

Chapter 112 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake looked towards the serpent in his office; the f*cking b*tch who'd screwed him over. Last night's fight f*cked him up pretty bad.

Because of her stupidity, his name was a mockery now, if it went down in history like this, the future generation would laugh every time they heard it. But that was understandable, he was a f*cking embarrassment, who still couldn't comprehend how and why he'd lost. He had the upper-hand, Quinn had been in his possession, and Zayd had been poisoned by one of the deadliest creatures to ever exist.

He understood now that the poison could only last for three minutes if it was inflicted by a spell and not originally by the caster...but he doubted it'd been three minutes and Zayd; that...that f*cking donkey still had enough strength to get up and fight.

Jake slammed his hand against the desk, groaning when the action f*cked with his wounds. "Serpent..." He then called.

"My name is River. I'm a snake, but you don't see me calling you a wolf just because you're one, do you?"

"It doesn't matter, you proved to be a snake whether or not you were one. Why didn't you tell me that before the battle?"

"What? That the poison would only last for three minutes? Perhaps if you asked, I'd tell you."

"Don't get smart with me, watch your mouth, I can still wipe out your whole f*cking clan if I want to...it doesn't matter if I won or I lost, I can still do whatever the f*ck I want."

"You promised...you said if I helped you win, you'd leave my people alone. I did my part, if you'd done yours and killed him when you could instead of showing off, he wouldn't have f*cked you up."

Jake's eyes narrowed at her. "I said to watch your mouth, serpen~!"

"No, you should watch yours! My clan is trying to recuperate, to f*cking grow after your people almost killed us all off, and now you want to do it again? Let me tell you this wolf...Joke...Jake

or whatever. I helped you, don't f*ck around with my people anymore. They've had enough of your kind."

"We'll see what I do. I can kill your little snakes off if it pleases me."

"Try it, we might be vulnerable in the day because there's no moonlight, but remember that even in the day we're still f*cking venomous."

With that, she twisted towards the door, but his gamma Garth blocked her path. "Move...!"

She yelled at him.

He looked towards Jake for orders, and Jake gestured towards her. "Just let her go...I'm done talking to her anyway."

He moved, and when she walked out, Jake sighed. "Garth, get me Beatrice...no, not Beatrice, get me Delilah; the slave in the dungeon."

His head was hot...he needed something to cool it down.

"I'll bring her here immediately." He stepped out of the room and when he came back just minutes later, he was hauling Delilah with him. She was resisting, just as he thought she would, and seeing it had a little excitement glowing in his heart.

Garth threw her against the floor, and she glared up at him. "Why don't you just kill me?"

"And why would I do that?" Jake nodded towards his beta, a motion that meant he should leave, and he did, leaving Jake with the pretty omega on the floor.

Dark circles had caved her eyes, and her lips were cracked and dry. The pink dress she wore was torn from the last time he'd held her down and f*cked her. He thought she'd be broken by now, but she still had immense hate for him in her eyes.

He knew if she could kill him, she would, but if she killed him, she'd die too. "Come here..."

She didn't move, instead her eyes filled with tears that dripped down those dirt-stained cheeks. "No...I do-don't want to."

"Why not? Are you not aware of the fact that we are mates? That you belong to me even if you don't want to."

"Reject me...send me back to him...p-please."

"Alright...let's make a deal. If you can make me come by sucking my c*ck, I'll send you back...I'll even let you keep that thing in your stomach."

Delilah's eyes widened with hope, and she scrambled her way around his desk, stopping on her knees and hands in front of him. Jake smirked. "Look how eager you are...at least this time you'll willingly open your mouth without me having to do it for you. Come closer, bunny...dig up your carrot."

Delilah's hands shook as she reached for his pants, shakily unbuttoning it. Her eyes drifted up towards the smirk on his lips. She wasn't sure if she could trust him, he was a man who knew no morals. He fed off her fear and sometimes drank her tears. He liked it when she cried, when she surrendered...

He was a narcissist, he cared not about her pain, no, he only cared about his pleasure. He'd ruined her enough, she wanted to leave and to never see this man again.

He'd done unspeakable things to her, things she'd never dreamt of doing; bent her into positions that were unknown to her and had many times beaten her to sickness...only to f*ck her right after.

She was scared of him...this man that the moon goddess had fated to her. Was it karma? For all she'd done to Quinn...was this her karma?

