

Second Chance: Mated to My Ex's Uncle

Chapter 0003

KANE'S POV

I was at the Silver Moon Pack for a leader's meeting organized by their beta. And right now, I can't help but feel like I've wasted my precious time. The meeting was the same old song and dance, with the alphas complaining about rogues and begging for assistance to deal with the problem. But what they never mentioned was getting help to train their warriors, to empower them to fight the rogues. No, it's all about getting financial help to rebuild their territories.

It's almost as if they enjoy having rogues lurking around their lands. I wish I had brought Logan, my beta, with me; he'd know how to divert my thoughts from this monotonous drudgery.

Here in this pack, I can't go hunting the way I usually do. My idea of hunting means tracking down anything that doesn't belong and eliminating it.

But here, it's strictly forbidden. The place where the alpha's meeting is held is considered neutral ground, and there are rules to be followed on neutral ground. Hunting is a big no-no.

So, here I am, in this bar, surrounded by the overpowering scents of people's perfumes, the lingering stench of vomit, the thumping music, and the unmistakable aura of lust. But the bourbon is helping, or at least I think it is.

I don't have a wolf, and I lack the abilities of one. Yes, I belonged to the werewolf kind, but the Goddess decided I was too much of a tyrant to grant me a wolf. It's as if she doesn't know what I had to endure growing up to become the person I am today. Many assume I was spoiled because I was the alpha's son.

Sure, I was spoiled, but I had to prove myself to the world beyond our pack. I couldn't allow other alphas to think I was weak just because my parents gave me everything I wanted. I needed to show them that I wasn't just some pampered brat handed a title on a silver platter.

That's how I became the monster that people say I am today—to prove that I deserved the title and more. But it came at a cost: on my eighteenth birthday, when I was supposed to shift for the first time, I didn't. Instead, I received a seer's prophecy, telling my parents and me that the Goddess was far from pleased.

According to her, the Goddess wouldn't bless me with a wolf until I learned how to love, as if that's the most crucial thing in the world. The love she wants me to learn is the same love that almost cost me my alpha title.

That love made me vulnerable to the extent that my pack was already conspiring to take control once my father stepped down or passed away. They claimed they wouldn't be led by a weak alpha, insisting that my weakness would put them in danger.

I was just a kid, and they all expected me to be strong. Well, I showed them I was strong and more. I made myself into who I am today without a wolf by my side. No alpha would dare disrespect me, not to my face or behind my back.

Who needs a wolf to be an alpha or lead their pack? Love won't make me weak again, just as our Goddess seems to desire. So, to heck with what she wants. Right now, all I crave is a Luna for my pack, someone who'll give me an heir, and then everything will be perfect. My life will be perfect. I took another sip of my drink, but when I glanced across the room, there she was.

They were long, flowing brown hair legs that seemed to go on forever in gym attire. She must've come straight from the training grounds without bothering to change, and those curves of hers? They sat in all the right places, with a backside that had my imagination running wild.

I couldn't help but stare, and I could tell she felt it. But for some reason, I couldn't tear my gaze away. It wasn't just her body that drew me in; it was something else, something elusive that I couldn't quite pinpoint. I had to find out what it was, and the only way to do that was to get closer to her.

SARA'S POV

The man wouldn't take his eyes off me, not even after I caught him blatantly staring. He gracefully rose from his seat and began to stride in my direction. Panic welled up inside me, and I desperately wanted to flee this situation, but my feet seemed to have a mind of their own, refusing to budge.

My heart raced in a way it never had before. I needed to get out of here. No man had ever made me feel like this, not even when I first met Alex. Why was I feeling this way now?

He kept getting closer, and I remained frozen in place. What was he doing to me? 'Rose, if you're there, I need your help, your strength,' I silently called to my wolf. But before I could gather my thoughts, the man was right in front of me, standing dangerously close, his face inching closer as if he were about to kiss me.

My heart seemed to stop, and my eyes instinctively closed as I waited anxiously for our lips to touch. I couldn't explain it, but I craved that connection, perhaps as a distraction, something to help me forget Alex, especially since the drinks weren't doing much to ease my mind.

However, the anticipated kiss never came. Instead, I felt his warm breath against my ear, and a shiver coursed through me. He whispered, "Have a drink with me when you come back." Then, he pulled away, his eyes still locked with mine.

Embarrassment washed over me, but that feeling quickly faded as I stared into his piercing eyes. They held no warmth, only the promise of tumultuous emotions and danger. Yet, strangely, I felt no fear.

With a nervous gulp, I nodded in response. “Off you go then,” he said, averting his gaze from me and returning to his table. I stood there for a moment, caught in a daze, before snapping back to reality and rushing to the bathroom.

As I splashed water on my face, I couldn’t help but stare at myself in the mirror. “What are you doing, Sara?” I asked myself.

“Why am I even worried? Alex rejected me, and now I’m single and free to do whatever I want,” I gave myself a pep talk. The stranger’s face appeared in my mind, those cold-looking blue eyes, his strong figure. I couldn’t help but wonder if they’d be warm or cold against mine.

Would they be as soft as they looked? I shook my head, trying to shake off these thoughts. After using the bathroom and washing my hands, I looked at myself in the mirror. “Well, I can’t do better than this. He saw me in gym clothes and still showed interest. How I look doesn’t matter,” I assured myself before leaving the bathroom and returning to the bar, determined to avoid looking in the direction of the intriguing man.

I settled down next to Natasha but couldn’t resist stealing a few glances toward the mysterious man’s table. Who was he? He definitely wasn’t from our pack; I knew everyone here. That man was a stranger, and he didn’t carry the scent of the wolves in this pack. Come to think of it, I didn’t even smell any wolf on him, or did I?

“Earth to Sara!” Natasha yelled, snapping her fingers in front of my face. “Where did you just go?” she asked, and I tore my gaze away from the man’s table to look at my friend.

“I met someone,” I confessed, and Natasha looked at me with a puzzled expression. She asked, “Who?”

I glanced back in the direction I had come from, and there he was, the man making his way toward us. “The one coming our way,” I replied, and Natasha’s eyes widened.

“Sara, no. Do you know who that is?” Natasha asked, her face turning as pale as a sheet. I wondered how she could know this man. “Who is he, and how do you know him? He’s not from here; I know everyone. Is he visiting or something?”

I bombarded my bewildered friend with one question after another. Her reaction made it clear that she didn’t just know the man; she also feared him. So, who was he? Natasha kept opening and closing her mouth like a fish out of water.

“Nat, who is he?” I asked, turning her head to face me. She looked like she had just seen a ghost.

“That’s Alpha Kane, Alex’s uncle!”