

Chapter 31

Often, the urge to go to her is strong. Like now, I want to meet her halfway, swoop her off her feet and spin her the way I know she likes to be. Danielle says something to her, something that makes her smile and just like that, I'm entranced. I shouldn't feel so captivated by her but my heart seems to forget everything.

I get into the car before I'm running to her, kissing her until my lips are numb. A minute later, she tries to hop in the backseat but I keep the doors locked until she brings herself to her rightful seat. I bought this car almost immediately after she called my car cheap, it bothered me for hours and yet, she doesn't appear pleased about this one either.

"What?" I ask, offended by her lack of interest, I spent a lot on this car.

Her nose scrunches up, "Nothing," she says, opening the door.

I grab her hand. "Where are you going?"

"To ride with Rowan and Danielle, you stink."

I pause. Unsure if I heard her right. "I what?"

"Stink," She repeats. "S.T.I.N.K, stin—"

"I know how to spell, Mrs Vale." I snap. "I'm fresh out of the shower, stop acting funny."

"I'll see you there," she says, trying to put off my grip but I start driving instantly, her body jerks but I keep her steady thanks to my grip.

"Are you insane?" She gasps, eyes wide with fear. "I could have fallen out." She says, her voice breaking. I almost feel bad for her until she speaks again. "Trying to kill me won't change the fact that I'm your

mate, asshole."

"Relax, I'm holding your hand." I say, "You wouldn't have fallen. Close the door, my father will have a fit if we arrive separately."

I don't expect her to listen but she does, she yanks it shut, "Fine. But stop by the nearest mall, I need to buy a gift for your nephew, because someone didn't inform me sooner."

"I see," I nod. That bit is my fault, and I accept it.

Her arms cross over her chest, pushing her tits up high. "Glad your eyesight isn't all gone." She says, still tense in her seat. "Where's your puppeteer?"

"Excuse me?" I pause, my gaze momentarily meeting hers, "Are you calling me a puppet?"

She doesn't take it back, she simply shrugs. "If the sock fits."

If the sock fits?

'Our mate is funny,' my wolf chuckles. Funny? No, what she is is disrespectful. No one in this pack talks to me the way that she does, no one has looked me dead in the eye and uttered blatant disrespect.

"I am your Alpha Aeliana," I growl, my hand tightening around the steering wheel. "You will not disrespect me. I have ignored your remarks enough, if you carry on there will be consequences."

"Funny," she sneers, "You want to demand respect from me but have you tried earning it, Kingston?" She pauses, clicking her tongue when I don't respond. "No, I didn't think so. Don't try to scare me, I happen to not scare easily anymore. And you surely must be out of your damn mind."



Her response catches me off guard, the Aeliana I knew would never speak to me that way, she would never let such words out even if they were her thoughts. What the hell happened to her? "Drive faster," She demands, as if commanding a chauffeur or an Uber driver while she stares at her phone, finding it more interesting than my company.

"If you don't want to walk again, I suggest you watch your mouth," I warn, hoping it scares her, but a second later, she snorts out a laugh.

"You're acting like you're the only man with a driver's licence," she sighs, "Even a rogue mutt can drive. It's not special."

"Careful, Wife. My patience is wearing thin."

Her gaze shifts, now staring out the window with her against the seat. "I bet it is," she says with a heavy sigh. "Mine snapped six years ago."

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