

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Ten

DOMONIC

Glancing down at my phone I see I've been here for an hour and fifteen minutes. "Right. Go ahead, I have to get out of here too."

After locking up my office, I am stopped at the door by Margo in her glittering silver stars and heavy make-up. Her body is on full display, and I mean full display. After all, she works here at the club and brings in a lot of customers. But I notice right away that for the first time since meeting her, my dick didn't so much as twitch.

Damn it.

"Where are you going?" She asks, grabbing my arm to prevent me from hedging out the door.

"I'm busy Margo. I already told you that. Get out of my way."

"Wait!" She purrs. "What about tonight? Can I come over. You left me pretty unsatisfied last night. Too busy with that bitch to take care of me the way you should."

I have to laugh. This dumb bitch. "Margo, you are not my girlfriend. You know that. It would be best if you stopped coming over until the girl is gone."

She narrows her eyes at me, crossing her arms under her heavy breasts. "What? Why?"

"Don't worry about why. Just stay away for now." Then I leave without so much as a look back.

When I arrive in front of the boutique, I am floored by the sight of Draven across the street laughing with Paul.

Motherfucken traitors. All of them.

DRAVEN

"There's my ride." I stand up and grab my bags the moment the Hummer appeared across the street.

Paul smiles, "Okay. So, I'll see you tomorrow night then."

I nod, "Yup. I'll be waiting."

I cross the street, rolling my eyes at the black windows of the Hummer.

You're late douchebag.

Once I'm inside the car I run my hands up and down my arms to chase away the chill before buckling my seatbelt.

Looking over at Domonic, I see his gaze is locked on the cafe and on Paul reentering the building. He doesn't so much as blink.

"I thought you said half an hour."

He doesn't look at me. His jaw is clenched angrily, and his hand is white knuckled over the gear shift. "My thing... it ran late."

"I can see that. What's up? Are we going back to the condo or what?"

Again he doesn't speak, nor does he look away from Paul's shop.

"Domonic-"

"I thought you needed to go shopping."

"I did go shopping," I say, shaking the bags in front of me. "I've been done shopping for almost an hour."

He laughs, darkly. "So, you've been across the street with Pretty Paul for an hour?"

I scowl. "I guess so. Isn't he your friend?"

He finally rips his eyes away from the shop to turn toward me with a tight-lipped smile. Putting the car in gear, he studies the road ahead but makes no move to roll away from the curb.

"What did the two of you talk about?"

Glaring at him, I remember what Paul told me about how Domonic ordered them not to help me. "Mostly we talked about how great a guy Bart is for hiring me even though you told him not to. In fact, despite you demanding that no one help me."

He hisses, "But did they listen? No."

Then he pulls out onto the street, and we race away. He isn't driving slowly this time, swerving around cars and running a red light as I clutch the bottom of my seat.

"What the fuck?" I snap. "It's still foggy you know."

He sighs, slowing down and gracing me with a weary sidelong glance. "You shouldn't let Paul charm you. He's a player."

I laugh. "What?"

"I said, he's a player. He's gone out with most of the women in this town."

"Even Margo?"

He chuckles, "Yes. Even Margo."

"Ew. Then I better cancel our date tomorrow night. I don't want anything that skank has touched."

The hummer suddenly screeches to a stop in the middle of the road, causing my body to snap forward and my neck to wrench.

"Ouch!" I scream, glaring at him. "What is wrong with you?"

"Date? You have a date with Paul?" His words come out way more incredulous than his face lets on and it is all I can do not to smack his pretty little mug.

"Yes asshole!" I shout. "And now my neck hurts."

He glanced at me, his eyes full of remorse. "Shit. I'm sorry." He groans. "I really didn't mean to do that."

He begins driving more slowly and I unzip my hoodie so that I can massage my neck. It is stiff and painful where I touch it and suddenly, I am filled with rage. "I'm going to need to soak in a hot bath of Epsom salts now, thanks to you. Was there another squirrel in the road?"

He lets out a long breath as we pull into the back of his driveway. "No squirrel."

"Then what is your problem? You've got more mood swings than a fifty-year-old woman."

He snickers. "I'm sorry. I need to learn to control my temper. It's just beginning to become more and more clear that nobody listens to me."

"So this is about how you're the only one who didn't want to help me." I turn toward him as best I can with the stabbing pain at the back of my skull. "Who the fuck are you, the damn mayor?"

He grins. "Something like that."

"Are you really?"

"No," he says, taking my bags and exiting the car to come around to my side.

I open the door and try to step out, but he stops me, lifting me into his arms so that I am pressed against his hard warm chest.

And oh, what a chest it is.

While we are stood there, the flex of his biceps seal me in against his raw energy. I can feel every ounce of his power in the easy way he holds me. My fingers are itching to slide over his pectorals and into his shirt. Our eyes meet and for a long moment he just stares down at me. Flecks of gold in his dark gray eyes seem to throb and stretch across the irises. Electricity buzzes through me, causing my breath to catch in my throat.

"I can walk you know," I whisper softly as his gaze falls toward my lips. Licking his own, he seems frozen, his head lowering slowly before he shakes himself and rips his eyes away.

He ignores my words, kicking the door shut and carrying me into the condo. Depositing me gently, to stand next to the sofa, he drops down on top of it and widens his legs pointing toward the empty spot in front of him right between his knees. "Sit," he orders, his voice thick and low.

"What?"

"Take off your sweater and sit down on the floor. I'll rub your neck."

I cock an eyebrow at him, but I'm not going to argue with a free massage. Especially when he's the reason behind my needing one.

"One condition," I warn as I slowly unzip my sweater. "You don't get to ask about my bruises."

He nods, his eyes glittering with heat as I slip my arms out of my sleeves. Then I sit down in front of him like he asked. For a moment nothing happens, then I hear him sigh and scoot forward to place his strong warm hands at the sides of my neck. There's a thrumming there, where he touches me. And liquid heat is piling in at my core ready to release with the slightest of urgings. I lean back, and the heavy warmth of the bulge behind my head draws a soft hiss from the man above me.

I can feel him straining in the tension of his legs on either side of me. Feel the hesitant longing in his fingertips where they rest upon my skin. I'm becoming dizzy with the want

of him and it's all I can do not to moan and purr against the heat of his thighs. My body is begging to shift backward. With just his touch, some dark part of my mind is sparking to life. Whispering that if I can just trust this man - if I can just bring myself to tell him everything - then *he* might be the one person in this world that will actually *believe* me.

No. No way. It's too dangerous.

Instead of massaging me like he promised, Domonic curses, slipping one hand under my chin to tilt my head upward and back as delicately as possible. His fingers gently gliding down my throat toward the dip of my bosom. Eyes alight with silver fire, I suffer the intensity of them until the only sound I can hear is the thump, thump, thumping of my heartbeat.

Swallowing thickly, he bites his bottom lip as his eyes go black, his pupils dilating completely. It is only then that I realize, he can see right down my shirt.

Is it hot in here?

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

