

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Eight

DRAVEN

He freezes halfway out the door. Turning slightly toward me, his face is a mask of apprehension. "Yes?"

Studying him, I think I may be making a mistake. He's too damn handsome for his own good. And the energy I feel whenever he is near me is anything but safe. But I just can't help but *want* to be near him. And whether he admits it or not, I think his reasons for helping me might be more than he lets on.

"I'll have breakfast with you, but you need to bring it over here, because I want to shower first."

When he raises his eyes to look at me fully, he bites his bottom lip and I think for a minute that he is going to tell me to fuck off, but he doesn't. Instead, he gives me the sexiest smile I have ever seen. "Done."

Jesus. It can't be right for my panties to be soaked this early in the morning.

After he leaves, I hightail it upstairs and strip out of yesterday's clothes. Once in the shower I could swear I hear the front door open and shut, but I ignore it thinking Domonic probably let himself in to set up breakfast.

As I rinse my hair out for the final time, a shadow passes over the wall in front of me and I spin around - a scream lodged in the back of my throat. But there is absolutely no one there. The bathroom door is still closed, and steam is still heavy in the air, so I know no one has opened it.

"I am such a pussy sometimes," I say to myself before wrapping in a towel and stepping back into the bedroom.

Pulling on my last set of clean jeans, I opt for a tight white tank top to wear under my lavender hoodie. The turtlenecks I brought with me are all dirty now and when I leave to go shopping, I'll just pull the hood on to cover my neck.

After brushing out my hair, I bound down the stairs to see that I was correct. Domonic has in fact let himself in and is now on the phone in the kitchen. He stills upon sight of me, and I can feel his eyes go straight to my exposed neck. I know what he sees there, but I ignore his shocked expression and sit down to eat.

There are scrambled eggs, orange slices, pastries, and sausages spread out before me, and I refuse to have it all ruined with strolls down memory lane.

"See you at twelve." Domonic says before hanging up the phone and taking a seat next to me. His eyes stay glued to my throat as I eat.

I try not to notice that the outer part of one of his powerful thighs is pressed against my knee under the table, but it is close to impossible to do, so instead I press back.

The instant flex of his leg on mine is heartstopping, especially when he doesn't pull away. On the contrary, he slides in a bit closer causing friction and heat where we touch. My eyes can't help but raise up to meet his and I force a smile. "Thank you. It's delicious."

He nods, reaching for a few orange slices then sucking them into his mouth. After a few moments of silence he says quietly, "What's his name?"

My brow furrows and I turn my attention back to my food. "What's whose name?"

He chuckles in a deep and sexy timbre that sets off every nerve center in my soul. "Your stepfather's name. Who else?"

I sigh, my body going stiff with irritation. "If you want to talk about him, then you might as well leave. He is a part of the life I left, not the one I am living. I don't care about prosecuting him, I don't care about getting even, I just want to forget. Understand?" I do my best to sound careless, even adding a small smile as I speak, but I can hear the pleading tremble in my voice and I'm sure he does as well.

God I hate that monster.

I glance at Domonic to find a sad, vulnerable, look in his eyes. His gray gaze is so troubled and so intense that I almost go ahead and tell him. Almost.

Instead, I decide a change of subject is in order. "I need to do some shopping. I don't have any clothes. Where might I find a boutique around here?"

His body tenses and he grumbles, "All the shops are on the main drag. I'm heading down there in half an hour. I'll take you."

I giggle, tossing a piece of pastry at his head. "I'll walk thanks."

"Please," he says, ignoring my jovial protest. Pushing back out of his chair to go and stand at the door, he coaxes, "I'm going that way anyway. I won't feel right about passing you on the street if you're walking. So, just let me. I'll drop you off, go take care of my business, then pick you up after."

I shrug as he prepares to leave. "Okay, I guess. But only because I have to work at five and I don't want to tire myself out first."

Smiling his gorgeous dimpled smile, he tilts his head upward. "Don't give me any ideas."

More wetness. Lets add a few pairs of panties to that list. I'm probably gonna go through a few a day at this rate.

