

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 106

ELEIA'S POV

After Aiden paid for the car, we headed to the mall, “Now Cleo, we’d appreciate it if you didn’t tell Felix or Arlen, especially Arlen, about the car. It is a surprise.” Aiden glances at her through the visor mirror, “Because Arlen has a big mouth.” she snorts, nodding. I turn in my seat, glancing at her, “Thanks sweetie.” I smile, looking at Aiden and then back at her. “Did you want to buy underwear?” I ask and her eyes grow wide, she glances at Aiden, “Mom.” she grits out whiningly and I forget that I use to be that shy too, “Sorry.” I throw my hands up in the air to surrender, “I forgot.” my eyes widen as I turn to the front, biting guiltily into my bottom lip.

I didn’t want to make her feel less, or uncomfortable, but with Aiden, I never had a problem talking about anything.

We’re close, closer than ever and it’s just so comfortable, but I get it. He’s not her real dad and she’s seventeen, young and shy.

“My love…” I let my hand rest on Aiden’s, who’s holding the shift of the car, “Yes.” he glances, grinning at me with loving eyes, “Would you mind getting something to eat while Cleo and I shop?”, “You mean at home? Because that could take hours.” he snorts, teasing me. I swat his arm, not hard, as I scoff, “How dare you? You can go home, I’ll have Rosie pick us up, or even Felix.” I roll my eyes, crossing my arms over my chest as I glance out of the window. The cars fly by, speeding so fast that you could barely see the faces behind the windshield.

“Oh, you know I just love teasing you.” his fingers brush over my bare thigh, dipping underneath my sundress and I shove his hand to the side, glaring at him.

‘We have a child in the car!’ I yell at him through the mind link while I stare at him like he’s crazy.

‘I know, no need to yell.’ his eyes narrow at me and I roll my eyes again before sliding my legs to the door, away from his grasp and out of his reach.

“Yeah, I’ll maybe go shop for myself while you too hang around. And then go eat because I take like half an hour, max.” he says it like he’s proud of it, but the truth is, something, just one thing, won’t fit or sit right and then I would have to come back and swap it or return it. “You better keep the receipts.” I warn and he laughs, “I always do.”

Liar, he never does and we have to track the credit card back to the purchase and when I say we, I mean the cashier behind the counter and I, because he doesn’t help- not one bit.

Cleo and I part ways with Aiden when we go into a clothing shop and she immediately disappears to the underwear section. It makes me feel like a bad mom, did I not take it seriously when she said that she needed underwear? It seems urgent at this moment.

I follow her, letting her glance around and I do too, for myself of course. She comes up to me, holding a pair of granny panties and I kind of feel it’s my job to make her feel good.

“Sweetie, don’t you want something more... good-looking?” I wiggle my brows and the horror that falls over her face makes me regret it, “It’s just me seeing it. So...” her lips twist to the side, her eyes glancing around. “Well what about sports? School’s almost starting and you have PE.” I shrug and her eyes narrow and I could tell she didn’t think of that. “Sweetie, girls these days are...bithces.” I blurt out and a smile crosses her face, “So let’s get you something they won’t bully you over.” I sigh and take the granny panties from her and put it back on the shelf.

We take at least ten minutes to choose out at least seven panties and gorgeous bra’s that fit her. We decide on getting sport bra’s too, but not the lame ones, the ones with the open back and straps holding it together.

“I think I’m done.” she shrugs and I tilt my head to her, “What about some new clothes?” I offer, glancing around and I could tell it peeked her interest, but she seemed to shy to ask. Turning back to me, she shrugs, “It’s fine.”, “How about we get new ones and donate some old ones?” I offer and that seemed to do the trick because she agreed.

Since Cleo was a child, she helped people. I could tell it was in her nature. She loved looking after Arlen and play with him, she once took her new dress because one of our omega’s children torn hers and she was upset, even though it was already old.

It made me love her more, because I believe that if I grew up here, with my parents, I would have been the same.

I see myself in her.

We continued to shop until Aiden called me and I wanted to go home, that's when I realized that we'd been in the same shop for about more than an hour and a half, trying on clothes, laughing and it felt normal again- between Cleo and I.

