

# **The Pack Rule Number 1 No Mates -**

## **Billionaire One 22**

[ 975 words ]

### Chapter Twenty-Two DRAVEN

The beast is staring at me with eyes like silver fire. Eyes that are almost a bit familiar. A wolf that big has got to be a male and this one studies me with the cool intellect of a human being. I am transfixed. My body frozen as the creature scrutinizes me. I can almost feel its gaze caress the exposed flesh of my legs through the glass of the large back windows. Then, as if noticing Quinn for the first time, the wolf growls in his direction. His teeth are bared and ready to rip Quinn's throat out. Snarling and snapping in his direction.

"Oh, shit, Quinn breathes. "Why don't you go upstairs and put some sweats on Draven."

I can't move. "I'm sorry?"

The wolf taps the glass, his claws screeching, sharp and heavy against the window pane.

"Now!" Quinn snaps.

"I-I-I don't want to move."

"Would you rather I left you down here to get them for you?" Quinn chastises, with a slight turn of his head in my direction.

"N-no! I stammer, placing my cup on the island counter and backing out of the kitchen as slowly as possible.

The wolf's eyes follow my every movement, his gaze steady on me as I scamper up the stairs.

Once on the landing I spin around and head for Domonic's room to find a pair of pants.

Wait a minute! What the fuck? How the hell are pants going to help this situation?

"Don't ask questions Draven," I say to myself, grabbing a pair of Domonic's sweats from his long dresser against the wall. Tying the knot in place, the fabric of the legs swirl around me, only going tight at the plump of my ass. Gazing at the open doorway, I take a deep breath. I can't leave Quinn down there with that 'thing'! That enormous monstrous predator.

For a moment - an image of my stepfather flashes into my mind. The size of him in his true form nearly as astounding as the strange gray eyed wolf in the back yard.

Shake it off! That bastard is not a wolf!

No. My stepfather was something far more primal. A creature of nightmares. Something no one would believe he was should I decide to tell them. Sometimes I'm not even sure if I believe it myself.

I shake the memory off once again and descend down the stairs only to find Domonic has returned, his powerful chest bare and heaving.

Holy fucking shit.

And I thought Quinn was covered in muscles.

From the look of things, Domonic's muscles had muscles. I stumble down the last few steps, catching myself just before I crash into his half naked form.

His strong arms, hold me still, frozen, his dark eyes full of a strangely familiar anger, "Why are you awake?" His gaze seemed to assess my clothing, a deep dimpled smile quiking across his face. "You're wearing my clothes." I shrug, my eyes glued to the powerfully bare skin of his deeply tanned chest. "You're not," I breathe, one hand going upward to touch his

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gleaming pectorals, prickled with sweat. I swallow the moan of pleasure the feel of him elicits from my throat and step away. "How are you not cold?"

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I eye him. He is wearing running shoes and black basketball shorts. No underwear the outline of his prominent bulge accutely apparent behind the cloth.

Holy Mary mother of God - he is big.

Then my eyes shoot toward the large back windows and Quinn leaning back against the counter as if there hadn't just been a large red wolf on the porch. "Did you just come in from the outside?" I ask Domonic. He nods.

Blanching, I throw my hands up in panic. "There was a wolf out there! Did you see it? It was huge! You need to be more careful!" I ball my hands into fists and pound on his

chest. "You shouldn't be wandering outside this time of night without your damn clothes on no less."

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"I have clothes on." He rumbles with laughter, "The wolf was long gone by the time I walked up." I shove at him, stepping by and knocking him in the groin with my hip. He groans, "Ah, fuck."

"Don't laugh at me," I say snidely. "That thing was enormous and I think I'll be taking you up on that offer to drive me to work from now

on."

"She hates wildlife," Quinn said softly, meeting Domonic's eyes behind my head. "She was scared to death. Especially when the growling started."

I head straight for my coffee, lifting it up and choking on the first sip when I felt Domonic press up his arousal into my rear from behind me.

"Maybe she should make sure to be dressed before coming out of my room from now on. Maybe the wolf didn't like seeing her without her pants on around you," Domonic hisses, his hot breath wafting past my ear.

I chuckle, "What?" Then I freeze.

How the hell did he know I didn't have pants on? Where

was he?

I turn around, glaring at him. "You were out there. You saw the wolf."

His jaw clenches. "I was out there, but I honestly didn't see the wolf. I did however, see you. And... the wolf most definitely did."

"Don't be weird," I snap. "And don't try and scare me." My eyes fall toward the pout of his mouth and the sensual way his bites down on his lower lip.

He reaches beneath my chin, shifting my gaze upward. "The wolves out here in Port Orchard are sacred. They protect, not harm, you

Su shouldn't be afraid of them."

I sigh, "Fat chance of that happening."

His muscles tense, a tremble coiling through them. Caging my body against the counter with both arms, much like his did that night at the bar, he speaks in a voice laced with darkness. "Trust me Draven, that wolf you saw tonight is way more afraid of you - than you could ever be of him."

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[ 1,260 words ]

## Chapter Twenty-Three DRAVEN

Later that night at the bar, the place is packed once again. My bruises have finally healed enough for me to prance around in the tiny Moonlight Lounge crop top Bart has designated as my uniform. The crowd is in full swing and so am I. Charming the patrons, many of which I hadn't ever seen before for a small town this place is quite the tourist spot. I have already collected a new pocketful of phone numbers and a fat stack

of bills. Truly, I am loving this job. With the money I've been earning from the tips alone, I'll have a nest egg at the ready in the next couple of months. Then I'll be able to afford my own place wherever I want to be, I can leave if I need to... but - do I

want to?

And just with that thought, my eyes fall on Domonic in the back, sat at his usual corner table with three of his friends.

Before we left for the bar that evening, Domonic had introduced me to seven of the hottest men God had ever granted the Earth with. Of course, none of them were as clit pulsing as Domonic, but they were close runner-ups. He'd said they were all like brothers and had known each of them his entire life. All of them seemed to respect Domonic as a leader, which I found mildly curious.

