

## The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates Novel Chapter 23 - Chapter 23 (English Translation)

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 hadnt 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 Ive been earning form the tips alone , Ill have a nest egg at the ready in the next couple of months .

Then Ill 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 .

Hed 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 , Thats 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 .

Whered you find this pretty young thing ? Domonics eyes go white hot with malice.

He steps closer to Gryffin , a slow smile gracing his lips .

Shes none of your concern .

Youre not welcome here , but you know that , so what do you want ? Gryffins 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 cant 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 Domonics 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 .

Dont get friendly with this pussy .

Pussy ? Oh shit , them's fightin words .

1/3 Chapter Twenty Three My eyes widen at Gryffins slightly amused wink .

He giggles , swallowing his drinks whole .

Follow new episodes on the

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 .

Hes not someone you should be talking to .

He and Domonic have a bad history .

Really ? I question .

How bad ? Bart shrugs , Youll have to ask him .

The bottom line is his kind dont 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 .

Hes 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 lion .

2/3 Chapter Twenty Three 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 .

Let's 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 whos 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 .