

The Pack Rule Number 1 No Mates –

Billionaire One 118

[1,613 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Eighteen DOMONIC

I leave Gryffin in the interrogation room with Gabriel and wind up the airs in search of my father. The baby is yet. The recepti probably went out to lunch. A quick glance around tells me that evergae must be and I pull ret my phone to call my dad, keter 1 finish dialing a new text message pops onto my screen.

Rainier-

Have you spoken to Drasen yet this afternoon?

No. Why? What's happened?

Rainier-

I can't believe they havent told you about it yet.

Haven't told me about what? What happened? Rainier

Something is going on. Koda called asking me to sift through the security footage around the Sheriff Station - something about the ring you gave her. Apparently it wasn't in the box.

I nearly drop my phone. The ring wasn't in the box? What the fuck? But who could have - who would have taken it? Son-of-a-bitch. Maybe someone saw me hide it that day in the woods. There aren't many homeless people in Port Orchard, but there are plenty of hikers that go through those mountains and a lot of them are broke. Maybe one of them saw me when I buried it and dug it up after I left. But then.... why rebury the box? No... it doesn't make sense. My phone pings again and I gase down at another message from Rainier. Rainier-

I swear to you Domonic. I didn't take it. I never even opened it.

Me-

on the cameras?

I know that brother. I believe you. Did you find anything on

Rainier- Is t

taking a while to skim through a month's worth of tape. But so far nothing unless you count rabbits and birds and shit. But there's still a lot to go through.

Okay. I be heading back soon. We'll figure this out when I get home. Thanks for letting me know.

someone took my girls ring out of the

Shit. What the fuck is going on now? I'm not in a panic, not yet, but maybe I should be. I mean bo!!! A box I only told her to open if she was ready to say yes. And that's when it hits me and the stupidest of uncontrollable grins stretches across my face. 1/5

-www we going to say yes.

maure, wople be only wanted to hours looked like, of how my coats it was. The maybe she just wanted to ensure Not what I prder to do is that she saw the usery and then decided in marry me.

avaa telacan my alad steps back in the front along dili Roda's little brother Ryder in tow. The storm in his eyes tells

It is. Ryder is sporting a black eye and a busted lip. He's

denly an beats again and the age that ups in nu causes langs to rip from my lips.

Talogi Turany katawa, muy arma mwaching and to grab the boy in a hug. " kid. Again?"

Shill

Kyle rude, saying a word slot tears trail onto my shoulder and is small body is racked with sobs.

was bigge

My dad's lips are in a gom line, his eyes Hashing as he gazes down at j. "I haven't seen Darryl yet. According to the guards he was seen morning with a random female passenger. Probably a professional escort from the city. He's quite fond of them. Ryder's

who called nas tu laaya libis picked up. Too much of a distraction for the other kids I suppose."

(1 pook back, jmalding Ryder at arm's length. "Hey bod, how would you like to come back with me and stay with your big bro for awhile?

i mate! He left here without

In his young shifter eyes for a moment. The doesn't want me! He only wants his mate soing goodliye. The promissut to spend time with me and all he did was look after her. I hate him."

Soul Meulty? All this drani is boglinding to tower on my soul. "Fine," I say, "You can come stay with me instead. We can go out on the boat and go haling and Tim sure Draven would love to have you around. You can help her get ready for the Full Moon Shift. You know, because

bas poling to need protection. I'd love it if you'd come and look out for her, for me, What do you say?"

The shuffles his feet, rocking his head like he knows what I'm up to, but he smiles anyway nodding his head. "Okay. I guess that might be

Well figure that out after we get there."

"Okay. Do you have any video games?"

I chuckle, I do. We'll have a blast. Have a seat right over there until it's time to leave."

I stand up, meeting my dad's gaze as he notices for the first time that Gryffin is nowhere to be found. "Where's the lion?"

As sick as it is, Hyder's little predicament couldn't have come at a better time. I need to talk to my father about what Gabriel said and 1 need to do it away from here. Where he cannot run away or hide behind pack business. "Gryffin and I are taking Gabriel back with us. We have some work we need him to do,"

My dad's gaze narrows, his gaze shooting toward Ryder. "You're going to ride back to Port Orchard with Gabriel and Ryder?"

I shake my head, "No. That would hardly be safe. That's why you are coming with us. You and Ryder will follow in your car."

"Domonic," my dad sighs. I'm not sure if I'm ready to be back there. You know that!"

I nod, giving him a stern look. "Unfortunately that ca

can't be helped. Besides,

Draven would love to see you."

&

He holds my gaze as if sensing there's something else on my mind. His eyes flit toward the stairwell entrance and freeze there for a moment, the gray of his irises dimming in resignation. "Fine, I assume you have some questions for me as well." "I do," I admit. "And maybe it's better if we're nowhere near the council when you answer them."

2/5

Chapter One Hundred Eighteen

BRAVEN

Hey baby. Em my way back.

on

Already? That was quick, solve any of life's great mysteries while you are there?

Tol maybe. What about you? Anything going on? Anything I should know about? Any new decisions you might have made? Or epiphanies you may have had? Nope. Not thing...

Domonic

Okay. If you say so. But know this... If I find that you are lying to me, I get to spank your perfect ass the moment I get back.

Aha. Now why would I be lying to you? What did you hear?

Domonic-

Lolis Koda around by any chance?

Maybe. He and Emily came over to keep me company. And so did Bart, but he's gone now. And of course you already know Taedora is Domonic-

it's a regular house party. Oh yeah, I can practically feel my hand on your ass now baby. Sweet

Me-

How long until you get here?

Domonic-

A couple of hours. I have to stop at the club first, but I'm sending a surprise your way.

The club... uh-huh... Maybe it will me that spanks your

I slip my new phone back in my pocket and glare at Koda from across the room. "Did you call Domonic and tell him?"

Koda chuckles, shaking his head. "No. I didn't. Why? Does he know?"

3/5

Chapter One Hundred-Eighteen

"He knows something. He knows that you are over here, for one.

Koda growls, "Rainier probably called him and told him."

"So Domanie knows about the message then?"

Koda narrows his gaze. "No. He can't. I didn't tell Rainier about the mesoge. I only told him that the ring was missing."

I smile, my eyes watering gratefully. "Okay, Okay good."

RAINTEER

The moment I get off the phone with Domonic, I pull the camera footajje back up on my screen. But try as I might, I cannot concentrat

Something has been nagging at me. Something in the way that Angie has been acting every time I come home.

She tries to hide it, but I can tell she's been upset with me

with me for a while now. Yet everytime I ask her what is wrong she says it's nothing.

But it's something though. Definitely something. I can feel it each and every time I leave the house. It is as if her gaze follows me out the door and sits on my shoulder throughout my day.

I mean sure, I've been kind of absent over the past month. Things with my brothers have been kind of crazy lately and I haven't around as much. Maybe that's what it is... and maybe it's not.

been

Every full moon, I come home to find that she's been awake the whole night. I can see that she has questions in her eyes. Questions that I know - should she ever ask them - I will not answer. I will lie. Despite that I vowed to love her. Despite that I vowed to be honest with her. Despite... that she is my wife.

One thing is for certain, if I find out that she took Domonic's ring - we are going to have issues and I hate that.

I hate that I rushed to marry her in hopes of staunching the emptiness felt with the loss of my mother. I hate that I thought she was a safe bet because none of us were ever going to accept our mates. And yeah, of course, I hate that we have decided to change the rules.

Not because I'm jealous, not because I'm lonely, but because as much as I want to tell Angie the truth... as much as I want to include her... I never will.

A siren goes off in the main office and I'm immediately on my feet, grabbing my belt and gun even before Timmons comes racing into my

office.

-What is it?

What's up?" I snap, snatching my keys off my desk.

to believe this."

Timmons eyes are like fire. "You're never going to

"What?"

"Someone just shot up Damonic's club.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,782 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates Chapter One Hundred-Nineteen RAINIER

Standing outside of Cock-Tails, Domonic's strip club I survey the damage. The windows are shot out. The cars in the parking lot riddled with bullets. Even the surveillance cameras that take up the front entrance have been destroyed. Of course, that means nothing. The cameras are wireless and feed into the club's security cloud. In fact, right this moment Paul is in Domonic's office studying all of last night and this morning's footage. Apparently there were only a couple of people injured. No fatalities. However, I would soon be on my way to the hospital to talk to the alleged victims of the apparent lover's quare that took place out here in the parking lot.

"Rain," Paul says walking out the shattered front entrance behind a couple of my deputies. "I forwarded the clip of the shooting to your phone so that you could check it out for yourself. Seemed to be a couple of tourists. Plate on the shooter's vehicle reads... are you ready for this"-he quirks his brow- "California."

"Great," I gripe with a roll of my eyes. "Every crazy that ever touches down here is from California. I groan, thinking of the paperwork and the man hours it's going to take just to find this perp- especially if he's already headed back home. "Do me a favor then and give Dom a call. Draven should be happy. It will be a few days before the club can open again. Shit. I'll head to the hospital now to talk to the

victims."

Paul nods, chuckling. "Hey yeah, that's right. Draven probably will be happy about this."

I smile, thinking to myself that I still have to make time to head uphill and clear the air between us, I know she thinks I don't like her and I honestly don't want her feeling that way. Especially now that I know she's pregnant. Pregnant chicks are all over the place Emotional as fuck. Sensitive as hell. Don't want to be party to any mental trip she might go on in the near future.

"Tell Timmons to finish up here without me. If he needs me, I'll be at the E.R."

I turn around and climb into my stand issue Sheriff SV. Although, it isn't really that standard as Timmons and I have spent months boofing up our engines. What normally would be an eight cylinder, is now a twelve. But nobody knows that but us brothers. Shit, there aren't many cars out here that can run from me. Bikes maybe, but cars, no way.

Sitting back in the cool dark of the SUV I pull up Paul's message. I want to watch the clip a couple times before I head to the hospital. Believe it or not, sometimes victims sometimes lie and if it really was some lover's quarrel, this might end up being one of those instances.

Pulling up

the video, right away I notice a couple of things that have me cursing Californians to the very devil that spawned them. One- the shooter is an overly tattooed male with an attitude and he isn't alone. There are three other armed men with him, but he appears to be the leader. He looks to be some drug lord, gangster, pimp, nobody, anybody wannabe who thinks he runs the world and everything in it. I've seen many like him come through here... and they're always from California.

But the second thing that bothers me... has me adjusting my dick. One male and one female get shot on the screen. The male on purpose, the female on accident. The thing that has me irritated, is that the female is goddamned beautiful. Drastically so. She is absolute California Sunshine and I feel the tingle of my fangs before I even realize I'm starting my engine. Tossing my phone on the passenger seat, I rip out of the parking lot and head for the highway. I need to get to the E.R. and get there now, because if I'm right and I usually am - it wasn't a lover's quarrel after all. No. This was a business transaction gone wrong,

The victims in this instance appear to be one local boy and one out-of-state whore. And judging by the ass on the girl she ain't cheap. The shooter will be coming back for her. I'll bet my left nut he will.

And If he is, I don't have much time before he sneaks Miss California Sunshine out the door and back into a life less ordinary

DRAVEN

I'm pacing in the kitchen while Emily stirs a pot of her famous stew when I sense Domonic's arrival. My eyes go straight for Koda and I shake my head. "He's here. You better be right about this. If I show him this message and he flips the fuck out or tries to book me on a plane to Texas - I'll kill you.

1/3

Chapter One Hundred-Nineteen

Kada smiles, "He won't."

I shake myself, stepping out of the kitchen and toward the front hall where a miraculous surprise greets me. happily bouncing toward the pali of them to wrap my arms around the wo. "What are you doing here?" "Ryder?! Adam?" I squeal

Adam smiles, setting me back and gesturing to lyder who now that I looking-speins to have the reminiscent shadow of black eye and a barely healed lip. I'm only here to escort the boy, I won't be staying"

I nod, ruffling Ryder's hair as Koda comes barreling out of the kitchen upon sight of his little brother, "I wish you would, but I understand."

"Ry?" Koda gasps, "What the fuck? What happened?"

Ryder scowls, ignoring his brother completely to smile up at me. "Domenic said I could stay with you guys for a while. He said there would be video games. Can I play?"

I grin, pointing him in the direction of the couch and the game center to the right of the giant flatscreen. "Knock yourself out." I turn toward Roda. "I'll walk Adam out while you handle whatever-1 jerk my chin toward Ryder-"that is,"

Koda's jaw clenches as he nods, his eyes falling on his little brother as I step outside with Adam and hug him goodbye, before he climbs back into his car. Domonic stands alone in front of his Hummer and I wonder for a minute where Gryffin is as there is no one else in the vehicle. Huh. Weird

"Baby," Domonic hisses, sliding his arms around me, his smile dimpling as he peers at me through heavy black lashes. "I know all about the ring and I wish I could stay and talk about it, but unfortunately, chaos has found its way back to our town and I have quite a few Things to do."

I glare at him, only smiling when I realize that he said our town and not wy tower. "Chaos huh," I mumble, pressing myself into the warm steel of his muscles. "Yeah, I heard about the shooting at your club from Paul. What a terrible shame... I say with a smirk. Domonic chuckles, his hands sliding over the back of hay ass. "I can see that you're devastated about it."

"I'm not. I really don't care if that whole place burns to the ground. I've been meaning to talk to you about it anyway. I think you should shut it down. Turn it into something else. Something more appropriate for a soon-to-be father and maybe even husband to have as his business."

Domonic stiffens, his muscles going rock hard beneath my face as his dick twitches against my hips behind his pants. He groans, dipping his head behind my ear to nibble on my throat. "Don't you fucking tease me. Don't you fucking dare." I turn my

my face into his chest and bite the side of one of his gloriously solid pecs. "I'm not teasing mister. But as you said, we'll talk about

that later."

I attempt to step away from him, but his arms close around me like steel bands, refusing to let me go. "Tell me. Tell me now or I want be able to think clearly for the rest of the day. When you opened the box. was it just to look or-"

"I opened the box," I say softly, lifting my chin to stare into the glowing silver of his eyes, "Because my answer is yes. I opened the box because I want to be your wife."

FELIX

"I already told you, lady! I don't have time for this shit! I need to get the fuck out There before he comes for met Please!" I whisper screams at the dumb as fuck nurse who doesn't seem to be understanding my American English. "It's just a scratch! I need to leave! I need to get out of here!"

The chubby RN shakes her head at me, her eyes lighting with Hispanic fire as she forces me back down into the bed. "I told you already." she says with a thick Spanish accent. "You aren't going anywhere until you give your statement to the Sherill Just lay back and relax. He will be here any minute and when he is 1 will bring your discharge papers, okay? And then you go wherever you want!"

2/3

13:04 Thu, Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Nineteen

"Fine," I snap, lying back against the pillows and pretending to calm down. As soon as you leave this room bitch, Fm outta here. "I'm sorry." I say. "I just don't want to get caught up with my ex. He is an extremely violent man." And that part is true. Hector is extremely violent. But... he's not my man. Not exactly. Now normally, I would have no problem following doctor's orders, but what this lady does not get, is that I have been trying to disappear for some time now. That fucker Hector hasn't let me out of his sight

in two damn years - so now is the perfect time to bail. But no. I can't. Here I am in a public hospital, surrounded by EMTS and Deputies and all sorts of other lepers that Hector is allergic to, and they won't let me leave!!!!

"Thank you," the nurse says just as the heavy door behind her swings open.

"Felix Fitzgerald?" A deep, dark, wickedly low voice rasps from the doorway.

I flinch, my eyes sweltering as they lay claim on the sexiest Sheriff that has ever graced a badge. Sweet Jesus. Take me to jail. Have I mentioned I'm a horribly bad girl? I'm a career criminal and I think I should be punished accordingly.

I never thought I was into cops. I'm rethinking that now. In fact, Cops might just be my new religion.

Chapter Comments

KKN

oh damn move over angie

Jacqui Rossouw

Oh My Word..... It just gets better and better with each chapter.....you are amazing, Jaylee [VIEW ALL 4 COMMENTS >](#)

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,542 words]

POST COMMENT

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Please let me know in the comments if it reading about the other wolves and their mates bothers you. Also... don't worry - Demonic and Dravens story is far from over, I just thought it might be nice to fill in the blanks a little for the other wolves. "Yes, this is her, Señor Riotte, the nurse says flirtatiously.

She obviously knows him pretty well and suddenly I want nothing better than to kick the bitch.

"Thanks Lupe," he says with a wink. "I can take it from here. Tell Timmons to let me know when he's finished please. "Absolutely," she says, smiling all the way out the door.

The moment she exits, he locks the bolt and my eyebrows draw together suspiciously. Something tells me that's not standard protocol. The Sheriff tims around, his dark obsidian eyes sparkling with heat as he studies me. "Now that we're alone, let's not waste one another's time. Lam Sheriff Rainier Riotte. I am supposed to be taking your statement, but as I'm sure that's about to be as useless as the frown on your face. I won't bother."

theless? Really? Wow, what a jerk. For some reason this man has already judged me as a lesser human. Well, how comforting. This sexy specimen must just be your average stereotypical small town cop. See... can judge too. "Funny, I thought cops were supposed to help people." I whimper, my voice trembling with sudden emotion. Emotion that I never fall victim to. How dare he? How darree he? To think. I'm sitting here in a pool of my own lava just because I can see the outline of a thousand muscles behind the ugly brown of his uniform and the only thing he wants from me is my frown??? "I was shot at by my boyfriend and you act like I did something wrong."

He chuckles darkly, his exquisitely cut jaw flexing, "Your boyfriend, huh? He smirks. "Do you have a cell phone on your Miss Fitzgerald?"

"I do not. It's in Hector's car."

Now we're getting somewhere." His eyes light up, as he reaches into his back pocket to pull out a phone, "Can I have your cell phone number please?"

ng me in the middle of the night. "M-my number?"

I squint, my eyes going hazy with silly little thoughts of him calling

His eyes freeze over as he stares down at his phone, gaze raising upward in horedom. "Don't worry Miss Fitzgerald. I'm not going to call

The sudden disappointment that I feel is inexcusable. It's as if in the first few seconds of meeting this man, I decided he would save me. This isn't a fairytale, Felix Shake it. Of course he's not going to call the number. Duh. He's a good guy and good guys are never interested in me. Then what do you need it for?" I ask shyly, crossing my arms under my chest in embarrassment.

He clears his throat and his eyes fire over the rise and fall of my chest for what feels like a long torturous moment. The heat that flashes in the dark of his irises is there and gone in the space of an instant and I'm sure I probably just imagined it. "That is my business

ma am. Quite literally so, but in the interest of saving time, I'll go ahead and tell you. As I said before, my asking for your statement would be useless as you would no doubt lie to me. But if you'll give me your number, I might be able to locate your boyfriend sooner rather than later and you won't be forced to say a word against him"

"I see," I say just barely. Standing up from the bed, I yank the sensors off my wrists as I spout out my phone number. Then, I lock eyes on the door at his back. "If you don't want my statement, then I'd like to leave now please."

He lifts his chin, his strong jaw flexing as he takes his time to inhale a low steadying breath. He studies me, and I study the door. By the

1/3 Chapter One Hundred-Twenty

way he is blocking it, I'm already sensing that he's not planning to just let me slide past. I'm afraid that won't be possible, he says quietly, at the very same moment, a tadpole chirps against his hip. He lines it to his lips and our eyes meet when he speaks, Timmons (I need you in 411. Are you dower with Delairs?)

The radio buzzes, a voice crackling in response, "Yes, On my way.

The sheriff nods, replacing the radio on his hip and trading it for a pair of handcuffs. "Miss Fitzgerald, you are about to be placed under

1 flinch, all future daydreams of this man taking a nosedive, crashing a burning in this space between his body and my own. "What? What the fuck for?"

He grins - the bastard grins!!! "Soliciting and disturbing the peace in a private place of business.

given his statement about me to one of the other officers. And

My face burns red hot as I realize the guy from the club has probably although the truth is damning enough, I'm willing to bet this Delical didn't give it. Otherwise, I'm sure he'd be on his way to jail too. "Seriously?" I whisper, tears filling my eyes, Well look at the bright side Hector won't be able to get to you in jail. At least, not right

awas

130

For a moment, the sheriff stiffens, narrowing his eyes as if suddenly uncomfortable with what he's about to do. He unbolts the door and it swings open, a deputy standing just outside in the hall. "Miss Fitzgemid, this is Deputy Timmons. He will be transporting you to the station where you will be booked in to await court."

My eyes shoot upward, meeting his gaze. "What about DeLuca? is he going in too?"

He glares, For what? Being shot? Or for you and your boyfriend attempting to extort money from him?"

I see... so that s what the little asshole said, I shake my head sadly. No dipshit, for forcing me to suck his dick in the dark corner of that club and then refusing to pay Hector for allowing him to do so,

Sheriff Rainier clenches his jaw spouting icily, "Mister DeLuca is the victim,"

"Sure he is," I agree too softly for anyone else to hear as I turn around then snicker at my complete misery.

I fool him as he steps up behind me, his energy seems to buzz against the back of my bare legs. Clamping my eyes closed, a tear escapes to roll down my cheek. This is just perfect. Now I'll be a hooker on paper as well as between the sheets. Just lovely....

The skin of my arm ignites when I feel the sheriff's fingers come around my wrist. Electricity climbs up my back so quickly that I am forced to take a breath. He pauses, his hands stilling, the cuffs hanging open and unhinged. Leaning into my ear, his voice sends a series of shivers down my spine, "If you promise to go peacefully, I can leave the handcuffs off."

His thumb strokes over my wrist gently and gouseflesh erupts everywhere I am exposed. The need to lean back against him is damn near overpowering. "Thank you," I whimper.

Ho

seems to shudder as his grip tightens. Then releasing me, he steps back. "Take her to the station lock-up. I'll go and have a seat in the parking lot while I wait for her... boyfriend... to show up. Because he ultimately why we're here."

"He's not my boyfriend," I say sheepishly, turning around to find the other officer standing behind me now.

Sheriff Rainier chuckles. "Oh I know he's not. But hey, it's not like I didnt already know you were gonna call him your boyfriend. After all, that's what girls like you do. Isn't it?"

but

For some unknown reason, his words get to me. They shouldn't because I don't fucking know him and he doesn't fucking know me, they do. And somehow I'm certain, if this asshole had been just a little less fine, his dismissal of my person wouldn't hurt quite as

much. Of all the men in all the world that you might want to be chivalrous... this man might have been the one. But instead he is a big fucking letdown.

2/3

13:04 Thu. Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty

"Girls like me I got my teeth, clamping down tight. I guess journ god and heading out the door ahead of me and Deputy Timmons. But I dont didn't want my statement that you got merything you need from the cameram your v&tim..... I can only assume he's a focal and very good friend of wooh

"Get her out of here," he snaps.

My eyes glimmer with fresh tears as the deputy and I saunter past himand the the second time with something like concern. In fact... 1 can feel his eyes on

Fuck you

asshole.

Chapter Comments

Liesbeth Lennards

POST COMMENT

I like it to get to know the other characters, but I am not sure if I find it a bit overdone that it is a complex story line now added. I am more interested in all the loose ends alr
Rene Marie Beck-Ware

can't wait to see all if the brothers get their mates.....

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,262 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-One RAINIER

Finally alone in the deep leather interior of my heavily tinted SUV, I all the previous moments in the hospital to pull and onto my dick. My fangs spear out and I close my eyes. Hlathes of Felix Fitzgerald and her ethereal beauty burning int "Fuck!" I curse a little too loudly, as I punch the dashboard and work to control my breathing

Fuck, fuck, fuck

I grit my teeth, glaring out the window as I scan the parking lot for any early model Cadillacs. I don't see any, and venetow I know, Hector isn't stupid enough to show here. Not with my deputies still in the vicinity. Beat with any lock, he was out here watching whet Timmons escorted Felix off grounds. I'm willing to bet that at this very moment that little shit is probably concocting

her out without so much as pissing in the parking lot. Well... I guess I have to make sure she's un-bailable then. Or at the very least, housed somewhere he can't find her.

Locking my knuckles around the steering wheel, the ring finger of my left hand comes into focus. I growl at the memory of what only a few minutes ago. When I stepped into the ER. and removed my wedding band to stuff the damn thing in my back pocket. Wh What the fuck?

But I know why, of course I do.

Because the instant I closed in on Emergency 48 and stepped into that hall, I scented her. Lemonade and spun sugar. Vanilla and lollipops. Cotton Candy fucking heaven.

