

# The Alpha Rejected Second Chance Mate

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Nora's POV:

We both came up for air, and Michael's eyes were still fixed on me. I had the urge to slap his face for forcing himself on me, but I remembered that I had also reciprocated the kiss.

Damn!

I tried to say something—anything that could clear the sudden awkwardness in the air.

But before I could form any words, Michael best me to it.

“You will stay here with me and our son,” he whispered, but I heard every word clearly.

Before I could refute, he opened the door and walked out.

I sighed.

This was definitely how my life would change from now on.

Just then, I glanced around the room, my eyes widening in awe at the sheer beauty.

Now that I thought about it, the next packhouse looked so beautiful.

And now I had to stay because I loved my life. I think I should probably take a look around.

The place was enormous, and I couldn't help but think that it looked like something out of a fairytale.

Since I had no other choice but to stay here, why not make the most of it and explore now? I mean, it's not like I have any pressing engagements or urgent matters to attend to, right?

I pulled open the door and walked out. I passed through the long hallways, trying my best to be stealthy.

My heart was pounding.

Why?

Because just a few days ago, I was alone with Dylan, and today, I had Dylan's father with us.

Was this supposed to be a coincidence or what?

I couldn't help but chuckle at myself.

Who knew that Dylan getting angry and fighting in school would have led me to this dominant Alpha?

As I turned each corner, I discovered more and more hidden nooks and crannies. There were rooms filled with ancient artifacts, secret passageways that led to who knows where, and even a room filled with fluffy pillows and blankets, which I promptly dubbed the "Ultimate Nap Zone." I couldn't resist the urge to dive headfirst into the fluffy sea of pillows, giggling like a kid who just discovered a secret treasure trove.

I guess it's not a bad idea to live here anyway.

I stood up straight when I heard a footstep approaching.

A maid walked up to me and bowed slightly.

“Welcome to the Nexton Packhouse, Miss. May I show you to your room?”

Oh, I have a room? Yeah, right, I live here now.

"Sure." I nodded, and she led the way through the other side.

I followed behind her quietly.

As I followed the maid to my new room, I couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and curiosity.

What would my room in this grand packhouse look like? Would it be as breathtaking as the rest of the place?

When the maid opened the door and I stepped inside, my jaw practically hit the floor. I stood there, wide-eyed and utterly shocked, taking in the sight before me. The room was nothing short of magnificent.

The first thing that caught my attention was the enormous four-poster bed, fit for royalty. It was adorned with luxurious, silky sheets and fluffy pillows that practically begged for a good night's sleep. I couldn't resist the urge to plop down on the bed, sinking into its softness with a contented sigh.

But that was just the beginning. The room was tastefully decorated with elegant furniture and beautiful artwork that adorned the walls.

a cozy reading nook nestled by the window, inviting me to curl up with a good book and get lost in its pages. And oh, the view from that window!

It overlooked a serene garden, with colorful flowers dancing in the gentle breeze.

I also discovered a spacious walk-in closet that could easily rival a boutique. Racks of clothes, shelves of shoes, and drawers filled with accessories beckoned me to indulge in a little fashion extravaganza.

How did they get clothes so soon?

I narrowed my eyes. Where are they expecting me already?

But still, I couldn't help but imagine myself trying on different outfits, twirling around, and feeling like a glamorous movie star.

Every little detail in the room seemed to have been carefully thought out, from the exquisite chandelier hanging from the ceiling to the plush rug that caressed my feet as I walked. I couldn't believe that this was my room, even if it was just for a little while.

I wouldn't be staying forever.

I felt a sense of gratitude and awe. It was as if the packhouse knew exactly what I needed and provided it in the most extraordinary way.

I couldn't wait to make this room my own, to fill it with my own personal touches, at least.

I turned to the maid, a mix of surprise and excitement bubbling inside me. "Where is my son?"

"He is currently in the game room with Alpha, ma'am," she responded, and I widened my eyes in surprise.

"There's a game room here too." I asked.

The maid nodded with a warm smile. "Yes, ma'am. The packhouse has all sorts of wonderful amenities, including a game room for the little ones to enjoy. It's a great place for them to have fun."

