

Chapter 131 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

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

Delilah’s heart ceased to beat as she glanced down at her mother’s body. There was a deep wound gushing blood across her neck, and her eyes were wide open even though she was...dead. “W-Who?” Delilah stuttered out. “Who did this to her? Who killed my mother?”

Her knees buckled, and she fell on them as a sudden weakness gripped her muscles. She couldn’t define the emotions she felt; she was so angry, so sad...and so confused. “Who did this to mom?” she asked again, but the men carrying her body only kept walking away

Somebody gripped her arm from behind, pulling her to her feet. “Quit it! Don’t come here and f*cking cry because that witch is dead. Quinn killed her and if Quinn didn’t, then I would’ve been the cause of her death...and Delilah if you don’t leave my pack right now, god so help me, I will kill you too.”

Delilah felt it when the warm tears dripped down her cheeks, her lips opening and closing in sad and immense surprise at Jeovanni's words. “Quinn...? Quinn killed m-my mother?”

“Well, it’s only fair since your mother killed hers. Leave, Delilah.”

“But dad, what about dad?”

“You don’t want to see him, he’s close to dying too. His wolf is dead, and the same poison we’d ruthlessly used on Quinn is now slowly gobbling up his human side. He drank too much of it...Alpha Zayd purposely gave him too much...”

“W-What?” She yanked her arm out of his and rushed into the prison, stopping in front of the cell her father was in. He was on the floor, writhing and groaning, he seemed to be in so much pain. Delilah gripped the bars, ignoring Jeovanni who’d rushed in behind her. “Dad...please, I beg of you, don’t die...don’t leave me, I...I’m sorry...but please, dad...”

He looked towards her; his eyes bloodshot red, teeth clenched. “Delilah...why are you here? Kathrine is...Quinn, she finally did what she was supposed to. I-I knew it was supposed *ugh* to happen, I know Kathrine deserved it...but I still wasn’t prepared, i-*sss* it still makes me sad.” He said in between grunts.

“Don’t h-hate your sister...she was only protecting herself...s-she did what I-I couldn’t, she avenged her mother...she avenged Kathrine’s twin sister; Katherina who she’d killed. I’m sad, but I’m glad Kat can r-rest in peace now...both of them.”

“Dad...what are you saying? I don’t understand...I...please don’t die...”

Her father’s hand clenched against the floor as if the pain he’d been feeling increased. He screamed, a scream that squeezed her heart, one that almost demolished it. His struggle against the floor became fiercer, he was fighting for his life...he was...Delilah knew he was dying.

“Dad...” She sobbed, looking towards the ceiling. “Goddess, please...save him, take me instead...”

Her hands clamped under her chin, desperately rubbing together. If not before, then she regretted everything she’d done now...and she hated the alpha king, she hated Quinn...but most of all, she hated her f*cking self.

She was the cause of everything, Kathrine would not have gone above and beyond for her if she hadn’t been crying over Jeovanni on the night of his mating ceremony with Quinn...

If she’d controlled her jealousy...if she’d just accepted the fact that Jeovanni wasn’t her mate, then...then thi~

She looked back towards her dad when his writhing suddenly stopped. He wasn’t looking at her anymore, but when his eyes fixated on her again, they weren’t full of pain anymore...they were just blank. “F-Father...?” She stuttered out.

He squinted at her. “Who are you? W-Where am I?”

“Dad...w-what are you saying...? Dad, you...you don’t remember me?”

“Where...?” He looked around. “Where is this?”

Jeovanni stepped forward, roughly pushing her away from the bars to open up the cell. “I’m not sure what’s going on...but the only reason why I’m going to take him to the pack doctor is because Quinn asked me to look after him in her absence.”

He grabbed Derrick by the arm, but when he forced him to his feet, he could not stand up, his legs...they seemed limp; dead. “Can’t you stand up?” Jeovanni asked him.

He shook his head. “My feet are...I can’t feel them.”

“F*ck...!” Jeovanni kneeled in front of him. “Hold on to me...the pack doctor might be able to help...it seems the poison might’ve been too much, but not enough to kill you.”

Derrick held around his neck and Jeovanni carried him on his back out of the cell. Delilah followed, sniffing from the prison straight to the pack hospital. Half-way there, her father lost consciousness and even as the doctor assessed him, he still hadn't woken up.

Delilah looked towards Jeovanni who stood beside her; the man whose mark was still on her. "W-Will he die?"

"I do not know, and I might not even care."

"Jeo you~"

"Don't call me by that name...Alpha Jeovanni, use the name the rest of the pack does."

"A-Alpha Jeovanni I...I'm sorry."

"Sorry about what exactly?" He walked out of the hospital room, and Delilah reluctantly followed him down the hall. "Are you sorry about what your mother did? How she ruined her life, ruined Quinn's, ruined her mate's, ruined mine and ruined yours? Leave Delilah, after what your mother did to me, I don't even have the f*cking heart to look at you. I've never loved you, that stupid potion she gave me forced me to, and now I've lost Quinn, and it's all because of her...all because of you."

"No, I~"

"Leave...!" The yelled word frightened her in a way that she jumped back with a gasp. "Leave now, for your sake."

"But our baby...it's...I mean it's~"

"Kill it...I don't want it, I don't want anything to do with you."

Delilah's heart broke for the third time tonight...she felt like it wasn't in her chest anymore, but instead scattered into tiny pieces in the very pit of her stomach. Her eyes watered as she looked away, hanging onto her stomach. "It's already dead anyway...that's what I was going to say."

She stopped in her tracks, and he stopped walking to look back at her. "I'll leave, alpha Jeovanni...but I at least need to see that my father lives through this. Let me stay here until he's better, I promise I'll leave after."

"Then do as you wish..." He dug his hands into his pocket and continued on his way.

Delilah rubbed her eyes until they were red as she walked back to the hospital room. Nobody wanted her around, even her own mate wanted her dead...

Did it even make sense she lived on?

Chapter 132 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

It took three days for her father to wake up and when he did, he was paralyzed from the waist down, and he did not even remember her name until she told him.

Delilah had been taking care of him, giving him food, helping him into the tub, and fetching him clothes. Though he did not know exactly who she was, he was comfortable with her. He called her an angel sent to his side by the goddess. It was heartbreaking, but Delilah thought it was better this way.

If he remembered everything, he probably wouldn't want to call her his daughter, much less an angel anyway. If he remembered everything, he'd probably hate her because all of this was caused by her greed.

Her hand trembled as she brought the spoon of rice to his lips. She was leaving tonight, this was the last time he'd ever see her. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't return.

Jeovanni told her he'd kill her if she did, he also promised to completely tear the bond between them to pieces before her departure tonight. Nothing she said to him could change his mind, he hated her...for her crimes and for her mother's.

Unlike every other pack member who died, her mother's body was burnt and not buried beside a tree that would be known as hers. It was sad...it was just so...heart-wrenching...

She'd bawled and begged him, she'd gotten down on her knees and pleaded, but he was determined to see her drift away from the pain of not just losing her mother to death, but losing her completely.

There was no grave she could pray to, nothing that would remind her of Kathrine...the Kathrine who became a traitor for her...the Kathrine who'd loved her with heart and soul...the Kathrine who deserved this, but at the same time didn't...that Kathrine...

A teardrop streamed down her cheek, but before she could wipe it, Derrick caught it with a finger. "Are you okay? You always seem distant, and yet since I woke up five days ago, you've barely left my side. There is so much sadness hiding behind those brown eyes...you've helped me so much, I want to help you too."

Delilah pushed her seat back and stood to her feet, placing the plate of food on the table beside the bed. "I'm sorry...I just...I'm fine. I'm glad you appreciate my help, and I'm sorry that I'll no longer be here to help you. I'm leaving tonight, Mr. Felon."

"Oh I..." He smiled; sadly. "It's fine, I can help myself now, I just hope wherever you go, it brings you more joy than sadness."

Delilah nodded, trying her hardest not to cry. He was so kind, he lost his memories, but he did not lose himself. "Please...take good care of yourself, da...I mean Derrick. Goodbye..."

She walked towards the door, but his next words stopped her from opening it. "A goodbye hug would be nice. I mean...I probably won't see you again, Delil~"

Before he could finish, Delilah pivoted on her feet and rushed back towards him. Her head fell against his chest with a sob. "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry!"