"We're almost done." I lie as I hand Cleo a few dresses through the curtain of the changing room.

She gives me a worried look, but I wave it off, "Try those on." I mouth to her without making a sound and she smiles and continues to change.

"You're still not done?" Aiden sighs and I could tell he was getting impatient, "I just saw Felix, I'll call him for a ride. I know you have things to do, go." I beam and I swear I could feel the atmosphere change, "Are you sure?" Aiden asks, "Yes, I love you." I beam, feeling like it's the first time I said it. "I love you too." he murmurs before ending the call and I scroll through my contacts in search for Felix's number.

"Mother." Felix sighs as he answers the phone, "When did I stop becoming mommy?" I tease, knowing fully well he's with his friends. "Mom." his tone is filled with warning and I giggle a bit, "I'm kidding, could you pick us up at the mall in town?" I ask, batting my eyes as if he could see me, but he can't.

"Right now?" I don't miss the irritable tone, "In about an hour." he doesn't answer and I guess he's checking the time, "Yeah fine." He blows out a breath and I thank him before ending the call.

Aiden is going to be mad that I interrupted Felix's plans, but he's my son. I gave birth to him, he can drive me around.

After we're done shopping, Cleo and I wait outside for Felix, but since the dressing room, she's been less happy, less talkative.

"Did I upset you?" I ask as I notice our car drive into the parking lot. Cleo's head snaps to me, a smile on her face, "No, I really enjoyed today. Thanks mom." she picks up the bags at her feet and I pick the others up at mine as the car comes to a slow halt in front of us, "Did someone call an uber?" Felix

teases as his elbow rests on the window sill. “Haha.” I beam as I put our things in the trunk and get into the front seat.

Felix glances back at Cleo, smiling at her before turning to the front, “Did you two buy the entire mall empty?” he jokes as he smoothly pulls away and I put my seatbelt on. I don’t have trust issues with my son’s driving, but he learned from Aiden and that’s enough to know I have to wear a seat belt, not because we could crash, but because my body might lean side to side the entire drive.

“It’s just a few things.” I shrug, not making the mistake to mention underwear shopping again as he drives us home.

Arriving home with a relaxed body and not a stiff one, was a shock, but I was happy about it. I could now see that Aiden was right, that Felix does deserve his own car. He rightfully does.

“Thanks for driving us,” I smile as I unbuckle myself, “Yeah well, dad said I was not to drive like a maniac when you’re in the car.” he throws his head back against the headrest and I shake my head, “And he’s right, otherwise I wouldn’t let you use the car again, ever.” I threaten jokingly, “If only I had my own car.” he beams, the hope in his tone making me want to tell him he’s going to get one, but I don’t want to ruin his surprise.

I close the door, leaning down to look at him through the window, “Maybe when you’re twenty one.” I wink before tapping the door and head to the trunk where I help Cleo with the bags.

“Let’s get these things washed before you put them away.” I brush my fingers through Cleo’s soft ends before picking up the bags and we head inside while Felix speeds off, just because he’s trying to make me mad.

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ARLEN’S POV

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I could hear Cleo cry in her room again, so I turned up the music in mine. She’s such a cry baby, acting like she has the worst life ever. Mom and dad told me that she wasn’t my real sister, but I grew up with her. She’s sort of my

best friend even though I do find her annoying. To me, she'll always be my sister.

My fingers are all over my Xbox controller as I play a racing game, but no matter how loud my music is, I could still hear her cry.

I sometimes wonder how mom and dad doesn't hear her, but I guess it's because they are always on another floor. I sigh, pausing my game before I leave the room, I don't knock on hers and just barge in. I freeze when I find her shirtless, but before turning away, I notice the bruises on her back and sides.

"Arlen!" she groans, "Get out!" she yells and it kind of hurts. She has never thrown me out of her room, not even when I accidentally broke her jewellery box.

"Relax, I didn't see anything." I snort, not wanting to leave her.

I felt very protective of her for some reason, Felix might be my real brother, but he's so distant, so rude and has no remorse when he makes someone feel bad.

"You can turn around." she scoffs and I turn to face her, closing the door behind me, "Why were you crying?" I ask, getting straight to the point. She blankly stares at me, tilting her head all innocently like she's confused.