When an out of town male in black riding leathers enters the bar, the whole of them seem to pause. Their eyes go straight for the stranger as he struts up toward the bar.

"Look at you," he says, grinning at me. "Bartlett finally decided to class up the place, I see."

I quirk up an eye brow, taking in his strongly domoniant frame and golden blond hair. Amber eyes study me with cool calculation as I wipe down the counter and tap into my charms. "He sure did. What can I get you?"

The stranger bites his lip, "Your number for starters, How much will that cost me?"

I laugh, "That's not on the menu Goldie."

He chuckles, "Look at that, already coming up with pet names for me. The man stiffens suddenly, his body tensing. "Domonic." He says before turning around.

My eyes fift to find Domonic stands behind the dude looking terribly pissed off.

"What are you doing here, Gryffin?"

Gryffin? What a pretty boy name that is...

The man, Gryffin, chuckled. "Just stopping through mongrel. Where'd you find this pretty young thing?"

Domonic's eyes go white hot with malice. He steps closer to Gryffin, a slow smile gracing his lips. "She's none of your concern. You're not welcome here, but you know that, so what do you want?" Gryffin's muscles shift beneath his jacket, his body going rigid. "We need to talk."

Domonic crosses his arms over his chest, his gaze falling on me then wandering back toward Gryffin. "I can't imagine why."

Gryffin, turns around, putting his back to Domonic as he shoots me a panty dropping smile. "Can I get two shots of Patron?"

My eyes meet Domonic's who seems to know I am asking for permission to serve the guy. He nods and I answer, "Sure thing Goldie. Coming right up."

"His name is Gryffin," Domonic growls out as I pour the drinks. "Don't get friendly with this pussy."

Pussy? Oh shit, them's fightin' words.

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### Chapter Twenty-Three

My eyes widen at Gryffin's slightly amused wink. He giggles, swallowing his drinks whole. "Thanks baby doll. He turns to face Domonic. "Outside?"

Domonic nods then proceeds to follow Gryffin out of the bar - Logan and Grant right behind them.

"Who is that guy?" I ask Bart as he joins me from the kitchen.

Bart shakes his head, "Bad news kiddo. He's not someone you should be talking to. He and Domonic have a bad history."

"Really?" I question. "How bad?"

Bart shrugs, "You'll have to ask him. The bottom line is - his kind don't normally come in here and seeing that he did - something must be up. Whatever that something is cannot be good."

"His kind?" I chirp, serving another customer and collecting, yet another phone number. "What do you mean his kind?"

Bart sighs, his eyes shooting back and forth. "He's a little different than us. Just... trust me."

My eyes narrow as I watch Bart walk back into the kitchen.

This place is getting stranger and stranger and I don't mean the men.

Domonic

Outside in the crisp cool air and surrounding fog, the three of us follow Gryffin to the curb where his bike is parked. "I'd tell you not to drink and drive - but I couldn't care less if you killed yourself, so I won't. A quick glance around tells me that he came completely alone. Gryffin had ridden here unaccompanied - a dangerous thing to do when riding into hostile territory. That in and of itself was cause to worry. Taking a deep whiff of the air, is enough to confirm it. This asshole was the only Lion Shifter within miles.

Gryffin smirks, his amber eyes lighting with amusement as he straddles his ride. "That woman in there she's yours isn't she?"

I clench my teeth, my body tensing as I fight the change true anger always brings forth. "I'm not going to tell you again - she's none of your concern."

Gryffin smiles, "I could tell you again that we had nothing to do with that night - but I know it wouldn't matter." He lifts his helmet onto his lap. "You should learn to hide it better."

As much as I want to condemn his words - he is right. I do need to hide it better. All anyone ever needs to do is simply approach Draven and my blood heats to near boiling. "What the fuck do you want Gryffin? Why are you here."

He gazes around, seemingly casing the landscape. "Last night - our villa was breached."

"We weren't there-" I start to say, stopping when he holds up his hand.

"Have you noticed any strange smells around here? Any scents that you do not recognize?"

My blood freezes and my eyes must have revealed the truth in them because he nods.

\*Something is here. Something different." He puts his helmet on. "I know we aren't allies Dom. We haven't been for a long time, but for this - maybe we should be.

""What is it?" I hiss.

"I'm not sure," Gryffin admits, rubbing his jaw. "But from what I can tell they're feline. But not a lions."

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"They?" My body tenses, my mind going back to yesterday and the danger Draven was in.

Something new? A different shifter? The out of state plates...

Gryffin studies me. "Lets just call a truce for now. You know until we figure this out."

Grant laughs, "Does that mean you're gonna stop breaking into our bar?"

Gryffin jolts. "Your bar? Why the fuck would any of us need to break into your bar. You've got it twisted hounddog. Lions don't sneak

around like that."

"What does?" I inquire smoothly.

Gryffin sighs heavily, as if something has been weighing on his soul. "A lone predator the kind that doesn't travel with others. Except, I think this one does. The type of shifter with no alliance - no respect." He turns the key on the ignition and starts his bike up. "Someone who's come a long way for something he wants very badly. Enough to enter a den full of lions just to sniff around."

"Enough with the suspense Gryff - what kind of cat are you talking about?"

"A panther." His eyes lock with mine. "A panther." Then, he revs the engine and right before he rips out onto the street, he adds, "And his

scent is all over your woman."

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[ 1,128 words ]

## Chapter Twenty-Four DRAVEN

The lights in the bar had dimmed to a pulsating purple hue as I watched the entrance, patiently awaiting Domonic to come back inside. It has already been five whole minutes and I am steadily watching the clock on the wall ahead of me. I hope he's not fighting out there.

If he was something told me he could handle it. But still, a small, less familiar part of me worried over it still.

Get a grip Draven,

"Hello dear, can I get a cold beer please? Anything dark."

