

Chapter 125 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

The walk was quiet, awkward...he said he had something to say and yet ever since they left the house, he hadn't even opened his mouth. He seemed to be contemplating something, thinking deeply...and he wasn't looking at her.

His deep, dark eyes stared at the woods in wonder, leaving her to awkwardly do the same...his hands were in his pockets, and despite his emotionless features, she could sense a whirlpool of emotions flooding from him; through the bond, the one they meaninglessly shared.

Her fingers fumbled with each other as he led her deeper, deeper than she'd ever gone by herself. What was he planning? Was this really just a walk or a trip to her f*cking death?

Either way, she didn't car~

"Delilah..."

Delilah jumped, quickly turning to stare up at him. "Yes..."

She told him she wasn't scared of him anymore, and it was true, but right now, he was making her scared; the difference in his demeanor was one that couldn't hide. His emotions were dark and confusing, she couldn't understand them, they were distorted, just like him...just like her.

Two broken people...how could they ever mend and grow this bond like he wanted?

"Do you still want to leave?"

He stopped, turning to face her completely, and it was then she noticed that they were at the edge of his borders. She twisted towards him as well, and yet her eyes didn't meet his as she spoke. "Yes..."

"If I...If I let you leave...even if you never come back, will you at least forgive me for all those cruel things I inconsiderably did to you?"

"I..." Her toes wiggled in her slippers, something she did to distract herself from the fast and hard way in which her heart was beating. "I don't know."

"Yeah..." He laughed. "I guess you wouldn't know...I mean, who would be able to tell?"

Delilah shrugged, her throat becoming dry when he stepped closer towards her. She wasn't sure what was happening...she was just...just scared for some reason, and she figured it was because he was...

Those emotions flooding from him, she understood them now; fear...but what could he be afraid of?

"You told me sorry wouldn't ever undo the things I've done to you, and I know it can't...but I really am sorry, if I could turn back time, I'd do it differently just so you wouldn't hate me as much as you do now. But since you do hate me, since you won't ever forgive me, keeping you here against your will will only proceed to hurt not only you, but the both of us more."

What was he saying? What was he going to d~

Delilah's eyes widened when his arms hugged around her. His warmth caved her, and suddenly the fast beat of her heart steadied and then slowed.

"So I'll let you go, for the sake of us both...goodbye, Delilah..."

Her heart stopped, it literally did; for a second, for two, for three and then it started pounding again; heavy and fast. "W-What...?"

He pulled back, looking at her with eyes that were undoubtedly sad. "I said you were free, you can leave...and whether you want to come back or not, it is your choice."

Was this some sort of trick? No, it wasn't...that look in his eyes said it wasn't, he was serious. The monster hiding in its father's cage had finally found the guts to come out...

Delilah looked away from him and at the white line that marked the very end of his land. She took a breath, a deep one, and then she quickly stepped over it; feeling the tremor of what could only be defined as joy rolling through her.

She proceeded to take another step, but before she could take the third one, Jake grabbed her hand and she quickly turned to face him. "What are yo~?"

"Before you leave...no, since this is the last time I'll ever see you again, can I do what I've always wanted to?"

"And what is that?"

"Can I...?" He paused for a while, as if he was afraid to say it. "Can I kiss you?"

"Well, that's..." The 'no' was on the very tip of her tongue, but there was this desperation in his eyes that stopped her from saying it. Those obsidian eyes sparkled with hope even in the dead of the night. She shouldn't, but she stupidly pitied him. "J-Just one kiss...just onc~"

He didn't wait until she finished, instead, he roughly pulled her towards him with his hand that gripped hers. She tripped over her feet, but it was okay, since she fell against the warmth of his firm chest.

Her ribs really felt like a cage now, suffocating her inflated heart. It was just about ready to burst; filled to the brim with blood and emotions far too big to fit in such a tiny organ...

Fear...

Pity...

Joy...

Sadness...

Her emotions were just as confusing and distorted as his. Slowly, she lifted her head, realizing that he was already staring at her. His blonde hair laid messy against a small portion of his creased forehead and his lips were wet as if he'd just licked them. He was a handsome man, on par with Jeo...on par with Zayd...but why in her eyes had he always looked better?

His nonchalance was attractive, but she could bet if he smiled...he could woo anybody he wanted; just not her...not after everything she'd been through while she was with him. "Aren't you going to do it?"

He nodded, swiping her hair behind her ears just as he'd done in that hospital before latching said hand against her cheek. He leaned down, taking her lips between his plump ones. They were soft, softer than she'd expected them to be, and they moved so gently and yet so greedily against hers.

She could feel as the sparks rippled, growing along with the want that settled in a bubble around them. The kiss got deeper, fiercer...his warm, wet tongue sliding against her bottom lip and in the heat of the moment, she could only let him in.