Delilah uncovered his c*ck from beneath his underwear...whether this was karma or not? She'd escape it, even if she had to fall to her knees to do it.

Her lips slipped apart, and it slowly probed between them; big and hard to swallow...thick and veiny; just like Jeo's, but a few inches longer and even a little bit thicker.

She sucked past the head, taking in what she could before bobbing her head back up. She'd never sucked Jeo off...but Jake had forced her down on her knees once already. She was bad at it...she'd never pleased him to the point where he came, but right now ~with the risk of her freedom~ she had to do better.

Her tongue flicked over the tip, and then she licked down its length, staring deep into his obsidian eyes, trying but failing to see an emotion that marked pleasure.

He was still smirking, those plump, red lips seeming so kissable and yet not. His scent was mesmerizing too, but his actions were not. She had to admit it, because of the bond they shared, she was drawn to him.

His face was a beauty; flawless, unique and godly...he seemed like somebody who might've stepped out of heaven only to give her hell. A man as handsome as him wasn't supposed to be this evil...

"Bunny..." His hand fell atop of her head. "Take me deeper...all the way in."

Delilah nodded, opening up her mouth wider and directing his c*ck down her throat. She gagged even before she could take him half-way in, and when she tried to pull back, he held her head down. "I said to take me all the way in, Delilah."

Delilah's eyes water when he shoved his c*ck deeper, so deep that it hurt. "That's more like it." He gripped her hair, using it to take control of her movements. "Since you seem inexperienced, I'll help you to pleasure me."

He pulled her head up, and then stuffed his c*ck back down her throat. She could feel as her mouth salivated, wetting his length enough to have it dripping onto his pants. He pulled her off his c*ck and Delilah sucked in an immense amount of air. "Now play with my balls...then lick from there all the way to the tip."

Delilah glared up at him, wiping her mouth. "What? I'm only trying to help you, bunny..." His hand that had been in her hair reached beneath her chin, caressing the soft skin. "Don't you want my help? Don't you want to go back to your worthless alpha?"

Delilah swallowed her pride as she nodded, licking from his balls to the head of his c*ck just like he said. "Now, take it into your mouth and use your tongue...that's the only way it'll feel good."

She acquiesced, taking only a half of him into her mouth before bobbing her back up. She saw it now, a glitter of lust, of pleasure in his eyes as he bit his lip. "Do that again, baby..."

His balls twitched when her tongue sloppily circled the head of his c*ck, and then inch by inch she took him into her mouth again, gobbling him up as though he were something sweet. It was beautiful, watching how such a small mouth spread so wide just to accommodate him. The tears that streamed down her face were just as pretty as the hate in those brown.

F*ck it felt good...her mouth was so warm and wet and tingly...he'd never felt this good from just a blowjob before, but right now, he was merely seconds away from coming.

She was sucking him hard and desperately...she wanted to take his f*cking soul, didn't she?

Jake groaned as he grabbed onto her hair, holding her head down as his come splattered in her mouth; in her throat. She coughed, but he would not pull out until she swallowed.

His c*ck slipped out of her mouth when she did, and she looked at him hopefully then. "I did it...I did it, now please let me go..."

He laughed. "You really believed I would? Whether you're pregnant for him or not, you belong to me. You're going to be staying here in my dungeon until I'm tired of you..." He zipped his pants. "Oh, and I might've forgotten to tell you...you won't be pregnant for long...I already asked the pack doctor to prepare something that can kill it."

"No...please, I beg of you. I-I want to go back. I don't want to be with you, and I...I want my baby, please..."

“Oh, I know...but I don’t care. Garth...” Garth rushed in and Jake gestured towards Delilah. “Take her back.”

Garth nodded, grabbing her up despite her struggle to stay, and hauling her out the door. He’d wanted to f*ck her, he’d been dying to, but he was in no condition to f*ck anybody, which was why he only settled for a blowjob.

His wounds restricted his movements greatly, and though he was angry about it...angry about his lost...angry at Zayd...she’d managed to ease his mind a little. Her presence here was bright...he liked her scent, but hated the fact that she was tainted with his mark and his baby...

But tonight...he’d get rid of it all tonight.

He didn't care if he wanted her...because he didn't. She was weak, an omega, a pathetic little slut...but she was his...

His weak and fragile beauty...

His omega...

His slut...

His...!

She was his little bunny and she'd be his until he decided to take her life himself! But for now, he had a lot more things to think about...

