

Chapter 34

KINGSTON

The ride back home is silent, and cold.

I keep stealing glances at Aeliana who is obviously playing a game on her phone with the volume on full blast. Before we left the party, my father told me to seal the bond with her, even if I don't have kids with her so fast. And in the case that I don't he threatened to gather the pack elders and have them do his dirty bidding for her.

Does Aeliana not realise how much of a pawn she has become in controlling me? Or is she playing dumb? Either way, she's a constant obstacle in my long-awaited inauguration. One that I will rid of the moment I'm officially the only Alpha.

When we arrive at the packhouse, Aeliana retreats to her bedroom while I head straight for the liquor cabinet in my office. The fact that I'm being forced to bed her makes my stomach turn. But beneath all the resentment is something that is a sickening craving. I've made peace with never having to touch her again, and if she ever lets me that close, I'd break her. Not with cruelty. With need.

With years of pent-up rage and desire so deep that I'd ruin us both. Once I've decided and drunk my courage in whiskey, I make my way to Aeliana's bedroom. Her door is ajar, so I enter before I can talk myself out of it.

Her room smells like her, I haven't been able to scent her whenever she's close, it's almost as if she were punishing me for something. "Fuck," She yelps, holding her dress against her chest. She seems to have been undressing when I walked in. "What are you doing here?"



"I'm here to see my wife."

She frowns, staring me up and down. "Oh cut the bullshit. You don't think of me as your wife so I doubt this is a courtesy visit."

"Oh, but I do think of you as my wife." I truthfully say. "I simply don't see you as one."

"What's the difference?"

"One is a fact, and you're undeserving of the other."

"Thanks?" She snarls, already agitated with my presence and this is who I should bed? I hope the elders who passed down this stupid knowledge of dooming one's pack when its Alpha doesn't seal every bond with his Luna are resting in eternal misery. "Did you come all the way here to insult me? I've been tortured enough by your presence tonight."

"Really?" I ask, stalling. Gathering more courage than I found at the bottom of the whiskey bottle.

"Yes, I had a miserable night." She says, still clinging to her dress.

"Miserable? You must be great at hiding your emotions because you didn't look like it when you sat with Damien."

"Because that was the highlight of my night," she says, staring at me like that much was obvious. And it was. "I like Damien."

"He is married," I counter, my tone bitter and loud.

Aeliana flinches but then collects herself so fast so wasy that I would have missed it if I weren't so taken by her and what she does. "So am I, apparently," she says with an eyeroll. "Why are you still here? You have already insulted me, so go ahead and run on to your puppeteer."



"I'll be here a while," I hiss.

Her face furrows and her head slightly tilts, the way she does when she's confused. "Excuse me?"

"My father wants me to give him another grandchild."

"I know," she says, following with a brief laugh. I don't see how or why that's funny to her. "He hinted it several times."

"Good, so then you understand why I'm here?"

"I don't," She gulps. Appearing genuinely clueless. "And shouldn't you be discussing this with your girlfriend? If you want my blessing, you have it, Alpha Kingston." She says, forcing a smile. "Always."

"Not with Audrey, but you." I correct her. Her smile falls, eyes widening.

"He won't accept an heir from her, he wants one from you and by some pack traditions, we have to consummate our marriage and seal the bond."

"And I'm assuming you stood your ground and said no?"

I smirk. Her fear is almost comical. "As I was saying, I'm here to—."

"No," she shakes her head. "You're kidding, right?"

"I kid you not, now take off your clothes, wife." I tell her, "Let's seal our bond and make an heir. Two birds, one stone." I say, trying to make this anymore less awkward than it already is. 