

Chapter 101 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd followed Dantae back to his office, taking a seat behind his desk. He stretched his palm towards his beta, and the man placed the two letters inside.

Zayd stared down at them, deciding to open the one from Jeo first...it interested him the most. He tore the envelope, pulling the paper out and unfolding it.

‘Dear Zayd Novak,

As per your request, I am writing this letter. I’ve found him, I didn’t have to drag him to the pack like I thought I would. He came here on his own two days ago and willingly walked into the prison. He’s still here, sitting right in front of his mate’s cell. He is yours to do as you please if you keep your promise.

Respectfully Jeovanni Lum,

Silver moon pack’

Zayd smirked, folding the paper and putting it back down. “It seems we’ll be venturing out tomorrow.”

“Why?”

“I have something to do...somebody to collect...”

Dantae’s face twisted in curiosity. “Who?”

“Quinn’s father...”

“Don’t tell me...are you going to kill him?”

“I have to do something, you thought I’d let him run free? Sure, he’d been nice the first few times we met, I might’ve trusted him too and even drank with him at night, but all that meant nothing the moment he put Quinn’s life in danger. I won’t kill him, it took everything in me to make that decision, but he’ll live wishing he was dead. His mate too...I’ll make an example out of them both.”

Dantae nodded towards the letter from the unknown sender. "I already read that one, it's confusing to me. I don't know what they're talking about, but you might."

Zayd pulled the letter out, staring down at the words that littered the paper.

'Dear Alpha king,

I don't trust you, I never will, but I do need your help. I've helped you before while putting me and my people at risk. Return the favor and tie your rabid dog. He'll hunt us, I know. Our kind has stayed hidden in the dark long enough, it's time for us to step out into the light. If you help us, we'll help you. I'm the daughter of our leader; the upcoming viper, and I'm willing to sign an alliance with your pack.

I know you saw me that night, I saw the recognition in your eyes. I wasn't sure, but you seemed different from all the others that have led your kind, though I can't say what exactly is different.

I retracted the poison, at least I retracted enough for it to go unnoticeable. I knew your downfall would've meant ours too, if Jake had taken your spot, my kind would be used as scapegoats...don't make me regret choosing you.

I'll meet you on the neutral lands in Mongroove hills when the moon is out. Just you and if there's another, just know that beneath the moonlight, we are not defenseless.'

The letter ended there, and Zayd knew exactly who sent it...that girl...the venomoon who'd been a hindrance to him that night he'd fought Jake. He didn't recall her saving him...he must've been too numb to feel anything.

Her poison had been deadly, it had paralyzed him, but then his state of paralysis had calmed. It came on strong and then gradually washed away like waves. He'd still found it difficult to move, but his determination had pushed him...to save himself, but mostly to save Quinn.

She said she wasn't sure if she could trust him, but how was he supposed to trust her...especially beneath the moon?

She could grab ahold of him, poison him again and easily get rid of him. Their kind was obviously stronger than his when the darkness ate up the light, but to have them on his side would add to his power.

They are afraid of being hunted, Zayd knew what this girl wanted from him. Since he was the current king, his word was law...nobody could hunt their kind if he declared they were a part of his pack. They needed him to light their way out of the dark...and he wasn't completely opposed to it.

He sighed as he looked up at Dantae. "I didn't tell you, did I?"

"Tell me what?"

“I came in contact with a snake shifter...a venomoon. The night of the battle, it seems Jake had ordered her to help him win. She’d poisoned me, the poison was so f*cking strong that I couldn’t even move. I saw her then; deep, tanned skin with snake patterns running through the center of her face. Her eyes were narrow and dark...her lipstick had been the same. She stood out in the crowd; unique. She wants an alliance, her people must’ve gone into hiding after it was rumored that they became extinct.”

“So you’re telling me that they really exist...and one wants to meet you?”

Zayd nodded. “Two days from now...I’ll be risking my life again. I’ll go, and I’ll go alone.”

“Why? How is an alliance with them going to help you?”

“If you’d felt what I did that night, you’d know.”

“Exactly why you shouldn’t go. They are too dangerous. They can turn against us at any moment and when they do, they might win whatever war arises. That’s why they were hunted, used and killed in the past...they are stronger than our kind, they have too many advantages over us.”

“And if I have them on my side, if they surrender to my orders and decide to live peacefully, how much more superior do you think that will make me? Other alphas will be scared to challenge my authority...I’d rule until I die.”

“Think about the risks too, what will happen if they turn against us?”

