

Chapter 141 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

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?”

He sighed, aggressively running his hand down his face. His frustrations were turning into anger, anger directed at himself. “It’s nothing...just go inside and change...your clothes are soaked.”

“But yours are too...”

“Delila~”

“Why won’t you tell me?” Her eyes averted, staring at her feet in the slippers that were wet and dirty, and for some reason, she seemed down too, as though her mood has completely changed. “Have you finally realized that you hate me too? That I ruined your life like I ruined theirs...you and Beatrice were fine before I came here, and I messed it up like I did everything else...are you finally realizing that I’m really nothing but bad luck and that I deserved to die out there?”

“What are you talking about?!”

“No, what are you talking about? What’s f*cked up?”

Jake bit his lips, he was embarrassed to say it, but in order to clear up her misunderstandings, he had to. “It’s...it’s nothing of that sort. It’s just that I keep messing up. I’ve been trying to do at least one thing right since breakfast this morning, but it’s all just...I ruined everything, I mean...you didn’t even get to see what I prepared for dinner, and you haven’t noticed anything I’ve done before.”

“What? Is this about the roses in the vase on the table? They weren’t there before, and that you also dressed up both this morning and now?”

“And the sexy eyes...you literally thought I was going blind.”

She turned to face him again, squinting her eyes in innocent confusion. “What sexy eyes? What are you talking about?”

“This...” Jake tilted his head down a bit, and stared at her through his lashes with slightly intimidating eyes, blinking way more times than he usually does.

“That’s not...” Delilah pursed her lips, trying to hold back the laugh that threatened to break through, but when he tilted his head to the side, looking like an evil peacock, she just had to laugh.

The laugh burst through her lips in puffs of air, and Jake looked at her; awfully confused as to why she was laughing. “What? What’s funny?”

“So there really wasn’t anything in your eyes this morning?”

“See...?” Jake sucked in a breath. “I ruin everything!”

Delilah’s laugh lasted a few seconds more before it died out. It sucked that she was laughing at him, but this was the very first time he’d seen her laugh...and after seeing it, he wished she’d laugh more; at him...at just anything. “I don’t know what sexy eyes are...but it might not be that. What does it even mean?”

Jake shrugged. “I don’t know, according to Neil...it was supposed to make me more attractive, I guess it didn’t do the trick.”

“But you...I don’t think you need it anyway.” Delilah looked up at the night sky, stretching her hand out to catch the rain. It was stupid, but she wanted to cheer him up, to probably show him that his efforts didn’t go to waste. After listening to his determined speech last night, she’d be heartless to just ignore the fact that he was trying to do something he’d never done. “You said you didn’t get to show me what you prepared, how about...how about you just show me now?”

“But it’s raining...”

“And we’re already soaked.”

“But still, I don’t want~”

Delilah poured the water that she’d caught in her hand out and stood to her feet, stretching said hand towards him. “Let’s just go, the rain won’t harm us, Quinn and I used to dance outside every time it rained when we were kids.”

The memories of those moments were sad, and yet, they were full of joy...she missed her sister, but because of a man, she’d ruined the bond they used to have. Now for that reason, her mother

was dead, her father had no recollection of her...and Quinn hated her very being. What a sad life to live, nobody really loved her anymore~

She glanced back when Jake grabbed her hand, holding on tight as he too stood to his feet. "Okay...I guess we can go then."

Except for him, nobody loved her anymore except for him. He stepped off into the rain, taking her along with him, steps urgent, and yet, they didn't break out into a run.

Delilah's hand closed around his, her heart felt a little lighter at the fact that at least one person cared; even if she was supposed to hate him. If she let go of his hand, where would she go? Who would she turn to?

She'd be left out in the dark again, searching for hope that she wouldn't be able to find...she'd just be a shell of herself...for everything inside of her would be dead.

That night when he found her, she'd made up her mind to die, she was going to take her chance at death again, since the chances she had at life were seemingly done. But he came just minutes before she built the courage and so to make it easier, she'd begged him to kill her. However, instead of doing that, he gave her the will to live a little longer...showed her that she didn't have to be alone if he was around...

And he gave her the choice to accept that and to not accept it.

He really changed, hasn't he? This didn't seem like the person who'd locked her up and belittled her to absolutely nothing...he didn't seem like the man who'd force her to drink something that would harm her baby...

He has changed...he'd done what she waited too long to do...he was a better person than she could ever be. Everybody deserved a second chance, she was dying to have one herself...so she knew how it felt to want forgiveness knowing you'll probably never be forgiven.

She wanted her mother to forgive her, but Kathrine was already dead...

She wanted her father to forgive her, but he didn't even remember what she did...

And she wanted Quinn to forgive, but to Quinn she was just like her mother; dead.

The pain she felt because of that was pain she didn't believe anyone deserved...not even him.

Gripping his hand tighter, she took the lead, running instead of walking and dragging him along with her. "Nobody walks in the rain, Jake."

He stopped, forcing her to stop too. "You'll fall, it's slippery."

"I won't...loosen up a little."

“Then be careful, please. I know the way, so I’ll run in front.”

He did just that, keeping his steps at a pace she could keep up with. It was true, the grass was slippery and the mud along the clear paths without it kept sticking to her slippers, making them heavy. Her dress too felt heavy as the rain completely drenched it...but the mate bond as well as the sparks rushing from him to her made her feet feel light.

Her eyes focused on him instead of the path ahead, watching as he looked back to check on her more times than she could count. He really cared, didn’t he? She couldn’t even lie to herself that he was faking it when he made it so obvious.

The nervous glances...

The blush that’d show up on his cheeks...

The newfound burst of life that lived in those that were once dead...

It was evident, he did want her...more than anyone ever had. Maybe he really did deserve a second chance...maybe she could trust him. The goddess didn’t make mistakes, they must’ve been bonded for a reason...no matter how awful their first meeting had been.

Who was she to go against the goddess’s plan? If this isn’t meant to be, then in the long run, there will be signs. She’d only give him this chance, if he messed up, then there won’t be a third or a fourth.

He’d only get a second chance.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 31— UNFOLDING DESIRE

Chapter 142 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Delilah’s eyes finally drifted from Jake’s back when he stopped running, and instead looked off at apparently what he’d planned for tonight.

On the low grass in front of them, red rose petals created a path that was guided by candles; white candles that the rain had violated. Rows of string lights ran across the open space, creating sufficient light for anyone to clearly see the small table up ahead.

It was where the petals and the candles led to; a table clothed by white tablecloth. The two chairs that sat beneath it were taken by two men and a large, cantilever umbrella hovered over it, sheltering both them and the table from the rain.

Delilah looked closer, realizing that one of them was Garth and the other was unfamiliar...she'd never seen him here before. Perhaps he was Neil...? The one Jake was talking about.

She glanced away from them and then at Jake who was already staring at her. He nervously scratched his head. "So this is...it. Everything is messy, it looked better an hour ago...I'm sorry."

"No..." She smiled at him, a small smile that was barely even noticeable. "It's fine, I wasn't expecting anything like this from you...I mean, nobody has ever done something like this for me before...thank you."

"It's ruined though."

"It's not...it's actually beautiful."

"Yeah...?"

She nodded, combing her wet hair back and licking the rain water from against her lips. "Yeah."

"Then I guess it was worth it. I've never done anything like this in my life, so I wasn't sure if you'd like it. I also considered that you hated roses, but then, Neil convinced me to still use the petals as decoration." He took the first step inside, still hanging onto her hand as he did so. "Oh, I forgot...nobody walks in the rain..."

And then he began running, his muddy shoes tainting the petals he'd taken his time to spread.

Delilah ran to keep up with his pace, but her heart was melting...her whole body was. The solid wall of ice she'd covered herself in was melting away, not because of the rain that dripped heavily against the top of her head...but because of him.

The fact that he'd thought this through enough to do something beyond what he'd normally do was astounding. Based on the type of person he was, she thought it'd be bland; nothing that'd seemed the least bit romantic.

But he'd exceeded her expectations, and then have the nerve to tell her that something like this was ruined? This was prettier and more thoughtful than those silly little birthday parties they'd held for her back at home.

There; at the silver moon pack, not even her eighteenth birthday was a big deal, only Quinn's was. You see, she wasn't of high ranking, so nobody but her family really cared about her birthdays. They were all held in her room with a happy birthday balloon, a cake, and gifts from her family.

Quinn's tenth, fifteenth and eighteenth birthday were held publicly on the meeting grounds...and that was probably when Delilah started to become jealous, and that jealousy grew even bigger when Quinn not only got a marvelous birthday party, but she even got to have Jeo as a birthday gift.

It tormented her for nights...but now she felt different about everything. She didn't feel jealous anymore, because someone had finally gone the extra mile for her...now she finally got to feel how Quinn did; special.

Jake led her up the steps, his feet slowing to a stop when they made it atop of the podium, right in front of the table in the rain. Garth and the unfamiliar guy, immediately stood up, leaving the chairs vacant. "I thought you guys were gone, and where did you get this?"