I smile, tearing my eyes from the clock and nodding at the stranger in front of me. Pouring a clean glass full of a black froth, I push it out to him. He takes it from me with gloved hands going around my own, causing me to jerk back. "Thank you, he smiles, revealing gleaming white teeth.

My eyes catch on his mustache, black and carefully clipped. His jacket, his shirt, his pants, his gloves - all are black. He wears a beanie on his head also black. And although beanies aren't unusual in the late evening it bothers me. "You're welcome. Five bucks even.

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He smiles again, taking a drink and downing the entire thing in one pull. "Here you go," he says, handing me a twenty. "Keep the change

Draven."

My temperature shoots up. The stranger winks at me, leaving the glass on the table and making way for the restrooms in the back.

Okay Draven... so the weirdo knows your name. So what? People talk. You've already been here a few nights. He could have overheard someone calling out to you or been somewhere nearby when Bart yelled out orders. Him knowing your name does not have to be weird.

But somewhere deep in my soul I knew that it was.

"Draven," Domonic interrupts my thoughts with his sudden appearance

I didn't realize I was still watching the back of the bar and missed him coming back in. I gaze at him and attempt to shake off the chill Mustache Black has managed to drive into my bones.

"Yes?"

Domonic's face is hard, his eyes unreadable. "We're leaving early. We have to talk."

I chuckle, "What? No! Can't you see how busy this place is?"

"Bart and Quinn can handle it. You and I are heading home. This is not a request."

Then he turns around and leaves me to follow.

Is he angry with me? What the fuck?

Grabbing my purse from below the bar I flip Bart off and head toward the front door, where Domonic is waiting.

Once in the car, the heat on full blast, I study his calculated movement as he defly navigates the fog covered streets toward the hill. He doesn't speak the entire way to his house and when we get there, he flips a switch on the visor and the mechanical gate behind us closes with a definitive boom..

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## Chapter Twenty-Four

"Will the guys be able to get in? I ask, as we park and get out of the hummer.

"Yes," he snaps, leading me toward the back door by my elbow.

His curt response, his grip on my arm, the way he wasn't looking at me it was all getting on my nerves.

"What's the deal Domonic?" I quip once we are inside.

He doesn't answer. Instead, he flips the switch that closes down all the shades around the first floor of his house and begins to make a pot of coffee in the kitchen.

I wait, tapping my foot ungraciously. When he finally turns to look at me, he hands me a cup of coffee which I take gratefully.

"Sit down Draven," he says nodding toward the living room.

My brow furrows and I chuckle darkly. "Okay. Sure."

I take a seat in the corner of the L-shaped sectional and swallow a devastating burn of Columbian excellence. Surprisingly enough, Domonic sits an entire two cushions away. What the hell?

"Now, he says, turning his bright gray eyes on me. "Tell me about your ex.

I chortle. "My ex?" I laugh throatily, causing coffee to slosh out of cup and Domonic to glare my way. "What the fuck for?"

His eyes catch on my bare stomach and he edges a bit closer. "Because I asked you about him. I want to know who he was

I bite down on my lip and lean forward, granting Domonic a nice show of cleavage as I place my cup on the coffee table in front of me. "Why do you want to know about my ex?" I tease, crawling across the couch on all fours until I am seated next to him. His eyes fall heavy and his muscles turned rigid. "I'm serious, Draven."

I giggle, I can't help it. What, is he jealous? Of an ex I haven't seen in three years? Please! "What brought this on?"

"Just humor me," he says quietly. "Who was the last man you had sex with?"

I freeze losing my smile completely. "What does that have to do with anything?"

His jaw clenches, eyes going cold. "So there was someone." His gaze sizzles.

"Excuse me?" I snap. "What the fuck does that mean?" I scoff, "Are you pissed off because I'm not a virgin?"

He shakes his head, although the look he is giving me says he isn't happy about that fact. "It couldn't have been too long ago if his smell is all over you."

What the fuck did he just say?

I glare daggers at him. "His smell is all over me? What the hell? Are you kidding me?"

"AH I can smell when I'm near you is lavender and vanilla but that's because-" He shakes his head, breaking off. "You know what - nevermind that part. Just tell me the truth. Who are you really running from? Your stepdad? Or an angry ex-boyfriend?"

My mind whirls with a barrel of emotions. My nightmares and memories coming forth with deadly force. Each of his words a trigger for why I left Miami in the first place. The disgusted look on his face making me feel small and empty. The way I had been when I was trapped

with that monster and his son. Please," I whisper, my eyes falling shut. Stop this. I don't want to talk about this."

Try as I might I can't stop the quiver of my body as the reality of my past shoots over my soul like a raging river of cold. Suddenly I feel cheap and worthless. Not to mention stupid as fuck for trusting this asshole next to me.

"Draven?" Domonic's tired voice fills my ears as if from far away, pressing me and pushing down on my chest - closing off my air supply.

Hot wet tears begin to stream from my eyes and I am helpless to stop them. The scream that wrenches from my body next is one I've heard time and time again while beneath the weight of a monster. "Noooo!" I yell. "Please, please no!"

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[ 1,030 words ]

Chapter Twenty-Five

DOMONIC

Draven is shivering before me, her body quaking with fear.

What the fuck did / do?

I am suddenly alarmingly aware of the hostile stance I have taken with her since finding out from Gryffin that she reeks of a Panther Shifter. All of which stems from misplaced jealousy. Being as the shifter was feline - he had ultimately been much easier for Gryffin to scent. The fact that Draven is my unbonded mate, makes it difficult for me to tap into anything other than her natural aroma. I won't be able to recognize the carry of another's sex on her until she and I have bonded. I mean - I would if she'd slept with someone else recently but such was not the case. All I'm getting from her is the pull the need the recognition that she is mine.

The guys may have smelled him on her and had no idea it wasn't anything but normal. None of us had ever met a panther before. So

none of would have known the scent.

But Gryffin had. He'd known.