“Then we’ll just have to send them into hiding again. Let’s see first. I’ll speak to her, get familiar with the terms, and decide if I’ll sign an alliance with her people.”

“I know I won’t be able to convince you otherwise, so I might as well cave...but take me with you...just in case things go south.”

“You really love me, don’t you?” Zayd chuckled. “I love you too, so don’t worry, I won’t die.”

“Look at you making jokes when I’m being serious.”

Zayd sighed. “Alright, you can come, but you’ll have to stand on the sidelines...just so she doesn’t think she’s in danger and attack.”

“Got it.”

“For the meet and greet, I want you to prepare an invitation for Jeo’s pack. That’s the deal we made when he came here last time. If he comes to the party, then the other alphas will think he’s just as important, he’ll rank up, and the smaller packs will want to join his as well as the larger ones. He’ll get the help he came here begging for...he’s a lucky guy.”

“You gave him such a tempting deal all to catch Quinn’s father. You don’t let go of anything, do you? You’re as evil as they come.”

“Damn right I am, he shouldn’t have f*cked with my girl...whether he’s her father or not.”

Dantae laughed, drawing for the chair in the corner. “I wonder how much of this we’ll finish today...dang, the invitation requests are becoming something I want to f*cking burn.”

“Indeed...they were annoying last year too. If I could, I’d disregard Jake’s, but I’d look really petty in front of all the other alphas if I do.”

“How sad...you’ll have to see the idiot who kidnapped your mate and shamelessly tried to cheat during a battle. He doesn’t deserve to be invited to such a place, and neither does Jeo.”

“I have to be professional about it and as for Jeo, a deal is a deal. He’d better be grateful and not even look at Quinn while he’s there.”

“Everyone will look at her...everyone wants to see the red head that riled you up to such a breaking point...”

“Right...they’d better f*ck off...any hand she shakes will be broken.”

“I can’t with you...” Dantae rolled his eyes. “Instead of talking to you...I’ll just do my work from now on.”

Zayd laughed and together, they worked until Frederick joined. Zayd promised to give Frederick time off to see his mate, but it’d have to be after the annual party. It wouldn’t feel right if Frederick wasn’t by his side.

All three of them grew up in Marcia’s arms...they were like brothers. They were fond of his parents and him of theirs. Nobody deserved to be his gamma and beta but them...and they’d worked hard for their spots.

CHAPTER 102~ LET ME HELP

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As promised, Quinn cooked Zayd’s dinner...at the expense of bothering his mother again. It was a simple dish of spaghetti and meatballs and though she got the noodles right, the sauce gave her some trouble and so did frying the meat balls...

Nevertheless, things ended a lot better than they did last time, she didn't burn her hands nor did she burn anything to the point of them turning black.

If you asked her, then she had improved a whole lot...she has been upgraded to master chef now, since the food was more than just edible this time.

Locking the cover over the dish she'd shared Zayd's food in, she neatly placed it in a bag and waved at Marcia as she walked out. The night was slowly ruining the day, devouring it...pretty soon, the sun would be no more.

Her steps led her along the paved path outside the pack house, and she trotted her way straight to his office, not wanting his dinner to get cold. She didn't knock when she got there, she just twisted the knob and went in. He wasn't alone, Dantae and Frederick were there, all filing through the numerous papers on his desk. They looked so exhausted that Quinn wished she'd cooked for them too...did they need her help? She was experienced in reviewing stuff like this, her father taught her how to differentiate bad and good deals...

She knew what would be beneficial for a pack and what wouldn't.

Zayd looked up at her as she squeezed through the door, smiling softly. "You're here."

"Yeah, just got done...do you guys need some help? I'm free."

"Yes...thank godd~"

"We don't." Zayd cut Dantae off. "We're just about done for the day too."

"What? But you said that we'll be doing an hour worth of more wor~"

"Yeah, nah...shut up and head out."

Dantae glared at him, dropping the paper he had in hand on the desk. "I see you're trying to get rid of us again, like that time when you brought us along with you to her old pack and denied us of a f*cking tour."

"At least you didn't fail to notice this time...I'll see you guys in the morning."

"I guess it's fine." Dantae smiled. "Less work for me today..."

Frederick tapped his shoulder. "Less work for today, but more work for tomorrow."

Dantae's smile faded immediately, but then it reappeared. "Quit trying to f*ck with my mood, we're going out for a little fun tomorrow...we won't be cooped up in here."

"Ahhh, I forgot."