"The umbrella?" Garth asked and Jake nodded. "The head omega brought it back just before the rain hit. She said something about her being sorry and that she now understood why you got angry at her. She also said that the umbrella was used on picnic dates she had with her mate...as if anybody gives a f*ck."

"Ah...I should thank her tomorrow then."

"That's surprising..." Neil interjected. "I guess you were being serious all along. A goddess indeed. We made a bet, I was sure you were going to chicken out, you've always been a coward when it came to opening up to other people...even with Beatrice. But I lost the bet, because it seems you're not so scared anymore. You've changed, Jake...and now because of that, I'll have to give Garth more than half of the reward I got from the mission I risked my f*cking life for. That isn't so fair, is it?"

"Fair or not, it's not my fault...is that why you guys were here? Sitting out in the cold just to see if I'll come or not...? If so, leave already."

"We're leaving...just one second." Neil stepped towards Delilah, stretching out a hand, which Delilah hesitantly took. She assessed his face, from the slightly damped auburn hair on his head to every little feature on his face. His brown eyes reminded her of her father's for some reason, and his button nose went well with his chiseled jaws and his plump, pink lips. He was handsome, all three men beside her were. "Nice to meet you, I hope you'll be a good luna to this pack...but mostly to him."

And then he let go of her, throwing an arm over Garth's shoulder. "Let's go now."

Delilah watched as they went, taking a seat on one of the chairs as soon as she deemed them far enough. "Was that Neil?"

Jake nodded, him too sitting down beneath the shadow of the umbrella. "Yeah, don't mind him...he has always been a troublemaker."

"No, he's fine."

“So are you ready to go back now? I’d planned dinner, but there’s nobody to actually serve us in the rain. It’s getting pretty cold too, I know omegas are more prone to sickness.”

“No...” Delilah hugged around herself, it was true. She’d caught flu and sometimes fever on multiply occasions from playing in the rain with Quinn...and right now, it was undeniably cold, but she wasn’t ready to leave yet. All of this would be gone tomorrow...she wanted to feel special for at least a couple more minutes. “I don’t want to, I’m not ready.”

“You’re trembling, Delilah.”

“I’m not.”

“Why are you always so stubborn? I know you’re cold, Delilah.” She turned away from him, looking at the petals on the ground instead, and Jake sighed. “Then at least come sit with me...come here, it might be just a tad bit warmer.”

Delilah squinted towards him when he tapped his thighs. Was he...telling her to sit there?

Her cheeks flared, her little hands balling in her lap as she held her head down. “I don’t...” She paused, knowing if she said it, then it would be a lie. If she was going to give him a second chance, then it made no sense to push him away. So she stood up, tentatively walking over to where he sat. “Okay.”

She turned her back towards him, slowly sitting down against the very edge of his lap, and immediately after, his arms caged her, pulling her flat against his chest. He inhaled against her shoulder; sucking up her scent in a very deep breath. “Why don’t you want to leave?”

“I told you...nobody has ever done this for me.”

“I can do it another time...anytime you want me to.”

“Yeah, but it’ll feel different...it won’t be surprising, because then, I’d be the one who asked you to do it.”

“Then you won’t have to ask me.”

Delilah didn’t respond, she didn’t know what to say, but she could feel herself relaxing in his arms, melting away even more. His skin was cold too, but wherever his arms hovered, she could feel a dwelling warmth triggered by the sparks that flew from his touch beneath her skin.

She could barely believe she’d once been afraid of this person, because now, she was close enough, and yet she wanted to get even closer.

Shuffling back against him, she laid her head back on his chest...listening to the rain beating against the floor and her heart beating against its cage. No, it wasn’t just hers, she could hear his

too, pumping out of control, pumping fast and unsteadily. He hugged her tighter. "I want to kiss you so bad."

His voice was low and deep, lighting a fire within her, one that the rain water splashing against her feet couldn't extinguish. "You don't..." She licked her lips, making sure that they weren't dry. "You don't have to ask anymore."

"No, I want you to want me to...do you?"

Delilah clasped her hands; anxious and nervous. Did she want him to? Those plump, red lips...did she want them on hers? "I don't...know."

Jake's arms fell from around her, depriving her of the comfort she'd felt before. "Turn around...face me."

She was reluctant, but she did so slowly. His hand reached for her cheek when she settled down on his thighs again. "You can say no...I just want you to tell me the truth."

Delilah's eyes glanced down towards his lips, remembering how soft and moist they were...and how perfectly they'd fitted against hers...how fruity and sweet they'd tasted. She knew it, didn't she? She knew she wanted him to kiss her...even fiercer than he did the last time. "Y-Yes..." she whispered out.

"What?" Jake asked her, his eyes following hers and his hand on her cheek, holding her face in his direction when she tried to look away. "What did you say?"

"Yes..." She repeated. "I want y-you to."

Jake didn't respond, he instantly claimed her lips instead, doing as she wished; kissing her fierce and deep. The sparks she felt multiplied, and the fire within her spread...blazing higher and higher by the second. She gripped into his shoulders, sliding closer as she kissed back.

His tongue slithered into her mouth, skillfully and passionately searching the entirety of it. When he pulled away, she was breathless and heated...panting hard while staring at him.

"This strong and immense scent coming from you is one I've never had the honor of smelling, and that's because I never had the decency to actually get you aroused. The fact that you are now spikes my pride...at least give me the honor of taking care of you tonight. I won't touch you without your consent...never again. It's only if you want me to."

Delilah hid her face against him in embarrassment. What was wrong with her? Why was she...wet? The kiss was intense, but this was just...embarrassing. "I-I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded.

“Let’s head back, then. We can’t stay like this any longer, it’s becoming awfully torturous.”

“What do you~?” She was going to ask what he meant, but stopped when she realized just what he was talking about. His scent was becoming dense too and the stronger it got, the higher the heat within her became. She wanted him to kiss her again, she was dying for him to do it...

His arms had felt so secure around her; his touch did not scare her anymore. All the harm it had once caused her now settled at the back of her, and lust flooded to the forefront. She wanted him to tightly wrap his arms around her again, she wanted him to...

This was getting dangerous, she needed to get away from him, but she couldn’t find the strength to. The mate bond had grown bigger than her now, overcoming her reluctance and enhancing her desires. It was stupid, but she wanted him to do more than just hold her...

This man whom she’d cripplingly hated, she wanted him to touch her; in the most intimate way possible. She could picture those lips against her skin, those hands against her body...and it was driving her crazy.

“Delilah...?”

“I’m not okay...” She raised her head to look at him; giving up, giving in... “Take care of me.”

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J~S~ CHAPTER 32— NOT TOO FAR

Chapter 143 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“I’m not okay...” She raised her head to look at him; giving up, giving in. “Take care of me.”

Her breathless words surprised him, the desperation in them was the same desperation he felt; a need that only involved her. Her scent was mesmerizing; like a hypnotic spell, it compelled him; drowning him in the most graceful way possible. He wanted her...f*ck, he wanted her so bad.

“Say that again, I want to make sure I heard that right. I don’t want to do something that’ll f*ck with the progress of our relationship, so please say it again.”

She bit her bottom lip, the motion flipping the switch in his head, loosening a lot of screws. “I said that...you heard me, I know you did.”

“I never said I didn’t...I want to make sure you’re aware of your words too and not just caught up in a moment you’ll regret.”

“I know what I said.”

“Then why can’t you say it again?”

“That’s...well, that’s...” She removed her hands from his shoulders and then slid his hand away from her cheek. “Let’s just go.”

She attempted to get off him, but he grabbed her waist, pulling her back down. “Delilah just...I’m desperate here...”

“Take care of me, that...that’s what I said.”

“And you won’t regret it?”

“N-No, but even if I do, I won’t blame you.”

“Okay...” Jake kept his eyes on her as his hands slowly drifted down her hips and to the hem of the dress that rested against her thighs. A shiver wracked through her body as he pushed it higher, revealing even more of her flawless skin. She seemed nervous and yet anxious at the same time, while he was...confused.

He wasn’t sure if she was ready for this...he knew he was...but something like this shouldn’t be one-sided. He didn’t want to be the only one that wanted her, he wanted her to want him too...however, his patience was getting too thin, he couldn’t stop.

This moment had been playing in his head for a while now...he’d dreamt of it last night; his hands roaming her skin...freely and unwaveringly...

He’d dreamt of grasping her lips with his...his eyes drifted down to stare at them, the small, heart-shaped flesh that his lips could easily cover.

He’d dreamt of engraving his mark on her neck...his eyes focused on the slenderness of her throat, specifically at the scar Jeovanni had left there. He wanted to erase it, to replace it with his...but again, he knew she wasn’t ready...

He’d dreamt of exploring her wholly...he’d dreamt of her hard nipples against his tongue, in his mouth. His eyes drifted to her chest, wishing he could see all that was beyond her dress...but the thin patience he had left along with the one string of control was what stopped him from ripping the garment.