He patted her head; gently, soothingly. "It's fine...there's no need to apologize."

"No-I...I'm sorry, I never thought...I shouldn't have...I was...I'd been a fool."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but everyone makes mistakes. Do not condemn yourself for the ones you made, rather learn from them and try to do better. That's the only way you'll be able to forgive yourself..."

"I-I...bu~"

"Hush..." His fingers ruffled her red hair. "I've never seen an angel cry before. You'll be fine, I promise."

Delilah nodded against him. "Thanks...I-I'll leave now."

"Alright...but do come back if you can. I'd be happy to see you."

She nodded at him once more, a lie she could not even tell with her mouth. He looked so hopeful at the thought of seeing her again, but Delilah was sure he would not get the chance to.

Wiping her eyes, she marched out the door without another word. Her heart was in pieces, she did not know how to react to the pain that kept torturing her; the heavy burden of blame that had been bestowed up on her.

She couldn't blame Quinn anymore, she couldn't even live up to hating her. Quinn had every right to get her revenge; Kathrine killed her mother, almost killed her wolf and could've even killed her...but could she not have had some mercy? Did she really have to kill her?

Delilah clenched her jaws, refusing to blink because if she did, the tears settled in her eyes would fall. She'd been crying for seven nights straight...she needed to stop now, she'd experienced pain before; this was absolutely nothing.

And yet, every breath she took was deep and with every step towards the exit, she got closer to faltering. The dam that had held back her tears fell as soon as she stepped outside, and water kept dripping down her cheeks, not stopping even when she wiped the salty liquid away.

She grasped onto a tree nearby, using it as an anchor to hold herself up. She felt weak and dizzy, all of this was too much for her to take in.

This had been her home for what felt like eternity, and knowing she wouldn't be able to come back was a lethal blow to her already shattered heart. Nobody cared if she lived or died, only dad did, and if he were to ever find out the truth...he'd probably want her dead too...

This was unfair...goddess...this was too much. She'd been wrong to covet Quinn's mate, but in return, Quinn got a better mate; a stronger one. Quinn was now known by all and most likely loved by all, and she...? She was loved by nobody, not the man she'd coveted and taken, and not the man she was cruelly fated to.

Where would she go from here? Who would she turn to? Would she be lonely in those neutral woods until the rogues came to eat her up?

Delilah sobbed, slamming her hand against the tree until somebody grabbed it. "Stop, your hand has bled enough. Alpha Jeo is in his office, he wishes to see you."

Delilah turned towards Cannon, whose face expressed his sympathy towards her. "Stop hurting yourself and stop crying."

"I-I can't..."

"Just...be strong, it's only going to get harder from now on. I heard you lost the baby, I'm sorry that happened to you."

"No, it's fine...Jeo didn't want it anyway."

"And that's wrong, my wife gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. That child is my world, I wake up happy every morning knowing that I'll get to see both her and my mate. Perhaps if you still had your baby, you'd have a lot more courage to live without blaming and hurting yourself..."

"That's not, I don't thi~"

"It's fine, let's just get this over with...it's going to be painful, but I do hope you pull through." He turned his back to her, walking down the paved path, and she followed him. "I know you're not evil, Delilah...you've always been nice and jovial whenever you were around me; just like

Quinn, I saw you as a little sister...and though I still don't understand why you did what you did, I'm rooting for you. Don't lose yourself out there; find it."

Delilah nodded her head, despite the fact that he couldn't see her. It got silent after that, and it stayed that way even as they walked up to the door of Jeovanni's office. He opened it for her, and closed it as soon as she walked in.

Delilah looked at Jeo who stood by the window, looking out there instead of at her. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I'm not, bu-but that doesn't matter, does it?"

"You're right, I don't care if you're ready or not." He finally turned to stare at her. "I know a rejection is strong enough to kill an omega, if things weren't like this, I'd have let you reject me instead, so I endure the pain. But Delilah, you deserve the pain, and I hope it kills you before you make it off my land, so I can burn your body like I burnt your mother's."

"D-Do you..." Delilah looked down at the tiled floor beneath her feet. "Do you really hate me that much?"

"I do..."

"Then, you can reject me...however, let me say this first."

"What?"

"I'm sorry...on behalf of myself and my mom."

"Sorry can never bring Quinn back to me, Delilah."

Delilah sniffled. "I know..."

"Then don't apologize, just accept my rejection." He stepped towards her, every step inputting fear into her heart. "I; Jeovanni Lum rejects you, Delilah Felon. You are no longer luna of the silver moon pack, nor are you a part of it. Accept my rejection as well as your punishment."

Delilah ignored the tears that rushed down her cheeks, but she could not ignore the pain that wickedly brought her to her knees. The burn started from her heart, and then it spread, seemingly turning everything inside of her to ash.

She was literally choking and writhing...this pain felt like...it felt like it was really going to kill her.

"I...I acc..." she started, and when she could not finish, Jeovanni fell on his knees in front of her, roughly grabbing her wet face. "Accept my f*cking rejection before you die, Delilah...I want the satisfaction of hearing you say it."

“I...I...” Her throat felt dry, and she could barely even breathe, but she’d say it...she had to say it. “I accept... I a-a-accept your rejection.”

He nodded, finally letting go of her face and standing up. “Good, now leave this pack and never return.”

Delilah tried to stand, but she only kept falling again, so she crawled her way to the door, struggling to open it. The pain was not alleviating, it kept becoming more extreme.

She crept outside onto the pavement that created a path towards the woods, the raw concrete bruising her knees, abrading her skin. She sobbed until she began to cough up blood. She could feel the bond breaking, she just had to survive until it was completely torn apart.

She looked up at Cannon who stared down at her with pitiful eyes, and when he stepped towards her, Jeovanni held him back. “If you help her, you, your wife and your child will be banished along with her.”

Cannon gritted his teeth and looked away, as if the sight of her hurting this much was hurting him too.

“She deserves this...after all she’s done, she deserves it.”

“But you...you’re no saint either, you were in on it...you’d have done anything to get Quinn to stay...so stop playing the innocent card. I’m going to help her, you won’t banish me anyway...you can’t.”

“Cannon yo~”

Before Jeo could finish, he rushed towards her, helping her to her feet. “I’m only taking her to the pack borders, I can do that, right?”

Jeo ran his hand down his face in frustration. “F*ck this, do whatever you want!”

And Canon did exactly what he said he would, he struggled with her until they made it to the very edge of the pack border....and then he turned and left.

His last words to her were to be strong, but she wasn’t sure if she was capable of doing that.

J~S~ CHAPTER 22— A SHOCKING REVELATION

Chapter 133 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake sat in his office, glaring at the paperwork on his desk. It's been a week and a day since Delilah left, and he'd been anxious throughout every second of each passing day. He missed her; her scent and her beauty and the warmth...the calmness he felt whenever he was around her.

He missed her eyes, her lips...he just~ it was driving him crazy.

He kept wondering if he'd made the right decision. His heart kept tricking him, telling him he was a fool, while his mind kept giving him logical reasons as to why what he did was actually right.

And he didn't know which one to believe. Maybe he really should've kept her here, maybe if he'd been more open to changing and more adamant with his confessions, then she'd eventually find it in her heart to love him back.

He should've tried harder to gain her heart, even though she'd done absolutely nothing and still acquired his. It was as though she owned his very soul, controlled every nerve in his head...because why every thought that popped up in his head was about her...?

He kept having flashbacks of him tightly hanging onto her and nightmares of her with somebody else; a blank faced man that was definitely not him. He was miserable...and lonely, and he couldn't believe he was just now realizing that.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Jake pressed his elbows against the wooden desk. He also felt like he should've been greedier instead of trying to change, because all his step towards change brought him was a growing misery.

His nightmares about her were probably him trying to accept the fact that the cure to his pain, the beat to his heart was really never ever going to run back into his arms.

And it f*cking hurts...it was tearing him to pieces, breaking him apart.

He wondered if she'd even thought about him once since she left...he wondered if maybe...just maybe she missed him too...