"I can hear you Cleo, the walls aren't very thick."

She plops down onto the bed, pulling her long sleeves over her palms, "I...I miss my dad." she murmurs and I couldn't help but frown in confusion, "I sometimes still dream of them, my real parents." she clarifies, "But how do you remember them?" I ask confused, "I don't, not really...I only have a picture." she sighs, her bottom lip pushed out in a pout. "Then how could you miss someone you don't remember?" I ask.

I don't mean to hate on her, but it feels like attention seeking. Like she wants my attention.

"I...I have a lot of dreams where I imagine this life, this great life...and I miss them. It doesn't make sense." she sniffs, wiping her cheek with her sleeve.

"I get it." I lie, I don't get it at all. She is not making any sense, but I love her, she is my sister and I'll always protect her, from everyone and herself. All this sadness, this heavy weight on her heart is her own fault, but I couldn't do anything about it.

Maybe I could talk to mom...maybe she knows what to do.

"Thanks." she scoffs, smiling at me. "I can go make us some sandwiches." I wink before leaving and I wonder if the roles were reversed if she would do the same for me.

She would, I know she would.

I run into the kitchen where mom is, "Mom." I offer a small smile. "Arlen, what do you need my love?" she asks and I cringe at the way she addresses me. I know I am the youngest, but yuck.

"Two toasted cheese sandwiches." I smile brightly and she giggles, "Alright." she walks over to the fridge and I glance over my shoulder before leaning forward onto the island counter, "Mom..." I start, already knowing that Cleo would hate me if she found out I was spilling her secrets.

"Arlen." she uses the same tone I used just now, "Can I tell you something? But it has to stay between us." I wet my lips and she turns with the butter in one and the cheese in the other.

My mother raises her eyebrow at me, putting the things down and she mirrors my stance from the opposite side of the island.

"Of course." she gives me all of her attention.

"Cleo has been crying, she said she misses her parents...Her real ones."

The way my mother's face falls hurt, I shouldn't have said that. I shouldn't have said anything. My mom loves her like her own and I just threw in her face that she was not good enough.

"Oh." she says, her eyes scanning the island counter like it's the most interesting thing in the world.

"I'll have a chat with her." she stands upright, suddenly looking very uncomfortable, "No." I say loudly, sighing, "She can't know I told you." I

whisper, “She won’t.” the fake smile on my mom’s face makes me feel guilty. I shouldn’t have done that. “But you know she loves you..” I add, hoping to bring back the light into her eyes.

My mother is the best, she is kind and is sometimes a friend too. I hate to see her hurt.

“I know sweetie. Don’t worry.” she winks and grabs the bread.

I feel really bad now, the guilt is eating at my heart and stomach, “Mom.” , “Arlen.”, “You’re the best.” I smile and her eyes flick up, a smile crossing her face, “Thank you.” her cheeks heat up and she looks so shy.

I’ve never seen my mom shy before.

After she made the sandwich, I ate mine while she took Cleo hers and I pray that she doesn’t mention my name or the fact that Cleo was crying about her parents because she’d know I said something and that is the last thing I want.

Felix calls me a snitch, but I worry about my family sometimes and mom and dad always said that whatever happens, they will always help us and fix whatever they can.

I don’t see myself as a snitch...more like a helper and Felix can say whatever he wants. I believe in keeping the ones I love safe, just like our mother taught us.

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ELEIA’S POV

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To say that what Arlen said hurt was an understatement, but I somehow do understand what Cleo feels like. I never met my real parents, not at an age where I could remember them anyway and I sometimes long for them too.

I knock on her door, since she expressed how much she liked her privacy. It’s quiet and then the door slowly opens, making me laugh, “I’m no serial killer.” I beam and the breath of relief she blows out while opening the door makes me frown. Did she expect someone else?

“What’s the matter honey?” I ask as I walk into her room. It’s hot out and she’s wearing a long sleeve shirt with shorts. “I was expecting Arlen, but he never knocks.” she sarcastically rolls her eyes and I giggle, “That I know.” I hand her the plate and she frowns, “Arlen went to the bathroom.” I lie and she nods, sitting down on the foot end of the bed and she begins to eat.

