

Second Chance: Mated to My Ex's Uncle

Chapter 0002

SARA'S POV

Devastated, I looked in Megan's direction and saw my aunt standing behind her daughter. I looked at her with pleading eyes. I didn't know what that would change, but I felt helpless.

My world had just been turned upside down, and I longed for some form of comfort, any shred of solace. But my aunt's reaction, as I watched her roll her eyes, didn't surprise me.

"Don't look at me like that. He rejected you and chose my Megan. Accept it," she sneered, her words like a sledgehammer shattering the last vestiges of my hope. I couldn't help but steal one more glance at Alex.

"Please, don't do this to us. Not for someone you just met," I pleaded, feeling like I was on the brink of sinking to my knees, begging for mercy. My heart lay in tatters, and my stomach churned like a tornado within me.

His eyes remained emotionless, and he regarded me with nothing but disdain. "I want money, status, and power. You can't give me that. You no longer can, not as the alpha's daughter. Well, technically, you still are, but your parents are... dead."

He was cruel. There was no other way to describe it. He shrugged, pulling Megan even closer to him. Each of his words felt like a dagger, stabbing into my already wounded heart repeatedly. His cruelty knew no bounds, and his words were unfeeling.

Megan, now the alpha's daughter, clung to him as if her life depended on it, sporting a devilish smirk. She had won and reveled in the victory, relishing the opportunity to rub it in my face.

"I'm with Megan now, so just accept the rejection and let us move on with our lives," Alex said callously.

My hand clenched tightly around the fabric of my shirt as if I were about to tear it to shreds amid my seething despair.

I kept clenching my fist, desperately trying to release the tightness constricting my heart, yet it clung stubbornly. A momentary closure of my eyes was followed by their reopening, revealing eyes now cold and distant. The atmosphere around us seemed to drop a few degrees, as though I had undergone a profound metamorphosis in those fleeting minutes, emerging as an entirely different person.

My right hand clenched so fiercely that my nails pierced the flesh of my palm, drawing forth a trickle of blood. Stains of drying tears adorned my cheeks, my eyes bore the telltale redness of emotional turmoil, and my head remained held high as I finally opened my mouth to speak.

“I, Sara Black, at this moment, accept your rejection,” I declared, and without waiting for his reaction, I bolted, leaving behind a trail of abandoned hopes, dreams, and unrequited love. The shattered promises and unspoken goodbyes, the whispered “I love yous” that would forever remain unsaid—all of it was left in my wake.

I couldn’t bear to look at them any longer, knowing that if I stayed a minute longer, I’d collapse, and they would see right through my mask of bravery. I couldn’t give them that satisfaction.

But where was I going to go? I had no one, and the pack was the only home I’d ever known. How could I keep facing Megan and Alex, my aunt and uncle? How could I continue living under the same roof as them?

When exhaustion from my relentless run and the endless tears finally caught up, I stumbled into the pack’s lively bar. Slumping into a worn-out barstool, I signaled the bartender for a bottle of whiskey and then dialed my friend Natasha’s number. I couldn’t face this overwhelming mess alone—I needed a friend.

Natasha was the beta’s daughter and would be my number two once I took over the pack. But now, she was going to be Megan’s number two. It seemed like Megan was insatiable, constantly taking from me without remorse.

Natasha didn’t take long to arrive, her concern evident as she found me downing the fiery whiskey. The burn in my throat was nothing compared to the turmoil inside, but I welcomed it. At least it temporarily distracted me from the misery and agony that had consumed my life.

“What happened?” Natasha asked, her voice filled with genuine worry. She had witnessed the relentless mistreatment I endured at the hands of the alpha and Luna since Megan’s return, but I had always borne it silently. This time, something big must have occurred to push me to this breaking point.

“Megan slapped me and took my mate,” I chuckled, trying not to cry. I’d cried enough already; they didn’t deserve more of my tears. “You know the worst part? My aunt did nothing, and Alex rejected me like I meant nothing,” I chuckled, thinking about how silly I’d been begging him, them.

“How cruel can your aunt be? And Alex, he never deserved you,” Natasha’s heart broke for me. She felt I didn’t deserve the treatment I was getting. I’d done nothing to deserve it.

“Megan is her daughter, and I’m just her husband’s brother’s child. We have no blood relations,” I said as I raised the bottle to my lips, taking a hearty swig before gently placing it back on the table. “And honestly, if I had someplace else to be, I’d have been long gone by now. But the sad

truth is, I've got no one and nowhere else to turn. They're all I've got," I added with a bitter, mocking laugh.

"Pathetic, right?" I nodded, a heavy sense of self-doubt weighing me down. No wonder Alex had chosen Megan over me; I had nothing to offer him, just as he had claimed.

"I won't sit here and listen to you belittle yourself. You're an amazing person, Sara, with a big heart," Natasha reassured me. I let out a tearful laugh, my cheeks stained with tears.

"If I'm so amazing, then why did Alex choose Megan over me? He went for a chosen mate over me, someone he had no bond with. How amazing can I be, then?" I couldn't help but question, my voice filled with bitterness. Natasha wanted to comfort me, but she seemed at a loss for words.

"I would ask you to come and live with us, but you know my situation. My father is the beta, and if we take you in, it would be like he's taking your side over the alpha's daughter. The alpha won't be happy about that," Natasha explained, her concern evident.

I knew she was right and didn't want to get my friend's family into trouble with the alpha. "Don't worry about it, Nat. I'll be fine," I said, trying to put on a brave face. With that, I took another swig from the bottle, gulping down a mouthful of whiskey, seeking solace in its burn.

Today, all I wanted was to drown my sorrows in a bottle until I forgot my own name, then wake up tomorrow and embrace this new life without a mate. 'I truly value having you in my life, Nat. You're the sole person I have left now. Please, don't abandon me too. I don't know if I can bear it,' I confessed.

Natasha felt genuine sympathy for me. She reached for my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. 'I'm here to stay, Sara. Even if the world turns its back on you, I never will. Not for my parents or Megan. You mean more to me than just a friend; you're my sister.'

I smiled, getting teary-eyed. I didn't know what I would do without Natasha in my life. "You know Rose hasn't spoken to me since Alex rejected us. It's like she has also abandoned me."

"Hey, hey, hey, Rose is your wolf; she'll never abandon you. But remember, she's also hurting. Alex marked you guys as his, and that mark was a promise that you would always be together, but he broke that promise. Not only to you but to your wolf as well. Give Rose time to grieve her loss, just like you are grieving, and when she feels better, she'll return."

I understood, nodding as I took another swing at the bottle, finishing the little that was left. "You're right. I'll give her time. We both need time to process everything and figure out what our lives will be like after this. The Goddess knows Megan is going to make it a life of misery. I need to prepare my mind and emotions for what's to come."

Before Natasha could say anything, I stood up abruptly and declared, "I need a bathroom." She watched me depart with a curious gaze. As I made my way toward the bathroom, a strange

sensation crept over me, like an intense, lingering gaze that wasn't Natasha's. It sent an unexpected shiver down my spine.

I turned around and scanned the room. I found the source and froze on the spot. Our eyes locked, the world stood still, the music faded, and my heart raced inside my body, threatening to jump right out.