

Chapter 64

AELIANA

Usually, when I wake up first thing in the morning what I do is turn and rub my face against my pillow. But now, the first thing I notice is that the soft pillow I cuddle into isn't there. I don't smell soft lilac, I smell pine, wood...Kingston.

Kingston is in my bed!

My heart begins to pound, beating hard against my chest, and I can barely breathe. He seems to be asleep, and when I try to move, eyes closed, hoping he doesn't know I'm awake, he pulls me closer, muttering under his breath.

How did we get here?

I use my hand to trace the side of my body beneath the blanket, relaxing when I feel the lace of my panties. Nothing happened. I slowly open one eye and catch sight of the clock on the wall, it's six in the morning. Even drunk, I couldn't get some proper sleep.

I try to think of how and why I'm in this position but my last memory from last night is me standing at the top of the staircase while singing the song from Titanic and everything else is a soundless blur.

How strange, very much so because I don't know how I went from there to here, or why Kingston is in bed.

There hasn't been one night where I imagined him here for obvious reasons, he wouldn't be in my bed, except here he is. When he stretches, I squeeze my eyes shut, pretending to be in a deep sleep.





Pretence quickly draws me into a deep sleep, and when I finally open my eyes again, I'm alone. I squint as I search the room for any sign of Kingston, relief flooding me when I realise he's truly gone. The bed still smells like him, a reminder that he was here and I obviously clung to him when I was drunk.

I feel like shit today.

I'm even more tired than I was when I woke up the first time, I feel like I might fall into yet another deep sleep but I manage to drag myself to the bathroom and take a cold shower. The cold shower does wonders, I can walk without wanting to lie right where I am but my head? It's thumping, screaming at me for drinking so much.

The clock says it's ten now, which means Kingston must be out of the packhouse by now. I throw on a robe over my oversized t-shirt and head downstairs, needing to drink more. That's how hangovers work right? Combat them with more alcohol, but with each step I take, I can barely stand the thought of alcohol.

The kitchen is lively today, I can hear laughter from the inside, which stops when I get into the room. I notice Danielle at the island, sitting with her magazine.

"Dani, good morning," I greet, stopping on the other side of it.

Danielle drops her magazine, looking up at me with a warm smile that tells me she doesn't feel half as fucked as I do. "Good morning, Luna."

Next to her is Gina, who doesn't seem to like me but I greet her too. "Good morning, Gina."

"Good morning Miss," she nods, hands flying to her mouth after. "



Sorry, I mean Luna Aeliana."

"It's fine, both are fine."

Lexie appears from the pantry, holding syrup. "Luna Aeilana," she smiles brightly.

"Good morning, Lexie."

She comes closer, "I came to find you this morning but Alpha Kingston told me you were asleep."

"Yeah," I nod. "I had a long night."

"Long night?" Danielle asks with a laugh. "You had three night Luna Aeilana, I'm surprised to see you up this early."

Early?

I frown, "It's mid-morning."

"Exactly," she nods. "The night you had? Chile.."

My lips twitch with a smile, "You're exaggerating."

"We heard about it too," Lexie chimes in.

I pause, "About what?"

"Your performance at Sir Damien's club," she grins. "It is the talk of the city, everyone knows about it. There are videos online too."

"Oh my God," I gasp, my head spinning with a recount of last night. "Videos?"



Danielle flips her magazine a few pages back and turns it my way, “Look.”

It’s a blurry picture of Kingston with a woman that I’m guessing is me kissing. “Is that me?” I frown, the picture is blurry and I can hardly tell, not much of me is visible except for my arms so I’m deludedly hopeful it could be another woman.



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