

The Alpha King'S Second Chance

Chapter 21

Ezra

I'm beaming with happiness when I arrive at my room after leaving Freya's place. She eased my embarrassment away when I orgasmed while dry-humping her. I didn't lie when I said it had been a long time. The last time I was intimate with someone was before my first mate died ten years ago. I hadn't been with anyone and made it my mission to not be with anyone.

I had plenty of offers but couldn't bring myself to be with anyone else. After the first couple of years, women stopped asking, and I was glad about that. They no longer pestered me to sleep with them or choose them as a mate. I thought I would never be with another female until I saw my princess. She changed things for me.

Jasper was in the living room, waiting for me. I had forgotten he has his biometrics on my keypad. I would have to remove them so Freya would be comfortable staying with me. He looked relieved to see me. "I messed up," he said before I could even get all the way into the living room. I leaned on the door frame while he continued to talk.

"Carly is pregnant with my pup. I don't know what to do." I was surprised to hear this. He actually got his mistress pregnant. Everyone in the kingdom knew they were having sex, but now she's moved up from mistress to mate. His next words caught me off guard.

"I need help apologizing to Freya so I can get her back. She is going to be mad about the pup, but maybe we can work it out." I had to stop Lykos from taking over and killing him. He's out of his mind if he thinks he can get Freya back. She's mine and no one is taking her away from me. "I felt her with someone earlier, so now we're even," he says.

He realized I wasn't moving from my spot or responding to him, so he came closer to me. I watched as his body went rigid and his eyes widened as he stared at me. "Why do you smell like my mate," he asked. I stood up straight because this conversation could lead to a fight.

"She's not your mate anymore. She rejected you," I calmly replied. He screams, "I rejected her rejection. Why do you smell like sex and my mate?"

His claws and fangs were starting to come out. "Put them away," I commanded. He had no choice but to do what I said. That didn't stop him from trying to hit me, though.

He swung and missed. I didn't miss though when I punched him, making his head swing left. He tried to tackle me, but I picked him up and slammed him on the ground. "Now listen. She's not your mate anymore. You threw away a good thing and lucky for me, she wants me. We are dating and you will leave her alone and focus on your pup. Now accept her rejection," I told him as I had him pinned down. The acceptance of her rejection flowed from his mouth under my command. "I, Jasper Maxwell, accept your rejection, Freya Armstrong."

I got up to go shower before training. He jumped up and came behind me, hoping he could catch me off guard. I turned around and uppercut him. He fell backward and hit his head on the floor. He was knocked out. 'Bryan, come get Jasper off my floor. He may need to be seen by the packhouse doctor.' I cut the mind link and got into the shower.

I was late for training messing with Jasper. I'm never late for training. I pride myself on being at training before my members get there. I search for my princess when I get to the field. I find her and I notice the unmated males staring at her delicious body. She's wearing regular training attire, but on her it looks so much sexier. She's smiling at me and I can't help the growl that wants to come out seeing others stare at her.

I'm about to go to her, but Bryan steps in front of me. I keep my eyes focused on her to make sure no male gets near her. 'What do you want,' I grumble in the mind link. He sounds like he is holding back his laugh while answering me. 'Your brother is fine, but the doctor wants to keep him over for observation. I see you noticed what Freya has on today.'

'Does she always come to training with that on? Do the guys always stare at her like that?' He no longer holds back his laugh. 'This is her first time at training. You need to calm down before you do something you regret. She's not the type of girl who likes to be told what to do or wear.'

I relax when I see the hickey on her marking spot. That should let all the males know she is taken. Her brothers begin to tease her, making more people look at her. I can tell she is getting embarrassed, so I start the training session.

Freya surprises me when she catches up to me while we are running. Everyone usually stays away from me when we train. I run faster than all of them and they can't keep up. She gives a flirty smile before passing me. I easily catch up to her. We're in our own little world as we run ahead of everyone else.

Once it's time to spar, Freya steps in front of me and takes a stance. I hear mumbles come from the surrounding people, but I don't care. "Do you think you can take me, princess?" She gives me a sweet smile before she takes a jab at me. I easily block it, but she keeps the punches coming.

I didn't know she could move this fluid when fighting. She blocks some of my hits too, but I can tell she is getting tired. A punch lands on her arm and it's harder than I meant for it to be. She grimaces but holds in the wince. She rushes to me and tries to tackle me, but I pin her down. I'm on top of her and she does something that catches me off guard.

Freya frees her arms and wraps them around my neck. She pulls me down further and just when I think we are about to kiss; she flips us over and gets on top of me. We both laugh and I pull her down, kissing her juicy lips. I no longer care about the rest of my pack looking at us. I want all of them to know she is taken.

We're interrupted by the clearing of throats. I groan as we pull back from each other. We both turn our heads and look at her brothers and Bryan staring at us. "I didn't know we were doing this type of training," Bryan cackles. "Shut up, Bryan," I say as we both get up off the ground.