“So, I was up here and I heard you cry a little.” her eyes widen and she stops chewing, for a second I think she might just pass out, that’s how stiff she is, “Oh, it’s nothing.” she shrugs, “I was just frustrated.” hearing her coming up with all these excuses makes my heart ache. I want her to be comfortable with me, I want her to be able to talk to me like she use to...

“Are you sure?” I ask, sitting down on her chair at the desk. “Yeah, I’m actually not feeling that great.” she murmurs, “A cold?” I ask and she shrugs, “Are you sick?”, “No, I don’t think so.”, “Emotionally sick?” I ask and she simply just shrugs.

“You know, I’m also kind of feeling sad today.” I sigh, crossing my one knee over the other. “Why?” she asks between bites of her sandwich, “Well my parents, I always wondered what it would have been like to know them. My uncle roman, the former king, he’s my dad’s brother and sometimes when I see him...I wonder if he looks a little bit like my dad.” I shrug and her eyes narrow, “Arlen.” she sighs, rolling her eyes, dropping her toasted sandwich on the plate.

I tilt my head in confusion, “What about him?” I ask confused, “He told you, he’s such a tattletale.” she seethes. “Arlen didn’t tell me anything.” I shake my head.

I know it’s bad to lie to my children, but I also don’t want them to fight with one another. One day, Aiden and I won’t be here anymore and then all they have is each other.

“He didn’t mention anything?” she asks, seeming like she didn’t believe me, “I pinky promise, he came to ask for the sandwiches and then went to the bathroom.” I shrug, “Oh...” she tucks a strand of loose hair behind her ear.

“Does he know why you’re sad? I could go ask him if it would be easier.” I shrug, acting like I didn’t need her to tell me and I stand, “No!” she stops me, reaching her hand out to me. “I...I miss my parents...” she murmurs and then scoffs, “It’s stupid, I barely remember them.” she puts the plate down next to her. “A part of you will always remember them.” I force a smile.

I don't even know if she remembered that night, the night her father died and I never wanted to ask anyway, but maybe...maybe if she knew that her father died protecting her, she would feel better.

"Do you remember what happened when your dad died?" I ask and her eyes widen. She shakes her head, her beautiful ocean orbs looking interested.

"Do you want to?" I feel like I shouldn't tell her, but what if that is what she needs?

She nods and I inhale a deep breath, "Well we saved you from a basement..." I start off and her eyes narrow, "I dream about a basement sometimes, it's usually smelly." her nose scrunches up, "Oh it was. It's your brain's trauma that remembers..." I shrug, "And we were running from the people, they were mostly after me but your dad handed you to me to cross a river and when we were almost over, he turned to join and he got shot...He didn't have any pain." I add in hopes that it would bring her peace. "I ran with you, I didn't know that I wanted to keep you at that time, but then I got shot and I hid you behind a tree." I snort, thinking back at it now, she could have gotten really hurt the way I threw her. But she was much savor thrown to the side than being shot.

I remember the sounds, I sometimes have nightmares about that night.

"Aiden saved us, a guard brought you to my hospital room and ever since you didn't want to let go of me, I knew that you were going to my little girl." I smile, "How come you didn't die when you were shot?" she asks and I know she didn't mean it in the way of, 'How come my dad died when it should have been you.' but that is where my brain goes and it breaks my heart.

"I just wasn't shot where it would cause my death." I look down at my lap, straightening out my dress casually. "Oh." she mumbles, "I didn't mean it...", "I know." I interrupt her.

I know that she loves me, but I also know that she wishes she still had her parents, the people who made her body.

"I'm home!" Felix's voice rings through the house in an echo and I glance at Cleo's open bedroom door.

"I know it doesn't fix anything, but to me, you are my daughter. It doesn't matter if you aren't my flesh and blood." I smile.

I want to tell her that Aiden isn't Felix's dad, but I can't. I know it would make her feel better, perhaps closer to her oldest brother, but it would start a riot in this house.

Felix waltzes into Cleo's room like it's his own and I frown at him, his eyes immediately find mine, "Oh, here you are mom." he smiles, "Where you looking for me?" I ask and he glances at Cleo, who's awfully quiet all of a sudden.