I nod softly, my eyes glued to the shifting of the tendons in his incredibly lickable neck. "Okay."

Then he leaves and I watch through the windows as he walks back into his house.

"God, he has a nice ass," I say to myself after he's was gone.

After I clean up, I head upstairs to count my tips. I need to know exactly what I am working with. Emptying out my pockets I notice right away that a few things were missing. The money is all there, but the phone numbers are gone.

"Son-of-a-bitch."

DOMONIC

She's pissed, I can see it and feel it as we glide down the street in my shiny silver Hummer. Her eyes are sparkling with heat, and she hasn't said even one word to me this entire ride.

Sure, it's only been about five minutes, but for some reason it feels like a lifetime. Maybe because I'm driving so slowly.

*Hurry up idiot! *

You're supposed to be making it safe for her to leave, not holding her hostage in your car.

"Why are you driving like a granny?" She asks as I cruise to a stop and allow an entire squadron of old ladies to cross the street on both sides.

"It's foggy as fuck. I don't want to kill anyone." It's true, it is foggy. The entire town is pretty much covered in this mist for most of the year. It's the number one reason my family chose to settle here long ago.

"You snuck into my room while I was in the shower and took my phone numbers, didn't you?"

I hide my smile.

Nope. I took them last night while you were asleep.

"I don't have any idea what you are talking about."

She laughs and my cock twitches in her direction.

Fuck her and that throaty voice she has.

For a second, I picture it. The fucking of her throat, and I nearly steer off the road.

"What the fuck," she snaps. "Are you good?"

Nope. I'm hard.

"There was a squirrel. You didn't see it?" I glance at her and notice that she is staring at me in total disbelief.

"No. I did not."

"Well, there was one."

"Right," she says.

From the corner of my eye, I see that her attention has fallen to my lap. Probably noticing my semi brought on by her sultry giggles. Damn it. It's almost like I can feel her heat through my jeans. Just the knowledge of her watching me get ting rock hard is making it worse and I'm on the verge of needing new pants.

"Eyes up here, Babygirl," I hiss.

Another laugh, she croons, "You like me."

I glare out the window as we turned the corner onto the main road, my face suddenly flushing at the complete inaccuracy of her statement. *I more than like you baby.* "No," I say.

"You do," she teases.

Why does it feel like my throat is closing up?

"You have a very sensual laugh. That doesn't mean I like it."

Lies. I love it.

"You, like, me," she sings again.

Still, I shake my head no. "Wanting to fuck someone and actually liking them, are two very different things."

Fuck. Why did I say that? That, was mildly insulting.

Her face falls and she looks away from me, causing a strange form of panic to rise inside my throat.

"Ain't that the truth," she whispers.

My head snaps up and the sadness on her face has me feeling like shit. I have the starangest urge to pull over and demand that she tell me what her stepfather did to her right then and there. I feel the connection in her words, but... I don't think she'll tell me yet.

Or maybe, I should just kiss her until she doesn't look so sad anymore.

"You are very beautiful," I admit.

It's all I can say. I can't think of any other way to fix what I have just fucked up.

She's more than just beautiful. And as soon as I find a word that fully describes what she is I will use it.

"That's all I am," I hear her comment under her breath.

Damn it.

"What the hell does that mean?" I have to ask.

"Nothing," she says quietly as we pull up to the boutique.

Before she can get out, I snatch her hand as gently as possible and the soft warmth of her skin almost has me groan. To have such softness wrapped around my dick would be a pleasure worth dying for. Sparks light up my arm from just the contact and I can feel a rumble in my chest start up with the pleasure of it.

Fucking hell.

She stiffens but doesn't pull away, yet she doesn't look at me either.

Suddenly I know without a doubt that all she would need to do to spin my world in her direction would be pull me toward hers.

If she would just look at me and ask me to... I would.

But she can't ask for what she doesn't know exists and more than likely if she *did* know, she would run screaming.

I drop her hand. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Yeah, okay." She gets out and I'm left there staring after her.

I hurt her feelings. I can feel it. Racing off, I head for the club. Determined, now more than ever, to find out as much as I can about where she came from.

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