

Chapter 116 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Two days later, Jake was told that Delilah could go home. Normally, he'd have sent his beta to get her, but after avoiding her for two whole days, he wanted to see her.

His steps echoed against the hospital floors as he walked to her room, and his heart felt like it was being caged by his chest. It was beating out of control, inhumanely...he could even hear it.

Plucking his hand from his pocket when he made it in front of her room door, he grabbed onto the knob, twisting it unlocked and pushing the mildly squeaky door open.

He peered inside, noticing that her bag was already packed, laying on the tiles next to her feet, which were covered in a simple pair of black slippers. She was sitting at the edge of the bed, fixing her hair that was caught in a fluffy bun atop of her head; overall messy and yet it still looked nice. Her pale skin was glittering in the sunlight, pearly and white, and he could testify that the texture was marvelously silky, soft, and creamy.

Her long lashes tickled her cheeks as she blinked blankly at him, those brown eyes possessing an expression that wasn't welcoming at all. He felt the need to step back, suddenly feeling weak under her gaze...but he held his grounds and cleared his throat. "Let's go."

His voice came out more commanding than he wanted it to, it must've been what urged her to grab her bag and stand to her feet so quickly. Every step she took towards him shook his heart. She was wearing a sundress that reigned a couple inches away from her knees. It was purple and white in color...a combination that suited her perfectly.

His eyes followed her as she walked past him, the dress swaying behind her, effortlessly mirroring the movements of her hips. He wrung his bottom lip between his teeth and clenched his hands in his pockets as he followed after her.

She seemed all better now. The dark circles beneath her eyes hadn't fully cleared, but they were lighter...barely noticeable. "How is your wound?" He randomly questioned, the silence felt uncomfortable and the need to break it had been suffocating him.

Delilah glanced back, her eyes catching his briefly before glancing away. Before she answered him, her finger trailed along the bandage around her slender neck. "It's...It's fine."

“Good. Throughout your healing process, I’ll have you stay with me. The dungeons are far too dirty, it’ll only agitate and infect the wound.”

It almost went unnoticed, but he’d been watching her too intently to not notice the shudder that ran all throughout her body. She stopped in her tracks and turned to face him completely, those puffy cheeks blooming red. “I…Why do I…? I prefer the dungeons.” She stuttered out. “I don’t want to stay too long in the same room as you. Never…”

Anger shot through him as his eyes darkened, and so did his voice as he proceeded to speak. “Why does it sound as though you have a choice? I see the hospital fluids have been messing with your f*cking head. You keep talking back at times when I wish you’d shut up, and then have the audacity to keep your mouth shut when I want you to speak. Listen Delilah, you don’t get to tell me what you can or won’t do. I’m the alpha here, I dish out the orders, and you follow them.”

She shivered, shrinking in on herself…becoming scared all over again. The spark in her eyes dimmed as she nodded her head and turned around, continuing on her way.

He sighed, feeling as his wolf whined pitifully in his chest. All throughout these two days, it had been restless. Twisting and turning ~ howling and groaning…it was as though it had been in great and unrelenting pain that Jake couldn’t seem to feel.

He’d guessed that it was because of Delilah, but he’d just now confirmed it. Unlike him who’d dwelled on her tears and found happiness in her sadness…his wolf detested it. He wanted her pain to be his, and her happiness because of him.

It was reaching towards her; trying to connect, and Jake was the only thing holding it back. His eyebrows knitted as he glanced down at the bag in her hand, it wasn’t heavy, wasn’t anything close to straining her or jeopardizing her health, but he wanted to take it.

His hands twitched, his eyes so focused on the bag that he hadn’t even realized that she’d stopped walking to open the door. He bumped right into her, and she turned to him while hanging onto the door handle.

He stepped back, finally deciding to grab the bag and yank it out of her grasp. “I’ll take this.” He told her, and her lips fumbled to disagree, but then she didn’t.

She opened the door, stepping through it, and he followed after.

“Where?” She asked. “Which direction are we going?”

