

Chapter Thirteen

Victory

He pulls the truck over under the shade of some Oak trees. Opening the passenger door, Liam takes my hand and helps me out of my seat.

A dirt path opens at the mouth of two great oaks and we head down it, protected by the shade of the forested canopies.

Once we are surrounded by the trees, Liam does a quick scan to confirm we are alone before he clamps both sides of my cheeks in his hands, leans forward and kisses me deeply. My heart beats faster than the bird's wings as they flee the quiet area.

Feeling the kiss is more a distraction than earnest, I break away and look into my husband's eyes. "What do you know about William?"

He moves his hands from my cheeks, running them down my arms. The touch is simple, yet intimate.

"Tell me what you know of him." He says, watching my face.

I swallow. What do I know? "Not too much, really. He is a pilot. He told me while you were away that he goes to the whore house. I asked him why when he has a wife now, he . . ." I shake my head, looking away as a flush rises to my cheeks. I ought not be speaking of this. "I'm not supposed to know of such things, I don't think." I whisper the last.

It's one of those things that everyone knows, but no one will speak of.

He blows out a breath, shoving his hands into his back pockets. Eyes trained on me. "Victory, where do you believe the women in these brothel's come from?"

I shake my head, confused by where he is steering the conversation. I was embarrassed to have slipped about William visiting the whore house. My insecurities as a woman and the possibility of not satisfying my husband were mine to bear alone. I should not have revealed this to Liam.

But Liam did not react to the news as I suspected.

Liam was interested in William's extracurricular activities. More importantly, Liam was interested in the women William frequented.

With my jealousy rising, I can't help but voice my concern. "What would you know about women in brothels? Do you visit them as well, husband?"

I turned, hiding the visible tears that were threatening to spill from my eyes.

William visiting despicable places was one thing, but Liam . . . I thought he was different.

No wonder he has no problem waiting for sex. He's getting it elsewhere.

Liam grabbed my arm before I could flee. "Victory, wait."

I freeze, my back still to him. I wait with bated breath for his explanation.

"I do not partake in activities is such. . .activities.. My question to you was a simple one. Not to be misconstrued. Do you know how women in brothels come to work there?"

I turn around, and meet Liam's hard eyes. The tightness in his jaw tells me the answer is an unpleasant one. Truth be told, I've never thought much about the women of the night. My mother always said prostitution is the oldest profession. Sex for money has always been around, so why would I question it?

But why, in a country where each man is paired with a woman for the sole purpose of procreating would sex need to be paid for? When women aren't allowed to refuse?

And if women are given to two men to rule over them, who on earth would grant them permission to work in a brothel having sex with men who are not their husbands?

"How could their husbands allow them to be with other men?"

Liam remained frozen, watching my face as he answered. "These women don't have husbands."

Don't have husbands? That's unheard of! Every woman in America is paired with at least two husbands. The maidens not yet married, are not allowed to walk the streets without a chaperone, let alone receive money for sex. Sex before marriage is punishable by death.

So how do these women get away with it?

It doesn't make sense. I knew of these . . . dens, but never put any thought into them. It's shameful to think on such things, let alone stand here and talk openly about it. "I don't understand."

"Victory, do you trust me?"

I blink. The correct answer would be thoughtless yes, of course. Simply because he is my husband. But in truth, as I stare up at his piercing eyes, I actually do trust him. "Yes."

He seems to study me for a moment. As if considering what to reveal to me.

"Why have you brought me here? I don't understand what this has to do with my first question. I asked you of William."

"He wants to be alpha." Liam simply said. Giving no more to his minimal statement. Maybe he is trying to distract me. I shouldn't press him. I should really just end this conversation. My curiosity will get me into trouble.

"Of course he does. They all do." I mutter. I can't help but add, "Don't you?"

He meets my eyes, His hard stare sends a chill down my back. He steps in close. "He desires the impossible. I long for more attainable goals."

I can't breathe. What does he mean? He can't know. No one knows. If he knew . . . surely I would be dead.

He must mean something else. I force air into my lungs.