

## Chapter 121 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“Did she really kill herself?”

Jake marched over to where Delilah sat, hauling the book out of her hand and throwing it across the room. “No, I killed her! Why’d you read it? Why’d you touch my f\*cking stuff?!”

“I...I was curious and even after reading it all, I still am. I feel so sad for her, I want to know what happened.”

“No, you shouldn’t have touched my stuff...especially that diary.”

“Are the clothes in the closet hers? I touched them too.”

Jake clenched his jaws, his hands shaking in anger as he ran one through his blond hair. His heart was beating out of control and his head now ached with a distinct pain. “Get out, I don’t want you sleeping in here anymore...go upstairs.”

Delilah didn’t move, instead she scoffed, looking towards the diary that laid flat against the wooden floor. “I can’t believe that you’re the Jake she wrote about; the sweet and caring little boy that always resided by her side. You’re nothing as such, you’re not sweet, you’re not caring...you’re wicked; just like your father.”

“I’m not...” He stepped back in denial. “I’m nothing like him, I’d never hurt my mother like he did.”

“But you’ve hurt me...your true mate.”

“I never wanted a true mate, I hated the thought of ever having one. My father changed because he found his true mate and now, I’m f\*cking changing too! That’s why I marked Beatrice, and that’s exactly why I treated you the way I did. The plan was to kill my true mate if I ever were to find her...but that day...I don’t know why, but I couldn’t kill you. Instead of hate, a certain possessiveness took over me.”

He fisted his hands by his side, looking at the floor instead of at her. “I felt angry, but not for the right f\*cking reasons. I should’ve been angry that you turned out to be my mate, but I was more angry that you knew I was your mate and still had the f\*cking guts to tell me that you belonged

to someone else and that you were pregnant for them. I should've killed you then, I shouldn't have brought you here...if I'd killed you, none of this would've happened."

"You're right, you should've killed me...I probably would've been happier dead."

She shuffled off the bed, walking past him and out the still open door, stepping over the scattered food on her way. Jake took a deep breath, following her out and grabbing onto her hand before she could climb the stairs. He was angry, but just like her...he was curious too. "What did she write? What's in there...? That diary...what exactly did you read?"

She glared towards him with her glossy, red eyes. "Why ask me? Didn't you read it for yourself?"

He looked down, shaking his head. "No, I didn't read it...I couldn't. It was just...every time I open that book, I am reminded of the horrible scene of her death. It plays out before my eyes...over and over again, and it doesn't ever stop until I close the book."

His voice was breaking, the heartache was so prominent in his tone that Delilah's eyes subconsciously softened. "It was...well, it was about her life...how it tragically went from happy to sad. She spoke about how she hated herself for not being able to properly take care of you...in fact, the last page she wrote was written for you."

He held her hand tighter, clinging to her desperately. "W-What did it say?"

"I think you should read it for yourself."

"No, I...please just tell me."

Delilah sighed, trying to wring her hand out of his. When he didn't budge, she stopped and looked at him. "Let go of me."

He was reluctant, but his grip slackened around her hand until he wasn't holding it anymore. As soon as he let go, she took a seat on one of the stairs, looking up at him with eyes that practically forced him to sit down too. He did so, and she only started speaking then. "She wrote...she said she was a burden to you...that you wouldn't be happy if she was still alive, so she died to keep you alive. She also said she...she loves you."

Jake intertwined his hands against his knees...he felt...he didn't know how he felt, the pain was indescribable; just as haunting as this f\*cking house was.

He licked his lips when they went dry, eyes focused on the wood that made up the floor until they just weren't focused anymore; blurry and teary.

He was once again in that space, sitting in front of his dead mother, just looking at her. He knew it, he knew it'd been his fault. All along, he knew she killed herself for him, but it would've been so much harder if he'd accepted it.

Now though, that it was confirmed, he couldn't even deny it anymore. The tears from his eyes wet his cheeks as he blinked. He felt more sorry to her than he'd ever felt before. That woman had been the rock he leaned against, the only thing that had kept him sane in this crazy world...and then one day she just disappeared, breaking the dam that held all his insanity back.

