

### Chapter 23

"Mistress?" Audrey gasps.

"Yes, is that not your official title for someone who sleeps with a married man?" Exactly, but you should be celebrating, Audrey. You've been upgraded from girlfriend."

Her personal maid scoffs, "You swooped in and ruined her life, can you at least be sympathetic Luna? Miss Audrey is heartbroken she —"

I raise a hand, dismissing her instantly. "Do you see why I fired her?" My eyebrow corks, "I will not have your mistress's personal maid taunting me. You two are enough."

Tina rolls her eyes, "But it's true." She says.

Oh.

I see how the dynamic works, she must get her way thanks to Audrey but that won't fly with me. Maybe it could have in my old life, but I'm not going to get walked on in this life too.

"Enough," Kingston growls. "Forgive her." He says, pinning me with his gaze. "Clearly, everyone here is somewhat in the wrong. You included."

"I upset her, I'll apologise," Audrey says, with no intentions of actually doing so.

"No." Kingston says, "Leave her alone, everyone else back to your work and stay out of your Luna's way whenever possible. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Alpha." They say in unison.



"I've lost my appetite," I kiss my teeth, choosing to leave through the other door. I don't know where it leads but away from King and his wife is enough.

Something pierces my foot. Sharp and painful. I quickly hunch over and pull out the piece of glass that shouldn't have been here.

"What was that about, Drey?" I hear Kingston ask.

"I'm sorry babe," she says, her tone lower, broken, like the victim she's convinced herself she is. "I was offering her a taste of lunch to see if she would eat or want something else but she slapped the plate out of my hand." I hear her say.

The door leads me to the living room once again. Luna Estelle is here, with three other people, among them a young woman with luggage and our family Chef, Syria. "Hi," I pause, wishing I had gone the way I entered.

Luna Estelle screams when she sees me, "Oh my God, my baby!"

"Luna Estelle." I smile, meeting her in the middle of the room. "How are you?"

"What happened to you?!" She gasps, looking me up and down, then up again.

"Mom?" Kingston burges in, with Audrey and half the house staff.

Luna Estelle holds my hand, "What happened to Aeliana?"

"Huh?" I frown.

"You're bleeding," she says.



"I'm what?" I gasp, following her gaze. My foot is indeed bleeding, I hadn't noticed it and I dragged a trail of blood in here from the kitchen. "Oh, it's nothing, just a little cut."

"How did this happen, baby?" She asks, her voice filled with panic. "And you why aren't you helping?" She snaps at Kingston.

"Your baby," Kingston snarls. "I thought it was okay to smash dishes in my kitchen and—"

"Her kitchen," Luna Estelle corrects him. "She can smash them all if she chooses." She tells him, his expression baffled. "Get the doctor."

"I'm fine, it's nothing." I tell her, "It's a small cut, it will stop bleeding soon."

"What happened?" Her nose scrunches up. She appears genuinely worried about me. Shouldn't she be upset I ruined the chances of her having a worthy scandal-free daughter-in-law? "Do you not like the plates? I can take you shopping for new ones."

"Mom, you don't hear yourself?" Kingston sighs, "You're sucking up to her like a toddler you need to pacify."

Her gaze shifts to him, her hands still holding me. "What were you doing when she hurt herself like this? Can you not spare two seconds to care for your wife?" She asks, her tone scolding. "Take her to the hospital."

"For what?" Kingston gapes, "She's fine."

"Her foot is bleeding," she says, emphasis on the last word.

Kingston snickers, motioning to the floor. "There's hardly three drops of blood on the floor."



"Don't upset me, King." She warns, "Don't you see how dangerous this is?"

Kingston rolls his eyes, his gaze meeting mine. "Tell her you don't need a hospital."

"I don't need a hospital," I say, my lips twitching with a smile. He is being treated exactly how he treated me in front of Audrey. It's fun to watch, but Luna's concern isn't.

Her eyes flicker between us, "Why is she repeating after you? Does he threaten you, baby?" She accuses.

"Threaten her?" Kingston's eyes widen, "She is terrorising my pack house and everyone in it!"

My lips pull into a smile and this time, I don't fight it. "I'll get this cleaned. See you later, Luna."

Luna Estelle nods, her hands leaving me. "Carry her."

"What?"

"Take her to her room and help her with her wound," she says, her tone commanding, exactly like he spoke to me earlier. "I'll make her some soup to cure her."

"You don't have to do that, Luna. It's just a small cut. It's not bleeding anymore." I lie.

"Alright," she nods. "You three, come with me, and King, take her upstairs. Audrey finds one of the pack doctors." Ahe says, leading her crowd away. Still, I don't understand why she has those three here.

Audrey instantly agrees, "Yes Auntie."



Kingston steps forward, slides a hand around my waist and in one swift, very effortless motion, my feet leave the ground "I can walk." I try to protest, but my body is already cradled against his chest.

"And I know that," he mutters, "But my Mom will kill me if she finds more of your blood smeared on the floor."

"I'll limp," I swallow, my heart hammering against my chest. I hope for the love of every God in the universe he doesn't hear that.

He pulls me higher, I think I'm about to drop so I wrap my hands around his neck for balance. "You'll stay quiet, that's what you'll do." 2

And I do.

I keep my mouth shut and heart rate steady as he carries me up the stairs. The heat radiating through me should be illegal, I pray he doesn't see how flustered I am.

People who see us whisper, something I need to get used to if I plan on surviving here.

Once in my room, Kingston drops me on the bed, yes, drops me and he doesn't even look back afterwards. He goes straight to my bathroom where he emerges with a first aid box that I had no clue existed until now. It reminds me to explore my prison cell a little more.

"Why would you walk with a shard of glass on your foot?" He asks, cleaning up the wound. "I asked you a question," he says, dabbing more alcohol on it. I don't give him a reaction, I'm familiar and used to the sting and burn of alcohol on open wounds. "Do you not hear me?"

"You said to shut up," I mutter to myself.

"Take better care of yourself or I'll be accused of trying to murder you."



“Spot on accusation.”

He pauses, his eyes meeting mine. Dark and you guessed it—ice cold. “  
And put on some underwear.” [1](#)

“I don't wear any.” I counter, at least not when I'm not on my period.

The shock on his face is worth every letter in my confession. For the first  
time since I've been in his company, he's speechless and I get a strange  
rewarding kick out of it. [2](#)

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