

Chapter 5



Elaine

My gaze fell upon Tristan, and I couldn't help but be struck by him. He had matured into a chiseled man who exuded confidence and allure. Well, he was an Alpha now, so this was pretty much expected.

I looked at him and studied his features. He was chiseled, and his neatly styled dark hair framed his face and enhanced his rugged charm. With a defined jawline and commanding stature, he was far from the boy next door image I remembered him to be. Yet, despite that five years had passed, he still retained the same magnetic presence that had captivated me during our younger days.

However, his undeniable handsomeness struck me. Yet, cold and piercing blue eyes sent a shiver down my spine and hinted at a depth of intensity I hadn't fully comprehended before. Despite that, I still felt an inexplicable pull towards him. Sudden panic filled me; my infatuation with him was still present deep within me.

“Don't just sit there! Help me get changed!” he commanded, jolting me out of my delusion and making me grit my teeth. So I hadn't just been a wife he ignored. I'd been a wife he was also treated like a slave.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Go get me some —”

“Why don't you just do it yourself?” I snapped. “It's not hard to open your dresser and change.”

His eyes widened. It seemed he wasn't used to hearing me object to his demands. But it was different now. I wasn't about to let him abuse me again like he had, apparently, done in the past.

He huffed and grabbed a shirt himself. I smiled to myself and relished the small victory. He scrutinized me for a moment, then broke the silence. “Go with me to the party tonight. I know you're upset about Megan, so I decided to bring you instead of her. Just don't make another scene.”

I remained tight-lipped and hid my anger. As his wife and Luna, I should have been the one to accompany him to all functions and engagements. Taking someone else shouldn't even have been an option. Sadly, it seemed his mistress was shameless enough to take over my role without batting an eye. They were both jerks in my eyes.

Maybe the moon goddess had made me forget my time with Tristan as a way of saving me from my misery? She may have been tired of seeing me cry and wail in pain. So maybe forgetting was more of a blessing than a curse? At the very least, Tristan no longer had the hold on me that Liz had told me about, and I wouldn't let him control me like he used to. It was different now. Because now, I would no longer sit idly or cry all day under his abuse. Starting today, I would fight for myself, and that's what I would do starting today.

I went to leave the room, but Tristan grabbed my arm and pinned me to the wall.

“What are you doing?” I asked, trying to hide my nervousness by staring steadily into his eyes.

Tristan smirked and then leaned in to kiss me!

Oh, hell no! I wouldn't let him!

“Get off of me!” I shouted, pushing him as hard as I could. Tristan looked surprised, and the next moment, I saw him glaring at me.

Surprise passed over his face before it morphed into a glare. “What's your problem?” he asked, annoyed.

I looked at him dangerously. “You're not going to kiss me, huh? I won't let you touch me ever again! Ever!”

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