He chuckled, a sad sound...a painful one. Why hadn't she killed him before killing herself? Did she really believe he'd have been happy if she left? Did she really think his world would've been better without her?

Jake wiped his eyes, standing to his feet. He needed to leave, but before he could do so, a hand latched onto his. "Jake..."

The need to have her gripping onto him tighter outshone the need to yank his hand away, he looked towards her...once again appearing weak in front of this woman.

He'd fallen to his knees too many times in front of her, and he hated it. Nobody else had ever seen him crumble, not even Beatrice, so why did he have to fall so deep into sorrow whenever he was around her?

An unfamiliar sound left his lips, something so similar to a sob as he tried to answer her.

"Where are...?" She glanced away, as though she was scared to talk to him, but why wouldn't she be? He was a monster, someone so different from the innocent kid he was once was. "Where are you going?"

He'd wanted to go outside, for a run...for a fight; anything that could calm his mind...but he could...no, he wanted to stay with her too.

He shrugged, and she sighed, standing to her feet. She looked at him cautiously before patting his back. "Hush, men as wicked as you shouldn't ever cry."

At her words that were seemingly meant to calm him down, more tears graced his eyes and his head fell against her shoulder. "D-Don't tell me...is-is this you asking me to hold on to you again?"

He nodded, and though it was reluctant, though it was slow, her shaky hands loosely settled around him, holding him until the tears stopped coming.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 11— TIME TO CHANGE

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Delilah let go of him, stepping back and away. “It’s late, I’m going upstairs as you ordered.” She turned to walk away, but his feeble attempt at holding her back, stopped her from walking away. “Wait...I-I have something to say.”

She turned back to face him, those brown eyes staring at him with little to no expectation. She didn’t care about what he had to say ~he knew~ and yet, she still stayed to listen. “I’m sorry; about everything that happened between us...I didn’t know what I was doing...no, I did, I was just...I~”

“I don’t want your sorry. Your sorry will never bring back my baby, nor will it grant me back the life I used to have. Keep your sorry to yourself, even if you say it forever...I won’t forgive you...”

And then she climbed the steps, not looking back at him. He sighed as she disappeared down the hall, pocketing his hands that wanted to reach for her and forcing his feet back instead of up. He walked back to the room, stepping over the dirty food on the floor and picking up the diary he’d thrown aside. He took a seat at the edge of the bed, opening it and skipping to the last page his mother wrote on.

His eyes ran over the words, reading them, processing them...and instead of feeling any better, he felt worse.

For years, he’d held on to this diary, and never truly had the guts to read it through. As funny as it may sound, he’d been scared; a strong and dignified alpha such as him had been scared...how ironic...

He wanted to find out what she wrote and exactly why she killed herself, but he felt like he already knew. He’d been there to see it all; with these obsidian eyes, he’d seen things he’d never wanted to see. His mother left a scar so big in his heart that he’d done all manner of things to close it.

He went around and acted a fool, and now his actions were biting him in the ass. He’d killed many people for absolutely no reason; women whom he slept with; the ones who couldn’t at all please him, and men who uttered even the least bit of disrespect to him. He’d sabotaged people’s lives too; threatened and killed their families...just to make himself feel better about not having one.

But it wasn't their fault that he had no family, it was his. That night...he hadn't just killed three people...he killed four. His father, that f\*cking power hungry slut, her baby...and the first person he'd killed that night was his mother...

Taking a shaky breath, he laid back against the bed, imagining that it was still soaked in his father's blood. On the floor, there was also a pool of blood, flooding from the woman who'd taken his whole life away from him. He didn't regret taking their lives...he only regretted taking his mother's and probably that poor child who'd done him nothing wrong.

But the past was the past, and he needed to stop living in it. His father's blood was long gone off this mattress, there wasn't any blood on the floor, and he wasn't f\*cking fourteen anymore.

He wasn't that kid; he was a man. It was time to own up and take responsibility for the things he'd done. He hated that he was changing, but this change was probably the best thing for him now.