His tongue searched her mouth, every nook, every cranny...leaving her riled up and breathless when he pulled away. "Goodbye, Delilah...make sure that you live happily...even if it's without me."

And then he turned, marching in the opposite direction. Delilah panted out her breaths, turning around and heading in the direction that led her away from him.

She wished for him the same.

One more glance back at his form, and she ran off into the woods, changing into her dark gray wolf mid-run...She shouldn't, but she wanted him to be happy too, even if it was without her...

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Jake walked back to the cabin with his heart heavily buried beneath his sadness...he'd already dealt with enough, and yet, the devil had sent its spawn to his doorstep; Beatrice.

Sighing, he dug his hands deeper into his pockets, he felt cold, but he knew no amount of clothing could make him warm when the chills were coming from his heart. "What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you not to come?"

"And you expected me to listen? You said you would punish me, and you didn't even spare me enough of your time to do that. I waited for you...I wanted to see you."

"Look, Beatrice, I'm not in the mood for any of the sh*t you came here to say, I'm tired...I'm f*cking tired, so leave."

He stepped up onto the veranda where she stood and walked past her to the door. His hand grasped the knob, but he didn't pull it open. Sighing, he turned back to face her. "What do you really want? Why did you come here?"

"I...came here to see you. I know what this house means to you, so I wanted to check if you were okay...but I noticed that the omega slut's scent here isn't as strong as it should be. Did you put her back in the dungeon?"

"No, she's long gone, I let her go...so you can stop worrying about her."

"Without killing her?"

"Not everyone deserves to die, Beatrice."

"Not everyone, but I'm sure she does. You told me you'd kill her...you said she meant nothing to you even though she was your mate, so why didn't you kill her?"

"Well, that's because...she means something to me now."

"Jake, don't tell me..." Her breaths were heavy, clouded by anger. "You can't be serious...I stuck by your side, Jake. I was here when she wasn't and instead of growing feelings for me, you love her?"

"I didn't say that."

“What were you saying then?! When you were heartbroken by your mother’s death, starving by her graveside, who helped you? Who brought you up from your knees to your feet? Nobody was there but me, Jake...and I stuck by your side...I stuck by your side because I thought I’d one day be able to crack the shell you caved yourself behind. I’m the one who deserves your love...we’ve been through hell and back together, you can’t do this to me, Jake!”

Jake turned to face her. “Beatrice~”

“No...don’t say it...!” A sob breached the air from her lips, and Jake’s jaws clenched at the sound of it. “She’s gone now, you’ll look at me...you’ll love me!”

“Beatrice...it doesn’t matter if she’s here or not...I just...there’s no way I could love you the way you want me to. I do care for you, you’ve f*cked up more times than I can count, done things that nobody else could without me killing them. For everything we’ve been through together, there is a special place in my heart for you...but I simply cannot love you.”

“Why...?”

“I don’t know.”

Beatrice grabbed his collar and her other hand slammed against his chest; over and over again before suddenly stopping. Her head fell against him and there she cried just as much as she did when she was a child.

You see, she had come a long way with Jake, they both came from broken homes and grew just as broken. In a sense, they used each other as cement to build the ground they were standing on...

She knew Jake’s story, and he knew hers, and let’s just say their story began the same night Jake’s light turned into darkness.

~FLASHBACK~

Beatrice’s bare feet skidded against the grass as she ran, she kept glancing back, trying to see if her worst nightmare was still behind her. Even though she couldn’t see him, even though she didn’t sense him, she kept running...

Afraid...she always felt scared in that house and right now, fear circulated through her body more than blood did. Why was her life like this? Her parents died on a mission, and she was left in the care of a man that was undoubtedly mentally challenged.

He’d beat her for no reason, then had the nerve to call a twelve-year-old child weak for not being able to fight back. She wanted to run away, but she wanted to kill him first.

Her feet padded to a stop when her lungs felt just about to burst and instead of running, she walked on the sore soles of her feet. She wasn't sure where on the pack lands she was, she hadn't been keeping track of direction, but she'd been here before.

It was close to the alphas cabin; the beautiful place he stayed while his people were being abused. The suicide mission he sent her mom and dad on, why hadn't he gone there to help when he noticed they didn't come back? Why did he just leave them there to die?

Beatrice wiped her cheeks that had already been messy with tears as she walked up to his house. She wished she could just burn it down and listen to his screams as the fire scorched his skin, eating it away piece by piece. She wanted him to suffer in however way her parents did, she didn't even want his bones to be spared~

Her head whipped up when the scent of blood drifted through the air; strong, suffocating. It was his blood, the blood of her current alpha. She stepped closer to the house and then stepped back. Anything going on in that house wasn't any of her damn business.

