

Chapter 38

I shake my head.

"No wonder," she nods knowingly. "You'd never allow her near him if that were the case, you'd be on guard." She pauses, looking down at her phone. "Oh, that's your Mom. I have to go but first..." she trails off, her gaze scanning the area for any listening ears. "Don't let him treat you like the other woman, daughter."

The words leave my mouth before I can think to switch them out for something subtle. "I'm barely a woman to him," I snort out a laugh.

Luna Estelle tsks, "No mother should know this but you're all woman to him. He has always seen you that way, I remember the first time he realised you weren't like Rowan, or his other friends, he was miserable that week." She says, her lips pulling into a smile—small, knowing, like a memory just flashed before her eyes. "I know my son, Aeliana. I've seen the way he has always looked at you."

"Luna—"

"You heard me, Aeliana." Her voice grows stern, commanding, leaving no room for argument. I used to think Kingston got that from Alpha Dante but he gets it from her. Luna Estelle is more of a force than anyone realises. "Listen, you're my daughter now, and no child of mine will disgrace me this way. Stand up to your husband. Everyone bows down to him because he is their Alpha, but make him bow down to you, you are his Luna. Learn your power over him and exhaust it, he might not see what you do but make him. Make him see things your way, make him do what you want. Do you hear me?" She pauses, her brow lifted, only continuing when I nod. "Manipulate him."

"Manipulate him?" I swallow, that sounds a little extreme. And he would hate me even more if I ever tried to do that to him, I would be no less crazy and desperate than his girlfriend.

"Yes," she nods. "If you must. All good wives do it, but if you find it unsettling, then use other methods, but be sure to wrap him very tightly around your finger. It's for a good cause."

"Mom?" Kingston startles us both. He doesn't make a sound when approaching, and he literally appeared from within the bushes—maze to be exact.

"Oh, there's my bright blind son." She tells me, whispering almost. "What is it, Kingston? Have we not seen each other already today?" She frowns, "They never grow out of the yelling Mom phase," she sighs.

Kingston frowns, his gaze shifting between us. "Mrs Knight is looking for you, what are you doing here?"

"Talking to my daughter," she counters. "Isn't that right, my dear?"

"Yes, Luna." I nod with a smile.

Luna Estelle lets out a frustrated groan. "Mommy, mom, mother, mama, no more of that Luna stuff." She waves me off. "Or I too will start calling you Luna. It's your title not so?"

"Okay," I nod. She stares expectantly. "Mom."

Her lips pull into a wide smile, and she pulls me in for a hug. "I'll see you later my dear, and remember what I said." She says, her tone whispering.

"Yes."

Luna Estelle pulls away and gives King a pat on the shoulder before walking away. I take my seat and return to my blank paper, thinking Kingston will leave too, but he doesn't. "What were you saying to her?"

I don't answer him.

I simply gather my pencil, notepad and phone. When I try to walk past him, he steps forward, blocking my way. "I asked you a question, Aeliana." He says, staring down at me with a familiar irritation.

"Huh?" I frown, "You're talking to me? Willingly?" I gasp.

"What did you say to my mother?" He demands, answering my question with one of his own. It appears he hasn't learned his lesson on commanding me just yet. "Aeliana," he repeats. 



Comments



Support



Share