He nodded towards the south. “There’s a cabin I built a while back in the woods. We’ll be staying there as to not attract too much attention from my pack.”

“Since that is the case...” She licked her lips nervously, as if she was afraid to say what she was about to. “Why don’t you j-just let me go? I barely serve any purpose here...you already have a luna, and though I have nothing, I’ll be happy to live alone~”

Jake grabbed at her collar, pulling her just a breath away from him. “Conniving little slut...I’ve told you too many times that I’m not letting you go. Do you want me to beat it into you?”

She trembled against his hold, whimpering pitifully. “I hate you...” She spat out. “I’ll hate you for the rest of this miserable life...and I’ll hate you afterwards too. You’re a cruel person who deserves to die horribly, I wish you’d die...I wish somebody would kill you, easily rid you out of my life. I wish you never existed; at least not as my mate.”

His hand balled by his side, but instead of punching her like he wanted to, he pushed her back, and she fell against the low grass that tainted the earth. “You’re lucky your injury isn’t completely healed. It’s the only reason why you’re getting away with saying crap. But keep pushing it, and I might send you into a f*cking coma again.”

He walked past her, throwing her bag on the floor next to her. If she had enough strength to talk to him like that, then she could carry it her f*cking self.

His steps became heavier as he stumped past the overgrown birch tree in front of the hospital. He stopped when he realized she wasn’t following, turning around to glare at her. Her face was buried in her hands, and then came a sob from her lips that snapped at his heart.

His wolf whimpered, and if he hadn’t been careful, he would’ve done the same. He didn’t like this, he didn’t like what she could do to him...just how much she could weaken him.

Why did his feelings start changing? Why does he feel so soft...like a gentleman these past few days...

He hated it, but frankly, there was probably nothing he could do about it. After coming to terms with the fact that he’d almost lost her forever, something shifted within him. His wolf always had a soft spot for her, but ever since then, it seemed he himself was starting to develop one too.

He detested that fact; with everything in him, he detested acting like a fool in front of a woman...detested bowing to a being that was made to stay below him...

But somewhat, he detested even more watching and hearing her cry...seeing that sad and distant look in her eyes...feeling the hatred she had for him radiating off of her in waves...

And he also detested the fact that he couldn’t even control or understand himself. There was a part of him that found gratification in her pain, and that was the side of him that wanted to hurt her...the side that wanted to continuously crush her under his feet.

But there had always been another side to him too, one that always had him visiting her dungeons...so late at night that he’d sometimes find her sleeping. He was miserable at night, but

when he lingered beside her in the darkness that bit at his skin, it was like he couldn't feel the pain.

'Why?' was a question he couldn't even ask himself. Her scent and mostly her presence calmed him, and it seemed he'd grown too accustomed to the peace she offered to even think of letting her go.

So, he'd hold on to her. He'd be a monster to her while she drove away the awful monsters that haunted him.

Walking back over to where she still sat, he picked up her bag and then pulled her up, caging her against his side. Her body was stiff as she cried, and he actively ignored the urge to swipe at the tears that dripped abundantly down her flushed cheeks. "I hate you..." She grumbled. "I hate you so much."

Jake held her tighter against him. "I wish I could hate you too."

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J~S~CHAPTER 6~ BACK WHERE IT ALL STARTED

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When he got to the cabin, he let go of her, fishing for the keys in his pocket. He hadn't come here in years...and that's because this place was a nightmare in itself. He used to live here as a child, when everything was okay between his mother and father, he used to play in these woods, run through this house.

But when everything fell apart...this place became a sanctuary to his father and someone else. He still lived here, but not with his mother. He'd lived with a woman whose greed surpassed that of the devil, and a man he didn't see as his father anymore.

His mother was forced behind bars for wanting an escape, and he was being forced to accept another woman as his mother...one who cared more about having a luna title than his or even her wellbeing.

She treated him like sh*t, she'd cook and give him nothing to eat and tell his father lies about him disrespecting her, so he could get punished. She was wicked...and when she got pregnant, the evilness increased.