My curiosity piqued even further, and I couldn't resist the urge to explore more of this incredible place. "Could you please show me around the house? I would love to see some of the other amazing things here," I asked the maid, hoping she would agree.

She nodded again, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "Of course, ma'am! I'd be delighted to give you a tour. There are so many beautiful and interesting things to see. Let's start with the grand library, where you can immerse yourself in a world of knowledge and stories."

We walked out of my room, and I followed her excitedly.

Well, you couldn't blame me; this was like the perfect holiday for me, and I was very thankful.

As we walked through the packhouse, the maid shared fascinating tidbits about its history and the various rooms we passed.

We visited the elegant dining hall, with its long table fit for a feast, and the serene garden, where fragrant flowers bloomed in vibrant colors.

Next, we ventured into the art gallery, which was filled with masterpieces that captured my imagination.

I couldn't even believe that all these things were in this house!

The pack house was so rich. richer than the other one.

The maid pointed out each painting's unique story, making me appreciate the beauty and talent behind them even more.

As the maid and I continued our tour of the magnificent packhouse, I couldn't help but feel like a wide-eyed child exploring a magical wonderland. Each room held its own surprises, and the maid was more than happy to share the exciting details.

We entered a room that seemed to be glowing with neon lights and pulsating music. "And here we have the brand-new game room," the maid exclaimed, her voice filled with enthusiasm. "It's equipped with the latest gaming consoles, virtual reality headsets, and even a dance floor with interactive lights."

I couldn't contain my excitement as I imagined myself immersed in epic battles and dancing like nobody was watching. The maid chuckled at my enthusiasm and encouraged me to try out some of the games.

We moved on to the next room, and my eyes widened at the sight of a state-of-the-art home theater. "Behold, the ultimate movie-watching experience," the maid declared, gesturing towards the plush reclining seats and the massive screen. "You can enjoy blockbuster movies, binge-watch your favorite TV shows, or even host private screenings for friends and family."

Oh, Michael, allow that?

Just why did they spend so much money on just decor?

Weren't they afraid a rival pack could come and burn the entire place down?

It would be such a waste of money if that happened.

I couldn't resist the temptations, though. I plopped myself down in one of the comfy seats, pretending to munch on popcorn as I imagined being transported into the world of my favorite films.

The maid led me to a room filled with sparkling lights and colorful costumes. "Welcome to our very own costume closet," she exclaimed with a mischievous grin. "Here, you can dress up as your favorite characters, from heroes to historical figures. It's perfect for themed parties or just having fun and letting your imagination run wild."

I couldn't help but giggle at the thought of trying on different outfits and embodying different personas. It was like having a secret treasure trove of endless possibilities.

We continued our adventure, discovering a room dedicated to indoor sports like table tennis, foosball, and even a mini-golf course. The maid cheered me on as I attempted a hole-in-one, and we shared a good laugh when my ball bounced off the walls and took an unexpected detour.

This place was the definition of perfect, and I immediately wanted to stay.

Soon we came to the infamous game room the maid talked about, and I could hear Dylan's giggles coming from the inside.

I smiled and tried to move in, but I heard Michael's voice at that time.

"Son, take a look at this!"

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Nora's POV

I stilled upon hearing his voice.

"What's that, dad?" Dylan grabbed something from his hands. He chuckled as he played with it. Michael ruffled his hair as he smiled down at him. Dylan is smiling back. He lifted him in the air and threw him around, like he was some airplane. Dylan's giggles bounce off the wall. No one needed to be told; my son was enjoying the company of his father.

Well, I guess we don't have to argue over who the father of the year goes to. The longer I stood there, the longer I tried to fight back the tears that were pulling in my eyes. It's been hard to be alone with Dylan. The memories of trying to find a man who would love my son for the past 7 years were fresh in my mind. I gave up at some point. Raising him alone was one hell of a job. Now, as I watched him play with his biological father, it felt nostalgic.

I wiped a tear that had escaped my eyes and began to turn when the door was yanked open. I gasped.