But realistically, he knew she didn't. She was probably with that pitiful alpha Jeovanni now; the man she'd defended, the one she'd boldly told him she belonged to. She was probably happy now, and he was the only one drowning in sorrow.

The mate bond kept torturing him too, they were far apart, and it wanted them to be together. It kept hanging on just so their connection doesn't get severed.

But he wished it would just let go and spare him the pain. He'd already made his decision to set her free, and he would not break his promise to her.

The freedom he'd given to her, he would not take it back...

Finally reaching for his pen, he began working, a method to keep her off his mind. But while reading through, he stopped because of the sudden jolt of pain in his heart.

The bond between them felt as though it was quivering, breaking...and its magnetic element was stronger now, begging him...no forcing him to go to her. He stood to his feet, his eyes flashing red and then back to obsidian.

For some reason, his control was faltering, and the instinctual side of him was trying to take over. This had never happened before, he didn't understand what was happening to him or what was happening to her...

But if the bond was this desperate, then it was definitely something he needed to worry about.

Ignoring the pain, he walked around his desk and then out the door, meeting Beatrice on the trail towards the woods.

She smiled at him. "I was just coming to see you...where are you going?"

He walked past her, not having the time or the care to answer, but she grabbed onto his arm, nails gripping into his skin. "Answer me, Jake...you've been mad at me for days when I'm the one who should be mad at you. Can you just stop? I'm sorry I lashed out...I'm sorry I said it, so just...just talk to me."

Jake sucked in a breath, trying not to groan from the pain that was destroying him on the inside. "Beatrice, I don't have the time for this right now, I have somewhere to be. You can say whatever you want when I get back."

"No, I...just tell me, are you going to meet Garth perhaps? Or are you go~"

"I'm going to Delilah...I believe she's in danger." He ripped his arm out of her grasp. "Tell Garth to watch over the pack while I'm gone...I'll be back in a few days."

"Not her again, don't go...for once, just choose me."

"Beatrice I..." He sighed when he saw her eyes filled with tears. "I can't...I can't choose you, I already told you that."

He walked off, but stopped three steps later at Beatrice's venomous whisper. "You'll have to choose me, after all, she's already dead."

He turned to face her, not believing he'd heard her correctly. "What did you say?"

Beatrice glared at him, those eyes filled with anger and determination. "I said she's dead...I killed her." She laughed. "That night you said you set her free, after our argument, I sent some

men after her. You love her so much, and yet, the connection between you two doesn't seem strong enough."

"Beatrice you..." Jake processed her words; slowly, and then his eyes widened at the revelation. Anger; a profuse amount of it tore through him, and the bit of control he'd held on to thinned all the way out.

He was seeing red now. The person he was staring at wasn't Beatrice, this person was his enemy, one he would find joy in killing. He marched towards her, the pure rage disclosed in each and every one of his steps.

She staggered back. "Jake what you...? You're scaring m~

"

His hand roughly grasped around her neck, squeezing tight enough to stop her breath. She gasped as he lifted off her feet, her head rising even higher than his. "Is it true? Is she really dead?"

"No, I...I'm s-sorry."

"Answer my f*cking question! And don't lie to me." His claws withdrew, sinking past the skin of her neck, and she cried out, the tears in her eyes finally dripping down her cheeks. Her hands grabbed onto his, trying to get him to loosen his hold, but he didn't budge. "Y...Yes! S-She's dead...she's dead...!"

"And you believe after killing her, you wouldn't be dead too?" Jake squeezed her throat tighter, lost in these emotions that were so new to him. He felt guilty, as if he was the cause, and he felt a tremendous amount of lugubriousness that kept feeding his rage. If Delilah was really dead...if she really did die, then what was the reason for his change?

If only he'd listened to his f*cking heart, if he'd kept her by his side, then this...this wouldn't have happened...but then again, if she was really dead, why could he still feel the bond? And why did it still feel so f*cking strong?

"You're lying..."

"N-No, I~"

"She's alive...!" Jake twisted towards the sound of Garth's desperate voice. "She isn't dead...she's alive."

He stepped closer, reluctantly gripping Jake's arm that held Beatrice's neck. "Let go, please."

Jake dropped Beatrice, who started gasping for air immediately, blood dripping down the sides of her neck as she stared up at him in disbelief.

“What happened?”

Jake asked, referring to Garth.

Garth held his head down, as though he was ashamed of himself. “Beatrice did order me and some other men to kill her. However, I killed them before they could...please, forgive her, spare her please...”

“Spare her?” Jake stooped in front of Beatrice, who flinched back. “Do you even deserve to be spared?”

“Were you...?” She swallowed. “Were you really going to kill me?”

“I was and I still would. I would kill you and then leave you to rot right where I picked you up at your uncle’s house. You should thank the goddess she’s still alive, because if she wasn’t, then you’d be seeing the old Jake...and not the one trying to change for Delilah’s f*cking sake. But mess up again, Beatrice...do it if you dare, and I’ll f*ck you up so bad you would pray we never come across each other in your next life.”

He stood up, turning his back and continuing towards the borders. He heard her sobs, and he heard Garth trying to comfort her, but he’d be damned if he looked back.

He had to go to Delilah...she needed him, he just knew it.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 23— LET ME HOLD YOU

Chapter 134 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake got to the silver moon pack within the span of two days. It was still dark out, but Jake knew dawn was just around the corner. He stepped up to the border where the alpha’s men were standing, guarding the territory he could destroy with just the snap of his fingers. ~Well, that was if he’d brought his men~.

He cleared his throat, holding his head far too high after the damage he’d done when he last visited. They had every right to be wary of him, he’d killed more than just a handful of their people...and now, his pride was failing at the fact that he came here to take a woman whom he knew would not under any circumstances go with him.

Running his hand down his face, he sighed. He couldn't pick up a whiff of her scent, and yet, he knew this was the very first place she'd run to. Did they lock her up somewhere? Or was she perhaps just not here? He was worried, the pain in his heart had dulled, and the bond was now calm, but he wanted to see it for himself...to at least hear that she was fine.

"Hey, you...!" He gestured to the man in front; a gamma wolf it seemed. "Tell your alpha to come out here before my pleasant visit turns into an unpleasant one. He has a minute to get here before I kill you weaklings and just enter without permission."

Despite knowing Jake could do exactly as he said, the gamma in front did not flinch nor waver, instead, he straightened himself, the look in his eyes being one Jake could barely acknowledge, but it almost seemed sad. "If you're looking for Delilah, she's not here. She left two nights ago after being rejected and banished by our alpha. I don't know if she survived, but if she did...you're her mate, she needs your help...or perhaps she doesn't. If she'd been happy with you, she'd never have come back here, but please...look after her in my stead. She's in pain, and with nobody on her side, she'll eventually lose the courage to live."

Jake tilted his head, his hands clenching by his sides. "He rejected her and not the other way around? Does he not know that she's an omega? What if he f*cking killed here? Where is he?!"

He marched forward, but the man who spoke stopped him. "You're angry, but you're also wasting time. Find her before it's too late, she probably needs you."

A breath left Jake's lips, shaky and full of anger. He was angry, but it was true. If anything, he needed to find Delilah first, he; more than anyone knew she was capable of hurting herself, especially when she saw no way out.

He glared past the men and across the woods on Jeovanni's land before turning and walking away. What that fool did was probably for the best anyway, he broke her, but now she was free of him...now she'd stop holding on to him...now she'd probably, no, finally look Jake's way.

Crouching, he changed forms, his shiny, black fur coating his skin, and then he took off towards the rising of the sun.

Throughout his travel, his senses were more alert, but they weren't what led him up north, it was his instincts or rather the mate bond that practically pulled him in that direction.

He wasn't sure how he'd find her, but when the day turned back into night, and he found her laying against the grass, curled into a ball and crying...it somehow broke his heart.

He was afraid to approach her, her sobs sounded so heart-wrenching that each one hurt him. Her face was hidden behind her hands, her knees folded all the way up to her chest. She was naked as well, shivering beneath the cold wind in her human form, when she would've been warmer if she'd covered herself in the furs of her wolf.

Jake stepped out from behind the bushes, him too changing into his human form. She probably couldn't see him, but he knew she knew he was here.

One step at a time, he approached her, inhaling deeply to digest her calming scent. It was something he could never get enough of, her scent was like a drug, and he was irreversibly addicted to it...that and her beauty...she; Delilah Felon was his drug.