"No, I wanted to ask Cleo if she had seen my ear phones.", "Why would I have them?" she snaps, "I didn't say you have them, I was asking if you have seen them, around the house." His eyes narrow.

"I swear it's next to your bed Felix, I saw them when I put your clothes on your bed too." I shrug, "Oh, I wasn't in my room yet. I thought I left them downstairs." he shrugs, "Thanks mom." he beams, turning on his heel and he leaves.

"I swear he's so forgetful." I scoff, giggling a bit, "Yeah, me too." Cleo murmurs, "Do you mind if I lay down a bit? Maybe in your room?", "My room? What's wrong with yours?" I glance around, "I just want a change of scenery." she shrugs.

"Oh, of course." I smile and I head downstairs and she goes up to Aiden and I's room.

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AIDEN'S POV

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"Did Cleo end up getting something for Felix for his birthday next weekend?" I ask my precious mate as she sits at her dark brown wooden dresser, the lights around the mirror giving her skin an angelic glow, "I totally spaced, no." she starts to brush her hair a little bit slower as she stares at my reflection as I lay on the bed with my shoulders and head resting against the headrest.

"Do you think she needs to? He will already be getting a lot of presents." I shrug as I throw a ball up and catch it.

"I guess he won't notice." her voice trails off and I could feel her getting sad.

"I don't want to tell him either." I mutter and she puts her bristle bore brush down, turning her body to face me, "Do we have to? Isn't there some way we could go over the elder's and council's heads?" her eyes are filled with determination.

"I looked, there isn't." I sigh.

I might not have gone to the moon and back to look for an answer either. I want my son to be the future king and of course I love Felix as my own, but he isn't. He's the jackass's son, the one I see when I look at Felix and I hate it, but that doesn't mean I hate him.

I love Felix, he's strong, smart, funny and he's driven, but that determination of his is going to break when we tell him and I don't want to see him like that, but my blood deserves the thrown too.

Eleia and I were destined for this.

We had made so many changes, we evacuated the castle, turned the one side into our home with our own kitchen and the rest remained the same. We built this place and Roman and Penelope even went off traveling, it's not because they wanted to, it's because Roman couldn't stand all the great changes we made.

Our pack is stronger than ever, I had a few guards including Stefan, sent to the elite training and they came back teaching us everything. They were faster, stronger and told us about a herb that made us stronger and faster.

I used it once and screwed my precious little mate the entire day, all through the night until the next morning because that's how much energy I had.

I made it a rule that no one uses it except when needed in a fight and war and it's been untouched, growing in a locked green house. You can eat it, drink it with something or make tea with it.

Roman couldn't stand my great ideas and took his mate and left. I know that it won't be forever because Penelope's sister is still running her pack, but Alpha Reece is long dead and when we tested her on a lying machine, she passed and we set her free.

Morgot hates us for killing her mate, she doesn't come around and we aren't allowed near her, so says Penelope, so every year we send out Stefan to

check around the house, making sure she doesn't pick up where her mate left off.

But Eleia and I are a team, both of our blood deserves this crown, not just hers and Regan f*****g Night's.

"I feel like the worst mom ever." she sighs, standing up in her robe. Her hair is still damp from the shower we took, "I know, perhaps we should have told him when he was younger." I squeeze the ball in my hand, "It wouldn't have changed the fact that we learned only a year ago that he wasn't going to get the crown." she scoffs, climbing onto the bed, sitting on the edge on her side.

"I know." I mutter, my eyes flicking to her shoulder as her gown falls off her shoulder, exposing her lacy bra.

"I just hate it." she mutters, flipping her hair to behind her shoulders. "Me too."

I don't, but I do. I'm caught in a crossfire with all of this.

"I can take your mind off it." I offer and her gaze flicks to me, her chin tilting down, "How?" she asks, her hand sliding up her thigh, exposing her skin.

She's doing that on purpose.

"Crawl over here and I'll show you." I grin and as she gets onto her hands and knees, slowly crawling over, my c**k twitches in my shorts. She reaches me, her hand resting on my bare chest before sliding them down my abs, hooking her fingers into the waistband of my trousers.