"Nicholas and Lance, this is King Ezra. Ezra, these are my brothers, Nicholas and Lance," she says once I am standing. I shake their hands. "I hope you guys are enjoying your time in the kingdom. The packhouse has many fun things to do in it if you find yourself getting bored." They stare at each other and then look back at me. "Is that your way of saying you want us to give yall some privacy," Lance says.

"Oh no," I say before they burst out laughing. "We're just kidding. We would love to check out the packhouse. We just wanted to spend time with our sister before we had to go back home." They joke around with her and Bryan before we all head off to shower.

The atmosphere is different when I come down for lunch. I usually fix myself something in my room, but I want to see my princess. She walks into the

dining room at the same time as I do. All eyes are on her as she dons dark blue leggings with a white crop top shirt. Her ass looks plump as she goes to the buffet line. I'm in a daze as I stare at her. Bryan comes next to me. 'Wipe the drool off your lips,' he mind links.

I elbow his side, making him wince, and make my way to Freya. I noticed a group of girls staring at her. They are all friends with Carly. Carly walks up to Freya with a sly smile. I take faster steps toward them. "Congratulations on the baby," Freya says as soon as Carly steps in front of her.

Carly and everyone around are taken aback. They all stare at Carly, who looks a little embarrassed. She clears her throat and holds her head high. "I take it he told you," she gleams. Freya responds, "Nope. Your scent is different." Carly looks shocked at first, then she gives Freya a wide grin.

"Well, it's good that you know. You should stay away from him now." Freya doesn't even let her finish her sentence. "I don't want him, never did. Why would I want your sloppy seconds..." Carly lifts her hand to slap Freya, but Freya catches her wrist. "I've never hit a pregnant woman, but don't push me," Freya snaps.

I come up to them and wrap my arm around Freya's waist. She leans into my side while staring at Carly. "Why would I want your sloppy seconds when I have the best man ever?" She leads me away from an angry Carly. Smiling up at me, she leans up and kisses my chin. "Have you eaten yet?"

"No, I was waiting for you," I tell her. She hands me a plate and we move down the buffet line while she packs my plate and hers with food. All eyes are on her as she takes the seat my old mate used to sit at when we get to the head table. She must realize whose seat it was because she turns to me, "Is this okay?" I give her a chaste kiss. "Perfect."

Chapter 22

Freya

After lunch, Ezra and I went our separate ways. He had pack work to attend to, and I wanted to spend some time with my brothers. They leave tomorrow, and I want to let our wolves run before they leave. My house is empty and I'm just about to mind link my brothers when they open the front door with a shy-looking girl by their side.

She looks nervous as she takes in her surroundings. My brothers are smiling like a Cheshire cat as they stare at the girl. "Who's this," I ask. They wrap their arms around her. "This is our mate," they exclaim. I wondered if they would have the same mate. I grab her and pull her away from my brothers, making them groan.

I hug her tightly. "Finally, I have a sister. We can be best of friends and get on my brothers' nerves." Then I realized she would be leaving with my brothers, and I would stay in the kingdom. A frown comes over my face and my brothers wrap me and their mate in a bear hug. "Don't look so sad. We will visit often and you can visit us too."

Nodding my head, I relish in the hug they are giving me. "I'm sorry. I didn't introduce myself. I'm Freya, their sister." She gives me a sweet smile. "I'm Tina." She drops her head, bites her lips, and looks back up at me. "You are the Alpha King's second chance mate," she whispers.

We haven't discussed being mates yet. The sparks are faint, but we both know that we have something special. "Yeah, I guess I am," I tell her. She doesn't need to know we're not second-chance mates. I hang out with them for a while, getting to know their mate.

My phone pings and I look at it to see an unknown number has texted me. The message reads, "Got your number from Bryan. I'm taking you on a date tonight. Be ready at eight." I'm smiling from ear to ear while reading his message. I save his name and number, then look at the time and realize it's almost six. I tell my brothers and Tina that I will see them later and run up to my room to get ready.

Usually, it never takes two hours to get ready, but I want to look nice for him. I take a nice bubble bath, shave, shower, and wash my hair. The bubble bath was for my benefit. Once I'm out of the bathroom, I search my closet for something decent to wear.

I decided to go for something that I had never worn before. Penelope gave it to me when she wanted to take me out for my birthday. We ended up having a nice family dinner that day and I spent the rest of the night reminiscing about the good times with my mom before she died.

This dress will either make Ezra mad or happy. I haven't decided which one yet, but I can't wait to see the results. I sat at my vanity and did my makeup. I kept it natural with some light brown eyeshadow that had a gold hue to it. My

lipstick made my lips look like that had a touch of peach to it. I left my dark brown hair hanging down my back with big soft curls.

Once I was done spreading the lotion on my body, I slipped into my dress. It was short, shorter than anything I had ever worn. It was a backless, ruched, Cami-draped collar dress. The color was my favorite, royal blue. I sat down to put on my black ankle tie strap open-toe stilettos. This would add another three inches to my height. I should be able to reach Ezra's shoulders tonight.

