

Denying Dare

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Chapter One

“So how long have you been in love with my best friend?”

Dare dropped the bottle of vodka he was twirling. Luckily the expensive bottle of top shelf stuff landed on the anti-fatigue mat. The spongy rubber prevented it from shattering on the cement floor.

“What are you talking about?” He gasped. “I’m going to tell Silver to cut back your alcohol limit.”

Anthony gave a graceful shrug as he sipped on his fruity alcoholic drink. “Silver’s not overly concerned about my alcohol limits. I don’t drink all that much.” He blinked his stunning amber eyes at Dare. “Now about Steven. If you’re not in love with him, why do you stare at him like you want to pounce and take him down like a squeaky mouse?”

Sighing Dare gazed across the room at the dark-haired wolf trolling for someone to take home. “Nothing’s going on with Steven and looking is as far as I’ll ever get. He won’t even talk to me for more than a drink order. He doesn’t want a cat.”

And fuck if that didn’t break his heart.

“As much as I love him, my friend is an idiot. In over a year none of those pieces of ass he picked up touched a fraction of his heart. He’s just determined to have a wolf mate because his adoptive parents are human and he’s always yearned for a pack.”

Dare blinked back tears, dipping his head so the empathetic alpha mate wouldn’t notice. “I can’t give him a pack, weretigers only meet to mate.”

“Shit, Dare. I can give him a pack if he fucking wants a pack. What he needs is a soul mate and it’s my job, or so Silver keeps telling me, to watch out for the packs best interests. Well the packs best interest is for its fabulous bartender to be happy.”

Small bolts of lightning flashed in the beautiful blond’s eyes; a sign of a storm of the worst sort. An Anthony storm. Shit. It took a lot to upset the sweet-natured alpha mate but he was an unstoppable force when he was crossed.

Before he could say anything more Anthony was marching across the busy dance floor. With a talent that was mystically the alpha mate’s he walked directly to his friend while everyone in his path moved out of his way in a smooth natural style as if they were never even there.

Standing on his tiptoes Dare watched the smaller man approach his friend. He briefly got a glimpse of Anthony pulling something out of his pocket. But by then it was too late.

* * *

Fury followed Anthony's every step. How could Steven not see what was right in front of him? Every weekend he came to the club and picked up a different wolf. Every Monday he mourned to Anthony about how he 'wasn't the one' and yet here was this sweet-souled man with sable hair and stunning green eyes who he completely ignored. Well no more, he was done with this.

"Steven." Anthony shouted over the crowd.

The familiar dark-haired head turned towards him away from the were-twink he was talking to. What Steven thought he'd have in common with a skinny submissive, who was growing something on his chin that should've been allowed to die gracefully, Anthony didn't know.

"What?"

"I've got something for you."

Steven looked Anthony up and down. "What?"

Anthony slipped the envelope out of his pocket. With deft fingers he popped open the flap and dumped the contents into his hand.

"This." Taking a deep breath, Anthony blew the entire handful of green powder onto Steven's blue silk top and brown leather pants.

"Shit." Steven tried to brush the stuff off but it clung like mad to the silk. "What the fuck did you do?"

He glared at Anthony his blue eyes bristling with ire.

Anthony gave him a wide grin. "Enjoy your night." Turning on one perfect booted heel he sauntered off letting the crowds swallow him up.