

The Alpha King'S Second Chance

Chapter 17

Ezra

I have been trying to forget about how Freya just dismissed me from her house, but I can't. The scene plays over and over in my mind. Bryan came over to have dinner with me. He talked about how he has lunch or dinner with Freya a lot, but he didn't want to interrupt her family time tonight.

Jealousy was all I was feeling when he talked about their time together. He had never been one to be close to a female. He was waiting for his mate, or that was what I thought. Now maybe he wanted my princess. I asked him to watch over her, not fall in love with her.

"Do you like her," I asked. He nodded his head with a smile. "Yeah, she's great." My heart sank. What if they were together now? What if my leaving brought them close, and she moved on? That last thought stayed with me. What if she moved on?

I didn't realize the mood had changed, but Bryan did. He stopped talking and stared at me. "I have never seen you like this," he said as he moved his head from side to side while looking at me. "Like what," I grumbled. His eyebrows crinkled. "I like her as a friend. She's not my type, plus she is hung up on someone else," he commented.

I relaxed in my seat while he chuckled. "You like her just as much as she likes you, or even more." I didn't deny it. He would know I was lying. "I've never seen you this upset over a woman, Ez. She has you all in a twist." I couldn't deny that either.

"I know. I have intense feelings for her. I had them even before I knew she was mated to my brother. Once I laid eyes on her, something in me snapped. I felt like I could be whole again. I wanted to be whole with her," I said.

He rubbed his chin. "Do you think she is your second chance mate?" That question caught me off guard. We had no sparks or bond. Lykos never said she was his second chance mate. Would I really want a second chance mate, anyway? "No, she's not my mate."

“But do you want her to be,” he asked. I couldn’t answer his question. I know I felt something for Freya, but I wasn’t sure what it was that I felt. It could just be that I was upset at what my brother did to her. I don’t think that’s it, though. Lykos even likes her, and her wolf, and he never likes anyone.

“Let’s call it a night,” I told him. He understood and left. I took a shower and got ready for bed. *‘Let’s go for a run. I haven’t run freely all week. You only let me out to fight or train, and even then I couldn’t fully shift.’* He was right. I didn’t let him fully out because I could handle the rogues without shifting. But also, he has an intimidating aura and look.

Lykos stands taller than any other werewolf at ten feet. Most werewolves are six to eight feet tall. He’s a very buff wolf with long black claws and a bushy tail. Most wolves are afraid of him, and I don’t blame them. If you aren’t part of my kingdom, then meeting my wolf means meeting your death.

We ran to our cave that is located on the edge of the pack. It’s where we first met our mate. She was a small woman with dark black hair and blue eyes. She was initially afraid of us when she saw us. It took her some time to get used to seeing Lykos. We hoped she would eventually loosen up around him, but she never got over her initial fear of him. It broke his heart at first, but he eventually stopped asking for alone time with her.

This cave was our secret spot. She would teleport us to this cave whenever she wanted to get away from the packhouse for some time. She was a witch who didn’t grow up in a coven, so being around a bunch of wolves was new to her. We settle in our cave and reminisce about our short time with her.

Some movement outside catches our attention, and we see this exquisite small wolf. She probably stands seven feet tall compared to us. We can tell it’s a female, but she’s not part of my pack. Her hands, feet, and ears are white and in stark contrast to her black fur. Her amber eyes remind me of Freya, and I shake my head at the thought.

Lykos has never had a wolf stare at him the way she does. He lets out a growl that would scare all wolves, but she just moves closer to him. Once she was out of the waterfall and all the way into the cave, Lykos stood still. She began to purr at him, and he rubbed his snout on hers. This was an intimate thing between wolves.

‘Lykos, what are you doing? Who is this wolf?’ They continued to rub snouts until she pulled away. When she pulled away, she started to walk around him.

He stood proudly as she rubbed her fur on his while seemingly checking him out. 'Lykos, you have never acted like this with anyone.'

'This is Lupa. She likes me and I like her. I've never had anyone kiss me like she did. She wants to be my mate and I want to be hers,' he declares. I was too stunned for words. Lupa was beautiful and the type of wolf that would make any male wolf want her. She continued to rub her fur and scent into Lykos.

'She's not our mate, Lykos. We already had a mate,' I remind him. He ignores me as he gives her a command to stand still. She does what he says, and he begins to walk around her while rubbing his scent and fur all over her. She continued to purr at him, and he happily wagged his tail at her. When he reached her back, she was beginning to lift her tail and that put me on alert. He moved to mount her, and I forced him to shift.