



Chapter 4

The shriek had woken the members of the pack house, but Tedmond managed to get Athena back to sleep, which was easy because the shriek did not sound like Sheila.

It could only be equated to one of the omegas. Only Bree had descended the stairs, stopping right in the middle.

“What’s going on here?” Alpha Nick growled from upstairs, hastening to help Charlotte from the floor. The latter wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, shivering in his arms as she was lifted from the floor like a baby.

The scene was painful to Sheila’s eyes. Thinking that Alpha Nick lacked emotions, it was obvious that it was just towards her. The softness and care in his gaze as he looked at Charlotte caused Sheila to realize that all the years she spent loving this man were useless.

He would never feel for her even an ounce of what she felt for him.

“Nick, the bitch slapped me and she said you could rot in hell,” Charlotte cried pitifully, and Sheila’s jaws dropped.

Even after all that Charlotte did, she never hated the latter. They were once best friends, and she was grateful to have been given the opportunity to be with the man she loved, though it was just a waste of time.

After knowing that Charlotte still meant bad for her, Sheila





drew the lines of hatred in her heart.

“Why did you slap her?”

Alpha Nick’s tone produced ice, and the temperature in the living room dropped, but Sheila had had enough. She didn’t want to be a part of what was coming.

Biting down her anger, she sneered, “So what if I slapped her? She deserved it anyway.”

Bree was shocked since she never saw Sheila talk back to the Alpha before. Did she not value her life? How could she dare to slap the Alpha’s mate?

Charlotte was equally shocked but happy that Sheila agreed. If she left a bad impression of Sheila on Alpha Nick’s mind, she was certain that the latter would never think about her as good, even if she refused the alimony.

“I demand that you apologize to her,” Alpha Nick commanded, disappointed that Sheila could do a thing like that.

Like a blanket over the sun, he was even more surprised that she admitted it. Charlotte was excited when Sheila walked up to her with rage-filled eyes. The bitch was so easy to manipulate. No wonder she couldn’t capture Alpha Nick’s heart.

Thinking that Sheila was going to apologize to her, the pain on her cheek accompanied by the sound of a slap brought everyone in the living room, including the few omegas, to a





standstill.

Sheila's head was proudly raised as Charlotte's cheeks turned bloody red from slapping herself and being slapped at the same spot by Sheila.

Alpha Nick wanted to burst from anger and was about to order the warriors to deal with Sheila when she shrugged.

Her eyes shimmered, and her voice was comical. It was as if she had been transformed into a different person. "Oops, I'm sorry for slapping you. I didn't before, but I have now."

Part of Charlotte's reddened face turned white, and she was speechless. Before Alpha Nick could utter a word, Sheila spun around. Reaching the door, she announced,

"See you in court tomorrow at 11 a.m. Let's get this over with."

Her slim silhouette disappeared from the entrance, as the warriors looked up to their Alpha.

They saw everything that transpired and were already hating Charlotte. It seemed that their smart Alpha was fooled by his mate.

"Alpha, should I go after her? Madam took nothing. She might not even have transport money," one of the warriors asked. He didn't want to directly expose the Alpha's mate, knowing how futile that could be.





As Sheila walked out of the grand mansion, she dialed Goldie's number. "Goldie, if you aren't far, please come and get me."

She was shocked at how fast Goldie arrived. Was it two minutes? "What happened?"

Sheila held out her copy of the divorce papers to her as she was about to walk around to sit in the passenger seat.

"It's over. Charlotte is back, and he is attending the gala awards with her." Bitterness laced Sheila's voice, and she almost shed a tear.

The gala night was the first time she would have made a public appearance with Alpha Nick. She had a lot planned, hoping that Alpha Nick would begin to see her differently after that, but not anymore.

Goldie was so pissed, she moved to the passenger side before Sheila got there, her fingers moving her sunglasses from her face to the top of her head.

"The two-faced bitch. You should drive, or I will cause an accident on the road."

Sheila was speechless. Goldie could indeed do so, as her anger could burn the sea. When Sheila sat in the driver's seat of the Ferrari, Goldie was suddenly annoyed after thinking about everything, saying,

"Please, let me kick his ass before we go. He and the bitch."





She already pressed the convertible button, about to jump over the door when Sheila quickly stepped on the reverse pad and began to turn the car around.

As the only daughter of the beta of their pack, Goldie was very tough but still, she would be no match for Alpha Nick.

"Let them be, Goldie. I brought this upon myself. Hopefully, the divorce will be finalized tomorrow."

"Six good months lost, Sherry, that is like billions lost," Goldie complained. With Sheila's capabilities, her time was very precious, every minute worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Don't worry. Alpha Nick never had time for me, so I still worked a lot from home. I have some new designs for us to showcase at the gala awards. I also worked on some new model cars and did some hacking jobs alongside. I was only useless to him but not to myself and the pack," Sheila shrugged.

Goldie was pleased to hear that her best friend hadn't completely lost herself. "I'm very glad you still made millions while being his Luna. Anyway, let's take care of you first."

"Marriage has eaten you badly, and you look terrible. You don't deserve this. Your dad will be so happy to see you again, but with this appearance, he would think you had been held hostage somewhere," Goldie nagged.

Sheila was a hot model, a sexy clothing designer, a wild racer, and a fierce hacker. In all these, Sheila's appearance was





always superb until she got married six months ago.

“Goldie, I need a favor,” Sheila changed the topic and requested. Her appearance would be fixed with a good sleep and just a little dedication.

“Anything, as long as you don’t intend to go back and beg the jerk,” Goldie yawned.

“Haven’t you slept?” Worry settled in Sheila’s tone. “Is Papa okay? How about Mom? And that reminds me, I haven’t seen any of your warriors around.”

Being the daughter of their beta, Goldie, just like Sheila was never allowed to go out without heavy security. Sheila was just realizing that something was off.

“I haven’t been home in a week. I’ve been lodging at a hotel close by when I heard about Charlotte’s return. I just felt that you might need me.”

She left out the part where she had seen Alpha Nick around town with the bitch. Sheila was just worried about one thing.

“How were you able to move around without Papa’s warriors around you?” Her papa was the Alpha King and she loved to just call him that.

A mischievous grin stretched Goldie’s lips. “I just laced their drinks with sedatives to make them sleep well.”

“You what?” Sheila was nervous, beads of sweat covered her face.





"You said that you needed a favor. You haven't spoken about it yet," Goldie quickly changed the direction of the conversation, and Sheila sighed.

Driving with one hand, her other hand moved strands of long dark hair blown by the wind to her back.

"It's over, and I'm ready to move on, but I don't want anyone to know who I am."

Goldie had a throwback of when they were younger. Strangers kidnapped them for ransom from their pack. They were rescued, and the perpetrators dealt with.

Still, it was an occurrence they both could not get over. That was the reason why Sheila especially never liked to associate herself much with her father.

"I'm in, but hey, isn't that your ex-husband's car behind us?"

Sheila's hands tightened around the steering wheel as she stared at the rear-view mirror. It was indeed Alpha Nick's Rolls Royce behind them. "Fuck!" she hissed.

"He is signaling you to stop. Are you going to do so?"

Sheila was frustrated. "What does he want?"

