



Chapter 61

Audrey shrieks, hands flying to her face. "Aeliana, what is wrong with you?"

"Oops di doo." She laughs, dropping the glass. "My hand slipped."

"She's drunk," I tell her. "I'll take her home before she assaults anyone else. Come on." I grab Aeliana's arm, pulling her away.

The crowd parts for us as I drag her outside. It's cold out, so I try to hail us a cab but there are too many people here waiting. I'm also too drunk to drive so I can't ask for my car keys back. "I didn't say bye to D." She whines, trying to go backwards inside.

"He knows." I sigh, tightening my grip on my hand.

"Did you tell him?!"

"Yes."

"You're such a good boy, Alpha Kingston." She says, her eyes twinkling under the moonlight.

I don't smile back at her, "And you're a very bad girl."

"She threw it at me first, I was nice."

A car honks at us.

My gaze shifts, finding Rowan's car. Danielle waves from the passenger seat, "Hop in!"

"Hi Dani," Aeliana waves. "Hi, nice girl."



"Come on," I say, guiding her to move first but she doesn't.

"I am talking to Danielle," she groans. "Can't you see?"

"Talk to her inside the car."

Her hand slips from mine and she runs towards the cars, leaving the door open for me when she gets in. No one else is in the backseat, it's just us too. Rowan smirks at me from the driver's seat. ¹

"Why am I bad?" Aeilana asks, "She ruined Melorie's dress first, and I was nice! Was I not nice? I didn't bite her, i didnt pull her hair, I didn't stab her"

The last one catches me off guard, "S-stab her?" I gasp.

"Yes," she nods, reaching into her bra. "Dani gave me this." She beams, showing me a pocket knife. She flicks it open with a frightening precision.

"Danielle?" I swallow, the blade coming a little too close to my neck before I can stop her.

"Sorry, in my defence i gave it to sober her and it was for her protection." Danielle yawns, "Clubs get rowdy sometimes."

The little sharp blade is now being traced against the side of my neck while Aeilana watches it with a smile. "I could have cut her, but I don't want it to be dirty, it's so shiny." She says, her lips twitching with a smile.

She's drunk.



Unstable. And I don't happen to be one of her favourite people, so my concern remains. "Give it to me," I tell her. Careful not to touch or startle her because one wrong move? It could do some serious damage. I've seen the exact one on Alpha Jax, he makes these, and they're just as effective if not more than a dagger.

"No," her gaze lifts to mine. The cool steel still pressed into my neck. "But how about, umm...you give it to me." She says, her lips curving into a mischievous grin. Rowan doesn't seem in any way alarmed or he is really focused on driving, that or he might not care for my wellbeing at all. "Kiss me." She orders, pulling it away. "Then I'll give you it. Don't like my offer? Not getting it!"

With the blade away from my neck, I can finally snatch it from her. She gasps when I do. "I'll keep this for now," I say, closing the blade so now only the pink plastic end is visible.

"That's not fair, it's mine." She whines, slamming her elbow into my tips.

The sting throws me off for a second but I recover quickly. "You can have it back when you're sober," I tell her, but she doesn't seem to listen. She unclaps her seatbelt. "What are you doing?"

"I want to sit on you," she grumbles. I think she means with me but no, she means it the way she said it. She crawls into my lap, her wet dress hiking up to her hips. "What?"

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