The keys dangled as he took them out, penetrating the knob, which clicked unlocked when he twisted the key. He pushed the door open, and as expected, the inside was as clean as it should be.

Despite hating this place, he loved it too. It was the house in which he suffered, but it was also the only place in which he'd ever experienced happiness with his late mother. So he gave the omegas strict orders to clean this place from top to bottom every day...even if it was vacant.

Running a hand through his dirty, blonde hair, he looked back at Delilah, who stood cautiously behind him. "Come in." He told her.

As he walked inside, she followed him, hesitantly closing the door behind her. "There are two bedrooms in this house, you can have the master bedroom on this floor, let me take your bag there."

He led the way down the hall, stopping in front of the room he'd murdered his father in. He didn't want to go in there, so he placed her bag against the floor and gestured towards the door he stood in front of. "This is the room, go in and get some rest...and bear in mind that if you walk out the front door without my permission, I'll beat you to sickness."

Without listening for her answer, he walked back down the hall and headed upstairs inside the room he used to sleep in as a kid. It looked the same, the bed was small, he knew he wouldn't be comfortable in it, and the room itself was small too.

There was a lamp on the bedside table and a window across from it. There was also a window above his bed, one he used to look through whenever he had nothing to do. A blue mat covered the white tiles in front of the foot of his bed, a closet on its opposite end and a clock was etched to the wall beside it.

He sighed as he took a seat on the bed. He'd told them to change the sheets to any other color than the blue ones that had been on it. He used to love blue as a kid, but he hated that f*cking color so much now.

Flopping back against the mattress, he looked up at the ceiling. Why was he here? Did he really come here for Delilah's sake or for his own sake?

There was this hole in his heart; painfully stuffed with all the demons of the past, and he wanted to clean and close it...

But how would he ever do that when he still wasn't strong enough? In order to feign the strength he knew he didn't have, he'd fought his way to the top...denying that he was weak and denying that it was because of that weakness that his mother had died.

But for the second time, Zayd had shattered him inside out, involuntarily showing him that he was indeed weak, that he was indeed at fault...that he...he didn't have the strength back then, and he definitely didn't have it now.

It was hard, but he had to accept it, his mother only slit her throat because he gave her the chance to do it.

If he'd braved up and killed that whore the day his father brought her in, then his mother wouldn't have suffered the awful way she did...

If he'd been competent, sensible enough to see that his life would never change or go back to the way it used to be before that other woman came into the picture, he wouldn't have foolishly kept wishing it would...

If he'd been a bit bigger, a bit stronger, then h~

Jake clenched the sheets in his grasp, almost tearing them as he shook the deep and depressing thoughts out of his head. No matter how much guilt he poured on himself, his life wouldn't ever change...

He'd still hate the world and everyone in it...including his f*cking self.

Bracing up off the bed, he shuffled towards the window just above his bed, opening it and looking down at nature that thrived endlessly around him. He didn't feel like he was a part of it; nature. He felt left out of the growing process...he felt like he was still that little kid struggling to see the light through the trees that overshadowed him.

His paths felt so dark...and he'd foolishly become one with that darkness.

Hours passed as he sat there, watching as the light drained away, welcoming the darkness that draped his room in its clutches. He didn't get up to turn on the lights, he didn't want to.

His body was cramped all over and the thoughts...they were haunting him again...the 'what if' thoughts and the memories that walked around this room...

'You boy...tell your mother to just kill herself, it's already sad that I took her place, but now my child will take her son's place as alpha. Tell her that...that I'm pregnant with the real heir.'

'Look at you, you look just like that whore. You two possess the same eyes; foolish and weak...'

'I'll make your father kick you out...I'll have him abandon you like he abandoned your whore of a mother.'

'Graig, he did it again. He told me he wouldn't ever accept me as his mother, even after I tried so hard. He called me a b*tch Graig, a b*tch for goddess' sake...'

