

## 153 Chapter 151 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“I officially have someone to call mine now.”

Delilah twisted onto her side so she faced him, a small smile gracing her lips as she gently pressed her fingers against the tender mark on her neck. “I guess I could say the same thing.”

“You absolutely can. I’m yours even if you haven’t marked me yet, and you can do that whenever you want. I’m ready for the ceremony whenever you are...are you ready?”

Delilah wiggled her toes as she thought about it for a second before nodding her head. Beatrice was completely out of the picture, he’d accepted her, she’d accepted him...they were in love; why wait? “I think I am.”

“No, I want you to be sure.”

“I am sure...I want that. I want my mark on your neck too...I bet it’d look pretty there.”

“It’d look just as perfect as mine looks on yours.” He draped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer against him. “How are you feeling? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine...though my legs are...I think you wrecked them.”

Jake laughed. “Still shaking? I mean, they always shake when I’m between them...whether it be my head or my...”

“Stop it...not funny...how will I look wobbling to the bathroom?”

“To me you’d look cute, but as for your own judgement...you’ll think you look ridiculous.”

“And I will look ridiculous.” She glared at the smile across his lips. “So don’t laugh and don’t smile either.”

“Okay, I won’t laugh...but our first time, did you enjoy it?”

“Why do you even have to ask? It was perfect...being connected to you more than just physically felt...it felt so good and surreal...like we really were one.”

“Yeah?”

Delilah nodded, and he pulled her closer, etching his head beneath her chin. “I felt the same...hell, it took a lot to hold myself back...I didn’t want you to be reminded of the past and get scared.”

Delilah sighed, she too wrapping an arm around his back. “I told you, the past doesn’t exist anymore. Stop thinking about it...we took a long path to get here, stop trying to go back.”

“It’s hard though...it’s hard to forget how much of a f\*cking jerk I was. Just thinking about it makes me want to hurt myself. If somebody else were to treat you the way I did, I’d kill them in the worst way possible...but I can’t kill myself, especially since I desperately want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“It’s fine...you’re fine...I’m fine. Stop thinking about that, live in the now.”

“I’ll try my best. You know? There are a lot of things I regret in the past. Sometimes I even regret killing my dad and his family, but when I think about what happened to mom...I feel like I did the right thing. I marked the tree beside his grave on the day he was buried, but from that day till now, I never went back there to vent. Probably because I think that mom would feel betrayed if I ever forgave him for what he did to her.” He held her tighter, squeezing her small body against his. “I can’t forgive him, but I also can’t forgive mom for what she did to herself. I always feel sad and lonely on this day...but today I don’t feel that overwhelming sense of sadness and I don’t feel excruciatingly lonely. I actually feel like I can forget everything if I have you by my side.”

“Even with me here, I don’t think you’ll ever forget everything.” Delilah began. “You have to forgive to forget, and you don’t seem to have forgiven yourself yet. You’re not at fault, your mother didn’t die because of you, and your father died because he didn’t have a heart. Stop blaming yourself and accept that they’re gone and there’s nothing you can do to bring them back. It’s not your fault.”

Jake stayed quiet for a while, and then he spoke. “Nobody’s ever told me that before...all the blame I have stacked upon my shoulder, nobody has ever tried to get me to put them down. But if not mine, whose fault was it then? I wasn’t necessarily the cause of their separation, but I am partly what held their toxic relationship together. So whose fault could it be but mine?”

“Theirs...” Delilah countered. “It might sound selfish, but it was their fault. They chose their paths, they knew they weren’t mates, and yet, they went against fate. It might’ve seemed like it from the start, but they were never meant to be together. Their union was bound to come to an end...I learned the hard way what going against fate can lead to, it’s only sad that they lost their lives in their battle and I got to keep mine.”

“Well, I’m happy...” Jake lifted his head to stare at her. “I’m happy that fate didn’t do to us what it did to them.”

“Me too...”

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Healing really did have a lot to do with forgiving...and when Jake finally forgave himself for everything...when he finally looked at it from the perspective of the past, his life got better.

It took him months, but those months felt like days with Delilah by his side. She was like the sunrise...the very start of his day. Their love for each other only grew, especially after their mating ceremony. The fate that tied them together could not be the same one that ripped his parents apart.