“How can you just forget something like that?” He stood up. “Let’s have a drink before parting ways, it’s been a while. It sucks how Zayd won’t be joining us.”

“Actually, I’m glad I won’t be joining you guys. For a werewolf, your alcohol tolerance is pretty low, I never liked drinking with you.”

“And yet, you’d always come when I asked? What a hypocrite you are.”

“I’d been anything but a hypocrite, I was just trying to be a good friend.”

“You know what? I don’t even care. Come on, Frederick.”

Zayd laughed. “Are you whining like a girl right now?”

“No, I’m whining like a man...”

He walked to the door, glaring back at Zayd before opening it. “Why does it seem as though you’re drunk before you’ve even started drinking?”

“I’m not drunk, man...I’m hurt.” He feigned pain while gripping tight to his chest, and as Frederick walked up behind him, he grabbed the back of his neck, shoving him out the door he’d open. “Good night, Zayd...good night, Quinn...it’s sad that he’ll be my burden to carry home tonight, but for a couple of drinks after reading through those invitation request, I’d take on any weight on my shoulder.”

“Are you saying you don’t like drinking with me either?”

“Precisely.”

“Hey, Frederick! You’re a f*cking hypocrite too an...”

The door closed behind them and Quinn laughed. They were weird, but they were nice to be around at least. She turned towards Zayd who sighed, leaning back in his seat. “Damn, my shoulders hurt.”

“Tired? I made what you asked.” She walked over to his table, taking the dish from the bag and placing it in front of him. “You must be hungry too.”

“I wasn’t...not until you walked in here looking like you were the food.”

Quinn narrowed her eyes at him, trying but failing to keep the blush from creeping up her cheeks. “How do you even come up with those?”

Zayd shrugged. “It’s an attribute you get as long as you’re born as a man. What? Is it sexy?”

“Not in the slightest bit.” A lie...she knew it was a lie and he probably knew it too. She walked around his desk, stopping right behind his chair. “A massage?”

“Is it a reward for being sexy?”

“No, a reward for working hard.”

“Alright...either way, it’s a reward.”

Quinn’s hands grasped his shoulders, groping the thick muscles that bulged beneath his shirt. Every move she made elicited a groan from him.

He expressed how good it felt even as he popped the dish open and reached for the fork in the bag. “Smells nice...” He complimented, and for some reason, pride filled Quinn’s chest.

“Taste it before you talk...it might disappoint you.”

Zayd dug the fork in, twirling some of the spaghetti around it before bringing it to his lips. Quinn’s hand ceased as she waited for his input, the longer he took, the more anxious she got.

“It’s nice...” He finally said. “The sauce probably needed a bit more salt, but it tastes good regardless. After what you made me the last time, I don’t believe you cooked this by yourself.”

Quinn wanted to strangle him, but she refrained, sinking her fingers into his shoulders instead. “You cleaned your plate though.”

Zayd groaned. “Alright...alright, it was bad, but not like extremely, extremely bad...I was just joking.” She let go of him and he bent his head back to look at her. “Jeez, look at you hurting your hardworking mate. This was supposed to be a reward and yet you ended up punishing me instead.”

“I’m not sorry.”

“I know that much, but I want you to be.”

“Why?”

“So you can offer me a kiss as compensation.”

“Is that so?” Quinn scoffed at him, the sound low and playful as she leaned down, just inches away from his face.

“Yeah...” He responded, his warm breath tickling her lips.

She leaned closer, taking his lips between hers, and kissing him softly...slowly, until they were both breathless. She pulled back then, going back to kneading his shoulders with her small hands as he ate.

The room fell silent, but it wasn't in anyway uncomfortable. The fact that they were together in one room was essentially enough to please them both. Their scents lingered in the atmosphere, a vivid reminder that they were one now...two people who had given themselves to a bond they believed could last forever.

Zayd looked back at her after shoving the empty dish aside. "Aren't you tired? Come here." He grabbed her hand, pulling her around his chair and sitting her in his lap. "I'm going out with Frederick and Dantae tomorrow."

"Where are you guys going?"

"Just somewhere. I have some business with a small pack not too far from here." It wasn't a lie, it just wasn't entirely the truth.

"Okay, and when will you be back?"

"I'll be back in no more than three days, I'll spend the whole week with you after that, I promised."

"No worries. You don't have to overexert yourself for me. I understand that you're an alpha and you have a lot of things to do. I don't mind that, but I do mind sitting back and watching you do all the work. I can help, let me do my duty as luna. Send me on missions and have me meet other packs that you'd consider future partnerships with. I can also read through contracts and disregard the ones that aren't in our favor. Let me help you."

