

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Three

DOMONIC

There is something disturbingly wrong with me today and although I don't want to admit it, I know what it is.

The girl. Not the one presently kneeling in front of me as she expertly sucks my dick.

But the one from this afternoon. The one from the bar.

Draven.

An image of her long black hair and bright green eyes fills my vision and suddenly, my chest is aching again. The way she looked at me - the pleading in her gaze, then the disappointment in her eyes when I told her she had to leave - has me haunted. Leaving me with a burn in my chest that feels like my heart might explode.

I'm done with this bitch in front of me. Try as I might, I'm just not into her anymore. I guess I never really was. But now, since meeting *Draven*, I can't even pretend to be.

First, Margo looks nothing like Draven, and suddenly, that fiery girl that I just sent out on the train is the only woman I want on my dick.

Fuck!

"Get up," I hiss, and she smiles. Lifting off her knees and reaching for my neck. I shake her off, "No. Don't touch me. I'm not in the mood."

She jerks back, her blond hair swinging with her breasts as she shakes her head at me. "What is the matter with you baby? You've been acting funny all day."

I roll my eyes and head for my bathroom to clean her mouth off my cock. "It's nothing," I say, rubbing at my chest and the bruising ache there.

It's not nothing. But it will be soon enough.

Staring at myself in the mirror, I'm ashamed. I'm probably never gonna see her again. That girl. I'll never know any more about her than I did today. I won't get to feel that pull I felt earlier either. The way every hair on my body stood up when she entered the bar and the wolf inside of me purred as the world fell away at my feet.

When I was growing up, my mother always told me that one day she would find me... my mate. Mom said that when it happened no one else would matter for me, but her. Then mom would pretend to be jealous of the imaginary human just to hold me in her arms and make me promise to *never* to grow up. I guess I never believed it could really happen.

But it did today.

Relax. She's gone. It will get easier.

It had better.

"Hey Dom! I was talking to you," Margo snaps, stepping into the reflection of my mirror, her large breasts still unbound and heaving with sexual energy. "I want you inside me. Please?" She reached for me and I grab her hands in mine, forcing a smile on my face.

"Later," I say, then I zip up my pants and step around her. "Take a shower. Let's head to the bar. I need to talk to Bartlett about a few things."

She pouts, her thin lips flattening out in a way she thinks is sexy. "Really?"

"Now," I snap before heading down the stairs.

Maybe if I see for myself that Draven is gone, this fucking ache in my chest might go away.

Then again... it might just get worse.

DRAVEN

My first evening as a 'sexy bartender' was due to start any minute. After a quick and pleasant tour of the establishment as well as the apartment above it, Bart left me to prepare for the night ahead.

I only had a few items in my backpack, so settling in took all of ten minutes. Once I was freshly showered, I brushed the tangles out of my long black hair and decided to leave it down to sway past my ass. It fell straight and shiny without even the possibility of curl, but I usually wore it braided and wrapped into a tight bun. A habit I developed to keep it from being easily grabbed. Now that I was free, I could wear it any way I wanted to, and that fact alone was enough to put a satisfied smile on my face.

Donning a pair of distressed jeans and a tight long-sleeved black turtleneck, much like the white one I arrived in, I smile at my reflection. Despite the bags under my sparkling green gaze and the concave appearance of my 'too slim' waist, I look pretty damn good. I haven't eaten in days so after a few good meals, I'll be even hotter.

After applying some shimmering nude lip gloss to my naturally pouty lips and a two-brush coating of mascara over my long lashes, I am ready for work.

Tumbling down the back stairs with a spring in my step, I enter the kitchen to find Bart standing there with a tiny purple crop top in hand. The front of it reads 'The Moonlight Lounge' in the very same lettering as the sign out front, but in black.

He wants me to wear that tiny thing, I just know it.

Before he can hand it to me, his mouth falls open in shock and he whistles. "Damn girl. You clean up nice."

I blush, "Thanks. Um - I'm guessing you want me to wear that." I grimace, my teeth flashing with a tight open mouthed frown.

Bart grins, eyeing me suggestively. "Yup."