"Show me," she whispers in a low breath and I yank her on top of me, pulling the string of her robe that holds it closed and it falls open, exposing her underwear, "Do we have time?" I ask, knowing fully well we're suppose to be getting ready for a charity event.

"Who the hell cares? We are the king and queen." she grins while draping her one leg over my body and she leans down, kissing me softly.

I suck on her bottom lip, dragging a soft groan from her lips and she starts kissing me even harder, her one hand resting on my chest and she lifts her a*s off me, slipping her other hand into my trousers.

I chuckle as her tiny hand wraps around my jerking c**k and she pulls away, breaking our kiss. Her tongue glides along the top row of her teeth before she dips her head and her tongue glides along my bare chest all the way down. She tugs at my shorts and I lift my hips and she tugs them down. Before I could blink, her tongue flicks over my head, causing my muscles to flex all over as she takes me into her mouth. She sucks on me while sliding me out of her mouth and gives one hard suck on my tip, making me moan.

I clamp my lips shut. I hate it when she catches me like that off guard.

She giggles and I could feel her eyes on me, but I don't dare to look down at her. It's embarrassing that she can make me moan, I should be doing that to her.

Her icy fingers wrap around my shaft, "You know it's hot when you moan." she mutters and I glance at her, my cheeks turning even more red and I drag my teeth along my bottom lip, shaking my head while my eyes roll back. Her strokes are slow, but effective as my hard wood jerks as the muscles tighten.

"Look at me." her voice is whiny, the kind that makes my chest squeeze just because it sounds so good.

I roll my head before looking at her, my neck cracking, "So stiff." she let's go of my manhood and crawls up to me, her hands and legs on either side of me. She sits on my lap, slowly rocking her hips forward as her fingers gently trickle up my chest. Her soaked underwear rubs against me, the heat radiating between her thighs and her daisy scent mixed with her sweetness is intoxicating.

There is nothing I wouldn't do for this woman. If she got hurt, I'd make the one who hurt her suffer, if she cried, I would spill the same amount of blood of whoever made her cry. If she wants someone gone, I'll hide their body and if she wants the sun and moon, hell I'd build a rocketship to get it for her.

She gently shrugs the robe off her shoulders before slowly tossing it to the side, but never once does my eyes leave hers. I glance down her perfect body, it's not the same fit one she use to have over ten years ago, but it's still f*****g beautiful. She has a little roll as she sits forward and I look away, knowing that she hates it when I stare, even though I love it, I love every fiber of her, every nerve, every muscle, every inch of skin. I adore this woman and no one can change my mind about how perfect she is.

Her hands reach behind her and she unclips her bra as she grinds against me, I watch as her t**s spring free as her very detailed lace bra falls between us. I flip it one side and reach for her hips, pulling her up onto her knees before I hook my fingers into her panties, sliding them down. She raises her bums, straightening her legs and shimmies out of her underwear, kicking it aside.

“I like you like this.” my hands trail her sides up and down as she sits right on my d**k, her wetness smearing my length.

“Is that so?” she innocently tilts her head, letting her head fall to one side, “It is, I think I’ll have to throw all of your clothes out.” I wiggle my eyebrows, making her sarcastically roll her eyes. “We don’t live here alone.” she shakes her head at me.

I laugh, straight from my stomach before I pull her flat onto me, nudging her nose with mine, “Not yet.” I breathe before bringing her into a deep kiss.

The knock on the door breaks us apart and Eleia pushes herself up, her hands on either side of me. “What time is it?” she looked so lost, “It’s seven !” Rosie’s voice bellows from the other side and Eleia rolls off me, “s**t, s**t, shit.” she mutters, putting her robe back on. She rushes to the door while I put on my underwear and walk over to the closet to grab my suit.

We were going to have a quicky, but the moment just turned into something sweet and I think we lost track of time.

“You are late. You’re not even dressed.” Rosie’s pissed off voice always makes me laugh, she’s so soft and when she’s trying to be mad and tough, it’s funny.

“I’ll be done in two minutes, just two.” Eleia promises and closes the door, not sparing me a glance before she runs over to her closet, puts on new underwear and slides into her dress.