'Little boy, you're pathetic, weak...an alpha wolf? You'll be a rogue soon.'

'Kick him out, send him to the dungeon with his mother, I can't live with him anymore. If he doesn't leave, then I will.'

‘Graig, it’s serious now...that boy told me that he hopes my baby dies. He wants our little pudding dead, he’s evil...I told you. I’m leaving, I’m leaving if you don’t kick him out tonight...!’

‘Boy, are you angry? Your nostrils are flaring...hehe. It’s refreshing to know that my reign fazes not only your mother, but you too.’

‘Get rid of him Graig, that boy...that boy...that boy...that boy...! That boy...! That boy...! That boy...! That b~!’

Jake jumped up, rubbing his eyes as though he’d just seen a ghost...for a second there, she’d flashed before his eyes...reminding him of the way she tortured him with her words and made his father torture him with his hands...

He needed to get out of this house, he couldn’t sleep here...he couldn’t take it anymore...!

In the darkness of the room, he located the door, pulling it open and rushing through it. He didn’t even close it behind him as he staggered downstairs, but instead of going through the front door like he wanted, he followed the beautiful scent that wafted across his nose.

Soon he stood before that door...her door, and he was just dying to go in. She could calm him down...Delilah, she was the only one who could calm him down.

J~S~ CHAPTER 7~ HOLD ME

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His hands trembled as he reached for the knob, slowly twisting it unlocked. He pushed the door back, peeping inside like he’d done as a child when he wanted to sleep between his parents.

She was sleeping, soundly...those soft breaths she took had his erratic breathing calming and mirroring hers. He stepped further in, slowly closing the door behind him as to not wake her.

Her face was turned in his direction as she slept on her side, her loose red hair covering more than just a half of her beautiful face. His steps steadied as he walked towards her, stooping in front of the bed like the f*cking fool he was...

Damn...she really was his medicine, all the invasive thoughts have gone and now only the scent and the sight of her filled his giddy head. The fact that he killed his father and his whore in this room didn’t seem to faze him now that she was in it.

She was his cure, and she'd really expected him to let go of her? He wouldn't ever do it.

Reaching towards her face, he swiped her hair out of it...his index finger curving around the extent of her jawline... then her forehead...her chin...down the bridge of her nose...and lastly, it traced those beautiful, soft lips.

She seemed so precious when she slept...there was no resentment in her eyes because they were closed, no fear caving her innocent and flawless features...she was just...just her...and he surprisingly liked that.

Seeing her so peaceful and calm had his heart thumping profoundly...he wanted to touch her more...in ways he'd never thought of touching anyone...

Softly...

Gently...

Slowly...in a way that would last forever...

He just...f*ck...!

He clenched his jaws, his eyes fixating on her lips...he wanted to place his against hers, but what exactly was stopping him?

There was no barrier between them, but he felt like there was...an emotional barrier that he wanted to get rid of; to cross. He'd been a coward all his life, hidden behind a dark shadow...wasn't it time for him to reach back towards the light?

But that shadow had always protected the vulnerable side of him, it shielded it from the world and took on things that side of him could never...could he really step out from behind it? And what would happen if he did? Would he fall, clamber and shatter? Would he...?

Jake shook his head...he had to brave, for once in his cowardly life, he had to be brave.

Gripping onto the white sheets on the bed, he leaned closer to her...he was afraid to breathe...afraid the enhanced sounds would wake her up...so he held his breath.

His lips pressed against hers; barely, and the sparks he'd been longing for flew, dragging his desires along with them. His desperate lips took one of hers between them, giving in, pressing deeper, further...taking what he wanted.

When she stirred in her sleep, he didn't stop, he kept kissing her...like a starved man...and he didn't pull back until she did.

She sat up, shuffling back until she was etched against the walls beside the bed. Terror filled her eyes, her soft and calm breaths upgrading to long, deep and harsh drags. “W-What are y-you doing?! Why are you here?”