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Jake jumped up out of his nightly nightmare at the knocks that sounded from the door. He breathed in deeply, looking towards the window where the dim sunlight peeped in and then at the door. It was hardly even morning yet...f\*ck. "Garth...?"

Garth came in, hauling Delilah behind him. "Found her running through the woods, she has no respect...she even bit my arm..."

Jake sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose as he glanced over at Delilah. She rolled her eyes. "What? I only went out for a walk."

"Yeah right, you went out for a walk and yet, you were running. You'd have been dead if I hadn't found you. If the patrollers didn't kill you, then the rogues that keep popping up on our land would."

Delilah shrugged herself out of his arms, creeping over to lean against the wall. "I'd be delighted, I wanted to die anyway."

"Is this how she speaks to you...?" He pointed at Delilah. "You're a witch, and I'd have stopped your breath for you long ago if I had permission to do so."

"Garth just...she's just..." Jake shuffled to the edge of the bed and then onto his feet. "For now, just go...I'll deal with her, and send one of the omegas with breakfast, one that I don't actually have to kill for running their mouths."

Garth nodded, glaring over at Delilah one last time before walking out. As soon as the front door closed behind him, Delilah huffed, walking towards the only exit out of this room.

“Stop right there!” She froze at the sound of his voice, hiccuping once and then twice. “What did I tell you about going outside without my permission? What? Do you not fear me anymore since you’ve seen me cry?”

“I told you...I just-I just wanted to go for a walk, which turned into a run.”

“And then that run would’ve eventually turned into an escape? Stop f\*cking with me, Delilah. I’ll put you back into the dungeons if I have to.”

“Then put me back, I preferred it down there anyway, I barely had to see your face.” She twisted the knob and pulled the door open, walking through it.

“Delilah, wait...” She didn’t stop, and he sighed as she escaped up the stairs.

Dammit! He said he’d change, and he didn’t even know how to go about taking the first f\*cking step towards it.

J~S~ CHAPTER 12— WHY?

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The omega came with breakfast a little after that. The table was full, and yet, he was the only one sitting in front of all the god damn food. Delilah didn’t come back down since she went up, it seemed her hate for him had multiplied even though he actually did nothing this time.

Standing to his feet, he walked towards the stairs and then up each one until he stood in front of the room she resided in. It was his, his childhood bedroom. He could bet the bed that had been too small to fit him whole was the right size for her...but even so, he could also bet that she wasn’t comfortable.

Being with him always put her on the edge. She made it rather obvious that every time he was around she wished he wasn’t, and though that was expected after all he’d done, it made him f\*cking mad.

With a sigh, he squeezed his hand around the knob, pushing the door open. Her presence and scent had already been prominent from the outside, but now his senses were cruelly being filled with her...and his eyes were the happiest.

Such a beautiful woman did not belong on earth, and yet she belonged to him? The goddess was far too kind to a monster like him.

Closing the door behind him, he stuffed his hands into his pockets and walked further into the room. She was wearing the same dress she had on last night, her red hair loose and swaying down her shoulders. She also had a Rubik's cube in her hand, one that he was certain belonged to his childhood self. "I see your habit of touching people's stuff lives on. Where did you find that?"

It took her a while to answer, but she eventually did. "It was under the bed in a small box...should I not have touched this either?"

"No, it's fine...I don't care about that thing."

"So you only care about the diary? Did you read the last page?" She looked towards him, assessing his features for no more than a second before looking away.

"I did..." Jake answered truthfully.

"Then, can you tell me now...? She didn't actually kill herself, did she?"

"Do you have mood swings or something? You told me off earlier...you even tried to run away, and now you want to know about my mother? What is wrong with you?"

"I just...want to know."

"Come down with me then. If you come down with me and actually eat something for once, I'll tell you about everything that happened the night she passed. I'm not sure why you're so interested in my mother's diary, but I guess after reading through it all, you deserve to know the end."

