

Chapter 29

"I do not want to hurt your feelings, Aeliana." My wolf says, her voice strangled. "Some things are better kept unsaid. This is one of those things, trust me."

I can hardly breathe. Every time I try to get up, I'm thrown back again. If not for my grip on the railing, I would have fallen to the bottom of the stairs. "You and I are all each other has, don't keep things from me, you promised."

"Our mate," she begins. "He is with someone." She whispers, "We are in pain because he is with someone."

No.

Not someone, her.

Alpha Kingston is with Audrey. They're together, it's broad daylight for crying out loud. Shouldn't he be out today? Danielle mentioned that he and Rowan went out to handle pack business while we were out shopping so how is he with her right now? Was he giving her his Amex a ploy to keep me distracted and out of the house while he fucked her? I can't—

"It will pass," Lumi tells me. "We won't feel it soon enough. We won't feel him when he stops."

"It hurts," I tell her, a scream tearing my throat.

"I'm sorry, we deserve better."

"Not in this lifetime," I swallow, tears running down my face. "I'm sorry I ruined things for us."

"It wasn't your fault, Aeliana. You're a victim. They hurt you, they hurt."



I feel hands on my shoulder, tearing me away from Lumi. "Aeliana?" Rowan calls. "What's wrong?"

I wince, trying not to scream again. "Nothing."

"You're crying," he says, eyes wide with concern. "Someone get Alpha Kingston, why are you all just standing around? Move!" He commands.

"No. I'm fine, let go." I swallow, using all my strength to get to my feet. Rowan helps me, "I've got it." I hiss, I don't want his sympathy, I don't wish to help, I don't want a mate, I'm tired of receiving things that I don't fucking want.

"So rude," someone says, kissing their teeth. "Beta Rowan is just trying to help her."

"Did you see the well she fell into?" I hear someone gasp, "Fucking dramatic, how weird."

"Watch your mouth," Rowan warns them. "If you're going to speak ill of your Luna—"

The rest of his words fade with the ringing in my ears. I make it to my bedroom, the door is unlocked so I make it stumble inside, unable to get on the bed I settle on the floor, tugging at the sheets until I can stand again. I collapse there, staring at the ceiling as I let the tears fall free.

I wasn't expecting this.

This was supposed to be a myth, nobody ever talks about the pain you feel when your mate is with another. In the olden days, it was pretty common but never now so why me? Have I wronged the moon goddess so much that she not only punishes me with a mate who wants nothing to do with me but the burden of feeling every bit of him betraying our bond with the



woman he does want, the one he wishes was his fated instead of me?

"Aeliana," his panicked voice reaches me. I'm too weak to answer, too weak to cuss him out.

Moments later, I feel him next to me, I feel his hands underneath me, and he scoops me into his arms. "Hey," he whispers, wiping my tears with the back of his hand.

His eyes are wide, dark and soft, a look I've not seen in years. A look that has haunted my dreams for years since he left me. I must be dreaming, I reach out to touch his face but my hand flops back down. "Siren," he whispers.

"Why?" I choke out. "Why me?"

He doesn't answer, his lips lower onto mine, soft at first but then deeper, hungrier—stealing the breath out of my lungs. I kiss him back, my head swimming in nothingness. I can't tell from imagination until I hear him whisper my name with a desperate groan, the sound vibrating through my bones.

I pause, that feeling doesn't come from just imagination. It's real, raw. I immediately pull away from him, reality hitting me in the face like a concrete brick and lord does it hurt.

He kissed me.

He made me kiss the same lips he kissed her with, the same hands that touched me are the hands he used on her. My heart aches, but not like it did before. This is different. I can still smell her on him. I don't want to care, I shouldn't care, but why does it hurt so much? I knew they were together, I know she's all he wants, all he craves, but why do I have to bear the consequences and hurt of it? I want this bond broken, I want us



both broken. I want him to feel what I did, I want to tear his skin off him so I never have to smell her again.

"Aeliana?"

"Why are you here?" I swallow, pulling further away from him. "What do you want?"

"Rowan told me to check on you. You were crying on the staircase?"

"Leave," I snap, my hands trembling. "It's none of your business."

"I think if my wife—"

Wife?

No. I shake my head, "Don't you dare call me that right now. Get out of my room!"

His face furrows, "What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me? What is wrong with you?" I frown. He has the guts to stand here, soaked in sweat he earned while fuckjnv another woman, and yet I'm the one with the problem? God. I want to strangle him right now. I want to strangle her, I want to strangle me for having no less than half a cockroach's brain cell around him.

"I'm here to check up on you, and this is how you thank me?" He scoffs, "Suit yourself." he snaps, "Since you can't communicate like a normal person I suggest you not bother me when I am busy."

"Busy?" I gulp, trying to swallow the lump in my throat. "Is that what you call betraying our bond?"

"What are you talking about?" he frowns, choosing to play dumb. Or



maybe, he just doesn't consider it to be wrong, he sees what we have as wrong so how could anything with Audrey ever be wrong? I'm the one always wrong.

"Forget it," I swallow. "Just leave, and don't you ever come back in here."

"I will go where I damn please in my house," he counters. "You can't tell me what to do, Aeliana. This is my house, and my pack. Or am I mistaken?" he pauses, "Or have you forgotten?"

I shake my head, "This is my house too, I don't want it to be but you made it mine the second you bound your name, your wolf and your blood to me. I have the right to choose who goes and comes in here and I don't want you in here!"