He stood up, digging his inquisitive hands into his pockets. He regretted it now; kissing her, it tarnished the peaceful view he had of her, replacing it with that look of disdain in her eyes.

He shrugged. “I just thought I’d come here...”

“W-Why?”

“The bed upstairs is too small, I find it very uncomfortable.”

“T-Then I’ll take that room, you can have this one.” She shuffled off the bed, walking right past him and towards the door. As soon as she opened it, his hand slammed against the thick board in a successful attempt to close it.

She jumped, quickly twisting to face him. He could smell her fear and then, only seconds later, he could see the tears dripping sufficiently down her cheeks. She was scared...of him...

With shaky hands, she wiped the salty water off her cheeks, but more just kept coming. “What do you want from me now? Just...J-Just leave me alone, please...”

Jake’s free hand settled against the door as well, adjacent to the other...caging her, so she couldn’t escape him. “No,” He breathed out. “I won’t leave you alone...I can’t.”

“Why? Why does tormenting me give you so much thrill? Please just stop...I’m tired of it...of this...of you.”

“Don’t be...I just...” Her words were too painful, they were making him crumble, making him become vulnerable. “Please just shhh...don’t say a word, just stay still.”

She stiffened as his forehead fell against her shoulder. “I’m not going to hurt you, not tonight...just hold on to me...please...”

“Jake, I...” She paused, she must’ve felt his tears wetting her skin. “Why are you...? Are you cr...?”

She went silent again, she didn’t speak, but her shaky hands reached for the sides of his shirt, gripping tight into it...holding on to him. They stayed like that for a while, until he dried his eyes against her and lifted his head.

Her hands fell to her side, and she turned to face away from him. “C-Can you leave now? And if not, can we switch rooms?”

“I don’t want to leave, and I don’t want to switch rooms either. Even if you go up there to my room, I’ll still feel uncomfortable in this one...regardless of the bed size.”

“T-Then...Then what do you want?”

“That’s a question I can’t answer, but it’s your fault...” He eased back, walking over to the bed where he took a seat. “I’ll be sleeping in here tonight, and you’ll be sleeping in here too.”

Delilah’s eyes squinted in confusion as she stared at him...she didn’t understand what he was getting at...he didn’t understand his f*cking self either. “I’ll sleep on the floor?”

“On the bed.”

“You...You’ll sleep on the floor?”

“On the bed.”

“Then I...I...Jake you-why are you doing this? I can’t count the number of times I’ve begged you to stop. You killed my baby, you broke me and y~”

“I don’t regret it. I won’t regret anything that I’ve done to benefit myself. I told you already to stop acting as though you have a choice...come here.”

She stayed stilled for a while before shaking her head. “No...I-I do~”

“Come here, Delilah!”

She flinched at the austerity in his voice, arms hugging around herself as she slowly approached him. She stopped in front of the bed, sniffing when even more tears came to her eyes.

It pained his heart to see them, but how would he get her to listen to him if not by force? How would he get her to stay if he didn’t lock her behind a wall of fear?

He laid back and patted the spot beside him. “Come lay beside me...”

She hesitated, but despite her obvious wariness, she crept onto the bed, laying at the very edge where it was possible for her to fall off. His arm fell around her waist, pulling her back, pulling her flush against him.

A gasp left her lips and after that, nothing else did. “Bunny, I don’t know why I’m doing this or what for...I’m just as confused as you. You’re doing something to me, something I hate and yet something that I seem to like...and I don’t f*cking know what it is. What is your problem? Why the f*ck are you making me like this?”

He held her tighter, burying his face against her back. She...she made him cry a second time...f*ck!

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Delilah couldn't sleep, she was too scared to close her eyes while laying in the same bed as him. The room was only lit by the lamp on the bedside table, but it's light illuminated enough.

The double door closet in front of the bed was filled with clothes; clothes that belonged to a woman and not a man. There was a diary in the drawer on the bedside table, makeup and jewelry in the small box beside the lamp atop of it. She'd searched through this place before finally settling in, and came to the conclusion that this room belonged to somebody else. Beatrice perhaps, but if so, why'd he bring her here? And why...why had he been so adamant on sleeping beside her?