So naturally I want to know who the guy is. The smell of another's sex can only last up to a month - unless of course it is mine. So whomever she was with had to be recent - within the span of a couple weeks. Once I bond her, my scent and hers will mingle to become one and the same. But until then - all I will get is her.

But she doesn't know any of this and I just came off as some kind of psychotic overbearing jerk.

Once I bond her? What? Am I going to? No! I can't!

But fuck if I don't want to.

Shit!

I really, really want to. But I can't. That would be selfish since ultimately, she will have to leave.

I reach out for her, trying to soothe her, to bring her back from wherever she'd gone the moment I became such a reckless asshole. She jerks at my touch, her eyes flying open and her lip lifting in disgust. "Don't touch me," she hisses. "Don't you dare."

"I'm sorry Draven," I sigh, my heart clenching at the dismissal I see in her eyes. "I didn't mean to-"

"Fuck you," she snaps. "Fuck you! How dare you? First you call me a liar! Now you want to touch me? Go to fucking hell!"

Then almost in a panic, she reaches into her pocket for her tips and begins counting them. A giant cloud of dismay crests over my person. "What the fuck are you doing?"

She glares at her money, not looking up at all.

Well at least she isn't crying anymore.

Draven? What are you doing???" I ask again.

She finishes counting her bills and stands. "Giving you what you've wanted since I got off the train. I'm leaving." Then she bolts for the

door.

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## Chapter Twenty-Five

In that one moment, the whole of my world seems to crash in around me.

The fuck if she is!

I leap from the sofa and catch her around the waist, my arms clamping around her as she fights and claws to get free of me. "Let me go!" She snarls, biting down on my forearm. "No," I whisper, my lips against her ear. "No, no please. I'm sorry. I-"

"Fuck you!" She shouts again, writhing and wiggling before sobbing in frustration then freezing completely.

"Draven please. It's late at night and there's nowhere else for you to go. Just stay. Give me a minute please. Just listen to me I-"

"Fine," she hisses. "But let me go. I don't want you touching me."

Fuck that hurt.

The burn in my chest is crippling in power. I drop my arms and tumble back onto the sofa, thankful that she doesn't flee. She turns around slowly, her sparkling green eyes full of manic anger.

"You want to know who the last person that fucked me was - is that it?" She snaps, spitting each word like a bullet my way. "Is that what's got you treating me like some sleazy-"

"Hey!" I protest. "I never called you-"

She chuckles humorlessly. "You didn't have to."

I lower my eyes. "Fuck. You're right I shouldn't have-

"I told you!" She interrupts. "I said I wasn't ready to talk about him! I told you to give me some time. But no - you had to push and push and push."

She is angry now, tapping her foot like a madwoman. But as she stands there, her words begin to sink in. Melting against my questions to produce an answer that has been in front of me from the very moment I saw her bruises. Rage. Flaming hot dances through me at the realization.

"No," I choke out, trapping my face in my hands. "Fuck."

"Yes you son-of-a-bitch. Yes."

When I drop my hands to look at her, the despair in her breaks me. Her eyes are closed and she is crying again. Her body trembling as silent tears stream down her cheeks.

What have I done?

I did this. I am an idiot.

I will find that bastard and cut off a piece of him every goddamn day until his heart stops beating.

Draven," I whisper, standing to take her against my body. "It's alright. I've got you now. Please," I say into her hair as she moans against my chest. "Let me hold you. I need to hold you. I'm sorry."

Beneath my chin I feel her nod and I lift her into my arms to carry her upstairs to my room where I sit back on my bed and gently rocked her to sleep for the second night in a row.

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Finally, when all is quiet and she is limp in my arms, I pull down the duvet and settle her against the pillows. Shifting her only enough to take off her shoes and cover her up. While her body still quakes slightly from all of the tears she's shed, I sigh in relief that she is still here, still with me. Safe in my bed.

She almost ran from me. I almost chased her away.

But then, as I watch her, a cold realization hits me.

Not only does this mean her stepfather had probably raped her.

But he is a shifter. And... according to Gryffin - that bastard is already here.

## Chapter Comments

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## Chapter Twenty-Six

### DOMONIC

"Are you kidding me?" Bainier hisses, his body aning completely still with the news it laid on him out Draven a stepfather being a thier.

All twelve of us are sitting around my living room while Daven sleeps upstales. It is half past three am and I am beginning to think I might never sleep again

So that fetal scent that she carries when she first got here it was him," Grant akaleders. Smelled the same around the condo yesterday after the incident - but I didn't mention it because I thought it was her."

I nod, my eyes going to the dark of the second story landing every couple of minutes. The last thing I want is for Dare to catch us discusing her age Leat have taken this

conversation elsewhere if I thought that she would be safe here a hut the fact was-she wouldn't be "Well, it's not hers. It's his." I state in a whisper.

Quin steps toward the front windows which I unshaded when they first arrived and glares out at the darkness beyond. "You Domic? Het carrying his scent?"

I "Yes," I growl, anger surging through me with the thought of what had been done to Drives, I grip the body of the beer bottle in my hands and attempt to

"Christ, all those bruises she had," Bartlett comments, shaking his head as if to scatter the images of his little bartender being assaulted. "I cant one them. No matter how hard I try."

Ind. "Me neither." Glancing up from my beer, I survey each of my brothers. "I want the bastard found. Now that we know his scent, we ne

we need to follow it. ""

Logan sighs, its not going to be as strong as it was yesterday unless sound. What are the chances he knows what we and?"

I scratch my chin. "Slim. Gryffin id his demas breached last dight. He's not even sure it was a panther. I haven't had a chance to do any research on it yet, but Timmons, I want you to go home and research all jungle cats that can be found in the US. Pay particular attention to the ones that can be found in Florida

He nod, petting up to leave. "Done. I'll get back to you in the morning

When we go find him, what then?" Andres says, standing near the door to follow Timons." mean I KNOW what-but what I'm trying to mik is-

I scowl, "What Andrew?