It assaulted me. Sent a spiral of lightning from my fangs to my groin. I couldn't even think in that first minute. I didn't think. No.... I removed my ring without a second thought and then I stepped into her toom.

And God help me, she was beautiful. Hair in long waves of spun gold that danced past her ass to brush the backs of her thighs. Bright test blue eyes that seem to glow like crystals of an underground cave. A heavily curved body made from the sins of a thousand wet dreams Her lips were plump and ripe for sucking. Each and every thing about her screamed to be claimed.

But... what luck I have. What luck do I fucking have... I am married. And even if I wasn't... Felix is a hooker. A hooker.

Damn the fates and every God that ever demanded worship. Karma is a bitch and my fated mate is a hooker.

Did I mention she was a hooker? Yes, I think I did.

"Fuck!" I yell again, whipping out my phone and dialing Paul.

"Ye-low," Paul chimes out on the first ring

"Hey," I say, squeezing the bridge of my nose between two fingers as I shift in my seat to readjust my balls. "Can you send me the link to the indoor cameras, I need to check some of the footage for events prior to the shooting."

"Sure thing." Paul says. "You caught me just in time too, because Dom stopped through and ordered it all erased. He's talking about closing the place down or some shit. Draven's orders."

"I laugh, "You've got to be kidding me.

"I'm not. The power of pussy my friend, God save the rest of us from such madness."

"Agreed," I say softly before hanging up.

1/3-

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-One

A minute later, I am sifting through the footage of every corner of the club prior to the incident. It takes a few minutes, but I find what I'm looking for. I tap on the clip in question and Tommy Delaren is the with another local boy by the name of David Arden. I've dealt with them both on different occasions but never for anything any more serious than a speeding ticket. I watch as Hector and his friends shove Felix into the northeast corner of the club toward Tommy. I watch and I watch and I watch and soon I am shaking with anger. Son-of-a-bitch. I fucking kill him.

That little fucking prick.

Without wasting another minute, I hop back out of my car and storm back into the E.R. Approaching the nurses station I take a moment to peek into 3A and watch Tommy sleep. He is resting a little too well for my liking so I step inside as quietly as possible and handcuff him to the bed as roughly as I'm able.

"What the fuck?" he snaps, his eyes flying open.

"Get your rest Tommy," I hiss, working to control the rage that is begging for me to rip his throat out and bleed him out onto the ground. "I'll be back for you later."

Unlike Felix, Tommy's wasn't a flesh wound. The bullet that hit him ripped through the bones of his right arm and straight out the back of his shoulder, He is going to need to recover a bit before he can see court

"Hey man! No walt-" he stammers and I leave the room slamming the door behind me.

Lupe's eyes go

wide and curious as I approach. "Do I sense an Uh-oh," she says and I nod

"When do you think he can be discharged?"

She shrugs,

"Give or take a couple of weeks boss man, His bones need time to set and we have to watch for infection."

I sigh, thinking of the course way I treated Felix when I came in earlier refused to even take her statement. Damn it. "I'll send a couple of deputies to guard him. He is not to be released." She nods and I bid her farewell.

My words, to Felix haunt me as I exit the E.B. and head back to my vehicle. "Mister Deluca is the victim."

"Fuck," I say again, slamming the door to the SUV hard enough to shake the car parked next

to me.

I wish her tears hadn't affected me the way they did when she started crying. I wish they didn't. But they had and I ignored them. I ignored them because I didn't want to feel anything for a hooker. I ignored them just to prove that I could. To prove that I could fight the pull a mate has on a Shifter.

I pushed the instant stab of foreign pain from my heart and replaced it with disdain. With disgust. I lied to myself, telling myself I was repulsed by her and proceeded to treat her like garbage,

I allowed myself to judge her because I don't want her to be real.

What I did was wrong on so many levels. Despite that I would rather keep my distance from her, I am going to have to talk to her. I need to find out more about Hector and who he is to her. Because if I am right, and I usually am (with the exception of this morning) - then Hector is about as far from being her boyfriend as he can get.

I press the call button on my

v radio.

"Timmons here. What's up boss?"

"Wheres Tel Miss Fitzgerald? How's she holding up?"

Timmons chuckles. "She is in lock-up as requested."

2/3

13:045 Thu, Nov 14 of

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-One

"Okay, the first thing I need you to do is transfer her to the single cell my office, Make sure she's comfortable and fed. Ask her what she wants to eat and send somebody for it." "What the fuck? Okay Rain but-"

"Then I need you to put out an APB on her and or any missing persons fitting her description."

Chapter Comments

Karolina Kowalczyk

POST COMMENT

I thought that I don't mind 'refil' of the story to find others mates' but actually I am if all of them will be such a jerk at first. And yes, I agree with someone who said it will be ni....
[VIEW ALL 2 COMMENTS](#)

11

SHARE

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,301 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Two

So what you are telling me, firyffin segats, squinting his eyes in disthat, Is that my versus will refund aft

Gabriel nods, taking a deep drink of his beer. 'Oi quite a bit of research on the extinction of

day spark it as well, te vaccan

wu lupauses, catching my

do with the altering of venous in humans mates than it did a land such inauter quite
truely, you might in alte in da the venom town another lion and plug it in

"Nat cythia soaps, his eyes going daik. "Iki nat wan say it.

Ishonkles, the image of what tialsiel was aloud to say making my wingunt, Jesus Gol
Holly

Gabriel rolls his eyes, I forgot. Im in moral captivity"

The bat as set to open in just a comple Innas and the four of use, avi, my dad, and
Grytte pitchers of beer. Itioned toward my father, who has sultd very little sing
www.arried. His eyes continuali, Toward Gabriel. The pair of them me really starting to
imitate now with their secret gawes und

Tranelles

Im going to need something a bit stronger than laver, Gryllin snaps. Tant bellows we
bought you at this way just the you to sell so that bullshit "

I chuckle," My thoughts exactly. Let me get the whiskey,"

While I bead to the counter, I pretend not to notice the little looks and mouthings my dad
and Gabrad sture, something is defiantly gre on between the two of them. Something I
am determined to foure out. There are seryels Jure. Serrats that may men haber
sonurting to do with the fine and how it started five years ago. Because Galeriel's rother
supposedly died the your bed

I return to my seal with two battles of fark and pour a pretty healthy agunt for both my
father and Cabral, Grytfits eyes twinice guy way as if he knows what I am up to I allow a
jonment of a smuk ta grace my lips before hunding him the bottle.

"Drink up Gabe," I say, taking a sest next to my dad as Gabriel lifts the glass to his lips
and takes a deep drink. "I want 39 hear mone this staged under you were telling me
about,"

If I thought to surprise my father with my statement, I thought wrong. His face reveals
nothing as he takes his glans and do thing Jesus Christ Gabriel, really? Is all my father
says as his eyes mag with whiskey fire. "We made a part Gabriel shrugs, "Yeah, I
know,"

My dad growls, "Your mother will not be pleased about this."

"I am about to be banished," he says. "If I go anywhere - I want to be with her.

I meet my father's eyes. "So it's true. You've been hiding his mother and sister all these years?"

My dad frowns, "Yes. It's true,"

Son of a bitch. DRAVEN

Watching t the sunset through the wide glass walls that face the ocean going to become my new favorite parttime After Koda sorted things out with his little brother, he and Emily took Hyder back to their place to settle him in Appsendly Koda her has always been 1/3 13:04 Thu. Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Two

abusive. When Kosda's mother was alive, she was the main recipient of heryl's attentions. When the died, Koda Until recently Ryder had managed to escape his father's chunken raging. But according to the Ryder, things had gotten increasingly worse. Hope that Koda hat Emily, they've decided to take Ryder in.

Now, Tabora and I sat in the quiet of the living room sipping on faux cktails (non-alcoholic) as we watch the golden glour of the sun de over the gate.

"Someone's bere," Tardora says suddenly, leaping from her seat on the couch to stand near the front door.

My head swivels just as a Large Silver Sheriff SUV tolls into the drive. out of the vehicle, making his way to the front door. "Let him in," I say joh..." I mummur, it's not Koda. Rainier's thick muscular form stepe

Removing his sunglasses, Rainier nods in greeting and scans the room with tired eyes. "Hey Draven. Taedora." Rainier clears his throat, forcing a sidwinding smile up the side of his face. "Can we talk? His eyes swing toward Taedora then back to mine. "Privately?" "Ummm," 1 bum. For a moment I allow my mind to go over the possibilities of Rainier being the one to leave the message in the jewelry box and I don't know what to say. But then I remember Koda vouching for Rainer with absolute conviction and I nod. "Sure," Tadoras eves sparkle, flashing gold then hazel as she sips the rest of her phony cocktail. "I have some unpacking to do in the guest house. If you need me," she says with one foot out the front door. "All you need to do is shout and you'll have a lioness on your doorstep." Tchuckle as Rainier openly sneers at her. Watching her through the windows as she makes her way to the back house. "She"

staying

1. es. But only until we're sure things have settled down. He doesn't want to leave me here unprotected during the Full Moon Shifts." I study b

him, the tension in his muscles, the quirking of his jaw. He's nervous, "What did you want to talk about?"

He sighs, stepping further into the room to meet my gaze. "I assume you heard about the shooting. Well, I mean, I know you did because Paul told me that you ordered Domonic to shut down the club,"

I flinch, my gaze widening, "I did no such thing! But still, I can't help the satisfied smile that stretches across my lips. "I suggested that maybe with a baby on the way and... the possibility of us getting married that he might want to repurpose the place. You know, make it a little more family friendly."

flip the place. Turn

Rainier chuckles, "Yeah, okay. Well, whatever you said, it worked. Dom has already put out the word that he is going to flip

into a restaurant or something. Hire all the gals on as waitresses or cooks.

My cheeks heat. My chest warms with satisfaction. He loves me. Domone really and truly loves me. "That's great," I supply. That'll give all you lowmen somewhere to gather that isn't the bar! And besides," I say with a shrug. "You're married aren't you? Maybe I'll finally get

meet your

ir wife. The last part I toss in just to gauge his reaction and what I see in his face is slightly disturbing

He closes his eyes, his jaw flexing. "Yeah. I am," he groans. "Which is actually what I wanted to come here and talk to you about." He takes. seat, leaning back against the soft leather of the couch. "What I'm about to tell you, you have to keep a secret. His dark eyes study me. "You can't even tell Dom."

I hold up my hand, not wanting to betray Domonic in any way. Then you better not tell me. I don't want to know anything that he

He growls, I was afraid of that But... I really need to talk to someone about it. It's driving me crazy." He sighs, burying his face in his hands for a short moment. "You are my Luna now. I would tell it to Domonic if I thought he could help me, but this..." He growls again. "I paped a woman's opinion."

Hier looks so desperate, that I have to ask, "Does it have anything to do with the missing ring and the message?"

He thitches. The missing ring? No! What message?

I bite my lip. Okay, so its not about the ring. "Never mind." I slurp my drink, setting the glass on the table then studying

him with

2/3

One

Chapter One Hundred Twenty Two

Chapter Comments

Marietta Gary

Really?121712 For feks sake!

I hate cliff hangers. I'm at my granddaughter's

graduation and not really paying attention (they are in the p/s her last name starts with

[VIEW ALL 2 COMMENTS](#)

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[621 words]

Chapter One Hundred Twenty Three

I say raidų. Tai apt par tipkat

changed the nate rule, but that sate lambang the sana

will grant youth but as frange of my me anyway. We don't de things there the way the pack downdes docs they truthers frat

Cat and my father all I say with a smile

11. Teng

Khi dad's eyes narrow at it, and despite his frown of prijē 1 candid still kerk your

appeal

was the tee you kidding me? I'm not that disid,

wasps taking a swig ofthe whisky bedone coughing up a storm

1/3

Chapt the Tindled twenty Hier

i think the best fat wadd be to get them on their way out Emoting their car must be parked the Mag

Wow, taliter trod voler commute From lest Angle Hou Harrow ranged det dry engine and NA MA

dequation on they wore lamon. They were thed and posted the the twee www back, Mainer of than the way t

Laugh, Will den, since your te in a hand men. I dient per night wire to know what post walked into the hot wet towers w

The other end of the the pore dead silent. To find det tar Jay. I in a crape of things to do atthew, bet de ven RAINIER

Tune into the status aisi stalk past the front dock bounding

X-Men

Fells and Timmons are lounging together on my sole watching Mou L

The Tage that burn buside my

maal. My dangs later into my lips and I am forced to turn around su

What the fuck is golong tantalizing scent inside.

ne?! I growl out, Noting tut the cell to bay left lay upon arad amapty, without even a hint of the girls's

They Raid Not much, were just watching a movie.

Towangry, I can feel my muscles swelling. The tinkling harmony of Feles Bough dances past my ears as Timmons teases her about liked up tattoo on her thigh. Why is he looking at her thighs? Why the stocked in the reit?

never told you to let her out, I snap, trying like bell to get control of bay langso bosand my bling cabinet and pull the best drawer open, pretending to galo som

around and face them. I saunter

attempt in school the anger from my face.

"Okay," Timmas says almost too softly and I can hear it in his voice that he's confused. I did call him and tell him she was no longer going to be changed, but I never told him to let her out. I sure as fuck didn't tell Higa to cozy up with her on my couch. "What's up boss? Something wrong?"

I bite myself, pressing

of my lungs supowand while holding my breath. I picture Angle, my wife. Picture the look on her face when she saw that Til stopped in for a bite to eat. The happiness in her gaze when I strolled through the front door was like a hit to the gut. She loves me And L... I bow her... I mean, I'm supposed

2/3

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Three

There you

tally checking me out from

breathe as Tory Anjos stand Tititions, ypring Felix completatly. For so, em sex har in
ot on the couch. I hane it.

My pants g

and I nearly grown. Fucking her.

What's up? Timmons says, standing up

I shoot him a look to remind

dity. "Oor shooter be

sighted. He's being daraina

erry pijndi. "I need

ved you to prontise that you will

ou back in the o

Finally I look at her, and I swear

Miss Fitzgerald. If you can't do that then

Felix bites her lip, her teal blue eyes blaxing with best that I fe

For a moment, I just stare

que, Sweet and dradi

Feliz must be feeling. The heat and the finger. The im, Frix" I neg, and her name is like
prison on my Chapter Comments

KKN

is there a new chapter after this? it says update but theres no chapter

[VIEW ALL 2 COMMENTS,](#)

610

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,738 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Four RAINIER

"Angie, baby, I'm sorry, but I'm going to be late tonight." I whispered in the phone from the inside of my SUV.

Timmons and Koda had the three misfits from the har anfely tucked away in the lower level cells used for booking of our regular criminals, Regular meaning-human. After a thorough back lot beating of the three at the bar, we were pretty positive that was all they were, Humans

But Hector... he was a tough guy through and through. I had to crack there of his ribs before he could bring himself to stop resisting. The other two were easy. Even now they were ready and willing to divulge all types of information on Hector and his bosses. But, I still did not have all the facts about Felix. From what I saw on the club security footage, she was basically forced to perform oral ser on Tommy Deluca. Hector had his gun to her head the entire time. After the act was complete, Tommy refused to pay whatever he agreed to pay and that was when things went bad for him. Out in the parking lot in front of the public, Tommy must have thought he was safe when he refused Hector his

money. Tommy and David were just a couple of silly stupid kids that had only just turned twenty-one. They were new to Cock Tails and never should have been allowed in in the first place. Unfortunately, with James on his way back from Florida, the human bartender Mikey had been left in charge of running the club until James returned. Mikey didn't have the nose for trouble that we Shifters do. Paul should have been the one in charge from the get, but he fucken hated the club and only went in during emergencies. Much like the one Hector and Tommy created.

The fact that Felix was forced changes things. It is why I am still waiting to hear back about whether or not she has been abducted. Because if she has been reported missing- there is a chance I can just send her off without interacting with her. But so far, I haven't heard anything back on that APB and it was beginning to look like I was going to have to actually sit down and talk to her. Fuck me. Hence the conversation I am having right fucking now.

"You're sorry," Angie hiccups, her voice echoing as it from the inside of a wine glass. "You're never sorry. I'm the only one who's ever sorry. Sorry we met and sorry that I married you." Jesus Christ. "You're drinking. Again."

She chuckles thickly as she slurps. "How observant of you, Nice that you notice something about me."

"Angie..." I hiss, rubbing my temple with two fingers. "I have to go. I'll be there soon okay, I have to question a witness, but I'll be home right after. Then maybe tomorrow I'll take you out on the yacht. What do you say?"

I can almost see her smile and my chest aches. Not because I love her smile - which I honestly do, it's the most beautiful thing about her - but because of guilt I'm feeling from forcing myself to care. And yes, that is what this is. Me forcing myself to live with the mistake I made when I married a woman who is not my mate.

baby," she says softly. "Wake me when you get home."

"Okay baby,"

I hang up

ing up the phone and before I walk into the station i slip my wedding ring back into my pocket again. I don't ask myself why I do it, I don't berate myself for the act. Most certainly, I know why. Whether married or not, there is a woman inside that I know I can't have, but for whatever reason I don't want her to think I'm taken. Don't want her to know! Nor think! I AM TAKEN.

What a fucking shit show this is about to be. We haven't called in the arrests yet. We haven't run the names yet. Why? Because I said not to and I said not to because I have yet to decide whether or not I'm going to take Hector into the woods and give him a

sporting start. Just from the look of the bastard and the way he forced Felix into unspeakable acts has the wolf in me salivating for his flesh. I want to taste his life's blood as I rip into his chest. I want his heart to beat its last against my unjmal fangs

But I'm going to need a really good reason for doing that to him if I want to keep my secret. With any luck, Felix will give me a couple.

Stepping into the quiet of the front office, I nod toward Koda and Timmons. "Thanks for the help brother," I say to Koda, avoiding th questions in his eyes. Koda and I have always been best friends. But he didn't tell me shit about Emily when he first found her, so I don't 1/3 Chapter One Hundred-Twenty Four

I'm just not quite my to. He might say something to ma

to that makes

Timmon, you can head home," I say with my eyes on my office door,et some rest. Well deal with the three in lock-up after they ve

Timmon chackles. Alright. But what about Telix? I thought I might offer to take her somewhere more comfortable.

push her onto the street with no way to get home."

my anger, forcing for into my gare. "I have some questions for her. She can sleep in the cell tonight and tomorrow you can give her a lift wherever she needs to go. I he. Not fucken doing that. I take her out of here tonight myself.

"Are you sure you don't want someone else to question her?" Koda inquires softly. "You know, so you can go home and question someone

else...

He referring to the missing ring. I know he is, but what he doesn't realize that the guilt I'm feeling won't allow me to interrogate Angle about shit. Not yet. Not right now.

I've got it. Go on home to Emily. I'm sure that's what you'd rather do anyway."

Koda nods, not saying another word before he exits out the front door behind Timmons. There are only a few more deputies on duty. tonight. All of which are human. Two in booking, one in the field, and one at the front desk. It's late and this is a small town. We don't normally need many men during the night.

er alone again, may prove to

ing a step toward my office, I brace myself against the scent of the woman inside. Knowing that having her al be the dumbest thing I ever decided to do.

DRAVEN

"Finally!" I chirp excitedly as Taedora comes out of the kitchen. Domonic's Hummer pulls into the drive and I can't contain my excitement I haven't had a real chance to talk to him since we arrived home.

That's it for me then," Taedora winks. "I'll head out the back"

"Are we still on for tomorrow?"

Taedora nods, "Fishing out on the yacht? Hell yeah we are!"

"Great!" I say just as the front door opens and the back door shuts, I spin around, my mouth watering at the sight of Domonic all puffed up with muscle. He is breathing hard, as if he just went on a run and each of his muscles seems to pulse with power. Holy Mother this is my man. "What have you been up to?" I coo, my eyes lighting over the bulge behind his jeans, wishing Id taken the time to shower and primp before he got here.

His gaze narrows, his smile dimpling as he watches me with a darkly amused look. "Who is going fishing tomorrow, baby? You?"

"Me and Taedora. We're taking your yacht. Hope you don't mind."""

"My yacht is your yacht," he says, stepping further into the room. "What's for dinner?"

I shrug, feeling his eyes on every part of me as 1 trail into the kitchen to serve him. "Emily made that stew that I love, I thought we might eat that if you're hungry."

"Oh, I'm hungry alright," he purrs from behind me as I dip the spoon into the pot on the stove. It goes plopping into the soup as I feel Domonic's hands slip under my shirt and over my bare belly. "But not for stew."

I shudder, the feel of his fangs gliding over my bare shoulder and up the side of my throat sending shivers down my spine. He takes a

2/3

13:05 Thu Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Four

deep whiff of my hair and then Treezes, his body going taut as he spins around to face him. Glowing silver orbs born into me as his jaw flexes in confusion. He looks angry and for a minute I forget to breathe, "Draven, he growls, his eyes flashing black and gold then back to silver. "I am going to ask you a question..... and I swear to God, you better not lie to me."

I flinch backward anxiously then yelp as my elbow hits the side

pol. "Ouch!" I shout.

Domonic's face falls in disappointment as he realizes he just caused me to burn myself. "Fuck," he curses, lifting me away from the counter to seat me on the counter in front of him. Lifting my arm into the light he inspects my elbow, caressing it with kisses even when it appears to be alright. "I'm sorry," he says dejectedly.

I nod absently, reaching upward to rub the wrinkles from between his eyes. "You're mad about something I say nervantly. "What?"

I study him as he attempts to relax his muscles, watching in wonder at his eyes continue to spiral with color. But after another sniff of my hair, he growls, his voice taking on the state of a half beast half man. "That fucker was acting strange today and I can smell him on you," he snaps, his hands tightening on the counter and he clamps his eyes closed and groans. "Damn it, I'm trying to control myself but his scent is on you and I'm about to snap. You may need to run. What? Oh fuck not

"Smell him on me? I gasp in complete shock. "Smell who? What the fuck are you talking about Domonic?"

His eyes fly open flat black. Silver irises gone. When he speaks next his voice is more of a snarl and his fangs seem to be elongating to curved points. He says, "Rainier. I can smell him in your hair." Chapter Comments

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,504 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Five

DRAVEN

My eyes go wide with fear. Oh shit. Why didn't I think of that when Railer was here earlier and I hugged him goodbye? What the hell am I going to say now?

Domonic's fangs continued to sharpen, his hand on each side of me began to expand along with the muscles in his chest. His shirt was beginning to rip and I could feel the claws in his fingers spike through the fabric clinging right here?

I take a deep breath, my mind scrambling over ways to stop him from shifting in our kitchen. Domonic," I whisper, my hands grazing over the steel cords of his neck muscles. "Calm down, please. I can explain!" At least I think I can. Fuck. I'm going to have to lie to him. Exactly what I didn't want to have to do. Then again, maybe I don't have to lie if I can just tell some of the truth....

"Explain," he snarls, his arms bulging, veins pulsing. "Quickly."

He looks so fucking sexy like this, damn. Get a hold of yourself sister! He's about to rip through the countertop with his claws. "Rainier came to apologize," I say, grasping into the farthest reaches of my bullshit for some truth. "He voted against my coming here and he wanted to apologize. I hugged him and told him it was alright. That is all. He just wanted to apologize and reassure me that he didn't take the ring."

Domonic's chest puffs twice more, the shirt now history as it falls off his back and I'm graced with the mouthwatering reality that is his chest, Yummy. He is still breathing heavily but his eyes are swirling with silver, the black dissipating into itself as if spiraling down the drain. Jaw still flexed, his fangs begin to shrink in on themselves as he steps away from me, his eyes falling closed. "Fuck baby, I'm so sorry. That was -his eyelids lift just barely-'so close. I can't believe I...he trails off, clenching his jaw again as his muscles tense and he glares at me. "I'm going to need you to shower. Now"

I nod gently, sliding down from the counter carefully. F1 can do that. Absolutely."

"It's too close to the full moon. My urges are... difficult to master. Especially with you pregnant. It's never been that hard to control around you. This time... that was... he shakes his head helplessly.

"Sexy," I supply, not feeling guilty at all.

His mouth turns up, "What did you say?"

I grin, I can't help myself. "I said, that was sexy. If you could bring yourself to sniff a little lower than my hair, you might just find out just

how sexy."

His irises go black. "Oh baby. Don't you dare," he warns.