I begin to fiddle with the tips of my hair, as is my habit sometimes when I get nervous. "Can it wait until, say a week from now?"

His smile falters. "I would prefer it didn't, but I suppose it could. Any particular reason why? I think it'll look great on you."

Then, it is as if he takes note of the turtleneck I'm wearing and the nervousness in my eyes. "Let me see," he requests.

I shake my head tightly but relent when he just stands there staring at me and refusing to move. Rolling up the sleeve of one arm, I showed him the latest of the fingerprint bruises that color my forearm.

Sucking in a sharp hissing breath, his face goes momentarily red with anger. "I'm guessing that's not the worst one."

"It's not," I admit, pulling my shirt up to just below my breasts and turning around. I allow him a moment to view the ones on my back as well.

"Holy fucking shit," he bellows. "Your stepfather did that to you?"

I turn back around, smoothing my top back into place. "He did." Then deciding a bit more honesty can only help secure my place here, I add, "And his son did too."

The truth is always hard to get out.

"His son?" Bart growls out. "how fucking old is the little bastard?"

"My age."

At that point, I know, I've just solidified my position here and the situation being what it is - refused to allow my using my trauma to gain sympathy, to make me feel bad.

If anything I deserve to use it for whatever the fuck I can!

Bart was fairly shaking with rage and as he has only just met me, I didn't exactly understand the strength behind it. He looks ready to kill.

Maybe he has a thing for me.

"When you asked me where the strip club was-"

"I wasn't trying to make you feel guilty," I sigh. Haha - well maybe I was... "I really would have gone there to apply. Just not right away. Can I wear the top over this, just until-"

"Of course," he interrupts, tossing the shirt at me so that I can pull it over my head. "And Draven, if you ever want to talk about it..."

I smile, nodding. But I know I never will. "Thanks, Bart."

"Bartlett," he corrects me.

"Bart," I wink, swaying my hips as I saunter past him into the bar proper.

The first couple hours go swimmingly well. I used to work at a club on Beach Avenue in Miami and the bartenders there were wildly competitive, so I know how to draw in a crowd. It doesn't hurt that the place is packed with eligible young men as well. All of them vying for the attention of the new treat behind the bar.

I am in the middle of sloshing together a Moscow Mule for a hot brunette in a business suit, when the doors to the bar open and a tall, blond 'barbie' enters on the arm of the prick from this afternoon.

Domonic.

His eyes catch mine immediately and the air seems to sizzle between us. A hot spark of jealousy takes over for a second and I snap my stirring stick. Watching Barbie's hand glide over Domonic's chest, I groan and switch out my stick, just glad I didn't cut my hand.

Bitch.

I shake myself, knowing the absurd thought has nothing to do with the girl and everything to do with her date.

Screw that handsome son-of-a-bitch.

But for some reason, I can't squelch the ache in my chest that throbs upon my first sight of them together.

"Here you go honey," I say, serving Mister Hottie in the three-piece suit and accepting the twenty-dollar tip complete with a phone number that he slips inside my palm.

Glancing back up, I see that Domonic and his date have taken a seat in the back corner. The same table he and his friends had been at earlier today.

Noticing me looking at him, his fists clench on the table and his muscles flex beneath his shirt. Barbie purrs something into his ear, and he shoves her off of him, snapping something at her that I can't hear over the noise of the crowded bar.

I clamp my lips together, hiding a smile and looking away to serve, yet another, hottie in a three-piece suit.

I have to wonder, does Barbie work at his club? She definitely fit the type. I have a pretty nice set up top, but they're not nearly as back breaking as hers are.

Maybe that's what he meant when he said I 'don't have what it takes'.

A line was starting to form behind the patrons seated at the bar, so I shed all thoughts of Domonic for the next few minutes and concentrated on my job.

Bart slides up behind me and whispers, "You're doing awesome kiddo. Keep it up."

I laugh, glaring back at him. "Kiddo? You can't be too much older than me, Bart."

He winks, "I'm probably not, but if you insist on butchering my name the way you do, I will insist on calling you kiddo."

"Deal," I grin, losing my smile when I see who is next in line. "What can I get ya?"

"You seem to have missed your train," Domonic says coldly.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

