

Chapter 60

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 a chair and sit 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.

"D said you'd eat me," she says, her voice low.

What? She can't possibly believe it in literal terms. "He didn't mean it," I swallow.

"I know," she pouts, head tilting and her voice loud once again. I almost smile. I don't think I've seen anything this cute all week, not even the bear cub that u brought for the children's home was this adorable. "I liked when you'd eat me, my legs were always sha--"

I slap a hand over her mouth. "No more."

She pushes my hand down, "Fine. I just had a remembery." She says. The way she always said it when we were younger but one day, it phased out her vocabulary. 1

"I need the restroom," I tell her. "You should stay put. Don't move, don't talk to strangers."

"I told you, don't give me doggy orders!" She pouts, "At least wait until I shift, first. Would you like me to shift for you?"



"Do not shift," I shake my head. "Stay in your seat."

"If I do, you dance with me, again."

"Yes."

"Yay," She claps.

I should trust that she can be okay on her own but she seems so out of it, a little too out of it so I tell Rowan to watch her using the pack link. Thankfully, Damien happens to have two bathrooms, one for his VVIP clientele and the other for regulars so my trip to the bathroom is hardly long. As I wash my hands, I notice I'm wearing more of Aeliana's lipstick than she is, which explains half the surprised looks I've gotten. It wasn't because of how drunk she is but because of her lipstick on me.

I can still taste her on my lips even after I wipe it away. Soon, I return to the bar, and she seems to have moved to a different seat. It doesn't take long for me to find her, her gold dress sets her apart from the crowd but even without it, I would find her just as easily.

I hurry over when I notice Audrey next to her, smiling widely. Aeliana's back is turned to me so I can't make out her state but I know she must be irritated just like evrytime it is that she sees Audrey happy. God, I don't know what to do anymore.

"Audrey, why are you here?"

"Kingston, you've got your hands full tonight."

I nod, "Yeah, she's a lightweight."



"She shouldn't have drunk so much," Audrey frowns, "She can barely stand."

Aeliana growls, "My mouth. My liquor. My Damien's club, my drunk."

Audrey nods. "Right, like I was saying, you were great on stage, we should toast." She says, grabbing two glasses off a waiter's tray.

"Drey, you just said it, she's too drunk."

"I know," she nods. "I just want to toast with her, She doesn't have to drink. It's been a big night, we've had a nice conversation too."

Nice? Conversation?

Somehow those two words don't belong in any sentence centred around the two of them. Audrey extends both glasses towards Aeliana, letting her choose. Aeliana takes one drink from her, and the other slips, landing in Aeliana's lap.

"You fucking lunatic," Aeliana gasps.

"I'm sorry, my hand slipped." Audrey immediately apologises, trying to dust the liquid off. "I must be a little too tipsy myself."

"She didn't mean to do that," I tell Aeliana. I saw her hand trembling before that and she tried to save the glass before it fell.

"Are you defending her?" She frowns, "She did it on purpose, she's mad I danced with you."

Audrey shakes head, "No. I'm sorry Aeliana, let me get you some..."

Before I can react, Aeliana's arm flashes out, and she hurls her drink



at Audrey's face. The blue liquid explodes across her perfect makeup, soaking her blonde hair, and running in rivulets down her cheeks and neck. 1