His hands made it to the apex of her thighs, and he could hear the harsh breath that left her lips...it wasn’t surprising that he wished it were his name. “I won’t go too far, I promise. I know you’re not ready yet.”

She didn't respond, but she didn't break the eye contact between them as his fingers slid the crotch of her wet panty aside. Her breaths exhilarated, and her lips quivered in what seemed to be anticipation.

Jake glanced down between her thighs...this felt like their first time, even though it wasn't. It was far from it, he already knew what her p*ssy looked like; how pink and pretty it was, how good it felt wrapped around his c*ck, and he honestly wished he didn't.

There was no excuse for what he'd done, no way to erase it or take it back...no matter how much he wanted to. He just had to live his whole life regretting it; desperately trying to make up for it.

His fingers glided between her folds, feeling the wetness that immediately stained them; a wetness too thick to be because of the rain...a wetness he suddenly wanted to taste.

A breathy moan left her lips when his fingers slowly started to circle her clit, and his eyes met hers again, wanting to see if the lust was mutual between them. He also wanted to see every bit of emotion that made itself present on her face. He wanted to know how she looked when she felt pleasure and not pain...he wanted to familiarize himself with this side of her beauty. "I never thought you'd be this wet; for me at least."

"I'm...this is...I just..."

"You don't have to explain yourself, something like this is inevitable, and yet just knowing you want me too...even just the slightest bit, makes me so f*cking hard. You feel it too, don't you? The desperation I feel...just how much and how long I've wanted this." His fingers slipped beneath her clit and to the entrance he knew led to heaven...for only heaven was pretty enough to come close to it. "I'll make you feel good, I'll make you want me even more. Every day, then every hour...I'll make sure just a touch gets you excited and wet...I'll make sure you know that you belong to me, every part of you; including here."

One of his fingers probed into her and her walls caved around it immediately; tight and warm...a place his c*ck wanted to be. She whimpered, the sound tugging at his string of control, clawing away at his resilience. Was this craving he felt humanely possible? Could somebody really want another this much?

He'd never been one to really care about a woman's pleasure, but he cared about hers. The sinful things running through his head were definitely coming from the devil.

Goddess, he was hungry...starving to get a taste of her...he just...he just didn't know how f*cking far he could go. However, he wanted to go just a bit further, to do something he'd never ever thought of doing to another woman. The hunger he felt, he wanted to satiate it and for the love of god, he would...

Pulling the finger out, he brought it to his lips, swiping it against his tongue. The juice was sweet, much like he thought it'd be. His hands slid beneath her bum, holding her firmly as he got up and laid her down against the table.

She gasped, straining to look up at him. “What are you doing?”

Jake grabbed her thighs, spreading them. “I’m sorry...this might be a bit too much, but please...” He reached for the waistband of her drawers. “I never planned to take it this far, but holding back is much harder than I thought. Food is what should be served on a table, but why is that you look more perfect laying there? Why is that I want to f*cking taste you?”

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J~S~ CHAPTER 33— WANT TO SEE

Chapter 144 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

He reached for the waistband of her drawers. “I never planned to take it this far, but holding back is much harder than I thought. Food is what should be served on a table, but why is that you look more perfect laying there? Why is that I want to f*cking taste you?”

Delilah’s eyes widened at his words, his voice was deep, deeper than it’d ever been, and his eyes looked so different too; lost in the throes of lust, out of control.

That should’ve been alarming, but it somehow it made her clit convulse in the same lust he was lost in. Her head hung over the table as he slipped her panties off. She felt colder now; bare, and a little self-conscious in front of him.

She’d close her legs, but she didn’t want to do that...her nakedness made her self-conscious, but the fact that he was looking turned her on even more. She was...something was definitely wrong with her.

Even after Jeovanni marked her, she’d never felt this sexually attracted to him, was this what intimacy felt like between mates? When it was consensual...when they both wanted it...

“Jake you...this is...” Her breath hitched when she felt him kiss the inner-section of her thigh.

“Hmm...?” He answered as he kissed even lower. “You don’t want me to? If that’s the case, tell me to stop...I’ll try my best to...no, I definitely will stop.”

Delilah pursed her lips, using her silence to give him approval, and Jake seem to be aware of it. His hands grabbed ahold of her thighs, pulling her towards his end of the table and giving her head a place to lay. “Well, if that’s your answer...”

By now, she could feel his hot breath against her as he spoke, fanning her folds and the bud between them...and then she felt it...his hot tongue physically tasting her like he wanted to.

He lapped from her entrance to her clit, tongue flittering over the sensitive flesh before he took it into his mouth. The lips she'd pursed pulled apart as she uncontrollably moaned out his name, the sound audible, just above the rain...and she knew he heard it.

This experience was new to her...she'd only slept with two persons since she became of age, and Jeo ~her first~ didn't care enough about her pleasure to do anything like this to her...and before now, Jake...Jake had been a beast, a monster who'd only care about himself.

His touch had made her sick back then, his scent too...but right now, his scent and his touch were feeding life into her. The way his lips moved as well as the sinful way in which his tongue played with her...it was as if he really was hungry; for her...

He was eating her up as though she were his dinner, and it felt so good. She could feel as the heat within her rose to a higher point, burning her up in the most satisfying way possible. Her moans were unruly, spilling off her tongue, no matter how much she tried to hold them in...and her legs...they were shaking; trembling against his hold on them.

Her nipples were hard, thirsty for his touch...and her toes curled every time his tongue circled her entrance. This felt surreal, the sparks she felt were definitely out of this world, and the pleasure his lips granted her traveled from her p*ssy straight to her brain. It was driving her crazy...

Her hands gripped at the sides of the table when his teeth loosely grasped her clit, gently pulling it back into his mouth...and that was...it made her stomach twist in satisfaction she'd never felt before. "J-Jake...f*ck..."

He didn't stop to answer her, no matter how many times she cried his name, he continued to pleasure her relentlessly until she was arched off the table, shaking like a leaf. His name flooded off her tongue and slick down her walls as she breached the peak of ecstasy, flying high on cloud nine...and only when she came down, he pulled back.

He lifted his head from between her thighs, looking down at her breathless form, and a prideful smile graced his lips as he licked them. "Pretty..." He complimented. "Did it feel good?"

"I...it felt..." Before she could gather herself enough to answer him, she felt two of his fingers probing against her entrance. "It must've felt good, you came so beautifully. However, I want you to come again, but this time, I want to be able to see your face while I bring you over the edge."

Delilah's lips slid between her teeth as he forced his fingers into her, the feel of them gliding against her walls felt so new and unfamiliar for some reason. She felt oversensitive too, she just came, and yet, he was...he was tantalizing her again. "Jake please...I~"

“Can you do that for me, Delilah?”

At the sound of his voice and the words he’d said, more slick pooled down her walls, soaking his fingers, dripping down them.

“Hmm...?” He rammed them deeper, and the sudden motion had her crying out words that were incoherent. “Talk to me...I don’t understand.”

When he spread his fingers, using them to stretch her walls, her shaking legs drifted shut, her head sliding back against the table. It felt so f*cking good...! “F*ck...f*ck...goddess!” She reopened her legs just enough to grab at his hand with both of hers, barely able to breathe.

“Please...this is t-too good...I c-can’t...”

Jake tilted his head, staring down at her with those eyes that held no mercy. He sighed, gesturing towards her quivering form. “Come here...kiss me.”

Delilah pushed herself off the table as she sat up, still holding tight to his hand to stop it from moving. Her cheeks were flushed and her vision of him was a bit blurry due to the waters of pleasure that had filled them.

She searched for his lips, then leant towards them, kissing him slowly. He kissed back, free hand grasping the back of her head as he deepened the kiss and fastened its pace.

And then he pulled back and looked at her with mind-numbing desire bright in his dark eyes. “Are you ready to let me go now? I want to make you feel good again...I want to make you feel pleasure that nobody else has and can give to you. Please...? Just one more time, can I make you come for me one more time tonight.”

The fact that his fingers were already inside of her, and he was still asking for permission was just...hadn’t she already given it to him?

And the fact that he cared so much about her pleasure had her becoming curious about his. She knew he was hard, she’d felt it back when she was sitting in his lap; the blatant bulge that had been pressing against her bum...

So why...why was his main focus only on her?

“Delilah...?”

Delilah swallowed, her head falling against his chest as she slowly nodded in approval to his previous question. “Yeah, but Jake...? What ab-about you? D-Don’t you want to feel good too?”

“Don’t mind me, we’re going at your pace.”

“I might be selfish, but not to that extent.” She raised her head to look up at him. “I kind of want to see it, too.”

“See what?”

“Your face while you’re being pushed over the edge.”

His eyes widened a bit, her words must’ve taken him by surprise. “Why would you...? That’s...” He took a deep breath, as though he was trying to calm himself down. “Do whatever you want, I belong to you anyway...so if you want to see it, you can.”

