

# The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

## Chapter Seven

### DRAVEN

I wake up not really knowing where I am. The bed beneath me is so soft I honestly wonder if I might be asleep at all. Maybe I'm not asleep, maybe I am dead and in heaven.

But then the doorbell rings.

*Did I have plans this morning? I think I did. I'm almost sure I did...but what?*

I open my eyes. "Shit! What time is it?!"

The doorbell sounds again, and I fall out of bed reaching for the things I wore yesterday. "Fuck! I'm coming! Hold the hell on!"

Stumbling down the stairs in my dirty clothes, I flip the switch allowing the shades to reveal the heavy fog of morning crowding the yard. The sight brings a contented smile to my face.

*Wow...it really is beautiful here.*

*Ding dong!!!!*

"Jesus!" I screech, opening the door. "The fuck is your deal?"

He stands there looking sexy as hell, the hint of a smile on his face. "I told you nine a.m. sharp."

Domonic.

Of course. I forgot all about the breakfast appointment.

"I'm not late," I tell him smoothly, rubbing the sleep from my eyes and flipping him off.

He chuckles, his bright silver gaze sparkling with amusement. "You are late. It's ten in the morning. There's an alarm clock on your nightstand. Use it."

"For what?" I counter, crossing my arms over my chest and trying not to notice how crisp and fuckable he looks in white sweats and a stark white tank top.

*Fuck. His tattoos are showing. And his muscles. And I want to put my mouth on each and every one. Holy bejesus...*

But then... his perfume wafts toward me and I nearly vomit!!!

*Fucking Margo. I can smell her all over him. Gross.*

Suddenly I'm angry. I can't explain why, nor do I have the right to be, but I am.

"I didn't want to get up. I wanted to roll around for a few more minutes laughing because, I got what I wanted and then some."

His eyes narrow and his smile disappears. "You got what you wanted. Which was?"

I scoff. "Not you. So, bye!" My attempt to shut the door in his face is thwarted by a bright white Nike sneaker. I nearly lose my shit. "Whatttt?"

"Hey now, calm down! Wait a minute! I told you we were going to have breakfast, and we are."

I grace him with a sweet saccharine grin. "No. We're not. Have breakfast with Margo instead."

One arched eye brow lifts in amusement. A half smile quirking up as he wets his lips. "Margo is gone."

I laugh, "Oh yeah? Did she mark you first? Ha!"

"What?" He startles as I throw him a sarcastic frown. His face looks so frightened for a second that I almost laugh.

"What do you mean, what?" I chortle, cocking my head at him warily. Then with a roll of my eyes, I say, "When did she leave? "

*Stupid questions get stupid answers, Draven!*

He ticks his jaw, casting his eyes downward as if ashamed. "This morning."

"I thought you said you were taking her home, last night," I quip at him and slanting my eyes as I push the door closed, just slightly.

He scratches the back of his neck nervously, glancing left and right as if someone might jump in and save him from my wrath. "I was going to but I-," he stops, crossing his arms over his chest and inadvertently making his pectorals more prominently visible. His face turns indignant, " -wait a minute, I don't have to answer to you."

"No, you don't, I agree," I chirp sweetly, flashing him my cockiest smile. "And I do not have to have breakfast with you." I attempt to close the door, but he pushes inside, and I throw my hands up in frustration. "Really?" I snap, stomping my foot in annoyance. "You're just going to push yourself inside? You see? This is why I want to pay rent! So that I don't have to let you in here and I don't have to be nice to you." I grant him a withering look. "You need to leave."

Turning to face me, his eyes are shining with perverse pleasure. "You're jealous," he accuses, rotating his shoulders and sizing me up as he steps closer with me.

I giggle, dropping myself down on the couch with a laugh. "No. I'm not jealous. I just don't like you or your bitch. I never intended to come to breakfast," I lie. I was going to, but now that I know she only just left, I'm glad I slept in.

He seems to argue with himself about something, his eyes ticking back and forth as if he doesn't know what else to say. They finally fall on me and he swallows thickly. "I didn't fuck her this time."

"This time?" I laugh again. "Now I can die happy, thanks for letting me know." I roll my eyes. "I don't care if you fucked her or not, you reek of her perfume and I am extremely allergic to the scent of Average Cunt, so if you don't mind..."

He stares at me, his hands clasped behind his back like an army soldier. Eyes growing heavy as he watches me, going hot with an emotion I can't quite decipher. I am suddenly extremely bothered by my appearance. Because I'm still wearing yesterday's clothes.

*I need to take my tip money and go shopping today. I need more clothes.*

Domonic's brows lower, and his voice comes out somewhat strained, "I didn't take her home last night because I didn't want to leave you here unprotected. So, when morning came, I had her picked up."

"Unprotected?" I stand up slowly, then walk toward him ignoring the electric thrum of energy I can feel when I get close to him. I know I should be pleased with his explanation, but somehow, I'm not. "You knew I was eaves dropping last night, didn't you?"

He nods. "Yes."

I am surprised by the sudden anger that erupts in me. "So then, that's why you suddenly want to take care of me. Now I'm suddenly worthy of your trouble. But before you knew about my-" I stop myself, clamping my eyes shut for a second before continuing, "-problem... I wasn't good enough for you or your town. Before you knew - you were good with being rid of me. "

He winces then shakes his head in denial. "I wasn't *good* with it. I was trying to be," he mumbles almost too low for my ears. "But before I knew about your problem, I could have let you leave without feeling responsible. Now that I do know, you can't leave until I know that you'll be safe."

"Oh, is that right?" I start laughing. This asshole has some nerve, "And who the fuck do you think you are? You don't owe me anything! Newsflash, I might never be safe. So don't come over here trying to play the nice guy now that you pity me. I'm good, I don't need your protection nor your breakfast."

He glares. "Fine." Turning to leave he snaps, "I just thought we could get to know each other a little bit but fuck it."

"Bye!" I say loudly, feeling slightly guilty. I mean, this is a really nice place, and I am pretty hungry. What does it matter if he'd only helping me because of the bruises? At least he *is* helping me.

*Fuck I'm an idiot!*

Jumping from the sofa I start after him. "Wait!"

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