him right after.' Scarlett said.

'No he is not our mate, he shouldn't be touching us like this.' Jade said.

Dominic started kissing my neck, running his tongue across my collar bone as he unzipped my dress. I pulled my dress off over my head and laid down on his bed.

Dominic laid down on top of me and started kissing me passionately on my lips and my neck. I let my hands wander all over his body until I reached the waistband of his jeans. I unzipped his jeans and started to pull them down.

Dominic pulled his jeans off then started to kiss his way down my body. He paused briefly at my breasts, lightly sucking on each of my nipples before continuing on his journey down my body. He ran his tongue over my hip causing a pleasurable shiver to run up my spine.

"Do you want me?" Dominic said.

"Yes." I said.

"How much?" He teased.

"Why don't you kiss me a little lower and you can taste that for yourself." I said.

He looked at me, biting his lip as he pulled down my underwear.

"You certainly smell like you want me but I think I need to hear you beg." He said.

"Please." I said.

"Please what?" He asked.

"Please lick me." I said.

Without any hesitation he lowered his head between my legs. He moved his tongue slowly over my clitoris, sending waves of pleasure through my body. I thrust my hips forward to create more friction. I wanted more.

"I want you inside me." I pleaded.

Dominic pulled a condom from the top drawer of his bedside table. He took it out of the wrapper and pulled it on before climbing back on top of me. He kissed my neck as he penetrated me.

He started grinding his hips against me slowly but firmly. I could feel the pleasure building as I approached my climax. I tightened my grip around him. He responded by increasing his pace, pushing me over the edge.

I felt wave after wave of pleasure pulse through me as my orgasm took over. Dominic thrust deeply inside me as he reached his own orgasm and deepened mine.

We laid like that for a few moments before he rolled off me. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into a hug. I closed my eyes and let myself slip into a blissful sleep.

"I love you." Dominic said just as I drifted off, he said it so faintly that I almost didn't hear him.