She became the light in his darkness, and she'd shone so bright that he was unable to see anything but her light. Many times, he'd longed to grasp that light, but it always burnt him. Was she a bit warmer now? Would she open up to him?

He knelt in front of her, something he'd never done, and would never do for anyone else. "Delilah...are you okay?"

She didn't answer immediately, she didn't answer at all.

"Delila~"

"No..." She sobbed out. "I'm not okay. I left thinking everything would get better, but it only got worse. Finding out that my sister killed my mom because of me is not okay, and finding out that Alpha Jeovanni only ever chose me because a stupid love potion forced him to do so is not okay. Nothing in my life is okay, so how am I supposed to be okay?!"

"I'm sorry all of that happened to you, it must've been a lot to take in. I know how it feels to lose someone as close as your mother, but y~"

"But what?!" She finally removed her hand away from her face, staring in his direction. Her eyes were swollen and red...just as they were the night he'd kidnapped her. "If you came here to finish me off because your gamma didn't...please do. I'm tired now, tired of praying to the goddess for help, tired of being sorry and tired of being pitiful. So go ahead, don't come here and act like you care about me or my dead mother. Garth told me about what you did...and I'm glad. If he hadn't, I'd have run back to you, and I'd have looked like a f*cking fool!"

"What are you talking about? What did I do? What did Garth tell you?"

"Nothing you don't already know."

"Delilah..." Jake clenched his jaws, he was trying to hold himself back, to be patient; gentle. "I wouldn't have asked if I knew. I'm not afraid to own up to my crimes, if I did something, then I f*cking did it...why hide it? Now what did he tell you?"

"Everything...he reminded me of who you really are. Even after confessing that you liked me, even after setting me free..." She rubbed her eyes, and he wanted to grab her hand, to stop her from hurting herself...but he held back. "I wanted to trust you, I almost did. You said you'd change for me, you said you'd treat me better and yet, you sent someone to kill me?"

“I didn’t...what are yo~?”

“I knew it from the start...I’m not capable of being loved, my sister hates me, and the man I betrayed her for hates me too. The pack that had been on my side now whispers words of hate behind my back, even though they know I can hear...and if my father ever remembers all I did, he’d hate me too. You’re no different, you want me dead just as much as they do.” She smiled. “Well, I guess lucks’ on your side because I want me dead too, so do it...do what you came here to do; kill me.”

“I’m not going to kill you, Delilah.”

“No, I want you to...do it...I can’t anymore~”

Jake grabbed onto the hand that had been irritating him, the one she had been rubbing her eyes with. “I’m not going to kill you, so pull your f*cking self together! I kept my word, I didn’t send anybody after you...Beatrice did. I don’t know why Garth lied to you, and I don’t f*cking care...but pull yourself together, Delilah. Seeing you like this is breaking my heart. I know you’re hurt, I know you’re in pain and I know you feel like you have no one...but I came all the way here for you, didn’t I? You don’t need anybody to love you...but me.”

“No, I...” Her eyes tore away from his, her tears soaking her cheeks. Goddess, she was beautiful, but he hated seeing her like this. He’d missed these brown eyes so much, but now that he was looking in them...he missed them even more. They weren’t the eyes he knew; these eyes were sad and not courageous...these eyes weren’t full of fight, they were the eyes of someone who’d given up. “I don’t think...I jus~”

“Shhh...just come here.” Using the hand he held, he pulled her up and she fell against his chest. “Let me hold you like you held me when I cried.”

J~S~ CHAPTER 24— TAKING THE RISK

Chapter 135 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“Shhh...just come here.” Using the hand he held, he pulled her up and she fell against his chest. “Let me hold you like you held me when I cried.”

His hands draped around her waist, holding her firmly when she tried to pull away. The sparks he’d longed to feel surrounded him immediately, gathering them both in comfortable warmth.

Her struggle died against him, and she relaxed, soaking his chest in tears. In a soothing way, his hands caressed her bare back. He wanted her to feel better, to feel as safe as he did when she'd held him in her arms. "It's okay..." He cooed. "You'll be fine soon."

She sobbed, her nails digging into his sides as she held on to him too. They stayed like that even after she'd calmed down, it was as if they were both too scared to pull away from each other, as if this dream would end if they did.

It was quiet between them, and though he wanted to, Jake wasn't the one who broke the silence. It was Delilah. "If not to kill me, then why did you come?"

Her voice was croaky and low...so different from how it normally sounded.

Jake pulled back to look at her, instantly perceiving the slight wetness that still resided on her puffy cheeks. He reached forward, using the back of his hand to dry each side. "I felt anxious the night you left. I'd been wanting to go after you since then, but I knew it wouldn't be fair to you. However, when the mate bond started to act up, I couldn't hold back anymore. It was so painful, so I immediately thought you were in pain too. So that's why...that's why I came."

She didn't respond, so Jake continued the conversation. "Are you okay? Have you even eaten?"

"I'm fine..."

"As if you'd tell me if you weren't." He sighed, looking directly into those sad eyes as he asked. "So what now? What next?"

Delilah shrugged. "I don't know."

"Do you have anywhere you plan to go?"

"N-No, I...I'd been thinking about that ever since Jeovanni banished me. I thought of running to Quinn, but I just know she'll do the same thing he did. I have no one else. My father is paralyzed, my mother's dead and my mate..." She turned away from him. "I don't know if I'll ever be able to trust you."

Jake shifted on his knees, fingers twitching as he reached towards her face. With his index finger, he tilted her head towards him, so she faced him again. "You can worry about that later, right now, your safety comes first. Come back with me, you'll be able to do whatever you want and to leave whenever you want. I know you might not believe me, but I swear on my life that even if the goddess herself told me to confiscate your freedom again, I wouldn't do it."

"You're right, I don't believe you. But even if I did return, wouldn't that make me look a lot more pathetic? I left at the first chance I got and now when I have nowhere else to go, I run back...? That's pathetic; I'm pathetic."

“You’re not pathetic and about not believing me, don’t you think that if I wanted you back on my lands, I could’ve easily taken you? It’s not hard for me to drag you back with me, Delilah...I’ve done it before. However, I don’t want you to hate me anymore than you do, I’m trying to accept the fact that I’m not in control of everything; including you. So I’m giving you a choice, you can come with me if you want to, or you can say no and I’ll leave. It doesn’t matter what I want, it’s all about you right now.”

“B-But what exactly do you want?”

“I think that’s obvious. I want you to come with me, I want the bond between us to have a future...I really want us to be together.”

“T-That’s not...I don’t think that’s ever going to~”

“Please don’t shatter my hope.” He knew what she was going to say, his light was just about to burn him again. “Tell me what’s your next step from here, I’m anxious. Should I leave or will you come back with me?”

She shuffled back and away from him, and the act already disclosed her choice to him. F*ck, this was hard...would he even be able to leave if she told him to?

Cold sweat lined out across his forehead, and his heart started to thump painfully hard in his chest. He told her to make a choice, and now he wasn’t even sure if he wanted her to. He’d never been such a f*cking wuss in his entire life~

“I think you should leave...I think that’s what’s best for me.”

And his heart shattered...he could tangibly feel as it did. Piece by piece the puzzles fell, and he didn’t think he’d be able to put them back together. Even with no one else to turn to, she refused to turn to him, and that hurts so f*cking bad...

The fact that she hated him so much to accept his help, the fact that she couldn’t even trust him...f*ck, he was angry; angry at himself. Maybe if he begged, she’d change her mind, he was already on his knees anyway...and he practically had no pride when it came to her.

“Delilah...please,” He pled. “I’m begging you~”

“You told me to make my choice, Jake. I did.”

Jake’s eyes shifted away from hers; dead and free of the hope that had resided in them. Was she not tired of hurting him? No, that wasn’t the right question...was he not tired of hurting himself? Why had he even asked if he knew this was what she’d say? But still, he thought there was at least a one percent chance of her choosing him, but there wasn’t even that.

Standing to his feet, he turned his back to her...hopeless and lost, but still concerned about her; this woman who didn’t give a damn about him. She wasn’t the pathetic one here, it was him. “If you still have nowhere to go, you’re always welcomed back at my pack. I’m leaving now.”