Delilah shuffled in his arms, awfully uncomfortable. His touch repulsed her, everything about him did...she hated the very sound of his voice, the tap of his footsteps...the soft drags of his breath.

She wanted to grab the pillow her head laid against and use it to suffocate him. He was sleeping, she could try, but she...she...

She bit her lips, gripping into the sheets. Something about the way he'd laid against her and cried prohibited her. She didn't pity him, it was just surprising to know that a man as cruel as him could cry. If he could dish out such evil, then what could anybody possibly do to make him cry?

Were those tears something she'd only imagined? And if not, then who was the cause of them? Who on this very land could make such a man cry?

Beatrice? Zayd?

Delilah was confused and curious and disgusted at the same time.

Grabbing the arm he had around her, she carefully removed it, sliding off the bed and onto the floor. His scent was sickening, but she couldn't deny that he smelt nice.

Liquor and the subtle scent of lychees; bitter and strong but sweet and refreshing at the same time.

Her eyes drifted towards the drawer on the bedside table. The diary, she wondered if it was his or did it perhaps belong to the whatever woman had occupied this room before her?

Even if it was Beatrice's, she was still curious to see what was in it. She grabbed the drawer handle, slowly pulling it open. As soon as her eyes landed on the book, she took it out, creeping closer to the light of the lamp.

A deep breath left her lips as she opened it, peering at the first page.

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JANUARY 23~ 1994~

The alpha chose me at the ball last night...he said I stood out the most, that he wanted me to be his. Out of all the girls who flaunted themselves at him, out of all the girls who stood behind high-ranking positions and some high-ranking families...he chose me...

An omega, a nobody who was too scared to even step foot in that party. I wasn't wearing the most extravagant dress, but I did wear the best one in my wardrobe. I'd been sitting outside by the lilies that grew by the pond; alone and sad, but then he'd appeared...out of nowhere.

He'd taken a seat across from me, sighing out numerous breaths of frustration. He'd seemed so annoyed and yet handsome at the same time. I'd wanted to question his health, but I kept my mouth shut instead, and had stared at anything but him.

I hadn't spoken, not until he spoke to me first...

And his voice was breathtaking, it had bathed my thighs in want, and ignited a forbidden heat within me.

'What are you doing out here?'

I repeated the same question he'd asked me in response, claiming that I was at the pond first, and that he was the one who invaded my space. He'd laughed at me...and we'd begun a conversation that tied us both together on the grass beside the pond.

He'd taken my virginity...and then he'd chosen me. Last night was the greatest.'

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1994...? That was even before she was born, this wasn't Beatrice's diary, and it couldn't be one of Jake's ex's either. He'd definitely not existed in 1994...was this his mother's? A family member's?

Delilah skipped the pages, reading until she heard Jake groan in his sleep. She closed the book, shoving it beneath the bed and looking back at him. He was twisting in his sleep, sweating profusely...it was like he was in pain, buried deep in pain he could not escape.

Her hand reached towards him; slowly...but stopped when a heart-wrenching sob flooded from his lips and then tears burst free from the corners of his closed eyes along with it.

Her heart dropped for whatever reason, she did not know...was she sorry for him? No, not her, her wolf was...it detested seeing him like this, she could feel it...

The desperate way in which it wanted to save him...a man who didn't deserve to be saved.

Nevertheless, her hesitating hand grabbed onto his shoulder, trying to shake him awake. He jumped up, looking around the room, as if searching for something, until his eyes landed on her.

He breathed out a breath, wiping his wet cheeks dry before beckoning her towards him, and for some reason, she felt the need to be obedient. She rose off her knees and to her feet, climbing onto the bed and creeping over to him.

He ran a hand through his blonde hair. "What were you doing down there?"

"Nothing...I couldn't sleep. I wanted to go outside, but you were sleeping...so I sat on the floor instead."