But I can see it now, the threat in his eyes is altogether different as he watches me. I smile, thinking it's finally time for that strip show. I don't even care that the shades are still open. "You want me to shower, breathe, taking the hem of my top between my hands. "Fine, I'll shower." I whip the crop top off my head and toss it at his feet, exposing the lacy black bra I'm wearing underneath. My eyes lock on the front of his jeans and the magnificent girth I see punching against his zipper. I step toward the stairs and up, listening as Domonic's breathing becomes more and more ragged. "I'd hate for you to lose your femper again so close to the full moon." I tease, slipping my shorts down over my hips and glancing back toward where I left him. I gasp when I see that he is gone, nearly falling backward down the stairs as I attempt to spin around. But... he catches me. Fangs glinting in the fight, his arms come around me, lifting me off the steps and out of my shorts into his arms. His eyes shimmer as they trace over the curves of my breasts and his strong arms flex beneath my bare legs.

the smallest trace of Margo anywhere to be found. I He dashes toward our room and I note with a swift look around that there isn't even almost want to ask him how many times he slept with her in bed, but don't. Why revisit that bullshit? nothing good can come of it. What's important is the here and the now and the man carrying me into the shower.

"Draven," he hisses, setting me down on my feet in the center of the wide raintop shower. He licks his lips, kicking the door shut behind him as his eyes swallow me whole.

1/2

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Five

I reach behind myself, keeping my gaze locked with his as I turn the hot water on and let the spray fall over my matching lingerie. "Come and wash me," I say, popping my bra open in front and leaving it to hang as I lean back against the shower tiles. He pulls his hair out of its ponytail, leaving the luscious strands to fall about his face and dance just above his wide, sculpted shoulders. The look he gives me is ravenous, his fangs shearing once again over his lips as his tongue flicks out to wet their points. I watch him as he undresses, his thick length springing free as he steps into the shower and closes the door. He continues to stare at me as I reach for the shampoo, handing it to him so that he can lather me up. The cords of his muscles flesh and pull with each of his movements as he spins me around and begins my torment. Massaging me everywhere, from the roots of my hair and down over my back, under my thong and between my folds. He trails his fingers over my shoulders, dragging the straps of my bra downward so he can cup my mounds in his hands, pulling me back against his erection as he whispers in my ear. "The full moon is close. This might be too rough for you. You're going to have to tell me if it's too painful. I don't want to hurt you or the pup."

In answer, I drag my thong to the side as I press my ass against his dick, placing my hands on the wall in front of me as water cascades over my back. "Hurt me, Domonic. Now. Please."

He growls against the back of my neck and then he is plunging into me from behind so deeply that we crash against the tiles. My legs are spread wide apart as he slides one arm around my waist and the other around my throat, punishing me stroke after stroke and grunting in my ear. The sounds he makes are animalistic, clashing with the chorus of moans coming from the depth of my throat with every thrust he takes inside me. My climax is rising, higher and higher, as he groans against me, grinding into me from behind while he pumps.

am going to bite you," he hisses and I toss my head back as a scream of pleasure wrenches from my mouth, his fangs piercing my neck.

"Domone!" I shout as I explode with desire, my body going completely limp against his as the pressure in my center explodes and a different type of ecstasy ensues. Lean feel his teeth pump his venom into me at the same time he cums inside of my core and that alone has the passing out in his arms.

When I come to, I am naked in bed with his amis on either side of me, holding me close, one heavy leg stretched over both of mine.

Domonic's eyes sparkle. Gold and silver Ouctuate and glimmer over his frises as he clenches his jaw tight. His breath catches as his eyes trace over my features. "I love you," he chokes out. I love you so much

I smile at him, biting my lips. "I love you too, Mister Mayor."

DOMONIC

I haven't any idea what woke me, but something did, causing me to sit straight up in bed, fangs glinting in the moonlight from the unshaded windows. A glance around tells me nothing has been disturbed, but I can feel it. A presence. Not in here... maybe outside? I take a long look at Draven's sleeping form, naked limbs tangled in the bed covers and smile. Kissing her forehead, I slide out of bed naked and race down the stairs and out the front door. I stand there, naked on the porch, watching the darkness around me as the unmistakable scent of a wolf tingles my senses. It's faint and I know right away, whatever passed through here is gone now, but the beast definitely trespassed inside the gate telling me it had to be a Shilter. Natural wolves just don't climb into people's yards for no reason. It was not one of my brothers and although that is alarming enough. It's not what disturbs me most.

No, what bothers me is the scent of this wolf

This beast... is completely foreign.

Chapter Comments

10

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[1,515 words]

2/2

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Six. FELIX

It's late and I'm quietly dazing, but I hear him the moment he returns. The low rumble of his voice that is more bass than Baritone seemed to strum the chords inside of me, igniting my nerve endings from my fingers to my toes and everywhere in between. Alerting me to

his presence.

Sitting there in his office alone for the past hour, I had very little to keep my mind busy, My thoughts kept circling back toward the powerful male that I met in the hospital. The sheriff of my wet dreams, Rainier. When he felt here to arrest Hector, I'm not going to lie, some part of me was worried. Not for Hector, no, of course not. But... the sexy, no nonsense sheriff himself. I've met many a man who thought he could save me from Hector and sadly, none of them are alive today.

But although I was worried for the sheriff, something also told me that this man, Rainier, was different. There was just something about him that screamed danger. Like warning bells that ring upon first sight of a deadly animal and glow like a self destruct button in the silence of his eyes. A dark brooding stare that is darker than any gaze I've ever seen. The brown of them is just a bare shade darker than the black pupils of their center.

I can't help but wonder what those eyes look like in the middle of an orgasm... God... just the thought is enough to make me cross my legs. I bet he's the type that doesn't close his eyes when fucking you. I bet... he's the type that gets off on watching you cum Jesus Felix, calm your

At the sound of his heavy booted feet coming toward the office door, I hopped out of my seat and ran my fingers through my hair in front of the mirror. Plumping my lips and adjusting my unkempt appearance as he stepped in from the front office.

"Miss." I hear him say, "er-uh, Felix..." He closes the door behind him and I turn around. He points toward the seat in front of his desk "Have a seat please. I have a few questions about our friend Hector."

I swallow my nerves, stepping away from the couch and settling in one of the soft leather arm chairs. "D-did you catch him? Please, please, please tell me he didn't get away!"

Rainier takes a seat behind his desk, jaw flexing as he leans back in his chair. His heavily muscled thighs shift as he legs spread and before I can stop myself, my mouth drops open appreciatively. The bulge there. Just at the center. For some reason, I can't seem to tear my gaze,

away.

Since when do cops wear such right pours?

"Yes," Rainier says softly, his dark eyes studying me carefully, the white edges of his gaze seeming brighter in the dim light.

"Finally," I whisper, more to myself than anyone else. Finally! I work to control my excitement as I sit there, I can't afford to stick around here much longer. Because the moment Hector's boss finds out he's locked up, he'll be sending his lawyers to get him out and once hes out...all bets are off for me. I won't get away. So as much as I love the thought of this delicious lawman in front of me, that's all he's ever going to be. A thought. A fantasy. A CILF (Cop Id like to fuck) if you will "So am I free to go?" I ask, perching at the edge of the chair, my call muscles poised for a mad sprint out of town.

Rainier chuckles, shaking his head. "Not so fast. I need a little more information from you if I'm going to keep him off the street."

Shit, Fuck. Darun it. I just knew it wasn't going to be that simple. "What do you need?" I gush out, hardly able to contain my anxiety. I want out of here! I need out of here now!

He leans forward, and for this first time there appears to be a crack in the ice of his onna as his eyes seem to freeze on the exposed

persona as skin of my thighs. Chest rising and falling heavily, he clears his throat, clamping his eyes shut as he draws in a sharp breath. "Uh... L... um..." he trails off, clenching the edges of his desk with his large hands before shaking his head. It takes a moment before he opens his eyes again and centers his bored gaze on my face instead of my tanned legs. "I put out an APB on you after watching the interior footage from the

club. I didn't get a hit. But after watching the tape, it was clear to me that my assumptions about you were very wrong," the

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Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Six

brown-black of his irises shift around my face as if hunting for a respotise,

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I don't give him one, but that doesn't mean that I don't almost crap my pants. He thought I'd been kidnapped God, if only that were the case. Then he might actually feel sorry for me... he might even want to rescue me the way I'm yearning for him to He goes on. "I apologize for that by the way. It was completely unprofessional of me to judge you the way I did and to be honest... I have

no excuse for it.

My eyes burn and for a moment anger rises in my chest so swiftly that I almost allow my tears to fall just to punish him. "That's okay," I choke out. "I'm used to it. Not to mention, despite what happened in the club today, he wasn't completely wrong in his assessment of me. After all, I have sold myself in the past of my own free will. Only once... but as luck would have it... that's all it took for me to find myself trapped in a world I never wanted to be part of

"It's not okay," he snaps, his eyes lighting with fire. "But I need to know-how did a beautiful girl like you get mixed up with Hector?"

Beautiful girl... Heat, fierce and surprising burns across my cheeks as I work to control the sudden tingling of my woman parts. I'm wet now! I just know it. And if I have to get up, he will know it too. I uncross my legs, pushing my core off the leather of the seat so that I don't leave any butterflies in my wake.

His muscles tense, his eyes going heavy lidded as his gaze falls straight to my lap, "Christ, he hisses and for a moment I think he knows and I have the horrible thought that I might be dripping my wanton juices onto the floor.

I almost check! Almost! Instead, I clear my throat and plunge forward to gain his attention, causing him to tear his gaze upward from my lap. Knowing that I have to get out of here as soon as humanly possible, I press on. "I um... well... someone who was once very close to powered Hector's people a lot of money. So I... L..." I trail off, cursing myself as unwanted memories of my horrible childhood resurface. How do you tell someone that your own flesh and blood saw you as nothing more than a bargaining

chip? How do you admit that you are so unimportant, that your own family would serve you up to settle a debt. "I agreed to... I cough, closing my eyes against the memory of first time, to sleep with Hector to save that someone's life."

my

My eyes are still closed and Rainier has said nothing, but... I can feel it, Anger in the air. Energy that seems to crackle and tire and charge! the room with murderous intent. When he does speak, his voice is so low, the timbre alone is frightening. "So, you agreed to-he chuckles-"you agreed to whore yourself for someone else's gain?"

My eyes fly open and what I see in his stare stabs into my heart, rendering me speechless. He looks... disgusted. twisted up in a sneer as he glares down at me. Perfectly kissable lips, are

Damn. So much for fantasies. "That is correct," I whisper, my body quaking with fear as he narrows his eyes at me. It was supposed to be a one time thing. But..."

He shakes his head in disappointment. "It's never that simple, sweetheart."

That's what does it. His calling me sweetheart. It barrels into me. Warming my soul and wrenching my heart tight with pain. Suddenly the tears have started falling and I am helpless to stop them. "Please," I whisper. "If I'm going to get away. Then I have to leave now." As the sobs wrack my body, I dip my head, not wanting to see pity in his gaze as I mourn the loss of my virtue and sell respect. Please," I whimper, "Just let me go."

The silence is deafening before I hear him step around the desk toward my chair. "I'm afraid that I can't do that. Not just yet."

Chapter Comments

10

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[1,018 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1- No Mates Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Seven RAINIER

Her despair at my words is visible. Her shoulders shake with defeat as the tears fall from the luminous turquoise of her eyes, Suddenly I don't know what's worse. The guilt

that I feel knowing that, as her mate should be the one to take away all that pain, for the lust that

speared through me moments ago when I smelled her arousal from behind my desk.

God, her scent is powerful. So good I can almost taste her nectar in the air. Even now, in the slow moments as I watch her weep, tendrils of her flavor wall toward me, tantalizing my fangs. Making me want to slide her across my desk and bury myself in her heat. Just the image of it nearly floors me. I can only imagine what her honey kissed skin might feel like beneath my fingertips as I stroke my hands across her body to explore her curves.

Dear God she is luscious

I've never seen a more perfect body in all my life. Everything about her is fashioned by God to bring a man to his knees. Large, perfectly rounded breasts that should be too heavy to sit as high as they do, push against the confines of her top begging to be freed. Creating the type silhouette that you might see stamped on the back of big rig trucks or hidden behind the curtains of a brothel. That fact alone spawns the devil in me that wants to shred her clothes away with my claws so that I might sink my fangs into the pillows of her flesh. This nodd me, it's almost unbearable.

But, she's a whore. I shake that thought out of my head, clamping my eyes tight as I work to calm my nerves. Not wanting to seem insensitive, but needing her to stop crying just the same, I clear my throat to catch her attention. When she gazes at me, eyes tinged with red and her full lips turned in a frown, I have to force myself not to kneel down and take her lips into my own. I can almost taste them and I'll bet they taste like candy.

Instead, I try to focus on the source of her sorrow, Hector. "What is it you're afraid of?" I ask, "Hector? Because if that's the case, I promise that he will not get to you here." Her lower lip quivers and I nearly groan with the need to still it between my teeth. "Not Hector," she whimpers. "Antman controls Hector It's him that I belong to."

Fury nips at the base of my self control and I can't stop the growl that humbles through my chest at her stupidity. "Oh, my apologies. This Antman, he owns you. Is that right?" Her hands begin to pull and fidget, teasing the tips of her long, gloriously golden mane and the locks that rest across her lap.

I fucking love her hair.

"Yes," she delivers.

Now I can't stop myself from chuckling at her rudely. No! I want to scam. Unfortunately, YOU belong to ME! Not unfortunately. Definitely not that. But... damn.

"Well then, would you like me to give him a call? So that he might come and retrieve his property?" I spit, not being able to disguise the anger in my tone.

She flinches, her eyes widening with surprise. "N-not! I-I-*

"Tell me this, would you? I mean, just humor me for a second."

She nods, turning in her seat and pointing the heat of her thighs in my direction. Fuck me.

"If I were to let you leave," I say, clenching my teeth. "Where would you go? To Antman?"

"Absolutely not!" she snaps, rising from her seat furiously. "I don't know where the fuck I would go, but if I don't leave soon, I won't get to

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Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Seven

go anywhere! As soon as Antimin finds out that Hector has been arrested.

anger dying out. If I'm still here," her voice softens, Then I might

All of my frustration washes from my limbs as the true realization of her predicament deena on mu The Instinct to protect the one person fate designed specifically for me taking over my senses. "Then I "The pittoon that sold you into out," I say in relation. My voice is cold and deadly when

She shakes her head, crossing her arms under her chest, lifting her brows and giving rise to what that starts at the "He's not important."

I smile, I can't help myself. Really? Why would you want to protect someone who traded you off for letting it go for the time being. "And you will tell me," I insist. "But, for me, I'm going to need you to get What?

She trembles, her eyes watering "What? Why? Are you still going to

"I'm not going to charge you with anything." I inform her, my eyes falling closed so that I don't have to

There's just a little something that I need to take care of and I need to know that you are safe

"Safe..." she repeats, as if that word does not exist for her, nor anywhere in her world

"I won't be long." I say, leading her toward the cell while being careful not to touch her. The way I am feeling right now with her skin might result in an acute sensory override.

She stumbles toward the cot against the back wall, falling onto the mattress dejectedly. "You're coming her eyes almost does me in.

e fear in her gaze.

she asks, and

I close the cell, locking it into place as I meet her gaze. "I am, and when I do, I will take you somewhere that you can stay for the next few days while we sort this out."

She smiles, and God help me, I almost melt right there on the spot. "We

We... I swallow that one, not trusting myself to speak. For a moment, I simply stare at her, unable to look away for footage from the club replays in my head, forging my resolve and filling me with renowned fury. My muscles begin to tense and expand as I turn away, heading for the door.

Heading for... Hector.

Chapter Comments

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Eight RAINIER

I bypass the hamman's deputies that litter the station without so much as a second look. In the last few years that I have been in charge, they have learned never to question me. Like the rest of this place, they suspect there is something different about me and my brothers. At the same time, they know that whatever that difference might be, it's unique in its protection. Perhaps the unspoken knowledge that we are more than human combats them somehow. Maybe they sleep a little better at night knowing that there is a strength beyond their own guarding all that reside here. The thing that is truly beautiful about this place and all the people in it, is that we are accepted as we are and our secrets... kept. There is pride in that. This is our home. And all the people in it rely on us to keep the real monsters at bay. Monsters... like Hector,

I step quietly toward his cell and unlock the door, kicking him awake with a beat to the ribs. Get up," I say softly.

His eyes are instantly alert as a slow smile spreads across his ugly, tuteil face. "Hello beautiful," he says, sitting up slowly as he attempts to hide the discomfort in his ribs, I cracked three of them at the bar when I arrested him and before the sun rises this morning, I intend to have the rest. "I knew you coulist stay away, Putus like you like it hard and rough. I am willing to give that to you once I've put a bullet in your brain, I will fuck your corpse six ways from Sunday, with the sun rising and the birds cheering me on. But only, if you ask

me

nicely

Jestos hacking Christ. What kind of mother gave birth to this bit? I hope she was ruthless. I hope that she beat him his entire loathsome life. Because someone like him that revels in the kinds of disgusting crimes this man has undoubtedly committed doesn't deserve a happy childhood. But the unfortunate truth is that Hector probably came from less than humble beginnings. Born in the dirt to a woman that probably lived and breathed for her kids, More than likely, he was the one to beat her. But... I can give her this. I can take care of the problem she neglected to stamp out when she created him and refused to drown him at birth. Hector probably came from a home sa poor that there wasn't any way for him to level up without selling his soul. Some people might pity him, but you need only take a look in his eyes to see that there isn't anything for you to feel sorry for. His eyes aren't empty, oh no. They are dark and searing. Consumed with lust for the pain and suffering of others.

"I said, get up." I command him, reaching down to haul him up in front of me.

He chuckles, straightening his clothes in an a

attempt to smooth his wrinkles. "Don't tell me, Jet

quess," he coos. "I made bail"

"Something like that," I say with a grin, gesturing for him to step out of the cell

Something in my

must give h

him pause, because for a moment ho falters, peering out of the cell cautiously before stepping into the

To the left," I say softly, following behind him as we make our way toward the elevators.

Once inside, I key in the code that grants access to the dungeons below and keep my face carefully blank as he begins to chew on his lips in worry. "Where are we going? I didn't see no fucking back exit to this place homie." when the do

"Shut up," I reply, shoving him forward when the door opens and the dim light of the dungeon greets us. "Walk. To the end of the hall."

At first, he hesitates, Moving along slowly as he studies the black stone walls that surround us. His eyes seem to catch on a particularly dirty cell on the right with the message No Mates' written in blood. "Damn! What the fuck?" he says with a giggle, shaking his head back at me as if only just realizing how crazy the lawmen out here might get. When we reach the end of the hall, I steer him toward the hidden door on the right stepping past him just long enough to unlock the door and push him out into the dark of the forest. "Hey, you What the fuck is this man? Why are we in the middle of the woods?" He puffs himself up in an attempt to look threatening and I smile in answer as

begin to unbutton my shirt.

"I have a question for you, Hector. The girl, Felix, where did she come from?" I inquire, watching the twitch of his eyes as he realizes I am getting undressed.

1/3

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Eight

"A stork delivered ker

1 shuks my head at hum, noting the shy steps he

for it. Good. I want him to run, because I intend

ground behind me. Antman Why dont you tell me about him instead

His face sours an

defatce. Forgetting, for thy

midt somplenes talved. "You should

mouth, ay. Antman ain

one of your busines

dick for taking don

that bitch, I'm going to cut out her tongur

My muscles tense as I assume he is talking about unbutton my pants and slide them down my leg, Het

His eyes go wild for a second before he thabet his head apologize. I don't really want to fuck you i =

was just talking shit." He grim.

Now, in nothing but my boxers, I allow

little of my wolf to shine through

Hector How

times did you fuck her?

to disappoint you, but I don't per down

is seeing 16 muscles are sows expand

Hector flinches as he studies me. Almost lae be doen: Elly understand

and shifting in the light of the moon. I'm sure, be proosby shini ber haging in pur look

"Hey man! What the fuck is this?"

My fangs tingle, and I allow them to slide out slowly, Indenting my just enough for him to

fuck her?" I ask again, my voice low and dark.

"Fuck who, man? Felix? Hey dog! What's going on with you

"Answer my question, I growl out, moving toward him as I stretch and ex my muscles, loosing my neck an

"I don't know man," he mumbles, stumbling back. A lot. So what? She's a prime piece of pussy and fuck bir again when g

I nod my head, pretending to be satisfied with his awer as I scan the woods for sip of Sometime

and it wouldn't do for them to watch me shih

"Look hole. If you want her, she's yours, okay? I'm going her to you. But stop this shit be

if you're not gonna let me go, can we just go back inside? Because

I want to laugh at that, but I don't. Instead, I hold his gaze as my fangs EAST I and my body get ready to chong. H

his shitty little gaze betraying an emotion that I'm sure he used to love seeing in the eyes of his victims. Fe

"Hey Hector?"

"Yeah?"

"Run"

And he does.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,279 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1- No Mates Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Nine FELIX

Laying back on in the cot, my eyes grow heavy and I start to doze. Som here in the distance a wolf howls, and the sound of the animal. has me instantly alert. A stringe sort of longing washes over me and I find myself wishing I could meet this beast. In Southern California you never hear anything as beautiful as the song of the wolf. Never. Traffic and cruzies, sure. The constant honking of cars and sirens blaring, yes. But something as simple and melodic as the cry of the wild goes unheard. In this moment, I envy that beast in the woods. He has something I might never have. Freedom and strength. A life.

what I would choose. A wolf.

Never been much of an animal lover, but if I were to choose come to hav at my side, that is wh

A blush creeps across my cheeks as I play back the moments before Sheriff Rainier walked out of this office. It might be the 'we' that still has me hooked on the fantasy, but as goofy as it may seem, I felt something when he said it. Something... like hope. Despite

pite the fact that I obviously disgust him, I'm pretty sure he finds me, at the very least, a little attractive. I'd be lying if I said I didn't notice the few times his eyes locked onto my boobs. Or the moments when 1 caught him licking his lips at his gaze walked over my legs. I'm willing to bet that if I were your average everyday girl next door Barbie, and not

the loose moral hooker that he thinks me to be, I might have a shot at him. But who am I kidding? A girl like me? Damaged and broken with a list of Johns as long as the Nile River? I don't stand a chance. Someone like him... a put together enforcer of the law with a body made for sin and a face meant for the big screen would never go for someone like me. And it is that realization - the knowledge that I will never be good enough for someone like him - that has me wanting to break down in tears. Because even though I've only known him for five little minutes, he represents everything I wish I could have.

"Get over it Felix, I hiss. There are some people in this world who are destined for happiness... and then... there's you. True love doesn't exist. At least not for hookers. Forget about him."

It's strange though, because I've never allowed myself to play with the thought of someone coming to save me. It's too dangerous for my mind to toy with the possibilities of my ever being important enough for that. But this cop... Rainier... I can't help it. I want him to

rescue

1. me. I want him to want me.

The door to the office opens and I jolt from the bed. Rainier steps inside, his eyes wild and his hair mussed as if he just battled a tornado out on the street. Or... could be he just rocked somebody's world. Not gonna ponder that one.

The look he gives me as he meanders my way is full of curiosity. He unlocks the door and I step out of the cell to stand uselessly beside him. That's when I notice something that sends my fragile heart tumbling to the ground. The buttons on the front of his uniform are crooked. Like they might be if he got dressed in a hurry and missed one in the rush. Well damn. Maybe he was out fucking someone.

I can't put into words the ridiculous jealousy that I feel at that moment. Nor the hurt that that burns into me which I am most certainly not entitled to

I swallow thickly and say, "Your shirt is on crooked. You missed a button-1 tap on the front of his chest-"right here."

His brow furrows and his eyes trail downward, toward my finger that for some ungodly reason is still touching his chest. I snatch it away

In a hurry and try and disguise my embarrassment with a smile. "Must have been a good time," I quip.

To my

absolute surprise, he smiles. "I can't deny that," he says and I fumble

Stop it Felix. What the hell?

I work to control my glare as he chuckles, taking the moment to re-button his shirt. The swell of his chest underneath is barely contained by a bleached white muscle shirt and has me clenching my jaw as I clamp my eyes shut so that I don't oggle him like a pervert. I don't open them again until he clears his throat.

When I do, his eyes are full of something like laughter and a barely amused half-smile that does little more than piss me off.

1/3

Chapter One Hundred Twenty final

before I can horkie myself

Bonnetung

The

apoll out onto the road

It might sound stupid, but

on the road as we pass

something about the way he's pounded

Enish my sentence

● just kidding he's going to think I'm kidding

insists, turning into the large mostly empty

room and praying that he won't laugh, I felt like he was talking

"Fantasies," he repeats before

he engulfs the cat and

I glance in his direction, expecting to see him hiding his jaw in so tight

his jaw is parked.