His reputation that Zayd had ruined...

The alpha king position...

And the venomoons who'd just turned against him...

Ah f*ck...he was f*cked...!

/J~S~ CHAPTER 2~ I'D RATHER

Chapter 113 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Delilah sat on the floor in the dungeon, looking down at her stomach with eyes that were as red as blood. She'd been crying for more than a day now; non-stop.

She hadn't eaten a thing, hadn't drunk a sip of water. He'd succeeded...he'd succeeded in completely breaking her...he'd won.

Delilah choked down her sob. He'd taken everything away from her; her life, her mate, and even her baby. The blood that still tainted the floor beside her was full proof of that...

Tear slipped from her sore eyes as she looked down at the stale blood. She'd begged him...told him that if he killed her child, then he'd better kill her too...

However, he didn't, he left her alive to relive the awful moment when he forced her mouth open and poured that bitter liquid down her throat. At first, she thought it wouldn't work because it did nothing to her, but an hour later, pain had struck her stomach in a way that had her crying out...

And then there was blood...blood sliding down her thighs and then to the floor...he ~that evil man who called himself her mate~ killed her child.

Was this how it felt? For Quinn...was this how she felt when Delilah and her mother had taken away her wolf?

Was this what it felt like to lose something dear to you? In Quinn's case, she'd lost her mate, and then she'd lost her wolf...all because of the same person.

Was this what it felt like?!

Delilah chuckled through her sorrow. This was karma, wasn't it? She wanted to be better than Quinn, to shine even as an omega. She wanted to feel significant, to be seen...

And now she was shining, wasn't she? Shining in the dimmest way possible. She had a strong alpha mate, stronger than Jeo and was probably second to the alpha king, but now she didn't want it...

Not anymore. She wanted her old life back...if she could go back in time, she'd take it all back and run away before this man could ever find her.

Wiping her eyes, she looked up at the ceiling, clasping her hands beneath her chin. "I've learned my lesson, I'm sorry to Quinn and to you. I was wrong, I was so wrong...but please — make it stop...all this pain is seriously going to kill me. Give me karma in a different way...please, I beg of yo~"

Delilah shuffled back when the doors to the dungeon were shoved open, but it wasn't Jake...it was his luna, the woman who had his mark on her neck; this woman who hated even the fact that she existed. "What are you praying for?" She chuckled. "The goddess won't help you, you'll have to save yourself."

She closed the door and Delilah shuffled further back until her back was against the wall. Every step the black-haired devil took towards her made her heart weigh more. “Leave me alone. I don’t want him, I just want him to let me go.”

“You don’t want him, but why does it feel like he wants you?” She roughly grabbed Delilah’s face. “He keeps coming back here, calling for such a worthless slut...and he won’t look at me, not anymore.”

She squeezed Delilah’s face; tight and painful. “What did you do to him?!”

Delilah pulled her head back, escaping her grasp. “Nothing...! Go ask him what he did to himself. As you said, he came here; by himself...he calls for me; I don’t call for him. Leave me alone and go ask ‘him’ why.”

The beta’s eyes widened in anger, and she slapped Delilah across the face. “You’re so full of yourself, you talk highly even though you’re an omega.”

“That’s because my sister told me to never cave...I might be an omega, but I don’t deserve any of this. I decide what’s my worth, and I’m worth more than this; more than him.”

Beatrice chuckled bitterly. “Your sister...? Quinn...? The wolfless b*tch Jake had kidnapped?” She grabbed Delilah’s hair, using it to force her head up. “She might’ve somehow gotten back her wolf, but I’d step in her face any day. She is no match for me, so in a sense, both you and her don’t worth sh*t.”

Delilah’s eyes widened. “Wolf...? Quinn got back her wolf?” She rubbed her stomach...Quinn got back what she’d lost, but Delilah would never get back her baby. In frustration, she grabbed Beatrice’s hand, and pulled it out of her hair. “Are you done? Please leave if you are.”

“What?! You really have no manners, I’d beaten you already, but I was going to stop since Jake warned me not to...however, you deserve to be beaten to sickness.”

She lifted her hand and slapped Delilah once more. This time, Delilah could taste the blood in her mouth and when Beatrice hit her again, she couldn’t hold back her cry of pain.