The doorbell rang, and I knew who it was. I sauntered down the stairs, trying my best not to trip. I haven't worn heels in a long time. I could hear the whistles coming from my brothers and Bryan. Making eye contact with Ezra made me blush. His eyes looked heated as they roamed my body. I stood at the bottom step, taking him in. He had on a fitted three-piece royal blue suit. The suit looked as if it was molded to his body.

Lupa sent racy images to me as she panted while looking at Ezra. I saw his eyes go from green to black to green multiple times before they finally settled on green. "You're gorgeous," he remarked while taking my hand. I was right about the heels because he didn't have to bend down far to kiss me. That toe-curling kiss made me project some of my own images to Lupa.

Ezra slipped his hand on my back, leading me outside. He let out a slight rumble as his callous hand rubbed my bare back. While walking toward his limo, I felt his breath on my ear. "Princess, are you trying to get me to kill any man that looks at you tonight?" I held back a moan while his voice sounded raspy in my ear.

The driver pulled up to a romantic restaurant and opened the car door for us. A server opened the restaurant door for us and led us to an elevator. We got off on the top floor and the whole restaurant was empty. I turned to Ezra, who was staring at my ass as I walked in front of him. His slight blush told me he knew I caught him. The hostess sat us down at a table where the menus were already placed.

Our table had a wonderful view of the city and nightlights. A server came out to take our orders. I realized he was a wolf as he kept calling Ezra king. "Do you ever get tired of that," I asked once the waiter walked away after taking our orders. He seemed confused about my question. "Do you ever get tired of people calling you king?"

“It never bothered me. I’m their king and they say it to show me respect. Also, I haven’t been around too many people in the last ten years. This is probably the first time they have seen me in person,” he answered. I forgot that he barely went out after the death of his mate. “Does it bother you,” he asked.

“Oh, no. It doesn’t bother me,” I answered. Our conversation was light and fun while we enjoyed our dinner. The waiter didn’t bother us too much, and we got to know each other better. The food was delicious, so I personally wanted to thank the chef.

A pretty, young, blonde-haired, brown-eyed lady walked out of the kitchen. I could tell she had just freshened up her makeup and red lipstick. She had taken off her chef’s uniform and put on a tight black dress with black heels. I’m sure she didn’t cook in that since it was spotless, and she just prepared our food and dessert.

Even though I was the one who called her out here to thank her, she completely ignored me. “King, I was told that you wanted to see me,” she coyly said. I held back my eye roll as I watched their interaction. Ezra looked grumpy when she started to talk to him. “Is there anything I can personally help you with, King,” she propositioned. My eyes widened at her straightforwardness.

Ezra reached over the table and held my hand. She finally noticed me, and I could laugh at how her face looked while staring at our hands. “My mate wanted to personally thank you for the delicious food,” he told her. Forget about her. He just called me his mate in public. I did a happy dance in my mind. “The food was delicious, thank you,” I quickly told her.

I squeezed Ezra’s hand that was holding mine. “Let’s get out of here.” He took out some bills and then paid for our food while leaving a hefty tip. He didn’t let my hand go as we took the elevator down to the first floor. The driver was already waiting for us once we got outside. Once we were in the back, the driver rolled up the partition.

I straddled Ezra, making my already short dress rise higher, showing off my white lacy thong. I didn’t care though, because he called me his mate. My lips crashed into his as he squeezed my body closer to his. His hand roughly grabbed my ass and rubbed each cheek while we continued to kiss. After a while, his hands moved my straps down my arms, letting my breasts come into full view.

I grinded onto his pants as I felt him grow under me. Our lips separated and my lips went right to his marking spot. His moans spurred me on as I sucked and nipped his marking spot. His mouth found my breasts and sucked on the nipples, giving them both equal play time. "Do you really see me as your mate," I asked when I needed to breathe.

He stopped his attack on my breasts and made eye contact with me. "Yes, even if the sparks are faint, I know you are my mate. Lykos believes that Lupa is his mate, too. "Well then, please make love to me," I begged. "Are you sure you want your first time to be in the back of my limo?"

I kissed his lips, then his neck, and back to his lips. "It doesn't matter where it is. I just want you, all of you," I responded. He pulled me down onto his covered hard-on. My kisses and movements were in a frenzy. He slowed down his kisses and helped me move my hips on his body. I hadn't realized we made it back to the pack until he opened the door and carried me to my room.

He laid me down on the bed and slowly ripped my dress. "Hey, I like that dress," I laughed. "Yeah, I did too, but you won't need it anymore." He let out a long whistle while looking over my body. I only had on a thong and my heels. Ezra spread my legs, kissing both my thighs before sliding my thong to the side and diving headfirst into me. His tongue flicked my clit before he attached his lips to it.

I would have arched off the bed if he hadn't been holding my hips down. His tongue moved down to my entrance while his fingers circled my clit. "Oh, my goddess," I moaned as he tongue fucked me. I could feel my end coming and with one hard rub to my clit, I was sent over the edge. "Yes, yes, yes," I screamed.