- Kerzen, pulling hin

"Uh," he mumbles, looking out onto the docks before unbuckling his "

motent lent as I wot the rat. Now WHE when it occurs to me - I have no idea where he's taking

rading toward the line of twenty of

beading scales fr

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Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Nine

It, he glances over his shoulder to make sure that I'm following. I am, but I don't know why. What the fuck are we doing here? Does this expensive gadget belong to him?

"Is this yours?" I ask, climbing up behind him on some wobbly ladder. "Who's Lilly? It's out before I can stop it and to my utter relief, he laughs.

"It's... practically mine," he says. "And that's good enough."

Okay, good. Practically mine is good because that means practically Lilly to

He leads me toward the back of the boat, then toward a set of sliding glass doors. Reaching into his pocket, he takes out a set of keys, unlocking it and stepping into the dark. Gesturing for me to wait outside, he disappears into the confines of what appears to be an extremely luxurious den. A moment or two later, while I am avidly gazing into the inky black swell of the ocean, a slight humming is heard and the lights go on inside.

"There we go," he says, returning. "Come on in."

I step inside gingerly, soaking in the warmth of the space. He must have turned the heat on for me and suddenly feel incredibly out of place. This man... he's perfect.

"You want me to stay here?" I ask, just to be sure that I'm not misreading anything-

He sigh, his eyes falling heavy as they trace up my legs and I feel my cheeks heat. "Do you have anywhere else to go?" he asks quietly.

Now I'm embarrassed, because I do and I don't. I mean, I don't have a place of my own. I stay with Hector in California. But the place imt mine and it's definitely not where I want to be. "No."

Then you will stay here until we can figure out somewhere more permanent,"

Damn it. There's that we' again. I don't know what in the holy hell possesses me to ask what I ask next, but I ask, "Will you stay with me?"

Clary... that's it. The world can swallow me up now, I'm done.

He tenses, his eyes falling heavy as he studies me gravely, "I can't"

Chapter Comments

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[1,581 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates Chapter One Hundred-Thirty

RAINIER

BK-610

"O-Oh," Felix stutters, her face turning bright red with embarrassment. Her lip quivers for a moment before she expertly turns away, pretending to exantine a butter knife left on the counter of the bar,

My chest hooms with pain, burning so madly that I have to grit my tooth against it. I hurt her, I just know I did, I mean, fuck! It hurt me just saying it. Before I can stop myself I'm stalking across the room to stand just behind her, clenching my fists to prevent myself from physically turning her my way.

Look at me sweetheart, please.

She stiffens in front of me, her hand raising up to her face to wipe at something that I cannot see God help me if she's crying. Taking a deep breath, she spins back around just to stumble back toward the bar in fright.

"Jesus! You scared me!" she chuckles. But the sound is nervous and laced with disappointment.

I can do nothing but stare at her, clenching my jaw and shaking my head at her like an idiot. Noticing the slight robotics of my suddenly misfired reflexes, she raises a brow. "What? What's wrong?"

I clamp my eyes shut, forcing myself to calm down. "I'm sorry," is all that comes out and I feel like jumping off the side of the yacht into the ocean. "I'm sorry that I can't stay."

"It's okay," she says softly, but I can see that it's not. For one thing, her eyes are still slightly wet and I want more than anything to reach out and kiss her sorrows away. "I was a stupid thing for me to ask. You don't even know me. And besides, I'm m-me and uh-you re y

you."

-

That I am the cause of her sudden stuttering bites into my heart like a set of steel blades. "I'm me?" My brow furrows as I attempt to catch her meaning. "What?"

Smiling a little too brightly, she says, "You're a good guy. With a great job and probably tons of classy women crawling up I'm..."-she huffs "I'm-a um... she trails off. Again she grins, "Like I said. It was a stupid thing to ask." up your legs and

Hooker. She was going to say hooker. Suddenly I feel about two inches tall I should leave. I should step away right now and remove myself from this inevitable heartbreak. But my feet are nailed to the floor and I can't. Her gorgeous face is a mask of hidden feelings and despite her dazzling smile, I can see sadness in the teal pools of her eyes.

"Tomorrow" What? Who

What was that? Was that me?

It takes her a moment before she hears me and she shakes her head, seemingly confused. "I'm sorry. Tomorrow?"

As I watch the hopeful shyness transform her features from lovely to devastatingly, heart stoppingly, beautiful, there seems to be a stone in my throat. It is cutting off my air. I swear to God I can't breathe with the way that she is looking at me right now and if I don't get the fuck out of here I am going to die. Swallowing thickly, I clear my throat and I slowly back toward the exit. "I can't stay tonight, because I'm still on duty-I lie-but tomorrow night I'll be here. I'll stay."

The smile she gives me sends a sharp frequency straight to my groin and I know I only have seconds to spare before I'm sporting a steel rod in my pants. "Tomorrow, then. Great."

I nod stiffly, feeling like a fucking toddler as I start to walk out the door

1/3

13:08 Thu, Nov 14 eu

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty

61%

I freeze, taking a single step back inside. "Yes?" Is that my voice? Why does it sound like I've been chewing gloss?

She shrugs off the jacket, holding it out. "Won't you need this?"

My gaze travels around the jacket, seeing only the sweet curves of her hips and her mouthwatering bosom. "Not tonight. Just hold onto it for me.

Tugging it back against her chest, she blushes and I stifled a groan. There are two bedrooms down the hall, choose whichever one you like. Food is in the fridge, everything works. You're welcome to anything here. If I'm not mistaken there are even

en extra clothes in one of the closets. All that ask is that you make sure to lock the doors and that you dont leave Don't Herve? Really?

With a bite of her lip, she simpers. "I won't leave."

"Okay," I say reluctantly, forcing myself back outside. "Goodnight.

"Goodnight

Back in my car, I find myself watching the yacht. Not from the parking lot either. Nope. My creepy ass drove out onto the street to hide behind a couple of trees like a weirdo. A glance at my phone tells me it is now four in the morning and as much as I hate it, it is time for me to go home. Home... what a joke.

I am so fucked

It is as I drive off that I do something so juvenile that I truly start to believe that I have lost my mind. I blow Felix a kiss, and I do it because I don't really want to leave her. She cannot see it, she cannot feel it, and I shouldn't have done it! But I did. I mean, what the fuck? How old am I again?

I do not know what I am going to do. There is a woman waiting for me at home. A woman that I once found incredibly lovely. A girl whom, when we met, made me feel a little less empty inside. But... only a little... At the time, my mother's death was fresh and I was with pain. I spent every waking moment cursing myself for not being the son that she needed. I failed her. It was my job as her son to protect her and I failed. So when Ange washed up on the shore in need of someone to look after her, I jumped at the chance. Maybe, that was all it really was for me. A way to dull the pain of my mother's loss:

Honestly, I knew I wasn't in love with Ange when I mamed her. I knew But I saw her as a safe bet. As sick as it may sound, the fact that I didn't really love her made her that much more appealing to me. Because although I would most certainly mourn her death if I lost her, it wouldn't be the end of my world. It wouldn't turn me into the monster that my father became after he lost my mother.

And yeah, if I'm being honest, I knew about him too. In the days after my mother's murder, I watched my father begin to change. At that time, we only had the cottages behind the packhouse to live in and there were only a certain number of them vacant for use. The Elder Council had yet to make the decision to relocate. The rest of our pack were allowed to keep their homes while my brothers and our fathers split up amongst the empty homes as a temporary fix. Koda, Ryder, and Darryl shared a space with me and my dad. The place wasn't very big, so my dad and I shared a room.

That was when he started acting strangely. Disappearing in the middle of the night, Coming home covered in mud and smelling like random women. So one night, I waited for him to leave, then I followed him. Keeping a safe enough distance behind him so that I wouldn't be detected, I shifted into my wolf and trailed him a hundred miles out of town. What I caught him doing there I will never forget

He had a cabin in the middle of the hills... filled with twenty human women. All chained up and most of them dead. There was only one left alive by the time I peeked through the window to see him forcibly mark her. She was the very last of his captis and she died just as I crashed through the front door to save her. My father screamed as she died. Cursing her for being a weak, silly, human who was better pff dead. By the time he saw me standing there he was weeping with grief and as I looked around at all of the dead females I noticed one thing.... they all were nearly identical. They looked... just like my mother

2/3

13 08 Thu, Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty

As my faller kosell there, on the ground, he kept whispering one thing it was my fount, it was my fount, it was my

To this day I haven't asked him what the fuck he meant by that. I took him house and we never spoke of it again. Except for when I told Roda. He is the only one, besides myself and my father, that knows. He was my best friend and still it. Koda and I went back to that plan and buried each and every female around the cabin before we left. Every year on the anniversary of my mother's death, Roda and I vict The place and lay flowers on the twenty graves that circle the cabin.

A few days afterward the Elder Council decided to leave Port Orchard, but the twelve of us, their sons, decided to stay.

So now, as I sit in my driveway and contemplate the supreme fackery that has become my life, I realize... Angle kind of resembles my mother ton Chapter Comments

4

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[855 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-One

DRAVEN

61

Wakey, wakey, baby," I whisper.

Tomunic lay under mar, completely unbed and

In the world. Despite that for the last few minutes I've been playing with his dick. I

adon t blame him really. It is only four am, and he spent a lot of energy last night in the shower and then again in the bed. He's probably

nest so, I really should let him sleep, but I have a date with my girls to take the yacht out and go fishing, and awrything I've read says the best fishing is done early morning or late in the night. So I need the keys to the Hummer and he is going to give them to me. Im not going to drive it. I don't know ww. I probably should learn, but not today. Taedora will drive today.

After another moment of silence, I decide upon a better tactic in wake him up. Sliding the blanket off his -my-glorious body, I straddle his calves as gently I can and place my mouth

saby... God?" he moans, hips jerking as he pushes deep into my mouth. "Fuck yes..."

I work quickly, despite that I really want to take it slow, Pumping him further and further back into the depths of my throat until he is spasining against the bed and gripping the bed sheets in restasy with a roar of pleasure on his lips,

"Baby..." He smiles, biting his lip. "Come here," he says throatly, and I see it in his eyes he wants to fuck me.

I smile cheekily, standing from the bed so that he can see that I'm already fully dressed. "Later," I say with a devious smirk.

For a moment he seems confused, his brow furrowing in disappointment as he sits up. "What? Why?" Then, it is as if he remembers and be thrown himself back into the pillows, He chuckles, "You are the devili

1 laugh, grabbing the duffle I've packed with a few necessities before sashaying toward the edge of the bed. "I need the keys to your car Mister Mayor, I texted Emily last night and she and Ryder have decided to join us, so we can't take Taedora's bike after all." Emily?" he says questioningly. "Are you so sure Koda's going to let her go?"

1 giggle, wagging my brows mischievously. "You know damn well Koda does whatever I say. Now where are they?"

pouting like a baby. "The keys are downstairs in the drawer next to the front door"

"Thanks!" I lean down, giving him a long, deep throating kiss that has him trying to pull me back into bed. "Nope!" I say, grabbing his balls in a death grip

"Ouch! Jesus!" he shouts, before throwing me a deep dimpled smile. "You're going to pay for that when you get back."

Blowing him one last kiss I bound down the stairs and out the door where Tae is already waiting for me.

Her eyebrows shoot up when I toss her they keys and she says, "You know, we lionesses don't hear as well as wolves do, but... Damonic shouts loud enough to make the gophers in the ground jealous."

I smirk, I got the keys, didn't I?

Laughing, we pile into the car and head for Koda's. He only lives about two minutes southwest of Domonic. In a similarly built home that is sixty percent windows and forty percent brick. I actually like his place better because the brick on the outside is painted to look like natural wood. I'm gonna have to ask Dowsonic if we can do that at our place.

Soon, the four of us are rolling up on the docks and heading straight for the Luffy. It's nearly five in the morning now and still dark as

1/3

Tarshan comes walking in with a lestry cake grin on her fades, wi nie mot pergat are dying for a couple of morning curtail des have the ways to the ra res

I glare at leef in jeansy Cally if you pa makar med the shade mayores that potem jeresting

Hose Boot Myler demands with a nod

bwe, as captain," "Tar kuys with a salate as 1 tons by the keys and adj

uk, mi yini have to be really careful, fut continue

way womant Don't you how us wolves se etter in the

1 luxe to laugh at that, furs so cute. I'm really glad he's here with us instrad of with his abus

Koda about it yet, but as für

I know, he intends to keep his brother from now on.

banding kim

After a few miraites of letting Hyder drive, I take the helm back and send him after our decks. The ARTIS and is lounging with Emily on the side rails enjoying her spirits. It takes him a minute bed "Where are our drinks?" I inquire.

"I don't know!" Ryder shouts. "But you have to come quick!"

What? Why?"

"Have you ever read the story

ory Goldilocks and the Three Bears?"

I nod, slowing down and setting the engine to idle.

"Well, Taedora told me she left our drinks on the table inside and when I went in to get th

My eyebrows rear up and my eyes narrow. "Smelled who?"

"Her-he shakes his head, shifting his eyes back and forth as he whisper-Goldilocks!
She's asleep in the bed

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[984 words]

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Two

FELIX

When Rainier left me alone in the yacht, I didn't really spend much time exploring. I

nightshirt in the closet, I took a quick shower and passed out in the smaller beds
exhausted, so after finding someone's long

on the yacht. I think I was out before I even hit the

pillow. So when I woke up feeling like I was swaying on the ocean, I didnt really give it
much thought. Until....

"Where is she?" A female's voice sounded in the hall, just beyond the bedroom door
that I now could see was open.

If anything, I had only been asleep for an hour or two. So I am still pretty exhausted
when the most beautiful girl I have ever see through the door. Her bright green eyes
light up when they see me, her full lips quirking upward in a smile as she studies me
huddled against the headboard. "Well hello,"

Lilly?"

Lilly" She quips, then chuckles with a shake of her head. "No. Not Lilly. Lilly was my
boyfriend's mother's name." She smiles making her way to the edge of the bed while a
young boy porks around the corner, granting me a small wave.

"Ah..." I say softly, rubbing my eyes and smiling at the kid in the doorway. "Ryder honey, why don't you go out and help the girls get ready to fish

He nods, staring at me. "Is your name Goldilocks?" He asks shyly.

I have to giggle at that. "No... it's Felix."

At the sound of my name the girl's eyes widen and she shows Ryder out into the hall. "Go on. I'll be out in a minute." He grumbles but does as told and the female shuts the door behind him, turning my way with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Rainier brought you here." I flinch. Well of course she knows Rainier. He did say this yacht was practically his. "Um, yeah. But I'm sure he wouldn't have if he'd known you were going to be here today. I can just get dressed and get out of your hair. I don't want to impose. Even though I probed him that! wouldn't draw.

That might be kind of hard, seeing as we're out in the middle of the ocean."

my stomach turning sour. "What? W-we are?"

I pale, my

She nods. "We are. You're really beautiful," she says straight out, her vivid green gaze taking me in.

"Oh," I say with a smile and a yawn. "Thanks."

She tilts her head, "I'm Draven. Rainier is... well... kind of like family. At least for my soon to be husband, he is. So I suppose that makes him my family too."

"Oh," it's all I can say. I have no idea how Rainier would feel about me telling this woman how we met, or why I'm here on her yacht. I doubt she'd be very agreeable to having someone like me in her private space if she knew where I'd just come from. In fact, the situation is feeling more and more fucked by the second. T'm really sorry about this. It's just-I didn't have anywhere to go and Rainier-be-be-

She shakes her head, stopping my gibberish with a stern look. "Don't be Rainier told me about you yesterday. He just didn't tell me he would be installing you here. On the yacht."

My face goes so hot I can feel my cheeks tingling with pain. "He told you about me? Really? W-when? Why?" I gasp, throwing the covers off of my chest. "What exactly did he tell you about me?"

1/3

Chapter Gos Hundred Thirty Two

Da, danman tega, lowing in to wiper into her wars. It is says to her, hot water it is as
Settle Resily smiling

"Weer in luck. Ww jest kaya real fans for a little morning I

then the mainland by this afternemer

RAINIER

I just day dunn hage wird then, and Ja

ng her head as tha ayes me up. "YAN 97

co tri tem para luere, and here is where you

Watching Angle deep by the Best few fears has been twattern

waiting På ny petien all nigla kong and the guilt that I feel weighs family on me. Why?
Because

a derption and although that decision should be any many com. It's red, the is my wife

That fir mayber it shrubs. I dont know.

now is that for sene preasons I win finding it impossible to get into bed with her.

Fuck. I have gotten zero rest and with the Full Moon shift only a few days way, I really
need to get some sleep.

My plowm leszes in my lap with Kode on the line and I stealthily make may way out of
the room with it, making sure I'm all the way "What's up?

I

The was a texty found in the woods this morning by a hiker. Well, hatt of a body. Also,
we seem to be missing a couple of prisoners www.anything about that?

nik, thinking of Hector and the few parts of him I left for the birds Looks like maybe
Hector escaped during the night. Maybe he got

In the woods. There are dangeness animals in the woods, you kn

He chackles, "Yeah, I'm aware. What alat the other?"

The other the girl. I released her last night

You released her. Kela trails off. Just like that...

Just like that, I say, my Tune gring defensive

2/3

13:08 Thu, Nov 14.

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Two

"Any idea where she went?"

I grit my teeth, wondering at his tone. It's teasing... even mildly suspicious. 'No,' I lie.

"Really?" Roda chuckles,

Really

"That's fine," Koda says smoothly. "If that's your story, then I better make my way down to the docks then. Because Emily called me to report a stowaway on board Damonic's yacht this morning. A stowaway that claims she was left there by you." Shirt Fick "Domonic went out on the yacht this morning?" I hiss, my muscles going tense.

"Not Domonic. Draven and the girls. They went fishing this morning and you're never gonna believe what they caught."

Chapter Comments

Jacqui Rossouw

Great chapter...again. Thank you.

[VIEW ALL 2 COMMENTS](#)

9

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[1,136 words]

13:08 Thu Nov 14

The Pack: Rule Number 1- No Mates Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Three DOMONIC

A package came in the mail today for Draven. There is no return address and no identifying marks. As far as I'm aware, she hasn't ordered anything for herself, but then again, I can't really be certain. The box is small and wrapped like a present. I highly doubt that it would be a gift she bought for me, but it is possible. I stare at it in the middle of my dining room table and wonder if I should open it myself before she gets back. What if it's something dangerous? What if it's a new message? If it is, I don't want her frightened away from me, I don't want her to leave. Her living here with me is more than I could have even hoped for after what I did. I love the way she woke me up this morning just to get the keys to my car. I like the thought of spoiling her, of sharing everything I have with her. The way I took her against the shower wall last night, marking her as I pumped myself inside her. Ensuring the tension of the upcoming Full Moon Shift. These are all things I never realized I would want before I met her. When we created those rules so long ago... I didn't know how wonderful it could be to simply have her.

The longer I stare at the box, the more the need to open it grows. Fuck if it were supposed to be a surprise for me, she should have been waiting for it.

I reach for it, tearing into the box neatly, just in case I decide to tape it back up. A small wooden jewelry box sits inside of it shrouded vaguely familiar scent.

The scent of a shifter... the scent of an unfamiliar wolf

Suddenly I am on guard, opening it carefully and preparing myself for something gruesome.

But what sits inside is anything but. It's a polished golden locket with two pictures inside. The one on the right is of a child. A tiny little girl with bright green eyes and unruly black hair. The other is of a woman. A very familiar looking woman

It is this woman's picture that has my blood running cold. Because the woman looks nearly identical to Draven.

What

the fuck is this? I hiss

RAINIER

After a quick shower I get dressed in casual clothes. I'm almost out the door when I hear-

Where the fuck are you going?"

in for the kill.

My head droops. Angie. Shit. Turning around, I fish through my bowl full of lies as she watches me like a serpent coming in "There's an emergency out on the docks. I'm needed right away."

She glares, her eyes skating over my outfit lazily. "In that? Shouldn't you be wearing your uniform?"

I clench my jaw, not wanting to waste anymore time talking to her when Felix is stuck out on the ocean with Draven. God knows what is happening out there! What if Draven tells her about Angie? I mean, I don't really think she will, but one of the things Draven did say to me was that it's not fair for me to keep Angie a secret. And even though I led Draven to believe that I wasn't going to be keeping Felix, I could tell that she didn't agree with that decision. It was obvious that she didn't like the idea of me rejecting my mate the way I said I might do

Draven is a good woman. I don't know her that well yet, but it's just something I can sense. She won't outright throw me under the bus, but she's definitely clever enough to steer said bus my way.

Maybe it's better if she does. Maybe it's better if Felix just disappears.

No. Uh-huh. I have to go.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, okay? I don't have time to talk right

now

1/3

13100 Thu Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Three

61%

door behind myself and jump into my car before she can finish her sentence.

Unfortunately for me, I am a wolf and I heard them anyway. She'd said "Water if you leave, you're going to regret it." And maybe I will, maybe I won't. Angie's not a big girl. It's not us if I believe she's going to beat me up. Maybe if she weren't so angry all the time—maybe if she showed me even a little bit of the sweet, helpless girl she used to be I might feel bad about what I'm doing. But as things are, I kind of start. Well... I do... but not enough to stop me from flying toward the docks like my ass is on fire.

TELIX

After catching my very own fish after only a half an hour of fishing, I'm happing up and down with excitement as I sip my margarita. "Oh my God! I'm a fucking killer!! I shout, and the girls around me double up with laughter. Ryder blushes and it is then that I remind myself he's only ten years old. "My bad. Excuse my language."

He shakes his head, "That's okay. You should hear my dad talk."

The sun is rising high in the sky and the beautiful dark-skinned girl called Thedora is busily cleaning our catches while perched on the patio table under the umbrella. "Draven, you better call Dom and let him know we're gonna be late. Looks like we're having lunch out here."

"Yes!!!" Ryder squeals, dancing around. This is so much fun! I don't even want to go back!"

"Already done," Draven says, her eyes glued toward the mainland as if in search of something. "Besides, our ride isn't here

"Your ride?" I quip. "What do you mean? Y

You're not leaving me out here on the ocean alone."

She smirks, her eyes sparkling, "I wouldn't dream of it."

I swallow my questions for the time being and head back toward the kitchen to make another margarita.

Tandora calls out, "Get a pan pull of butter going Miss Felix. I'm starving and these bad boys are almost ready to go!"

"Yes ma'am," I say, before scouring the cabinets to set about my task. Once I have a pan heating on the stove, I turn back around to finish my margaritas. The blender is so loud I almost hold my ears and it is then that I realize... the blender isn't even on. What the hell? "Look who decided to show up for lunch? I hear Draven say just outside.

My gaze lifts from the mystery of the blender to the open sliding glass doors, and then to the man outside.

I nearly swallow my tongue when I see who it is..

The sound I was hearing was not the blender after all. Oh no. It was a boat. Now that I'm looking, I can see it through the windows bobbing to the left of the yacht. Rainier. He's here.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Four

came by be

her and Deanen una bored in a dry donde sat on the

ther vow and guoding tha

penuring his lion. The grooves of his musories move at

ban a rolumna do paglaban the alkohNĚ

contentment just watching him.

tha tray full of exp

que says, taking my glans and

Yes, taking another sip of my social before handing it

I don't actually see him walk in

Took like I'm just in tite for lunch..

slags me in tr

folding over the kitchen island veins dance all the way the

fight against their cotton bonds.

trip

handens at my stupid remark. 3. But

vion, bat txóm shaking her body as she pushes me out

want her to get burned:

rexture I stand. Im a killer," I say softly, mentally facepalming

touch joe as I wobble around the counter)

- that, leselkably enough.

sliding glass doors. Reaching out for only when i

Sparks erupt from my abo

back, he kneels do

fingertips lighting my si

1 the sun if you

touch. Pressing me into the sofa

● been drinking" he says. "Especially sinc

you haven't had any sleep."

Ber of his powerful thi

beneath his jeann. "I did sleep. A tiny bit."

He smirks, standing at his

height to walk into the kitchen. "You need water and food"

fetenes a glass of ice water

plate of salmon from Taedora. He

the sofa as he hands me

The plans to feed me when

I tells me to drink. While I do, I watch him spear a piece of fish

"Wh I begin to say, but it's cut short when be series. succulent bit of fish on my tongue.