He lifted a hand, guiding it towards her, but instead of taking it like he wanted her to...she placed the cube against his palm and shuffled off the bed. She walked by him, stretching her arms with a groan, and then heading through the door.

Jake clicked his tongue, gripping the cube with a force that could break it as he followed her down. Weren't mates supposed to bond easily? Everything went downhill for them from the very moment they met, and now he didn't even think there was any retribution for the bond between them.

How would he fix it? What would he do? What would he say?

He'd already apologized...he said those f\*cking words like he had no shame last night, and she'd kicked his pride with no mercy by blatantly telling him she wouldn't accept them.

Must he say them again? Could he even manage to force them out?

Jake drove his fingers through his hair as he stopped in front of the table where Delilah was already seated. She was munching on a slice of bread, watching him steadily as he sat down in

front of her. He placed the cube on the table, and she immediately pulled it towards her. “Tell me now.”

“I think it’d be best for you to just eat breakfast first.”

“No, I~”

“Delilah...” He glanced at her, and she glanced away, hearing the warning in the sound of her name.

She bit into the bread again, seeming uncomfortable, scared even.

Jake sighed. “I want you to eat first, since you might lose your appetite after hearing what I’m about to say. You didn’t eat yesterday, and I don’t want it to be the same today.”

“Why do you care?” She placed the bread down, the raw curiosity in her eyes crawling all over his skin, and though he didn’t want to answer, he cleared his throat. “I just do, it doesn’t matter why...just eat.”

“And aren’t you going to eat? I’m sure you’re hungry after throwing a tantrum last night.”

“I wasn’t...I didn’t throw a tantrum, quit talking to me as if I weren’t the man you were scared to breathe around.”

“You don’t seem so scary anymore.” She grabbed the fork, tearing at one of the eggs. “I mean, you are scary when you get all serious, but after last night, I’m not really scared of you anymore.”

This was what he wanted; her not being scared around him, but the way she said it made his f\*cking pride hurt. Why was she always so harsh with her words? He got that she hated him, but couldn’t she at least pretend to like him sometimes? Like now when they were having breakfast together...f\*ck.!

Reaching for a slice of bread from the plate in front of her, he bit into it. “There’s some orange juice in the fridge. You can either drink that or water. I don’t know if you usually eat lunch, but you can tell me if you’re hungry and if I’m not here, then you can tell my gamma.”

“I can cook for myself...I usually do. I prefer that, after what I’d done to that person’s food, I’m not really comfortable with eating from anyone. So I’ll cook for myself if I have the utensils and the food to do it.”

“I don’t think...” Jake shook his head. Anything to make her happy; first step in getting her to like him...even if it’s a little. “You can do whatever you want, I’ll have the omegas fill the fridge and cupboard. There are pots here, my mother used to adore cooking as well.”



“I’ve eaten...I’ve eaten an egg, a slice of bread and even a little of the pancake, tell me about it now; that night you promised to tell me about.”

“Do you want to hear everything? Or just how my mom died?”

“Everything...I want to know what happened to your father too.”

“Well, there isn’t much to say, my mother killed herself and I killed my father, his mate, and their baby in anger, claiming it was revenge. That night, I really did throw a tantrum, blood was everywhere, all I could see and think about was blood. I watched my mother slice her own throat with a knife, I watched as she struggled to talk to me and then struggled to breathe. She didn’t seem happy, she was in agony; crying and yet smiling at the same time, but after reading that last page...I think she was probably happy.”

Jake chuckled to himself as he took another bite of the bread. “Having to act strong in front of her child who was suffering while suffering as well, must’ve been hard for her... Being locked away after knowing nothing but freedom must’ve been hard too... Watching the man who’d sworn to love her for life love somebody else was undoubtedly hard... And being bullied by the woman you lost to, knowing she sleeps in the same house as your child, believing he’d one day call her his mother, that must’ve been the hardest.”

“So she...it’s sad.” Delilah whispered out. “Her life was so sad.”