She fell against the cold concrete and Beatrice kicked her. Once, twice, thrice...and didn’t stop until she was coughing blood. She stooped in front of her then, grabbing her hair and pulling her up to whisper in her ear. “Listen up, as I said before little b*tch, the goddess won’t save you, so save yourself.” She pulled something from her pocket and stuffed it in Delilah’s hands. “And the only way to do that is by killing your f*cking worthless self.”

Delilah’s hand gripped around the pocket knife, just as the door was pushed open again. Beatrice stood to her feet immediately, looking back at Jake who seemed more murderous than ever. He glanced down at Delilah on the floor and then back at her. “What did I tell you? What did I f*cking tell you?!”

“I’m sorry, but she disrespected m~”

Before she could finish, Jake’s hand was around her neck. “I told you not to touch what belongs to me...wasn’t that what I said? Know your place, Beatrice...I’m not afraid to wring your f*cking neck.”

He shoved her back against the floor and then nodded towards the door. “I’ll deal with you later...for now, get the f*ck out.”

Beatrice scrambled to her feet, then rushed out, and Delilah shoved the knife behind her as he approached.

“F*ck, I told that scoundrel not to come down here...and look, she made me embarrass her in front of you.” He offered her a hand, one that Delilah did not take. “I hate you...” She whispered. “I f*cking hate...!”

The last bit of her words were screamed in the vicious sorrow that was consuming her. “Why won’t you just let me go? Or just kill me...that would be so much better than living this hell with you.”

Jake’s eyes twitched, his hand clenching as it retreated to his side. Something about the words ‘I hate you’ didn’t sit right with him. They made him angry...even though they shouldn’t. “I won’t kill you, I already told you that I enjoy your company. You’re my little bunny, how could I let you go?”

“Will I still be your little bunny if I reject you?” Delilah blinked up at him, the tears in her eyes making her vision blurry. “I; Delilah Felon rejects you; Jake Hone as m~”

Jake slammed his hand against her mouth and in the process, her head knocked against the wall. “Shut up...shut the f*ck up! What makes you think you can reject me? What gives you the f*cking right? I still wouldn’t let you go. So sit still and accept this new life. You seem out of it tonight...maybe it’s because I killed your baby. I’ll pity you just a bit, I’ll give you another day to recover and when I return, you’d better be ready to be the f*cking slut you are.”

He removed his hand from her mouth and twisted towards the door. Without another word, he walked towards the exit and Delilah pulled the knife from behind her, looking at his back begrudgingly. “No, I will escape you...I’ll do anything to escape this life.” She flicked the blade out and put it at her neck. “Even if it means killing myself.”

Jake turned towards her then, his eyes widening in shock when he spotted the knife. He took a step towards her, and she quickly lifted her free hand, stopping him. “Another step and I’ll do it.”

“Delilah...f*ck, I swear to god I’ll...no, I won’t do anything to you, just put the knife down. You’re scared, aren’t you? I’m sorry...I’ll let you go, I promise this time I will.”

“You’re lying again.” She smiled, and somehow the act had panic invading his heart, something he barely ever felt. The beats that came from it were loud, drumming in his ears. It was almost as if...as if he were scared.

“Please...”

He’d never begged before, but he felt the need to do it now. “Put the knife down.”

When she didn’t, his hand trembled as he stretched it towards her. What was this feeling of dread...? Why did he feel like this? Why didn’t he want this worthless whore to kill herself?

He didn’t want her, did he? He was sure he didn’t...but what was this?

“I said to stay back!”

“Delilah...please...”

She shook her head. “I’d rather to die than be with you...I hate you that much...” She swiped the knife across her neck, and his heart dropped immediately as he scrambled towards her. The organ felt like it had just been ripped out of its place, it hurt...it hurt so f*cking much.

He pressed his hand against her neck, desperately. The blood was seeping out so fast...she was going to die...his mate was going to f*cking die. “Delilah...f*ck...why would you...? You f*cking slut...!”

He picked her up, looking into those wide and fearful brown eyes as something wet slid down his obsidian ones. What was this...? Was he crying...?

He hadn't cried in years...

This...it reminded him of that day...that day his mother had killed herself right in front of him...and it was...it was f*cking horrible...!

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J~S~ CHAPTER 3~ DARK HEART...DARK SOUL...

Chapter 114 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake rushed her to the hospital. She was choking up blood, going in and out of consciousness. He didn't want her to die, she couldn't die...history couldn't repeat itself...this; it couldn't f*cking happen again.

