

The Alpha King'S Second Chance

Chapter 6

Freya

I'm not sure why I'm crying, but I can't stop the tears from falling out of my eyes. I hate that I am crying. I do not cry over boys. I can't believe I'm crying over someone who is supposed to love me unconditionally.

My door opens and I feel a hand on my back. I turn over and see my dad. He motions for me to get up and I do. I walk to the sitting area in my room and settle at the table while my dad places my food in front of me. "Eat, sweetie."

After I'm done eating, Dad wipes the remaining tears from my eyes. We settle on the sofa and I lay my head in his lap. "He's your mate." It's not a question but a statement. I nod my head. "You know you don't have to accept him if you don't want to. I know I emphasize a lot about accepting your mate, but if you don't feel he is the one for you, then don't accept him."

"But aren't I supposed to feel like he is the one for me? Aren't I supposed to be so in love with him because he is my mate?" Dad continued to rub his fingers through my hair. "Maybe or maybe not. I don't know the specifics. Even though I'm human, when I met your mom, I was instantly in love with her. It was love at first sight. She felt the bond, but I also felt something for her, too. I knew she was my world.

If you don't feel like that, sweetie, then maybe he's not the one. Maybe the Moon Goddess got it wrong for you," he whispered. We both know that she didn't get it wrong, though. "I can't tell you what to do, but I want you to be happy. He claims the kiss is not what it sounds like, but it's up to you to believe him or not. It's up to you to figure out do you want to give him a chance or not."

I went to sleep listening to my dad. His words always calmed me. I felt like a little girl again, laying my head on his lap and listening to his words of wisdom. I woke up in the middle of the night in my bed, but I wasn't alone. I had a muscular arm around my waist and at first, I was startled until I realized whose arm it was.

I tried to push his arm away, but he pulled me closer to his body. I froze when I realized he didn't have on a shirt. I could feel the outline of his six-pack, and they felt cozy and warm. "Stop moving, Freya," he mumbled.

"What are you doing in here," I asked. He buried his head in my neck. Taking a long sniff, I heard him rumble in pleasure. "I couldn't sleep knowing you were mad at me. I came in here to talk, but seeing you sleep made me want to lie down too. I'm sorry. I didn't kiss her, she kissed me.

I know how bad that sounds, but it's true. When you left us to talk, I tried to walk away, but she tried to kiss me. I pushed her back when her lips touched mine. I didn't kiss her back and threatened her to never do that again. She's not your friend," he concluded.

How could he tell me who was my friend when he didn't even know me? "You're not supposed to be in here. It's not ladylike for you to be in my bed with the door shut and naked." He laughed as he moved his arm tighter around me. "I'm not naked. I have boxers on. Are you naked?"

I felt myself blush and was glad the room was dark so he couldn't see me. I realized his hand was on my bare stomach and was almost mortified at being naked with him. Then I realized my dad put me to bed, so there was no way I was naked. I looked down and saw that my shirt had risen and I was wearing shorts. I had forgotten I had changed clothes before talking to my dad.

"Are you checking yourself to make sure you're not naked?" If I weren't mad at him, then his laugh would be one of the things I liked about him. He has been serious all day, but hearing him laugh right now is something different. I had to remind myself that he only wants me because of my title.

I must have dozed off again because the shriek coming from my open door startled me and Jasper. Miss Greta had her hand over her mouth as she stared at me. I realized I was no longer lying on my bed. I was on a hard body. I lifted my head to see Jasper looking down at me, smiling.

"You sure move fast," he teased. I quickly jumped up off him and the bed. "You must have pulled me on top of you," I stated. He sat up and shook his head. His full body came into view and I almost fainted. Jasper was all muscles. His tan skin was perfect along with his well-defined six-pack. He had no chest hair and his boxers hung low on his hips. His thighs were even built as if he made sure to focus on them in the gym, too.

I'm sure I was staring up and down at his body. He was a great-looking man and if we didn't start off on the wrong foot, I would be excited to call him my man. His blonde hair didn't even seem out of place, even though we just woke up from our sleep. How can a man possibly look this good waking up?

I was so engrossed in his body that I didn't know when Miss Greta left. I heard a scoff and turned to see Penelope at my door with tears in her eyes. She looked from me to him before a tear dropped. "How could you," she asked me. She ran away before I could say anything to her.

I turned back to Jasper, who was smirking at me. "Do you like what you see Freya," he asks in a husky tone. I noticed a tent starting to pitch in his boxers. "No. No, you put that thing away, Jasper. I am not sleeping with you," I told him. Jasper ignores me as he looks me up and down. His eyes are heated as he takes in my body.

I look down at myself and realize I have a white tank top on with no bra. I quickly put my arms on my chest. Jasper chuckles while throwing the cover off his legs and stalking toward me. "You might not sleep with me right now but soon Freya soon," he whispers in my ear.

I shiver from the heat of his breath on my ear. He picks up his clothes and puts them back on before leaving my room. Lupa is on cloud nine, knowing our mate slept with us last night. She is smiling and no longer sad. *'Do you think his wolf is as sexy as he is?'* 'You still haven't connected with his wolf,' I ask her.

The smile drops from her face, and she shakes her head no. That is odd. His wolf should want to connect with Lupa. She should have seen his wolf by now. I haven't met his wolf either and don't even know his wolf's name. Miss Greta comes back to my room to let me know that breakfast is ready.