

## The Alpha King'S Second Chance

### Chapter 14

Freya

It's been a week since I rejected my mate. I feel so much better knowing that I won't be tied down to a cheating scumbag for the rest of my life. I haven't seen him since I rejected him and I'm glad that he hasn't shown his face.

It's also been a week since I've seen him. The man that sparks something in me. He refused to come to dinner that night. I only wanted to thank him for his hospitality. Oh, who am I kidding? I just wanted to spend more time with him.

Miss Greta even went to dinner at the packhouse, hoping it would give us some alone time. She was surprised when she came back and I was sitting at the table with watery eyes. Those Maxwell men sure know how to make me cry.

The candle I had lit melted and the food I sat out was cold. I waited like a schoolgirl with a crush, and he never showed up. He didn't even send word that he wouldn't make it. It wasn't until the next day that I heard the King had left early in the morning with some guards. I know he left because of me.

We had a moment the day before he left. I wanted that moment to continue, but with him ignoring me and leaving, let me know he didn't want that moment. I don't know if he got scared or if he hadn't moved on from his first mate. It had been ten years since her death, but grief has no time limit.

It also doesn't help that I was mated to his brother. The feelings I have for him though outrank any mate bond I had with his brother. I didn't feel this way about his brother. I don't know how one night with him could make me feel things I never felt before.

Lupa even got attached to his wolf, Lykos. They had connected and communicated with each other during the small amount of time we spent together that day. Lupa had even wanted to ask them did they want to go for a run together after dinner. But I guess it was only Lupa and I falling for them. They weren't falling for us, and he ensured we got the hint.

I was tempted to return home, but I talked myself out of it. I shouldn't run away when I get rejected. That's how this feels. It feels like he rejected me. It's not as painful as a real rejection, but my feelings are hurt.

I encouraged Greta to get to know some of the pack members and now she is working in the kitchen with the omegas. I wanted to get a job too, but my new friend, Bryan, said I had to speak to the king about that. I'm not going to do that, so I found a job online. My job has helped me get over the sadness of him leaving me.

Bryan has helped too. He is a great friend and my only one, really. I was never good at making friends, but Bryan was consistent. He came to check on me every day and we had lunch together when he was not busy. He has been trying to get me to come to the packhouse to meet some other people, but I'm not sure I want to do that just yet.

I am content in my little bubble away from people or drama. I already hear the whispers when I'm out with Bryan. They wonder if I'm his mate and why he hasn't introduced me yet. Bryan is cute with his short brown hair, brown eyes, long legs, and muscular arms, but he's not my type. My type is that super-tall Viking who is ignoring me.

My dad and brothers call me regularly. I haven't told them I rejected Jasper, but I plan to when they visit me. We have been talking about the best time for them to visit. I know they would have to visit me separately. My dad has to stay behind when my brothers visit and vice versa. I'm okay with that because if all three of them come, then who will run our kingdom?

Ring, ring, ring. I answer the phone, "Hey." "Hey little sister," my brothers say. "We have some free time this weekend. Do you mind if we come to spend it with you?" I smile hard. "No, I don't mind. Please come. I want to show you where I stay." They tell me the time they are coming, and I happily hang up the phone.

I jump up and do my happy dance. I have missed my family. I'm excited to see them. Laughter makes me stop dancing, and I turn around to see Bryan at my door. He doesn't even knock when he comes here anymore. He just walks into my house like it's his home. "What has you moving like a baby deer learning how to walk?"

I throw the first thing I can pick up at him. He hisses as my remote hits him in his head. "You have a good arm," he winces as he rubs his head. I ignore him

as I go to the kitchen and begin taking out some ingredients. “Ooh, I get another delicious meal out of you this evening?” Bryan sometimes eats dinner with me when he doesn’t feel like eating with the pack.

“My brothers are coming to visit me. I am going to cook their favorites tonight. I’m so excited,” I tell him. “You can still come to dinner, though.” He shakes his head. “No, I don’t want to intrude on your time with your siblings. I’ll just eat the horrendous food at the packhouse.”

“Liar,” I laugh. “The food is not bad there and don’t you let the kitchen staff hear you say that. I bet they won’t feed you for a week if they find out what you said.” He begs me not to tell them anything. I don’t know any of them to tell them. I only know Greta and I would not tell her, since she is one of the main cooks in the kitchen. She taught me how to cook.

I focus on making dinner for my brothers. The time passes by in a blur and soon a knock is at the door. I set out the food and rushed to open the door. I throw my arms around my brothers and they both wrap me up in a tight hug. Nicholas spins me around in the air and kisses my cheek. Lance does the same and kisses my other cheek.

A low growl breaks our trance. They put me down and shield me behind them. They both growl and I step in front of them, hoping that whoever is there will realize they are my guests. I’m shocked to see an angry-looking Ezra standing at my bottom step. “Who is this princess,” he grits out.