

The Alpha King\'s Huntress: Hunt The Red Lycan

Chapter 15: CHAPTER 13 Get Out Now

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Aimee slammed her glass down on the table. She gritted her teeth, anger boiling in her veins. Ethan had arrived at the pack house last night with some unknown female, the audacity after everything they had been through together. After all the late nights and secret rendezvous, the way he refused to show her affection in public, keeping her hidden like his dirty secret,

Aimee's nails dug into her palms. How dare he parade another woman around when she has been loyal for so long? Thelina appeared beside her, her eyebrows raised knowingly.

"Let it go, girl. Ethan isn't worth your tears."

Aimee whirled at her friend, her eyes flashing. "You don't get it. I've given that man everything. years of my life!" She threw her hands up in exasperation. "And he tosses me aside for the first pretty face that catches his eye?"

Thelina clucked her tongue sympathetically. "I know it hurts, but you can't let him treat you like this." She placed a hand on Aimee's shoulder. "It's time you staked your claim. March right over there and take back what's yours."

Aimee lifted her chin, steeling her nerves. "You're right. I've been patient long enough. Ethan needs to be reminded of where his loyalties should lie."

She stormed down the hall, Thelina's shouts of encouragement echoing behind her. Ethan would regret the day he decided to cross her. She would make sure of it.

Aimee stomped down the hallway, her heels clicking sharply against the hardwood floors. As she rounded the corner, she collided with a solid form.

"Hey, watch it!" Janet snapped, steadying herself against the wall. She eyed Aimee up and down distastefully. "Where do you think you're going in such a hurry?"

Aimee straightened, meeting the other woman's gaze defiantly. "That's none of your concern. Now get out of my way."

She tried to push past, but Janet blocked her path. "I don't think so. Not until you tell me what nonsense you're about to cause now." Janet crossed her arms. "We both know you have a penchant for trouble where Ethan is concerned."

Aimee bristled, her hands curling into fists. "Don't pretend like you know anything about me and Ethan. You are just his maid, but you have no say in his personal affairs."

Janet's eyes hardened. "If you think that is my position, then you are a fool. And like a fool, you assume that I am oblivious to what is going on. I know that Ethan has made his stance very clear regarding your relationship. She practically spat the word. "Don't be foolish and make things worse for yourself."

With that, Janet turned on her heel and strode away, leaving Aimee fuming in her wake. That insufferable woman How dare she lecture her about Ethan?

Aimee took a deep breath, willing her anger to abate. She wouldn't let anyone distract her from her goal. Ethan was hers. And it was time she reminded him of that fact.

Head held high, Aimee marched the rest of the way to Ethan's office. She could hear his deep baritone filtering through the door as she approached. Pressing her ear against the wood, she realized he was on the phone with someone.

"I don't care how close you think you are. I need answers now, not empty promises."

Aimee's lips curled into a satisfied smile. Trouble in paradise already? Good. She hoped that little hussy was causing all sorts of problems. It would make staking her claim on Ethan all the easier.

She took a steadying breath, ready to make her presence known. Ethan thought he could cast her aside so easily. He had another thing coming.

Aimee knocked sharply on the door before letting herself in, not waiting for a response.

Ethan looked up from his desk, irritation flashing in his piercing eyes as he took in the sight of her. He muttered something indistinct into the phone before ending the call and fixing Aimee with a stern gaze.

"What do you want?"

Aimee sidled further into the room, letting the door swing shut behind her. "Now is that any way to greet me?" she purred, slowly unbuttoning her shirt to reveal the lacy black bra underneath.

Ethan's eyes tracked the movement before snapping back to her face. "I'm busy. Now is not a good time."

"It's always a good time for us," Aimee insisted, moving around the desk. She perched on the edge, crossing her legs slowly. Ethan's gaze dropped to take in her bare, toned thighs before he seemed to catch himself, leaning back in his chair.

"Things are different now," he said gruffly.

Aimee pouted, trailing a hand up his chest. "They don't have to be..." She leaned in close, her lips nearly brushing his ear. Aimee turned her chair, dropping to her knees. She began unbuckling his belt, slipping his hand into his boxers. "I can make you forget all about her."

Ethan seized her wrist, stilling its progress. His eyes were hard, and his jaw was set. "Enough. You should go."

Aimee wrenched her hand away, anger spiking through her. "So what? Do you toss me aside for the first piece of tail that comes along?" she snapped.

Ethan rose to his full, imposing height, his eyes flashing with warning. "Aimee," he rumbled. "There is no us. There was never an us. I made that very clear in the beginning."

Aimee faltered slightly but refused to back down fully. She jabbed an accusing finger at his chest. "I will not watch you throw away everything we had for that little bitch!"

Ethan's lip curled, a growl rumbling in his chest. He took a menacing step forward, causing Aimee to retreat until her back hit the wall.

"Get out," Ethan bit out. "Now."

Aimee wavered, resentment and hurt swirling within her. But she knew better than to push him further.

With as much dignity as she could muster, Aimee spun on her heel and left, slamming the door behind her. This wasn't over.