“Hurry.” she seethes as I button my shirt and she comes to stand in front of me with her back to me. I zip up her sparkling silver gown while I take in the soft skin of her back.

She’s perfect.

Before I could touch her shoulder, she strides forward back to her closet, “Are you done?” she asks without looking back at me and I sigh and do the rest of

the buttons before grabbing my blazer, fixing my collar and putting on my shoes at the same time she puts on her heels. She grabs a few pins and her purse before she rushes out of the room and I follow suite.

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ELEIA'S POV

Since we rescued those kids many years ago, I started a charity event, inviting every pack's alpha and luna, even their beta's and we'd all come together, bringing something exquisite to donate and then the rest bid on it to make money. I don't bring anything since Aiden and I donate the money to put it all together.

We pay for the venue, the food and drinks, the staff that serves us, the music and I do the invitations with the help of a designer so that it matches each year's theme.

It's not the same theme each year, this year, we are doing nightclub theme and everyone could dress how they like, but the men mostly show up in suits, because they claim the gambling life is also nightclub and it is true.

Nightclub isn't just drinking and dancing, it's everything you could think off.

Gambling, card playing, dares, drinks, dancing, raving. Hell, I don't even know what to expect from these people. I on the other hand am wearing a sparkling silver gown as the hostess. I don't party like the rest of them, I will only be having one or two drinks and the rest is juice or water.

I get too fun when I'm drunk, also loud and I don't want that.

We get there at seven thirty and the rest shows up at eight, "Goodluck." Aiden kisses the side of my head before he and Stefan walk over to the bar, 'making sure it's set up right', but in reality they are just going to plop down onto the seats and have a drink while Rosie and I run around and make sure everything arrived for the auction part.

"You do the check list of pieces and I will make sure the staff is ready." I point both my index fingers at her and she nods.

I giggle in the inside, because every moment with my best friend is something else. It just felt like we're on a mission that's life or death, but in reality, we're hosting a big party.

After making sure the servants are dressed correctly and that the food is already prepped and being cooked, I breathe in relief before making sure every party decoration is perfect and then the tables and centre pieces are good to go.

When I'm done, I find Rosie standing in front of several glass storage boxes, checking off a list as she goes.

"Everything here?" I ask, my eyes glancing over a hundred objects, "Still looking." she mumbles, her eyes fixed on the paper and on the pieces.

"Well let me know." I glance at her before walking to find Aiden downing his drink. I silently approach him and Stefan from behind, crossing my arms before clearing my throat. The guilt on my mate's face when he spins around and stares at me is ridiculous, "We've been caught." Aiden murmurs, chuckling a little. "Yes, you have. Your punishment is to dance with me later." I keep my chin up as I jokingly demand and he sighs, "Oh, if I have to." he jokingly sounds upset and I giggle before walking over to him. I stand in between his thighs as his arms snake around me, "Please don't drink the bar empty and quit it when it's five minutes before eight because it really would be embarrassing to greet out guests with you smelling like a bar." I scrunch up my nose, smiling and he rolls his eyes, "Yes, hostess." he sighs. "You too." I turn to Stefan and he chokes on his drink, glancing at me with wide eyes, "Why do I have to greet them?" he asks confused, "You don't have to, but you have to stop drinking too, moral support and all that." I shrug, giving Aiden a knowing look.

"Enjoy." I deadpan before they could argue and I head back to Rosie, "Everything is here." she hands me the clipboard and I nod, "Thanks."

As people start rolling in, in their limo's and fancy cars, Aiden and I stand on the inside of the door, greeting each single guest and their partner with a shake of a hand and a smile, making small talk and silently judging the dresses and outfits of luna's and beta's coming in.

Rosie and I will be laughing at this much later.

Even though some wear little, every single person still looks beyond gorgeous and elegant, some look slutty, but elegantly.

It's very overwhelming but the fact that they are taking part in this event means everything.

After nine pm, everyone was already here, the music got a little bit louder, most people were sitting down at their tables while talking, others were grabbing drinks and the line for the bidding boards sign up sheet is almost done.

I drink a cocktail of my own with Rosie while I sit at our table right in front of the stage, closest to the stairs while we elegantly mind link and laugh while talking about outfits.