“In a way, I’m kind of glad she died, because even after she died, father didn’t regret what he did. If anything, he seemed relieved that she died as his possession, he didn’t even look the slightest bit sad, he didn’t even seem sorry...and I...but I’m sorry. What you said about me being like him last night was true. I thought about all I’d done, I know I was wrong...for f\*cking you against your will, for verbally and physically abusing you, for killing your baby...I know I was wrong. I didn’t care, I was going to kill you anyway, so I just did whatever I wanted. I called it enjoying all of you before killing you, f\*cked up, I know, and I know you hate me, I know you won’t be able to forget all of that...but I wish you would.”

He reached across the table, hand reluctantly covering hers that resided over the cube. “You asked me earlier about why I cared if you eat or not, and though I’m not entirely sure, I know for whatever reason, I-I like you...and I’m willing to change; for you...if you only allow me to. We started off on the wrong foot, the wrong everything for that matter, but we can start over, can’t we? I don’t want to be like my dad, I’m going to choose you and let go of Beatrice if I have to.”

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J~S~ CHAPTER 13— LET’S GO FOR A WALK

## Chapter 124 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

He reached across the table, hand reluctantly covering hers that resided over the cube. “You asked me earlier about why I cared if you eat and though I’m not entirely sure, I know for whatever reason, I-I like you...and I’m willing to change; for you...if you only allow me to. We started off on the wrong foot, the wrong everything for that matter, but we can start over, can’t we? I don’t want to be like my dad, I’m going to choose you and let go of Beatrice if I have to.”

“W-What?”

“I know you heard what I said, Delilah...if I say it again, I might die...so please think about it and give me a chance to redeem myself.”

Delilah quickly pulled her hand from beneath his and the cube fell in the process, rolling somewhere beneath the table. She didn’t pick it up, instead she pushed her chair back and stood to her feet. “You must be crazy...scratch that...” She laughed. “You must be joking. It’s better you’d kept that bit to yourself, I thought you were a serious man, Jake; dangerous even, but I guess you are if you can make a joke like that with not even the hint of a smile on your face.”

Jake clenched his hands against the table, aggressively pushing his chair back and standing to his feet. “Don’t mock me, Delilah! It took a lot for me to say that, only for you to f\*cking laugh at my feelings?”

“What? They weren’t a joke?” She laughed again. “They sounded funny, so I thought they were.”

“Delilah...” Jake warned.

“What? Am I supposed to take you serious? ME give YOU a chance? The skies would have to fall first. You’re a mad man, you’re saying you don’t want to be like your father, but what can you do when you’re already exactly like him? You locked me up and raped me even though you already have Beatrice, whom you’ve bonded with...Isn’t that what he did to your mother? And now I’m sure you’re going to try to find a way to force me to accept those stupid feelings you believe you have. Look Jake, I might be an omega, and I might be weak and stupid, but I’m not stupid enough to willingly give somebody like you a chance to ruin me all over again.”

“I know what I did, you don’t have to remind me. I know I’ve hurt you; countless times, but that’s why I told you sorry...and that’s why I’m so adamant on changing. I won’t ever touch you in that way again unless you want me to...I swear I won’t. I’ll change, as long as you stay, as long as you become my luna.”

Delilah scoffed. “Change you say? You know what would convince me that you’re truly working towards being a better person?”

Jake glanced across the room before his angry yet hopeful eyes settled on her. “What?”

“Setting me free...actually giving me a chance to choose if I want to stay with you or not. That would prove to me that you really aren’t as bad as your father.”

“I can’t...that’s not something I can do. You’d never come back if I let you go, and I’d fall right back into the waves I’d been drowning in before...because there’d be no one to make me want to change.”

“If that’s the case...” She walked around the table, walking to a point where he couldn’t see her without cocking his head back. “Then you don’t really want to change, Jake...you just want a reason to keep me around.”

And then she left him there to fume by himself, to break all over again. The food on the table, he swiped everything off, breathing hard and heavy as he lifted his chair to throw it. He didn’t, he couldn’t.

