

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Novel Chapter 12 - Chapter 12 (English Translation)

Share 1

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Chapter Twelve DRAVEN It was already time to close up and I still hadn't seen Domonic .

Not that I was really expecting to .

I may have wanted to , but of course , that's not the same thing .

I mean , I had said maybe I would see him at the bar .

I was hoping he'd catch my meaning , but it wasn't a clear invitation , so I wasn't going to pout about it .

He'll be here , Bart chuckles , wiping down the counter for the final time .

I pretend not to know what he was talking ? Ha ! You've had stars in your eyes since about .

Who'll be here ? you got here .

Every time that door has opened you've been on high alert .

I snicker as I count up my tips .

I had stars in my eyes because last night I made over six hundred dollars , and I was excited about making more .

That and this is the prettiest city I've ever seen , plus I got to walk down the most amazing hillside to get here .

The people out here certainly tipped well , that was for sure .

He laughed , tossing his washcloth at my face .

I may be dumb , but I'm not stupid .

I stick my tongue out at him .

Maybe you're both .

Just as Bart pushes the last of the late night patrons out the door , Domonic walks in .

Dom , Bart greets him , giving him a quick hug .

Domonic looks freshly showered , with his red brown hair pulled back in a tight ponytail that is still slightly wet .

My eyes fall over him , from the dark black jacket he wears , to the front of his faded blue jeans .

But what really draws my attention , is the thick bulge behind his zipper bringing back memories of that afternoon and causing a sizzle in my panties .

His dark gray eyes sparkle when he notices where I am looking .

You ready ? I nod , not really knowing what else to say .

Bart casts me a knowing smile and I flip him off when Domonic has his back turned .

Dont forget about the meeting tomorrow night , Domonic tells him .

Barts eyes catch mine for a moment , I wont forget .

I roll my eyes .

You already told me , the bars closed tomorrow .

I have a date anyway .

Bart squints his eyes , Really ? With- Paul , Domonic answers .

A look passes between the two of them and I pretend not to notice it .

Shit , Bart says .

Yeah , Domonic whispers .

What ? I ask , stepping between the two .

Whats wrong with Paul , besides that hes a player ? Bart laughs , Hes not a player .

Who told you- Goodnight Bartlett , Domonic interrupts, shoving him to hold the door open and push me outside .

1/3 14:00 Wed , Nov Chapter Twelve The ride up the hill is quiet .

I didnt know what Bart was about to say , but I had a pretty good idea .

Domonic probably lied about Paul being a player , which could only mean one thing .

He was jealous .

Maybe , just maybe , he likes me after all .

But why not admit it ? Especially after I practically melted on his lap this afternoon .

I shivered at the memory of it .

The way his tongue felt on my shoulder , how his hands felt on my skin .

Id never been that aroused before .

When I jumped off his lap , it had been with a purpose .

Maybe not a noble one , but a necessary one .

I didnt want to be a Margo .

Almost as if he was thinking of the same things , he asks , Hows your neck .

Surprisingly , fine .

You have magical hands .

He smirks , turning his attention to me as we pull in the driveway .

Are you tired ? Of course , Im tired .

It was busier tonight than it was yesterday .

He sighs , shutting off the engine and glancing out into the trees .

I left your dinner in the fridge .

Id already had dinner at the bar , but I wasnt going to say so .

Thank you .

You really dont have to do that you know .

Bart said I can have whatever is on the menu whenever I want .

Right , he nods .

How many numbers did you get this time ? I lie .

Bullshit .

I shrug , Okay , five .

But I threw them all away .

Not that it would matter if I kept them , because I dont have a phone .

Yes , you do , he says .

Reaching into his jacket pocket , he side eyes me , then pulls out a small box with the picture of a phone on the front .

Whats this ? I ask when he hands it to me .

Its brand new and already connected .

You shouldnt be without a phone .

Whose name is it under ? I gulp , knowing that if it is under my name that he may have fucked everything up for me .

Mine , he says , reaching across me to place his hand on my seatbelt .

His body presses me back into the seat .

As luck would have it , this puts the side of his neck right at my lips .

I inhale deeply , the pine lemon scent of him invading my nostrils and causing me to tremble .

Just an inch forward and I would be kissing that neck .

Domonic , I whisper .

He freezes for a moment before unbuckling the strap , as if my saying his name prevented him from completing the small task.

His face falls forward into the cascade of my hair and I hear him intake a deep breath , his lips cresting my shoulder just barely , I want to pull him in deeper .

Want to busy his mouth on the flesh of my neck or force my lips onto his and beg him to fuck me .

What the hell is wrong with me ? Am I panting ? I can hear it , the uneven breath coming in gasps with his closeness .

For a moment , he lingers there lips hovering over my clavicle .

Then he stiffens and sighs , rearing up and away from my throat .

I already put my number in it .

Youre welcome .

He unlatches the belt and pulls it carefully away from my body , resting a hand on my thigh in the process and groping up a bit higher , before pulling away as if 2/3 14:00 Wed , Nov 13: Chapter Twelve hes been burned .

Its late , he comments , not meeting my eyes .

I nod , clutching the phone to my chest .

Thank you .

Taking the hint , I exit the car and enter the condo without another word .

As I turn around , I notice he is already on his back porch .

Jesus , hes quick .

Probably noticing my door didnt shut , he turns around to stare at me .

There is something in his eyes .

Something in the absence of his smile that warns of a storm brewing .

His eyes wind down my body as he speaks , Remember .

Shades open .

Really ... All you want is a fucking peep show ? I snort , flipping him off before slamming the door and locking the deadbolt into place .

Then , as I heat up the dinner he left me , I smile scandalously .

If he wants a show , I guess I can give him a little one .

Then well see how long it takes for him to break .

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