

The Alpha Rejected Second Chance Mate - Chapter 2

CHAPTER SIX

Nora's POV:

I turned to face Michael, my heart pounding in my chest. "I refuse to stay here," I said, my voice shaking with a mix of anger and hurt. I locked eyes with him, waiting for his response.

Confusion flickered across Michael's face as he reached out, gently taking hold of my hand. "Why, Nora? What's the reason?" He asked, his voice filled with genuine concern. I could see the worry in his eyes.

But I can't just go on to live with a stranger. Yes, he claimed he was Dylan's father. It still didn't sit well, for he came out of nowhere and suddenly took me and my son.

Frustration surged through me, and I struggled to find the right words. How could I explain that moving into his house wasn't as simple as it seemed? "We can't just move into your house. We barely know you," I argued, my voice quivering with emotion.

His grip on my hand tightened, his eyes narrowing. "Nora, Dylan is my son too, and I want to be a part of his life," he said firmly, and I gritted my teeth. His voice was filled with determination. Even though I could see the sincerity in his eyes, I just couldn't agree.

"He is my son, and I raised him!" I raised my voice a bit to sound intimidating, but I knew I sounded like an idiot right now.

Michael suddenly growled, but I was not afraid at all.

Dylan's sudden whine pierced through the air, catching me off guard. His little voice echoed with longing as he begged, "Mum, can we stay, please? I want to stay with Father and you too." I could feel frustration building within me, but I tried to keep my composure.

I turned to face Dylan, my eyes narrowing in a stern glare. "Dylan, you need to behave," I said firmly, my voice laced with a mix of exasperation and concern. I wanted him to understand the complexity of the situation, even if he was just a child.

His pleading eyes met mine, filled with innocence and longing. It broke my heart to see him caught in the middle of our complicated lives. But I couldn't let his desires dictate our decisions. "Sweetheart, it's not that simple," I explained, my voice tinged with sadness.

"What is not simple there?" asked Michael, but I ignored him.

I took a deep breath, trying to find the right words to convey the weird situation. "We can't just uproot our lives and move into his house. There are so many things to consider," I continued, my voice softening as I reached out to hold his tiny hand.

As I looked into his eyes, I saw a mix of disappointment and confusion. It tore at my heartstrings, but I knew I had to be strong for both of us. "Dylan, we have our own home, our routines, and a life. We need to think about what's best for both of us."

Michael's anger radiated through the room, his words cutting through the air like a sharp blade. I could feel my heart sink as his harsh words echoed in my ears.

His face contorted with frustration. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "You can leave if you want, but you're not taking our son with you." His words stung, but I knew I had to stand my ground.

Taking a deep breath, I met his gaze with unwavering determination. "Alpha Michael, I understand you're angry, but my son is my priority," I said firmly, my voice steady despite the turmoil inside.

"He is my son too!" he growled.

"I raised him alone!" I growled back at him. He can't have the upper hand, even if he were the Alpha.

"I'm ready to make up for that," he growled again, glaring at me.

I could see the anger in his eyes, but I refused to let it intimidate me. "I am his mother, and I will always fight for what's best for him," I continued, "and we can't just stay here!"

"And I said you may leave! But not with my son!" Michael repeated, and with his clenched jaw, I knew he was very angry.

But I stood there, facing Michael's anger, and my determination grew stronger. I couldn't fathom the thought of leaving my son, Dylan, behind.

How dare Michael suggest such a thing?

A son I had single-handedly raised to this age?! How dare he?!

Stepping closer to Dylan, I reached out and gently pulled him to my side, his small hand finding solace in mine. I looked into his innocent eyes, filled with confusion and fear, and I knew I had to be his rock, his protector.

With a steady voice, I spoke directly to Michael, my words laced with unwavering conviction. "Alpha Michael, I will never leave our son. He is my everything and my reason to keep going. I will be there for him, no matter what. Not even for you!"

Suddenly, Michael began to approach me with a grave expression on his face, frustration bubbling up within me. I could feel my heart racing, unsure of what was about to unfold. Instinctively, I took a step back, my body reacting to the tension in the air.

His words hung heavy in the silence as he uttered, "Nora, stay put." The weight of his statement only added to the unease that had settled in me. I braced myself for what was to come, my mind racing with possibilities.

At that moment, Dylan, sensing the tension, looked up at us with wide eyes. It was as if he knew something was off—something that he couldn't fully comprehend. Sensing the need to shield him from the intensity of the situation,

"Dylan, go and play." Michael suddenly asked Dylan to go and play.

My eyes widened, and I shook my head. "Dylan, stay here and don't go anywhere."

Now my boy was confused: should he listen to his mother or his father?

I watched as Dylan hesitated for a moment, his gaze shifting between us. Then, with a hint of confusion on his face, he nodded and obediently left the room. As he disappeared, I couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness. How could he obey a stranger instead of his mom?

Alone with Michael, the room seemed to shrink, with the weight of our issues pressing down on me, especially. I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself and find the right words to express my frustrations. It was in moments like these that communication became crucial, a lifeline to our falling connection.

But before I could utter a single word, he suddenly stretched his hand and pulled me towards the staircase.

Panic surged through my veins, threatening to overwhelm me. Michael's grip tightened around my arm, his anger palpable in the air. I could feel the weight of his expectations, suffocating me as he dragged me.

"Let me go!" I cried out, my voice trembling with a mix of fear and determination. I had reached my breaking point.

With every step he took, I fought against his hold, my mind racing with thoughts of my son's well-being and where the hell he was taking me. I couldn't bear the thought of him growing up in such an environment.

As I screamed out for help, my voice echoed through the empty hallway, a desperate plea for someone to intervene and save me. But from what exactly?

It wasn't like he was taking me up there to kill me, right?

He pushed open a door to the right, and I was so expecting it to be a torture room or something, but what I saw next left was awestruck.

The room was beautiful—okay, not beautiful—but manly, very mature, expensive, and cozy.

But Michael didn't give me the time to process the room's decor because what happened next made me gasp in pure shock.

Michael closed the door and pushed me against it. Then he smashed his lips on mine.

What the what?!

Michael was kissing me. Deeply.

What the hell? I was horrified by the act, but there was nothing I could do as Michael kissed me hungrily, as if he had waited so long for this.

When I clamped my teeth together and refused to let him in, Michael bit on my lower lips and almost drew blood if I had not whimpered loudly.

His tongue then slipped into my mouth and kissed me demandingly and passionately. I tried hard not to feel it, but I was fighting a losing battle.

I've had a thing with him before, and he made me feel so relaxed and wanted. And there were still some lingering feelings from before. I wanted to not believe it. It's been seven years, and it was just a one-night stand! Hence, I couldn't fight the lust for long, and I found myself kissing him back. I was transported to the past, when it was just the two of us in the woods.

My now-free hands dug into his hair and pulled hard as I kissed him hard, and he moaned.

Bang!

The sound of my moan snapped me back to the present, and I was instantly reminded of the current situation. It suddenly hit me what I was doing. With both hands pressed against his rock-hard chest, I pushed him away with every strength in me.