



Chapter 62

"Nothing."

"You took my knife," she slurs, "I want my kiss, Alpha Kingston." She says, but the way she refers to me as Alpha is different from the other day, there's more familiarity in it.

I kiss her on the side of her mouth, the way she's looking at me makes my heart race. If I kiss her now, I won't stop, I'll owe Rowan a full car detail and some he'll owe me money for the show he'd see.

Aeliana leans in, her mouth crashing against mine into a messy, desperate kiss. Her hips begin to move in small frantic circles, chasing friction against my zipper.

My cock is rock-hard, has been since she kissed me in the club, and the friction of her grinding on my cock is torture. I pull away from the kiss, my hands gripping her thighs, trying to still her.

"Aeliana, slow down."

She doesn't.

Her hips continue to move, shamelessly against my hard cock. "Don't push me away. Please."

Rowan's eyes flick to the rearview mirror once. He mutters something under his breath and turns the music up louder.

I don't push her off.

How can I bring myself to deny her anything when she looks at me



like I'm all she can cling to? "King," she moans, rocking faster.

I place my hands on her hips, guiding her to her desired pace, letting her use me to cause whatever relief she is chasing. "There," she whimpers, grinding harder.

It doesn't take long for her come, I feel it all. I feel her shudder as she clenches around nothing, wishing I were inside her right now. Her body slumps against my chest and she tries to grind on me once again, stopping with a choked cry that makes me come in my pants. She doesn't realise it.

I'm utterly dumbfounded by the situation. I was doing just fine until I felt her warm breath against my skin, and that strangled moan.

My cock remains throbbing, my balls tight and aching, but I don't move. I don't grind up into her. This wasn't for me, it was for her. She's drunk, maybe too drunk. I can't bring myself to touch her, not while knowing she would beg me not to if she were sober. 1

I hold her against my chest the rest of the ride home, she doesn't speak after that, but the moment the car stops, she slides off my lap and staggers into the house.

"Aeliana!" I call to her, my voice falling on deaf ears.

Note to self: Don't let your wife drink more than two glasses.

Rowan wakes Danielle up while I figure out how to walk with the mess in my pants. "Where is Aeliana?" Danielle yawns, her voice low, tired as she peeks into the backseat.

"There," Rowan says.



"She seems to have sobered up, how? My legs have fallen asleep."

"They were fucking in the backseat," Rowan says.

"No," I blurt out, at the same time Danielle gasps. "We were not fucking, why would you think that, she's literally clothed.?"

"Oh please," Danielle laughs, fully awake now. "That little dress isn't stopping anything but birth control."

Rowan nods, "I'll take your word for it. But I heard you both over the music and Luna seemed rather impatient."

"She's drunk," I roll my eyes. "And we didn't have sex in your car."

"If you say so," Rowan smirks.

"I need a cold shower," I groan, stepping out of the car.

Rowan and his bad influence wife laugh, "I believe you." He says.

There's no sign of Aeliana anywhere in the house so I assume she is up in her room and hit the shower. I feel lighter, more so after tending to my erection. I'm getting ready to crash for the night when I hear frantic knocks on my door. "King!"

I open the door, Rowan is on the other side, holding a bottle of water and a mini bag of ice in the other hand. "Rowan?"

"I think you might want to check on your wife."

Before he can speak, I hear it.

I hear her singing at the top of her lungs, slurring her words and off-



key. It's not a song, it's just noise, and it's half past midnight now. Everyone should be asleep if not silent at this hour. "You've got to be kidding me." I sigh.

"She was doing it in the kitchen, using a pan as a microphone but I told her to go to bed and now she is by the stairs."

"Thanks," I grumble, making my way out. Rowan heads to his room i follow the sound of Aeliana's voice. She is no longer at the top of the stairs, I find her downstairs, tormenting half the house.

"Husband," she pauses, staring up at me. "You heard my beautiful voice and came here, right?"

"No, come here." I motion for her to climb the stairs. "You are making a lot of noise, why are you not in your room?"

She begins to come up the stairs, holding on to the railing. "Why would I be in there? It's lonely there, I want to sing."