Adjusting the black bow tie around his neck, he looked towards Delilah, who was pulling a pink dress up those flawless legs. She pulled the cuffs of the dress over her bare breasts and then looked towards him. “Zip this for me...”

“Zip it or just take it off?”

“Not right now, Jake...you said this was important, how could you possibly want to turn up late just because you can’t control the d\*ck in your pants?”

“It’s important...but stripping you down right now would be more of my priority than that damn meet and greet.” He walked over to where she stood in front of the mirror, still holding the strapless dress up. “Isn’t that right?”

His hand slid down her back, and she glared back at him. “We had sex last night, Jake.”

“And we can still do it tonight.”

“Why...? It doesn’t matter how many times we do it...I still won’t be able to get pregnant...”

Her words had Jake’s hand on her back freezing, the playfulness in his eyes disappearing. “Delilah...that...the doctor didn’t say it was impossible. It’ll work out, we’ll have our baby soon...I promise.”

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

“When have I ever done that?”

She turned to him, head falling against his chest. “Never...you’ve never done that.”

“Then trust me, I’ll make it happen...I really will, babe.”

She nodded against him and he hugged her closer. This was their only problem...Delilah couldn’t get pregnant, and it was because of him. His own actions had come back to bite him...that serum he’d fed her to get rid of Jeovanni’s baby did something to her...

She was now almost incapable of getting pregnant...and he couldn't be more sorry. "Turn around so I can zip the dress."

Delilah did so as soon as he let go of her, and he zipped the dress and gave her a kiss on her neck. "You look beautiful."

She smiled at him. "Thank you...you don't look bad yourself."

Jake laughed. "Couldn't you just say I look handsome?"

"You look handsome..."

"Thank you."

"I'm going to see Quinn tonight..."

"I know...you've been talking about it for a month now. I hope it works out between you two, but she hates me and I hate her mate...there's no way I'll fit in there with you. So I'll just wait for you close by."

"I understand, s~"

Both Delilah and Jake looked towards the door when it was knocked, knowing who was out there before they even spoke. "Are you guys not ready? We'll be late if you stay longer."

"Almost...lemme just get my shoes on, Neil." She pointed to the white heels, and Jake took them up before stooping in front of her.

He tapped her feet and she lifted them each so he could put the shoes on. When he was done, he stood to his feet and held his hand out to her. "Let's go, angel...I'll make sure you enjoy tonight."

Fate was uncontrollable...it took its own paths, but Jake had no problem following it. He just hoped that one day it could lead them to a child...one that had the same bright eyes as her...

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JEO'S SPIN-OFF CHAPTER 1~TO FORGET AND NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

## 154 Chapter 152 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jeovanni looked at the beauty that surrounded him. It was his first time here and yet it wasn't his hard work that made it happen...once again, it was Quinn's.

The shadow that made all of his achievements possible. His pack survived only because she was a part of it and even after she left, she was still contributing to its success.

She was the rock he leaned against, the only person that could keep him balanced and steady...and he'd lost her...

He'd lost her to a man far better than he could ever be and that made the pain he felt a hundred times worse. He knew he couldn't win her back, she was happily marked, happily pregnant...while he was just here; feigning happiness and suffocating in a room where they were the focal point.

The wine glass in his hand trembled along with his body as he watched them walk up the stairs hand in hand. The smile on her lips was the one she used to give him...and now it belonged to someone else.

However, he couldn't really complain...he was the cause of his own downfall. He was too weak, he'd always been a coward; so unworthy to stand beside such a goddess.

Maybe she never really belonged to him in the first place...he missed her, he wanted her back, but she seemed so much more happier with him. They say the moon goddess didn't make mistakes, but Jeo believed she might have made one when she mated a fool like him to Quinn Felon.

She was a queen, of course she needed to stand beside a king and unfortunately that king wasn't him.

To her, he was easily replaceable, but he knew nobody could ever replace her...knew no second chance could ever be better than the first...but he also knew he had to move on; not only for himself, but for his pack too.

They needed a luna...and heartbroken or not, he had to find one for them...one that wouldn't remind him of Quinn, but rather help him to forget her.

