

Bad Love An Alpha's Regret

Chapter 3

His shoulders are so wide they block out the rest of the room. His hair is dark and a little long on top. I know exactly how those strands feel against my skin. He leans down to bite a sensitive spot on my neck.
I tremble.

He growls approvingly. His mouth scours a path from my throat to my ear. His other hand grips my hair and jerks my head back.

"You still didn't answer me."

His wolf is at the surface and his emotions are every bit as wild as the beast inside him.

More extremes, I realize...

Passion and rage.

Pleasure and pain.

Hate and love.

Well, not love. At least not for him.

"What will you do, Aaron?" I keep my gaze level on his. "F**k me against this

2/12

wall?"

3/12

His glaze flickers for a moment as if he's eyeing the bookshelf for how sturdy it will be.

"Torture me until you get what you want?" I shake my head even as it pulls out strands because he still has one hand twisted mercilessly in my hair. "I'm done. I won't live like this. I won't love you anymore."

He jerks back.

His huge arms flex at his sides, muscles rippling up to his shoulders. He isn't just angry. He's furious.

Jessica takes this moment to enter the

4/12

study. She acts like she's busy cleaning.

And, swear to god, she even has a feather duster in hand and a short skirt on.

I roll my eyes. "What is this, your French Maid fantasy?"

I glance at Aaron. Normally, I can bury the hurt in my eyes. The jealousy. But not today. "You want her, right? It's always been your love for Jessica. So have her."

Her interruption and my tirade shock him speechless, and I take advantage of that, quickly shoving past him.
She glares and huffs 'wh*re' as I rush out

of the study.

"Don't you walk away from me!" Aaron
roars.

5/12

But unlike Jessica who cowers, I don't. He
has not mated me. Nor welcomed me
into his pack with any formal ceremony or blood ritual. His Alpha powers do not
extend to me.

I stop only to look back at her. "You win. All these years, you've wanted him. All the
times you've snuck into his room or
tried to seduce him away from me-his
rightful wife-like I didn't know what you were about. Now you'll finally have him." Tears
slip from my eyes and roll down my
cheeks.

Chapter 3

Aaron gasps.

6/12

Jessica's pretty face blurs in front of me.

"I hope you'll both be happy," I tell them. Then I flee, running up the four flights of
stairs to my childhood bedroom. I slam
the door behind me.

AARON

"What the hell is going on?" I growl.

Jessica wrings her hands. She's mine. Has
been since we were kids and we know
everything about each other. But I don't
need her to placate me right now or to
spew whatever she thinks I need to hear.
And I sure as sh*t am not about to get
into whatever that little standoff was
with her and Leah.

I rule this pack. This pack does as /bid.

"Get your brother. Tell him to meet me in the training ward."

"Yes sir," she bows meekly.

"And the guards."

Chapter 3 "What?"

8/12

"Tell him to bring the guards. He'll know
what I mean."

She hurries from the room and I'm left
with a cold feeling spreading through my
body.

I'm not sure what it is exactly...

Sometimes, right before a battle, there is a span of time-a few seconds or minutes-where everything is so perfectly calm it's like the world stands still. I'm hit with that intense feeling of foreboding now.

9/12

And it's not just Leah's behavior-which is bizarre to say the least. There are threats afoot these last months, and a plan I've put into place will play out soon, and it's going to change everything.

I glance up the stairwell. In my entire life, I've never been rejected by a woman.

In the five years since we married, Leah has never once denied me.

On the contrary, she's come to my bed unbidden, refused to leave afterward, and in the afterglow is always one to cling.

I rub my chest.

That unsettled feeling is spreading.

10/12

I can hear her, with my wolf's senses, running up the last flight of stairs to her wing of the mansion. I can still scent her-that light floral fragrance that is her natural skin and the headier, more layered smell of her arousal.

Because my little wife might claim to hate me-but her body tells a different story.

The door slams loudly.

There's some muffled noise.

I stand here-in that calm, imminent

my claws extend. I'm not entirely in

11/12

control of myself, which for an Alpha, is unthinkable.

I don't give a damn.

My wife thinks she can mouth off to me? That she can push me away and run from me!?

That she can disappear and come and go as she pleases!

My wolf roars.

I take the stairs three at a time, more

beast than man.

Leah may have escaped me in the study

because I was caught off guard by
her declaration. But I won't let these
transgressions go.

12/12

I've had only two rules since she was
brought beneath my roof and pledged to
me, and Leah's broken both:

Don't ever lie.

And don't ever run from me.

Write your comment

Gifts

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