She turned her back, but stopped when she heard a scream; one filled to the brim with dread, and then she could smell the alpha's mate's blood, mixing with the scent of his.

Something was happening, something really bad was happening, and she wouldn't help them even if she could.

She retreated, hiding behind a tree until their son stepped onto the veranda, completely disheveled. He was covered in blood; blood that did not belong to him, and a knife dripping red was gripped tight in his hand.

He walked down the steps, glancing her way before walking off in the opposite direction. He didn't see her, the tree hid her well, but she knew he knew she was there...

It was stupid, and she didn't know why she did it, but Beatrice followed him, her steps slow, and yet they were still clumsy. He stopped by a tree and in the dirt beside it, he dug the bloody knife. "I did it, mom...I killed him for you, you're completely free now."

How could he...? How did he do it? He just killed his father, and yet he wasn't even crying...he was...this boy...did he even have a heart?

She stepped out from against the tree she'd walked behind and stood beside him. She needed him...she needed him to help her.

"You killed your dad, didn't you? You even killed your baby brother, can you please kill my uncle too?"

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“I simply cannot love you.”

“Why...?”

“I don’t know.”

“I want to know why, Jake...there must be a reason, there must be something. I love you, so why can’t you love me back?”

“It’s because...” Jake looked off towards the woods instead of staring into those desperate blue eyes of hers. She was standing close to him, her chin digging slightly into his chest, and yet he felt nothing; no spark, no warmth...he just felt...cold. This felt so different from when Delilah touched him, the beat of his heart would’ve fastened by now, and the warmth her body radiated would’ve already flooded through him...that along with the enchanting sparks. “It’s because you don’t love me, Beatrice. The feelings you have for me are nothing but gratefulness. You only stuck by me because you thought you owed me your life...because I saved you. What you feel for me is not love, but loyalty.”

“W-What?” She stumbled back, tears welling up in her eyes again. “I know what I feel, and it’s not just loyalty. My feelings are real, and I will not let you refute them by claiming I only care because I’m grateful. Yes, I am grateful, yes, I do owe you my life...but that has nothing to do with my f*cking heart! How many years has it been since I’ve been waiting for you to heighten the stance of our relationship? How many years has it been?!”

The salty water fell down her cheeks as she yelled, crying out to someone who could see her tears, but couldn’t wipe them. “Beatrice I...”

“I knew it was stupid...I’ve been saving myself for someone who went around f*cking every other woman but me. You tell everyone that I’m your luna and yet, you haven’t even marked me. That’s shameful enough, but I still stayed, I thought I understood you...I thought we understood each other. We survived because we were together, so I thought we’d die together too...but Jake, between us both, I was the only one stupid enough to believe that there was an ‘us’ when to you there has only ever been a ‘me’.”

“Beatrice, don’t say that.” He reached for her, but she retreated, her back pressing against the door behind her. He pulled his hand back, pathetically folding it behind him. “There has always been an ‘us’...just not the ‘us’ you wanted.”

“You don’t care about me...if you did, then you’d hav~”

“Stop...stop it...stop crying, stop doing this. Everything I did was to protect you from...from this! If I’d marked you, then all the pain you’re feeling now would’ve tripled. You’d have felt pain every time I slept with somebody else, because no matter what, I could never touch you...I could never treat you like I treat those whores. To me, you’re different from them...they are standing behind a line that you’ve already crossed, what I would do for you, I probably wouldn’t do for anybody else. But please, stop begging me to love you...because I can’t.”

Beatrice aggressively wiped her cheeks, easing off the door. “If you knew that, why didn’t you just leave me there to die that night? I would’ve been better off dead!”

And then she stomped her way past him before he could utter another word. Her feet led her through the darkness of the woods. She didn’t go to the pack house, no...she went there; right where her uncle’s house used to be.

It was gone now, Jake had burnt it, but she remembered every single detail that house had. The wooden bench that sat on the left side of the front door...the cozy living room that greeted you as soon as you walked in, the little kitchen and the one bedroom her uncle used to sleep in. The house wasn’t big, he’d lived alone before she was sent by the alpha to live with him.

At first, she thought he was nice, he acted like he was...but time revealed the devil he always tried to hide beneath that pleasant smile. He didn’t like himself it seemed, he was a beta like Beatrice’s father, but the alpha didn’t choose him to be the official beta of the pack, he chose his brother instead.

For that, he used to stand in front of the bathroom mirror and punish himself with a small dagger that he always carried around. Every time he cut himself, it would heal, but the pain...something about it drove him to hurt himself more.

Later, she found out just why he looked in that mirror while driving a knife through his own skin. It was because he looked like his brother. He was crazy, so according to him, the reflection that looked back at him wasn’t at all his...in that mirror, he was looking at Beatrice’s father; Eric.