Ezra slurped up all my juices before he stood up and began to take his clothes off. I moved to take off my thong, but he said, "No." His voice had taken on an authoritative tone. It sent chills down my spine. He palmed his monster of a dick while staring at me. I'm sure no one should be that big or wide. He's going to split me open, and I want him to.

His hands move up and down my leg before stopping at the buckle in my heels. He slowly takes off my heels while keeping eye contact with me. His lips touch my ankle and he spreads kisses from my ankle to my inner thighs. "Your arousal is intoxicating," he rumbles.

My thong is torn off, and it seems that I may be left without any clothes if he likes to rip them off me. "I'll buy you some more, don't worry," he says. It almost feels like he can read my mind. He hovers over me, making sure to not put any of his weight on me. I wrap my arms around his neck as we kiss each other.

I feel his hand rub up and down my sides. I'm so lost in the kiss that it takes me a minute to notice he is positioning himself at my entrance. I feel his tip spread me open while he slowly pushes into me. He kisses away my hisses as he continues to spread me open while going deeper into me. It feels like forever before he is fully inside of me.

He feels deep in me as he puts his forehead to mine. "You're so tight," he groans as he moves in and out of me. Pulling all the way out and going back in makes me scream his name at every thrust. His movements become faster. Our moans and groans mix as we both get close to our end. "I'm almost there," I moan. "Me too, princess," he groans.

One last thrust sends me to a leg-shaking climax. He grunts as he cums inside of me, pouring every last drop into me. He rolls over and pulls me on top of him while he's still inside of me. We both lay there, catching our breath. "That was better than I imagined," I finally said. His arms wrapped around my body. "It was perfect," he kissed my forehead.

Chapter 23

Freya

Trigger warning- mention of stillbirth

Each day my relationship was getting better with Ezra. We had been together for a couple of months now, but he still hadn't marked me. He spent plenty of time grazing his teeth on the spot right before he climaxed. He would make sure to leave a hickey on the spot, letting whoever saw it know that I was taken. I had started to leave hickeys on his marking spot, too. If he was marking me, then I was marking him.

We even let our wolves mate with each other. Still, Lykos didn't make a move to mark Lupa either. I was starting to get anxious. He was adamant that I was his mate, but he refused to mark me. I tried to not get jealous about the fact that he marked his first mate days within finding with her. I found that tidbit of information out last night.

I was wrapped in his arms after we had sex. He had grazed my marking spot while Lupa and I both chanted mark us in my head. He only grazed it before reaching climax. Lupa whined in my head while I tried not to sulk. I didn't want to pressure him, but I wanted his mark. I wanted the world to know that we belonged to each other.

"What's wrong," he asked. After our first night of having sex, the sparks became more prominent. That only solidified our thoughts of us being mates. We could even feel each other's emotions now. "Nothing. Can you tell me about your first mate? You don't have to if you don't want to," I said.

"You want to discuss her while we are naked after a round of sex," he asked. I nodded at him. Yes, I wanted to know if she was the reason he was hesitant to mark me. I didn't tell him this though, just nodded my head for him to start talking. He sighed but began to talk.

"We met each other when we were both eighteen. I actually met her in that cave that you love. She was a witch, so she wasn't used to pack life. It didn't bother me that she was a witch because she was my mate. Her name was Ellen. She was afraid of Lykos, so they didn't spend too much time together. I guess we didn't either, considering I killed her."

I was stunned to hear him blame himself for her death. "She didn't want kids, but I did. My parents had just died, and I wanted a family of my own. I begged her for a pup, and being the gentle soul that she was, she obliged me. She was marked and mated all within the first week of finding each other." That hurt my feelings a little bit, but I made sure not to let it show.

"She got pregnant soon after. Since she was carrying my pup, she was only going to be pregnant for four months. For those four months, I doted on her, but she seemed to pull away from me. I thought it was because of the hormones, but looking back now, I'm not so sure. I think she resented me for getting her pregnant at eighteen. We had our whole lives ahead of us, but I wanted a pup as soon as I found her.

When she went into labor, I was there to hold her hand and help her through her pain as best as I could. She screamed for me to leave the room and I refused at first until the doctor said I was distressing her. I left the room but stayed at the door so I could hear everything. I begged to come back in when they said it was time to push, but she refused.

I waited at the door with bated breath, trying to listen to my pup's heartbeat. She didn't want us to know the gender until birth. After hearing the doctor scream for more nurses, I ran back into the room. Our baby girl was stillborn, and Ellen was pale. I raced to her side, but she started hemorrhaging as soon as I got to her. She didn't make it. I had killed her and our pup."

The atmosphere had changed, and I regretted letting my jealousy get to me. I forced him to relive his pain, all because he hadn't marked me. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have asked you to tell me." He kissed my right palm. "No, it's okay. I feel better after getting everything out."

I sat up in bed and put my hand on his chest. "You know it's not your fault. You didn't kill her. You shouldn't carry that burden," I said. He nodded but didn't say anything. He pulled me back down in his arms and held me close. I hate to admit it, but my jealousy was at an all-time high because I opened my mouth and asked the most insane question ever.

