

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Six

DRAVEN

A hand clamps over my arm and I am ripped from the truck. "Bye!" Domonic snaps toward Bart before slamming the truck door shut. Bart reverses out of the driveway like his life depends on it and I scowl up at Domonic.

Shaking his hand off my arm, I ask, "What the fuck is your problem?"

He is seething. Staring at me like I'm was some ming of treacherous skank. You'd think I'd just murdered his puppy or something.

"You kissed him," he says, in a cold emotionless voice.

I snorted. For real? "Um yeah. I did. So what? He's my friend and if it weren't for him, I'd be in a crappy motel somewhere waiting to die."

Bart's the only one I should be kissing!

Domonic scoffs, his gray eyes going dark with contempt. "He's your friend? You don't even know him."

"Did you offer this place to me just so that you could get me alone and spout your hate for me?" I glare, shaking my head at his audacity. "I don't know you either, yet here we are." It's dreezing cold and I am out here shivering so this idiot can sneer down at me. "Are we going inside, or what?" I challenge.

His eyes sparkle, loing from ice to fire in the space of an instant. "We?" He smirks suggestively, taking a step closer to me on the porch and allowing his eyes to fall in a steady rove down my body.

My cheeks heat. The skin going white hot at the feel of his eyes on me. I take a step back. "I assume you're going to show me the place."

He sighs, his cool gray gaze touching over my hair for a second before he pulls a key from his pocket. "Here. Everything works and it's all top of the line. Breakfast is at nine a.m. sharp. Don't be late."

Then he spins around to head toward his backdoor, where coincidently, Margo is waiting for him dressed in nothing but a long silk robe.

Disgusting.

Anger nips at my nerves. I curse at myself for allowing him to flirt the way he did a moment ago. "I'm not having breakfast with you and your girlfriend," I say and then turn around to unlock the door.

The key slides in smoothly and once the door is open and I step inside, the front hall floods with soft light.

Nice.

Turning around to shut the door I scream. Domonic stands in the entryway behind me. I didn't even hear him come up.

He grins, shutting the door behind him and stalking toward me slowly. "She's not my girlfriend and I was just about to take her home," he informs me, in a low, seductive voice. One that has my breath coming in a bit faster than before.

"Oh," I hiss, walking backward, farther and farther until I hit the soft leather sofa with the backs of my jean clad legs. "I don't care," I lie.

He continues walking toward me, jaw clenching in annoyance before he stops, leaving about six inches of space between us. His face turns serious. Gazing around with his hands in his pockets, he says, "I know it's a lot of windows, but if you flip the switch on the wall, the shades close over."

I nod, dropping my backpack on the sofa. "Nice to know. You may leave now," I breathe out.

He clears his throat, eyes flicking around slowly, but he doesn't move to leave. "You don't have a thing for Bartlett, do you?"

I was about to say something mean and suggestive, but the look in his eyes stops me. He appears unsure of himself, even a bit nervous. It was almost cute. Shit. It was more than cute.

"No, I do not have a thing for Bart," I answer softly, my shoulders relaxing against the heat coming off of his body.

His shifts his feet gaining another inch in my direction. A half smile dimpling one cheek, he gazes down at me. The warm yellow of the room making his eyes a little more golden than gray. "Okay then," he sighs, walking backward toward the front door. "Remember, nine a.m. sharp. If you make me come and get you, I'll be naked."

I do not respond at all.

In that case, I might just be late on purpose.

Don't threaten me buddy.

Once he reaches the door he spins around and exits without looking back. I waste no time locking up behind him before flipping the switch to shade all the windows as well.

Then turning around and facing the kitchen, I decide to see what is in the fridge. To my surprise, it is in fact fully stocked and on the shelf is a plate covered in plastic wrap. A little note is taped to the front that has me smiling like a damn fool.

The note reads:

You missed dinner.

Grinning from ear to ear like an idiot, I gaze longingly at the front door. Then, with a bite of my lip, I pull the plate out and pop it in the microwave.

Maybe... he's not so bad after all.

Maybe... life here is actually gonna work.

DOMONIC

I have been watching her sleep for an hour already and still can't seem to force myself out the door. As I suspected, she closed off all the windows in the condo. So instead of watching her from my bedroom the way I wanted to, I had to sneak into the place like a creep.

Now, I can't tear my eyes away from her.

Bartlett was right. She is covered in bruises. Her arms, her shoulders, her neck. And not the kind of bruises from ordinary abuse. No. These are forceful bruises. The kind that come from being grabbed - or - being held down against your will.

I shouldn't have snuck in here, but I wanted to see them for myself. I *needed* to see them.

I don't like it - the way I'm feeling is dangerous. I don't completely blame Bartlett for going against my orders to get rid of her, but only because of her circumstances. And in that same respect, I had to make sure that I was the one responsible for her safety.

If that responsibility belongs to anyone, it belongs to me.

I admit that ache of longing that was thrumming with pain the whole day through had only gotten worse before I arrived back at the bar tonight. I was prepared to deal with it though, at least, I'd hoped to. So, when I went I saw that she was in fact *still* there and hadn't left - I was pissed. But... I was also relieved. Because the pressure in my chest

seemed to morph into more of a sting of pleasure than an ache of pain from the very moment I caught sight of her behind the bar.

With a soft sigh, she shifts in her sleep, turning over to stretch one leg onto the outside of the blanket. My body begins to pound with anger at the sight of what mars her beautiful skin and where it does.

Someone hurt her badly and I need to get out of here or I am going to lose it.

As stealthily as I can manage, I cover her up and before I can stop myself, trace my fingers over her soft lips.

"I don't want you here," I whisper. "But I can't let you leave either. At least, not yet."

First, I have to eliminate the threat to her survival. Then, I will let her go. I will have to.

Like a shadow in the night, I melt back into the darkness, taking one last look at her perfect face. Then I exit the condo and head back into my house, knowing I won't be able to sleep for the rest of the night.

She's too close, but at the same time, not close enough.

How did her mother die?

I need to find out all I can about her. I want to know where she came from. I need to know who her stepfather is, what he did to her, and why.

Texting Rainier, I tell him to meet me at the club at noon tomorrow. I'll have him get to work on finding out exactly who Miss Draven Piccoli is. I'll need all of this handled before the next full moon.

Glancing at the clock on the mantle, I see it is already five a.m. I glare at my bed and the body that lay there. Margo is nothing compared to the sexy black-haired beauty that has disturbingly stepped into my life.

To think, just yesterday I was fucking Margo right here in this very room.

Now, just the memory of it is enough to make my insides curl.

I'm not going to lay with her. I can't.

Staring down at my phone I schedule the earliest ride I can find to send Margo home. Then with a shrug, I flip the switch to open the shades of all the windows of my room. I could try and tell myself that I did it to keep watch over the condo from my room, but that would be a lie.

I did it because I didn't want Draven to look over here and wonder if I might be fucking Margo.

I want the girl that I refuse to keep to know there is no one else but her.

God, I am dumb.

Guess I should start making breakfast.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