"What happens with Drawn after it's done?" Lied finishes for him. His long blond haitalling forward as he lowers his head. "When she's safe,

"All of you," i snap, getting up. "Every one of you already knows the answer to that question. Please don't make me repeat myself. It's hard enough for me to accept

Bartlett sighs and stands, serring that our little meeting is coming to an end. It doesn't have to be that way."

lock on his. "Out. Everyone out Logan and Rainier will start the scouting tonight, then tomamo morning you two will switch with James and Koda

Koda grins in the way that he does when he's been given permission to get violent. His dark blue eyes go feral, "If I find him. I can't promise there will be much left by the time you all get word"

I glare at him, knowing he means what he says. Of all of us, he is the least contained and the most troublesome. His temper borders on dangerous which is part of the reason we made him join law enforcement. He sometimes needs more rules than the rest of us do. Much like his father did.

"You will leave the kill for me and that is an order," I demand.

He smirks, nodding. He would heed my words, I knew that, but in Koda's mind all he had to do for me was been the fucker breathing. That didn't mean the bastard would have all his parts when I showed up. Koda is ruthless that way. A fearsome killer with war psychotic tendencies. It is part of why he is always so quiet so reserved. Because when he does lose it? Nothing short of a miracle can stop him. My mother and his father had been best friends, Even after she hated my dad.

"Now get out," I order again, and all-with the exception of Quinn-leave without a backwards glance

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Chapter Twenty-Six

"I'll take first watch, Quinn says when everything is locked up tight, "Go get some Dom. You're on mappy.

"Right, I agree, more than thrilled to be sliding into bed next to Draven for the first time.

Last night I only lay next to her until she fell asleep. After she did, I had gone on a walk through the woods only to come back to the house and scare the fuck out of her in wolf form

She was sure of me

I hated the fear in her eyes as she gawked at me through the window. I wanted so badly for her to see that I presented no danger for her, but then, I realized Quinn was in the Litchen too. At that point all I could see was red. I didn't want him alone with her in those tiny shorts she was wearing. Even though I knew he would

be taken over and nearly sent Draven into a full-blown never do anything as stupid as touch my mate, I was still furious. The original

If she knew the truth about what I am- she would probably be screaming. And that something I never want to endure. She might call me a freak. That would be enough right there to shatter me. I might never recover from

By the time I am done showering, it is already close to four in the morning. Another night's rest having been completely hijacked. When I get into bed, Draven lay still as a rock, not shifting in the slightest

Her long black hair is fanned out across the pillows and she is curled toward my side of the bed with a hand out as if waiting for me. My chest tumbles and burns with the thought

Maybe I should take the couch

I probably should have, but I didn't. Instead, I slide into bed and pull her body into mine. Passing out cold with her head on my naked chest. Chapter Comments

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## Chapter Twenty-Seven

### DRAVEN

I wake up on Domonic's hand smooth chest. He is fast asleep, his heart hudding wildly in my ears causing me to

Resting heart rate crazy!

"What the fuck? I whisper.

Turning my body around to face his sleeping form, I place a hand over his heart and slightly calm himself. He doesn't so much as twitch. DE

mind powers of totally nonmagical being. Probably on the edge. The man really needs to get more sleep...

The events of the night before suddenly flash, though my mind and my mood flickers, hit," I think.

I almost left last night. I really wanted to. Pat Demonic demanding to know all those things the way he did, didn't really make much sense the sudden need to know who live fucked! Who my ears were???

If I stay which honestly, I do want to do then I will have plenty of questions for this asshole when he wakes up. But just now, as I take in the compin early morning sun, just barely filtering in from the windows edges, and the steady stand fall of Demonic's powerfully cut chest, all my

Heide know hemd up

the

smiling down at him, I lean forward to place my lips gently on his. Kissing him sly, while stroking one hand over the side of his face. Lifting my head. I allow myself to touch him the way I've wanted to since I met him. He is so beautiful like this Auburn hair unbound and softly feathered against the pillow. High set naturally arched and slashed devastatingly over his barely tied eyes. His lashes are chicker than I realized - prominently resting upon his cheeks. As my finger trails over the place the duvet covers his waistline and the remarkably large bulge that is centered there my insides coil. Heart stuttering in my chest, I bite my lip and slide my hand over one blanketed thigh and toward the seat of his virility. The closer my fingers get to it, the lighter it becomes and I have to stifle a moan as his hips jerk upward in his sleep.

Holy shit. I want to touch

-

Watching his face for any sign of his waking, I graze my hand over the hardness of his shaft, my mouth watering at the strength of his unconscious response. I stroke him over the blanket slowly, careful not to squeeze more than a feather's touch. With every inch I trace over, his cock comes to life. Hardening and expanding with a heat that is felt above the coverings. My breath is coming in faster, my eyes going heavy as my palm costs the head of his dick and I moan just a breath above a whisper fast as I begin to stroke downward, toward the base of his pleasure, he grabs my waist

1 pas, my eyes daring in shock as he lips me onto my back and presses his hips into mine. "Shit," I hiss, biting down on my bottom lip and staring up into his

ΠΕ

He doesn't smile, doesn't speak - just presses one knee between my thighs to string are heavily muscled leg under mine. Trapping me against the bed with the book of his ankle, he grunts, his hips rolling against my center eliciting another moan from my lips. Staring into my eyes as his hips continued their mechanical ministrations, rotating and pressing in to my heat, he asks. "Do you forgive me for last night?"

I nod

The fire in his gaze dances across the crop top I am still wearing, his erection pushing against my most sensitive parts through my pants. God, how I want you," he whispers, almost as if in wonder, "I want to sink into your heat and bury myself in you until I forget every fucking thing else in my world." Thimie," I moan, battling back and lifting my hips to meet his

"Fuck," he hisses, pressing his forehead against mine before sliding a hand under my buttocks to lift me into the circular torture of his hips.