Delilah finally let go of his hand that was nestled between her thighs, and hers started to shake as she reached for the button on his pants. She opened it clumsily, then tugged the zip down...all the while staring at his face that was a blazing red.

The animalistic look in his eyes was gone, and now a certain awareness replaced it; a look that showcased his desperation as well as his reluctance to push her too far. He was holding back...for her, an alpha was trying to keep himself and his desires under control; for her...

And somehow, she found that admirable.

Slowly, her shaking hand dipped into his underwear, gripping his c*ck. It was indeed hard...and wet; as though it’d already spilled pre-cum. A groan left his lips right before he bit them, the sound making Delilah squirm against his unmoving finger.

She took his c*ck out, and it felt so heavy in her hands...so big and lengthy. “Together...?” She asked him. “Why don’t we do it together?”

Jake didn’t answer, instead he planted his lips against hers, kissing her just as he started to move his fingers again. His strokes were slow and bold, and Delilah pulled away from the kiss, to breathe...to moan.

His forehead stayed against her, so she could feel as he nodded his head. “Together.” He finally answered her.

Despite being buried deep in pleasure herself, Delilah gripped his c*ck tighter, stroking it in sync with his thrusts...

That night, they’d both been too lost to know when exactly the rain stopped falling. But after pushing each other to the edge and drinking in their reaction to it, they’d opened their eyes to everything they were closed to, and not just each other.

And then, they’d walked back along the rosy path he created hand in hand, both acknowledging and accepting the big step they’d taken towards each other.

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J~S~ CHAPTER 34— WHAT WAS SHE LIKE?

Chapter 145 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake opened the front door, leading the way inside. He couldn't tell how he felt, but his heart hadn't calmed down yet, and the butterflies flying around in his stomach were still there.

It seemed not everything had gone completely wrong because what just happened was definitely right...it felt right. All the pieces that had gone missing had fallen back into place...and the sadness and the disappointment ~in himself~ he'd felt was now what was missing.

He walked down the hall, glancing back at Delilah. The taste of her still lingered on his lips, and there was this greed within him that hungered for more. He could vastly remember the high-pitched sound of her voice as she moaned his name, and the great amount of pride he'd felt. The memories were fresh and haunting, tampering with his desires, provoking them.

He wanted to latch onto her thighs again and pleasure her until her legs shook like they'd done just now. Next time he wanted to go further; no boundaries, no limitations...he wanted to go all the way. He'd make love to her in the most caring way possible, and then he'd do it all over again.

Just thinking about it made him giddy. Perhaps she'd scream his name louder...perhaps she'd hang on to him tighter...perhaps she'd want him m~

"We're here..." Her hand gripped his tighter, pulling him to a stop right in front of her door.

"Oh..." Jake ran his hand down his face, as if the act could rub away all the dirty thoughts that had been running through his head. "You'll have to change your clothes and dry your hair...if you get sick, I'll feel guilty. We only went out in the rain because of me."

"You told me not to...I mean, if I get sick, then it'll be my fault, I wanted to go."

"Still, you wouldn't have been so adamant to go if I didn't tell you about dinner...and we didn't even get to eat." He sighed. "It's pretty late now, and it was raining...the omegas must be sleeping...and it would be kind of selfish to wake them up."

"I can cook...my mother started teaching me to cook since I turned fifteen. I'm nineteen now, so it's been four years. Is there anything in the kitchen?"

"There is...I kind of filled it with food the day after you left. I was miserable, but then I remembered you told me that you preferred cooking for yourself. So I did that, just in case you came back...no, I did that to build my faith, I knew you wouldn't come back, but I wanted to

believe you would.” Jake confessed. He still wasn’t used to saying stuff like that, so whenever he did...he felt vulnerable; so open to her watching eyes.

She scratched the left side of her face, just before she started voicing her response. “I wasn’t going to come back, I didn’t want to...but then I felt so much relief when you came for me...when you actually still wanted me. I felt like I had no one to turn to...but you gave me a shoulder to cry on...and suddenly, I wanted to live a little longer.”

“Then, you’ll be living a while longer, because I won’t ever stop wanting you. I know, because I’ve never wanted anyone this much before. I’ve done a lot of wrong, but I’ve never been sorry enough to want forgiveness this much.” Jake took a deep breath, his hand gripping tighter to hers. “Delilah, I don’t want you to hate me anymore. I really want to be someone you know you can depend on, someone you can trust, and then at least one day...you can love me too.”

Her eyes averted away from him, and she nodded her head. “Hopefully, that day is near.”

“Yeah, hopefully.” He let go of her hand and then gestured towards the door behind her. “Put on something warm...please don’t get sick.”

“Okay...” She turned away from him and towards the door, opening it and glancing at him one last time before stepping inside and closing the door behind her.

Jake retreated as soon as the door closed, walking back down the hall and then upstairs to his room. He changed his clothes, putting on a simple black shirt along with his gray sweatpants. He then grabbed the blow-dryer off the dresser before heading back downstairs.

He returned to Delilah’s room, knocking twice and then waiting for a response. It only took her seconds to open the door, hanging onto to a hand towel that was buried in her hair. Her clothes were changed, she was wearing the red pajama set he’d bought her, and a small smile graced his lips at that. At least she listened well. “Yeah...?”

“I thought you’d want this.” He stretched the hairdryer out to her, but when she reluctantly grabbed it, he didn’t let go. “You wouldn’t mind if I dried your hair for you, right?”

“That’s...” She pulled her hand back and shook her head, opening the door a little wider. “No...”

Jake walked past her on his way inside, taking a seat on the edge of the bed. He wanted to spend as much time with her as he possibly could...this was one way to do it. “Come here.”

She closed the door and approached him. “I’ll sit on the floor, the angle will be better.”

Before she could sit, he grabbed a cushion from the bed and handed it to her. “Here...take this.”

She took it, dropping it to the floor and then sitting down on it. Jake stretched across to the side of the bed, plugging the dryer in before turning it on.

He then started drying her hair and silence reigned between them until Delilah broke it. “You know, mom used to do this for me all the time...she knew I wasn’t patient enough to properly dry my hair, and she’d complain about it a lot.” She chuckled. “I used to think it was annoying, but now, I kind of wish I heard her complain one last time before she died.”

Jake stayed silent for a while, her voice sounded so sad, and he didn’t know what to say in order to comfort her...so he proceeded to ask a question instead. “What else did she complain about?”

“Not much, but she’d always tell me to eat more, and I couldn’t be sad around her. She hated it whenever I held my head down...whenever I thought less of myself.”

“Yeah...?”

“Yeah, she cared so much about me that she didn’t seem to care about anybody else. She didn’t want me to feel the same way she did while growing up, you see. My grandparents were both betas, and they despised her for being born as an omega. She was constantly looked down on, and now I know it must’ve been way harder than she told me it was because she had a twin sister who was a beta...Quinn’s mother.”

“I’m sure they favored the beta. It’s a normal thing done in all packs...that’s how it is.”

“And she wanted to change that. She didn’t want me growing up and thinking that because I was born an omega, I’m beneath Quinn. She wanted me to feel just as important, so when everybody else favored Quinn, she favored me.”

“It must’ve been nice having a mother like her. She’s so considerate, she did her best to make you happy.”

“She did, and I miss her...I miss dad too.”

“You can talk to her, she loved you so much...where else would she go but in your heart?”

She laughed, the sound making Jake’s heart flutter. “You’re probably right, the Kathrine I know would never leave me behind.”

Jake turned off the blow-dryer. “It’s dry, I think.”

Delilah got up, and then she pointed at the cushion on the floor. “Now it’s your turn.”

“I can...well, I can do it by myself.”

“I could too, but I still agreed when you offered, didn’t I?”

She took the hairdryer from his hand and he slowly slid off the bed and onto the floor. “Yeah.”

Delilah took a seat behind him on the bed, tilting his head to the side until it was resting against her thigh. She turned the dryer on, running her soft fingers through his hair. “I told you about my mom...what was yours like?”

Jake melted against her, closing his eyes to focus on the memories he had of his mother. “If I remember right, then she was...”

He spoke about his mom, and continued to even when the dryer was turned off. He felt so calm and comfortable that he fell asleep against her...this peace was one he'd never felt before.

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Delilah placed the dryer down against the bed. Tapping his shoulder. “I think I'll go cook now.”

When she got no response, she craned her neck in order to see his face, and it was then she realized that he was asleep. She didn't want to wake him, and there was no way to lift him either, so she took her time laying him down onto the mat, placing the pillow he'd been sitting on beneath his head.

She knelt in front of his sleeping form. He looked so innocent and peaceful; like a baby. It was surprising what trauma could do to a person, how it could change them. He wasn't at all the person he'd portrayed at heart, he was better...way better.

Every villain had a story...but what exactly was hers? Her story wasn't made up by pain, it was built by jealousy...her story was pathetic compared to his.