"Do you still want pups?" I felt his body tense, and I wished I hadn't asked the question. He didn't answer the question. Instead, he kissed my forehead before closing his eyes. It didn't take him long to fall asleep, but my thoughts had a field day in my mind. I kept thinking about how his non-answer was because he didn't want kids with me. Sleep was not my friend last night.

Now it's the next day, and I still have these intrusive thoughts in my head. Ezra left early this morning to handle some business away from the pack. He assured me he would be back by lunchtime. I just nodded because I was too afraid to open my mouth. Afraid I would continue to ask stupid questions or questions that would only hurt me.

I lay in my bed thinking of all the things we have discussed over the past months. We never stay at the packhouse because he said his brother has biometrics to his room. He didn't want Jasper to come to his room while I was in there. Now I'm wondering if that was a lie. Maybe he didn't want me in there because he wanted to keep the things from his first mate intact. Or should I just say mate because even though we claim to be mates, he hadn't marked me?

If he doesn't want pups with me, then he should wrap it up and I should get on birth control. We have been having unprotected sex, and I didn't mind because I see him as my mate. I would be ecstatic to have pups with him, but last night told me he wouldn't be happy to have them with me. It's quite a

turnaround to go from wanting pups quickly to not wanting them at all. It's definitely me.

'Freya don't think like that. At least let him explain before you jump to conclusions.' I block Lupa. She's so in love she doesn't see the red flags. I wish my mom was still here. I don't want to bother Greta. She found a mate here. He was one of the gardeners and even though he was surprised to find out his second chance mate was a human; he happily accepted and marked her the same day. Being alone in my house with these thoughts are not good.

I turned over and looked at my phone. Ezra hasn't texted me all day. He said he would text when he had time. Guess he doesn't have time for me anymore. I groan at my inner dialogue and get up to shower before getting ready to go to the packhouse for lunch. My phone rings. I excitedly stare at it, thinking it's Ezra, but realize it's just my dad.

"Hello," I answer. My dad sounds happy. "How's the future Queen of the werewolves?" He has been calling me that since he found out I am dating Ezra. I smack my lips and my dad quickly asks, "What's wrong?" I don't want him to worry. "Nothing, Dad. When are you coming to visit?" He doesn't ask me again, and I'm glad he got the hint. Before we hang up, my dad informs me that he will be coming to see me soon and we exchange heartfelt "I love you's".

While in the shower, my mind continues to wonder about Ezra and his lack of calls or marking me. The only good thing I can think of right now is that I've only run into Jasper once since I rejected him. He wanted to talk to me privately, but I ignored him and focused on Ezra. The look Ezra gave him made him freeze in his spot before leaving the packhouse.

I slip on some black leggings with a blue crop top. I put my hair in a high ponytail. Ezra loves for everyone to see his hickeys on my marking spot. Too bad it's not an actual mark on that marking spot. I slip into my tennis shoes and make my way to the pack house. The place is buzzing when I walk in.

A lot of people stare at me with pitiful eyes, and I wonder what is going on. I can smell Ezra as I make my way into the dining room. I can also smell someone I have never smelt before and wonder who it is. She is laughing with Carly and Carly's friend. She has her hand on Ezra's arm, and he looks like his mind is somewhere else.

I can tell when he finally senses me because he makes eye contact with me. The girl who is holding his arm looks my way to figure out what he is looking at. She has dark black hair with brown eyes, and I finally realize who she is. This is his mate; I can tell from the description he gave me of her.

I take my gaze away from her and look back at Ezra. His hair was in a bun when he left because he said he wanted his colleagues to know he was taken. Now it's hanging hiding the hickey I put on it last night. I can feel the stares on me as Ezra and I look at each other. Everyone in the pack knows me as his second chance mate. He made sure they knew.

But now his real mate has somehow come back from the dead. She's holding his arm and he's letting her. She wraps her arm tighter around his arm. I hold my head high and nod their way before turning around and leaving the dining room. I quickly left the packhouse, running back to my house. I need to pack and leave this place for good.

Chapter 24

Ezra

Last night had brought up so many terrible memories for me, but I wanted to tell Freya about Ellen. They were two different people, and I realized that in these past months, I knew more about Freya than I ever did Ellen. Freya was made for Lykos and me. My feelings for her and Lupa were genuine, and sometimes I wished she were my first mate. But then I realized I'm ten years older than her and we would just now be meeting.

Freya was more mature than any woman her age and half of the women my age. I had hoped I eased her worries last night with our talk. I could tell something was upsetting her, but she wouldn't tell me. That was unusual for her because she was never one to shy away from her feelings or hard conversations. She was always upfront about her feelings.

Then she popped the pup question. I didn't answer her, and it was not because I didn't want a pup with her. I desperately wanted pups with her, but I was afraid that she didn't want them. I was afraid she would be like Ellen, who didn't want a pup but agreed because I wanted one. At twenty-eight years old, of course, I wanted pups, and I wanted them with Freya. I let my fear of her maybe not wanting them to make me not answer her question.