"God," I whimper, the intense sensations he is creating getting the better of me as hands shout out to grip the muscles of his arms.

"I could cum just like this, he whispers, his head dipping in next to my ear and his 1 groan, his teeth nibbling, rating. I slide one hand over the back of his neck, putting feverish in intensity, his weight crashing into me. I wouldn't even have to enter you by steering the side of my face. His mouth clamps down on my neck and his mouth in contact against the side of my throat. His movements become cum," he adds

1/2

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Chapter Twenty-Seven

4524-2

"Shit, I hiss again as he undulates his hips, his hand strumming my core, winding me and winding me until I am like a howling about to melt. Fuck," I grind out, as his hand releases my ass to slide toward the front of my jeans so that he can button my pants. "I want to touch you," he whispers, unzipping me and tugging down just enough for his hand to fit in over my mound. "I just need to suck you" he says, almost as if he is talking to himself and not to me. Lifting his head to watch my face, he begins to stroke and caress and fire me into oblivion. His fingers sliding over the top of my buttocks to bathe themselves in my wetness. My hips beckon upward against his palm the massages - his erection stroking itself against my thigh in rhythm with the

thek of his wis

"Domonic," I moan, my own hand going over his to press him harder at my one I am writhing, my body grinding against him as his movements become quicker with my every gasp. "Task," I shout, as my climax surges and, stilling me against his hand and forcing my back off the bed. I whimper, trembling against him as he dips his head and groans against my a

He is panting nearly as heavily as I am, his cock still rock-hard and pulsing against my leg. Propping himself up on both arms, he studies me a

Then, with the clench of his jaw, he shakes himself and quills away from me, leaving me in a veritable quivering mess,

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[ 1,254 words ]

## Chapter Twenty-Eight DRAVEN

152%

"Tomsonic?" I whimper, as he lifts himself off the bed and makes his way toward the broom,

His steps stutter, but he doesn't born around. I have some things to take of Ito shower. Then he disappears into the bathroom and closes the door without looking back. What he just happened

My body heats as I attempt to shake the need to have him between my legs and his on my neck. A ignition of rippling hot energy tumbles at longing stronger than I have ever felt before

I want him on me. I want him to bite me

What the fuck? I place a hand over my neck at the junction of my shoulder. My flesh is throbbing in the spot. Almost as if in need mb it out and the pain slots dies.

But why did he stop!

I think I made it pretty clear of what I wanted him to do to me.

Maybe he's still feeling guilty about last night. Or maybe, he feels like I pushed him in our le escapade by stroking him in his sleep

(did kind of molest hom didn't t

But I'm not sorry about it.

Or... maybe after the waterworks I displayed at his questioning, he was afraid I was on traumatized to duck properly. God. Rolling my eyes I slide from the bed just in I hear the shower go on. Grabbing a imel from his closet and a few items from the bag he brought over from the condo, I make my way out of the room and down the hall to the other bathroom. Opening the door, I don't notice the steam right off. Nope. All I can see in the glistening caramel skin of a taut male ass.

Quinidin shock, his eyes going wide at my obvious approval. "Fuck" He shouts

Scrambling for his towel, he slips on the wet floor. Feet going high enough in front of him that I can see the neatness of his clipped toils - he is momentarily airborne before landing with a ground shattering thud onto the floor. Which places his head right at my feet and his junk on full deploy,

"Nice," I comment, stifling a giggle and laying my towel over his crotch like the hem

"Th-thanks," he groans, wincing as he lay there in shame. "Shower's free

and so that h

I laugh and turned around so that he could adequately cover himself.

""What the fuck?" Dumenit says.

He is standing just behind me probably has been from the moment Quinn landed and the face he wears is not one of moment. In boot, he looks downright stary- If you don't count the water trickling down his abs and the haphazard way he clutches his towel around himself. That part is exceptionally sexy.

"He fell I say simply, shugging my shoulders and going around him to retrieve ander towel. "Are you finished almady?" I ask from his bathroom doorway, noting that he probably isn't, because the shower is still on.

He stumps toward mom the bedroom doorway with so much force that I back against the wall. "What the buck were you be doing?" He snaps, tucking his towel in and placing two hands on either side of my head. I smile wickedly, knowing full well what I am about to say will piss him off. "Nothing last sold him about how you're nothing but a great big tease and he promised

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Chapter Twenty-Eight

to handle me later."

52-11

His eyes rumour, his body going rigid. That's real oute." He smirks. "You're calling tease? If I remember correctly, I didn't even have to remove your pants to get you to come all over my hand"

I laugh, "Did you hear yourself? Your hand? Really? Even Margo got more than a hand

He meets. "Is that who you want to be? Margo?"

I dare. "Fuck off" I shove him in his skippery chest. He does't so much as bilge, Trend your charity case."

"What?" The anger, so hot and dominant a moment ago dissipates from him yes. You think tim afraid to fuck you. Because of your" He

"Don't!" I snap, clenching my teeth. Do not mention him!\*

His gaze gentles as he steps in closer to me, tipping my chin up with one hand. Hes. There's so much that you don't know about me in way I wanted to the way I WANT to would be criminal if I didn't tell you everything fintTM

My eyes light, bravery surging through me. I lift my back from the wall and press into him just a touch more. Then, as I lean toward his car, i air hand to tront of his towel, smiling when I find he is still as hard as stone. His body shudderes his hips pushing his dick harder into my palm. I whisper. "Then tell me everything

He freezes, his breathing turning ragged as he presses me into the wall is an attempt to contain whatever demon he is battling against. "T.. can b yet."

