

Chapter 4

Freya POV

The sensation of his lips on mine was like fire. My body, despite the anger and confusion clouding my mind, began to respond to him in ways I hated.

His kiss deepened, urgent and greedy, and before I could even comprehend what was happening, I felt the rip of fabric—the skirt of my dress torn by his hands.

"Stop!" I gasped, my hands pressing against his chest in a futile attempt to push him away. But despite my protest, a part of me—one I couldn't control—was drawn to him. The heat between us was undeniable, impossible to ignore.

I was caught between two emotions, fighting against the pull of desire and the shame of it all. My eyes welled up with tears, my heart a storm of pain, frustration, and longing. I couldn't understand what was happening to me, why I couldn't just stop him, why it felt so good despite everything.

"Freya, when did you become so pathetic?" My inner voice questioned me.

A single tear slipped down my cheek, and when Aidan tasted it, something changed. His kiss faltered, and he pulled back, his breath ragged, his chest heaving as he stared at me, his expression conflicted.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, his voice hoarse.

I cried softly, the sound of it breaking through the silence. "I hate you," I whispered, but even as the words left my mouth, I felt the weight of the lie.

Aidan didn't answer. He simply reached up, brushing the tear from my cheek with the back of his hand, his touch gentler now, more regretful. And in that moment, I realized I wasn't just crying for the pain he'd caused—I was crying because I didn't know how to stop wanting him.

"Why are you crying? Isn't this what you wanted?"

I wiped my tears and looked up at him.

"What I wanted—you've already given to Zoey."

Before he could react, his phone rang. I saw Zoey's name on the screen, and he picked up instantly.

"Aidan, you don't need to make Freya apologize. The frosting on the cake is melting—come back and make a wish with me," Zoey's soft voice floated through the line.

I stared out the car window, dreading the saccharine words they might exchange.

But to my surprise, Aidan didn't give her a chance to do it.

"I'll have Sean take you home. I promise to make it up to you tomorrow," he replied.

"Aidan, is it because Freya..."

"No, I just have work to handle," he cut her off and hung up.

He then made another call, instructing the house staff to prepare dinner, saying he'd be eating at home tonight.

"Are you satisfied now?" Aidan asked after hanging up.

"Satisfied, huh? You can't even admit to Zoey that you're having dinner with me," I retorted.

"Zoey is sensitive. I don't want her overthinking. Today is her birthday—I should be with her."

"Then go be with her. No one is stopping you."

"I'm already trying to make it up to you, Freya. Why do you have to be so difficult? If you can get along with Zoey, you can remain the Luna of Nightblade Pack without any trouble."

I shook my head and laughed bitterly. "Do you really think I care about being Luna?"

"Don't push your luck, Freya!"

I understood there was no use in arguing, so I stayed silent.

"Anyway, your dress is torn. I'll take you home first." Aidan took off his t-shirt and helped me put it on.

"There's the scent of another woman on it. I don't want it." I threw his t-shirt out of the car window.

Later that evening, as we quietly ate dinner, Aidan's Beta, Sean, called.

"Alpha Aidan, bad news! Miss Zoey was attacked by a group of rogues at a bar and is now in the hospital."

"What?! Didn't I tell you to take her home?"

"She said it was her birthday and wanted to celebrate properly. She started crying, so I stayed with her. I stepped away briefly to use the restroom, and when I came back, she was gone. I found her in the alley behind the bar, and those rogues were about to... were about to..."

"I understand. I'm heading over now!"

Aidan didn't even bother putting on his jacket before grabbing his car keys and rushing out.

"Who knows what kind of stunt she's pulling this time," I muttered, rolling my eyes.

Aidan glared at me. "Shut up! She's your sister! If you hadn't gone to argue with her tonight, this wouldn't have happened!"

If I hadn't overheard Zoey and my father's conversation, I too, would be running to help her.

I so much wanted to speak, but I reined my urges.

But now I was certain that Zoey had staged this attack because Aidan didn't stay with her tonight. She wanted to force him to break our mate bond.

For the next three days, Aidan didn't come home. Only Beta Sean was sent to collect his clothes.

Meanwhile, I hired a private investigator to investigate "that child."

But before I could uncover anything about the child Zoey mentioned, I received something unexpected—my own pregnancy report.

Lately, I was feeling nauseous to the point of bitterness in my mouth and a sore throat. So, I went to the hospital for a checkup.

My friend Luigi, who worked at the clinic, came out holding the report.

"Freya, congratulations! You're pregnant—with twins."