Pulling the blanket he'd given her when she came here off the bed, she used it to cover him. She'd cook dinner first, and then she'd wake him up so he could eat. However, just as she was ready to leave...she heard his calm breaths exhilarate and the peaceful look on his face vanished. “Wake up, mom...” he grumbled out. “Please...”

Was he...having a nightmare? Her eyes widened as she reached for his shoulder, trying to shake him awake, but instead of waking up, he pulled her towards him, and she fell against his chest.

His arms wrapped around her almost instantly and his breaths calmed as he whispered her name. “Delilah...”

J~S~ CHAPTER 35— SUDDEN REALIZATION

Chapter 146 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake woke up somewhere he least expected himself to be; on the floor in Delilah's room, hanging tight onto her. He remembered he'd been here last night, but he couldn't tell exactly when he fell asleep and how Delilah ended up in his arms.

She was fast asleep; facing him, and he couldn't help but notice that even in her sleep she looked like the goddess she was. Every feature was carved with nothing but perfection, and she endorsed every single one of them.

It was still surprising that this flawless woman belonged to him. He'd never really opened up to anyone like he did to her last night. He told her about the relationship he had with his mother, as well as how hopeless he'd felt when she died.

And she'd listened patiently and responded kindly. He could've never predicted that opening up about the memories that haunted him could make him feel so relieved. His heart felt lighter for some reason, but then again, every second he spent with Delilah made him feel like a feather floating above ground.

And that was exactly how he felt now...

Her presence alone could calm him down, and her fingers soothingly running through his hair last night had granted him too much comfort.

That must've been why he fell asleep and right now, he was tempted to pull her closer and sleep some more, but he'd rather give in to the temptation of watching her sleep. Her breaths were so soft and steady...he couldn't stop saying it, and he wouldn't; she was f*cking beautiful.

Balancing himself up on his elbow, he loosened his grip around her waist and stretched his now free hand towards her face. However, his hand froze when her eyes blinked open and focused on him. "Are you going to do the same thing you did that night? Touching someone's face while they sleep is creepy if you ask me."

Jake pulled back his hand quickly. "You weren't sleeping?"

"Then or now?"

"Both..."

"No, I wasn't."

"F*ck..."

Delilah chuckled softly, sitting up. "I had to sleep on the floor because you wouldn't let me go, I didn't even get to cook."

"I'm sorry."

“There’s no need to be, you were sleeping. I’ll just cook something now.”

“What are you going to cook?”

“That depends on what’s in the kitchen.” She stretched her arms, and then stood to her feet. “So what’s in the kitchen?”

“I’m not entirely sure, but there is meat in the fridge...eggs too. In the cabinet, there’s rice and a bunch of other stuffs...you’d have to check and see if it contains anything you want. If not, tell me what you’re looking for, and I’ll get somebody to bring it.”

“Okay, I’m gonna brush my teeth and wash up before heading to the kitchen...wait for me.”

Jake nodded, watching as she walked into the bathroom attached to her room before standing to his feet. He exited through the door and into the hall, and then made his way upstairs to the other existing bathroom.

He did the same as she said she would; he washed up, brushed his teeth, got dressed and then went downstairs to wait for her in the kitchen. Just a few minutes and she walked through the kitchen door, the soft smell of the coconut odored soap she used dwelling along with her majestic scent.

He eased off the counter he was leant against. “So what do you want?”

Delilah shrugged, walking over to the fridge, opening the refrigerator and taking out the tray of eggs that had been sitting in the corner. She then placed it on the counter and proceeded to scan the fridge a while longer. A bottle of milk was placed on the counter next before she closed the fridge, approaching the cupboards above his head.

He moved to give her the space to search, watching intently at what she took out. He couldn’t cook to save his life, it was probably a blessing that she could.

She ended her search with a sealed bag of flour, baking powder, salt, sugar, a bowl and the bottle of oil. “I’ll cook something simple.” She suddenly told him.

“What?”

“Pancakes and eggs. There’s no syrup here...you might want to get some.”

“Okay...” Jake opened the mind link between him and the head omega. “Just that?”

“Some sausages would be nice too.”

“Alright...” He mind linked the head omega, informing her of what he needed. He still hadn’t thanked her for last night...he didn’t have to; she was below him, but somehow, he wanted to.

After hearing what Delilah went through for being an omega and how insecure it made her...he didn't want to treat the omegas bad anymore...

Not when he was irreversibly in-love with one of them...

His eyes dwelled on her as she poured a cup and a half of flour in the bowl. She was so focused that she didn't even notice his stare, two spoons of sugar went in next and then the baking powder and salt...

It was after she poured in the milk that she turned and rose an eyebrow at him. "What...?" She asked.

Jake leaned against the counter, mirroring her confused face expression. "What?"

"You were looking at me...in a weird way."

"I was, huh?"

"Yeah..." She cracked an egg, pouring its contents into the bowl. "Pass me the mixer."

Jake opened the drawers beneath the counter one by one until he found it, passing it to her. She gave it a rinse under the pipe before starting to mix what she had in the bowl.

Jake continued to stare at her, not looking away even when she stopped mixing and squinted at him. "Stop..." She begged, those luscious lips forming into a frown.

"Stop what?"

"Just stop...I know you're hungry, but stop looking at me like I'm food. You did the same thing last night."

Jake laughed. "Why should I stop though?"

"You're making me nervous...I don't even feel confident in my cooking anymore."

"I'm just looking because I don't know how to cook...maybe I can learn a thing or two from you."

"That would sound more believable if you were looking at what I'm doing and not at me."

"I'm looking at what you're doing and at you...I want to learn more about you too."

"Don't you know enough? I mean, you even watch me sleep from time to time...creepy."

“I don’t think I could ever know enough about you...and please stop calling me a creep. Watching you sleep really might be creepy, but I’m not a creep.” He ran his hand down his face. “I bet that doesn’t even sound believable.”

Delilah scoffed playfully. “It doesn’t, but I’ll believe you...I almost gave into the temptation of doing the same thing this morn~” Both Jake and Delilah turned to the door when someone knocked.

“That must be the head omega...I’ll get it.” He walked out of the kitchen and to the front door, opening it and facing the woman. She was wearing a blue dress, her black hair covered by a white hair net.

Her head bowed in greeting as soon as she saw him, a small smile chasing her lips. “Good morning, alpha.”

“Morning...” He responded. “Did you get what I asked for?”

“I did...” She stretched a small plastic bag out to him. “Here...”

Jake took it and when she turned to walk away, he stopped her. “Thanks...for yesterday and for now.”

“You’re welcome. You’ve never really told me thanks before, it’s refreshing to hear...” She smiled. He knew she was smiling even though her back was turned to him. He could hear it in her voice. “You’ve changed alpha; for the better. Loilitha would probably be proud to see you now...I’ll bring roses next week.”

And then she proceeded to walk away.

Jake tilted his head at her retreating form, gripping the bag tighter in his hand. Would she really? The head omega knew his mother well, she was younger back then, but she used to deliver food and clothes to Loilitha...and every year, she’d leave flowers at her graveside.

The fact that she respected his mother even after death was why he updated her status to head omega...but even if she knew his mother well, how would she know that Loilitha would ever be proud of a disappointment like him?

Closing the door, he walked back into the kitchen...he knew she wasn’t proud, but he hoped she didn’t hate him for the cruel person he’d become.

He placed the bag on the counter, close to where Delilah stood. “Here’s what you asked for.”

“Thanks...”

“Say, Delilah...” He looked towards the frying pan she had on the stove. “Would you like to...? No, never mind, it’s fine.”

“Okay...” She looked at him weirdly before turning towards the stove.

He couldn't believe it...he'd been so set on being happy that he forgot about why he was sad. Next week was his mother's death anniversary and for the first time in his life, he remembered absolutely nothing about it.

What was wrong with him?

Suddenly, the lightness he'd felt disappeared and a heavy feeling invaded his heart. It was almost time, almost time for him to relive the atrocities of that night.

He'd been so far-flung and deep in thought that Delilah's calls went unheard until she touched his shoulder. He flinched back, looking down at her with eyes that seemed almost frightened. “Yes?”

“I'm almost done, you can wait in the dining room, I'll bring the food to you.”

He nodded, walking out of the kitchen and into the dining room where he took a seat around the table. His fingers anxiously tapped the wooden surface covered by a white tablecloth until Delilah walked in with two plates of food in hand.

She placed one in front of him and then took a seat across from him around the table. He thanked her for the food, and she looked at him expectantly with a bright smile. “Taste it...”

He reluctantly took up the fork, cutting into the pancake riddled with syrup on his plate, and then bringing it to his lips. He chewed, then swallowed, and then nodded in approval towards her. “I knew it would taste good, but it's better than I ever thought it'd be.”

Her smile grew, becoming prideful. “I'm glad.”

But she shouldn't be...he was sure the food really did taste good, but right now, he couldn't taste anything except for the bitterness oozing from his heart.

