



Chapter 59

"Thanks?"

She gets on her tippy toes and kisses my cheek. I now realise she has been on her tiptoes the whole time. "You're welcome."

"Come on," I groan, lifting her higher. "Let's put those shoes back on. The floor is dirty."

"They're too high," she whines, her head falling between my collar and jaw. "I don't want to fall."

"You won't, I'm watching..." I tell her, setting her down on a barstool.

I've only put one shoe on her, and I'm struggling with the laces—straps, whatever these things are called, they're hard to get on, and her moving her foot doesn't help much.

"Stop," she pulls her foot away, undoing the knot I tied on her heel laces.

I pause, looking up at her. "What did I do?"

"What did you do?" She frowns, her eyes wandering a second later, "Look!" She gasps, "There's Damien, I love Damien, do you think he loves me?"

I blink back the shock.

I don't know what she sees in that idiot. "For his sake, he better not."

"Why not?" She gasps, eyes wide and glassy. "Why doesn't he love me?" She pouts, her voice a whole decibel lower now. "Did he tell you



that? I knew he didn't love me. Is it—"

"No, no," I rise, wiping the tear from the side of her cheek before it falls. "He loves you," I swallow. "No tears."

"I want Damien to love me back!" She screams, "Why don't I get loved back?"

My head whips over my shoulder so fast, that I think I hear a crack. "Get Damien," I tell the bartender.

"But Damien and I have a handshake," she sobs, genuinely devastated that my brother doesn't like him. "We have a cool handshake no one knows, why doesn't he love me anymore did I sing badly?" She pauses, "I thought he liked it, he said I sing like a songbird."

"You do," I nod.

The moon goddess must be smiling down at me tonight because Damien appears right on time. "You summoned me, Big Alpha bro?"

"And he's here!" Aeliana squeaks, "Hide me," she tugs at my shirt, "I don't want to be rejected in a club."

"Rejected?" Damien pauses, 3yes shifting between us. "What's going on King? How can you—"

"Tell her you love her," I order him, caressing her hair.

Damien's eyes furrow, his gaze shifting between us. "I'm sorry, what?"

"She's talking about you rejecting her, not me," I explain, but he



doesn't seem to understand and I don't understand either, I just want my mate to stop crying about that. "Tell her you love her," I repeat, this time my voice more demanding.

"This is a weird request."

"Do it, or—"

"No threats necessary," he raises his hands in surrender. "Luna Aeliana."

Aeilana sniffs, "You don't want to be family with me anymore."

"Of course I do," he says, putting a hand on her shoulder. I twitch a little but I allow it. "What gave you that idea?"

"Kingston said you didn't love me."

Damien's jaw drops, "Why would you tell her that?!"

"First of all, she is drunk," I snap. "And I am not telling my wife another man loves her, there must be some laws against that, if not I will make them."

"You should, our love is very important to us." He says with an eye roll, huffing in annoyance. "You wouldn't get it. I love you A," he says, patting her shoulder. "Golden boy doesn't know what he's talking about. I love you," he says again. Once more than necessary.

"I love you," she says, beaming once more. "I love us!"

"Me too," Damien smiles.

Aeliana's arms open wide and before Damien can hug her, I grab him

by the collar, and haul him back.

"That's not necessary," I slap his back, the impact making him cough.
"I think we all understand you love her. Right?"

Aeliana nods, "Yes, don't lie again. Very bad, Kingston, very bad." She scolds.

"Very bad.." Damien laughs. "A, enjoy your night okay, my superstar? I will say goodbye to River and check in to see if he doesn't eat you, okay? Love you."

"Love you," she giggles, blowing him a kiss which he makes an awful show of catching and holding close to his heart.

Her eyes meet mine again, and I get the other shoe and help her put it on. This time, she tells me how to do it right. When done, I pull out a chair, sitting at a safe distance. "Now what?"

She shrugs, looking a little sad. "Damien loves you, so why are you frowning?" I ask, nearly choking at the first half of that sentence.