

I Don't Remember Loving You, Alpha

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Chapter 1

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Elaine

My husband used my body, not knowing it would be the last time he had me. I'd grown fed up and given up hope that he'd ever learn to love me. What a silly notion. I'd been foolish to think that would ever happen.

"You seem... different," he purred as he began ravaging my lips.

Tristan loved total control in bed. But this time, I didn't allow myself to be just the receiver of pleasure. Surprisingly, I was the one leading him on.

"Hey, take it easy," he whispered, but it fell on deaf ears.

I focused on satisfying him first, on giving him a night to remember, before submitting myself to him and allowing him to enter my body. Considering it would be our last time, it might as well be good.

I was filing for divorce in the morning. If anyone heard what I was thinking of doing, they might call me stupid. After all, I was married to Tristan Hale was the esteemed Alpha of Wolfsilver Pack, and I was appointed to be his Luna. Anyone who might know my story might think I was a real-life Cinderella, if only I had a fairytale because I never had a "happy ending. Sadly, my story was anything but happy.

Just before my seventh birthday, a rogue attack landed me in the hospital. When I awoke, I found my warrior parents had died in the attack and I had no wolf. I'd also been stripped of everything and relegated to the lowly position of a maid in exchange for basic sustenance.

I became one of the omegas serving the alpha family. One night, I stumbled upon an attempt on Luna Isabel's life and intervened, earning a scar on my back. But I had saved her, and my act of heroism had garnered the admiration of Alpha Roman and the gratitude of Luna Isabel, leading them to propose a marriage between me and their son, Tristan. I agreed, considering that Tristan didn't oppose the idea, so I had agreed.

Throughout the years, I tried so hard to win his love and did everything I could to prove I was worthy of being his wife. But to no avail. He never fully accepted me, instead continually favoring his she-wolf mistress, Megan Smith. So I planned to just run away and give him his freedom, but not after this night to remember, hoping the memory of it would be enough for me to move on with my new life.

A few seconds after his release, his phone rang. The way his eyes lit up upon answering was enough for me to know it was Megan. My heart grew heavy.

"Okay, hon, I'll be there in a few," Tristan said before ending the call. He quickly got out of bed and retrieved his clothing from the floor. My heart became heavy with realization. One call from Megan, and he was ready to run to her, completely forgetting about the passion we had shared just a few minutes ago.

Fearing I might break down in front of him, I silently retrieved my clothes from the floor as well and began dressing. At the very least, I had hoped I could get to spend the rest of the night with him beside me. How foolish of me.

In an attempt to get him to reconsider, I blurted out the words, "Tristan, let's get a divorce. Let's end this three-year-long, loveless marriage, shall we?"

Tristan's playful teasing stung as he mocked me, "Don't always threaten me with that again," he sneered. "You keep on saying you're going to divorce me. Yet, I still have to bear with your attitude." He scoffed, shaking his head. "Stop with this nonsense. You're the Luna of this pack. Act accordingly."

Though I desperately tried to control them, tears escaped my eyes. Gathering the remaining courage in me, I looked into his eyes and said, "This time, it's real. I can't take this torture anymore. Let's free each other from the shackles of this forced union."

"Yeah, right," he said. After buttoning his shirt, he looked at me with disgust. "This is what you get for manipulating my parents into marrying me. Deal with it!"

The coldness of his voice was enough to send shivers down my spine. He stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him and leaving me alone to deal with my misery. I should have been used to his treatment by now. Despite my relentless efforts to capture his affection throughout the years, Tristan's disdain for me was always palpable, and no attempt I made melted the ice around his heart ended in disappointment.

Tears streamed throughout the night as I grappled with the harsh reality of our failed marriage. By morning, I steeled myself to confront the inevitable. With trembling hands, I reached for the divorce papers I had painstakingly prepared, determined to finalize our separation once and for all. The weight of resignation settled heavily upon me as I readied myself to go to the council hall.

But just as I prepared to leave, a knock echoed through the stillness of our home. I opened the door to Megan, who even kissed my cheeks as though we were friends to begin with.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, trying my best to control my emotions.

"Oh, nothing important, really," she said nonchalantly. "I just wanted to show you this." She flashed a lovely diamond ring on her finger. My heart felt ripped from my chest as I looked at the symbol of love I had never received from my husband.

"Is that..."

"Yes, Elaine. Tristan gave this to me last night. Isn't it cute?"

Emotions flared, but I worked to keep my voice steady when I said, "Leave. Now."

"Oh, don't be such a bad sport," Megan teased. "You knew right from the start that Tristan's heart was mine. You should—"

"I said leave! Now!" I pushed her out, ignoring her curses outside as I felt my world was suddenly halted.

I felt numb, still in shock at the turn of events. I had expected Tristan to wait until we were divorced before making his relationship with Megan official, but it seemed I'd been wrong yet again. Why did I keep believing that Tristan cared about my feelings? Wasn't the three years of hell he put me through enough for me to stop my delusions?

With my mind filled with questions, I dialed his number. As expected, Tristan ignored my call. Frustrated, I kept dialing. It wasn't until I heard the sound of an operator that I realized he'd shut off his phone. Shouting in frustration, I threw my phone at the wall, sending its shattered pieces flying in the air.

"I need to speak with him," I whispered to myself. Grabbing the car keys, I hurried to the back door of the old garage to the car Tristan allowed me to use. A bitter smile crossed my lips. Just last week, he had bought Megan an expensive car, while I was left with his old, worn-out vehicle. So much for being the Luna of the pack.

I immediately stepped on the pedal as I maneuvered the car onto the road, wondering why Tristan hated me. What had I done to merit such mistreatment from him when all I'd tried to do for the past three years was to gain his affection? Was it really wrong for me to love him like this? I held onto the wheel tightly, my heart ripping into tiny little pieces.

Then, I pressed the brake to slow down as I navigated a curve. Nothing happened. I pressed it harder. When I received no response, I pressed the pedal all the way to the floor. Still nothing. Panic overtook me as I lost control of how to stop the car. But I couldn't find a way out. The only choice left was to crash into something.

I braced myself for the crash as I saw a big tree looming closer and watched as I careen toward a tree.

This was it. I was done for. "Maybe I'll see my parents soon," I said, preparing for the worst.

With a deafening crash, the car collided with the tree. The impact thrust me lurching forward, the seatbelt digging into my chest. For a moment, my vision went dark. Then everything hurt, and I felt hot liquid on my head, making me feel weak and numb all over. Hot liquid streamed down my forehead, and my eyelids grew heavy, and I knew it was almost over for me.

As I let them slip closed, a voice in my head said, "Don't worry, Elaine. I'll help you get revenge."

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