



Chapter 57

"I'm going to kill you," I say, using the pack link.

His lips pull into a smile and he nods at her. "You're welcome, she looks great."

Great?

No, she looks phenomenal.

That dress clings to her like it were made for her, it shows every perfect curve of her body that nobody should see. This is just like at the pool—worse actually. I consider dragging her off the stage but I'm too angry to move. I am also considering every man to get out of this club right now but that would make me a dictator. I've never been more mad, irritated, baited, and oddly turned on.

The second that she starts to sing. The room quiets at the sound of her voice, she sounds just as amazing as I remember. Had she been practising in her time away?

I try to stay sane, but my wife is performing on stage in a tight little dress that leaves nothing to the imagination and she's dancing for over two hundred people. Ninety per cent of them are males.

I shouldn't care, but every whisper about her figure and sway of hips makes me twitch. She sounds melodious. She has the kind of voice that touches one's soul when she performs.

When shes done, people cheer. More specifically grown horny men cheer for more, chanting for one more song.



"Get her off the stage," I tell Damien.

"Why? She's killing it?"

"And I'm going to kill you, Damien." I snap, "Get Aeliana off the stage or River becomes a widow."

"Fine," he groans, moving hastily.

He gets her off the stage and leads her to the bar, a more dangerous spot than the stage was. On the stage, they couldn't help but stare, but at the bar? Men crowd her.

Rowan kicks at my foot, "Damien's club might survive after all."

I rise, my temper rising the longer I watch this shit show Damien created.

"Babe, where are you going?" Audrey asks, reaching for my arm and I pull away the second she touches me, her touch burning me.

"Home."

"But the night is still young," she whines. "You can't leave, we're here to support Damien. And you promised me a dance."

A dance?

"My wife was performing half-naked for his club," I bark. "I've supported him enough."

"Why do you sound upset? You don't care about her, and it—are you jealous?"



"I will not have her parade herself like a hooker, I don't care for what she does but that's her actions reflect badly on me. She's embarrassing herself and the name attached to her."

"That's a little harsh, Alpha Kingston." River winces, "She was just helping Damien. That's the dress Melorie would have worn."

"She's an entertainer, Aeliana isn't." I remind them.

She is my wife. Mine. She shouldn't be smiling with strangers and taking pictures with them like some celebrity.

"She entertained just fine," River counters, fueling my anger. "Can you stop being such a husband and let the girl shine? She single handedly saved your brother's ass."

"I'm leaving."

"I'll drive," Rowan offers.

"No, enjoy your night." I snap, leaving before I make a grave mistake. Damien winks at me when our eyes meet, fucking winks.

I'm halfway out the door when his voice creeps through the link. "Leaving your wife in an unguarded male-infested club isn't a good look on you. But go, who knows who will sweep Aeli off her feet and take her to his home. I vote for the guy in red."

That makes me turn back, I match right back to my seat. No man is stealing my mate from me. "You're back?" Rowan frowns.

"Changed my mind." I gritt through my teeth. I'll be watching her tonight, I can't afford another tapped scandal, not when she's



married to me. 2

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