

## Alpha Damon's Second Chance Mate

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### Chapter 1: Shocked

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Roxanne

I heard a loud bang on my head when those words escaped from his mouth.

"You heard me right; Mia is my fated mate, chosen for me by the moon goddess," Damon said.

Oh God, he wasn't joking. I shut my eyes and tried to process the information I just heard and to stop myself from crying, but I just couldn't stop the tears.

"Mia...Mia?" I called out in shock.

Mia was my best friend's sister, and now the person Alpha Damon claimed was his mate.

Damon and I had been close friends together with Whitney since our childhood; we were simply inseparable, and over time, I started crushing on Damon, only to find out the feeling was mutual.

He had promised to get married to me once I turned 18, and I did a few days ago. We had fun preparing our dream wedding as we were so in love with each other.

He was crowned Alpha of the Moonshine Pack two weeks ago, and in a bid to celebrate, we made love, or should I term it a one-night stand?

He was the first man to ever be inside me; he was so gentle and loving while at it. I also felt fulfilled because I believed him to be my husband and fated mate, so I couldn't understand what he was telling me now.

"How can you say that to me? You promised me," I said with tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Hey," he cooled and tried to hold my hands, but I stepped back, giving him distance. I didn't want to be close to him at that moment.

"Look, Roxanne, I know it's hard for you to come to terms with, but she's my fated mate, given to me by the moon goddess," Damon said, not batting an eyelid.

I was speechless; he talked as if he felt nothing for me, yet this was the same man who promised we'd be together even if we weren't fated mates.

"Reject her," I said without thinking; my eyes were red and sore from all the tears.

It felt as though my heart was pierced with a thousand strings.

He was the closest thing I had to a family, together with Whitney. I was an orphan; I had no family; my parents and siblings were killed in a wolf attack that struck the pack sometime ago; and I was only lucky to have survived.

"Are you insane? How can you ask me to reject my mate, the one given to me by the moon goddess?" How selfish can you be?"

I gasped when those words left his mouth. Is Damon serious right now?

I was confused as hell; why would the moon goddess choose to punish me this way?

And Damon, why didn't he seem worried about this development? He didn't even look like he cared about me.

"Two weeks ago, we had sex, and you promised me a lot of things; you said you loved me and you would do anything to be together with me," I said, still whimpering, my voice barely coming out as a whisper.

"Oh, please, stop with this victim attitude; we had sex, we fucked each other; it's not much of a big deal, and besides, you gave yourself willingly to me, and I must confess, it was great," Damon retorted with a weird smirk in his face.

I was shocked to my bone marrow. I felt my knees go weak, and I fell to the ground, my body numb from the pain of the hard fall.

I was going crazy. Who was this person in front of me?

Where was my best friend?

"Damon, I can understand your wishes to not disrespect the moon goddess, but this? No," I shook my head, still crying.

He growled loudly and shot me daggers with his stare.

"It's Alpha to you; you're no longer permitted to call me by my name," he said as his eyes darkened, still looking at me.

I opened my mouth in shock.

How do people change overnight? This was the same man all over me yesterday, smoldering me and showering me with praises and tales of how much he loved me.

"And here I was, thinking we had something special; I regarded you as my friend, as my family, as a lover, and this is how you repay me after everything I have done for and with you," I said, and the next words that came out of his mouth shocked the hell out of me.

"Leave Roxanne," he said coldly.

I didn't want him to see me as weak, so I took one more glance at him, dusted my clothes, and headed for the door.

"Wait," he said, and I froze at the door.

Some part of me wanted him to tell me he was joking and it was all a prank. I still wanted him to kiss me and look into my eyes, telling me how much he loved me.

I watched as he came closer and closer to me, until we were just inches apart, his breath fanning over my body and my glistening eyes piercing into his gaze.

He tilted his head a little and said into my ears, "I didn't mean leave the house; I meant leave the pack. I don't want you here. You should be grateful because I am doing you a favor."

"What?" I exclaimed, my eyes threatening to bulge out.

"Leave, to where? You know I don't have any family; I have nowhere to go; I can't live like a rogue, please." I cried out. I felt so weak and tired that I couldn't fathom what was happening to me.

"I said leave the pack; you're no longer welcome here; you have just 10 hours to do so; or whatever fate you meet lies solely in your hands," Damon said coldly and walked out.

I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe this was the same man that I had loved all these years. I thought he felt the same way for me.

I was going to leave; I no longer felt safe here.

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I went over to the riverside to clear my head; it was my usual spot whenever I was feeling sad. I settled down and just let the cool breeze pamper my skin. I was tired of crying.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps and quickly turned to see who it was.

"Hey, I heard what happened," Whitney said, rubbing my back in a bid to console me.

"Heard what?" I said and hurriedly cleaned my eyes.

"You don't have to be strong around me, and besides, you know Mia is his mate, she told me," she said.

I felt my heart squeeze at the mention of Mia. I couldn't even be angry at her, as it wasn't her fault.

I bowed my head and let out a sigh.

"I'll be leaving the pack in less than 6 hours." I dropped the news and watched as Whitney's eyes widened in surprise.

"What, why, where will you go?" she asked, panicking

"You know you can just stay; I believe the moon goddess will give you your person soon.

"Damon asked me to leave."

"He said I should leave the pack if I didn't want to be killed," I replied, and I bowed my head a little. I was tired of the whole thing and wished it was just a bad nightmare.

"Why will he order such a thing? I'll talk to him, I promise," Whitney said.

I could see her eyes were beginning to water.

"Please don't; I'll be fine; besides, there's nothing much for me here, either way," I said

"Don't say that; I'm here for you; please don't leave; I'll talk to Damon, and he'll change his mind, I assure you."

I didn't respond and just kept quiet. Suddenly, I felt the urge to puke and rushed to throw up.

I scrunched up my face as my mouth now tasted bitter. Whitney walked up to me, looking at me suspiciously. She cupped my face, looking into my eyes, and blurted out.

"You're pregnant".

My eyes dilated in surprise, I looked at her confused and she just nodded her head in affirmation.

I was pregnant? I felt as though my world was shattering and all colors drained from my face.

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