

# The Alpha King'S Second Chance

## Chapter 4

Freya

I walk into my room and slam the door behind me. Lupa almost gave in to that man. I almost gave in to him. I hate that I almost gave in to him. His scent surrounded me when he pulled me close to him. His thin lips looked so kissable as he came closer to my lips. Ugh, how do I know if his lips were kissable? I have never been kissed, and I wanted to save that for my mate.

*'He is our mate.'* 'I know that, Lupa. But he didn't want us until he realized we were a princess. We can't give in to him so easily.' *'Why can't we? He is our mate. We found our mate, and he wants us!'* 'Lupa, he only wants us because of our title. He doesn't truly want us. His wolf doesn't truly want you.'

As soon as the words left my thoughts, Lupa whimpered. 'I'm sorry, Lupa.' She retreated to the back of my mind. I didn't mean to be so hard on her, but I need her to understand that we won't just fall to our knees because of the mate bond. It's hard to fight the bond, but I know we can do it.

We deserve to have someone who wants us for us, who wants to cherish and love us for us, not for our title. I would rather he reject me than for him to want us for our title. I want that genuine love that my parents had. I want that love that made my mom leave her pack without hesitation because she found my dad. I want a love for the ages.

*'Can we at least try to give him a chance while he is here this week? If he shows us, he truly wants us, then we can accept him.'* Hmm, Lupa really wanted her mate. 'Okay. We will give them a chance. If they show us, they truly want us, then we will accept them. But I will not be kissing or having sex with him anytime soon, Lupa.'

She did a happy howl in my head. She's such a hopeless romantic. I am too, but I am also a logical person with feelings that don't revolve around the mate bond. After her howling, she retreated in my mind as she projected images of the prince to me.

Miss Greta knocked on the door before slipping through the small opening. "Are you okay, Miss Freya?" She came closer to me and sat on the bed beside me. She had become like a mother figure to me since my mom died.

She was my mom's best friend and the only other human who knew my mom was a werewolf.

I laid my head on her shoulder while she wrapped her arm around my shoulder. "I miss her," I mumbled. "I know, sweetie. I do too," she replied. It was quiet for a second before I spoke. "I need her guidance. I need her help," I cried. Miss Greta pulled me closer to her and rubbed my back as I cried on her shoulder. "It's okay, sweetie."

Before she could continue, my room door burst open, and in walked the prince, looking bewildered. I sat up and wiped my tears. "What are you doing here?" He ignored my question and came closer to me. "Why are you crying?" He pulled me up and away from Miss Greta and into his arms. He wrapped his arms around me and laid my head on his chest.

Miss Greta didn't say anything, but I heard her slip out of my room. After I calmed down, I pulled away from his chest. "You're not supposed to be in here. It's against the rules to be in my room with the door shut."

My dad was very old-fashioned when it came to me. My brothers were allowed to have guests of the opposite sex in their rooms, but I wasn't. It didn't bother me though because I didn't care to have the opposite sex in my room.

"Tell me why you were crying, Freya." I had never heard my name out of his mouth. It sounded wonderful, and I had to tell myself it was only because of the mate bond. I looked up into his eyes. "I miss my mom." Something crossed his eyes, and I realized it was sympathy. I dropped my head. I didn't want his sympathy. I get that from everyone when they realize my mom is dead.

I tried to remove myself from his arms, but he held me tighter. "I'm sorry about your mom." I cleared my throat. "It's fine. What are you doing here?" He finally let me go. "Well, I was walking the halls trying to find you and tell you it was time for dinner. Then I felt extreme sadness and hurt. I knew it wasn't coming from me."

We hadn't accepted each other, so how could he already feel my emotions? "How can you feel my emotions?" He rubbed the back of his neck and looked down before looking back at me. "I already accepted you. We haven't said it to each other yet, but I accepted you when I realized I wanted you." He sounded vulnerable, but I didn't care.

“Oh, so you accepted me when you realized I was a princess. You don’t want to go back to your kingdom empty-handed, huh?” Lupa gave me a low growl. *‘You said you would give him a chance. This is not giving him a chance, Freya.’* I mentally rolled my eyes at her.

“Forget what I just said. I’m giving you the week for you to show me you really want me for me and not my title. If you can convince me you want me, then I will go back with you to your kingdom.” He looked relieved when he heard me. He grabbed my hand. “Let’s go. It’s dinner time and I want everyone to know you’re mine.”