Bringing the wine glass to his lips, he took a sip of the liquid, eyes trained on Quinn as she grabbed onto the balcony. He was looking at her, but she was looking at him; her king, who took a deep breath before beginning his speech. "Another year and we are here again; in unity, building and supporting each other. We strive for greater strength and an unbreakable peace, but before the joy in our glasses fills our stomach, I want to invite a woman who's been striving for the same thing for years. In her cup, there isn't just joy, but the fragrance of freedom...and for her people it's the same. River Adams, come and stand beside me."

Jeovanni eased off the wall he was leant against as soon as the door in the corner of the room right beside the staircase flew open. His nostrils flared when a majestic scent clogged them, and

the pace of his heart significantly picked up. His wolf growled awake within him, the sound ringing in his head alarming and yet refreshing at the same time...

Mate...

Mate...

Mate...

A tremor ran down his body and his blood almost ran cold when his eyes latched onto the owner of the scent...

A woman...a woman wearing a white hoodie dress and heels as high as his dreams walked through the door... He couldn't really see her face as half of it was hidden by the cloak over her head, but based on what he could see, she was just as majestic as her scent.

She walked up the stairs, her steps leading a bloody trail up his heart. Her every movement was filled with confidence, the way her hips rocked from side to side showcased no form of insecurity. She knew she was beautiful...she was conscious of that.

As she walked up the last step, she looked back...eyes searching the crowd and landing on him for a brief second before she turned around and continued onto the balcony, stopping on the opposite side of Zayd; Quinn's king.

She didn't look at him for long, but he could see the recognition in those mesmerizing eyes. She knew who he was...and yet she...she ignored him?

Why?

And this aura she possessed...what was it? She wasn't a werewolf...but her presence was strong. If she was the River Adams Zayd spoke of, then what exactly was she? And her people...? Who were they?

Jeovanni squinted his eyes, scrutinizing her beneath a curious gaze. She didn't look back at him, instead, she squared her shoulders and held her glass up with one hand and using the other to push her hood back. The crowd gasped at her appearance, but his eyes could only widen in surprise and awe.

She was beautiful...her beauty was truly unique in a room full of people that almost looked the same. Her tanned skin was dazzling under the chandelier and the tattoo like markings on her face was what added a touch of difference to her look.

Her lips were adorned with black lipstick and rings were situated at the corners of her bottom lip. Her eyes were bright and snake like...instead of round, her pupils were narrow and the iris around it was a beautiful mixture of black and forest green...

In what world could any beauty be paralleled to hers? Well except for Quinn's or maybe they were parallels, equal in beauty...

For the first time in his life, another woman challenged Quinn's beauty in his eyes...what was happening to him? How could he ever compare another to Quinn?

It was wrong, but her features were perfect, putting up such a strong challenge...and those eyes; similar and yet so different from Quinn's were hypnotic...they kept calling out to him, begging him to get closer and at some point, he couldn't resist it anymore.

Like a compelled man, he pushed through the crowd, making his way to the frontline where he had the perfect view of her. Zayd started to speak again, but he was barely listening; he could barely hear anything but the word 'mate' ringing continuously in his head.

"A toast to my alliance with the venomoons...a growth nobody saw coming." Zayd clinked his glass with Quinn's and then with the woman who had all of Jeo's attention before downing its content, and though everyone was flabbergasted, they did the same...Quinn too...

However, Jeo's glass stayed a distant away from his lips. He wasn't listening, but he'd heard. She was a venomoon? A venomoon? How...? He didn't understand and yet he did...her eyes...the blotched pattern that beautifully decorated the center of her face explained it all and yet still he couldn't believe...

His mate...his second chance wasn't a wolf shifter like him...she was a snake shifter...how would he...? Were they even compatible?

He shook that thought out of his head, now listening keenly to Zayd's next words. "I hope they'll be treated with the same respect you've shown me tonight...anyone who tries to harm them will have to go through me...Enjoy the rest of the night, I hope the food served will satisfy your tastes."

"Thank you, alpha!" The crowd yelled in unison, and Zayd took ahold of Quinn's hand, leading her back down the stairs. Jeo's mate followed, glancing at him with those overly confident eyes as she walked down the steps.

Jeo wanted to stop himself, but he couldn't resist the urge to meet her at the bottom. He bowed his head as Quinn and Zayd passed him and then looked up at the goddess behind them. She scoffed, walking past him as though he didn't even exist...and the action made his heart bleed.