The tines of the fork press gently into my use my mouth over it. Chewing thoughtfully, I watch as his jaw clinches, his brow furrowing as he cuts another piece of

he says quietly, and I do. It's almost erotic, the way he studies my lips while I chew. The knowledge that he feeding me, beats me Inside out and I nearly moan out loud when he places another bite on my tongue. Closing my eyes, I squeeze my thighs together, ing against the molten lana building my center. The excitement of the day is finally catching up to me as I begin to feel incredibly

1/2

13:08 Thu, Nov 14 u

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Four

drowsy. "Mone," he says, and I feel the fork against my lips again, being for

This time when I open my mouth, I keep my eyes closed and I swear I hear him groan when I swallow the last of the fish. My eyelids are heavy when I open them again, and the look he is giving me has me wanting to reach for him, but he stands before I can. He smiles down at me. "Stay right here. I don't want you out in the sun until you've rested."

He shushes me, with a finger to his lips. Just n

I nod heavily, the combination of the liquor and the food getting the better of me as my eyes fall shut and my head falls back against the pillows of the sofa, I feel him lift my legs from the carpet and settle them along the sofa so that I'm laying on my side. I swear I feel his hands glide smoothly over the outside of my legs before he steps away, but I cant be sure. All I do is mutter a soft thank you and then all I can see is black.

Chapter Comments

VIEW 1 COMMENT

67

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[1,200 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Five

RAINTE

"I'm not going to tell him about her," Draven agrees. "But at the tatte

With a nod, I hand her the keys to the speedhost so that she and the others can i Emily and Ryder as they carefully step from the gangplank to

was a shock to find her asleep in the cabin."

speedboat. "I appreciate how you handled

Draven laughs, "For Ryder, yes. For me, not so much. The moment I see a lying man,

I tick my jaw, my eyes going straight for my left hand and the empty ring finger. She's not mine) I

Draven sighs, following my gaze and taking note of the missi

have a feeling that Ryder is in love with her."

I can't help but grin at that. "She's definitely

Draven sports. "You've got to be kidding me. A buffalo is

first pick. You got more than lucky."

I stuffed a groan. She's not wrong.

Höp Parkction. I'm talking-Destiny Duct round one

"I mean, you have to ask yourself-by what design are we had to a specific individual & person, so corner that no matter where you start out, destiny

human or Shifter, or witch or warlock-

"Witch or warlock?"

"I'm just saying... Destiny ever since meeting Domonie,

easier for Shifters to recognize them than it is for humans to, see better... feel stronger. Maybe that's why humans have lost them somewhere along the way, I dunno, kind true love. Because as humans, our senses are dilin

"That's pretty deep. Draven. Not sure how much of that is true, but it's definitely kopal

"Are we leaving or what? Taedora shouts from the other boat. The letove

"I'm coming!" Draven shouts, before turning back to me. "Just hear

second, okay?"

She takes a deep breath, smiling brightly at me as the wind whirled and then we discovered that Domonic was my

her long dan bar away from her berth. Trugine you and I want

you expect me to

My hackles go up, but I allow it. "Nothing. I would expect you to be happy. I

She nods, a giant smile stretching across her beautiful face. Exactly. And that i would you be free to find your mate, but as a Shifter, you know the mate bon one another. Right?" nam of depriving another wolf

mething that you are able to do, because not only

I tangible thing. You know that mutes belong to

Th-huh

"So then, tell me this... why is it that you would never dream of depriving another wolf of his mate, bot

you have zero

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Five

Issues depriving a human... of hers?"

I flinch, her words burrowing into my skull. I can't even respond. When it

punish Domonic, for Draven wrecking my head.

"Hut ya know," she says with a shrug as she makes her way over to the gingplank. "Tra like F

fucken gorgeous. If you don't want to belong to her, I'm sure she won the too much trouble fin

I flip her off when she blows me a kiss before speeding away to leave me out here with my demons. That girl rea Luna," I say into the wind.

With a hefty sigh, I turn toward the open cabin doors and wander inside. Of course, my eyes

yes go straight for Felix on the couch and help but allow myself to soak her in a bit..

The Full Moon Shift is in just a couple of days and I'm going to have to get her sorted before then. Honestly, I shoulde tonight. My animal urges are always unpredictable this close to a forced shift. The fact that Felix is my mate will only serve to brightes my torment. The need to mark one's mate is always ten times more powerful on the days prior to the shift. Nice to mention, sexual appetites are borderline insatiable, our self-

control is pretty much at a zero, and being this close to be, in absolutely nowhere to turn to for escape, and no one to distract me from her perfection is just about as close to can get.

Yet... here I am.

And, if I'm being honest, I have zero intention of docking tonight. It's almost as if I want to tempt fate. Or I want to lose control. Our Use twelve of us, I have always been known as the most logical of us. In the same way that Koda is known for his volatile temper known for detaching from my emotions. For being the least affected, the most aloof, completely dispassionate. But since meeting I've begun to realize something. The indifference that I once saw as my strength, is naught but an illusion. Because I don't really it. It only seemed like I did. In truth, my notorious ability to rule with my brain as opposed to my heart, didn't come from some inner strength, nor was it something that I was blessed with

The truth?

It was simply easy to do. And it was only easy because I haven't felt a goddamned thing in the damned year

But the moment I saw Felix on the security tapes, something happened to me and I didn't even realize

The entire event became about her.

Despite that I had bad guys to catch, and a pretty cool trick that I use to track them called thing. I bypassed all routine protocol and headed straight to the hospital to find her.

Even now, the case is in limbo and truth be told, is probably going to get dropped. But ask me if I give a damn and I will say no.

The other night after I rid the world of Hector and Felix talked to me about the wolf me! I very nearly fucked best there in my SY

I was harder than an iron fist and if it hadn't been so fucken cold last night I might still be hard now

And when she started crying because she felt rejected and then apologized to me for evening that she might stand a chance she might be worthy... I felt.

In fact right now, as I realize that I have been point black staring at her for damn near an hour and she is now - eyes wide open - String back. I'm feeling again. The difference is, at this particular moment. In feeling stupid

"Hi," she purrs, pulling her legs into herself in the most adorable way possible.

And here we go. Torture! Activate!

2/3

Chapter One Hundred Thirty Five

Hey, I reply. Your missed one. They had me wo AA WEBSI

"Oh the whines, pooting the top to get me at the king of

She likes herself, standing profanity netres diéég sette ise, d

1 smile, walking into the kitchen to start any dinner they li

"Really?" she croons, making her way to the center to me and LATE She fout in d

je glances at me as I start choppinx potatoes, and f

so that I can continue chopping vegetables, is soddenly we

did w

vet vedere

my sleeves instead. The sharp intake of her breath when I do, a mand,

""You're really going to stay the night with mer

And we have lift off!

I told you I would."

Her face pinkers and for a moment I can't heathe ATHLETE OF

And not to a bad word

"Yeah, but I know you only said

"Felix I

Her eyelids flutter, "Yeah?"

I close my eyes for a moment and take a deep heauth.

way every other man that comes across

"Felix," I say again, leaning har

Her teal blue eyes shutter as she bites her lip and I think I

Chapter Comments

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,603 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Six

FELIN

Control your breathing. Felly! Do NOT act like a weirdo,

But..... my face feels like it's filling with blond. I can feel it rushing up from under my chin. It's making my tongue thick, and my jaw ache. Now is not an ideal time for me to use my feet. Because he is still staring at me and if he watches me walk toward him, I will undoubtedly walk crooked! Just look somewhere else!

And... I've ne

never kissed anyone I liked before. Not ever. Or come on, Felt He's probably not even trying to kiss you!

He sighs heavily, tipping his head back and chuckling at the ceiling. "Come on," he chortles, with his head tipped back.

"Alright!" I snap, walking slowly around the counter and into the kitchen, just to stand there awkward as fuck

He grins, tipping his head back down and his back off of the fridge. He simply stares at me, slowly losing his smile as his eyes travel down my body.

"Now that I'm here," I remind him. "Just like you asked me to be. What am I doing... here?"

He starts laughing again, this time quite a bit harder and now I'm wondering if he's laughing with me or at me? Like... what if he's getting a kick out of pretending that be... that he what, Felix? He never said he is interested in you. Almost too suddenly, his laughter cuts out and he reaches out his hand, Come on, come here."

Releasing a breath of air, I cock up a suspicious eyebrow and step closer, allowing him to take my hand. He smiles brilliantly, then with one swift bug he pulls me in front of him, turning me so that I am now facing the cutting board and his vegetables. But... he's standing so close behind me that I can feel his face against my hair. And... he's holding both of my wrists so gently that it almost feels like he's stroking them.

"We're going to make dinner." he says softly, his lips so close that I can smell the mint of his breath. "Do you know how to cut vegetables?"

I snicker, "Unfortunately,"

He laughs shortly, the sound dark and undeniably male. "Okay. Then step up to the plate."

I step forward, feeling somewhat like an idiot as he steps with me, his hands still on my wrists. I eye the ingredients on the counter and they are just a little weird. Potatoes, sweet peppers, corn on the cob, onion, carrots, and radish "What are we making?" I ask, grabbing the knife to pick up where he left off and slice the potatoes.

"Hmm?" he murmurs absently. "Uh..."

His hands rest on

on the counter now. One on each side of me. I have no idea what exactly he is doing while I am slicing, but whatever it is,

"What are we cooking? ask again, laughing.

He chuckles, "Honestly? I don't know. I didn't really have a plan beyond this part."

This part? I tense a bit, my face heating again, but I continue to slice the potatoes faithfully. "Is there any chicken in the fridge? And maybe... rice? We can make Chicken a la King."

1/4

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Six

"Let me see," he says, turning around.

The moment he is gone my body damn near panics. It felt really nice having him near me like that. What if he grates the ingredients and decides to do something else? Like... stand somewhere else? Felix... really?

I finish the potatoes and toss them in a bowl, covering them in hot water before setting them aside. Then I start on the carrots.

"We have boneless chicken thighs and jasmine rice," he says walking back toward me.

"That's perfect," I say.

"Is there anything that you

you need me to do while you chop those?"

Hino. You could be topless... "Chop the chicken into strips and get a scop pot boiling with about four quarts of water in it. And if you want, you can start the rice too. Great job, Fell Wish granted. Now he will be standing somewhere else, Damn.

"Yes ma'am," he says, closing his hands over each side of my waist and squeezing me playfully. His fingers come away so slowly that I could swear they stroke, rather than slide off Get a grip. Your're like a twelve year old.

I shake myself and continue to chop as I listen to him cut chicken in such a way that forces me to turn around. He is slicing through every piece with absolute precision, and if he were any faster at it I might think he wasn't human. The muscles of his arms flex and shift as he deftly butchers each and every piece. Before I know it, he's done and I'm... hot. He looks over at me, with something like a hidden smile on

his face.

what's next?" he grins.

I bite my lip, when I notice him staring at it and I could swear he makes a sound. "Rinse the chicken and then throw it in the pot. Don't forget to add garlic salt!"

"Okay," he says.

Smiling like a fool I turn back around. Compared to him, I am way behind. I don't possess and super ninja knife skills and I'm still on carrots. When I finally finish them, I grab for the onion, knowing this is about to be a mess. Shit. At least I don't have any make-up on. "Wait a minute," he says from over my shoulder. "Why don't you let me do this one? I don't want to you to cut yourself because you've been blinded by the onion."

I nod my agreement, preparing to step back, but his arms come around me like before and his body presses into me from behind. When he begins cutting, it's just like with the

chicken. Every single stroke he takes with the knife is perfectly executed. And every single time he flexes his arms, I feel them around me. Sweet Jesus.

"Is the onion getting to you?" he asks. "Just turn your face into my shoulder. Right into my shirt."

I don't say anything. I can't. And my eyes aren't bothering me, but I do. Turning my head, I press into his shirt and suddenly I'm overcome with the delicious scent of vanilla bouillon. It smells so delightful that I think I hear myself moan. A minute later, my head is still turned away and he's not moving. At.. all.

"Oh," I giggle, turning back toward the cutting board. "I didn't realize you were done."

He nods, his arms frozen for a long quiet moment. Clearing throat, he dips his nose into my hair by my ear and asks, "Is that all the vegetables?" And I feel the slightest touch of his lips as they trace over the shell of my ear,

"Yes," answer softly. But I wish there were more!

Get to it then," he whispers, his arms closing around me for a quick, incredibly tight and delicious hug. When he lets go, he steps the kitchen with a smirk and says, "The sun is about to go down. I'm going to jump in the water right quick."

s out of

2/4

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Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Six

My jaw slams open. "But the water is freezing right now, int

He laughs, shaking his head. "Not for me. Don't worry," he says, his smile faltering just slightly I'm g

I nod, fascinated as I watch him walk out on the deck. Working as quickly

butter, spices, a little flour. Then I close the lid and practically race over to

as I am. But checking over the sides of the rails... and I don't see him.

What the hell?

I lean farther and farther over, but nothing. I can't even hear anyone splashing Oh my God

"Oh my God is right," I hear him say behind me. "Praise the lord."

Turning around, I release a breath of relief and his eyes suddenly raise up from whatever he was looking at. Think God. See, I find

you."

He is shirtless, wearing only swim trunks finally, and his body... every single delicious groove of it is witty ages ago

away from his abs... there are... well... quite a few more than I ever thought possible to have,

time I try to drag my eyes any higher than his neck, they rake back downward as if competing

I shake myself, clearing my throat. "Are those like a requirement for being the Sheriff?"

He smiles softly, running a hand through his hair. "Those? What

I walk toward him, fully aware that I need to check on the food. Feeling little more confident than before, I slap my hand far over his abs as I walk into the yacht and say, "These." God, those felt magnificent

He chuckles and I can feel him directly behind me as I head for the pot to give

"Should be ready soon," I say, backing toward the counter as he walks toward me

"What now?"

Suddenly, he's extremely quiet, and I wonder if I did something wrong. However, the intensity in his eyes. But why isn't he talking? What is he thinking about?

"Margaritas?" I suggest, carefully.

At first, he rolls his eyes,

but then his face breaks out in a grin. "Yeah, I'll take one."

"Perfect!" I say happily.

Five minutes later we are both on our third margaritas when he suddenly swipes before chasing it back with the last of his margarita.

"Whoa," I snicker, already buzzing. That's not gonna be good."

Again he flashes me his smile, his eyes lighting over
me as he licks his lips.

ma says I haven

tequila bottle and downs a really good amount

Um...okay.

He reaches toward me and snatches my glass, placing it on the counter at his back. Then he turns around and drops himself o Still too quiet. I step into the kitchen and turn off the burners so that the food can cool and then turn back around and Holy shit!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Seven

FELIX

"How did you move so fast?" I asked, my heart banging against my the Maybe a tle more tipsy than I thought I was. But ho. It can't be that. Because he was on the sofa, 1 was looking at him as I walked in the kitchen. Then all I did was turn off the stove which takes: three seconds, or five if you really wanna stretch things - then I turn back around and poof. He's right on top of me.

Like... literally... on top of me.

He's got me blocked against the pantry, with his arms bent at the ethos and his hands on each side of my head. And now he's staring down at me with crazy eyes. "Say something." I whisper.

He sighs, his hands fisting next to my head as he clenches his jaw and his body tenses. The strain-of his muscles flexing as he stares into my eyes. But still, he remains quiet.

Suddenly it occurs to me exactly what the problem is and it forces a lump into my throat. From the moment I met him, he's held a certain opinion of me. Even after he realized that was the victim that day at the club. He knew what I was and he hated it. Maybe he even hated me for it. Maybe... he still does.

He knows I like him and he's aware of how attracted I am to him... so maybe, he tried to give it a shot and maybe...

"You just can't do it, can you?" I ask, my voice muddled with disappointment. I bat my lashes a couple of times, to keep the waterworks at bay then lift my chin, trying to smile. To let him know I don't blame him.

His eyebrows draw together swiftly, his head drawing back. "Can't do it? Can't do what?"

I chuckle sadly, pulling my arms up and crossing them to protect myself like I always do. "You can't get past it," is all I say, because if I have to spell it out for him, and he walks away from me... my image of him will be ruined forever. And something tells me that no matter where I end up, or who I end up with... it will always be him, for me. As crazy as it sounds, it is just something that I know,

"You're going to have to be a little more specific," he says.

I huff, shaking my head, "I don't want to remind you of it."

Laughing, he shakes his head. "Felix, what-

"You don't have to feel bad for me okay? I don't want you here with me just because you feel guilty, or for mistreating me that day in the hospital. His jaw clenches and he continues to shake his head at me. "No! You need to listen to me! I'm serious!" I told him.

He frowns down at me, straightening his arms and lowering his hands so they are just above my shoulders as he traces his thumbs gently over my flesh. My body shudders at the contact, a strange warm current flowing down my arms with his touch.

"I am listening," he says. "You're the one who isn't listening."

linch. Muh?"1-what?" I snort, "No! You haven't been talking!"

He chuckles, licking his lips, as his dark eyes search every little portion of my face I've just had quite a bit of alcohol and..." he shrugs "Some of the things that I want to say, are probably not the kind of things that should be said."

"Things like what? I ask, seriously wanting to know, "Please tell me.

He laughs, biting his lip thoughtfully, as he considers. "Shit, he curses, pressing in closer so that his mouth is next to my par. "Things"-he

1/3

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Seven

starts, his voice husky-like... me wondering how good it's gonna feel when I finally get you on top of me: I gap and he chuckles. Nestling gently into the side of my face, he says in a voice just above a whisper, "Things like... how beautiful you are going to look bouncing on my dick with all that facken gorgeous hair of yours falling around you." He pulls back, his eyes serious as he looks down on me. Those kinds of things," he says.

I stare up at him, and I just know I'm blushing. "That's what you were drinking about? Just now?"

He clenches his jaw, losing his smile. "Yes." He studies me, his eyes falling serious. And yesterday. And the day before."

So then, if he really does want to be here with me, and he does want me... why does he still look so formented? My mind whirls as I recall the other night when he came back with his uniform crooked. Looking The he had just come straight from a fresh tumble. Shit. Maybe there's someone else. Someone who was here way before me. My throat cknesh up and I want to cry at that thought, but I refuse. Closing my eyes for a second to gather my bravery, I force myself to ask, "Is there um.. anyone else?"

his brow furrows, as if he's confused. But I see it, the sudden shift in his feet and the tightness of his jaw. Anyone else?"

"Yeah. You know, is there anyone else that you feel that way about?" God I feel stupid. But I press on, Anyone else you... think those kinds of things about?"

Now he smiles, but just barely. "Are you asking me if there is anyone else that I want, the way that I want you?"

"Yes," I sigh, my eyes lifting to his.

His answer is immediate. "No," he says.

Just as my shoulders sag and I start to smile with relief, he delves his fingers into my hair, tilting my head toward his. Suddenly every nerve ending is on fire. My body flushes out, and my heart begins to swell with anticipation. This is it. This is what I've been wanting from him from day one. Suddenly, I'm acutely aware of how hard he's breathing as he stares down at my lips. It's almost like he's afraid of something. As if he's making a choice right now that will change things forever.

Please let me be your forever...

His grip is tight as he brings his mouth down over mine, teasing me with his lips as he gently tastes me. It's torturous and delicious at the same time and I can hear myself whimpering with want with every pass of his hot wet lips. His mouth hovers just a touch then, diving in he sucks my bottom lip into his mouth. A soft satisfied growl rumbles from behind his throat. I can't help but moan as his tongue traces over my lip, before diving

inside. He plunges his tongue deeper and deeper, lashing and swirling against my own as he tightens his grip in my hair and groans deep into my mouth. My hands go up, and I tentatively place my palms on the smooth skin of his naked chest as he continues to plunder my mouth. I m gasping for air when he angles my head even farther back and his mouth dips down to my neck. I whimper as he frantically sucks and bites the flesh beneath my ear, and the sensation causes me to rake my nails sharply over the powerful grooves of his chest.

He hisses in pain and I instantly drop my hands, apologizing, "I'm sorry

He gently pulls away, panting and smiling before resting his forehead against mine and releasing my hair.

He grabs my hands, placing them back on his chest and holding them there, as he dips his head to the side to gently nip at my earlobe. "Don't ever apologize for touching me, sweetheart," he says, in my ear. Scratch me baby please."

I laugh as he pulls back to gaze down at me, a semi goofy smile on his lips. "What?" I chuckle.

He shakes his head, still grinning. "Nothing," he says, with a shrug. "It's just that... well... I've been waiting for you to put your hands on my chest all day.

My face is on fire and his dark eyes are sparkling with a barely contained hunger as they lock on a spot just beside my neck. His gaze is so intensely focused, that I swear the spot begins to pulse and ache for him. As my eyes climb up the muscles of his chest I want to reach for him again, I want to put my hands on every single reflexive groove that he has. Just as I am about to do it, to go for it, something flashes in his eyes. Their irises swirl and expand, going golden then black, the pupils in the middle changing shape. I gasp in shock, flinching back

2/3

13.09 Thu, Nov 14 ↑

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Seven

into the pantry door as he slam's his eyes shut and groans.

nier?" i yelp, "What just-

"We should eat!" he interrupts me and when he opens his eyes again they are normal. He steps away, moving about the kitchen and preparing two plates of the Chicken a la King and rice.

I just stand there. Frozen in place as I attempt to make sense out of what I just saw. Maybe I imagined it. But... I know that I didn't.

What the... hell...

Chapter Comments

8

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[1,328 words]

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E/E

13.09 Thu Nov 14

The Pack Rute Number 1 No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Eight DRAVEN

The unha thegow to set when I step through the dows and annen, Tom back! Stepping into an uncharacteristically quiet hee small ir be in my hands, there is an eerie stillness in the atmosphere, Sportcenter hurt on. That's wrint Thomonie? (called out.

But I smell him before he answers me. My eyes dart up toward the stairs just as he is coming down

"Hey baby," he says, a strange light in his silver plated ages.

"What's wrong? I can feel it. Somethings happened and the wary look on fomnie's face confirms my suspicions.

He sides up to me, his gaze scanning over my face lovingly as actually caught something? he snickers.

kes the ice boot from my hands and plants a soft kiss on my lips. "You

I glare. Shoving him in the chest as he taunters anxay from me and into the kitchen. "I told you I I know how to fink, Probably even better

than you canu"

He grins devilishly as he begins unpacking the filets in the ice box and begins to preheat a pan over the stove. "Except, that I can literally dive into the ocean and catch them with my hands."

"I willy fucking doubt it, I snort, coming to stand at the opposite end of the island and watch him cook,

He's quiet while he works and his face remains slightly pinched with worry as he goes about the motions. The longer I stare at him, the more I begin to realize that he's hardly looked at me since I walked in. Sure, he greeted me. Gave me a little bullshit kiss too. But he is absolutely not engaged.

Could he be angry? Maybe Koda betrayed Emily and phoned the Big Bad Alpha about the stowaway on the yacht, and then swore him to secrecy. Or...

He never answered my question,

"Domonic," I coo, tilting my head to the side as he turns his back to me to grab some spices. "You never answered my question. What's

wrong?

His back muscles tense, I can see their glorious grooves through his shirt. He sighs heavily, throwing butter and spices into the pan to roast before turning back around.

He tilts his head up and back, gesturing toward the dining table. "Something came in the mail for you today.

I flinch, then smile. "You ordered something for me?"

He shakes his head, his face serious. "No baby. I did not. Although I will now that I see how happy you just got. But no. It's not from me.

Take a look and see if you recognize it. It's right there on the table

would I recognize it?" I ask. "What the hell is

His face is solemn as he says carefully, "It's a fancy gold locket. With two pictures inside."

Two pictures? Pictures of who?" I spin around to face the table and finally see it. An intricately carved wooden box in the center of the table.

I approach the box, I hear Domonics say, "I believe, the pictures are of you and your mother."

1/3

13.09 Thu Nov 14

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Eight

ap, spinning back around to study his worried expression before I turn back toward the box. Who would possibly have a locket with hand my mother in it? No one except maybe... No, it muldn't be. It would be. But if not? Then who else? Taking a deep breath, I reach for the box. The moment I touch it, I feel something strange move through me. My pregnancy

super senses pick up on a lingering scent. A scent, that for some reason, brings a wave of nostalgia over me. I nearly shudder as images flash behind my eyes. Incomplete and fragmented. A huge hand reaching down for me, a giant shadow man with the sun bleaching out his features, A balloon that escapes little hands as the man walks

I shake myself, then open the box. The scent is stronger now, but I push back at the forgotten memories trying to be reborn and try to

moment. The locket is oval shaped and obviously expensive. But there is no card inside, nor any other clue as to who sent this. Litting the necklace out gently, I open the lockets face."

two pictures, just as Domonic said. The one on the right does look familiar. The child in the picture looks exactly as I did when I was that small. But I can't be entirely sure, because my mother never kapt many pictures and the few that I ever got a look at were still somewhere in Florida. But it was sent to me... so it must be me. Right?

the p

left that throws me for a loop. The woman in the photo looks almost identical to me. In fact, if I didn't know better, e. However, there are some slight differences. Like her hair for instance. Mine is straight and hers is super curly.

