



Chapter 58

KINGSTON

Three drinks in, I think I've mastered how to watch Aeliana without it driving me crazy. She has been on a high for the last couple of hours. Danielle and River asked her to join our table, but she refused, instead sitting at the bar and entertaining several strangers. A constant has been one of Damien's friends. The only reason I've endured them being so close is because he doesn't like women, and his husband was close.

When Shane leaves the bar, Aeliana does too, she staggers towards us. "Hey, princess." She slurs, her gaze settling on Audrey. "Can I borrow my husband?"

Audrey shifts, "What?"

"I want my husband now," she slurs, her gaze shifting to me. Her lips pull into a smile when she sees me, "Get up golden boy." 1

River breaks into laughter, "I think she's talking to you, Alpha Kingston."

"Get up," she orders me again. "I want to dance."

"Aeliana—"

"I'm telling Mom Estelle," she sings, loud and free. Rowan begins to laugh, she sounds too drunk for the number of drinks that she took. I was counting. Three glasses of wine, that's five less than the glasses I've had. "Danielle, give me my phone." She puts her hand out, struggling with her balance. "I'm going to tell on you. To my mother-in



-law," she says.

"Don't you think that's extreme?" Audrey gasps, "How can you bring Luna—"

"No one asked you," she snaps, "Come on, up, Golden boy, up," she repeats. She sounds like a different person right now, and she is acting differently. "Fine, I won't beg." she waves me off, turning away. "Damien!" she screams, her voice loud but not enough for anyone else to hear. "D! D, find me someone to dance with! Damien.."

I shoot up from my seat, she is making a scene, people are starting to stare now, not in the way that they were staring before.

"Come on," I grab her hand.

She pulls her hand away, "Why?" She frowns, walking away from me. I follow closely behind her, and she finally pauses on the dance floor. "You made me beg. You made me look like a fool... " she sings.

"Do you want to dance or not?"

"No," she pouts, arms crossed over her chest.

Is she serious right now? She just made me leave my seat, "You just —"

"Beg me," she tells me.

"Huh?"

"If you want me to dance with you, then you.." she trails off, tapping her cheek. "You have to beg me, or I will dance with someone else, I



have options."

"What options?"

"So many nice men want to dance with me! I'm hot."

Very hot.

I dare not call her bluff.

There is no pride left to swallow, so I take her hand again, and everything inside me mellow. "Will you please dance with me?"

"You're not my first offer," she says, pointing towards my table. "Even Trevor asked that way."

"Trevor?" I frown.

"Yes, so ask me nicer," she slurs, her finger pushing at my chest. "Bribe me, or I choose someone else."

"How?" I sigh.

She shrugs, her lips twitching with a mischievous grin, "Figure it out."

"What do you want, Aeliana?" I ask, studying her closely. She has something in mind already, and I'm too drunk to guess or go back and forth.

Surprisingly, she doesn't beat around the bush, she looks up at me and grins. "A kiss here." She says, tapping her cheek.

Her cheek?



The way she smiles makes her eyes twinkle, melts her heart. I'm not about to kiss my wife on the cheek so I lean down and cup her face in my hands, and kiss her.

Not gentle.

Not sweet, I kiss her and deep, my tongue sliding against hers. I taste every glass of red wine she's had tonight, and with it, everything that I've been starving for.

She lets out a small, moan, her fingers fitting my shirt and pulling me closer. I swallow it, my hands dropping to her waist, touching her as if to engrave this feeling in my mind. I instantly regret it the second I pull away, God knows when she'll ever let me touch her like this again, like she's mine.

"Now, can we dance?"

"Yes." She giggles, throwing her arms around my neck. "You're good at this." She says, practically swinging off me. When I raise my head higher, her hands slip and she steps onto his toes. I expect to feel the sting of his heels, but nothing comes, I just feel her weight there.

My gaze drops to her feet, finding them bare again. "Where are your shoes?" I frown, looking up at her again. I don't understand what it is with her and shoes, she can't seem to keep a pair on. She points to the bar, where I see her shoes glimmering on a barstool. I keep her in his arms, letting her sway to the music. "You stink a little less now." 