He didn't know why he cared, but he did. His wolf was restless, shifting and howling in his head, and his body and his heart were trembling. She needed to live so he could beat the f*cking crap out of her for doing this to him...

She needed to live so he could f*ck her until she could barely move as punishment...

She needed to live, just so...just so he could see her again, hear her voice...just...all she needed to do was just live.

With a deep and shaky breath, he burst through the hospital door, rushing to the nurse at the front desk. "Now...!" He yelled at her... "F*cking save her now!"

The nurse got up immediately, seeming even more panicked than he was. "Yes alpha...this way!"

She led him to the emergency room, where he laid her down, and then numerous doctors rushed in right after. They surrounded Delilah; the now unconscious redhead on the bed, stained with blood all over. She looked more pitiful than she'd ever looked before; those glossy, brown eyes that always glared at him weren't even open, and that beautiful face was pale...it was as if she was already a dead body.

One of the doctors was performing hands-only CPR, one putting pressure on her bleeding neck and when another checked her pulse, he turned towards Jake. "She's not breathing...Sasha, pass the defibrillator."

Sasha; the nurse who stood behind him ~the one that had been by the front desk~ did so in ace and Jake just stood there watching as they tried to pump life back into her with a mind that was distant; too far gone.

He could hear as the machine charged and then blast; one time and then two...but what he could hear even louder, was his tiny footsteps, rushing towards the dungeon...rushing thirteen years back when he was just fourteen years old.

He was panting, out of breath...his father had just beaten his mother and had then mercilessly pulled him out of the dungeon to beat the crap out of him too.

It was painful...but it was far less painful than watching as his mother cried with eyes that begged for help. He pushed the dungeon doors open, eyes searching for his mom...to check on her...to make sure she was okay...

However, what he witnessed was far from her being okay. There was a knife in her hand that ripped swiftly across her neck and blood splayed against her clothes ~ against the floor, from her neck ~ from her mouth.

She fell back against the cold concrete; coughing, bleeding, dying...and Jake rushed towards her...groping her in his arms, while panicking...while crying. "Mom...mother...why'd you...?" His words were cut short...he felt as though he couldn't breathe. "The hospital...let me take you to the hospital."

He grabbed beneath her knees and beneath her back to lift her, but she choked out the words... "No, son..."

A smile graced her lips...a smile that he barely ever saw...no, one he never saw; a smile that made her seem genuinely happy. "No...n-now I'm free. L-Let me b-be."

Her hand reached up to cup his cheek; bloody and yet soft ~soothing~ "I'm...s-sorry yo-you had to s-see thi...this. I love you s-s-son, but I-I bitterly hate y-your...fa-father."

Her words were barely comprehensible, but he heard them, and he also heard when she'd taken her last, preordained breath. Jake had pressed his hand against her heart...he'd pressed his hand against her bleeding neck...he'd screamed...he'd cried, but none of it brought his mother back alive.

This was his fault...he didn't protect his mother; he'd been too fragile, too weak, but though he'd taken some of the blame, he pinned most of it on his father~ him and that new b*tch he'd brought home seven years ago.

That was when it all started; the disconnection, the abuse. His mother wasn't his father's true mate, and so when he found his gifted mate, he started to disregard his respect for Jake's mother. Hurtful words soon turned into painful slaps, and when his mother tried to leave him with Jake by her side, he'd locked her up in the dungeon...preventing her from starting a life elsewhere.

She became bitter towards him, every insult that came from her mouth would end in her being almost unable to walk. He'd beat her until she was just about crippled, and when his mate got pregnant with a child, he turned against Jake too.

Jake wasn't going to be the alpha, even though he was the firstborn...it was her son who'd take the throne. He really never minded it, the only thing he cared about was his mother; the woman suffering in her name and in his...

It seemed that night, she was tired of suffering and Jake was too. He had picked up the knife beside her on the floor, just as pack members rushed inside; his father behind them.

They must've smelled her blood.

He looked down at Jake's dead mother; coldly, before looking up at him. "What happened here, Jake?"

"S-She killed herself...because of you."

He thought he'd see regret, or even an ounce of pity on his father's face, but there was nothing...nothing but an underlying look of satisfaction. "I didn't want her...but nobody else could've taken her away from me." He looked towards his men. "Take her out, bury her body beside the largest Oak tree near the west borders.