And her face is slightly rounder as to where mine is more heart-shaped. But one thing is for sure...

I turn around, confused and face Demonic's clouded eyes. The photo on the left," I say, glancing back into the locket.

is not of my

He sturtles. "Whath

I shake my head, studying the little girl. There's something about the dress that she's wearing that bothers me. My brow wrinkles and I pick up the bon. Steeling my nerves, I bring it to my nose and take a deep whiff. The scent inside seems to spiral around me and I close my eyes to allow the images to come. Light flashes behind my eyes as I work to remember the balloon. For some reason I've always hated balloons, and never really did understand why. But now, I reach for it, breathing in the scent again to help me trigger it. I hear laughter... my laughter I think and I see my mother standing next to the giant man. My mother is yelling at him as he walks away from her and toward me. He reaches down lifts me up... tosses me in the air I can't make out his face... he places me back on the ground and twirls like a ballerina to make my pretty dress spin... I reach for him again and that's when I hear the crying... my crying. I chase him, losing my balloon... I watch it float away absently and it distracts me just long enough for the man to disappear. The next face I see is my mother's as she glares down at me and yells, dragging me away as I reach for both the man and the lost balloon.

I get before I open my eyes and find Domonic holding me. It takes a minute before I realize that I must have been crying.

"That's not my mother," I say again, into his shoulder. "But the little girl is definitely me. I remember that dress." I pull away, looking up into his eyes. "The last time I wore it... was on the day my father left UNKNOWN

"We've landed, sir. Do you and your party need an escort from the airport?"

"It has already been arranged, thank you."

"Absolutely," she says before sauntering down the aisle, probably to flirt with my Gamma's as she has been doing the entire flight.

I gaze out the window as the last of the tangerine hues disappear from the sky. My body thrums with excitement as I realize how close I am to my darling right now. Forcing the burning guilt of the past nineteen years out of my head, I wrap steel my heart until it is easier to breathe. I have much to atone for. Much to explain...

This is not going to be easy.

The way she looked on the last day we were together is never far from my mind. Her confusion, her anguish, her panic as she chased after

the look of despair on her face when Isabella forced her away. All of it haunts my dreams on most nights. But that is not the reason I have come.

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Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Eight

Alpha Gio," Getinta Duende says. "It's time

Chapter Comments

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[1,111 words]

3:09 Thu Nov 14

The Pack Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Thirty-Nine

FELIX

The Chicken a la King came out perfect. We

together on the sofa and ate quietly at first. the wits.

my everyday life. This wasn't our yacht and mentally

beer. I couldn't help but feel a bit sad that this to shore. I didn't know what would happen to me at that point. There wasn't any plane for me to call home. Not really for starting to look like I might be free of Hector and Antman, I was afraid I'd spent the last two pan at the mercy of those ber had been the source of everything I needed to Inve. Now I would be nothing I was going to have to find a job and a place to the had absolutely no idea how to do it..

"Im going for seconds," Rainier says with a wink, before heading back toward the stove

As I watch him pile another heap of food onto his plate, I wonder if he thought past this night we were to spend together. Maybe he has Maybe one night is all he wants of me.

But I don't want to believe that He did say that he wouldn't help me pet strafrees out Whatever that means. But I've learned that people say a lot of things when they want something and then forge those things snea they've gotten it. The sad truth is, even if Rainier were to tell me that this was a one night only type of seal, I would still take any little piece of him that I can get.

He must notice the sadness in my eyes once he's seated next to me again, because he suddenly stops eating to try to avoid his scrutiny by downing my wine and then pouring myself another glass, but he doesn't let up

The dark depths of his eyes scan my face carefully before he says. "Tw town.. He's a really close friend. More like a brother."

I glance up at him, my lips on my wineglass as I Esten.

friend who owns a bar on the main drag of

"He just lost his bartender and he could use another one," he takes a big of his food as I soak in his words. "There's goes on, and now my ears are perking up. "Right above the

that if I talked to him, he would do the same for you. That is" he passes,

previous girl that worked for him stay there for free. Ta suda

I place my wine back down on the table and try not to look too excited "Stay here? You mean, in this

He laughs, continuing to eat. "Well, yeah. It might not be as big a place as you re used to, but there are good people here: food, laying the plate on the table next to his beer before turning the smile and I laugh. weight of his eyes on me. And planty of webes," he says, wiri

Feeling nervous as hell with the way he's looking at me, I ask, "Are you sure? I would need a lot of training. I've never mined anything but

margarita before and I only just learned how to do that today"

He chuckles, "I'm sure and don't worry about the training. I know a gal that I'm sure will be more than happy to come in and show ropes. You met her today. Draven

My eyes widened in shock. "Oh! She used to work there?"

He nods, scooting closer to my edge of the couch and then reaching down to lift

up onto his lap, while turning my body to fac attempt to bring them down. He wo hands. De my. That feels

his side. Heat washes over me as I suddenly realize how tiny my shorts are and I wiggle a little in doesn't seem to notice as his eyes are glued to my calves as he slowly begins to massage them with wonderful. He continues his ministrations up toward my knees, before giving my legs a tug and bringing my legs further that now Tam practically laying down. He continues to massage over my knees and up toward my thighs, his eyes proving heavier heavier as he watches me. I can feel the heat of him burning against my flesh and a suddenly extremely hard bulge growing against the back of my legs. The sheer size of it has me gasp in shock and the bigger it gets, the deeper his fingers deh into my Besh. Suddenly be pulling me up onto his lap, with my back to his front and my ass cradled in between his thighs. He closes his hands over my hips, polling me deeper into his lap so that I feel his erection pulsing against - With a slight whimper, I can't help but move against him, roông

my hips forward, then back as he hisses behind me.

what do you say?" he asks in a strangled voice. "Do you want to stay?" He reaches forward to take a knee in ich hand and thes

Chapter One Hundred Thirty Nice

Kolding him

(XML" Deer test infly as her plants hands are my hips and grind me roughly against the thrust of his hips. "V-yet," I murmur,

cles sut, thrusting and grinding against me with a fortune hythm as his hands knead my hips and then slide around to 'mo direla Freseriinue to move on him as he dedly anlations my shorts and ganks the zipper down.

and the grower behind his unica has ma

- time roping my shorts down my leg here he freezes. I stand there panting, wondering what his eyes look while he stares at me in my thin black thong. I yelp when I feel his death on my ass Biting each side equally as he groans deep and

o his thenat. He stands quickly and I hardly have time to register that he has removed his trunks before he yanks me back down with Spreading my legs sasily seer his bevily musded thighs, I can now feel the heavy weight of his dick against my back. He gathers my hand and pwitty staps in ansund has forearm, yanking my head backward so that he can veloutly suck on my neck.

Sealing his right

the front of my shirt and mold itself over each breast. He groans, tair and my neck to grip the back of the tank top l'm wearing. Herps it clean in half, then drags the straps off of my

shifting the fabric of my thong and then I feel him positioning the impossibly thick head of his

Chapter Comments

Manetta Gary

Jaylee! I'm thinking about adding you to my will just so I can cut you out of my will!

I love this book, the characters are fantastic.

[VIEW ALL 6 COMMENTS](#)

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,372 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty RAINTER

Wait? Did she just as the to wait? "What?" I choke out, the tip of my dick is right under her folds and coated in warm honey. And she wants me to stop. I don't want to wait! I want to fuck!

"Yes! Wait," she says again.

I groan in agony, lowering her onto my lap and angling my cock downward so that she's no longer in danger of being impaled. But the top of my shaft can still feel her hot, wet juices and the torture of it is so sweet that I swallow a moan. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" I rasp. unable to keep my hands off her perfectly round hips as I wait for her answer. I want to glide her pussy up and down the top of so bad that I am gritting my teeth.

my

"D-don't you want to use a-a condom?" she asks somewhat shyly. Her voice is so sweet when she says it, that

dick

"Why the fuck would I want to do that?" I retort before I realize how insensitive it sounded. The thought of my mate not wanting to feel the raw contact of my dick inside of her was more than a little upsetting. It almost made me angry. I had to remind myself

that she knew nothing of mates and had no idea how insulting it was for her to ask for one.

"You know, because..." she trailed off, and I could feel her body stiffening with nerves..

"Because of what, sweetheart? I shift her off my lap and sit her next to me on the couch. Big mistake. Now I can see her perfect, magnificent tits and they are even more amazing than I imagined they'd be. She doesn't make a move to hide them at all and for that I am eternally grateful. "If you're afraid of getting pregnant, I'll pull out. I promise." I didn't, or course, mention that I couldn't get her pregnant anyway, because I haven't marked her yet. Yer? Yet.

She shakes her head. "Um, no. I take the shot every couple months to prevent pregnancy."

"Well you won't be doing that anymore," I mumble to myself.

"What?" she asks.

I shake my head feeling sorry for my dick and sorry for her perfect pussy all at the same time, because it's starting to look like we won't ever get to meet each other. "I don't have a condom, sweetheart," I say firedly. "If you re not afraid of getting pregnant, then I don't understand. I'm clean. I don't have any diseases. Sometimes I turn into a big bad wolf though and get a bit robid, but

bhar

She shakes her head quickly, which causes her hair to shimmer around her breasts. "I didn't think you did. It's just... well I thought you might want to wear one with me because of... well, you know... the other"

"Stop!" I snap. Now I get it. "Are you trying to tell me that you have a disease?" I ask as gently as I'm able. Fun fact about Shifters, we don't catch STDs. But I can't tell her that, so I'm really close now to throwing in the towel. Even my dick is beginning to get depressed. She shakes her head. "No! No, no. I get checked regularly, but I just thought that you might prefer it because of... you know... m-my past."

The way she wraps her arms around herself right then, as if in shame-tracks right through my heart and fills me with guilt. Whether she admits it or not, the way 1 treated her that first day is still affecting hed

"Look at me." I say softly, reaching over to lift her chin and stare into her eyes. "I don't give a fuck about

your past. Forget anything I said before. 1 only said those things because I was ignorant and... angry. I didn't like learning that my... that you had been forced to... sacrifice

yourself that way. I hated that I wasn't there to prevent those things from happening to you, and I took it out on you. I'm sorry." Her eyes watered. "So everything I said before, throw it away. All I care about now is having you. I want to feel every inch of you with nothing between us."

She shudders, and I lean over, pressing my lips against hers and moan just at the softness of them. She opens her mouth and my tongue enters, dancing against hers until she's panting for breath. I pull her closer and she straddles me, pushing her glorious chest against mine

1/2

Chapter One Hundred-Forty

as we continue to kiss. The feel of her large, round breasts and the hard pearls of her nipples rubbing across through me and I can feel my fangs fighting to get free. It's too close to the full moon and I won't be able to stop them from lashing across my skin sends a fire straight so I rip my mouth away from hers. As swiftly as I'm able, I flip her around and settle her on all fours on the wide couch.

I can't wait anymore," I tell her, squeezing her ass greedily as I slip her thong over her hips and down toward her knees, I half-kneel, half-stand behind her and place the head of my dick at her entrance once more. She is still sopping wet and the knowledge causes my dick to ache.

Sliding my hands up her back to revel in the velvet perfection of her skin, I still a groan and then wrapped my hands around her hips. I push into her slowly at first. I have a really thick cock and I doubt that Hector or any of her former suitors could compete. So I don't want to hurt her... not exactly, I will, however, make certain that she feels me for the rest of the week.

"God," she moans. "Rainier..."

I smile to myself, watching my shaft disappear inside of her as I ease my way in. The muscles of her pussy have a death hold on me and I swear it as if she is sucking me in. When I'm halfway there, I can no longer resist it and I slam all the way home. "Fuck!" I shout. The feel of her is mind-blowing. I nearly cum right then. As it is, it takes me a couple of minutes before I'm able to proceed.

She arches her back and her hair falls all around her as I begin to pump. My fangs spear out and tingle with pain. Aching and pulsing in time with the rhythm of my hips. I watch her tits bouncing beneath her and lean over her back to grasp them in my hands. I use them to anchor my thrusts as I pound into her, harder and harder, eliciting the most erotic sounds from her mouth. I have no control at this point as I begin to feel the fire in my cock and the tingling in my back. Lashing at the back of her neck with my tongue, I trace my fangs over the back of her neck dangerously.

"Rainier!" she screams, her body going tight around me as her climax hits and her pussy clamps so tightly around my dick that I see The flood that erupts around my shaft is lava hot and pushes me over the edge.

I pump into her ferociously, my hands gripping her shoulders to hold her in place as I shout a final curse and cum deep inside her. My body trembles as I hold her there. Spasming against her as my fangs retract and I collapse against her back.

A short while Later, I carry her sleeping body to bed and climb in behind her. For the next hour I do nothing but watch her sleep. The way I feel now that I've... touched her is hard to put into words. But it's a thriving, vibrating force inside of me now and it scares me like nothing ever has. This precious girl who heard me howling for her under the moon is as vulnerable as she is beautiful, and by rights, mine to protect Mine to claim. And I will claim her.

I just have a heart to break first...

Chapter Comments

Donna Kelly

It's about time! Angie seems like a sneaky flipper!!

[VIEW ALL 2 COMMENTS](#)

07

POST COMMENT

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,006 words]

IN 60%

Number 1 No Mates

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-One RAINIER

Waking up with Felixx naked body string over me is more than perfect Even though Angle and I used to be close, and we used to cuddle, It never felt like anything even close to what I feel now. Angie was attractive and somewhat sexy, but she wasn't my mate and the sex was always just that, sex. It was never the life changing experience

that I now know comes from making love to your mate. I never lost control with Angle. Never felt the andous, desperate, need that Felix Inspires la me. And now that I'm holding her, with her legs tangled between my own and her lovely lead resting beneath my chin, I never want in let her go.

She sighs in her sleep and I'm instantly, painfully aroused. I groan deep inside my throat. The need to be inside of her is suddenly so great, that I can hardly focus on anything else,

I want to watch her this time. I want to see her unravel. But I know that tonight is the full moon and my animal urges will be nearly impossible to control if I fuck her.

So as carefully as I can, I remove myself from beneath her, gently pulling down the covers from the bed as t study her glorious body in the dim morning light. I open her legs slowly, not wanting to wake her yet. I want to enjoy her body and her natural reaction to me in its purest form, before the dread of the rest of my day has to start.

Leaning carefully over her, I taste her breasts. They are full and large and perfectly round. Her nipples are the deepest shade of pink and they harden the moment my tongue glides over them.

be murmurs in her sleep, her hips beginning to writhe as I slide my fingers between her folds and into her wetness. I'm breathing raggedly as I feel the muscles of her vagina pulsing at my intrusion. I decide right then I've had all I can take and I place the head of dick at her entrance.

Gripping her thighs in my hands, I watch intently as my cock disappears inside of her. The sensation is so intense that I'm shaking with pleasure.

"Fuck yeah," I choke out, retreating just as slowly as I entered.

I repeat this torture, several times. Moaning in ecstasy with every plunge into her heat. My forehead is sweating and my breathing is so loud I swear I'm going to wake her, so I pause for a moment. Closing my eyes to enjoy the soft velvet goodness between her thighs. When, I open them again, I'm nearly ready to explode and the next stroke inside of her brings her hips up off the bed and a moan from her tips. Suddenly, her eyes are fluttering and her body is convulsing around my dick. Her breasts heave upward and I plunge forward again, retreating and plunging in slow even strokes. The sight of her glistening pussy around my shaft nearly pushing me to madness.

Her eyes fall open and the

he heat I

I see there brings the beast out of me. So when she reaches down to touch herself, I stop her

She appears shocked for a moment, but I don't care. The animal within me is in control now and I want what I want, so I say, "No." Then I continue to pump her, slowly and greedily loving that she is helpless to stop me.

FELIX

I wake up with my body arching off the bed and a husky moan on my lips. My clit is throbbing, my juices are flowing and an exquisite pulse is pounding between my folds. It takes me a moment before I realize that my legs are wide open and Rainier is buried inside me, hands gripping each of my thighs as he slowly pumps me toward heaven.

his

The look in his eyes is feverish, his gaze completely focused on the exit and entry of his shaft into my heat. The obsession I see there is so-fucken hot that I'm clutching the sheets beneath me in ecstasy. He's moving so slowly that I begin to writhe with the urgency of my orgasm and as I reach down to hurry him along, he grips my wrist, stopping me.

His

eyes seem to flash a different color for a moment. Going gold then black like before, but I'm too entranced to even give a damn, so I whimper my submission instead.

1/3

13:01 Thu Nov 14 00

Chapter One Hundred Forty-One

arrogance at it, the dominante, kas me putting of the bad g

Maybe it a the pleading in my main

kad pounding agritet

karging "ah pinned tayt to my donliders and he glanges deeper and

spiraling not of nastusk

something sharp play against the sid

ripping ad uninhibited men from my lig

orgasms rides on top of the other

He whispers in my ear. That was so dangerous of you baby.

"What?" I gasp, slowly coming down

Glowing a lump in my throat at

dropping down on me

I

bad. The only other that answers

adorning him as he lifts himself from the bed and precariously

I try not to feel disappointed at the sudden

Draven give me yesterday and choose a pair of jeans and a long tie

I sunny day and I'm going to have

Listening the shower go

bathroom, 1:

a band. Getting up, I sit through some of the dothing that

MIA My Snail. One Took out the window tells me

Rainier's jeans Grim yesterday, I quickly strait onto a chair and decide to fold them just to pass the time. Shaking them gently to knock out the wrinkles, I notes something fall out and bounce across the carpet. I'm int gaping for breath, my

clouding with tears as I bend forward to bow

The tears begin to fall as I realize

load of despair throat, my entire Body. Suddenly

in my hands.

That I am holding. There's no mistaking it. The line gold band in my hand is a wedding ring

to my knees feeling like the biggest idiot that was ever born

He fucking used me. He's just like everyone else. I am such a fool

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,807 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Two RAINIER

As the shower pours over me, I resign myself to the reality of what I not about to step into. There isn't even a sliver of a doubt in my mind that Angle is going to go ballistic when I tell her I want a divorce. She more than aware that I haven't been happy, and on more than one occasion she's accused me of wanting a divorce. The kicker is, each and every time she said it, I denied that it was true. Because at the time, it wasn't. I didn't want a divorce, I didn't not want one either, but that fact was irrelevant at the time. I simply did not care at all.

We had sex quite a bit in the beginning of our relationship as well as at the start of our marriage. It wasn't until all this crazy shit started happening and Draven first arrived, that I truly began to neglect my husbandly duties of boinking her at least once a week. I'm not even really sure why it changed at that time, but it did. Maybe it was seeing Domonic so fucking obsessed with a female and so completely desperate to hide it. Or maybe it was the fact that deep down, I knew something was up with him. I knew he was being uncharacteristically cruel when he insisted that Draven was an outsider and had no business planting her feet here. We could all see it. Maybe somewhere in the middle of his useless attempt to stick to our dumb rules, I realized things were about to change. Perhaps, I subconsciously began to separate myself from Angie.

I still have not asked her about Draven's ring. And why not? Because something inside me is afraid that she did it, I believe that she may have found it in my things, thought it was a gift for my non-existent lover, and then taken it out of spite. But I have no proof. The guilt that I feel on a daily basis, for knowing I would never love her and manying her anyway, rides me like a mule in the desert on most days.

But it is time for that to stop. Angie is a grown woman and should be free to find someone to love her and cherish her in a way that I never will. And should that logic fail when I tell her, I've also decided to sign over my house. Despite that it was mine before married. She can have it all. The furniture, the cars in the garage, even the money in our joint bank account. Shit, 111 even agree ridiculous alimony payment, if it will somehow help her swallow the pill I'm about to feed her.

But I already know, my quick visit home to break the news will be anything but. I won't be getting out of there unscathed for sure.

When I step out of the shower and waltz back into the bedroom, I find it empty. Frowning to myself, I pull on my clothes from yesterday and venture into the living room

in search of Felix. When I finally see her, something crushes into my heart. My chest begins to ache in the oddest way and a sudden sadness washes over me that I cannot explain. I take a moment to study her as she gazes absently out the window and at first, nothing seems to be wrong. She looks normal enough. She's dressed, her hair is brushed, and her face is freshly washed. But there's something missing and it isn't until she actually looks at me that I see what it is.

"You're finished," she supplies, granting me the bare minimum of a smile. "I guess we'll be heading back now, right?"

Her eyes. The bright, vivid teal irises that light up everytime I see her are dulled. There's not even the slightest hint of warmth in them at all and I'm immediately conflicted. I let my desire for her get the better of me. I shouldn't have started having sex with her while she was still asleep. I fucked up.

"Sweetheart," I begin, and the sudden flare of pain I see in her gaze nearly kills me. "If I offended you this morning when I..." I close my eyes for a second in an attempt to find the courage to say the words, "I forced myself on you while you were still sleeping-" Her incredulous snort cut me off and I found myself even more confused than before. "Stop it Rainier. You n

never forced me to do anything," she reassures me, her eyes going cold and distant. "I enjoyed every single thing that we did together. It was all wonderful. Too wonderful," she insists, before gazing back out the window. "Perfect," she whispers.

I cocked my head at her, still acutely aware that there was something weighing on her heart. I took a seat next to her, frowning when her body instantly stillened next to me. "Felix," I whispered, too afraid to touch her but needing to all the same. "What is it? What's wrong?"

She smiles, taking a deep breath before turning her eyes on mine. "Nothing. Not a thing. Just a little nervous about meeting your friend at the bar I guess.

She's lying. Tim not sure how I know, but I do. "If you think that I just plan to dump you there and never return, I promise that's not how it

"Uh-huh," she says, glancing down to stare at her lap. "I know you'll return. They always do, at least once."

1/3

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Two

"What the fuck does that mean? I snap. "For the record, I am nothing any they you've ever had."

"That's for sure," she agrees with a sad smile as her eyes water.

"Sweetheart," I start. "I really wish I had time to solve this puzzle you've surrounded yourself with this morning, but I honestly don't. I have responsibilities that I cannot neglect any longer. Not to mention in unavoidable engagement that starts the moment the sun goes down tonight. So as much as I wish I could sit were and figure out how and what fucked up your morning glow, we simply have to leave."

y mouth down on hers, Forcing her lips open when she tries Reaching out with both my hands, I turned her face to mine, and slammed my to resist, I plunge my tongue in her mouth. After a moment, she finally gives in, kissing me back with so much aggression that I moan into her mouth. When I pull away, her eyes are still closed, but I know don't have any more time to waste and I head for the helm to drive us back.

Once we've docked, and are piled into my SUV, I text Bartlett to be ready and head to the bar. I had actually spoken to him about it before I ran it past Felix, in hopes that she would agree to try it out.

It was still pretty early in the morning, and the stroots were mostly bare. It wasn't until we pulled in behind the bar t had Hector's car towed from the property. The damn thing was still parked there, California plates and all.

"Hector's car is here, Felix says in a frightened voice. "Was he released? Or do you think he made bail?"

I shake my head at her. "No. I can completely and totally assure you that Hector is nowhere around."

"What do you mean? He's still in jail, right? You have him locked up, don't you?"

that I realized I never

"His car is here because I arrested him here, I simply forgot to have it in pounded," I inform her, taking her trembling hand in mine. "I'll have it dealt with today. I promise. You'll see, there's no need for you to worry."

She nods, not looking entirely convinced and we enter the bar through the back door.

shoots me a knowing look. "Nice to meet you, Felix. I'm

The moment Bartlett lays eyes on her, his gaze widens in appreciation and he shoots Bartlett

"Hello," she says so sweetly that I can't help but smile stupidly her way,

Bartlett notices right away and begins to laugh, fixing his eyes on Felix as he asks, "Do you believe in karma, Felix?"

She nods without so much as a second of hesitation. "I absolutely do," she informs.

"Me too," he says, sending me a glance my way. "I think Rainier does too. He hasn't always, but I believe he does now."

"Okay," she laughs good-naturedly, completely oblivious to the fact that he's trying to give me a hard time.

"Have you had breakfast yet, Felix?" Bartlett asks and she shakes her head no. "Great Care to join me for sgave? I was just about to make

"Sounds great," she says

"I have a few things to take care of," I say carefully, bracing myself for the inevitable sadness of Felix's gaze. "But I'll be back by lunchtime to help you get settled in."