It was sickening; the fact that he hated his own brother even after his death was sickening...but what was more sickening, was the fact that when he realized that she looked like her father too...she became that reflection that looked back at him in the mirror.

He’d beat her to a point where it would take her days to heal, despite being a beta wolf. He’d use that little dagger every time; drag it across her skin, ruthlessly sink it past her flesh, and laughed when she cried.

He reveled in her fear, wallowed in her tears and throughout all the cruel punishments, he’d list out ways in which he was better than her; or rather better than his brother. He had the strength of a beta, trained and stronger than a mere thirteen year old child. She’d always fight back against

him, but it was in vain, and every time she got the chance to murder him in his sleep, her hands would start shaking, and she'd hesitate like a fool...

That was why she'd been so desperate to ask a boy who just murdered his family for help...but that night, Jake had...

~FLASHBACK~

"You killed your dad, didn't you? You even killed your baby brother, can you please kill my uncle too?"

He hadn't looked back at her immediately, but when he did...the coldness in his eyes made her want to retreat; to run, to hide. "Leave me alone, if you don't...I'll kill you too."

"No, I...my uncle...he...look, these cuts..." She showed him her arms, then lifted her blouse to show him the fresh bruises on her stomach. "He did this to me, he beats me every day for no reason...you killed your father, you'll be alpha now...help me, please. If you won't kill him, then tell them to give me a room in the pack house. I don't want to stay there anymore...please...!"

He heaved out a breath, then bent down to dig the knife he'd stuck in the dirt out. His steps were firm as he walked towards her. "I said to leave me alone..." the knife whipped towards her neck so fast that she didn't even see it coming, but though it did not penetrate her skin...it stopped dangerously close to it. "Or I might hurt you worse than your uncle did."

Beatrice stumbled back, falling on her bum with a gasp. Her heart was beating fast, and all her senses were directed towards running...this boy, those dark eyes he possessed withheld even more lethality than her uncle's did.

She struggled to her feet, running off in the opposite direction. He didn't follow her...and she never approached him again.

She saw him on the pack lands, but she was hidden beneath her hood, so he couldn't see her. After killing his father, he was placed in more severe alpha training in order to take his seat...he had no time for a stupid little girl who always hid beneath a blue hoodie.

But that night...she had no idea he'd show up.

As usual, her uncle had been torturing her in the living room...with his dagger...but this time it was different, his slices were deeper, more painful...it was as though he wanted to kill her...for real.

He was silent too, no words of degradation...nothing, just silence. The lack of noise made the sound of the knife ripping through her skin even more audible, and when she cried, when she screamed, when she fought back...he ruthlessly pinned her hands above her head.

His knife ceased and for a moment, and he stared down at her; assessing her closely. “You know...the more I look at you, the more I realize that you resemble your mother too. Your eyes...your lips...”

His knife tore at the collar of her blouse then through all of it, and streams of blood followed it down her chest as the blade tore mercilessly through her skin too. He tore her pants off her, leaving her almost bare in front of him. “Not having a mate for myself, of course I always wanted to f*ck her...I wanted everything he had, and she was a part of it.”

He smiled, a sick smile that had Beatrice trembling beneath his hold. He’d never done this before, he’d never...he...h~ “Since you look like her so much, why not just pretend you’re her for tonight, hmm?”

J~S~ CHAPTER 17— KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

Chapter 128 - [The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate](#)

Warning: This chapter contains scenes that might be sensitive to some readers; such as physical and sexual abuse as well as gore...

You have been warned.

~CONTINUATION OF FLASBACK~

He smiled, a sick smile that had Beatrice trembling beneath his hold. He’d never done this before, he’d never...he...h~ “Since you look like her so much, why not just pretend you’re her for tonight, hmm?”

The knife dug beneath the leg opening of her drawers, cutting both sides, leaving her completely open; naked to the night air as well as his watchful eyes. Her legs trembled as his grip on her hands tightened, her eyes wide as she began to beg; more desperately than she’d always done. “Uncle Julius, please...my mom...I’m not...please don’t do this. I’m b-begging you...uncle Julius, please don’t.”

Tears welled up in her eyes, unimaginable fear running through her...it felt almost paralyzing. He was her uncle for Christ’s sake...! But he’d gone mad. He was drunk without a sip of liquor, this man couldn’t be sane or sober.

“Don’t do what, Sandra...? I’m only doing what I’ve always wanted to...” He was calling her by her mother’s name, still smiling as he dug into his pants for his member. She wanted to

vomit...to give in to the fear and its wicked paralysis, but she had to fight...she had to try saving herself...

His eyes met hers when she began to struggle against his hold; cold, and yet they held some form of amusement. Tears ran down her cheeks, and he used the knife to catch them. "Beautiful, cry just like that for me, Sandra." He dug the knife into the wooden floor beside her, using the hand he had held it with to spread her legs wider. "When I'm done, I'm going to use that dagger my father gave me to kill you...Eric's dead anyway, die too."