J~S~ CHAPTER 36— TAKE IT OUT

Chapter 147 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Something was happening and Delilah wasn't sure what it was. Jake was starting to become distant...he wasn't the adamant man trying to persuade her to love him anymore.

Most times he'd stare off into space instead of looking at her. He also preferred to sit in silence rather than starting up a conversation with her, and he stayed out way more than he stayed in.

She was confused...how could his personality towards her change so drastically in the span of four days? She tried talking to him, she'd even stepped out of her shell enough to walk to his office with dinner...and though he'd thanked her, though he'd smiled...he still seemed distant...

Too far away to notice that his actions were bothering her. Sometimes she felt as though she'd done something wrong...but every time she tried to figure out what, she only became more confused.

Did she say something bad the night she blow-dried his hair? Or perhaps it was in the morning...? What exactly could she have done to make him not want her anymore?

Delilah gripped the fork in her hand tighter as she turned the chicken she was frying on its other side. She wasn't even sure why she was cooking when she knew he wasn't going to come home tonight.

Last night...he didn't come...

This was starting to feel like a repeat of what Jeo had done to her. He'd been all over her for a week; he told her he loved her and promised to stick by her, and yet she'd caught him trying to get back with Quinn...

Was that what was happening? Beatrice was still here, wasn't she? Was Jake with her?

Her thoughts snapped when the smell of the meat burning clogged her nostrils, and she hurriedly turned them again. She cooked whenever she was angry, but right now, she wasn't really angry...she was sad.

She'd been warming up to him...it was hard to admit, but she knew she liked him. She'd denied it long enough. She really missed his hands climbing up her legs like they did that night...and she missed his lips...those lips that had done unspeakable things to her...

Or probably she just missed his company...his eyes that had always been there to trace her and his big, calloused hand hanging onto her smaller ones would be enough skin contact. She missed that, she really just wanted him to want her again.

Delilah sighed, turning the stove off and walking into the dining room to sit around the table. Why cook? She wasn't hungry, and nobody else was here to eat it.

Folding her arms against the table, she laid against them. She'd talk to him...as soon as he came back, she'd ask him what she'd done...and beg him to forgive her...

Another person giving up on her would mean the end of her life...especially since he was the only person she was actually living for.

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Delilah woke up in the dining room where she'd apparently fallen asleep, laying on the comfort of her arms. She lifted her head, looking around the room. When she saw nobody, she took a whiff of the air, hoping to pick up the subtle scent of liquor or the fresh scent of lychee that always drifted off him...

But she got nothing...and the disappointment she felt was so difficult to hide that it left her lips in a sigh.

He wasn't here again...and she could bet he wasn't going to come.

With another sigh, she got up and walked over to the window, pulling the curtain back and checking just how dark it was now.

Night had already settled prominently over the land, the sun had been on its way down when she fell asleep, but it was completely dark now...dark and quiet as though it was really late.

She looked down at herself, she was wearing the same clothes she had on since morning...she needed to shower...she needed to change.

Drawing the curtain back into place, she walked out of the dining room, past the stairs on her way to her room. She went inside, then lifelessly walked into the bathroom, where she showered.

She got dressed after that, then sat in her room until she was tired of just staring at her walls. She got up and walked over to the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror...was she not as beautiful as he said before anymore?

Should she actually comb her hair? She hadn't done anything to impress him since she came here...maybe she should. Her hand reached for the black comb on the dresser as the other pulled the elastic hair band out of her hair, letting it down.

She gave it a side part, remembering that the last time she'd let her hair down, it had been in a middle part. She wanted to look different...

She combed out the knots and gelled the smaller side back before glancing down at the hair clip Jake had given her...the one that belonged to his mother.

She clipped her hair back with it, then smiled in satisfaction at how it looked. It wasn't perfect, but it looked a lot better than it did before...

However, combing her hair was the easy part, the hardest part was to go see him.

Nevertheless, she took a deep breath, calming herself down and putting on a brave face. Problems won't get solved if they are not acknowledged, she needed to talk to him, lack of communication could break anything apart.

Her steps were quick and a tad bit confident as she walked outside into the dark, cold night; wearing a thin sweater, a blouse, and her pajama bottoms...

She should've dressed up too, but people would probably look at her weirdly. His office wasn't a long distance ahead, but it wasn't exactly close either...so she quickened her steps through the woods, stopping when she picked up on a familiar scent.

Neil, was it? That guy Jake said was his beta. Her eyes wandered around her surroundings until she finally spotted him, stepping out from behind a tree.

He smiled cheekily before approaching her. "I was patrolling, and then I picked up your scent. Where are you going?"

Delilah pulled her sweater closer together over her blouse. "I wasn't running away."

"I didn't say you were."

"Oh, then...I was going to the office...to see Jake."

"Ah, so you miss him?"

"Not exactly, it's just...yes." She admitted.

"I see, you wouldn't mind if I walked you there, right?"

"I know the way, it's fine."

"It's not, what kind of man would I be to leave a beautiful woman walking in the dark alone? That Jake is acting a fool again."

"What do you mean acting a fool?"

"Walk with me, I'll tell you." He stretched his arm out to her, and Delilah reluctantly intertwined hers with his just before they started walking forward. "Tell me."

"Every year around this time, he acts like this...he pushes everyone away and isolates himself in his office or mostly close to the east borders, where he forbids anyone from coming."

"Why?" Delilah asked, it was kind of refreshing to know that she wasn't the problem...rather it seemed everyone was. "Why does he do that?"

”

"I'd tell you...but I'm not sure if he'd want you to know."

"Why can't I know?"

“It’s a sensitive topic for him, it always has been.”

“Okay, I guess I’ll just have to ask him then.”

“Yeah…” They walked out into the open, where the grass was low and there were little to no trees. “You could do that, but don’t get upset if he decides not to tell you.”

“Okay.”

It became quiet after that, but just as he said, he walked her to Jake’s office and then left.

Delilah looked around at her empty surroundings before knocking twice. She got no response, but she opened the door anyway, slipping through it. She closed it behind her, a small smile twitching at the corner of her lips when she saw Jake sitting behind his desks.

She waved awkwardly, walking further inside. “I haven’t seen you at all today, so I thought I’d come see how you’re doing.”

“I’m fin~” his eyes traced over her face and then landed on the clip in her hair. She thought he’d compliment her, but a look of anger slipped across his face; anger that she could both see and feel. “Take it out.”

His words were low, but they sounded threatening; deep and full of authority.

Delilah shifted from one foot to the other. “Take…take what out?” She asked him.

“The clip…”

“But you said that I could wear i~”

“F*cking take it out already and put it on my desk! Why are you even here? I didn’t come home for a reason, I don’t want to see you!”

Delilah flinched at the harshness of his tone, her hand trembling as she brought it to the clip in her hair, pulling it out. She glanced at it in her palm before slowly placing it on his desk, and then her hands nervously clasped together in front of her.

She didn’t say anything, she just stared at him…only glancing away when tears randomly started to stream down her cheeks. “What did I…did I do to you?”

Jake’s eyes softened in an instant and he quickly pushed his chair back and stood to his feet. “Delilah…f*ck, I’m sorry…I didn’t mean to yell at you.” He picked the clip up as he walked around his desk, stopping in front of her. “Here, you can keep it…I’m sorry.”

He locked it back into her hair, but Delilah stepped back, pulling it out and throwing it across the room. "I don't want to wear it anymore...I shouldn't have come. I've always been too stupid to read between the f*cking lines."

"Delilah that's~"

She turned her back to him, rushing towards the door. She opened it, ignoring his desperate calls of her name. "You could've just said so...I'd have left. I might not have anywhere to go, but I have pride."

"Delilah, wait..."

She didn't. She slammed the door behind her and rushed back into the direction of the cabin. She should've thought about that possibility...the possibility that he did not want to see her...

If she did, then she'd have stayed out in the woods rather than come here to embarrass herself. He didn't follow her, she kind of knew he wouldn't...and she kind of didn't want him to...

When she got back to the house, she was out of breath and her eyes were still full of sorrowful water. She went inside, wiping her cheeks with hands that still trembled.

She hated this...this feeling overcoming her...she felt so stupid...

Stupid to actually believe in him...in anyone for that matter...

Her hands clenched as she marched into her room. She was going to leave, she didn't want to, but she was afraid.

If he failed to want her, then he'd probably slowly fall back into his old ways. He'd hate her again, treat her just as he used to...and she didn't want to endure anymore of that...

Furthermore, she did not want to witness him changing back into somebody she'd hate...she loved him now, and for some reason, she wanted it to stay that way.

Maybe her punishment for all she'd done was to die alone...and if that was really the case, then she should accept it. She'd ruined lives until she eventually ruined her own. The regret she felt now was unfathomable...

She wanted to be happy too, just like everyone else...she was tired of crying, tired of fighting for a life not even the goddess wanted her to have...she was jus~

Delilah turned away from her room door when harsh knocks boomed against the door at the front. It wasn't Jake...it was a person she least expected to be here...a person who possessed a scent she hated with every nerve in her body...