"That's not necessary," she says so coldly that even Bartlett grimaces. "You've done more than most people would have done, and I'm extremely grateful. You don't have to feel obligated to keep checking in I'm a grown woman and I will be fine on my own." I meet Bartlett's eyes and

be

excuses himself to head into the kitchen and start making their breakfast.

2/3

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Two

"Felix," I whisper, reaching down to lift her chin and force her to look at me. The hope in here eyes is barely there, but it is visible. T thought I made myself clear to you last night. I want you. And I mean one hundred percent, without a doubt, nobody else will do - type of want you."

"Only me?" she whispers, closing her eyes.

"Only you," I promise. "And I'll prove it to you. I swear it."

She nods, blinking back tears as she smiles my way.

"I'll be back," I say, backing away from her slowly and watching as she turns her back on me to face the bar.

As I head for my c

out

my car, I whip my phone and text Bartlett to keep an extra special eye on her and not to let her leave under any circumstances. He sends me a thumbs up and an eyeroll and I finally find the strength to leave.

The moment I get home, I jump out of the car and reach into my back pocket for my wedding ring. My brow furrows as I realize it isn't there. I know exactly where I keep it, each and every time I remove it and... it isn't there. Then, just for the fuck of it, I check the my front pockets. I find it tucked safely in the tiny little stash pocket of my jeans. A pocket that I have never used, not ever, not even once in my life. And it is at that very moment that every little cryptic thing that Felix said to me this morning starts to make sense.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,799 words]

Chapter One-Hundred-Forty-Three RAINIER

Shit! Shit!, shit, shit! When I stepped out of the shower on the yacht, my pants were folded neatly on the bed. At the time, I know Felix must have been the one to place them there and I was actually a little touched that she had even bothered. Never once did it occur to me that she might have searched my pockets. I wonder what she was looking for. Money? Was she planning to leave?

thed be

In truth, she didn't really seem too thrilled about the job at the bar, not the apartment that came with it. I would have thought sh happier about the opportunity. Not that bartending was a glamorous career, but it was way more respectable than the one she had before we met. I almost felt like I was forcing her into it when I left her at the bar. Fuck. The more I think about it, the uneasy I feel

She didn't even mention finding the ring, which probably means that she has already written me off. She's going to leave.

Well... she's going to try. I'm not going to let her. Tonight during the shift, I'll be more animal than man, and I may not be entirely connected to the human side of my life. But one thing's for certain, I will know she is mine when I see her. So if I can just stick to the wooded area closest to the bar, Fcan watch over her through the night. At least I hope.

The problem is, during the forced shift, we as wolves are overcome with a rush of primal instincts. Everything about our human lives will fade into the background and all we will know is the beast on the other side. During a normal shift, we are in complete control of both identities. We maintain our human nature while in beast form. We know exactly who and what we are. During a forced shift, we simply become wolves. Every human thought and memory falls into the darkness and we spend the entire night racing through the forests. We may go into the shift intent on being present and planning to keep watch over our loved ones, but it never ever happens that way. Not for any of us. At least, not yet. Often times we shift back into ourselves miles from town and end up having to shift back into our wolves to face home. So as much as I hope I'll be able to stick around and watch Felix, I know it's not likely to happen.

Maybe nothing has been important enough to me yet. Maybe Felix could be the one thing to bridge the gap for me.

I sigh, my eyes back on the front door as I bite the bullet and take a step inside.

"Angie?" I call out, hoping she's not still sleeping. I'd hate to have to wake her up to deliver this kind of news,

"Well, look who's home," she teases, coming out of the kitchen with a martini in her hands.

It smells like she's been drinking all night, her breath is literally a hundred proof as she walks up to me, her eyes slightly glazed over.

"You've been up all night," I say flatly, suddenly curious as to what might have motivated her to drink away the night.

Angie is used to me not coming home, and I very rarely am here at night. I have been known to sleep more in my office, or in my SUV, than I ever have in my bed. More or less because she is always in it, but also because I like to be ready for action when I'm needed. So I know right off, Angie's concern for my whereabouts is not what prompted her latest binge.

"I have," she giggles, pushing up onto me and attempting to grab my dick.

"Hey! Whoa!" I complain, grabbing her wrist in my hand and steering her toward the sofa. "Settle down for a moment," I suggest, taking a seat across from her in my arm chair. The one piece of furniture that I might actually miss.

She eyes me warily, her normally pretty face suddenly pinched with irritation. It's as if the vodka Gods have just whispered in her ear of what is coming as she begins to shake her head at me. "I knew it. I fucking knew it!" she hisses, tossing back the rest of her drink as she glares out the window. "You've been cheating on me."

She's not wrong. Well not exactly... Only because, I don't personally consider being with one's mate cheating. Ironically enough, in the eyes of a Shifter, Angle is the other woman. Regardless of who I met first.

When I don't deny her accusation this time around, she goes completely still for a moment, her face growing so red, I can't tell if she's angry or just surprised.

1/3

Chapter One-Hundred-Forty-Three.

"Angie," I say softly, folding my hands in front of me and propping my arms up on my knees so that I can lower my head when I speak have something to tell you."

She begins to cackle angrily, shaking her head as her face twists into a cowl. "Oh yeah? Do you, but? You fucking bestand it you leaving me? You want a divorce? You don't love me anymore? Tell me, please do. Tell me which of these things brought to your attention, knowing that you were unhappy with me, only for you to insist that I was being paranoid and for you to that I was wrong - tell me which of them you ate about to confess to. Please!"

I sigh, rubbing my temples as the beginning of a headache begins to form, I look at her, at the anger in her dark brown eyes and what I end up saying is, "I never meant to hurt you."

Again she freezes, as if she really and truly expected me to deny these things again. "I cheated on you, she says suddenly. A haughty, intense smirk forming on her lips. "I met this guy, and he is- she closes her eyes so fucking amazing. Her eyes flare back open. He doesn't keep things from me like you do. He doesn't lie and pretend and he loves me. He said so,"

absorbed by her now, I might

She watches me intently for a reaction, but I remain stoic. Because should I move at all, or speak before I accidentally break out in song and dance and that simply would not do God, I hope that's true," I say instead.

I can see her imploding, her anger bubbling to the surface before she murmurs, "You HOPE that's true? Are you fucking kidding that I've been fucking around on you?"

God yes, I shake my head, silently grateful that she gave me an easy way out of here. Because now, with her confession, I no longer have to hurt her feelings or not. Now, I can be as cold and as straightforward as a mortician when I say, "I want a divorce. I'm leaving in the morning. Her jaw drops, but she doesn't move an inch, so I continue, "I'm giving you the house, the bank account. You can have everything. I don't want any of it."

She's sputtering now as I head for the door, shaking her head in disbelief. "You never loved me! Did you? You're just as cold-hearted your father!"

I no longer wish to lie. Not to myself or anyone else, so I say, "No, Angie. I'm sorry, I didn't love you, but I did care for you. When you were helpless and... lost. Without a soul in the world and I wanted to take care of you. I thought that would be enough for me. And might have been if..."

"T?" she hissed. "If what?"

If I hadn't been the one to answer the call that day. If it had been a different town or a different club that Hector decided to visit. "If I didn't know for sure that there was someone out there for you. Someone who will see everything you do as special and will notice the littlest things about you that are beautiful."

You'd think she would have smiled at that, but no. "That is NOT what you were about to say RAINIER RIOTTE!"

Yeah, well, prove it bitch. "Maybe that guy you were telling me about is the one. For my sake, I hope that he is. And just so you know, I never cheated on you. Not in the way that you think I did. I was faithful until I was sure it was over. If you're honest with yourself, I'm sure you'll find that you never loved me either." I turn around, leaving the wedding band on the shelf next to the closes, then head for the door and open it.

"You're horrible! I hate you so much! I will never forgive you!" she screams. Then, her voice Junkers almost menacingly. "Is there someone else?" she asks, and I suddenly have a flashback of Felix on the yacht, when she pretty much asked the same thing. Without turning around, I smile and I say, "No. There's not someone else. But... there is someone."

"Do you love her?" she cries out as I step over the threshold.

This time I turn around, if only to study Angie's face as I leave. To make sure she doesn't look like she's going to blow something up or else use the hairdryer in the bathtub. Thankfully, she appears to be calm. Almost too calm. I meet her eyes. "I'm pretty sure I do... Yeah." Her face twists into an angry frown and I race toward the driveway to get back into my SUV, ripping up the asphalt as I fly down the

2/3

08:47 FTI, NOV 15

Chapter One-Hundred-Forty-Three

street toward the bar. Time for Snother, terribly uncomfortable conversation. When I pull into the lot, I park next to Hector's Caddy. Then, glancing up, I spy Felix's surprised,

slightly hopeful, slightly sad, face in the window of the apartment above and I mentally prepare myself for the groveling I'm about to do. Then I realized... my situation would probably be a lot easier for her to understand if she knew I was a

wolf.

Not yet... After the shift maybe, not not yet.

As I replay the conversation I had with Angie in my head and trudge upstairs to the apartment, I freeze.

I can't believe I missed it. I cannot believe I didn't catch what she said while I was there. She slipped right in front of me and my brain was too fucked up to even notice.

But now, her words replay in my head, taunting me. She said, "You never loved me! Did you? You're just as cold-hearted as your father!"

Such a strange thing for her to say when she's never even met him...

Chapter Comments

KKN

hmmmm.....very weird indeed. what does she know about his father?

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4

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,371 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Four FELIX

Having breakfast with Rainier's friend Bartlett was strangely uplifting. When Rainier first left me there to go take care of something which I'm sure was French for go home to my wife - I nearly broke down in tears. All the strength that I'd gathered for myself on the yacht after my private meltdown, was completely spent with just the ride over. Having to sit next to him, talk to him, pretend there was nothing wrong for him, even after I'd already said my silent goodbye to him, took every bit of strength in me. Everything I had

left in my mental reservoir was depleted. I felt beat down. Weak. Worthless and altogether stupid. So the moment Rainier disappeared out the back door of that bar, my bravado completely crumpled.

Bartlett, the incredibly sensitive soul that he is, noticed right off. It started with a few concerned looks my way as we sat down to enjoy the heaping amount of food he'd made. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, crispy golden fried hash browns, biscuits with gravy, fruit - you get the picture. My eyes damn near popped right out of my head when he brought it all out.

I'd said, "I appreciate your cooking all this, but... um... I don't know if I be able to finish most of it."

He'd laughed heartily and said, "Well that's okay, because I don't expect you to. I only made this much because I didn't know what you

liked. So just eat what you can, and that will be fine."

I'd attempted to smile back as cheerfully as I could, but I must not have done a very good job because he'd commented on it.

There's no need for you to pretend with me, Felix. You don't have to keep hiding behind that phony smile. I can tell you're struggling with something. I won't pry," he said.

The next smile I'd given him was different. It was honestly charming and incredibly sad at the same time. And as my face fell and I'd drawn in a deep breath I'd whined, "I'm an idiot."

He'd shaken his head and said, "Don't call yourself that. You're not an idiot. Now, I don't know what went on between you two, but knowing Rain as well as I do I could probably take a guess. Rain is a complicated guy. Always has been. He's made certain... adjustments to his life in order to protect himself. Adjustments that I'm betting he regretting right about now." "Adjustments?" I'd asked. "Like what?"

Bartlett granted me a big full tooth smile and had said, "He chose to close his heart long ago, I don't think he ever imagined opening it up again. He's not the type to lose control, or share his feelings. He's not the one to do anything frivolous either, or half-hearted. Whenever he does something, be it bring me a new and beautiful bartender or make a promise to her to be back for lunch - you better believe there's meaning behind it. Even if you may find that hard to believe, circumstances being what they are."

"Right," I'd said somewhat snidely. "Circumstances. The kind that you should tell someone about before letting that person make a fool out of themselves. Especially when a fool is all I've ever been."

He'd shaken his head again and said. "Never feel like that for putting your heart on the line, Felix. Doing so never makes you a fool. The fool is the one who doesn't take that chance. The fool is the one who thought he'd never have to."

"It's better to have loved and lost and all that, right?" I'd quoted and my eyes had filled with tears. "So then I suppose I should be grateful in just having met him. A lot of people go through life without ever meeting the one. At least I had him for a day." The one... You seem like a very intuitive person. I'm sure you and Rain have only just met, right?" he'd asked,

I nodded, not even bothering to feel the least bit embarrassed for how dumb I probably sounded. "A couple of days ago. But... just like some people never meet, I guess some people only get to have a day. He lied to me. I laid it all out there for him. I asked him point blank if there was someone else. And he lied to me."

Just a second, now, Don't go assuming things so soon," Bartlett had said sternly. "Rainier is not much of a liar. Maybe you didn't ask the right question. Or maybe he misunderstood the question. I don't know, I can't speak for Rain, because it's not my place, but just do

me a

1/2

Chapter One Hundred Forty Four

Anything," I'd answered honestly,

You seem like a really understanding person. He'd sighed, "Don't count him as a loss just yet. Just trust me, he's like a brother. Give him chance to answer to explain himself. Try and give him the benefit of the doubt. If you really and truly believe he is the one, and I think that you do, why in the hell would you be willing to throw that away?"

I'd started to answer him, but he held up his hand and laughed.

"Okay, yeah, I get it. No need to say it, he'd chuckled. "But everyone makes mistakes, Felix. A lot of times it's when they're trying to do the

thing Or when they're trying to protect someone they love and they're scared to death of losing them. Trust me. It happens more often than not. Just keep an open mind."

After that, he showed me the apartment, told me what my duties would be and reassured me that either he or Draven would train me. Apparently it would have to wait until tomorrow because tonight the bar would be closed. Then he left me alone to stew in my new space. So I took the time to shower and change back into the clothes I had on before walking to the window to stare at Hector's car.

I knew Hector always left a spare set of keys in a hidden compartment under his floor mat. If he really wasn't getting out, I knew I could use his car to get far away from here. And as much as I wanted to keep my promise to Bartlett, I knew it was best for everyone involved if I just disappeared. I'm not cut out to be a mistress. Or a homewrecker. I don't want to be the reason someone else's heart is broken. So even on the off chance that Rainier wanted me instead of his wife, I knew I had to go.

I stand here staring out the window at Hector's car, I realize something. I left Rainier's Sheriff jacket on the yacht and I won't even have one damn thing to remember him by when I go. Unless I drive over there when I leave and break in to grab it. I smile as I decide what I'll do. I'll leave tonight and then on my way out, I'll grab his jacket.

My eyes water as more tears come creeping in. As I turn away from the window, I hear tires screeching around a corner and then more tires screech right down below, I take another look out the window and whimper when I see who it is.

Rainier's SUV is now parked next to Hector's car. It's way too early for lunch. What is he doing back so soon? I watch him get out of the car still wearing the same clothes as before, his muscles flexing against his tight navy blue shirt and in exposed skin of his arms. Jesus he is so damn sexy. His face is troubled, but still handsome as hell. In fact, I don't think there is a single face he could make that would change the fact that he's beautiful.

"Why do you have to be so perfect?" I hiss at the window.

He looks up as he's walking toward the bar and his eyes lock with mine. The look on his face the moment he sees me makes my heart stutter. His features relaxed, the trouble from before, gone. He appears relieved. And for some damn reason that I cannot comprehend, that one little detail gives me hope.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,773 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Five FELIX

Standing next to the door waiting for Rainier to knock, I notice his step slow near the landing. I could feel him coming up the stairs when he first entered the bar. The man had heavy feet. But now, he's heated. Why? Was he holding his ring again? PITY! Not on my watch buddy.

I rip the door open and our eyes meet. From what I can tell, he was simply standing there lost in thought, but one glance at his left hand and I see the ring is still missing. A

beast of irritation begins to garr at my insides, angry that he is still trying to dupe me. "Give him a chance... Bartlett said. Hal A chance to what? Continue to pretend? To act like he's the Honker Hero, the savior of fallen hoes?

"It's not lunchtime," I say with as much indifference as my traitorous heart will allow,

He climbs the last few stairs swiftly, throwing me an amused look as he steps past me into the apartment. Uninvited, might I add! I catch whiff of his vanilla bourbon scent as he playfully shoulder checks me and I nearly swoon. But then I remind myself that someone else has been enjoying his scent far longer than I. Someone else owns it. Owns him! All of him! His deep voice, his quiet smile, the mechanical flex of his muscles every time he moves, his... man ports! There is a woman out there and her fucken name is Mrs. Rainier Riotte,

and that

woman is not me.

It's the realization that someone else has his name that burns into my chest so painfully that I'm forced to lean on the door for a minute

when I close it. Dawn it I wanted so badly for him to be mine. But... he's not.

He's not

"Felix," his concerned voice sounds at my back. Turn around sweetheart

I shake my head, fighting the outrage of emotions scattering through me. I take a few deep breaths and feel him step a bit closer, so I shove off the door and side-step him as I walk toward the couch. Glancing up as I take a seat, I catch the look on his face as his arms fall to his sides and his fists clench. He looks lost. Like an abandoned child that doesn't understand why he's suddenly alone. The hurt that I see etched on his features burns into my throat and my fortress begins to crumble. It's only there for a moment, but that's all it takes for a ball of guilt to settle into my stomach and make me feel like I just kicked a puppy.

"Bartlett's nice," I supply, in an attempt to break the ice.

He's still staring toward the other side of the room as if lost in thought "Yeah, he is," he agrees absently, finally turning my way. His normally confident walk seems unsteady as he edges toward the couch. The closer he gets, the more uncomfortable he begins to look. As if he's rethinking his decision to come here, or considering turning back T-um," he begins, not meeting my eyes. "Ercaan I sit down?"

The insecurity in his voice when he asks that, curls around my heart like a band-aid. Staunching a little of the bleeding pain I'm feeling and making me want to wrap myself

around his legs. Because the truth is, if he were to turn around and leave right now - no explanation, no nothing I would be devastated.

"Please," I say softly, allowing some of the frost in my gaze to melt away

When he takes a seat on the farthest end of the couch, leaving a world of space between us, I'm suddenly aching for his touch. But I shouldn't be surprised he chose to keep his distance, especially after how I greeted him.

He focuses on the ground in front of him, clamping his hands together between his knees. "You're planning to go, aren't you?" he asks, his voice suddenly raspy. "I made a mistake and now... you're just going to leave." He shakes his head, closing his eyes.

I don't know what to say. Telling him yes might result in him walking out the door and not looking back and telling him no... would be a lie. Made a mistake? As in me? Am I the mistake? Tears begin to burn behind my eyes and I clamp them shut, fighting like hell to keep them back. Then I take a couple of shuddering breaths, all the while knowing that if he looks at me right now, he'll see how much pain I'm in. So I struggle with it and it seems the more I attempt to control it, the worse it gets.

1/3

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Five

"I know you're angry" he says softly, and his voice sounds closer now, but I don't look because I'm sorry for cursing you. That I used you. But I didn't. You can burte

do... just... please don't leave," he finishes in a whisper.

My eyes flutter open, a few silent tears escaping as I observe him sitting next

"You don't understand," I say tightly, and he finally raises his eyes to mine. They go lax, a muscle in his throat thumping. "I really, really wanted you." [Breath and girls like me - we're a fantasy. And I knew that, you're not mine.]

de then turbulent upon sight of

warded to burse you and I can

More tears stream from my eyes and he flinches as if I've struck him. His hand reaches for the terrachad, touch again. Warm fingers caress my cheeks, wiping the tears away bedde drifting down to my lips to gently

You're wrong," he says, sliding his hand down my arm then wrapping around both of my

I lift my chin, studying him as he watches our hands. "I'm not wrong, I'm a mistake. You said so poormat"

His brow furrows and shifts closer, pushing his outer thigh against my You te..." he trails off, shaking head. "You're not the mistake," he repeats

"You not wearing your ring doesn't change anything. There is still someone nothing to me. A woman who was probably out of her mind wondering where you not a thief, and I'm not a mistress. You don't have to feel guilty about it. 111: tears fall from my eyes. "You just have to let me go

curled under me. "You're not the mistake, Pal

much to it. A wombat

hot night. I may be a pest mums simp. fine. You don't have to take care of

did on the yacht. Be appear almost angry and p onto his lap. His face burrows into the side of my

His chest heaves and his eyes darken, the irises swirling in color like the suddenly yanks me into his arms. Closing them around me, he settles hair and he releases a hot shuddering breath into my skin. "No," he rasps out, his voice strangely deeper than before, almost patied. His muscles seem swollen, the heat of them burning through the fabric of our clothes and imprinting on my skin. "No," he says again, and 1

feel him tremble.

Some selfish part of me almost wants to tell him that it's okay. That I can be his mistress, that I will stay here and accape whutne he's willing to give me, but I know better than that. I've been accepting less for my whole life and now that

again. But I dont say that. Instead, I run my fingers through his hair le I've been dying to do trying to soothe hit

He purrs against my neck, and soon, he is kissing me there. I need to stop him, but I cant yet. His arms an body is still quaking beneath me.

"Just give me a day," he mumbles into my throat. "One day. Please. I'll for everything"

Fix everything? How? What?

the couch. I.

He continues to kiss and nibble my neck, shifting our bodies so that he is now lying on top of me as a sound like a growl rumbles deep within his chest and something sharp scrapes over my clavicle at the base of

"Rainier," I whimper, noticing as his muscles seem to be tightening around me or else... they're growing. Even his shirt looks like it's shrinking over his shoulders. As his kisses become rougher and more violent, he shifts his hips into me and I feel his super-sized erection grind against my lap. I hear something rip and for a moment I think he's torn my blouse, but then I realize it's the seam of his shirt. The shirt is ripping off his back! What the hell is going on? I grip the back of his head in my hands and try to still his ravenous lips. "You have to stop. Please..."

Another growl rumbles and his voice sounds almost inhuman when he says, "No. You're going to try and leave me, and I'm not going

let you

A sob lodges in my throat, and my heart cracks wide open, fighting with my brain for dominance. In that moment, I feel myself surrendering to the chaos. I start moving against him, widening my legs for him, My lips kiss the top of his head and I drag my

2/3 Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Five

his shoulders. His growling gets louder and I start to wander about all things magic. I suddenly think of the wolf that I heard that night in the jail cell. The way he seemed to call to me. How I felt him in my skin. Closing my eyes to the strange sound Rainier is making as he devours my neck, I could almost imagine werewolves were real. And that I was smack in the middle of one of those fantasies being ravaged by a man that was sometimes a wolf. Wouldn't it be amazing if that were true? "Rainier," I moan as he begins to suck on a particularly sensitive spot on the side of my neck. It begins to ache and throb. Pulsating painfully as if it's reaching for something. "It hurts?" I cry out.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he growls in that strange voice of his. "You threatened to leave me, and I can't let you do that."

I whimper beneath him, thinking it's no use for me to argue right now. Just as I am about to relent. Just as I am about to promise to stay. Rainier's mouth clamps over my neck and something sharp pierces into my flesh. The pain has my back arching and my eyes falling heavy I can hear Rainier moaning, the sound thrumming through my blood as the stinging sensation begins to soothe me into slumber.

through a haze. Hovering over my face with his crazy eyes. He says, "You're mine."

Then just before I black out, I see

him th

And then everything goes black,

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,510 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Six

RAINIER

I cradle my phone close to my ear while I watch Felix sleeping peacefully next to me. When she blacked out, I was scared. A million

things went through my mind at that moment. Maybe she's not my mate, and I just killed her! Or Maybe the sight of me with fangs out and yellowed eyes caused her to faint!

Maybe I was too rough on her when I did it! Maybe my fangs went too deep! Maybe, maybe, maybe...

When I tried to wake her and she didn't stir at all, I began to panic. So, I carried her over to the bed and I dialed Draven. Hoping she would be able to speak to me without Domonic crawling up her ass. I was going to have to tell him soon enough, but I wasn't quite ready yet. I didn't want to hear him say I told you so. I didn't need him gloating.

"Hello?" Draven's quiet voice came on the line and I swear something in it made me feel stronger.

Can

you talk? I mean"-I huff-"are you alone?"

"Not alone," she chuckles. "But I'm not with Domonic. He went out into the woods to check for traps. You know, to make sure everything safe when you guys shift tonight."

I nod, releasing a shuddering breath. "I"

What's wrong?" she interrupts, and I think she can probably hear something in my voice that triggered her concern

"I did something terrible," I admit. Something... horrible and selfish and immoral."

"You marked her, she says right away.

yes," I whisper, shaking my
y head at myself.

