

Chapter 40

Oh.

I don't think she realises how close she always is to having her limbs torn apart each time she talks to me. The image of that happening is calming, calming enough for me to overlook how badly I want to tear her throat out so she never speaks again. But that would make Kingston pity her—and I'm not helping her in any way.

"Hello, Squeak...anyone home?" She frowns, waving her hand in my face. I almost slap it down but she retracts on her own.

"What do you want from me, Audrey?" I sigh, opening my bedroom door.

"I want you to leave, Squeak." She demands, her lips pouty. Is this how she gets her way around Kingston and all the idiots around them? "Do you not see how miserable you're making everyone with your presence?"

"That's mutual," I blankly retort. I too am miserable being around them, it's a two-way street with a dead ends that bring us right to the middle.

Audrey sighs, "You're upsetting Kingston with your being here, don't you see that? What kind of mate are you that you want to torture him? Aren't mates supposed to love and die solely for each other's happiness?"

"I don't want to be here either," I snap. "Don't you dare lecture me about mates until you have one or better yer? Until you've liced through my hell." 1

"Oh please," she rolls her eyes. "Don't turn the tables just yet, it's you that we are speaking of."

"Yeah? Do you think I like being taunted at every corner?" I frown, "Do

you think I like playing unwanted housewife like some freaking cliché sixties movie while my husband screws his mistress and she corners me to lecture me? I don't. I fucking hate it here," I spit.

"Then leave," she snarls, "Really, nobody will come after you, you've done it once, do it again. Because if you don't, I'll be hurt, I'll be —"

"Are you dense?" I scoff, "I don't give a flying raccoons ass about you or your forced feelings." 1

She frowns, her head tilted. "Oh, but you should. Because if you hurt me? Then I'll be forced to hurt you back, save us both the trouble, Squeak. Do not make me the bad girl."

"Of course not," I gasp. Audrey and Sera weaved me a special kind of hell for me when we were little, the kind no child should know and when I cried for help? It was their words against mine. And mine has never weighed anything—still doesn't. "You're anything but."

"What's that supposed to mean?" She frowns, innocently batting her eyelashes at me.

"Don't come to my room again okay? Stick to Kingston's bedroom. Mine is occupied."

"I came for my maid, don't feel special. This is the servant's side of the house." She says, her lips pulling into a wide smile, taunting. "The irrelevant wing. Of course, I'll come here when I need someone to mop my floors urgently. And King will come to you when he needs a free disposable sperm bank but for now..."

The mention of King snaps the invisible thread that was my patience today. "You have some nerve, Audrey. If you keep pushing? I will have to

throw you out of this house."

"With what power?" She scoffs, that stupid grin still widely plastered on her face.

"I'm your Luna," I remind her. A title I want no part of but since it is mine? I might as well put it to use. Egen if it's to scare her. Anything, to get her off my back. "You must have taken too many cumshots to the brain but I'm still your Luna which means I..." 

"Oh please," she cuts me off with a snorted laugh. "You don't have any power, what use is a Luna whose Alpha won't spare her a second thought?" She snickers, shaking her head at me. "You're nothing, but if it pleases you, I can call you Luna, tell me which one you prefer, is it Luna Squeak or Luna Aeilana? Doesn't matter which one, because it changes nothing. You don't call the shots, the only reason you're still here is that Kingston doesn't want to anger his Father, because he wants to be Alpha."

"If he loved you half as much as you've led yourself to believe? Then I think he would have found a way to be with you despite this little predicament." I shoot back.

"He's still with me," she snaps. "I'm the one in his bed, in his heart. You're just a name on paper, a nuisance he can't let off."

I nod, "And that paper still bothers you huh? You know what I might even cling to this marriage just so you can never be his Luna." I sigh, "Maybe I will find the same satisfaction that you find in knowing you're all he cares about."

"I don't find any—"

"Cut the crap," i tsk. "And the next time you come to me with that nonsense? I'm telling Luna Estelle and having you thrown out of this house. In case you haven't noticed? She'd do pretty much anything for me so best hope I don't run out of patience."

"Aeliana!"



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