

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates Novel

Chapter Twenty-Four DRAVEN The lights in the bar had dimmed to a pulsating purple hue as I watched the entrance , patiently awaitng 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 hes 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 arent unusual in the late evening it bothers me .

Youre welcome .

Five bucks even .

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 .

Youve 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 didnt realized 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 ? Domonics face is hard , his eyes unreadable .

Were leaving early .

We have to talk .

I chuckle , What ? No ! Cant 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 .

Follow new episodes on the

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 doesnt 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 ..

1/3 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 wasnt looking at me it was all getting on my nerves .

Whats the deal Domonic ? I quip once we are inside .

He doesnt 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 excellance .

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 the 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 .

Im serious, Draven.

I giggle , I cant help it .

What , is he jealous ? Of an ex I havent 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 Im not a virgin ? He shakes his head , although the look he is giving me says he isnt happy about that fact .

It couldnt 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 Im near you is lavender and vanilla but thats 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 digusted 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 dont want to talk about this .

Try as I might I cant 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 ? Domonics 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 Ive heard time and time again while beneath the weight of a monster .

Noooo ! I yell .

Please , please no !