The men had hauled her out...and Jake sat on the floor watching as his father turned his back and left. That night, he didn't sleep...he'd held the knife for hours until he finally stood to his feet.

He looked down at the blood that trailed the floor, and then he followed it out the dungeon door; steps steady, firm...nothing about them garnered any form of weakness.

The knife was gripped tight in his hand when he entered his father's room; revenge was what he named it as he stabbed his father more than eleven times in his sleep.

His gifted mate that had been beside him shuffled off the bed, falling to the floor; shocked and scared. "Please don't kill me...I have a child...I have to live."

Jake smirked at her. "Don't worry, dear precious Sarah...I'll go to his room, and I'll kill him too."

He did indeed killed them all, the happy family; his father, his father's beloved and their five-year-old son, he'd murdered them in cold blood, and then he'd dropped the knife and walked with blood all over him to that Oak tree they'd buried his mother at.

The dirt that covered her grave was loose, and he'd sat beside it with a dark heart and an even darker soul. He became an alpha that knew nothing called mercy, nothing called love.

He hated everything and everyone...and yes, for being weak, for choosing the easy way out, he hated his mother too. Her death tainted him, and he grew up with what seemed to be a glitch in his head; an abnormal way of thinking.

He dwelled in the dark, but right now, it felt like the goddess was shining a little light in his dark alley...because he felt something other than hate right now, he felt sorrowful...all because of the redhead on the hospital bed.

He looked up blurrily as the machine stroke her one more time. The doctors around her were making noise that was unnecessary, noise that was messing with his head. "One more time...charge it up...!"

The machine blast against her bare skin again and her body moved along with it...but still, she didn't start breathing...her f*cking heart didn't start beating.

A doctor turned to him. “Alpha, we’re sorry...we lost her...she’s gone.”

Jake’s hand clenched by his side and he walked out of the room; more like staggered out. He had to hold on to the wall to steady himself; he was so f*cking weak.

It happened again...history had repeated itself.

...and he...he...

“Vincent...one more time...!” He heard one of the doctors yell and someone hissed before the machine was fired again. “See...she’s f*cking dead. There’s nothing we can do, Sash~”

Something beeped and then came the sound of a heartbeat. “We got a pulse...hurry up, get me the...”

Without hearing anything else, Jake passed out on the floor, drowning in his memories...drowning in unconsciousness.

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CHAPTER 4— CONFUSING THOUGHTS

Chapter 115 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Jake jumped awake with sweat dripping down his forehead. He’d been living in a nightmare, one he was so glad to have woken up from. His eyes glanced around the room; alarmed.

He was in a hospital room...and he immediately remembered why he was here; Delilah, it was all because of that little...

He pinched the bridge of his nose...no, he needed to check if she was okay. The last thing he remembered was that they got a heartbeat. Was she still breathing now? Was the heart that had stopped still beating?

Shuffling off the bed, he walked towards the door, however before he could open it, it opened on its own, and Beatrice walked in, her eyes widening when she saw him. “Jake...honey, you should lay down.”

His eyes narrowed at her; into tiny slits of anger. “How many times have I told you not to call me that?”

“I...I’m sorry, but the doctor said you collapsed because of stress.”

“What about Delilah? What happened to her?”

She frowned, glancing away from him. “Why do you care? You shouldn’t f*cking care whether she lives or dies...you’re changing, Jake.”

“Look, Beatrice, you’re making me angry. Your presence alone was enough to anger me, but now you’re talking bullsh*t too. Answer my f*cking question, or just get out.”

“She’s fine...but I really wanted her dead.”

“That knife...did you give it to her?”

She hesitated. “Why ask when you already know?”

Jake ran his hand down his face, clearing it of the sweat that had coated it. “I’ll deal with you later, and your punishment will be so f*cking severe that you won’t want her dead anymore.”

He pushed past her, and she grabbed his hand. “Where are you going? Don’t go...not to her, please.”

He yanked his hand out of hers and walked through the door without another word. F*cking annoying...clingy women repulsed him, and Beatrice repulsed him the most.

Everything about her made his blood boil, and now the fact that she’d been the one to give Delilah that knife was f*cking with his head. He wanted to f*ck her up in the worst way possible...to grab a knife and do the same f*cking thing to her...

But he couldn’t...she was his luna, the woman everybody on the outside thought he loved. If he killed her...f*ck...