The phone on his nightstand rings

Tuck," he complains and I think for a minute that he's about to turn around to arser. Instead, his mouth finds mine as he pulls me into a penishing kiss. "Can you tell how much I want you?" Tongue going deep his hands clamp down on my ass and he holds my body flush to his. I moan against his lips, my bead filling back as his mouth travel over my jaw toward that place that aches for his teeth. The phone rings a second time as my nais raked over his chest. "I have to answer he says, ripping himself away from me, Glancing my way, his eyes fall slowly over my body, Gracing me with a deeply dimpled smile, he promises, ater" Then biting his lip he shatches his phone. With one last look at where I stand painting, he stares at me almost lovingly. Then he reaches inside the front of his towel to stroke his dick. Momentarily flashing me and causing my eyes to go wide with the sight of him.

oo the hall whi

Then he strides out the bedroom door and into the hall where I hear him say, "I'm on my way. Don't let that fucker love."

That fucker? Who in the hell is that fucker?

Maybe the peeping Tom that rang the doorbell the other night. Or the blonde cutie the ban Who knows? One thing is for sure... En not getting any more than a clit rub this morning.

I want to go with him 7 want to know who he's talking about.

Even though I know he probably isn't going to

to let me, I am going to ask. Turning my attention to the shower and steam of his bathroom, I slip-inside and shut the door. I need to shower as fast as possible..

Half an hour later, when I am dressed in a pair of skimpy jean shorts an oversized yellow crop top, I bound down the stairs to find three men in the kitchen who are NOT Domenic "Quisa\_Ingan, and... Koda?

At least I think his name is Iroda, I can't completely remember. He is the the quietest of the bunch

They are all huddled together, seemingly deep in discussion I saunter into the kitchen and pour myself some

π

"Draven," Logan smiles. So nice to see you again." He eyes my outfit. "Should you may be wearing that? Don't you have any pants available? I

Laughing him off and making my way toward the front door to peer out the willows toward the driveway.

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Chapter Twenty-Eight

Just as I suspected

That asshole left without saying a goddamned thing to me.

"Son-of-a-bitch," I snarl, whipping out my phone.

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[ 1,342 words ]

## Chapter Twenty-Nine DOMONIC

I pull up by the chh in my Humter and park in my usual sport Chack, Away from the hustle of travelers and the Port Orchard Dockyard Closing my eyes for the hundredth time, I try to will my cock to die. I am hard as a rock. To a painful degree. The copper of my pants becoming my freshest corny each time I take a strip, or tilt in my seat. I have pretty much been like this from the time Timeti woke me with her hand on my shit. And nothing seems to be helping the condition. Especially since witnessing her navel in my bed. The beauty of her a steady huge behind my eyes. Her moans her gasps - her fucking breathing! All are a mounding soundtrack between my ears, begging for me to turn my car back and head but bonne dat Lean add her screaming my name to the playlist. I'm lucky I didn't taste her heat. I had? I would have fucked her for sure. God... it would have been

Great job. Nose what do you see? Fuck

The image of Draven under my tongue sends a fresh bolt of lightning up the spine of my back and I grip the gear shift with tight knuckles,

Grow up, Domanic. You HAVE had pussy before," I told myself. "You can shake this

But I can't. Nope. No matter what I try to think about what I try to picture even thoughts of her stepfather don't work,

She's killing me and she's not even here.

Fuck it! I hiss and adjust my parts, Goes its time for everyone to know how big cock is then.

After locking up my car, I note the two motorbikes parked at the edge of the alleyway

Tone is here within

James only mentioned Gryffin on the phone. Who he is here?

After a quick look around, I head for the club's private entrance.

Seated in the back of the club, sharing cock tales with James about a few of the ladies in his pride, are Gryffin and Goose. Goose is Gryffin's second in command and

all around asshole,

Funny shit naming your cub after a stretched neck duck. His mother must have hated him on sight to do such a thing. As it is the guy is annoying as fuck. He also has a chip on his shoulder the size of my dick. Even so, I can understand why Gryff the needed to bring him along. If the stories are true, then Goose's temperament weighs pretty evenly with Koda's. It is never good to be alone in host le territory. Even if it isn't as dangerous for him today as it was three rights ago.

Coching their eyes, I nod them toward my office then turn around to find Margo sting right behind me.

Here we go again.

"If you don't get the fuck out of my way, you're fired," I say casually and her eyes nanow in anger as I shift my body around her, careful not to touch the bitch. "Domonic!" She screeches.

But I ignore her, slamming the door to my offer behind me with the edge of my dick,

No not really - but it sure felt like I did. Because every muscle that I move feels like is connected to the door thing,

Fleeping on the couch tonight or Fodrad

Sliding, slowly behind my desk, I edge into my seat with the grace of a ballerina. Be tremendously careful with the weight of the cargo in my pants.

"Shit," hiss, clamping my eyes shat as my lap pulses, swelling with new blood. "Holy shit!"

is all I can do not to grab my cock and beat one out right here.

Maybe I should fuck Margo right qukok

7/3

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Chapter Twenty-Nine

Guil, heavy and dark, shrmals me with the thought. Unfortunately, that is probably be the only thing that might work. Either I use her to take the edge off or 1 m Emp at the

sight of her bony bicubic hips. Either one is a win. "What's with Marga?" Lames chuckles as she walks through the door, the two lions

Too late

lions shifters right behind him.

"Have a seat," I say, not answering him. "You must have a reason for treading through here the morning after I throw you out of the bar. What is it?"

Gryffin smiles, taking a seat to the left of my desk, Goose flopping down to the right. Although there is a sofa along the back wall, James remains standing by the door. Ever vigilant - listening "Yesterday before I got back to the villa, I got a text from Toradora saying someone new had checked into one of the cabins up against Bladin Cr sitting back and propping his feet up on my desk.

I stare at them - his boots. Fighting with myself and how I want to chew his feet off the surface. As if he can feel my intent, he drops then

in the wake.

"How the fuck does that warrant a second visit here?" I growl.

He smiles. The patrons arrived in solid black sedans: Out-of-state plates," he cons.

My body goes rigid. My muscles lighting up for a fight. "How"

"-do I know?" Gryffin chuckles. Tedora owns every cabin on the northwestern side of the creek. They belong to her. Gifts from her dying mother. She checked those fuckers in herself

I glare, "Before or after they breached your villa?"