His fingers reached between her folds, spreading them, and then she felt it; his hard-on pressing up against her entrance. A sob left her lips as she pushed back against the floor, looking at the knife, just hoping she could grab it. She couldn't, her hands were gripped tight in his...but nothing could stop her from just hoping.

Her heels pressed into the floor, her struggle turning into desperate writhes, despite the pain that flooded from her fresh cuts. She should've killed him when she got the chance. She shouldn't have hesitated...she was a fool.

If she'd killed him, then this wouldn't be happening...if she killed him, then s~

A gasp left her lips when she felt him slowly paving his way in...and then he stopped, pulling back. "Sandra...it's f*cking dry...!"

His free hand balled into a fist, and he slammed it against the left side of her face. "I know you'd been wet for him. What? You want to f*ck him, but you don't want to f*ck me?"

He chuckled, and Beatrice swallowed the blood that had filled her mouth.

"It's fine..." He brought his hand beneath his mouth, spitting against his fingers. "I know how to get you nice and ready."

His hand slithered between her fold again, wiping his saliva between them. "Now, isn't that better~?"

The front door slammed open, and Julius looked up from the living room floor. It was dark, both inside and out...but as she bent her head back with a wince to look at who was there, she saw him; standing by the doorway like a knight in shining armor. He didn't say a word, in fact...her uncle was the first to open his mouth. "What the...? Kid, what are you doing here?"

He rolled off her and approached Jake, who still stood by the doorway; unmoving. "Aren't you the dead alpha's son...?" He latched onto Jake's shoulders, squeezing his fingers into them. "Run on back home, I'm busy right now...and don't breathe a word about what you just saw, oka~?"

The sound of claws ripping through someone's fingertip was heard; Jake's claws, long and sharp. She barely even got to see them, as soon as they were out, he rammed his hand forward, penetrating her uncle's stomach.

Julius gasped; the sound full of pain and surprise as he fell to his buckling knees. He looked up at Jake, who looked down at him with eyes that could instill fear into anyone. "I'm not just the dead alpha's son, I'm practically the new alpha now. I am not a kid, I feel offended that you addressed me as a kid and yet, you were ready to f*ck somebody who's probably the same age as me. Apologize..." He looked towards Beatrice, who had rolled onto her knees as he ruthlessly pulled his hand back, splattering blood all over the floor. "To the both of us."

Julius groaned first, then chuckled. "The new alpha, you say? Word is already spreading that you murdered your own father, a 'kid' like you can't lead, they'll raid this pack, kill you and take it over...you won't be the new alpha for long."

"At least I'll be the new alpha long enough to punish you for your disrespect." Jake bent down in front of him. "I killed my father because I was offended by the fact that he didn't even initiate an official funeral for my mother...isn't that disrespectful? But I guess I'm lucky that she at least got buried...when I kill you, your body will be burnt with this f*cking house."

"A little boy talking big...telling an adult to apologize to him..."

Beatrice looked down at the knife stuck in the wooden floor and with hands that were shaking, she clumsily dug it out.

"If you think I'll sit back and let a kid murder me all because he thinks he's alpha, then you're wrong..."

She struggled to her feet, the cold wind whispering across her bare skin as she walked towards his back.

"I'll kill you, kill her and then run awa~"

With tears running down her cheeks, Beatrice hammered the knife into her uncle's shoulder and ripped it back out. The sound of his pained whimper had her stumbling back, eyes wide and fearful as he twisted his neck to look at her. "You little b*tc~!"

He cried out, blood spilling from the sides of his mouth when Jake rammed his claws into him again. "I don't like people who get distracted easily...and I hate people who bark but can't bite."

He tore his claws out of him, only to sink them back in, again...and then again until her uncle fell back against the floor, struggling to breathe. Blood leaked in pools from his body, flooding the wooden floor, painting it in his blood and not hers. "S-Sandra...help me...help, Sandra."

The fact that he still kept calling her by her mother's name made her blood boil. Her parents died over a month ago, and she didn't even get the chance to grieve. Instead of feeling sad because of their death, she'd instead been living in fear for her life...

And now he was reminding her all over again...that her f*cking parents were dead...that there was no Sandra, no Eric to go home to...just an empty house. This man, she hated him, she hated him so much! Why did he have to?

"I'm not going to kill him, you do it." Jake pulled his shirt over his head, throwing it towards her, and she clumsily caught it. "You're going to be all alone now...learn to fend for yourself. He's taken so much from you, let him repay you for it all; with his life. Don't spare anyone, whether they are your family, your friend or your mate."

