

Chapter 4

ELENA

Later that night, in bed, I feel Drake's fingers slithering across my arm, and I pretend not to notice. Maybe if I am unresponsive enough, he will let me be.

My unresponsiveness doesn't deter him though. He forges ahead and his fingers drop beneath the duvet, almost about to grab the cusp of my breast when I shift away from him, letting his hand hit the bed lazily.

The only time he knows how to be affectionate towards me is when he wants to have s*x and no matter what he has done, I never deny him but not tonight, I just cannot, not after he ignored me and Halo all day, failed to come to the appointment because he was "busy" when in fact he was subjugated into the role of an ad-hoc dancer.

Now, he is trying to initiate s*x? The thought causes anger to stir in the base of my chest, and I shift further from him when I feel his body heat warm my back. I inhale sharply as I feel his toes underneath the duvet rubbing the back of my feet. On normal days, I would have melted like ice cream left out in the heat of summer.

I would have turned and thrown my arm around him, pulling him closer into a deep kiss, pouring how much I felt into a tongue battle. But tonight? I am far away from those feelings. I pull my legs forward and shift them back sharply, hitting his toes and pushing him away from me.

I can feel him pause and I don't need to turn to hear the way the mechanics in his head whir. I know he is wondering what is happening, but if he can't see what he is doing, then why bother explaining? I sigh as I feel him shift away and the strain on the duvet as he turns in the other direction.

I curl in a ball, stinging the hurt that almost pours through my eyes. I can't stop the memory that ocks into my mind whenever my eyes close. The way he had easily taken her side against Halo when it was so obvious that Liam had instigated everything. The way he didn't chastise Rosa when she spoke ill about our son.

The way he had canceled everything, turned down the appointment with his son that he had already missed three times, because he wanted to be with Rosa and her kid. I can't shake the ill feeling off, it is like a leech that doesn't want to let go.

But soon, the goddess blesses me with fatigue that begins to paint the memories with strokes of black, blurring them from my senses and making sleep pull me into a darkness. In the bridge between being awake and crossing into the unknown land, I hear a knock: sharp and brazen, bold even.

My eyes utter open at the audacity of the maid to disturb us at this time, then I hear it, the unmistakable voice of the woman who had threatened me to leave the pack with my child: Rosa.

"Alpha? Are you still asleep? I am sorry to disturb you at this hour, but it's about Liam. He's still struggling with sleep, being away from home and his father. I don't know if there is anything you can do about it."

I frown deeply, hating the unease that creeps up my chest. Why does she need Drake to help if her child can't sleep? Is my husband a sedative?

She can cuddle the boy and sing him some lullabies or give him warm milk and cookies while rocking him to sleep. I have so many things to say that will be the perfect solution to his sudden insomnia, but I swallow instead, waiting for what Drake will do.

I feel a shift in the bed, and it dawns on me what his choice will be. The shue of clothes comes next, and the soft patter toward the door. I want to stretch out and grab him, pull him into bed and f**k him while the colossal sounds of our pleasure mix and waft into the greedy ears of Rosa, to let her know that he is still mine, but I don't. I am not that shameless.

The shock that rakes my entire body keeps me transfixed. I never expected her to pull something like this; it is new and very bold. Did Drake think I was asleep? The fact that he just up and left without checking in on me?

I scoff and tug the sheets from my body, sitting up right, staring at the balcony. The seductive shifts of the curtains as the wind moves into the room do nothing to heal the tussle in my mind. I need to know what they are up to, what if they? No...Drake wouldn't do that. But something deep down tugs at my strings of uncertainty and propels my legs to move out of the room.

I walk briskly down the hall toward Rosa's room: her door is ajar, and there is no light spilling into the hallway. I press my ears softly against the pane, but there are no sounds. There is no one there. In my eyes opposite, Liam's bedroom is tightly shut, and the way the door holds firmly to each other makes me angrier.

They are both there. Doesn't he care? About the fact that people are going to talk? The image and the reputation of the pack are at stake if he keeps doing this so leisurely. He doesn't seem to care, after all the Alpha can make and break the rules, right?

A soft laughter bubbles in my chest as I turn to leave, when I catch sight of a maid walking toward the room. Her hand holding a tray of some snacks, complemented with wine but the bottle of wine looks so familiar.

I squint at the bottle as she brings it closer.

Yes, it is! How...why is it out? My eyes widen as I catch it once more.

"Luna," the maid greets as she passes toward Rosa's room.

"What are those?" I ask to confirm the fact that I am not seeing things. She stops and pivots in my direction.

"The Alpha ordered that this be brought to Miss Rosa..." her voice begins to fade into nothingness as I catch sight of the wine nally.

The wine is one of the most expensive in the world because of how long it was preserved, and for this fact, it is one of the things Drake cherishes the most and it's not uncommon news.

Almost immediately, the memory of a few years ago saunters into my mind.

"My love, we have to celebrate," I said, a few days after I had physically healed in the hospital. I swallowed the lump in my throat as I carried the wine from the cellar up the flight of stairs, toward the room where he was. I didn't want to bring up the fact that he had left me in the hospital, I didn't want to stir that pot anymore. I didn't think I could take anymore of the emotional strain.

"Yes, we do," he smiled as he opened his arms wide enough for me to saunter in. In that moment, I felt all the insecurity melt away. I felt seen, loved, I felt like his. His eyes flickered toward my hand and the bright smile faltered for a second.

"Where did you get that?" Even his voice deepened. The joy I felt extinguished like a baby came in the wild wind of his emotions as my skin tightened with fear.

I swallowed, dropping my open arms, "the...the cellar? I know it's your special drink, but I thought...since this is a special occasion...maybe...we can...?"

He moved toward me, his face sunken into a state of anger and yanked the bottle from my hand.

"Never touch it again," he wagged his finger in my face like I was an insolent child.

"Luna?"

I shudder at the voice of the omega, letting the cruel memory roll off my back.

Now, he casually cracks it open because of Rosa? Because her son can't sleep? Something about the entire scene makes it more humorous, and I chuckle.

"Luna? Is everything alright?" The maid asks curiously, and I shake my head at her, but why spill my insecurities to her? Tell her how I feel that my mate is slipping from my fingers to some woman, and that I can't do anything about it?

"You can go," I tell her softly, and she nods before walking toward the room, knocking twice. The room's baritone that reverberates from the room confirms the thought about Drake being in there with Rosa. I scoff and move away from the hall.

I walk down the stairs onto the second floor, where Halo's room is. I never wanted to question why he had given them the two rooms on our floor when he had insisted that Halo stay on the floor beneath ours. I would have reminded him of how he had told me that Halo needs to learn how to be a man, how he doesn't need to run to our room every time there is a storm or he has a nightmare.

I can't bear to be on the same floor with this madness, to know that my mate and husband is in another room with another woman when he should be in bed with me. I would rather stay far away from all these, in the safety of my golden sun.

I push Halo's door open and stare at him sleeping peacefully on his bed. I crack a smile and move into the room, shutting every thought of Rosa and Drake out.