

Second Chance: Mated to My Ex's Uncle

Chapter 0004

SARA'S POV

“No!” I exclaimed, utterly shocked by the news.

“Yes, he came to that dinner my father organized for the alphas at our house, and he introduced him as Alpha Kane, Alex’s uncle,” Natasha responded.

I got that, but what I didn’t understand was why my friend was so scared of the man. I didn’t have time to ask more questions as the man took a seat next to me, and I turned my head to look at him.

“Now, what can I get you?” he asked. I swallowed hard; that voice of his was doing all sorts of things to me, and I doubted I could keep my composure around him.

What was it about this man that made me want to pounce on him? “Get it together, Sara!” I scolded myself in my head. I didn’t know what was happening to me, but I felt like this was where I was supposed to be, by his side.

“Whiskey, neat. That’s what I was drinking, and I don’t want to mix,” I replied. I didn’t understand why I felt the need to explain myself to him. He was the one who asked me what I wanted, so why did I feel the urge to justify my choice of drink?

“A woman with a strong taste, interesting,” he said, signaling for the bartender to pour our drinks. I didn’t catch what he asked because my focus was on his profile. He looked nothing like Alex, no family resemblance or anything. If Natasha hadn’t told me who he was, I wouldn’t have believed that he was that prick’s uncle.

Speaking of Natasha... I turned, only to find her chair empty. “She left,” a voice sounded on my left—his voice.

“What?” I turned and asked, perplexed.

“Your friend left,” he repeated. What? Nat wouldn’t just leave like that. My phone beeped, and I turned it over to see a text from Nat: “Enjoy the distraction. Call me if you need anything.” The text made me smile. She knew me better than I knew myself. The stranger had the potential to be the distraction I needed.

“Kane,” he suddenly said. I looked up from my phone and found him staring at me.

“Sara,” I replied, and he said something I couldn’t quite catch.

KANE'S POV

I can't quite put my finger on it, but the longer I stay by her side, the more I want to stay right here. It's strange; being with her doesn't annoy me like it usually does with other women.

She ignites this strange desire within me to claim her as mine, to protect her and have her by my side. If Logan, my beta, were here, he'd probably tease me about being whipped or suggest that she might be my mate.

I stole another glance at her as she replied to her friend's message. 'What is it about her that makes me want to keep staring at her?' I pondered as I continued to watch her. She's undeniably beautiful. I couldn't help but wonder what her story was. Why did she wear that hint of sadness? Who could have possibly hurt her?

I want to unravel every mystery about her, every little secret she might hold. Maybe she's my mate, but how could I confirm it? I have no wolf, and even if she wanted to confirm it, her wolf wouldn't be able to tell because I don't have one.

But the way she makes me feel is exactly how Logan described feeling when he met his mate. I need to find a way to convince her to come home with me, but how? Damn it!

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked, breaking my train of thought. My real answer would've been something like, "Because I want to take you with me, but I don't know how to ask you or what my reason for asking you would be."

Instead, what tumbled out of my mouth was, "Because even with that sadness in your eyes, you still manage to take my breath away."

I cringed inwardly. What the heck was that? I'm not the cheesy type, but whatever she's doing to me, it's making me act completely out of character. The more time I spend with her, the sillier and dumber I feel.

"I had a long and painful day. But I'll be okay; I just need to drink and forget today ever happened," she said. My anger flared up suddenly for reasons I couldn't explain. What had happened to her? Who had hurt her?

She is making me soft on this one, and I don't do soft. I don't go around being protective of strangers. I know I will make her mine tonight, and then all of this fluctuation will be over and done with. She'd just be another girl I had, and I wouldn't even remember her name. It's safer that way, or so I thought. But there's something different about her. I don't just want to sleep with her; I want her by my side.

"Damn!" I cursed under my breath. I am drunk, and I need Logan here to keep me from doing something reckless. I've come a long way to be brought down by a woman now. I won't let it happen, even though every cell in my body craves to be closer to her.

Even though I want to take her to my room and sleep with her till the sun comes up, I'm determined not to fall for her. She'll be like all the others; after one night, the spark will fade, and I'll move on with my life.

"That's life, you know? It can be painful, and it's how you handle days like the one you've had that shapes your future," I told her. She needed to understand that if she got with me, she would have to face another painful day when I left for my pack after f*cking with her.

"You might be right. But what do you do when you have no way out, no one to turn to?" She looks at me with pain in her eyes, and I can't help but wonder who hurt her so deeply and why she's seemingly alone.

Maybe she's an orphan; I don't even know if this pack has orphans. "Then you create your own family, your chosen people. Chosen families often turn out to be better than those we're related to by blood," I say, hoping my words will offer her some solace. It hits her hard, and she tears up.

I'm not exactly skilled at comforting women, and if she starts to cry, I swear I'll leave her right here and return to my table. Or, better yet, retreat to my room for some peace. I can't wait to leave this messed-up pack behind anyway.

She shakes her head, looks up, and mumbles something under her breath, but I can't make out what she's saying. "You might be right about that," she replies with a sad smile. She'd better keep this up if she wanted to maintain that allure she had.

I didn't come here to be a therapist, but she's unloading on me as if I'm one. She takes a sip of her drink, and as the glass leaves her lips, they're wet. She then licks them provocatively as if trying to seduce me.

This vixen is going to get what she wants if she doesn't stop that behavior. "So, are you from this pack?" I steer the conversation, desperately trying to distract her from those tempting lip tricks.

She nods. "Yes..." she pauses. "I grew up here. But now this pack doesn't feel like home anymore." There she goes, oversharing again.

"Want to get out of here?" I asked, observing her wet lips. Damn!! I must f*ck her to get her out of my system, and then I get back to normal.

She gazed up at me, a glimmer of determination in her eyes, and then gave a resolute nod. I couldn't help but break into a charming grin. With the bill settled, I strolled away, and she gracefully trailed behind. It's high time I unravel the mystery that's captivated me about this woman. I don't want to inflict any harm, but sometimes fate plays its cards.

"Take me away," she murmurs suddenly, her voice tinged with the weariness of hurt and perhaps a few too many drinks. I'm left wondering what demons haunt her. Yet, a thought flashes

through my mind – perhaps this could be more than a chance encounter. I need a Luna, and she yearns to escape. It's a perfect combination.

“Take me away, and I promise,” she implores, desperation and sincerity dancing in her eyes, “I will be loyal to you, and I'll stand by your side, no matter what.”

Damn! I will have to wait for another night to execute my plan with her. Well, I'm taking her home with me, which means I can have her whenever I please.

Leaning in, I murmur, “Meet me in my room tomorrow morning, and be ready to leave.”