"Why'd you want to go outside?"

"For fresh air...?" Her lies didn't sound believable...who goes outside for fresh air in the middle of the night?

"Let's go out on the veranda...I think I need some fresh air too." He shuffled off the bed, walking through the room door. Was he serious right now?

She got off the bed, kicking the diary further beneath it before following him out. When she made it outside, he was already seated on the wooden floors of the veranda, looking off at what laid in front of him. The wind bit at her skin, tormenting her like it did the swaying limbs of the trees, but for some reason, he didn't seem bothered by the cold.

The look on his face was distant, sad...he looked entirely different from the person who'd kidnapped her, raped her and killed her baby...like a different man; an innocent one.

If she didn't know better, she'd pity him, but after all he's done to her, she was incapable of doing even that. She wanted to get away; from this house and especially from him.

He'd done enough...she wanted her freedom back now. No matter how sad and detached he made himself out to be, she'd never pity or forgive him. He could cry, he could even beg...she'd never forget what he'd done to her the day he found her and the ones after.

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Jake left for the office today, and while he did so, Delilah remained in the house, wholly unimpressed.

When he told her he'd be leaving, she thought this would be an opportunity to help her escape, but there were five pack members outside, sabotaging that escape.

Every time she peeped out the window in the room she resided in, his gamma would be there to ask if she needed anything. They gave her food which she hadn't touched yet and came in to check on her several times.

She hated it...hated how caged and helpless she felt...she just...

Licking her dried lips, she looked towards the tray of what they said was her lunch on the bed. There were two meaty sandwiches on the plate, that along with a glass of orange juice. She hadn't been served such good food when she'd been in the dungeon, what exactly was different now?

Did their wicked alpha think serving her edible food would give her inspiration to live? Did he think if he acted nice, she wouldn't put a knife at her throat again? She'd do it...if it was the only way she could be free of him completely...then she'd do it...

But the pain; the mind-numbing pain she'd felt last time, it scared her. The will to withstand such pain twice was barely within her. However, it was probably far less painful than living in shackles for the rest of her life...especially with him.

She'd try though, to escape with her life...to find the happiness that didn't exist here...but did happiness exist out there...? For her...was there any happiness out there for her after all she's done?

A pitiful breath left her lips...last night, while reading the few pages of that diary she found, she could feel the happiness radiating from that woman's words. She was happy; to have found love, even if the person she found it with wasn't her mate.

From the way she wrote, it seemed Alpha Leyton was interested in her too, in a way that not even he could explain. Her words were detailed, it was like a story, one without misfortunes; a life Delilah wanted to live someday...

Sliding off the bed, she reached beneath it, pulling the diary out. It was brown in color, the cover framed with curly lines that made it seem as old as it was. The ink was bold and black and on the very first page it carved just one word, written horizontally and five times the size of the rest.

It was a name; Loilitha...a beautiful name; that was if she was pronouncing it right. Delilah wondered who she was and if she got the happily ever after she was chasing...

That's why she'd keep reading on, to see how it ended...to see how Loilitha ended. Skipping back to where she'd stopped last night, she continued, glossing over the words that had shined with glee until they eventually darkened to sadness.

Loilitha and this alpha went from getting to know each other, to doing everything together. Only a year later in 1995 they were bonded completely, and they had a son...

The entries got lesser after that, she seemed to only write one entry every month or two, and they were all about her beautiful son and her wonderful mate. That was until the year 2007 when her life really went in the wrong direction. Everything fell apart like broken glass, and she was the only one who shattered.

The same man she'd been so happy to be with was now happy to be with somebody else; and it broke Delilah just as much as it broke Loilitha. She could feel her pain; the abandonment and the crave for his affection that now belonged to some other woman.

It must've hurt, especially since her son was going through the same thing. Numerous entries spoke about the bruises her son had many times visited her with; bruises his own father had inflicted.

Slowly, Loilitha's love for the Alpha turned into resentment...and Delilah's interest spiked at that. She wanted to find out if things ever got back to how they used to be...but by the looks of how things were going...it wouldn't...