She was well aware of what they were, so why was she ignoring him?

When she pulled the exit door open, he instinctively grabbed onto her hand, stopping her from walking out. "Wait...a minute, can you please give me a minute."

She glared back at her hand which he held, specifically at the point where they were connected...and though Jeo felt the calming sparks, it seemed as though she couldn't because she quickly yanked her hand out of his. "Don't touch me, you desperate little dog."

And then she trudged through the door.

Her words hurt, but Jeo followed her anyway, stopping when they made it to a door opposite to the one they just walked through. She sighed, turning to face him with eyes nonchalant and fierce; kind of like Quinn's. "May I ask why you're following me?"

Jeo cleared his throat, feeling small beneath her gaze. He was an alpha, but her looking at him like that made him want to hide. He barely knew what to say and goddess help him because he didn't know what to do either. "I know you're aware of what's going on...we're mates. I know our kind are different but~"

"But what...?" She leaned closer to his face, a small smirk curving the edge of her lips. "What's your name, dog?"

"I'm not a dog, I'm a werewolf...a werewolf! Do you see me calling you a worm? Stop disrespecting m~"

"I asked for your name, mutt..."

"And if you want it, you're going to have to ask nicer."

She chuckled, the sight lighting a path of love through his heart. So pretty...so f\*cking pretty.

"That's probably the nicest I can be, but let me try again." She leaned back and away from him, folding her arms across her chest. "What's your name, furry?"

"Furry...? Really, couldn't you have just said wolf?"

"Obviously not...just tell me who you are."

"I'm Jeovanni Lum; alpha of the silvermoon pack...and you, earth crawler?"

She laughed again, softly...but only for a few seconds. After that, the playfulness on her face disappeared and a sudden coldness replaced it. "You heard him up there, I'm River Adams and this might be the last time you'll see me. You're right, I'm aware of what we are, and I'm also aware of what we are going to be."

"And what's that?"

She shrugged. "Strangers, probably enemies...because I will never give myself to a dog, even if it's what the goddess wants. So Jeovanni Lum, with the moon above as witness, I sever the bond between us. The paths we cross will never intertwine. I; River Adams am not yours and you will



never be mine. When the night light from the sky touches your skin, this rejection will be sealed and become an irreversible ordeal.”

Jeovanni stood still in his spot, too flabbergasted by her words to make a single move. She turned away from him, grabbing onto the knob and pulling the door open.

She gave him one last glance before stepping outside and before the door closed in his face, he involuntarily grabbed it, following her out.

As soon as his feet landed against the low grass and the moonlight drank upon his skin, mind-numbing pain scourged him, bringing him to his knee. A groan left his lips and yet even through the pain, his eyes were trained on her retreating form.

Beautiful and yet so wicked...

She didn't even spare him a glance...and somehow, the fact that she didn't care about his pain immensely enhanced it.

His fingers dug past the grass, his teeth clamping together as he tried to stop himself from succumbing to the pain. The world really was a cycle, what goes around always seem to come back around...

This pain was what Quinn felt when he wrongfully betrayed her...he might've not been in his right mind, but he'd still caused her pain...and now the same pain was his to bare.

He asked the goddess for a mate that would help him forget Quinn...not a mate that would even go as far as forgetting about him.

F\*ck...! He stifled a groan as he stood to his feet, feeling as the bond that didn't even get enough time to grow shatter. River's confident steps led her into the woods where two of her kind emerged from to greet her...and that really was the last time he saw her...until then.

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JEO'S SPIN-OFF~ CHAPTER 2— AN OFFICIAL MEETING

## 155 Chapter 153 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Two weeks after the meet and greet, an official meeting was called and surprisingly, Jeo was to attend. He wasn't exactly sure why Zayd wanted him to be present, he'd never been a part of something like this before...considering the size and the rank of his pack...

He was sure this had something to do with Quinn, regardless of what he'd done to her, she still had his back...she'd been helping him to rebuild what her mate had destroyed. She lengthened the range of his land, allowing him to build bigger quarters for the farmers as well allowing them more space to plant. She also supplies his pack with food each month as they wait for the time to reap and harvest what they've sown.