She seemed distant this morning when she kissed me before I left. I tried to chalk it up to her being tired, but as I sit in my office, I realize my mistake. I didn't answer her last night and she might be upset. She might have only asked me because she wants pups too. I didn't think of that last night when I refused to answer her question. I need to call her to help ease both of our minds.

My secretary calls me before I can pick up my cell phone. "Sir, you have a visitor. I think you will want to see them." She sounded scared, so I told her to send them in. In walked a face I hadn't seen in ten years. She looked the same as she did when I first saw her in that cave. Her big bright eyes looked youthful, and her dark hair was shorter, but she looks and smell like my first mate.

I was stunned for a minute until she opened her mouth. "Ezra, I found you." I stood up from my desk and walked around it to stand in front of her. "Who are you?" She looked hurt, but that quickly changed to understanding. "I know it may be hard to understand, but I came back for you, for us. I'm ready now. I'm ready to start our family."

She grabbed my hand, but I yanked it from her. There were no sparks and Lykos was not screaming mate in my head. *'That's because our mate is at the packhouse waiting for us.'* I ignored him and stared at the woman in front of me. She looked at me and her eyes stopped at my neck. She never marked me, nor did she ever put a hickey on my marking spot. She kept saying to wait until after she gave birth. I waited like a fool.

She reached up and snapped my hair tie. My bun fell, and she relaxed while staring at me. "Aren't you going to say something," she asked. "Who are you and why are you here," I asked again. She smacked her lips and crossed her arms over her chest. "I'm your mate, silly." She tried to reach out and touch me again, but I stepped away from her.

"I messed up Ezra. I told you I didn't want kids, but you forced me. So, after what happened, I took it as a sign that I needed to leave you. I faked my death and ran away from your pack. I missed you terribly the first two years, but I was able to fight the bond and stay away. Then eventually the mark faded, and it felt like we never had a bond.

Then I realized I still missed you. I still miss my mate. I worked hard to find you and now I have. I'm ready to go home, have all the pups you want, and run our kingdom together," she exclaimed. This woman had to be delusional if

she thought I would believe her. Ellen would never do something like that. "You are lying. You are not Ellen."

"Yes, I am. I can prove it. We met in a cave on your pack grounds. I was afraid of Lykos because he looked like a killer. Our initials are carved into the wall in that cave." She was telling the truth. Everything she said was right except I removed our initials in that cave as soon as I met Freya. Freya, I need to see Freya.

"I have a mate already and it isn't you," I tell her. She looks sad. "Well, I see you guys haven't marked yet, so maybe you and Lykos know that she isn't meant for you. I am." Lykos growled at her comment. *'I only want Freya and Lupa. You better not take this woman back.'* I have never known a wolf to be so adamant not to be with their mate. *'That's because she's not my mate, Lupa is.'*

My phone alarm went off, interrupting my thoughts. It was the timer I set to let me know I had to leave so I could meet Freya at the packhouse for lunch. I picked up my cell phone and headed for the door, not even thinking about Ellen. Freya was the only one on my mind.

Ellen followed behind me. "Is there any place I can send you off to," I ask her. She was appalled at my question. "I'm going with you back to our packhouse," she said while hopping into my car. Lykos mumbles as I drive off. She tries to start up a conversation, but my head is spinning from the fact that she claims to have faked her death to get away from me. If she did all of that, why is she back?

It doesn't take long for us to get to the packhouse. She is the first one out of the car and the people around stare at her with wide eyes. Everyone knows how Ellen looked ten years ago, and she looks the same now. I rush to the dining room, hoping Freya is already there. I need to explain to her what is going on.

Ellen is right behind me, following me. Carly and her friends instantly latch on to Ellen. I realized how much I hated their friendship ten years ago and I still hate it now. My thoughts are running wild when I hear her tell them we are getting back together. I'm just about to tell her and them that we are not when I sense Freya.

She is staring at Ellen with an unknown look. Then she makes eye contact with me. All eyes are on us, but I only have eyes for Freya. I see the flash of

hurt in her eyes before she turns away and leaves the dining room. I didn't even know Ellen was holding my arm until I tried to run after Freya. I shake my arm away from her and run after my mate while Ellen yells for me to come back.

I burst through her front door and rushed up the stairs. She's throwing her clothes in a suitcase, and I panic. I wrap my arms around her waist, hugging her from the back. Tears are flowing down her face as I hold her back to my front. "She came back for you," she whispers.

I turn her around to face me, but she won't look at me. "Princess, please look at me," I say. "Don't call me that," she mumbles. "Look at me, please," I beg. She won't lift her head up, though. Dropping to my knees, I wrap my arms around her waist again. If she won't look up at me, then I'll drop down so she can see my face.

She's surprised by my move, but I don't care. "I love you," I state. I have been wanting to tell her, but I was afraid it was too early. Now I hope it's not too late. She can easily shut off her emotions and I hope she hasn't shut them off for me. "I love you and you are my mate," I reiterate.