Cinnamon and lavender...

Beatrice's scent...

The fact that Beatrice was here was appalling. Was she here to beat her for taking Jake away? Or to show-off that she'd taken him back?

With fear in her heart, she crept towards the door, wiping her eyes before gripping onto the knob. When she hesitated, Beatrice banged the door again. "I could break it down if I want...f*cking open it already you worthless piece of sh*t."

Delilah took a deep and shaky breath. It was true, breaking a door down was easy for someone like her...which made everything even scarier.

Slowly, her hand turned the knob and she pulled the door open even slower.

Just as expected, Beatrice stood there, smirking down at her. She knew it...she was going to get a hell of a beating tonight.

J~S~ CHAPTER 37— CAN I SPEAK TO HER?

Chapter 148 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Slowly, her hand turned the knob and she pulled the door open even slower.

Just as expected, Beatrice stood there, smirking down at her. She knew it...she was going to get a hell of a beating tonight.

"I never thought a coward like you would actually open the door. You've braved up since Jake started f*cking you right, is that it?"

Delilah made sure the fear in her heart did not show in her eyes. "Jake isn't f*cking me...and for the record, I don't want him to...unlike some people."

Beatrice scoffed, adjusting the bag strap over her shoulder before shoving her way inside. "For a weak little sh*t like you, your mouth has always been so f*cking big..." Her hand flashed towards Delilah's face, grabbing tight to her cheeks. "I should've gotten rid of that nasty tongue a long time ago. I should've used my claws to cut it out, then have you watch as I crush it with my feet."

Delilah's breath hitched, her eyes bulging wide as the fear spread all throughout her. "Let go of me, I want nothing to do with you, or him; in fact, I'm leaving...I'll leave for good..."

“Why would you think I’d let you leave alive?”

“That’s...that...” Delilah didn’t want to beg, but she felt like she had to. “Please, Beatrice...I’m sorry, so please...”

Beatrice chuckled. “It’s nice to hear you beg, but you don’t have to. I couldn’t kill you even if I wanted to. Jake actually wants you by his side, that’s why I’m leaving...which is why you don’t have to.”

She loosened her grip on Delilah’s face, her hand falling to her side. “I’ve thought about it long and hard. I love him, but after trying time and time again to force him to love me back...I don’t think he ever will. I don’t know if I’m strong enough to sit back and just watch the love of my life being taken away from me. So to save myself from the torture, I’ll go...maybe if I’m lucky, I’ll find something out there that will force me to see the light of day. I don’t want to see him, he doesn’t want to see me...so I came here to ask you to tell him goodbye for me when he gets back.”

“I don’t...I think...” Delilah turned away, her watery eyes refusing to stare at Beatrice. “I hate myself for doing this to another person. I don’t want to ruin somebody else’s life just so I can be happy. I hate you, but that still doesn’t mean I want to see you suffer. Jake doesn’t like me anymore, he hasn’t been speaking to me and he doesn’t want to see me either...maybe he misses you and I thin~”

“Yeah, it hurts to say this...but even if you didn’t come into the picture, Jake wouldn’t have batted an eye in my direction. I’m sad about leaving him in your care, I bet he hasn’t been eating, I bet he’s been in a slump and instead of staying by his side...you’re thinking about leaving him at the worst possible time?”

“What do you...what do you mean?”

“Tonight...tonight years ago was the night his life turned to hell. It’s his mother’s death anniversary, not only hers...but his father and brother’s too.”

“W-What?” Shock took a stance across Delilah’s face. “So that’s why...he...goddess...!” She walked around Beatrice. “I-I have to go...I threw away the hair clip...I shouldn’t have. What did I do?”

The panic she felt was clear in her voice...and also in the fastened beat of her heart. If she’d known, then she wouldn’t have acted out...why didn’t Jake say anything? Was this why he’d been so distant?

She reopened the door that had closed on its own, but before she could walk through it, Beatrice grabbed her shoulder. “He’ll probably be at the edge of the east borders...nobody is allowed to go there on this day, but I bet he won’t be too mad if it’s you.”

Delilah turned to Beatrice, nodding a single time. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me...I’ve tried killing you way more times than I can count...even now, I just want to clamp my hand around your f*cking neck. But for his sake...just for his sake, I’ll leave instead of doing it. I’m no longer needed here anyway, you’re going to be the new luna now...that leaves me no place to stand. Moreover, I’ve stood on Jake’s feet long enough, it’s time for me to stand on my own. Take good care of him...in this life, I’ll give him to you.”

For some reason, Delilah’s heart twisted at those words. She hated Beatrice, but she kind of pitied her as well. Loving someone as much as she loved Jake and getting nothing but heartbreaks in return...must’ve been painful. “I will...I’ll take care of him, I promise.”

And then she shrugged Beatrice’s hand off and walked out the door. Her steps padded towards the east; urgent steps that quickly broke out into a run.

Pretty soon, she could pick up on his scent, and she followed it until she could see him sitting by a tree from a distance. She fastened her run, only stopping when she made it to where he was. “Jake...” His name slipped off her tongue breathlessly, but he did not turn to her.

“What are you doing here? How did you know I was here?”

“I...” Delilah looked towards the roses that were placed by the tree. “Is this...is this where she was buried?”

“Yeah...”

“Why didn’t you tell me...? I got angry at you because I thought that...never mind, it’d be disrespectful to talk about that here. I didn’t even get to bring her a rose...” Delilah moved closer, taking a seat beside him. “Can I stay here with you?”

Jake shrugged. “You’re already here, aren’t you?”

“Then can I speak to her too?”

Jake gestured towards the tree. “Only if you want to...”

Delilah took a deep breath, reaching into his lap to grab ahold of his hand. “Well hi...Loilitha...”

J~S~ CHAPTER 38— A SAD GOODBYE

Chapter 149 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake watched as Delilah took a deep breath, reaching into his lap to grab ahold of his hand. “Hi...Loilitha...”

Her voice was as low as a whisper; soft and gentle. “I’m sorry that I had pried into your diary...I know so much about you, and yet, you know absolutely nothing about me. You probably aren’t doing okay...watching your son suffer for years because of a decision you made for yourself must’ve been heart-wrenching. He’s still suffering because of your death, you know? But he won’t be suffering alone from now on. As long as he wants me around...I’ll be here.”

She chuckled. “I’m Delilah by the way...Delilah Felon. I’m your son’s mate. I never thought I’d ever say that out loud or accept it, but I believe I have now. He isn’t a bad person, not anymore. I guess he has grown on me during his change for me...and I’m glad.”

“What are you...?” Jake’s cheeks were getting heated, when she said she wanted to talk to his mom, he never knew it’d be about him. “What are you even saying?”

“Shhh...I’m not done...” She bumped her shoulder against his. “Let me finish at least.”

“Okay, go on.” He agreed, he somehow wanted to hear more.

“I’ll come back next year...my mom died not too long ago, but she wasn’t fortunate enough to be buried, so there’s nowhere for me to go when I miss her. I’ll come here...after all, I now think of you as my mother too. I’ve never met you, but your words gave me life...I related to so many of them. Thank you for sharing your story with me...and also for trusting me with your son.”

She turned towards him after that, leaning in to rest her head against his shoulder. “I’m done now.”

For a while, Jake didn’t say anything, but he knew he needed to. She was trying to cheer him up...these past few days, she tried to get closer to him, but he’d cruelly been pushing her away. He’d overreacted...he made her cry when he’d told himself he wouldn’t. “I’m sorry...”

“You don’t have to be...I understand.”

“I was going to tell you, but I didn’t want to burden you with my problems. I knew how I get around this time of the year, so I decided to stay away from you just so I don’t slip up and say or do something I’ll regret. I shouldn’t have yelled at you in my office...you did nothing wrong, please forgive me.”

“See? He isn’t so bad, is he, Loilitha?”

“Stop embarrassing me in front of my mom.” Jake chuckled, but the sound was mixed with a bit of lugubriousness. “It feels less painful with you here...everything does...”

“Does that mean you want me to stick around?”

“Yeah, for as long as possible, please.”

“I guess I’ll be sticking around then...by the way...” She raised her head, looking at him as though she just remembered something she almost forgot. “Beatrice asked me to tell you something.”

“I told that demo...I mean, I told her to stay away from you...what did she say?”

“She asked me to tell you goodbye.”

“Goodbye? Why?”

“She’s leaving...for good. She said something about finally giving up, she said she’s leaving you in my hands.”

“What?!” He quickly stood to his feet. “Where was she when she said that?”

“At the cabin...she’s probably already gone by now~”

Before Delilah could finish, Jake took off towards the cabin. He could hear as Delilah followed after him, breathlessly begging for him to wait.

He didn’t...he couldn’t...

He knew Beatrice would eventually choose to leave, but he never expected she’d leave without telling him directly...and why of all days did she decide to leave today?