The chair fell from his hand, clattering on the floor beside him, and he fell to his knees beside it, gripping tight to his hair. It was painful, but not painful enough to distract him from the horrendous pain rushing to and from his heart. For the second time in his entire life, he felt helpless...he once again felt like he’d lose something dear to him and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

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Jake didn’t say a word to Delilah for the rest of the day, he kept himself locked up in his parents’ room and she stayed upstairs. The omegas visited thrice to deliver and clean up the food they both didn’t eat, and then when the sun started to hide behind its shadow...Garth came.

“You didn’t come to the office today.”

“I was busy, had some things to sort out...and there’s barely anything to do there anyway.”

“Neil sent a letter, he finished his mission, he’ll be back in two days...well one, since a day has already passed.”

“Did he mention if anybody died?”

“No, it was probably a hassle for him to do even that...f\*cking lazy bastard only wrote that he completed the mission and will be back in two days. What was the sense of even sending it?”

“He sounds like somebody I could just kill, but he probably sent it to let us know he’s fine. That rogue pack grew so big, it must’ve been difficult to take them all down, I didn’t send him with a

lot of warriors...but I should've." Jake shook his head in disappointment, directed at nobody but himself. "Let's hope those little f\*ckers don't get so comfortable again."

"Right..." Garth nodded.

That was the end of the conversation, and yet Garth didn't make the first move to leave. Jake squinted at him. "Anything else you want to say?"

Garth cleared his throat, suddenly seeming nervous. "It's about Beatrice...you forbade her from coming here, so she told me to tell you that if you don't come see her tonight, she'll be coming to see you."

"What does she want?"

"She didn't tell me."

Jake sighed. "I avoided her on purpose. If I'd seen her again after finding out what she did, I probably wouldn't be able to stop myself from beating her to death. Who gave her the right to go against me? I should've slammed her f\*cking head somewhere in the hospital walls! You'd better tell her not to come here, or that punishment I promised her the other day, she'll get it. Go."

Garth nodded, bowing his head once before walking out of the bedroom, and Jake waited until the door closed behind him to run his hand through his hair. He took a seat on the bed, his thoughts rushing straight back to Delilah.

Her words were still running through his head, still fueling his anger and a heartburn he kept trying his best to extinguish. But the heat kept growing inside of him, awakening a new kind of pain. He didn't know what to do, he'd said what he wanted to her and like always, she took a leap at his pride.

Was he really like his father? He wished there was somebody that could tell him he wasn't, but he knew they'd be lying.

Reaching beneath the pillow, he pulled out his mother's diary, skipping through the pages until he made it to the last one she wrote on. The note she wrote for him, he reread it, stopping at the word freedom.

It was something vital in everyone's life, and yet, he'd taken away hers for his own good. It was a selfish thing to do, but his monsters crawled back into the shadows at the sight of her. She was like a light in his darkness, but what would he do if that light ever were to dull because of his selfishness?

His hands twitched as he closed the diary, stuffing it back beneath the pillow. He stood to his feet, walking out the door. His steps lacked confidence, reluctant and slow as he climbed the stairs and when he stood in front of the room she was in, he was afraid to knock.

Fear was a feeling he barely felt...or rather acknowledged, but right now, his heart was thumping in his ears and his blood felt like it was draining.

F\*ck, he felt pathetic...she made him feel pathetic.

He stood there for what felt like hours before the door opened on its own, revealing her...she was wearing a shorts and a blouse, and the soft scent of soap wafted around her.

Goddess, he wanted to hold her.

“You standing out there is making me more nervous than you just marching in. What do you want?”

“Come out, let’s go for a walk.”

“I don~”

“Please...I have something to say.”

She swallowed, gripping tight to the hem of her blouse before nodding her head. “Alright, just let me put on my slippers.”

She closed the door and when she came back out, she was wearing the only pair of black slippers she owned here.

A breath left Jake’s lips as he led the way down the stairs. He hated to admit it, but perhaps she was right; he wanted to change because of her, for her...but how could he call it changing when she didn’t even have something such as freedom?

He didn’t want to take that away from her, since it was the one thing his mother always wished for.

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