

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates Novel Chapter 14 - Chapter 14 (English Translation)

Chapter Fourteen

DRAVEN It felt awful ? What ? I stiffen .

Its over now and I need coffee .

872 % His nose traces over my neck and my body trembles with delight .

Baby Baby ? Domonic , what are you doing ? I try unsuccessfully to turn my body around .

He tightens his hold on me , pulling me out of the pantry and releasing me to press me down at the table .

Ill make the coffee .

But- No arguing .

He proceeds to move about the kitchen .

Grinding beans and filling the basket in the percolator .

He works silently , not once looking up from his task .

I dont want to talk about it , I say , expecting him to argue .

He just nods his head and begins taking out ingredients for an omelet .

What are your plans for today ? Besides your dinner date with Paul .

I sigh in relief .

I dont really have any .

Thats good , he says .

Because youre spending your afternoon with me .

I hide a smile .

I am , am I ? And what are we doing today ? He finally looks at me , a strange vulnerability in the depths of his eyes .

Were going out on my boat .

You have a boat ? A mini yacht to be exact .

So go and get in the shower , because after we have breakfast , were heading out .

He hands me a mug of coffee and I narrow my eyes at him .

This better not be some scheme to get me to talk about my dream or something .

Because if it is? Ill be throwing you overboard .

He chuckles , but his eyes are still heavy with emotion .

It seems to me that something is bothering him , and I have the feeling this boat trip is more about getting me out on the water where I cant run away , than it was about showing me his yacht .

No scheme , he says smoothly then nods toward the stairs .

And fool that I am , I believed him .

DOMONIC Dont forget about the meeting tonight , Paul , I wont forget , but there wasnt a break in last month remember ? 1/4 14:01 Wed , Nov 13 Chapter Fourteen That doesnt mean there won be .

I know that .

I was just trying to point out that theyve been terribly quiet .

Too quiet .

Well discuss it all tonight at the bar .

The usual time , right ? Right .

Good , because I have a hot date tonight , and I dont want to miss it .

I clutch the phone in my hand so tightly that I hear it crack .

Well so long as youre at the bar by eight oclock it shouldnt be a problem .

Ill be there .

Where are you ? It sounds like youre out on the yacht .

Thats exactly where I am , but dont worry .

Ill be on time too .

I hang up the phone and cut the engine .

Then as quickly as I can , I retrieve the lunch tray from the mess hall and join Draven on deck .

As I approach , I feel it again , that burning in my chest that comes with every time I look at her .

She is seated at the outdoor dining table , staring out at the Puget Sound with a carefree smile on her face.

Each time I tell myself not to be affected by her , I fail .

This morning I heard her crying before I knocked on her door .

I paced on the porch until she stopped , fighting the urge to unlock the damn thing myself and head up to her room to comfort her .

I didnt know what about her dream had her crying and it was killing me inside not to ask .

But I promised not to , so I wouldnt .

That at least , I could give her .

I dont know what kind of man haunts the dreams of his stepdaughter , but I can imagine .

It was obvious that she wasnt ready to discuss him yet with anyone .

As far as dating Paul though ? That was a different story .

That just wasnt going to happen .

Not on my watch .

I didnt think I was strong enough to standby while someone else touched her or flirted with her .

Kissed her .

If I have to watch something like that , I might explode .

It is already one o'clock and we had been on the water since eleven a.m.

By the time we've had lunch , and I've drunken enough boos , I will claim I need to sober up before heading back .

Then it will be after six and too late for her date .

When we first headed out here , she told me Paul planned to have dinner with her in my condo .

The fucking nerve of them both .

Of course , neither of them knew I was wholly against it , but that was beside the point .

I hope you like lobster , I say arranging the food and plates around the table .

Love it , she replies , her eyes bulging at the sight of the food .

You cooked this ? I nod , taking a seat far enough away from her that I won't feel a detrimental amount of her heat .

She takes her first bite , and just the shape of her lips as she chews has me dropping my fork and knife on the table .

Jesus Christ .

How can anyone be so ... I reach for my whiskey decanter and poured myself a tall glass , downing the entire thing like a goddamned wine .

Whoa ! Slow down , she says .

That can't be good for you .

I chuckle and ignore the urge to cough up a lung .

She is right , but I can drink more than most people .

The reason being my metabolism is 2/4 14:01 Wed , Nov Chapter Fourteen just a little more advanced than most .

In that same respect, I get drunk a lot quicker than regular people do , it just doesn't last as long .

But for the next twenty minutes , I am going to remain seated way over here .

Far , far away from the dazzling beauty across the table .

Taking another full glass to the head , I choke out , I love your lips .

What the hell ? She stops eating .

What? / Nothing , never mind .

She glares at me .

Are you already drunk ? I shake my head, smiling like a lying fool .

Of course , you are .

She snickers , taking my half filled tumbler and downing it .

Now maybe Ill get a few answers out of you .

I laugh , my head swimming as my eyes lock on her beautifully rounded chest .

She is wearing another turtle-neck sweater , but this one is a vibrant green and matches her eyes completely .

It is tight too .

So tight .

Fuck , This may not have been the best idea.

Note to self never plan to sabotage something when desperate.

Why did you want me to cancel my date with Paul ? I clench my jaw, looking away from her and refusing to answer .

At this point , I dont trust anything that might come out of my mouth .

Domonic ? She prompts .

When I still dont answer , she gets up out of her chair to take a seat closer to me , pressing her knees against my thigh .

My body unconsciously slides a bit farther in , pressing back.

My eyes shoot to her face.

What ? I asked you , why you wanted me to cancel my date with Paul.

I shake my head , I just dont think its a good idea.

Because hes a player .

Prove it .

Taking the last of her lobster into her mouth , she chews slowly and closes her eyes .

Moaning with the flavor of it .

She did that on purpose .

3/4 Chapter Fourteen You can have mine too , I say , drowning the warning bells in my head with the liquor in my blood stream .

Thats what this is .

Thats what Im doing to myself .

Her eyes light up .

Really ? I nod and proceed to watch her eat .

Every bite she takes after that includes a new moan that drives my dick wild .

When she finishes , she reaches across the table toward the whiskey and I snatch her hand in mine to stop her .

She gasps in surprise , and bites her bottom lip .

No you dont let me bite that .

I meant to release her hand , I really did , but instead I ended up yanking her from her chair and onto my lap .

You dont like me , she whimpers , her free hand clutching my chest and her gorgeous green eyes lowering to mine .

I love your lips , I say again , and then I kiss them .

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