He twisted around after that and walked out the door, leaving her alone with a man who had been causing her pain and heartache for a month. The knife in her hand trembled along with her hand. She couldn't spare him again, if she spared him, then he'll hurt her again...he'll try to rape her again. She fell to the floor in front of him, crying as she lifted the knife way over her head. "S-Sandra...?"

"I'm sorry, uncle Julius...I'm scared...I have to do this...I have to..." She paused for a moment, shaking her head. "No, this isn't something I have to do, this is something you deserve."

Her trembling hands drove the knife down, hammering it into his chest, right where his heart was. He didn't whimper or gasp...he just took a breath, his last breath.

She didn't pull the knife back out, she left it in his chest and stood up on her shaky feet. She tousled the shirt the boy had given her, and pulled it over her head, covering a portion of her bare body, and then she staggered outside.

She looked around, and she found him leant against one of the trees with a bottle of what she knew was gasoline in hand.

"Are you done?" He eased off the tree and approached her. "You did well...Beatrice."

At the sound of that ~his cold and nonchalant praise~ Beatrice burst into tears again. He didn't hug her like a normal person would, instead, he stepped right past her, opening up the bottle and pouring its content all over the floor.

But it didn't matter if he hugged her or not, he saved her life. She'd asked many other people for help, grown-ups who never came to her rescue...but him; her savior...her knight in shining armor...he didn't ignore her cry for help.

He stepped outside when the bottle was empty, then pulled a lighter out of his pocket. "I asked my men to prepare a room for you in the pack house, you don't have to stay here anymore...and the pack members will put out the fire before it spreads."

A clicking sound was heard and then there was fire floating from the lighter in his hand. He looked over at the sobbing mess she was before throwing it inside the house.

He didn't say a word more as he threw the bottle aside and started walking away.

Beatrice watched him, her lips trembling as she whispered out... "Thank you."

He heard, but he didn't look back...and once again, she did something stupid...she followed him, not looking back at the flames that licked at the godforsaken house.

"Why are you following me?"

"H-How do you know my name?" She sniffled. "You c-called me Beatrice e-earlier even though he called me Sandra."

"I asked my men about you...I wanted to know where you lived."

"O-oh."

"Will you stop following me now?"

"Well...like you, I want to be like you. Teach me how t-to be strong, I-I want to be your beta." I owe you that much."

~END OF FLASHBACK~

Beatrice wiped her teary eyes, she wouldn't stop following Jake. He was hers just as much as she was his.

She opened the mind link between Jake's gamma and her; Garth. 'Round me up some warriors...some with a ranking low enough that nobody will even notice if they go missing.'

'Why?'

'Jake set the omega free, I want them to kill her and then you to kill them...that way, word won't spread that she's dead.'

'Why not just ask me to kill her then?'

'If Jake finds out her blood is on your hands, he will kill you...but he probably won't kill me.'

'Alright, where are you? I'll send you some men.'

J~S~ CHAPTER 18— MISSING HOME

Chapter 129 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Delilah ran with no care for direction, she ran, and she did not look back. She was finally free; free from the man who had kidnapped, abused and killed her child...she was free, so why...why did there seem to be a hole in her heart?

She stopped in tracks, twisting to look at where she was running from. That sad look that had been on his face kept tearing her heart apart, ripping her open. She hadn't really felt the mate bond before, but right now, it was touring through her, pulling her like a string, begging her to take a step back...

Just one so she could be closer to him.

She didn't...the bond would not make her falter...that look that had been on his face would not sink into the stupid side of her heart. He'd set her free, she would not turn around and walk right back into captivity.

A breath left her lips as she started running again. She needed to find her way back home, but she hadn't even been conscious the day he'd brought her on his lands. He'd sexually assaulted her until she was knocked out cold...she didn't get the chance to track his movements...and now she was f*cking stranded.

Squinting at the woods in front of her, she took a left turn and then a right, and then at some point, she couldn't even differentiate her left from her right. She felt like she was in a maze, everything looked the same. Still, she made sure to follow the path the grass made, only stopping when her little legs were trembling.

She laid beside a tree, deciding to rest for a while. The night was cold and dark and dangerous. She knew rogues could show up at any time, which was why she tried to fight the sleep that kept trying to take her, but she couldn't fight it for long.

Her eyes caved first, slowly blinking shut, and then the rest of her body relaxed along with them. Seconds passed, minutes did and then an hour...

Her eyes shot open, her ears twitching at the sound of running paws. Alarmed, she sat up, looking around and sniffing the air. There were wolves running in her direction, and they weren't rogues, they were...they were from Jake's pack, well, at least she was sure of one of them...

Garth...she remembered his scent because he was always the one Jake sent to watch her, but what was he doing here? Were they after her? Did Jake...did he send them?