His jaws clenched as he took the first step away from her, he had to force it because his body seemingly didn't want to move. He took another and then stopped when her hand grabbed onto his. "I...I'll take the risk..." She whispered out.

Jake tilted his head back. "What...? What do you mean? What risk?"

She used her grip on his hand to pull herself to her feet. "I mean...I'll give you a chance...you seem to be the only one who truly cares if I live or die anyway." She gripped his hand tighter, holding her head down. "Thanks, Jake...thanks for not abandoning me even though I abandoned you."

The pieces to Jake's heart instantly started to mend, and the organ started to thump again, but this time, it wasn't out of fear. He turned to face her completely, a feeling that was foreign along with a feeling of surprise slowly eating up the sadness that had been inside of him. Did he...did he hear her right? "I don't...did you just say...you'd give me a chance?"

"Yeah, but if it doesn't work out...I'll end us for good..."

His hand closed around hers and his lips spread into an uncontrollable smile. That foreign feeling running wild through him, he knew what it was now...it was undoubtedly him finally feeling a sense of happiness. "Delilah..." he called, and she lifted her head, her eyes finding his. "What?"

"You won't regret taking this risk, I promise."

J~S~ CHAPTER 25— AWKWARD CONVERSATIONS

Chapter 136 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake pulled back up at his pack border in three nights with Delilah by his side. She'd still been weak from the rejection, and that made the journey longer.

Her wolf was so small in comparison to his, so she was slower; slower and yet, a hundred percent more adorable. Her eyes looked the same, they made her seem fierce and yet, the rest of her was screaming harmless.

He wanted to laugh; he couldn't even tell why he found it funny...but it was. The dark gray color of her wolf was pretty, it blended in well with the black of his. Just as he thought, they were a match made in heaven.

Looking away from her, he crossed the borders, directing his attention towards Garth and the patrollers who greeted him as he changed forms. He was given a robe, which he threw at Delilah. “What happened while I was gone?”

Garth cleared his throat, waiting until he passed to follow him. “Nothing much, Neil and the warriors has returned, he’s in your office at the moment; waiting for you.”

“You should wait there with him, after taking Delilah back, I have something to discuss with you.”

“Yes, alpha.” He swallowed as though he already knew what Jake wanted to talk about. “I’ll be there when you arrive.”

“Go there now, your company back to the cabin is not needed.”

“Right...” He bowed, and then walked away with the patrollers, glancing at Delilah before doing so.

Jake sighed, stopping in his tracks to wait for Delilah, who was still standing on the other side of his borders. “Aren’t you going to come?”

She huffed out a breath, and then he could hear her bones cracking as she changed into her human form. He turned to face her just as she wrapped the robe around her body.

“I’m still trying to figure out...” She paused. “If I’m making the right decision.”

“And are you?”

“I’m not sure, but I already came this far anyway.” She crossed the borders, a step that seemed rushed and anxious and yet reluctant. “Might as well I go further.”

Jake watched as she approached him. His heart didn’t feel heavy anymore, it was as light as a feather, floating in his chest. Every step she took towards him enhanced its beat, and for some reason, he felt nervous.

He knew one wrong move from him could mess all of this up. He didn’t want to open his mouth and say the wrong words, he didn’t want to take the initiative and make the wrong moves, but he also didn’t want his cowardice to halt the progress of this relationship. If he wanted the bond to grow, he had to put his all into it...but exactly where would he start?

He'd never done something like this before, but if nobody knew how to court a woman, Neil did...since he’s back, Jake could probably learn a few tips from him~

Jake’s attention jumped back to Delilah when she gasped, stumbling towards him after tripping over a fallen branch. He caught her before she fell, steadying her. “Are you okay?”

She nodded, blood rushing to her cheeks as she stepped back and away from him, breaking the contact he'd been delighted to have. "Yeah, sorry..." She walked around him, pointing in a random direction. "It's this way, isn't it?"

"No, that's..." Jake grabbed her hand, stopping her. "It's actually this way."

He jutted his chin in the correct direction. "I'll lead the way." He walked in front, not loosening his grip on her hand. There was something about the skinship between them, something magical. Every touch ignited an uncontrollable fire within him, with her...everything was just different.

No other woman had drawn out this side of him, not even Beatrice. His whole demeanor changed when it came to her, he was softer; weak to her scent and her beauty. She could probably get him to do anything...what she did to him was what he once thought was impossible.

He never believed in love, but right now, he knew for a fact that he was in love.

His hand gripped hers tighter as he continued deeper into the woods until they made it to the cabin. He walked up the three wooden steps that led to the veranda, opening the door and leading her inside.

Their steps echoed down the hall as he took her to the master bedroom. He stopped at the door, finally letting go of her hand, even though he did not want to. "So...we're here."

Delilah clasped her hands behind her back, looking at the blank wall that resided behind him. She seemed just as nervous as him, the way her cheeks would redden every time their eyes met and the way she'd lick her lips before even attempting to open them. "We're here." She repeated.

"Yeah..." The awkwardness between them was standing so tall that Jake couldn't see past it. He got the chance he'd begged for, and he was barely making a f*cking thing out of it.

If he had nothing to say to her now, what the f*ck would he say to her tomorrow? No, he was going to see Neil...Neil would tell him what to say...what to do...Neil would be of great help, he was sure...

"You can go in, I'm gonna get dressed and leave for a moment. I'll, however, send an omega back with some food...please eat and get some rest. After the journey, you must be tired."

"Okay..."

Even though that was obviously the end of the conversation, they both still stood there, awkwardly staring at each other. Too many seconds passed before Delilah broke the eye contact and quickly latched onto the doorknob. She clumsily twisted it and then pushed the door open, walking into the room.

Jake wasn't sure why he did it, but when she attempted to close the door, he held it open, looking at her through the small opening. "Delilah..."

“D-Do you...” Her breath hitched...and he wasn’t sure if he was hearing her heartbeat or his. “Do you have anything else to say.”

“No, I...I just...” He opened the door wider, walking into the doorway; right in front of her. His hand reached around the back of her head, holding her steady as his lips pressed against her forehead. “Goodnight, Delilah.”

And then he stepped away. They were together now, this had to be a boundary he could cross.

Her little pink lips wobbled as she nodded at him. “Yeah...goodnight...” And she quickly closed the door, breathing hard enough for him to hear against it.

Jake walked away, ignoring everything inside of him that told him not to. His steps led him up the stairs to his room where he pulled on a shorts and then he walked out the front door.

It was now time to have a friendly little conversation with Garth.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 26— THE CONTROLL

Chapter 137 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Like an obedient child about to get scolded for the first time, Jake found Garth seated in the corner of his office. Neil was there too, seated in Jake’s chair, grinning from ear to ear; totally unaware of the dense atmosphere in the room. He’d always been a stupid and clueless f*ck, but he was even more stupid than Jake initially thought he was. “Get out of my chair, get out of my office for that matter...Garth and I have something important to talk about, I’ll call you when we’re done.”

His smile faded slowly, his eyes squinting at Jake as he stood to his feet. “Not even a welcome back or a job well done, not even a pat on the shoulder or on the ass...but you’re telling me to get out? Take it back...”

“Neil...for goddess’ sake...” Jake sighed. “Alright, alright...good job and welcome back, now leave...”

The smile that had faded reappeared, and he walked around the desk. Instead of walking through the door though, he threw an arm over Jake’s shoulder. “Now that’s more like it. What happened here? Ever since I came back, it’s been a bit gloomy. Beatrice has been in a bad mood and Garth

won't tell me what happened. If that's what you guys are going to talk about, why can't I hear? I mea~"

"I'm sorry." Garth interrupted. "I did what I thought was right. Beatrice is our acting luna, she's been with us for years, I couldn't betray her for a new girl; one that had no respect for our pack, nor any loyalty tied to it. I was ordered to kill her, but I didn't. I didn't want to betray Beatrice, and I didn't want to betray you either. So I did the only logical thing I could. I diminished any hope she had of coming back by telling her you were the one who sent me after her. That way, Beatrice would think she's dead and things would go back to how they were."

"And who exactly gave you the right to make such a decision? When did you become the alpha here? Who helped you up on such a high f*cking horse?"