His nose burnt when he picked up Delilah’s scent...a flowery odor that too made his blood boil, but in a way he didn’t understand. It didn’t elicit a feeling of anger...it instead strummed his senses, creating a heat he sometimes couldn’t resist.

The closer he got, the more impatient he was to see her. His steps quickened, only stopping when he stood in front of her door. His hands were trembling for some reason, and there were feelings he considered foreign rushing straight through him. He reached for the knob. Was she awake? He wanted to see her. But did she want to see him?

Despite knowing the negative answer to that question, he twisted the knob, pushing the door open. Her scent flooded his nostrils, becoming denser...suffocating him in the most gratifying way possible. His eyes searched the room until he found her, staring at him with those big, brown eyes.

They widened in fear, and she shuffled back on the bed she laid in, groaning out in pain as she did so. Her reaction to seeing him made his heart churn, and he couldn't comprehend why. He stepped further inside, closing the door behind him, and making his way towards her bed. "How are you feeling?" He asked her.

She didn't answer him, she just laid there silently staring at him as though he'd come here to finish her off. It hurt his feelings...the fact that she'd made him relive those long-lost memories...the fact that she'd made him cry...and was now acting like the f*cking victim.

His hands clenched at his side. Maybe he should finish her off, maybe he should drape his hand around her f*cking neck and reopen the wound. But regardless of the way she looked at him, that wasn't what he wanted to do, and the feelings confused him.

The red hair that blocked a portion of her face his hands so badly wanted to 'gently' swipe them behind her ears...and he wanted to draw nearer...to get an even stronger whiff of the sweet scent she possessed...

Stargazer lilies...and fresh lemons...

The scent seemed to have captivated him, that and the beauty she still held on to despite her condition. He wanted to hear her voice, for some reason, he wanted to hear it more than anything. "Answer me, Delilah."

She flinched at the annoyance in his tone, but it wasn't completely directed at her. She shook her head. "No..."

Her voice was croaky, as if this was the first time she'd spoken since she woke up. That thought delighted him since it was to him. "What's the problem?"

"I wanted to die...to never see you again. It hurts that I lived because I don't think I'll ever have the courage to try taking my life again."

Her words angered him...they made the hole in his heart become so damn prominent. His hands clenched tighter, and he wanted to hit her, but the stronger part of him wanted to hold her for god knows what. "Bunny, I told you...you can't escape me. No matter what you do, I won't let you fall out of my palm."

"I wanted to..." Delilah confessed. "You took away my freedom and then took away my baby. I want to escape you more than anything."

A sob drifted through her dry lips, clogging around his heart, squeezing it. He'd thought he loved seeing her in pain, but not right now. "Are you telling me that I shouldn't have done it? You're seriously telling me that I should let what belongs to me roam free with another man's baby inside of it?"

"I'm not yours...I was his."

“That’s what you thought, but now you’d better start facing reality. Did he come to save you? That fool you think you belong to, did he even think about you or that thing you had in your stomach once?” He pressed his clenched hands against the worn-out mattress. “Answer my f*cking question, Delilah!”

Delilah’s breath hitched, her eyes watering as she cried. “He would’ve if it hadn’t been you. He’d have saved me if he could.”

“Guess what? A real alpha would have saved you regardless. You’re pathetic, and he’s pathetic too...but let me tell you this, if you put a f*cking knife at your neck one more time, I’ll hurt you...I’ll hurt you so bad that you’ll eventually beg me to kill you.”

A shiver wracked down Delilah’s spine, and she flinched when his hand reached for her face, clenching her eyes shut. She thought he’d hit her, but when his hand gently slid her loose red hair behind her ear, she squeezed them open...staring up at him with surprise. “Don’t f*ck with me again, Delilah. I might like hurting you, but I hated it when you hurt yourself.”

And then he drew back his hand and left. Delilah watched his back, not sure what to think or what to do...why’d he do that?

She could bet the answer to that question was buried so deep that she wouldn’t be able to find it.

Not even Jake could...because as he walked out, he kept asking himself the same f*cking question. Why’d he do it? Why’d he f*cking do it?

His hand felt so good sliding against her soft skin...the sparks he’d felt were heavenly, and they were something he hadn’t thought about acknowledging before.

Today though, they made his heart freeze and then melt. He’d wanted to touch her more, but he was too scared to. Beatrice was right, he was changing, and he didn’t like this f*cking change