

The Alpha King'S Second Chance

Chapter 8

Freya

I had never been to the werewolf kingdom. It was beautiful and the houses seemed bigger than the ones in my kingdom. My house was huge, but it seemed like every house in this kingdom was big. I wonder what the packhouse will look like. I remember my mom telling me about packhouses and how each werewolf community had one. I imagine the King's packhouse will be humongous since he is the King of werewolves. His community has more werewolves than a regular pack community would.

We pulled up to a magnificent mansion that looked like it could house multiple houses inside of it. Many regular houses were lined up beside the packhouse. It was just like my mom explained. The pack area was like its own community. The town we rode through had many shops that I plan to go to after I get settled in the packhouse.

The driver pulls up to the front of the packhouse and Jasper grabs my hand before we get out of the truck. People begin to come out of the packhouse and head to the other truck where my items are. Miss Greta steps out of the vehicle and Jasper leads us into the house.

When we step inside, I stop to admire my surroundings. The ceilings are high and right in the middle of the ceiling is a crystal chandelier that lights up the entire walkway. Once we walk in further, I'm not surprised to see an oversized couch in the middle of the room with a painting of the largest black wolf I have ever seen.

The vibrant green eyes on the wolf stand out the most and I'm mesmerized by looking at them. He's standing on all fours with a vicious look on his face. I notice Miss Greta looks afraid while staring at the painting. I understand why she would be nervous the picture shows a very intimidating wolf, but it's something about the picture that calls to me.

Jasper instructs us to follow him up the stairs. When we reach the second floor, he shows Miss Greta to her room. Then we continue up to the third floor where he directs me to his room. It smells like him, but I get the faint scent of a female too.

My nose turns up at the smell. "What's wrong Freya?" I noticed that my items had not made it to this room yet and I'm glad. "Your room needs to be cleaned." He looks around the room and probably notices that it is clean, but that's not what I'm referring to. "Your room is spotless but there's another scent in here that is not yours."

He takes a good sniff then his eyes get wide. At that moment I realized that scent must be one he is used to since it took me saying something for him to realize his room smelled of another woman. The guilty look on his face confirms my thoughts. "I will be staying in another room," I tell him as I turn around and walk out of his room.

The rumors always said he would never have the same woman twice but now I know that is a lie. This woman stayed with him in his room. She was so close to him that he didn't even realize her scent was in his room because he was used to the scent.

He follows me out of his room. "Freya," he starts. I shake my head. "It's fine Jasper. We just met and I'm sure you had others before me. I think it's best if I stay in a separate room for now though." He grabs my hand and pulls me toward him. His arms wrap around me, and he hugs me tight. "Will you at least stay on this floor with me?"

I nod into his chest. He breathes a sigh of relief. His chin rests on top of my head. "Before I forget, the fourth floor is off limits. My brother stays there, and he doesn't like for people to be up there." I nod my head again. I don't want to be around the King anyway since I'm sure he is going to be rude and cold.

After settling into the room opposite of Jasper's, I walk downstairs to find Greta. She opens her door after two knocks. "How are you settling in?" She motions for me to take a seat at the table area in her room. "I'm fine Miss Freya. How are you settling in?"

I wince at her question, and she notices. "What's wrong?" I take a deep breath. I have always been able to tell Miss Greta anything. It's one of the reasons I asked her to come with me. I needed a familiar face here in this unknown territory. "He had another woman's scent in his room. It smelled of them together," I shudder.

I'm embarrassed. I left my kingdom and home for him and I'm already having problems with him. She smacks her lips. "I can't believe he would do that. He should know better. Where will you be staying? You can stay in my room with

me, or we can go back home,” she declares. She knows just what to say to make me feel better.

“I’ll be staying in a guest room on the third floor. I knew he wasn’t a virgin, so I knew he slept with other women before we met. I just didn’t think he had them staying in his room with him. Also, we aren’t allowed on the fourth floor, that’s where the King resides.” Greta’s eyes go wide when I speak of the king.

We spend the next few hours talking when someone knocks on her door to tell her dinner is about to be served. We follow the lady to the dining room where I see a lot of people sitting down getting ready to eat. This dining room makes mine look like a kiddie room. Greta and I take a seat at an empty table. Jasper hasn’t introduced me to anyone yet, so I don’t know anyone here but Greta.

I watch Jasper come into the dining room and look around searching for me I assume. A blonde hair busty girl runs past me, and I catch the faint scent that’s in his room. She runs straight to him and jumps in his arms. She kisses him on the lips and he returns the kiss while wrapping his arms around her waist.

The pain of feeling like I got stabbed in the heart makes me grab my chest. The gasp from Greta breaks Jasper and the girl’s kiss. His brown eyes connect with my hazel eyes and the look on his face shows me he just realized what he did. He pushes the girl away but it’s too late, I saw it all. He takes a step toward me but I get up and run out of the dining room.