After all, their son was here, but neither of them were here with him...

Delilah bit her lips as the remaining pages thinned, she was almost at the end, and it only kept getting worse. The way Loilitha felt was exactly how Delilah felt now...

'Like a butterfly without wings.'

'Like a bird locked in a cage.'

Those words she'd written while being locked up in a dungeon were heart-wrenching and Delilah wanted to cry, in fact tears pricked her eyes as she finally made it to the last entry. She was scared to read it, scared that this page would dismantle her miserably, and yet still, she started at the first word.

'I know I said I'd be strong, but I can no longer feign strength, not even for Jake. I've tried to be a good mother to him, but all I've been doing is making everything worse for him. I've proven to be useless over and over again, scarring him.

I don't feel like his mother, I feel like his burden.

He'd been beaten time and time again for defending me; a mother who couldn't defend herself...

And I pity him, so in order to save myself and to protect him, I'll leave.

For him to be accepted by his father and the new 'luna' of this pack, he had to let go of me. I know he won't willingly do it even if I told him to, that's why I won't be giving him a choice.

I'll finally grow my wings, I'll finally be free of this cage, and I couldn't be happier.

Jake Hone, I truly hope you never find this diary, and even if you do, I pray you won't read how humiliating my whole life turned out to be. But if you are reading this...just know I love you, I always have, and I always will. Throughout my suffering, you kept me alive...

and I died to keep you alive.

Goodbye, son.'

~

Loilitha Henry

Delilah sniffled, her tears dripping in abundance onto the blank pages as she skipped them, searching for more...just one word that could prove that she didn't kill herself...just one to prove that she didn't die.

When she found none, she closed it...not wanting her agony to have her ripping the pages. That was...it was awful. Was that how easily one's life could be ruined?

Just like hers after she ruined Quinn's.

|`~_~`|

Jake slammed the pen against the paper, ever since that day Zayd had beaten him, his work lessened drastically, he barely got any letters, there were barely even problems for him to solve...

It was bad and good at the same time. The bad was that his rank could drop, and the good was that the less work allowed him more time to sort his f*cking head out.

He was so pathetic. His nightmares had always drenched him in cold sweat, but never in tears. Now though, that he'd found the cure for them, he was getting weak; trying to use her to repulse them instead of his own strength.

He wanted his old self back; the cold and immune shell he'd once been had now shattered, and he was left to gather the pieces...but of course some were missing.

And it seemed he couldn't f*cking get them back. Today, he'd planned to stay away from that house and away from her because she kept encouraging his change, but he was just dying to go back...

And his gamma hadn't much long given him the perfect excuse to do just that. Garth mind linked him about the fact that she hadn't eaten a spoonful of food since she woke up this morning. She was a stubborn girl, not being able to attempt suicide again must be why she was trying to starve herself to death instead.

Jake rolled the pen beneath his palm against the desk...it was time for him to go back, he'd finished his work from in the afternoon and had been procrastinating going back since then.

But despite all the restraint he'd used to keep himself in the office, he was still going back to that f*cking haunted house.

Getting up, he walked his way outside into the cold night air. His steps were firm and steady as he entered the woods, leading him back in front of his father's house in no time.

Garth walked up to him, holding a tray of covered food in hand. "This is her dinner, and her lunch is still on the bed with her...she's uh...for some reason, she's crying too."

Jake took the tray. "You guys can go now."

Garth nodded, walking past him, and soon the four men who had stood guard along with him followed.

Jake sighed as he walked up to the porch, opening up the door. Why was she crying when he hadn't even been here to scare her?

As he entered the house, he turned on the light in the hallway, walking down the god awful familiar path to her room. He didn't knock, he just opened the door, leaning against the frame. "Delilah what's wr~?"

His eyes bulged wide and the tray in his hand fell to the floor when he saw what resided in her hands...that diary...his mother's diary.

"Did she really kill herself?"

