

Celeste José:

Ugh!" I groaned on the softest mattress ever. The scent of the pillow was mild but also intoxicating. I could lie with my face buried in this pillow forever.

It wasn't until I changed sides and spread my arms around that I realized this bed wasn't mine.

In fact, I haven't been sleeping in my own bed for two nights.

I groaned and sat up, looking around for clues. It wasn't too hard to remember the previous night when the room itself was filled with portraits of the man.

The Alpha King had his pictures displayed all around, giving the impression that he had a strong penchant for himself.

"Ouch!" I winced in pain as I moved out of the bed. My lower region was extremely sore.

This man didn't understand that his soldier down there was way too big, and he needed to handle it with caution.

I wrapped a bed sheet around myself as I realized I had fallen asleep completely naked and walked downstairs from the loft to the spacious living room.

I didn't need to search very hard for Klaus; he sat on the couch with his laptop open, his eyes glued to the screen. The large window to the side offered a breathtaking view of the dawn.

"You're probably wondering why I showed up at your door last night," I began the conversation since he hadn't acknowledged my arrival.

"I don't dwell on reasons; I believe in the outcome. You came, and we had a great time. I don't need to know why," he replied, typing on the keyboard.

"Okay," I cleared my throat awkwardly and scanned the room in search of my purse.

"Looking for something?" he asked, finally lifting his gaze from the laptop. It seemed he had been watching me from the corner of his eye.

"My purse," I stated, finally spotting it in the corner of the living room, abandoned on the floor. It did annoy me a bit that he hadn't bothered to pick it up.

He'd gotten up before me and seemingly tidied his own clothes, but my belongings were still strewn about, gathering dust. I walked awkwardly with the sheet draped around my body, grabbed my purse, and felt a surge of relief when I found the contraceptives I'd bought the other day still inside.

Klaus had donned a white shirt, though it appeared he had no intention of buttoning it up. I was aware of his gaze on me as I approached the glass, filled it with water, and took a sip.

"Contraceptives?" he inquired, a subtle smile gracing his lips.

I set the glass down and observed his face, a quizzical expression on my own.

"I heard you are infertile. So what are these pills for?" his comment caught me off guard.

I raised my face, clutching my purse tightly against my chest.

"Who told you that?" I asked in a bitter tone, and instantly, the expression on his face shifted.

He adjusted his broad shoulders, stretched his neck, and abruptly shut the laptop.

"Your husband did," he replied with a harsh tone. My display of discomfort and disappointment had evidently soured his mood.

"Did my husband tell you that he'd been f*****g my personal maid?" I countered, trying to drive home a point. I was infuriated with Alpha Calix for airing our personal issues when he had his own significant secret.

"Maybe you should direct that energy towards confronting him, not me. Just don't misinterpret our sex into anything and don't play these mental games with me," he clearly had a very different idea about why I had ended up in his bed. He also eyed the contraceptives to call me out on my fakeness.

"Keep your fights away from me. Using me to get back at him won't get you anywhere," he continued, while I just stared at his face in bewilderment.

I began to question if I was the one at fault for repeatedly encountering such arrogant and egotistical Alphas and Gammas.

Instead of responding to him, I grabbed my clothes and hurried into the nearest restroom I could find.

'Are you okay?' Estelle inquired, picking up on the urgency in my body language to get out of that place.

'I'm so frustrated with myself right now,' the fact that I had come here, believing I had a place to spend the night, only to be treated so poorly, weighed heavily on me.

What could I expect from this cold Alpha King?

After I finished dressing, I exited the bathroom and discovered Klaus standing next to the kitchen counter, where a spread of takeout items lay scattered. He was leisurely swallowing one item after another, not even bothering to look up and acknowledge my presence.

My phone ringing broke my attention away from his aloof demeanor. It was a call from someone I recognized. My husband had finally realized that I hadn't returned home all night.

"Hm?" I answered the call, well aware of what the conversation would entail.

"You were out all night again?" he bellowed from the other end, already knowing the answer to the question he posed.

"I was at the studio, working on some outfit designs for the warrior's event," I lied, scratching my neck nervously, all the while noticing Klaus placing his hands on the counter and raising his head to look at me.

"Come home. Mom is here! She's been asking for you," he muttered under his breath, reminding me of the last time she had visited us.

His mother had married a council member after the passing of her Alpha mate, a move that helped secure the pack for her son, despite his criminal record. She was also quite nosy, especially when it came to prodding us about when we'd provide her with a grandchild.

"I'll be home in a few minutes," I replied and heard him hang up the phone. I awkwardly placed my phone in my bag and looked at Klaus to have a last word with him.

"About your comment," I began softly, hoping to end the meeting on good terms. However, his words cut me off abruptly.

"Close the door when you leave," he stated, not even bothering to let me finish my sentence. At that moment, I felt there was no need to say goodbye to him. I nodded to myself, held my purse close, and exited his apartment without closing the door.

'Nope! I'm sure he can do it himself,' I felt a sense of accomplishment in my small act of disobedience, especially after he had essentially asked me to leave.

As I headed to the elevator, he unexpectedly walked in, and I couldn't help but gulp, uncertain of what to expect from him on such short notice.

"Apply this on your wounds if you don't plan to transition soon," his voice carried a different tone, devoid of the previous harshness. He handed me a serum and stepped out of the elevator, standing tall as the door closed.

I gazed at the serum in bewilderment, puzzled by this unexpected change in his demeanor.

'Is he okay in his head?' Estelle wondered, and I shared her confusion. How had he gone from not caring at all to chasing after me just to give me the medicine?

I left the building, got into my car, and steeled myself for the argument that awaited me at home with my unfaithful Alpha husband.