Delilah quickly stood to her feet, running off. After just waking up, she felt a little feeble, but she didn't let that or the fear creeping into her slow her down. She twisted towards the east, her heart beating in her ears as she ran.

They were closing in on her, she wasn't moving fast enough, and yet despite knowing that, she took the chance to glance back. There were five of them in total, including Garth, mirroring every step she made.

They were moving fast, faster than her...they were bigger too and as an omega who'd never trained a day in her life, she didn't stand a chance against them.

Quinn...she wanted Quinn...if Quinn were here, then Delilah would have nothing to worry about. Quinn would've protected her, Quinn would've been brave enough to fight. But Quinn wasn't here...not anymore.

Quinn was gone...

Delilah's head whipped back in front, but not in time to stop her from stumbling over a log. A gasp left her lips, pain scourging her left leg entirely...

She tried to ignore it, to continue running for the life she was trying to preserve, but the pain was too much, she could only stagger forward now. She was f*cked...

It took absolutely no time for the men to catch up, surrounding her. Their growls rung in her ears, and then a multicolored wolf from the batch attacked her. She rolled onto her back, whimpering from the hit.

He snapped at her neck, but before he could grasp it between his teeth another wolf slammed him off of her, the biggest of the five. Delilah watched with wide eyes as the bigger wolf ripped the smaller one apart, spilling blood even on her. The other three who'd been a danger to her seemed to be in more danger than her now. They stepped back when the wolf who had blood dripping from his mouth turned towards them.

They were probably just as confused as she was. What was happening? Why was Garth suddenly attacking his own men?

She wanted to find out, but it was probably safer if she kept her curiosity to herself and ran. She struggled to her feet, the leg she'd hit was still hurting, it was as if she'd sprained it, but she didn't give a f*ck.

She staggered away from the scene, not looking back even when she heard the loud howls of pain...it was when it got silent that she looked back.

The dead wolves had changed back into their human forms, and Garth stood in the center of the bloodshed. He was looking her way and then suddenly, his bones started cracking.

Soon, instead of a brown wolf, there he was, standing naked with blood all over him. Delilah looked away when he gestured towards her, pretending she hadn't seen.

She continued with her struggle to get away, knowing he could catch up if he wanted to...and that was exactly what he did. She heard his rushed steps behind her, and she felt it when he roughly grabbed onto her tail. "If it isn't Jake's little bunny, change back and at least thank me for saving you."

Delilah glared back at him, but switched forms nonetheless. "What do you want from me?" She asked him.

"I saved you...I was sent here to kill you, you're lucky you looked so pitiful while struggling to run."

"W-Who...?" Delilah swallowed, glancing away from him. "Did Jake send you?"

She hoped he'd say no, she was praying he would, but when he nodded, her heart shattered into pieces inside of her chest. "Yes...he told me to hunt you down and kill you in the worst possible way for leaving."

Delilah clenched her hands against the grass, trying to ignore the pain his words caused. Jake...how could he? He was the one who set her free and then sent his men to kill her for leaving...?

How stupid could she be to really have believed that he was capable of changing?

"So what now?"

"I'll let you live, but in return...never return. If Jake finds out I spared you, he'll kill me and then kill you too."

Delilah nodded, she didn't trust him, he had no reason to leave her alive, but right now, did she even have a choice but to do whatever he told her to?

"Head west from here...that's the direction of the silvermoon pack if that's where you're headed." And then he surprisingly turned and left. He didn't attack her, he just left her...alive.

Delilah watched his back until he disappeared into the woods, making sure that he was gone before switching directions. She survived another knife to her throat...it was time to go back home now.

Chapter 130 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

It's been three days; three days of what Delilah claimed was her freedom. Her injured foot completely healed a day ago, and now she could move around freely, but she was hungry.

Throughout her journey, she'd only managed to catch herself one squirrel, and it took her three f*cking lives to do it...she knew she wouldn't be able to catch anything else ~including another squirrel~ but that did not stop her from trying.

She'd found a rabbit and chased it until it ran back into its hole, and then she'd tried to catch a deer she saw drinking water at a lake ~both attempts were unsuccessful...

She hadn't known hunting was so hard, probably because she never had to do it before. Quinn didn't let her do anything arduous, Quinn fended for her instead of having her fend for herself, and Quinn fed the family when dad was on missions, even though she'd been a child too. There was a time in her life when Delilah actually looked up to her sister...but all her admiration and respect vanished the moment she found out that Quinn took all she ever wanted...

Jeovanni Lum...at first, she'd just been jealous, but all that jealousy ate her up from the inside when her mom found out that she'd liked Jeovanni. Kathrine vividly showcased her once hidden hate for Quinn and gave Delilah reasons to hate her too. That's how it started, Delilah decided to take a path she wished she hadn't been adamant enough to trudge on for so long. If she'd had even one bit of conscience, of gratefulness in her heart, then that wolf Quinn had used to hunt food, that wolf Quinn had used to shield and protect the family...she'd never dream of taking it away from her ~especially for a reason so petty~.