Some women, older women, are here in their two piece outfits, but even though they are in their forties, they rock the outfits.

"I want to look that good when I'm that old." I sigh as my laughing slowly dials down a bit, "You definitely will." Rosie grins while sipping through her straw.

"You think so?" I ask, feeling a little bit insecure. I have gained a little weight over the years, but nothing too much that I don't fit or look good in my clothes. I barely buy clothes unless I need it because every dime we have that we don't need all goes into savings accounts for our children.

"Definitely, we'll be the elders some day. We'll be the crazy ladies." She teases and I laugh along as a joke, but sometimes I do think that.

"It's time." Aiden comes over, sitting down and I start to feel really red. I always freak myself out before talking to big groups of people and then when I start, I just calm down because it's not that scary. I don't know why I do this to myself.

"Okay." I blow out a breath and down my drink, which makes me feel even more flushed than what I actually am before walking up the stairs. I stop in front of the mic stand, tapping the mic and it makes a loud noise through the speakers. I giggle, smiling as the room falls silent and looks at me, "It's good to know this is working." I joke and everyone laughs, but every time, every year, it feels like they are obligated to laugh. I smile and grab the mic with one hand, my fingers firmly gripping it. "First of all, thank you all for coming." I take my time to glance over everyone, making eye contact here and there,

“Second off all, I want to thank my best friend, Rosie, who helped me plan, like she does every year.” our eyes lock and the glint in her eyes makes my heart swell. “Third off, thank you for the decorators, the staff working tonight, the donations from each and every one of you and the musicians.” I beam, “None of this would be possible without you, so thank you.” I start to clap beside me and everyone joins in.

The clapping settles down, “Now we’re going to start our main meal and then dessert and then why everyone came, the auction before the real party starts.” I beam, “So if everyone could take their seats after getting their drinks that would be appreciated since it is a lot of waiters coming out and we don’t want any accidents. Thanks.” I smile and walk off.

My heart is thudding against my chest as it beats faster and faster.

As I sit down in between Aiden and Rosie, Aiden takes my hand, lifting it to his lips and gently kisses my knuckles, “You look beautiful with the spotlight on you.” he whispers as he leans in and I could feel myself blush.

My entire face feels red as I smile at him, “Thank you.” I mutter and he sits closer, draping his arm on the back railing of my chair, “You know...” he inches closer, “If you weren’t my mate, I’d sure steal you. That’s how beautiful you are, I’m obsessed with your beauty.” he whispers, but we’re surrounded by wolves with supernatural hearing and I’m sure it wasn’t just me who heard.

“Psycho.” Stefan snorts, “I think it’s sweet.” Rosie raises a brow at her mate, “Of course you do my love, because you too, are a little psycho.” he leans in, staring at her with loving eyes. “Only for you though.” she leans into his embrace and they kiss, nothing rough, but something soft, sweet and meaningful.

“You two are going to make me gag.” Aiden comments and I slap him, laughing, “Just because he’s your best friend does not mean it’s not sweet.” I giggle and he tilts his head back, chuckling, “Whatever you say.”

We’re interrupted with our meal and we dig into it. The meal is approximately twenty minutes long max before the dessert comes and it’s ice cream, home made chocolate sauce and a piece of apple pie.

After the dessert is done and the waiters collect the plates, everybody starts to mingle again and I give them another ten minutes before Rosie and I head up to the stage.

Every piece we auction off is brought out one by one and it flies fast. All I see is panels going up and the man reading the numbers goes faster and faster. I think the smallest amount was about five thousand dollars and that was for an antique hair pin.

The auction is over and the party begins while the buyers claim their purchases or schedule for delivery.

It's already midnight when Aiden and I dance on the floor to the first and only slow song that is playing tonight.

Aiden's hands firmly roam my body while he longingly stares down into my eyes with a lazy, loving grin. His eyes are bright with adoration and I stare back at him while my heart is exploding. We haven't danced like this in months and I had forgotten how it felt.

"I love you, my Queen." he mutters, inching closer before nudging his nose against mine. "And I love you, my King." I beam, feeling silly that we're calling each other that.

King and Queen is reserved for the rest of the supernatural world, but I guess that includes us. He is my King, my loyal partner and the love of my long life.