"I know I should have consulted you first...but if I did, you'd hurt Beatrice; probably even kill her."

Jake shrugged Neil's arm off of him, and walked around the table to take a seat behind his desk. The anger he felt was like an impenetrable ball around him, but instead of letting it burst out of control, he took in deep and long breaths to calm himself down. "Come here, Garth."

Garth got out of the chair and warily walked forward until he stood in front of Jake. Jake gestured towards the floor in front of him. "Am I not the one who should be looking down at you?"

Garth's jaws clenched as he bent down on one knee in front of Jake, hanging onto the desk for support. He knew what Jake was doing, he was showing him who was in control, whose orders should really be carried out...and though his pride was depleting, he had to show his alpha the respect he undeniably deserves. "Yes?"

Jake reached for the pen on his desk, looking at it as if it were far more interesting than Garth's face. "I might've lost my place as the alpha king..." He twirled it and then before Garth could even see the attack coming, he slammed it into his hand. "But my place here still remains as alpha. You don't listen or try to protect Beatrice unless I tell you to do so. She's nothing to me now, thus why I expect it to be the same for you."

The pen penetrated his skin in such a way that it would hurt more if he didn't cry out. The groan that left his lips was drawled out and loud, even though he tried his best to stifle it. "Understood."

"And we agree that this won't ever happen again, right?"

"Y-Yes..." His words were low and strained. "It won't happen again, I swear on my life."

Jake dug the pen out, and he gasped, immediately withdrawing it from the desk despite the awful sting.

“Good.” Jake patted his head, a gesture that made him feel even more small. “Now that we’re on the same page, stand up. Neil’s back, let’s at least celebrate his return after he summarizes what took place on the mission.”

Neil looked between them from where he stood against the door, mouth slightly agape. “So this was what happened? What new girl are we talking about? What woman could have you even punishing Garth?”

“I deserved it...” Garth confirmed.

“That wasn’t a punishment, it was a warning. Use this as an example not to f*cking mess with her either.” Jake placed the bloody pen down, his whole demeanor austere. “The report?”

“Who is she? Where is she from?”

“I stuck the pen in Garth’s hand, do you want me to stuff it in your throat? Hurry up with the report, I’ll tell you later because I’ll need your help anyway.”

Neil laughed. “Alright, as long as you’ll eventually tell me.” He eased off the door, walking closer to the desk. “It went well...but I think something’s fishy. The rogue alpha I killed didn’t seem strong enough to lead such a big pack of rogues. Rogues have never been sensible, but I believe these ones are. The pack was big, one of the biggest I’d ever seen. We lost two warriors and only one was severely injured. If we hadn’t set the woods on fire, I don’t believe we’d have been able to take them down. They were also using the ferals as weapons, they had a whole bunch of them locked up like rabid dogs.”

“So you’re saying the real alpha could still be alive and loose somewhere out there?”

“Yes, and if he is, I don’t believe we’ve taken down his whole pack. He’s likely to have another base where an even bigger pack is. The fool I killed, I’m sure he was a f*cking decoy.”

“F*ck...!” Jake tapped his finger against the desk. “This is a f*cking hassle...why did that f*cker assign our pack to this mission? If I’d won the battle, I would’ve just handed it right back to him. Garth, what is your intake?”

“I’m not sure, I wasn’t there. But if the rogue alpha really is out there, then we have to find him and fast. The bigger the pack gets, the more dangerous it is. Probably send some warriors to scout the areas close to where their destroyed base is.”

“Do that, you’re in charge of the warriors. Don’t send out our best, but please do send some men who are capable.”

Garth nodded.

Jake looked towards Neil. “Strengthen the border patrols. I want more men guarding the borders, and I want you out there with them. Those annoying f*ckers like to take revenge.”

“I heard there was no rest for the wicked, but even so...right after my return?”

“Yes, right after you return. However, if you are of help to me tonight, then I’ll send Ace or Beatrice out there for two nights in your stead.”

“And what exactly do you want my help with?”

“Let me order the omegas to bring some wine first.”

Pack business was done, now it was time for his business.

Only minutes later, two omegas filed in; one carrying the glasses and the other carrying three bottles of wine. They placed each item on the desk and then bowed their heads and walked back out. Neil drew for his chair first, and then Garth did the same.

They sat on either sides of his desk, each picking up their bottle and their glass.

“So Jake, who’s this girl I hear you making a fuss about?”

“My...” Jake paused, this was embarrassing...after acting like love was sh*t, he stepped right into it, and he knew Neil would make a big f*cking deal out of it. “She’s my mate...”

“Wait...the same mate you pledged to kill if you find?” He chuckled, pulling the stopper out of the bottle that was already screwed halfway out. “This is interesting. What do you want my help with?”

“Well, I kind of, sort of— she hates me, I treated her like crap at first because I thought I’d kill her, but I don’t want her dead anymore...instead, I want her to stop hating me.”

“And how do I come in?”

Jake pinched the bridge of his nose. This dumb f*ck really was a dumb f*ck or was he seriously just trying to get Jake to say what he was too embarrassed to? Damn it all to hell...! “I want her to like me for goddess’s sake...! She finally gave me a chance, and I don’t want to f*ck it up. Girls always like you, what the f*ck do you do?”

“Nothing...” He poured the wine in his cup, a prideful smile appearing on his lips. “My presence is just so sophisticating that women have no choice but to throw themselves at me.”

Jake glared at him. “I’m serious you f*cking baboon...help me or else you start patrol tonight.”

“Well damn, alright...I’ll help.”

J~S~ CHAPTER 27— CHANGE OF HEART

Chapter 138 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Delilah rolled over in the big bed she laid in. She couldn't sleep, he was long gone, and yet, she still was afraid to close her eyes for some reason.

She couldn't understand herself, mostly her emotions and her heart. The organ kept beating out of control; not whenever she was scared, but whenever he drew near. Her emotions were also confusing; she wasn't supposed to feel this way...not towards him.

Butterflies shouldn't swarm her stomach, her f*cking heart shouldn't flutter. This was how she used to feel when she looked at or thought of Jeo. But now the thought of him made her stomach ache...while the thought of Jake or rather the fact that he ran to her feet as soon as he thought she was in danger...it was...it moved her.

For once in her life, she'd felt really special; she didn't feel like the puny omega that nobody cared about...she actually felt like somebody. That's why she'd agreed to come back with him, it was a choice she hadn't made while she'd been sober and one she wasn't sure if she'd come to regret. But what if it really worked between them? And what if it didn't?

Could she really ever forget the things he did to her? Could she forget that he killed her baby? A baby that Jeo didn't want, but her baby nonetheless.

Pulling the pillow beside her into her arms, she sighed. She wasn't sure where things would go from here, or how it would turn out. If only mom was here to give her some advice, to help her through these conflicting emotions...

But sadly, her mother didn't have a grave nor a tree to tarry. Her soul left this world in agony, and Delilah had absolutely no way of reaching out to her. Tears filled her eyes as they aimlessly glanced around the dark room. Was this how Jake felt when he lost his mother, this excruciating pain, these everlasting and sad memories...was this how he felt?

It must've hurt more since his mother was innocent, since she killed herself, and he must've been too young to withstand the pain. An innocent child became a monster because of a cruel father. She wondered what kind of person he'd become if his mother hadn't met his father that night...but then again, would he have even been born?

Maybe it would've been different if his father never met his fated mate...that way, Delilah wouldn't have had to deal with such a broken man, or mayb~

Delilah's thoughts silenced at the sound of the front door opening. Jake's scent flooded in; liquor and the subtle scent of lychees, but somehow the bitterness had grown stronger than the sweetness...as though he'd been drinking.

The door closed, and then she could hear his footsteps, they didn't head towards the stairs, instead they continued down the hall, straight to her room door. Delilah stiffened when the knob twisted, her heartbeat skyrocketing as she quickly clamped her eyes shut.

The door creaked open; slowly, as if he was afraid to wake her up, and it closed just the same. He walked in, she couldn't see, but she heard it when he stopped right in front of the bed. It was then she started to regret her decision to feign sleep... What did he come here for? What was he going to do to her?

