

The Alpha King'S Second Chance

Chapter 11

Freya

I wake up with a start and look around the room, realizing I'm in an unknown place. The memories from last night start to come in and I sit up, knowing I have to reject Jasper. I stop moving when I see the king sleeping uncomfortably in a chair near the bed. I feel bad he had to sleep in a chair because of me.

I pick up the throw blanket and put it over him before I slip out of the room. My stomach growls, reminding me I haven't eaten since lunch yesterday. I walk out of the room and stare at his beautiful kitchen for a minute.

'Lupa, are you there? Are you okay?' *'Yes, I am here. I'm okay. I'm ready to reject that bastard.'* That's my girl. She knows what we have to do. *'We should eat something. His kitchen looks nice. Let's cook something. We owe him breakfast for being nice to us.'*

I agree with her, but why is she so eager to continue to be in the King's space? 'The king probably has someone cook for him. We should leave his space.' I tell her these things as I make my way to his kitchen. I love to cook and his kitchen is calling out to me. I check the fridge and take out some ingredients.

I'm in the kitchen cooking a small breakfast of eggs, sausage, grits, and toast when I hear a low growl come from behind me. I stop whipping up the eggs as I stand still. "What are you doing?" His voice still has the rich, deep masculine tone that makes Lupa perk up.

I slowly turn around. "Um, I'm sorry. I was hungry and wanted to thank you for last night. You didn't have to bring me here, but you did." He slowly walks toward me and stops right in front of me. I didn't notice how tall he was last night, but now I do. I stop at his chest with my short height of 5'5.

I look up and those vibrant green eyes take me in. I'm sure I look like a mess since I was crying last night. His beard is long and dirty blonde, just like his hair. He looks like a Viking and is built like one, too. His shirt is clinging to his body and those muscles are begging to be left free from their restraint (his shirt).

I take my time looking him over while Lupa pants in my mind with her tongue out. She didn't act like this with our mate. At the thought of my mate, I quickly turn around and finish cooking the eggs. I feel a slight brush on my back that sends a sizzle down my back. The king reaches over and grabs a sausage from the pan, then backs away from me.

Once I'm done cooking, I look for plates. They aren't hard to find, and I notice the King sitting at the table in his kitchen watching me. I can feel his eyes on my every move, and it makes me nervous. Once I have everything I need, I make my way to the table and set his food in front of him.

I made fresh orange juice and I hope he likes it. When I sit down, he begins to eat. He nods his head and takes a sip of the juice. He takes the cup away from his lips and looks from the cup to me. I get nervous until I hear his words. "You made fresh orange juice." I nod my head while he smiles.

We eat in comfortable silence. Once we are done, I remove the dishes and begin to wash them. "Princess, you don't have to do that." I don't know why, but I like the way he calls me princess. "I know, but I want to," I state. Once the dishes are done, I get ready to leave. I'm sure this may be the last time I get to spend with the King.

I turn around and the King is staring at me again. "What's on your mind," he asks. I clear my throat. I don't know how he is going to take this when I tell him. "I'm going to find your brother and reject him," I breathe out. He nods his head. "I'll come with. He's in the dungeon."

I'm surprised he is in the dungeon. "What happened? Did I miss something?" The king laughs, and it's a melody I never have heard before. I thought his eyes mesmerized me, but his laugh is the most mesmerizing thing ever. "You did nothing, princess. I put him in the dungeon so I wouldn't kill him. I was too angry at him last night to have a discussion with him."

I don't understand why he would be angry at his brother for cheating on me. I thought he would take up for his brother, but I didn't say anything. "If you could give me thirty minutes to shower and change clothes, then we can go to the dungeon," I say. He agrees and before I know it, I'm in my room.

Greta is waiting in my room once I'm out of the shower. She lets me put on some clothes before she says anything. I slip on a white crop top and some blue high-waist pants. I put on my tan platform shoes so I can look a little taller

next to the king. Once I pull out my mascara and lip gloss, Greta's eyebrow raises.

"You look pretty," she comments. "Thank you," I respond. "Are you dressing up so you can show that prince what he is missing?" I don't think I was dressing up. I just thought I was putting on some clothes. "I'm not dressing up, especially not for him. I'm going to the dungeon to reject him with the king."

Her mouth opens wide when I explain to her what happened last night. "Should I pack up our things so we can head back home?" I shake my head no. I didn't think this part through. But even though my first night here wasn't all that, I don't want to go home yet. "No. We are going to stay here a little while longer," I say but whisper, "I hope," at the end.

There's a knock at the door and Greta gets up to open it. She moves aside and lets the King into the room. He seems to have taken a bath too and changed into a t-shirt and blue jeans. This shirt is short-sleeved and shows off his arm sleeve tattoo. His muscles are bulging out of this shirt too.

Greta moves her head back and forth between us as we take each other in. "Are you ready," he asks, breaking me out of my trance of staring at him. "Yes." He motions for me to go out of the room first, but then he stops. He turns toward Greta. "Hi. I'm Ezra and you are?"

I blush because I haven't told him my name or Greta's name. "Greta," she answers. "I'm Miss Freya's godmother and maid." I smack my lips. "You're not my maid Greta." She gives me a soft smile that I return.

"Freya," the king whispers when we leave my room. I turn to look at him, but he keeps staring ahead while walking. When we get outside, I work up the courage to ask him a question. "Is it okay if Greta and I stay here in your kingdom? I don't want to go home yet. I really want to get to know your kingdom more. And I look forward to being able to run in wolf form whenever instead of waiting until everyone is asleep at night," I ramble.

He chuckles, "Yes, you both can stay as long as you want to." I breathe a sigh of relief. "Can we also get a house on the pack grounds? We don't have a problem staying together." He stops walking and turns towards me. "You don't want to stay in the packhouse?"

"It may be awkward seeing Jasper after I reject him." "Oh," he says as if he forgot what I'm about to do. We walk toward a building that looks rundown, but

has two guards posted at the door. Before we get closer to the building, he says, "Yes. I can have a house built for you."

I interrupt him, "Oh no, we can just stay in one of the vacant ones if you have one." He nods his head. "We can go look at some after this." I agree, and we head into the building known as the dungeon. We walk into what I assume is a living room, but then go down a hallway and finally walk down some stairs. The guards at the stairs just nod their heads in acknowledgment toward the King.

In the first cell, I see the girl Jasper was kissing. Her eyes are red and her long hair is wild on top of her head. Once she sees the king, she rushes to the bars, crying. "Please, King Ezra, I have done nothing wrong. I was just making love to my boyfriend." If I wasn't prepared to reject Jasper before, I am now listening to her words.

Jasper holds on to the bars in the next cell. "Carly, we are not together, and we did not make love." The only thought that goes through my mind is I finally know the name of his girlfriend. Jasper stops talking once he sees me. He looks me up and down and licks his lips. "Brother, let me out so I can talk to my mate."

Scoffing, I turn my nose up at him. I'm glad my father made sure I knew his name before leaving with him. "I, Freya Armstrong, reject you, Jasper Maxwell, as my mate." I wait for the pain to hit me but I only feel a small pinch compared to what I felt last night.

Jasper kneels down on the ground from the pain that has hit him. He holds his chest while staring at me with watery eyes. Carly gasps as she takes in the scene. Oddly though, the King has been quiet the whole time. Jasper slowly gets back up while taking deep breaths. "I reject your rejection, Freya. You are mine!"