Her hands find their way into my hair. I always love it when she plays in my hair. "You don't have to lie to me. I know I was a placeholder for her, anyway. Now that she is back, you get your happy ending," she chokes back a sob as she stops playing in my hair. Why won't she believe me? She is my happy ending.

I stand up and kiss her. If she won't believe my words, maybe she will believe my actions. The kiss is hard at first. I want her to feel how much I love her. I want to punish her for not believing me. I slow the kiss down and unbuckle my pants while our tongue intertwines. I rip away her leggings and swiftly enter her. She gasps from the intrusion while her legs wrap around my waist.

I throw her suitcase off her bed and lay her down on it. Bending down to kiss her, I time my movements with my kisses. She's scratching my back as I thrust into her deeper and deeper. She always feels good and right. I pull back from the kiss and stare into her eyes as say, "I love you, only you." Those words send her over the edge, and she climaxes all over me.

I pepper her neck with kisses like I always do. I have wanted to mark her since I put that first hickey on her. I've been waiting for her to tell me it's okay,

but I guess she isn't ready yet. "I want to mark you so bad," I say into her neck. "Then do it," she replies.

It's all the permission I need. After a few more thrusts, I elongate my fangs and bite into her neck, marking her as mine. She climaxes again, screaming my name. Then I feel her lift her head and bite down into my neck, marking me as hers. I empty my seed into her, hoping that it takes so she will be round with my pup.

I kick off my pants and roll over, bringing her with me. She lies on top of me while I'm still seated inside of her. "I love you too," she whispers while looking up at me. "Yeah," I ask. She gives me a bright smile before nodding her head. "I was too afraid to tell you because I thought it was too soon," she says. "Me too," I respond. "I also want pups with you. I was afraid you wouldn't want them and didn't want to force you to have them. I want pups, Freya."

She gives me a long, hard kiss, making my penis jump inside her. "I want to have your pups, Ezra. I thought you didn't want them with me," she almost cries again. Now I'm at full attention again, hearing that she loves me and wants pups with me. I return her kiss and thrust up into her.

She pulls away from my lips and sits up, taking off her crop top and bra. She unbuttons my shirt while slowly riding me. She takes my tie, wraps it around my hands, and then ties them to the bedpost. She knows I can break out of this, but I indulge her.

She lifts her legs so her feet are planted on the bed. Once she gets her balance, she begins to go all the way up to the tip of my penis. Then slowly dropping down on it and repeating the steps. "Ooh," I moan as she continues to do this. Freya starts to pick up speed and the slap of our skin is mixing with her moans and my grunts.

"Princess, can I be untied," I groan out. She throws her head back while riding me. It's one of her telltale signs that she is about to climax. I pull my hands, ripping my tie and grabbing her ass. I thrust up while bouncing her hard on top of me. She squeaks and squeals as I move her faster and faster.

I can feel her tightening up and squeezing me. "Are you going to cum for me, princess?" "Yes baby, yes," she screams while climaxing. She's squeezing me so tight that she pulls me over the edge. "Freya," I grunt out as I reach my orgasm. She falls on top of me and neither one of us moves.

Marking takes a lot out of wolves, but we somehow had a second wind after our marking. It has caught up to us as we hold on to each other. My eyes slowly close as I hear Freya's breathing even out while on top of me.

Chapter 25

Freya

My eyes open as I groan. I had left the curtains open, so I know it was light out earlier, but now it's dark. Ezra is still planted inside of me. I look up at my handsome mate and realize how happy I am. He could have told me he wanted his first mate, but nope, he ran after me and told me he loved me.

We had some miscommunication, but we worked that out earlier during sex. It wasn't my intention to have those talks during sex, but we were both in a frenzy thinking the other didn't want them. When we marked each other, I got a glimpse of why he didn't mark me earlier. He was waiting for permission. The big bad king was waiting for my permission to take things further. I was afraid he would feel like I was rushing him to move forward quickly. Glad we got those miscommunications worked out.

My stomach growls, letting me know I need to shower and eat. I haven't eaten anything all day. I slip from his arms and head to the shower. After a few moments, a worried-looking Ezra opens the shower door. "You left me," he says. He wraps his arms around me and puts his nose into my neck, inhaling my scent. We are letting the water fall on us as I rub his hair while he inhales my scent.

After our shower, I ask him some questions about Ellen. "Where did she come from?" He shrugs his shoulders. "I don't know, babe. She came into my office in town talking about how she is ready for a family now." I growl at that. "She's too late, Ezra. She can't have you," I growl.

He pulls me onto his lap. "I know, princess; I don't want her. I have the perfect mate." He kisses my lips in a slow, sensual kiss. I open up for him, letting his tongue dominate mine. We both pull back breathlessly.

Then he tells me everything she told him in his office. "How can she fake her death like that? Not even caring about how you felt all these years ago. You mourned her for a very long time, and she waits until you find happiness to come back. I don't trust her."