"I wonder if it'll work out...I don't want to let you go, but if it doesn't work out, and you choose to go, I'll have to let you." Her body tensed even more when she felt his hand touch her face, latching onto the visible side of her cheek. "I'll try my best, I will make it work. I'm already changing, I'll be who you want me to be...and one day, I'm sure I'll get you to love me as much as I love you."

Delilah's hand gripped into the sheets as her heart fluttered again, beating into madness against her chest. She tried her best not move, but her eyes squeezed even tighter when his finger ran across them. What in heaven's name was he doing?

His digit ran along the narrowness of her nose and then around the full extent of her face. "I'll show you how determined I am tomorrow."

And then he pulled his hand back, quietly retreating through the door. Delilah finally opened her eyes...what could she have possibly done to make him so docile and calm? Why was he so set on being better because of her?

He'd hated her so much before, how could he possibly love her this much now? His change of heart was perturbing, she just couldn't wrap her head around it...

Though, she was having a change of heart too...but it was only her heart that was swayed; by both the mate bond and his actions. Her mind was still conscious of what he was capable of...of whom he could be...

She was sure that side of him wasn't dead...and she still wasn't sure if she'd ever forget what it did to her.

He wanted her to love him, but she wasn't sure if she could. What a world they both lived in...they were mated, but were they really fated?

And how would she ever be able to determine if they were?

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Chapter 139 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake leant against the door jamb that led to the kitchen, watching as the omegas filled the dining table with breakfast. Everything had to be perfect. According to Neil, he had to set the atmosphere.

Flowers were something women loved...so he told them to bring a few roses in a vase and just put them wherever they looked best on the table. You see...last night, he was given the premium advice ~as Neil called it~ in steps...step one was of course to dress presentably...step two was to set the atmosphere.

He'd finished both of those steps; though, it took him more than an hour to decide on the simple pair of jeans pants and the brown shirt he wore. His hair was the same as always, but he'd used up a tremendous amount of time trying and failing to style it in the bathroom. He'd washed his face twice and even moisturized it. He was going all out today, he was getting agonizingly impatient. He'd even told the omegas to bring a bit of everything they cooked, thus why a table for two looked like a f*cking table for six.

Was he doing too much? No, this was absolutely nothing compared to what he had planned later for dinner. He had to impress her somehow, this was possibly one of the ways to do it.

Clearing his throat, he gestured towards the head omega. "Are you guys done?"

"Yes, alpha."

"You may go."

She bowed her head, ushering the other omegas out, however, before she could leave, Jake stopped her. "One second..."

She turned to look at him. "Alpha?"

"The table looks fine, doesn't it?"

"Well, it does...yes, it looks nice."

She seemed nervous, but he could bet she wasn't as nervous as him. "And what about me? How do I look?"

Her cheeks flushed, the middle-aged woman now seeming like a teenager about to do a love confession. “You look...Alpha, you look nice, you look the same as always.”

“What?!”

She jumped back, her head immediately dropping. “I’m sorry...! If I offended you in any way, I’m sorry...”

Jake pinched the bridge of his nose, fanning her off. “It’s fine, just go.”

She rushed out of the room and Jake pulled out one of the chairs from beneath the table, flopping down onto it with a heavy sigh. He looked the same as always?

Other times he didn’t give a flying, sitting or standing f*ck about his appearance, but the day he finally took the time out to look better, he looked the same?

For such disrespect, he’d have killed that omega...especially since she ruined his f*cking mood. How would he be able to complete step three now? ~The step to look and act confident...~

Should he change? No, if he went back into that damn closet, he wouldn’t stop trying on clothes until tomorrow...damn it! Maybe the clothes didn’t matter, that and the fact that he’d done ‘wonders’ to his face...all that mattered was that he tried...right?

F*ck, even he knew he was wrong...how would he look different when he looked the same? Did that even make any f*cking sense?

He needed to go change!

Getting up, he walked out of the dining room, marching towards the stairs. As soon as he climbed the first one, his body came to a sudden stop when Delilah’s door opened.

He peeked over the staircase, watching as she stepped outside...rubbing her eyes while yawning cutely. Goddess knew what she was doing when she was making Delilah, or was Delilah the real f*cking goddess here?

Her eyes glanced around her surroundings until they found him, and his eyes averted immediately. Last night, he’d gone to see her while she slept. He knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep in peace if he didn’t get the chance to behold such vast beauty. “Good morning...”

“Morning...” She responded, voice as low as a whisper and as sweet as honey...that voice that could sway any man...even the devil. All of a sudden, he forgot just why he was climbing the stairs.

Stepping down, he straightened himself and directed his eyes back at her. He had to seem confident; even if he wasn’t. “Breakfast is already on the table, you might want to come eat before it gets too cold.”

“O-Okay...” her cheeks were beautifully flushed and her hair that had been loose last night was now tied in a messy bun. “Just let me brush my teeth real quick.”

Jake nodded. “Yeah, I’ll wait for you at the table.”

He walked away first, knowing he’d showcase his nervousness if he stayed any longer. He walked into the dining room, jutting back down in his chair and resting his hand against the left side of his chest.

His heart was beating so f*cking fast...was he okay? He was sure he wasn’t.

About five minutes later, Delilah walked into the dining room, quickening the pace of his heart that had calmed down during the wait again. He gestured to the chair in front of him, and she sat on it, eyes circling the table in shock. “Why’s there so much? Will Garth and Beatrice come over?”

She acknowledged just how much food there was and not the roses in the very center of it all? Did she perhaps hate flowers? Jake wanted to kill himself! “No, I...well, I just thought it’d be nice to have a lot of food for some reason...I didn’t get to eat last night either.”

“Why not? You sent me food, but didn’t eat?”

“I was a little busy. My beta came back from his mission. He was filling me in on everything that happened. The problem I sent him to take care of seem to have turned into a bigger problem.”

“Oh...” Was her response. “I’m sorry to hear.”

“No, it’s fine...I’ll take care of it somehow.” He gestured towards the food on the table. “Let’s eat.”

He waited for her to grab her plate and share whatever she wanted in it before doing the same. It was quiet while he did so, and quiet while they ate, which probably meant it was time for step four.

Step four...give her the eyes, those eyes that will make her fall for you; the sexy eyes. One of the most important steps as Neil said, it goes along with step two ~setting the atmosphere~. He’d planned to save this move for dinner, but if it was so important, the sooner, the better, right?

He’d practiced before walking out of his room this morning, his sexy eyes were close to perfection now. Leaning forward in his chair, he rested his elbow against the table and his fist beneath his chin and just looked at her.

She was biting at the sausage on her fork, but stopped when she noticed his gaze. She gave him a weird look, as though she was heavily confused. “What are you...? Is there something in your eyes? You keep blinking...are you okay?”

Jake shook his head, rubbing his eyes in embarrassment as he leaned back in his chair. Maybe he should've practiced more and saved it for dinner...since apparently his sexy eyes made him seem as though he were going blind.

F*ck, she hurt his pride even without acknowledging it.

How would he be able to manage when it was time for the main event?

He wanted to truly feel like she was his...that mark that had turned into a scar on her neck, he wanted to replace it with his...to claim her wholly and irrevocable...

But he has to somehow make her want that too...and it was just so f*cking hard. He wished it were easier, but he was the one who'd made it hard for his own self.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 29— RAIN

Chapter 140 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

So the first four steps didn't go exactly as he planned they would, he'd expected a romantic breakfast, but all he got was a silent one. Dinner was going to be better, he promised.

Step five was to buy her things she liked...women liked flowers, but what they liked even more was clothes and jewelry...and he was going out to get her just that. In the city on the neutral lands, he could find plenty of those stuffs and more.

Gripping onto the staircase, he walked his way downstairs, meeting Delilah who stood at the bottom. He licked his lips, still feeling embarrassed about what happened a couple minutes ago in the dining room. Sexy eyes? Yeah right, he'd never do it again. "I'm going out for a while...I probably won't be back til sun down."

"Okay."

"You can, however, go wherever you want while I'm gone...I don't want you cooped up here with nothing to do. I also don't want you to feel like I lied when I told you that you still have your freedom, but please, don't cross the borders, it might be daytime, but it can get dangerous. If you need anything, you can find Garth or Neil in my office; tell them."