He wanted to see her, he hadn’t seen her since the night he almost killed her off. He wasn’t going to apologize for that, she deserved it...but he had to at least tell her to be careful out there.

The direction she was trudging in was a different world from the one she currently lived in...she will be looked down on despite her rank because she’s from his pack and because she is a rogue. She was strong, but he wanted to tell her to be stronger.

And he was sorry...sorry that he couldn’t love her in the way she wanted him to.

He only hoped she hadn’t left yet~

His feet skidded to a stop a couple feet away from the cabin when he found that her scent was drifting along with the wind that blew past him. His eyes focused on the figure of a person sitting on one of the steps that led to the veranda, and his heart pumped out relief.

He started running again, stopping when he stood in front of her. “Beatrice...?” He called her name breathlessly. “You’re still here?”

“You thought I’d leave without a hug?”

“Then why did you...? You told Delilah that you’d l~”

“I wanted to see if I was still important to you...I wanted to see if you’d come to me despite the circumstances. The fact that you actually did makes me happy...I can go in peace now.”

“You’re always up to no good.”

“Does that mean you won’t miss me?”

Jake combed his hair back. “A little...I’ll miss you a little.”

“I mean, that’s better than not missing me at all.”

“But Beatrice...” The aura he omitted was now a serious one. “Are you sure you want to leave? You don’t have to, you can stay if you want. Delilah doesn’t mind, she knows there was nothing serious between us. It’s safer here, no matter where you go.”

Beatrice shrugged. “I know it’s safer here...but will it hurt less? I mean, I won’t have to see you being happy with your mate after praying to the goddess a thousand times to be bonded with you if I leave.” She sighed. “I don’t want to leave, but I won’t be able to forget about you if I continue to live with you. You found your happiness, maybe I can go out there and find mine. I still don’t understand why you changed and why you became so weak and sensitive whenever she’s involved...I still don’t understand what true love is and if it will affect me the same way it did you. I want to learn, and I can’t learn any of that from you. So I’ll leave, and I’ll come back when I figure everything out.”

Jake sucked in a deep breath, he still felt like he was looking at that little girl...the abused child who used to follow him around. The longing look in her eyes was the same...that along with the strong need to be saved.

She was trying to act tough, but he could see the sadness in her eyes. She was on the verge of crying. “Come here...”

He opened his arms, and she immediately ran into them, letting the tears she’d been holding back loose. His hands patted her back softly. “I hope you find it; the happiness you seek. You know I would, right...? If I could love you in the way you wanted me to, you know I would, right?”

She nodded and Jake smiled. “I do love you though, and I will continue to...no matter how angry you make me. Goodbye, Beatrice...”

“Goodbye, Jake...”

J~S~ CHAPTER 39— I’LL PROVE IT

Chapter 150 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Delilah's fists balled against the tree as she watched the scene play out in front of her. She was standing in plain sight, and yet, it seemed she was invisible in their world; nonexistent.

Nobody batted an eye her way, and even after uttering a tragic goodbye, the duo in front of her did not let each other go. It was oddly unsettling for her, the fact that Jake was hanging onto another woman and the fact that he had the audacity to tell her he loved her in Delilah's presence.

Her heart felt tight, and she wanted to let her pain out in a scream, but she bit her lip and stayed quiet instead...because she knew. She knew they loved each other; they'd been together before she came into the picture, and they would've still been together if she'd stayed out of it.

She broke them apart...in fact she was the barrier that kept them from being together and somehow, she didn't regret it. She'd promised to start doing better, to stop being so wicked and selfish, but not tonight.

Beatrice could go to hell and her heart could burn to dust in the furnace...Jake wasn't hers to keep. Delilah wasn't going to be the one who cried tonight, Delilah's heart wouldn't be the one that turned to ash...it wasn't a selfless thing to do, but she was going to save herself.

She tried to be considerate...especially when Jake started to grow distant. She'd been ready to give him up, to set her feelings aside and accept his...but not anymore. He still wanted her, he said so himself...and even if he wanted Beatrice too, she'd make sure to be the one he'd continuously choose.

Or else she'd be lonely once again; abandoned with absolutely no reason to live...

Her lip slid from between her teeth when the pressure she'd exerted on it started to supply her with pain, and her hands fell to her sides as she straightened up, ready to be brave.

Her steps were as shaky as her tremoring heart as she walked up to where they stood. She didn't know what she was doing, her instinct was leading her; the wolf within her howling out in anger and in pain.

She grabbed onto his arm, which was laced around Beatrice's back, and that's when he noticed her. His eyes that were once closed peeled open, regarding her with a mixture of surprise and confusion. "Delilah you a~"

“How will she leave if you don’t let her go?”

“I don’t...that’s...” Her hand tugged at his, successfully ripping it from around Beatrice, and he raised a confused eyebrow at her. “Delilah...?”

The soft tone in which he said her name in had the jealousy that had clouded her mind clearing. Her hand immediately let go of his, and she shook her head, trying to regain the rationality she seemed to have lost. “It’s nothing, sorry. I’ll be inside when you’re done.”

She walked around them, shaky hand opening the door even as he called out to her. She slammed it shut as soon as she walked inside, breathing in and out; calming her stupid self down. What had she been doing?

They were friends, friends who’d probably not be able to see each other again, and yet, she was still trying to tear them apart. How could she try to be selfish again? How dare she attempt to ruin something just to make herself happy again?

Looking down at her shaky hands, she watched as they became nothing but a blur because of the water that filled her eyes. She shouldn’t be crying, she had no reason to be crying. He said nor did nothing wrong...

But she just...this feeling...this strong envious feeling twisting tight around her heart was getting to her. She never felt anything like this before. She’d wanted Jeo to herself, but not to this extent. Her heart never pained her this much when she saw him kissing Quinn...

However, this was different...with Jake...everything was. She liked that he always ran to her rescue, but watching him run away from her and to another woman flared a now blazing fire within her. She didn’t want to feel this way, but with the mate bond swallowing her up, how would she control and direct her emotions?

Rubbing her eyes dry, she trudged further into the house...stopping when Beatrice spoke up from outside. “Your baby seems to be throwing a tantrum, go pacify her or something...I’m leaving now.”

“Please be careful, and run back here if you have to. You’ll forever be welcomed.”

“Understood...”

Delilah heard retreating steps and then after a while, she heard the front door open. She rushed to her room at that, quickly taking a seat at the edge of the bed. She wiped at her eyes again, making sure that the fact she’d cried stayed unnoticeable.

His steps padded the floor, sounding slow and reluctantly and then he stopped in front of her door. “Delilah?” He knocked twice. “Can I come in?”

Delilah nodded nervously, forgetting that he couldn't see her approval for a moment.
"Yeah...you can come in."

The door creaked open slowly, and he peeked inside, eyes searching the room until he found her on the bed. "Beatrice just left." Was the first thing he said before sliding through the entrance. "I wanted to accompany her to the borders at least, but that's not necessary...especially when you seem bothered. What's wrong?"

Delilah shrugged as he closed the door behind him, then stepped up in front of her. "Nothing, I'm fine."

"You didn't seem fine a couple minutes ago...tell me, talk to me. What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

Delilah clenched her jaws, shaking her head. "No, you didn't do anything..." And that was the truth. He did nothing wrong...he wasn't the problem, she was. "It's me."

"What do you mean?"

"I just..." She sighed, "I probably just never expected that you'd react this way upon hearing about Beatrice's decision to leave, and I most likely wasn't prepared to hear you tell somebody else that you love them."

"Delilah, Beatrice is like family to me...when I said I loved her, I meant it in a whole different way from the love that I have for you."

"I know...I know that, but you said if you could love her in that way...then you would, and that had me feeling insecure. I don't want to lose you to someone else, but after watching you run to her...I felt like I could. I know what I've done in the past and if the goddess decided to punish me with karma...then having Beatrice brutally take you away from me would be a fitting punishment. That's why I...I'm sorry..."

Her head dropped, successfully hiding her face away from him. "See? I told you that I'm the problem."

She heard him sigh, but she didn't raise her head to look at him. However, she felt as his hand combed her hair back in a soothing manner. "That won't happen. I don't want Beatrice the way I want you. I've never thought of stripping Beatrice naked a day in my life, never gotten hard just by looking at her...in fact, I've never gotten hard for her ever. Wanting an intimate relationship with Beatrice would be like committing incest. So, you have nothing to worry about. You live in my head, you practically own my thoughts. Everything I now do is about you. You've engraved yourself far too deep into my consciousness, I want you, Delilah...and I'm positive I always will. Look at me."

Delilah hesitated, but raised her head anyway, looking at him. His hand slid down from the top of her head, latching onto the left side of her face. “Should I prove it? Must I show you how much I want you?”

Without thinking, Delilah nodded her head...not like she'd regret her decision even if she was thinking straight. “Show me.”

Jake's hand slid further down her face, grabbing beneath her chin and pushing her back against the bed. “I will...as long as you want me to.”