His pack wasn't perfect, but the rocky path it had been on was smooth now. Its name was also bigger now than before. After the meet and greet, other alphas had reached out to him, proposing alliances. Everything was perfect, he was getting where he wanted to reach, but with the cost of not having Quinn by his side.

A bated breath left his lips as he walked up to the borders of the wounded moon pack, looking towards the patrollers who nodded his way, giving him the approval to cross. He still thought of her; day and night she ran loose across his head, but since two weeks ago, his mind had been contaminated with another.

River Adams...he thought of her too...

The way she stirred his heart and then pressed a knife into it...

The way she lit a fire in his soul then abruptly extinguished it...

The way she walked into his life and then just walked back out...

That night haunted him until today. He still remembered how stunning she looked in that white dress, the eyeliner around her beautiful eyes jet black and so was the lipstick on her lips. She was like heaven and hell combined, a perfection that blurred the lines of light and darkness...

And she was both to him, his light and yet his darkness. The fire in her eyes was something he knew could burn, and even after the first scald...he was ready to dive into the flames again.

He longed to see her face, the sweet melody of her voice had bounced against the strings attached to that thing on the left side of his chest. He wanted to hear it again, even if all she was going to say was dog or mutt or furry...

He didn't really care what she called him, he honestly just wanted her to accept him.

She'd already rejected him, but he couldn't give up...he'd lost Quinn, he couldn't lose another; especially one that reminded him so much of her.

With a motivational nod, he stuffed his hands into his pockets and crossed the borders. That's why he was glad Zayd invited him here, he needed to find her and Zayd was his only hope of doing so.

He hated the man...but he needed his help.

Licking his lips that were sucked dry by the wind, he looked towards one of the patrollers. "Where is the meeting being held?"

"Follow me, I'll take you there."

And so, he was led across the land and to a room beyond a white door. The patroller left as soon as they got there, and Jeo took a breath before walking towards the door. He could smell her, numerous people were in the room, but Quinn's scent was and always has been one of a kind.

The potent scent of pine trees that went so well with the soft, floral scent of lotuses. He remembered bathing in that scent every night, tasting it...tasting her...

He remembered how softly she used to call his name...how breathless and erotic she sounded...but now, he wouldn't be able to hear such sounds again. His hand locked around the knob, holding tight as he searched for the courage to open the door.

He didn't exactly find it, but he opened the door anyway. He straightened himself, walking inside towards the large rectangular table in the middle of the room. There were numerous alphas here, Jake included; another person he hated down to his very core.

His eyes drifted towards Zayd, and he slightly bowed his head in greeting. Zayd gestured with his chin towards an empty chair and of course it was the one beside Jake. "You're finally here, take a seat...only one person's left before the meeting begins."

Jeo walked over to the chair, all the while trying his best not to look over at Quinn, who sat beside Zayd. If he looked once, then he knew he wouldn't stop f\*cking looking.

However, despite his efforts, as soon as he sat down, she called out his name. "Jeo...?"

His eyes instinctively snapped over to her, and suddenly, he didn't regret looking. Even without makeup, she looked like a goddess with her hair down...those straight teeth as she smiled, those curious green eyes...why did she look so innocent and flawless? "Hmm?" he answered her.

"You look worse than the last time I saw you. Are you okay?"

"If you're referring to the bags beneath my eyes, I'm fine."

"As long as you say so." She stood to her feet, resting her palms against the edge of the table as she looked around at everyone. "This meeting will be covering a number of things. Alpha Jake here brought forward a possibility that could bring harm to not only his pack but all of ours."

There has also been attacks by certain packs that were not and will not be prohibited. The meeting will start soon, we're just waiting o~"

She stopped talking when the door he just came through was shoved open, but Jeo stopped breathing all together. His heart knocked against his chest as he held his breath, looking deep into the eyes of the woman who had grasped his heart and crushed it some nights ago.

She wasn't wearing a white dress tonight, instead she was dressed in full black; heels that weren't as high as the ones she had on last time, a latex pants with the sides laced up, exposing her skin and a blouse that didn't cover a fraction of her stomach. He could see the pretty, blotched patterns that ran down the center of her stomach, circling her navel in a stylish way.

She looked nice...revealing but nice.

Walking inside, she closed the door behind her, bowing her head in greeting. "Sorry for being late...there was unfortunately another attack."