



Chapter 19

"You'll love the packhouse, Aeliana." Audrey chimes in. Despite how badly Aeliana treats her she still wants to be nice to her, i find that admirable, she would have been a good Luna, a pushover but still. "I can show you around and—"

"Can someone just drive me there?" Aeliana asks, ignoring Audrey's attempt at conversation. "I need to get out of this trap outfit."

Trap outfit?

I don't think she's ever looked better in a white dress, it appears to have been tailored just to fit her. "King," Rowan coughs. "You heard her."

"Don't protest." My wolf warns.

I roll my eyes, and nod, leading the way. My father sighs, "For fucks sake, son. You could at least hold her hand if you're not carrying her out."

"No worries, Alpha Dante." I hear Aeliana say, her voice soft and humble when she talks to my father. I see how she has him wrapped around her finger with the nice girl facade. "I am capable of making it to the car myself, or the house."

"Audrey," I call out, needing an anchor, an ice breaker to the uncomfortable and awkward ride I'm about to have with Aeliana.


Audrey doesn't waste any time, she immediately jogs to my side. Everything I say to her is a jump and how-high moment. It's like she has no sense of self around me, she has dedicated herself to being what I need, and what I ask.

Aeliana is just a few steps behind us, she takes her sweet time coming, trying not to dirty her dress. For someone who hated every second of our

wedding, she treats that dress with intense care. Her feet come to a stop when she reaches the car, I open the backseat and nod inside, "Get in."

Her eyebrows furrow and she stares me up and down. "Speak properly, you're not talking to Enerst or—"

"Ernest died," Audrey winces.

Enerst, my dog that my grandparents gifted to me before their tragic accident which took my grandpa's life and left my grandmother bedridden and bitter. Aeliana's lips part, I see something similar to remorse but then her eyes shift. "Good for him," she says, her tongue sliding over her red lips. I instantly regret using my pheromones to calm her during the ceremony. She looked like she was about to break and here she is, trying to break me. "I wish I were too, he was probably trying to get away from you two. Lucky dog." 

"You think you're funny?" I frown, she knows how much I loved my dog and here she is trying to make jokes at his expense.

Aeliana shrugs, "Nobody's laughing." I snap. "Get in the damn car before I lose my patience."

She doesn't.

She does the exact opposite of what I ask, she grabs her dress then takes a few steps back.

"What are you doing?" I frown.

"I don't need a ride."

"Aeliana, just get in the car." Audrey sighs, her voice whiny. "You're being unreasonable, you made fun of Ernest dying and you want to walk to the packhouse? You don't even know where it is."

"I'll find my way," she confidently declares, making a U-turn to the exit.

"Babe," Audrey whines again. "You should ask her to come back. She doesn't know the way and she can't walk that far."

"Get in the car, Audrey," I tell her, slamming the backseat door closed.

Unlike Aeliana, she listens.

She quickly makes her way to the passenger seat and keeps her mouth shut, something Aeliana could learn from.

Once behind the wheel, I let out a frustrated groan but Audrey doesn't react, she connects her phone to my car and begins to play her music. Outside the gates, I spot Aeliana and I almost ask her to get inside but I drive past her. If she wants to walk? Then so be it. Her overconfidence won't work for her this time. She'll learn a thing or two about shutting up and swallowing her obese pride.

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