Delilah nodded. "Neil...?"

“Oh, he’s my beta; the one I told you about at breakfast.”

“Oh...”

“Yeah...so I guess I’ll see you...later...?”

“Yeah, later.”

Jake walked past her, pocketing his hands that wanted to reach for her. Her gaze seemed different, something about it changed, but he couldn’t tell what...

Probably it was the newfound innocence that pulled him in. The bold brown in them didn’t seem so fierce again...it was as if...as if she didn’t see him as an enemy anymore.

He opened the front door, the bright light from the sun bombarding his eyes so intensely he had to close them for a few seconds. If that was the case, then he was happy, that was what he wanted...but he wanted her to also think of him as something more, someone necessary in her life; a rock, a shoulder to lean on...he wanted her to want or rather need him.

He stepped out onto the veranda, and then turned to look at her as the door started to slowly close on its own accord. She waved at him, right before it closed completely, and somehow the act lightened his heart.

He was sure of it, tonight was the night he’d convince her. He needed to stop acting like an idiot, this needed to be taken more seriously. There was no reason for him to be nervous around her, she agreed to give him this chance and he was stupidly working towards destroying it. He’d never been timid before, not even around his father who he’d been afraid of, so why did he have to feel so small in her presence? Where did his words go whenever she looked at him? Why did he sometimes even stutter? This...it needed to stop...he was going to do better tonight...he’d already promised.

Stepping down from the veranda, he walked down the path towards the pack borders...while opening the mind link between him, Garth and Neil. ‘I’m leaving, please do keep an eye on my mate.’

‘I don’t even know how she looks, what the f*ck?’

‘Neil, she’s the prettiest woman here...you’ll know you’re looking at her when you see a goddess.’

Neil laughed. ‘Never thought I’d have to listen to you being lovesick...I’ll have to go see if she’s goddess worthy with my own eyes though.’

‘Well, she is pretty, her hair is red too.’ Garth intervened, his words making a proud smile play on Jake’s lips.

‘Even you too, Garth?’

‘No, I just...I’m just speaking based off what I see and what I~’

‘Or you’re probably just trying to butter Jake up after what you did the last time. Do you think I wouldn’t know?’

‘That’s not wha~’

‘Argue and fight without me being in the middle of it. Just do what I told you guys to, and I’ll need your help when I get back as well.’

‘But yo~’

Jake cut the link before Neil could begin his protest. He was a perfect beta, but everybody had flaws; his was his big f*cking mouth that complained whenever he was assigned a task.

Sighing, Jake continued walking until he made it to the white, whatever model car parked in the roadway between the trees. John was in the driver's seat; the only pack member Jake trusted to drive him, since he couldn’t drive himself.

He opened the door to the back seat, shuffled his way inside, and then closed it. There were cars here, but they weren’t used on a regular basis. It was more efficient and stamina building to travel in wolf form. But right now, he was going to buy a lot of things, and he needed something to carry them back in. The journey was also long, he couldn’t walk, and he wouldn’t be able to carry much in his wolf form, thus why this was his alternative.

Leaning against the door, he peered through the window as the car engine started up, all the while wondering if she’d like the things he was going to get. She probably would, after all, she only had a knapsack of clothes...getting her more would surely make her happy.

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He didn’t for one second think any of this would be easy, but when he pulled up in the city, he did not know what to buy. There were clothes everywhere and even the ugly ones looked good on her when he pictured it.

He ended up getting more than what he went there for, bags upon bags until the car trunk was full. But that wasn’t what’s hard, setting up a warm and extravagant dinner under the moonlight while Neil laughed and made fun of him had been the hardest thing to deal with.

They’d been on the meeting grounds, a place surrounded by high wooden fencing, but open to the night sky. He’d asked Neil and Garth to bring a small table for two along with chairs, and he’d situated them on the podium in the center of the meeting grounds. He also tried making the simple decorations by himself along with the two idiots he’d brought along with him, but it all turned out so sh*tty that he had to bother the head omega again.

Now though, everything was set and as the night sky reigned above, he stood by the door to the cabin with all the bags in his hand. He strained to open the door, not because the bags were heavy, but simply because they were too much.

Nevertheless, the door creaked open, and he walked inside, following her scent back towards her room. He dropped the bags in his right hand to knock, picking them back up when she opened the door. Before she could say a word, he walked in, placing everything on the floor at the feet of the bedside table.

He cleared his throat like he did every other time he was nervous and then turned to face her. “Those are...they are...” He paused for a second, shoving his hands in his pocket and jutting out his chest in order to look cool and like a f*cking fool. He gestured towards the bags with his chin, her eyes confused as she stared back at him. “Those are yours, since I went out...I thought I’d buy you some stuff, you don’t have much here anyway.”

She glanced down at the bag and then fixated her eyes back on him. “Thanks...”

“And how was it here by yourself? Did you at least go for a walk?”

“No, I...I stayed here.”

“I bet it was boring. How about I take you on a walk now?”

“That would be...” She twisted her lips from left to right as if thinking of what to say. “That would be nice.”

“Then get dressed, I’d really like to see you in whatever you think is the prettiest dress I bought.”

She looked towards the bags again, nodding. “Alright, I’ll take a shower first.”

“Yeah, do that and meet me outside on the veranda.”

He walked out of her room after that, taking a deep breath as soon as he made it to the stairs. That was good, he did good. Now it was time for him to take a quick shower too and get changed.

Rushing up the stairs, he did just that. He showered and changed into black trousers and a black button-up shirt that wasn’t buttoned all the way up. Neil told him to leave at least three buttons open to enhance seduction; in order for her to want him, he had to make her want him...

Didn’t make much sense, but whatever.

Jake walked down the stairs, but instead of heading towards her room, he headed out onto the veranda, giving her the time and the space she probably wanted.

A couple minutes later, the knob on the front door finally twisted, and the door creaked open. She stepped out onto the veranda, hands entwined in front of her. “They were all pretty, so I just closed my eyes and picked anything.”

Jake could feel the blood rushing to his cheeks, his lips fumbling as he tried to find a word to describe her. However, nothing came to mind, no word could ever describe just how magnificent she looked in that pink dress he bought her.

It hadn’t looked so pretty when he was picking it up, but now since she had it on, it was the prettiest dress he’d ever seen. It looked even better than how he’d imagined it, especially since she’d let her hair down. Goddess, if he screwed up this dinner, then it was best he offed his f*cking self! “It...you look so pretty...I don’t even know what to say.”

She smiled, a small twitch on the left side of her lips. “Thank you...should we go?”

Jake nodded. “Just let me...” He reached into his pocket, pulling out a hair clip, and then he walked towards her, sliding one side of her hair back and then inserting it. “It belonged to my mother, I thought it’d be pretty if you wore it.”

“Y-You’re giving it to me? Isn’t this just as precious as that diary?”

“It is, but you’re precious to me too.”

“No, but I...” She felt for the clip in her hair, running her fingers over it. “I guess I’ll just wear it until we get back.”

Jake tentatively reached for her hand, grabbing it and holding it in his. “Let’s go.”

She nodded with those cheeks that were flushed, her hand surprisingly closing around his too. “Okay, let’s go.”

Jake led the way, but only a couple of steps away from the house and a clap of lightening sang loudly from the sky. He looked up, just in time for a rain drop to land against his forehead...and then the rain started pouring heavily after that.

Into the rainy waters that fell against the ground he stood on, his heart sank, bleeding out until it felt as though it was destroyed. The rain...? Why was the rain falling? Why did it have to fall now? Why was thi~?

Delilah tugged at his hand, trying to pull him back towards the house. “We’ll get wet, come on.”

She dragged him back because it felt as though he couldn’t move by himself. By the time they made it back to the veranda, his clothes and hair were soaked, hers was too. She tried to pull him further inside, but he yanked his hand out of hers and sat down on the veranda steps; not looking at her but at the rain that had destroyed all his f*cking plans.

Was the goddess against this too? Because why was the rain falling when there was no sign of it since this morning? Was their relationship really doomed?

Jake looked towards Delilah when she sat down beside him. “What’s wrong? If It’s about the walk, we can just go tomorro~”

“No, I f*cked up! I’m always f*cking up when it comes to you!”

“What do you...what do you mean?”

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