“Me neither. I think there’s more to the story than what she is telling me. She will be visiting my interrogation room in my dungeon,” he says as my stomach growls again. He laughs and intertwines my hand. “Let’s go to dinner. My princess is hungry, and I need to make sure you eat so our pup can be fed.” I laugh at his enthusiasm about our fictional pup.

When we get to the dining room, I’m not surprised to see Ellen sitting in my chair, in her old spot. ‘Let me handle it,’ I mind link Ezra. He squeezes my hand for support. She is staring at our intertwined hands. I stand in front of her. “Can you please move out of my seat,” I ask nicely. She only gets one nice ask from me.

Carly smacks her lips. “You can’t talk to King Ezra’s mate like that,” she smirks. Looks like Ellen has already ganged up with the pack sluts. Her friends laugh while looking at me. I move my hair to the side, showing off my mark. All of them look stunned as they stare at my mark. Ellen puts her hand on her neck where her mark used to be, but now it’s blank.

“I suggest you remove yourself from the future queen’s seat,” I say icily. There will be no more niceness coming from me. She jumps up out of the chair as I know my eyes are changing from black to amber, showing her my wolf is at the surface. “You marked her,” she turns toward Ezra.

He doesn’t have time to respond because Jasper gets up out of his seat. “He marked you,” he says as he grabs my arm, spinning me to face him. A loud growl shakes the dining room. “Get your hands off my mate, Jasper.” I remove myself from Jasper’s grip and hug Ezra, hoping he calms down. Bryan just stands by with a quiet laugh taking in the scene.

Ezra buries his face into my neck, breathing me in and calming down. ‘I don’t want him touching you, princess.’ ‘Okay, baby,’ I reply in the mind link. He pulls back from my neck while an omega places a new chair beside Ezra’s chair. I hear the scoff come from Ellen but don’t pay her any mind.

Ezra and I settle at the table. Jasper’s eyes keep flickering between him and his wolf. Carly tries to grab his hand, hoping he will calm down. He growls at her, and she moves her hand while looking scared of him. If she wasn’t such a bitch, I would feel bad for her. She only has one more month of her pregnancy to go, and it seems Jasper is still upset that she got pregnant. “Jasper, calm down Rafe,” Ezra commands.

The tension seems to settle in the room while the omegas bring out the food. Greta made my favorite dessert and brought it out for me. I hug her and tell her I miss her. I really do too because since she has been marked and mated, she only works in the kitchen for a few hours and then goes to be with her mate. They apparently have a lot of catching up to do.

“What’s that,” Ezra asks. I take a spoonful and put it in his mouth. He makes the mmm sound. “It’s peach cobbler. My favorite dessert.” I look around and everyone has my dessert and now I’m sulking because I thought it was for me. “I made you your own pan,” Greta tells me. I smile while silently doing an inner happy dance.

Ellen keeps glancing longingly at Ezra. I thought she would stop once I made eye contact with her, but she didn’t. “Ellen, unless you want to pick up your eyes off the floor, I suggest you stop looking at my mate like that,” I tell her. She drops her head as everyone around except Greta gasps. Greta lets out a little laugh.

Bryan looks at Greta, waiting for her to explain. For the past few months that I have been here, I have shown nothing but sweetness to everyone around. They have never seen this side of me, and the only one who has is Greta. “She’s the sweetest person in the world until you get on her bad side. I take it this Ellen has gotten on her bad side and it’s the worst side of Freya to be on,” Greta explains.

Ellen looks pissed. “I was his mate first.” I slam my hands on the table, catching her off guard. “That was over ten years ago. You had your chance, and you blew it,” I growled out. Greta tsks at her. She turns her attention to Greta. “Why are you here, human? You don’t belong here,” she tells Greta.

I lose all my cool and grab her by the throat before I know it. I easily lift her in the air with no help from Lupa, who is just as mad as I am. No one talks to Greta like that. She’s lucky it’s me and not Greta’s mate who she is trying to calm down. “Calm down, Freya. She is not worth it, especially not while your favorite dessert gets cold,” Greta says.

I instantly calm down when I remember my dessert. I drop Ellen to the floor and a guard picks her up, dragging her out of the kitchen screaming. I take my seat next to Ezra again and Greta reaches over to squeeze my hand. Ezra mind links me, ‘I can’t believe you instantly calmed down with just a few words from Greta.’

'She is like my mother figure. She is probably the only one besides you and my father who can make me calm down that fast. Plus, she knew to mention food that also helps.' I laugh in the mind link. He just opens his mouth, waiting for me to feed him some more of my dessert. Once he is done, he has eaten most of it and I'm glad I have my pan to take home.

"I'm going to visit our guest in the dungeon. Would you like to come," he asks after dinner. "Yes, just let me put my dessert in my fridge at home." Greta only got the tail end of our conversation, but she was already telling me she would take it to my house. She hugs me goodbye and whispers, "I'm so happy for you, sweetie." I squeeze her tight before she lets go.