

## Alpha Ace and his Undercover Mate Chapter 28

Seven days had already passed and things weren't getting any better. Well, for me at least.

On the outside world, things were just fine and were already back to normal. It was like last week didn't even happen.

By now, word had already gotten around that the Alpha found his mate, and most knew the real reason why I came here which always made me nauseous when I thought about it.

What pack would accept a Luna who had a plan to overthrow them just two months ago? I didn't deserve their respect.

But somehow it seemed like Ace's pack adapted his heart. When I walked around and saw a few people, instead of scowling or resenting me, they smiled shyly and said sweet nothings. It had me confused.

Lilly had said most people believed that no relationship starts perfectly, and that they were a very open minded and welcoming pack. They were too good to me.

Even the ones I lived with in the house, who I was right under their noses digging around for information about them still didn't hate me. Ryan seemed to like me even more, Calum and Lilly were just Calum and Lilly and Scott was more impressed than upset.

It just wasn't realistic.

I kept looking out for someone to say something, anything to call me out, but they all seemed so normal. At first, I thought they were plotting secretly against me. But when the suspense got too much for me and I asked them if they were, they had just laughed and assured me that they knew exactly who I was, and that Aiden sorta cleared my name. Plus, they already considered me as family, and I'm carrying the pack's heir, so they had 'no reason to hold anything against me'.

I eventually just brushed it all off as a pack of golden hearts and moved on.

Dad had already given up his title to Aiden. One, because people had lost respect for him since he lied to them about mom's death; and two, he had all he really needed again, and Aiden was more than ready to step up.

As much as I was still furious with him, I was happy for him. I knew I'd be at his Alpha ceremony, upset or not. If he asks, I'll just tell him that I was supporting Jace and whoever they chose for Gamma.

So far they were doing a good job, and he and Ace had finished with the transactions. People were already respecting him, and he seemed to be right where he belonged.

So yea, the world was okay. The packs weren't at each other's throats and everything was fine.

But in my world, there was no progress. Ace has yet to talk to me, and I was getting tired of his constant rejection when I tried to talk to him.

I've cried myself to sleep every night since that day, and I ensured to keep my walls down so he could feel all the pain I was feeling. He had his walls up, and I partially knew he didn't want me to know what he was feeling.

However, in the middle of the night, he would sneak in my room and sleep beside me, then he would leave early in the morning before I got up. He confused the hell out of me. Why sleep with me if you don't want to talk to me?

But deep down, I knew he did it so we both could get some sleep, so I never really said anything. I didn't want to mess it up. But today, the seventh day after the whole almost war thing, I had enough.

I ensured to stay awake until he snuck in here like he usually did late every night. I was always asleep by then, so I was planning to use the element of surprise. My eyes stung for sleep, but I dared not to close them.

Finally, the door squeaked open and the heavy scent of my mate flooded my senses. My body grew tense and my heartbeat increased, but I ensured to keep my breathing steady so that I didn't give myself away.

I felt the sheets being lifted, then the right side of the bed dipped as he crawled beside me slowly, immediately wrapping his arms around my waist like he always did. I prepped myself to turn around, but he sighed deeply and rested his chin on my head.

"Why Roxy?" He whispered, though I didn't know whether or not he knew I was awake. "Everything was so perfect"

And then he did it. He let his walls down, and as much as this sounds selfish, I wished he had kept them up.

I suddenly knew why he kept his feelings from me. He knew that it would've destroyed me. And that it did.

Everything that I feared from the first day I met him to now was exactly what he was feeling. Hurt, betrayed, used, deceived, angry, afraid, sad, heartbroken, and worst of all, disappointed.

I knew right then that he didn't know that I was awake, because as much as he was angry with me, he wouldn't have let his walls down. He would've still wanted to protect me from this feeling that I'm feeling right now.

I wanted to turn around and tell him how sorry I was, and how he's the best thing that ever happened to me and I needed him to forgive me. That I love him with every cell of my being, and I would do anything to gain his forgiveness and trust again.

But I couldn't.

I couldn't bring myself to even move. I just laid there, trying my best not to give into the trembling of my body. I couldn't find the courage or resist the guilt or shame enough to open my mouth.

He had a right to be upset, even if it doesn't bother him that much anymore with the others, I was his mate. And that made all the difference.

As much as I tried to deny it and just thought that he was just being difficult and unreasonable about not talking to me, I understood now.

I should've just told him the truth long before. It was stupid of me to keep the truth from him and try to come up with my own plan. The minute I saw how reluctant he was about talking to me about my pack, I should've seen it as a sign to tell him.

That's the thing with should haves— they are in the past. And you can't change the past. You just have to do right in the present to make a better future.

But even in my current present, I couldn't say or do anything. So, I laid still as long as possible, until I felt his thoughts subside and his breathing level.

Then I cried.

I tried really hard not to make my body shake too much, and I tried my best to swallow my sobs.

I messed up. This one was on me. And I couldn't blame dad or John or Aiden. It was just me.