He nods, as if he knows exactly where I am going with my thoughts. "After."

I swallow my immediate urge to jump in my car and head toward Blackjack and focus on the unlikely ally on the other side of my desk. So she knew what they were when they contacted her." Azzin he nods.

"And she still rented it out to them"

He grins, "As per my instructions to be on the lookout and welcome all guests. You can thank me later," he says. "I'm thinking a party, with strippers. Lots of balloons. That blond with the big tits out front for sure."

I smirk, "If you take her now then you can keep her"

He laughs, "No thanks! I've got enough females in my den thank you very much."

"Seriously though," I sigh, hating that I am so grateful for his help. "I appreciate this

He loses his smile, his eyes taking on a faraway look. He says, "I know what it feels like to want to protect your queen" His eyes go dark as if remembering someone. "Just promise that you'll do a better job than I did."

I have no idea what that is about, but I nod, sensing a deep withering sadness in One that must have been recent enough to tame him, because the Gry front of me now is a world away from the one that I knew when my mom was still alle, "I promise," I say, like a damned fool.

The world was built on good intentions.

Just then, Margo bursts into the room casting a tray full of drinks.

Oh bet

2/3

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Chapter Twenty-Nine

I roll my eyes, "Who ordered these

Goose perks up, showing his first signs of brain activity since coming into the room. That would be me.

"Of course it was, brook

My phone rings and I pull it out of my pocket, my heart racing up to two hundred when I see the name that flashes on the screen.

"Draven?" I answer, wincing as my dick pulses.

ses anew.

I don't think to get up or get out of the room. Didn't figure Margo quite as stupid everyone else knows she is so I pay her no attention as she slides up next to

me to pour whiskey into one of the empty tumblers on my desk.

"You fucking asshole, Draven snaps, Is it bad that I love it when she talks to me that? Who bar. I wanted to go with you!"

I smile despite myself. 'Never Draven,' I say, "You will never step one foot inside this strip club

Then before I can stop her, Margo leans up next to my face and with eyes on my lap my lap, speaks loudly enough for the entire room to beat hard for me Domonic. Baby, hang up the phone." Chapter Comments

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[ 709 words ]

1/3

Chapter Thirty

But I can't. I continue to whisk the evil froth begins in build in the boil.

AND THE PHONE IS STILL FUCKEN WINGING

"Tuck!" I yell, pointing my whisk toward ads on the couch. "Answer the phone or hear it because I don't want to hear it ring one more time

Kodi nods.

"Thank you!" I snap turning back to my eggs and side stepping Qui as he begins to chop the onions.

"Hello?" I hear Koda say into the phone and despite my best effort not to listen, I can't help but tune in. "Sorry Cher, she's busy right now being the there of us pelets. And she said to tell you to fuck off" I smirk at that, not even bothering to answer as I say. Thank you Koda. You're my new favorite guy

DOMONIC

Roll. That's all I can see as Koda hangs up the phone. Hard on problem-solved. All my blood has just been drained into the floor. The thun

to be frozen in shock at my total panic when Draves hung up on me. Fucking lames has his hand over his mouth as if he might born into la moment, and the two lion shifters aren't even breathing She is smiling down at me like a dammed Chesire cat.

In the blink of an eye I have my hand around her throat and her back slammed against the wall

"Hey, hey whoa?" I hear someone say. but I ignore them.

They know better than to touch me

Margo, for all that she is worth, has the gall to look surprised. "You stupid fucken bitch," I hiss at her, fighting not to squeeze the breath right from her lungs.

"Domonie, baby," she croaks. "She doesn't belong here! you said so yourself."

Fuck what I said," I snap. "Listen to what I am saying now Pack your shit and get the jurk out of this club. And do not come back or rip your goddamned head oft. Consider yourself lucky that I'm not making you leave town. Then, I else her, smiling at the handprint that I left on her neck. It won't bruise, afterall, I wasn't actually choking her. Just sort of anchoring her with a five Tackle grip, but I take a great deal of pleasure in just seeing the marks there.

"B-but-" Margu subt. Suddenly James is next to her and ripping her away from me. Thank God. "Domonic! You're mine! We's supposed to be together,"

Holy fuck! No! We're not

"You heard him. Go get your things, James says, half dragging her ass out of my office. "Come back tomorrow and we'll help you find another job

I need to calm down before I head home or I might nail a few pedestrians on my way. Taking a few deep breaths, I funt mye toward the amused looks of the lions still seated across from my desk, Gryffin doesn't seem half as upset as James had been. He chuckles and do the rest of his drink before standing up and gesturing for Close to follow suit.

geme of that rage for Blackjack Creek, Domonic Gryffin winks, heading for the door.

"Gryffin," I say, my mind clearing just enough to remember what we were meeting about.

"Wah

"How many are there?"

His eyes Bare, "Three,"

2/3

AND

Chapter Thirty

Three," I repeat. Are they all-

"No," he interrupts me. "One of them is batter

I reel back a little in shock and he nods.

"Yeah, I know. Weled as fuck. But two of them are definitely shifters."

"Father and son?" I question, gritting my teeth.

He appears thoughtful, then shings. I hadn't thought to check, but I will,"

I nod absently. "Whatever you do. Do not let them leave,

He musts.

Tll call you t

you tonight." I sigh heavily as they walk out the door. "And thanks again."

"No problem," he yells back as I quickly grab my keys and phone to head out.

D520

1 screech away from the club at breakneck speed and ence past Bainier's patrol car without so much as a ned in his direction. Perks of knowing the Sheriff. My s ripping the asphalt with every inch I gain, Fuck those pedestrians,

single most important thing on my mind now, is Draven.

POST COMMENT

Chapter Comments

Marietta Gary

This is the second chapter I have read that has had me in stiches. I have laughed so

hard o had tears running down my cheeks.

Visitor

I am loving this!!

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