It was funny though, how jealousy could make people do things they know they'd regret. Quinn had such a good heart; even after Delilah betrayed her, she'd been forgiving...maybe if Delilah hadn't betrayed her again...then all of what was happening now would not have happened...

Or scratch that...if she'd stood back and did nothing at all, this cruel fate would not have been written beneath her name. The paths she took led her here.

If she hadn't seduced Jeovanni, then Quinn wouldn't have had the alpha king as her second chance mate, and Jake would not have had a reason to show up at the silvermoon pack, since they would've not been associated with the alpha king.

No, there was an alliance...it probably would've still happened, but in a different way...in a way where she wouldn't be left alone to fend for herself, because if nobody else would, then she knew Quinn would've come to her rescue.

Delilah sat against the grass, watching as the deer she'd been chasing got further and further away. She regretted meeting him; Jake. Why did the goddess have to give her such a mate?

She'd pitied him for a while, she probably wouldn't ever forgive or understand him...but if he'd been nicer...if he'd only been~

She clenched her jaws, teeth grinding together. Then what Delilah? You would've loved him?

If she'd been in her human form, she'd chuckle. How foolish she'd been. She believed in him, he said he liked her, that he was willing to throw the witch he had by his side away for her...that he was willing to change. Was this what he called changing?

Delilah's eyes twitched in anger. She never wanted to see him again, that pitiful face...those sad, dark eyes...those...those soft and succulent lips...she never wanted to f*cking see them again.

He'd looked so reliable out there at his pack border, he seemed so honest that she trusted him. But he'd fooled her, she shouldn't have hugged him...she shouldn't have kissed him...she knew, but still the regret she felt about doing it wasn't enough to overshadow wanting to do it again.

It felt warm...he held in a way Jeovanni had never held her before, kissed her with a desperation that she did not know. It was...she just...

F*ck...what was happening to her? What was she even thinking?

Getting up from her sitting position, she ran off, choosing to continue her journey instead of hunting despite her hunger. It was surprising that Garth really left her alive and gave her the right directions. She'd stumbled up on a pack during her run, and she'd ask one of the men patrolling the borders about the directions towards the silvermoon pack.

She told him she was lost, and he told her that she was on the right path, but she needed to take a left from here. She didn't know how much further it was, but she needed to get back home; to see mom, to see dad...to~to see Jeovanni.

His name caused a quake in her heart. How would she tell him that she lost his baby? And what would he do to her now that she wasn't carrying his child anymore?

She was scared, despite loving him, she knew he hated her. His love only lasted for a while before he realized that she really wasn't the one he wanted; it was Quinn.

And it had hurt to find out that after everything she did to have him...it took absolutely nothing to lose him.

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As the sun went down, the breeze got denser and colder. Delilah had found a mango tree earlier that alleviated her hunger, and now she was back to running again. Tomorrow would mark her fourth day of travelling, she was getting impatient now, was she really on the right path?

And if she wasn't, was she going to die out here in the wild? It's a mystery how she hadn't run into any rogues, the goddess was punishing her, but it seems she was still kind enough to protect her.

Delilah heaved a breath, one that suddenly got stuck in her throat. That scent...she was sure it belonged to Quinn...it was fading, but it still gave away the fact that she'd been here.

Delilah's run suddenly turned into hesitant steps as the familiar woods she grew up in came into view. It took her three days, but she'd made it. However, she now felt scared to step past the borders. Quinn had been here...but why?

Her hesitant steps brought her to the edge of the borders, and her heart rattled when the heavy scent of blood drifted across her nose. It was a scent she knew, the blood of the woman who'd given birth to her; this...it was Kathrine's blood.

She ran across the pack border, her heart palpitating in her chest as fear overtook her. What happened here...? She could also smell her father's blood, that and the fading scent of the alpha king.

Her pace quickened, and she stopped when Jeovanni's patrollers surrounded her. She didn't have time for this...she was in a rush...her mom...her dad...

She quickly changed forms, glancing at the men. "It's me...it's Delilah..."

They stepped back, and she ran between them, following the scent of the blood. It led her to the pack prison, and her soul left her body when she saw two men carrying the seemingly lifeless body of her mother outside.

Jeovanni was standing at the side, watching the scene and not doing anything. He turned as if he smelled her scent, eyes going wide, but he did not say anything.

Delilah rushed forwards, not towards him, but at the men carrying her mother. "What happened? The doctor! Take her to the doctor."

One of them looked up at her with a look of pity. "I'm sorry, we can't do that, she's already dead."