"She-um-threatened to leave me and I-I lost control. I started to shift. 1-

"Wait a minute!" Draven stops me. "She threatened to leave you? Why? She adores you. Why would she-oh!" Draven gasps. "Angle she found out about Angle, didn't she?"

"Yes," I mumble, disappointment in myself blossoming in my gut. "She said she didnt want to be a mistress or steal someone's husband. She said I needed to let her go and I just... snapped." I gaze at her, Felix. She's still sleeping like a baby. "I think I might have been too rough with her when I did it. I think I hurt her."

"What?" Draven hisses. "No! What happened?"

"She blacked out. Just fainted. I don't know if I scared her into it, or if my fangs went too deep, or-"

Hold u
up."

Draven cuts me off, and I swear I can hear her smiling.

iling. She blacked out?

all?

"Isn't that enough? I snap incredulously. "I damaged her!"

"Boy, oh boy. Your daddies really didn't teach you anything, did they?" she asks with a Laugh.

"What the hell is funny about this?" I growl softly.

She laughs again. "Listen, first off, it's okay. I mean, I'm no expert, but that's what happened to me the first time Domonic bit me And when Koda marked Emily, she was in a coma, but she woke up for just an instant before going back under. I've talked to Tae about it and according to her, that's normal. She says that if a lion shifter's mate is human, they always go down for the count after being bitten. The second time Domonic bit me, it didn't happen that way, but I did get really sleepy and had the most intense orgasm ever in life."

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Six

Thank God, I breathe out in relief. Although I could have gone without hearing that last part. How long do you think it will be before she wakes up? I need to try and talk to her before the shift. I need to explain what I did. I want to tell her what I am." "Goch," Deinen

pologetic. I didn't wake for hours after. I mean like ten hours. And Emily didn't wake for almost

"Tuck," I groaned, my eyes on Felix. That's after sundown, I won't be here. Fuck! I screwed up. What am I going to do if she decides to leave tonight? There won't be anyone here to stop her."

Draven sighs heavily into the phone and then whispers, "Domonic will kill me for this, but... When the sun goes down and you are all running amok in the woods. I suppose Taedora and I can go and watch over her. Just make sure that Bart leaves me a way to get in." I smile, my heart warming yet again for this new Luna of ours. And for a moment, I'm hit with a wave of nostalgia. Memories of Domonic's mother first into my head. Luna Lilly was just as caring and every bit as beautiful as Draven is. She was always trying to take care of everyone else first and putting herself last. Always trying to make people feel included. Even Gabriel! The pair of them amaze me. Luna Lilly always stressed the importance of the mate bond. When the twelve of us became teenagers and started playing with females' hearts. she would laugh and say she couldn't wait until our mates came along and put us on our asses. She promised that one day, we would meet someone so special and so beautiful, that we would be powerless against them. We didn't believe her at the time, but God was she right.

"Thank you, Luna," I say gratefully, knowing I might actually have to fight Domonic after tonight. He's not going to be pleased about

Draven going out during the shift. Especially to the unprotected bar. But with Taedora at her side, she should be fine. There hasn't been any sign of Jason at all since he escaped us in Arizona and believe me, we've been waiting

"You're welcome," she says before hanging up.

I glance back down at Felix and my chest begins to ache. She's gorgeous laying there with her lips slightly parted, the long golden waves of her hair spread out around her. I wonder if she knows what I did. I wonder if she saw my fangs before she passed out if she did then there's probably a good chance she'll try to leave when she wakes up. But it will be around eight o'clock at that time and she doesn't have

car, nor any money, so it would be ridiculous for her to try and go anywhere. The train out here won't even be running at that time. Maybe Draven and Taedora being here when she wakes will put her in a more receptive mood.

Searching through the kitchenette until I find a pad of paper and a pencil, I sit down to write a note.

Sweetheart, I've always had a hard time talking about my feelings, so I thought I'd leave you a note instead. I know you're probably confused and maybe even a little scared, but I promise I would never intentionally hurt you. As much as I wanted to be here when you woke up, I simply couldn't be. There are some things I have to tell you about who and what I am that might be hard to accept. Things that you might not believe unless I show you that they are true. So I want to explain much to you about it right now, just know that you were never the mistake and I'm so sorry if you felt that way. You see, before I met you I thought I wanted someone that I couldn't give my heart to. I thought it was better that way... that it was safer. My mistake was made six months ago when I tried to fill the hole within myself with someone I knew I didn't love. My mistake was thinking that I never wanted to find you and believing that if I did, that I could walk away. I had no idea how much I would want you when you finally came along and no idea how desperate I would be to keep you. So when you asked me if there was anyone else, I didn't lie to you when I said no. It's the truth. You are the only one for me, so no, there isn't anyone else. When I explain everything to you tomorrow, I can only hope it will be enough for you to forgive my mistakes. You were wrong about me, I do belong to you. I always have. So, if you're wondering where I went tonight and why I couldn't be here... let's just say that I went to find your wolf. He and I will both be out there tonight, running through the hills and waiting for morning. I will be back as soon as the sun rises, so please don't leave. Love Rainier.

I taped the note to

the front door so that she would see it if she decided to leave. Then I discarded my ripped up t-shirt and left it next to her sleeping face on the bed. Hoping that if she saw it, her curiosity alone would keep her here. Bending down to kiss her lips, I traced my fingers over the mark on her neck and smiled. She's marked now. So if she does try to go somewhere, I will know it and I will hunt her down and drag her back if I have to.

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Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Seven.

RAINIER

The twelve of us are in the middle of the woods. Naked as the day we were born as we watched the sun go down. Koda stood next to me, a sly smirk on his face as he watched me.

"Are you getting frisky on me man?" I ask. "You're eyeing my ment like you've been dying for a little more attention than you've been getting at home."

He cracks up, catching the attention of a few of the other guys standing around us. "Nals. Nothing like that. I guess I'm just wondering when you're gonna let the rest of us in on what's got you all pink with flavor this fine afternoon. You're positively glowing Sheriff." ur mate. You didn't

I smile, thinking of the beautiful girl I left at the bar. "You know what? think I liked you better before you found your talk out of your ass as much back then."

"Say what you will, Koda replies. My mate tells me everything." He meets my eyes. "Everything.

Domonic walks up to us, his eyes meeting mine suspiciously. The word is you and Draven have been talking quite a bit lately," he says softly, his eyes on the last rays of the drying sun. "Any particular reason why?"

I flinchy, knowing I should tell him about Felix. Sooner rather than later. She tell you that?"

He laughs. "Nah. And I didn't ask her. Didn't have to. I pay the bill. I know every little thing that phone of hers does."

"Not creepy at all. Does she know you keep tabs on her?" I ask

Only when I remind her," Domonic says. "It doesn't matter, Rain. I'm happy you're finally accepting her as your Luna."

"I never had a problem accepting her," I say truthfully. "That was you."

"Touche, Domonic says softly. Then, as darkness descends he addresses the group. "Careful out there tonight. We need to stick together There have been traps found in the woods. Timmons and I cleared most of them today, but there could still be some we missed. Should one of you step into one, you know what to do."

As the moonlight shines down upon us behind the drift of clouds, my sin begins to prickle. I feel my fangs elongate. "Something I should tell you all before we hit these hills," I say loudly, and every head turns my direction. "I found my mate two days ago." A chorus of gasps follow my statement. Everyone, with the exception of Koda looking shocked. "And I marked her this morning"

"I'll be damned," Domonic says with a grin, but that's the last thing anyone says before the twelve of us are no longer men.

Instead we are wolves and we are racing through the hills. Following our Alpha's lead through the brush. The farther we get from town the more something begins to nip at my senses. Something I am leaving behind... something I can't quite recollect. But even that thought is forgotten as an unfamiliar scent wafts out of trees and the twelve of us scatter in a vee formation. Growling and snarling as we pick up speed. There are foreign canines somewhere nearby. In our territory! Too close to our den. We will find them. They are close. Too close. DRAVEN

After a quick shower I am dressed and ready to head to the bar with Taedora. She should be ready too, but I send her a quick text anyway to make sure.

ME-

You ready madame lioness?

1/4

08:47 Fri, Nov 15

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Seven

TAE-

Just let me tie up my boots and I'll be over. I'm drinking it up tonight, y

ME-

Probably. I'm pretty

sure when Felix wakes up, she's gonna need a few, Chi. So sad I cant join you.

TAE-

my bike?

? Of my

Are we taking the Alphamobile?

ME

Let's take the hummer.

TAE-

Deal. Be there in a few, boo.

My plan to cook an early dinner using Bart's kitchen and let the girls get drunk using Bart's liquor, is in full effect as I grab Domonics and head for the front door. Before I'm even completely down the stain, the doorbell rings and I'm rolling my eyes. Really, Tae? I'm saying as I swing the front door open. "That was quicker than 1- The words are sucked from my throat as I stand there staring at the one person I never thought I would see again.

My heart begins to thump erratically and I'm not even sure if I'm breathing as I meet the sparkling gold gaze of the man standing on my porch. My head goes swimming and my mouth falls open in shock. Suddenly I am three years old again. Chasing after him as my balloon floats away. I can feel myself shaking my head, feel my eyes welling with tears as I stare at him. He looks almost exactly as he did nineteen years ago. Even down to the expensive three piece suit.

I'm barely aware of Taedora snarling as she races toward him to attack, She's moving so quickly I don't even have time to stop her before she's on him. But that's not what has me reeling in shock. It's him. Before she'd even close enough to be a threat, his arm shoots out, he snatches her by the throat, lifting her off the ground.

"Is this kitten yours, my darling?" he says in a voice from another time, & voice that I should have no recollection of, yet I do.

Tandora is gurgling, attempting to shift but for some reason, she's unable to,

"Put her down!" I plea, my eyes meeting Taedora

He smiles, glancing at Taedora. "I suggest you mind your manner kitten, Do not attack me again."

He drops her and she falls to the ground gasping for breath. "You know him?" she gasps from the ground, working to gather her breath. You know this... wolf?"

"Wolf?" I snap, my eyes confused. "This is not a wolf," I say, my voice thick with emotion. I turn my eyes back to his. This man is Gio. This man is my father."

He smiles sadly. "Glad to see you haven't forgotten

me,

darling,

Taedora's eyes widen and she scrambles to her feet. "Your father is a Shifter?" she hisses.

I shake my head in confusion, "N-no," I turn my gaze to his. "He's a coward is what he is."

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Seven

"He's a shifter, Taedora repeats, widening her stance. "A wolf shifter."

Again I shake my head at her, declining to ignore her ramblings for the moment and focus on the man I haven't known since I was a toddler. "You're the one who sits the locket. What do you want? Why are you here?" His eyes twinkle, "I have missed you so. You are with child, yes?"

My throat closes, blocking my words as I watch his eyes shift colors from gold to black then gold again. Like... Domonic's do... How the hell does he know that? What the hell is going on?

"We have much to discuss, my darling. So much. Might I come inside?"

I shake

my head. "No. I have nothing to say to you. And we're on our way out. I don't have time for you. Why don't you come back in say

I don't know - another nineteen years!"

I don't for one minute expect you to forgive me for abandoning you," he says sadly, reaching out for me.

"I know you are angry, I don't for one

myself back out of reach. Abandoning me and my mother. Or have you forgotten her?"

He shakes his head, closing his eyes briefly, "I have never forgotten your mother, I never would. Nor have I forgotten you."

"Could have fooled me," I say waspishly, stepping out and locking the front door behind me.

Taedora snarls at him, "How are you not shifted? You are a wolf. I can smell you. She can't, but I can."

gesture for her to follow me as I step toward the hummer, thinking something must be wrong with her Shifter instincts for her to think he's a wolf. But we can discuss this later.

He ignores her, following behind me. "Please Draven. There is much you need to know. Much I have to tell you."

"Save it," I snap, tossing Taedora the keys as climbing into the car.

"You are a Luna, just as I always know you would be. Just as you were born to be," he says and I hold out my hand for Taedora to stop before she starts the car.

How the fuck? What is he talking about?

I meet my father's eyes and he smiles, having finally caught my attention. "As I said. There is much you don't know about where you came from. About... who and what... you really are." "He's a shifter. A wolf," Taedora whispers next to me

recognize."

"But there's something different about him. Something in his scent that I do not

"He can't be!" I snap at her. "He would have been forced to shift! Right? If he is a shifter that would mean that I am a daughter of a-

"Shifter," my father supplies from outside of the car. "And not just any shifter, Draven. I am an Alpha and you... you are an Alpha's daughter"

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[1,138 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Eight DRAVEN

The daughter of an Alpha? An Alpha Wolf Shifter? Me? I shake my head, the carefully structured just a tiny bit more than before. Do you know what?" 1

the mail. I hop out of the car to stand toe to toe with the so called Alpha Wolf that on

His golden eyes twinkle, filling with tears, and I force myself not to see them. Force myself. myself not to care that all the answers to all the questions that I ever had while growing let my love Bost zeeey

What my little darling? Tell me, he whispers, his chest shuddering as tear streaks down his cheek, danding right in fecer of me

I shake my head at him, wagging my finger in warning. "You see, the thing is, I know a little apparently don't. And while I cant, on God's good Earth, fathom why you would lie to me about being a about them, you see - just a tiny little thing really - but yet it is significant enough for me to kesa that you can't be selling the don't know what you planned to gain from me with your lies, but I've got somewhere to be my feet forward.

"Your n

mate and his pack have force shifted," he states matter-of-factly, and I spin back around. He shrugs his shoulders, his growing pale eyes shimmering with an almost liquid quality as they absorb the moon's silver light. They've done so every night the time they hit puberty."

My eyebrows drop into a straight line, my lips opening and closing like the lips of a dying fish on the pier. I am working to hide my interest, but I hear Taedora snort in the Hummer and I send her a warning glare over my shoulder

Gio continues, "Actually, most American Wolf Shifters experience the forced shift, but not all. Some are descendants of your mate and his pack... they are descended from an entirely different Bloodline than you and I, my darling. The West Coast of the United States is much younger than the East. There weren't nearly as many immigrants that settled on this side during the Great Migration. Your mate's family is more than likely Nordic, or Scandinavian, or perhaps even German Centuries ago, a large number of them traveled to Canada and what is now Alaska. It is said that they spent so much time in darkness, that their blood began to reject the light. They evolved into beings that craved the lunar rays of the moon so much, that sunlight became hazardous for them. With each generation, they migrated a little farther south. Out of the darkness and into the sun. But wolves of this bloodline are forced to shift with the full power of the moon upon them, because their blood craves balance. One night as a pure wolf, and the rest spent as a wolf

shifter."

"That's crazy," I hear Taedora comment, and that is when I notice that she has climbed out of the car to listen to my no, no-to Gia the same way that I seem to be. "What you have to try and understand is that long ago, shifters spent more time as wolves than they did as humans. Now, it is complete opposite, Gio pointed out.

"So, what you're saying, is that there are some wolves that don't force shift. Some like you?" I ask carefully, crossing my arms and stepping back toward the open car door. Something about this new knowledge is firing around in my brain. My neurons are zigrigging like lightning bolts into uncharted brain territory. "I don't know, Gio," I say coldly. "I mean, to be honest, I do even know for sure that you my father. I know you're on my birth certificate. I know at one time I loved you so much that I- Casping, I clamp my eyes shut and my trap shut too. The searing pain of the past ambushing me with brute force. Riding up on me dannonced, unwelcomed, and completely unexpected. Suddenly, I was biting down so hard to simply keep my lips closed, that the roof of my mouth began to hurt. A wailing began to tremble and vibrate behind my lips, but I refused to set it free, I tried to swallow it, but it just would not budge! And Taedora reached out a hand to squeeze mine, she ruined everything!

I fell against her, her arms closing around me and tears poured from my eyes. A child's scream tore from my lips as I wailed Holy Hell into her shoulder. I screamed, and I screamed, only settling down when I remembered the baby. Taking a few steadying breaths, I nodded for Tae to get into the Hummer, we were so, so late. I turned once again to Lace Gio, my throat thick with pain.

"I have been shattered for so long, my girl. So long, Gio's eyes glint with moisture but I am thankful he doesn't let the tears fall. I

probably would have thought it a trick, if he had. Or a ploy to make me feel guilty

1/2

Chapter One Hundred Forty Eight

thought her father loved her so much,

showed the

I cried out softly, not wanting to get too upurt. I screened much! I waited and waited for days, weeks media

that you finally understood how much I hurt.

one of them was you! Coming back to to. "I brok

that was supposed to love me more than anyone

uselessly, suddenly wishing Leould drink some fucking alrobot, but kooking

the sadness. Because I honestly had no recollection of

left me with Is "I stutter, realizing I was just about to

flash upward. "My m-mother, I say, but Gio is shaking his head sadly to pathogens of me and Bases from decades ago, begin coiling and uncoiling in my min

mind packed away. Old friends, much older

in a book, Different people trying to care for

rgrening and tronding

"Enough," Gia finally says. a voice that is so low and a deep

now. Calm yourself, my darling Calm yourself"

There's something in his voice. It commands me. Its not soothing

1. a. Taking the choice of whether or not I remember away from me fun the mRCIEL'

My breath shudders, and I actually manage a slight smile. Thank you

He nods, his eyes still glistening with liquid gold as he watches me. The wrong of me without your mate around. He is your equal, your strength, yo

too painful for you to unravel on your own."

I smile gratefully watching him walk toward the front gate. "Watt 1 out

He turns, and that's when I see the two men unfold from the shadows along the wall. They drop down im

yes glowing amber in the dark.

"Yes, my darling?"

I swallow the sudden sadness that threatens to choke me. "The woma

his eyes.

I'm glad when he doesn't make me say the words. "Her name

Chapter Comments

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Robin Lucas

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[1,498 words]

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Nine

DREAM SEQUENCE

I'm running through the woods, wearing nothing but an inversized button ap shirt that I'm fairly a

doesn't belong to me. Although my (feet are bare, I somehow don't feel the sharp rocks when I land on them or the thorny bushes as barrel through them um laughing and playing. Iraping nimbly from tree to tree as hide. Each time I hear a brunch break, or catch a whisper in the wind, I move on. Slowly but surely making my way deeper and deeper into the kingdom of Evergreens. The further in Ign, the higher the ground becomes and soon I am climbing. over boulders and shattered tree stumps. Hurding my way toward the sover hala of light that beckons beyond a tight circle of redwoods. I must there. I have to find him. He is searching for me. I know it. No matter what it takes. I have to make it to that point so that I can fully meet Him. My guardian in the woods, my wolf I havent heard him howling for me but in my heart I can feel him calling. He waits at the highest point. Minding his secrets and my own at the top of this grueling hill.

Suddenly, I catch my foot on something and look down. At first, 1

the streets of LA Except

ether you might

slivers of

In woods so brevity beced

what is staring back at me. It just appears to be a face, like any

forest, on a mountainside rodilled with spikes of green and "there is a part who uta atop this peak smoking a cheroot and dressing the

trees in curfs of smoke.

This face ducunt belong here. As I pert closer, Enota

sht about the neck that I didn't before, it appears to be torn. A long gash has (the first tattered and uneven. I pop en my eyes curch on the letters written'ulong the chin and

"are ubu numbers circling the evelib, hed etched along

ripped the onær soft skin of the thereket over the forehead. They mean some the jawline that end just at the aman

of the

I fall to my needs a pot of the face o Tinije"

meuth any bat bytt

and the terribly dead eyes burn incu ime and follow my movement. The ground

arway from the face. A rumble bus sturted behind me. An

19 kkond Jew, than a black beast made from the dark of the trees. Soon I

painful throbbing thrums at the base of my

the dark monsters of the forest

muita out of the black cou?

and poodles, his powerful body almost wraithicke under the

bar kounts in Font of me. Freach and for him, whimpering

linat as if he can't understand any words

face and Man any bady before settling in the side of my

side and my neck and shoulders are bare for his

I

"Kamer? Fury out as I dungting in the ground. My font une untunging is he brings me closer and shudder, marveling at the perfectly curved toge of hugs. They get drop of black und forming at the sharpened points bound the curve mat." I whoper. A losst growl erupti frum has bya as he darts forward, plunging the points at his fangs into the side of my neck an I scream.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

panting

sweating as I guow about

● darkanud zlom. "While the fud." I say, dukim

tuo meal beling dia,

Bartlett

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Nine

I was supposed to be on the yacht. Then a lingering scent walls up to

my nose and I smell Vanilla Bourbon. My heart clenches with pain as the memory of Rainier's wedding ring surfaces. My mind is still Hazy, and the events of the morning mill fogo, bet atsto where I am. "Shit, I say to myself, my eyes welling with tears. "Damn I whine. He's married.

I tremble with sadness as I open up the floodgates, ready to cry it out, but a whispering in my head won't let me release my tears. Bly neck on the tight side tingles and burns for a moment and I gasp as the sensation quickly becomes soothing Chasing away the melancholy in my heart of the events of the day slowly come back to m

The only light in this little studio is coming from the windows and a tiny lamp near the front door. Looking down at my hands, I realize I've been clutching something to my chest. It's a dark, navy blue shirt that smells just like Heaven and I hold it closer as I stand up. Flipping on the nearest lightswitch, the apartment is suddenly flooded with yellow light. I frown as I realize Rainier isn't here and that I am well and truly alone.

Where did he go? When did he leave?

I can still see him, the way he looked when I told him he had to let me go. The instant anguish... the panic. Then his loss of control when he snapped and latched onto my body, begging me to forgive him. He is like Maybe he went home dummy. To his wife. You know the one

Rolling my eyes I lift the shirt to my nose and take a deep satisfying whiff. The scent rolls over me, firing my insides and causing the sore spot on my neck to heat. Walking toward the full length mirror next to the window, I tilt my head to inspect my neck. It doesn't long to find what I'm looking for, but when I do my eyes widen like saubers and the ending of my dream resurfaces. "Oh my God! 1 hiss, shifting closer to the mirror to get a better look. My throat is covered in hickles and even though the sight of them causes me to blush furiously and my core to start dripping with heat, they are not what I'm looking at

There. Just at the junction of my neck and my shoulder- there is a mark that isn't like any love bite that I've ever seen.

He

le bit m

me, I knew he did. I felt it when it happened. But I could have sworn he punched right through my flesh. Studying it, I notice the two darkest points of the bitemark. Right above where the incisors should be, there are two large perfect circles. Circles... Jang marks?" the first

I gasp, falling back a step as more of my memory surfaces. I hold up the shirt and realize for the first time that it is ripped beyond repair "Did that shit really happen?" I whisper, closing my eyes as the image of Rainier hovering over me on the couch superimposes onto the image of Rainier in my dream. "No fucking way," I say to myself, shaking my head.

No. No way I can't afford to turn reality into fantasy. I need to think logically.

But that's the trouble with me. I act on intuition more than I do logic. Always have, always will. Even when my dad agreed to trade me to Hector for his debt - I relied on my intuition. I was hurt, certainly. Ashamed, definitely. But there was also this little voice inside my head that said my sacrifice would not go unrewarded. That somehow one day, the sick twisted life I was forced into would eventually take me where I was meant to be.

And I was right wasn't I?

"No! No, I was not right," I scolded myself. "He's married."

Even hearing myself say it, I know better. Whether Rainier is married or not doesn't matter. He is where I was and he is. Maybe the simple truth of it is... I just arrived too late. meant

ant to be. He is! I know

My breath shudders as I hear a knock at the door and my eyebrows shoot up. A smile spreads across my lips as I peek out the window to see if Rainier's SUV is outside. It's not and I frown, stepping cautiously toward the door as the person behind it knocks again, this time more urgently.

"Just a moment," I called out, slowly approaching. Right away I see the note taped just beneath the peephole.

It's from Rainier

Chapter One Hundred-Forty-Nine

I scan it without reading, smiling when I see the bottom that reads Love Rainer. As the knock sounds again, I pull the note off the door and fold it, pocketing it as I peer through the peephole.

It's a woman. She appears to be alone, so I shake away the warning bells that chime faintly in my head and open the door.

"Can I help you?" I ask softly.

"I hope so," she says coldly, stepping past me without Invitation to see around the room.

I chuckle humorlessly as I eye her back, leaving the door open on purpose so that she's aware that she's going to leave. "What can I do for you? I ask sharply.

She glares, lifting her left hand to her chin so that her ring finger sparkles in the lamplight. The band is beautiful. Sparkling with diamonds and emeralds. But there is another right in front of it. One of plain gold. One that looks... extremely familiar. "My name is Angela Riotte, and I was hoping to find my

husband."

Chapter Comments

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