Zayd wrapped an arm around her waist, resting his forehead against her back. "I can't say no, can I?"

Quinn shook her head.

"Alright, since you leave me no choice, I'll do as you say...from now on, I'll call for you whenever I need help. When I get back, we can do some work here together."

Quinn smiled. "I'd like that."

CHAPTER 103~ HE LIED

Chapter 103 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd left early in the morning to go on his trip with nothing but a backpack over his shoulders. He'd given her a kiss on the forehead as he said goodbye, and now Quinn laid in her room...alone and bored.

For hours, she'd just been laying here...thinking. This was so unlike her, back at her old pack, she'd always been busy, there was always something for her to do...even when Jeo wasn't around...

But right now, she was just...just here; doing absolutely nothing.

Sighing, she sat up...should she visit the training grounds? It'd probably be good, since Zayd promised to send her on missions in the future. She needed to get her strength back up and in two days, she had to go for that long-awaited check-up with the doctor anyway...so might as well she did some training in her spare time.

Shuffling off the bed, she walked towards her door, opening it and stepping outside. Her walk to the training grounds seemed longer than usual, perhaps because she was so deep in thought.

And yet, she was thinking about nothing in particular...just some distant thoughts about herself and about Zayd.

Digging her hands into her pockets, she stopped a couple of feet away from the entrance of the field. There were a lot of people here and though she was their luna, she didn't know even a single one of their names. She didn't feel good about that, it made her feel as though she were lacking...and she was.

Zayd probably thought the same. That must've been why she had to beg him to let her help with duties that should've been handed down to her willingly. She wasn't just a luna, he knew that. She could be a stand-in for his beta, and she could do so many other things.

But perhaps he wasn't ready to bombard her with too much work. It hadn't been long since the ceremony...maybe he was waiting until she got used to this all over again...until she got used to his people.

And to do that, she needed to at least put in some effort.

Heaving out a breath, she walked through the high gate. They'd already been constantly glancing in her direction, but now their gaze lasted longer, trailing her from her head and straight down to her toes. It was probably awkward for them too, she wasn't from here...so they knew absolutely nothing about her.

It had been easy to blend in and converse with the people back at Jeo's pack since she grew alongside them, but these people were strangers to her just as much as she was a stranger to

them. If she wanted them to look up to her, she had to be as open as possible, she had to reach out and earn their trust...and she had to do it now.

Quinn straightened herself as she walked further onto the fields. Everyone she passed by bowed their heads to her, and Quinn tried her best not to showcase her nervousness as she stopped along the sidelines.

Her head was held high even though she was dying to lower it; to hide...and her heart was beating fast...faster than it normally did. This was her first time coming out here with no company, or rather her first time visiting when the pack members were here...but she still had to be brave.

“Hey...” She referred towards the two men who had been sparring before she arrived.

The one she was staring at pointed at himself. He was muscled, but lean and his opponent was bigger, thicker. His muscles bulged even more than Zayd’s... “Me? You’re speaking to me, Luna?”

“It’s Quinn...I’d feel a lot more comfortable if everybody called me that.”

“What can I do for you...Q-Quinn?”

He stuttered out her name as if he were afraid to say it. “Your stance...” She gestured towards his feet. “It’s firm.”

He glanced down at his feet, smiling softly. “Thank you.”

“Go on, don’t let me disrupt your training. I’m here to train too.”

They began sparring again, and Quinn glanced at the man beside her. He was middle-aged, dark strands of black hair garnered and tied at the back of his head. “Who do you think will win?”

He looked at her. “Devin always wins...he’s the head warrior. He’ll win for sure.”

“Who’s Devin?”

“The one you just spoke to.”

“If you didn’t tell me, I’d think you were talking about the other one.”

He chuckled. “I can understand why you’d think that, but Devin has proven many times that size doesn’t matter. He’d won three times in a row so far...he’ll win this match and the next one too.”

“That’s impressive...who’s fighting him next?”

The man shrugged. “Anyone brave enough. This is a part of training, to test and improve combat skills.”

“Does that mean I can take my chance then? I might get beaten to sickness, but I’m still willing to try.”

He laughed, eyes crinkling. This was what she needed, if she was at least nice to one person, then he’d start telling people that the new luna was easy to talk to. She’d seem more approachable then. “I’d advise you not to, Luna Quinn...and this is not me looking down on you or women for that matter, it’s me looking out for you.”

“I get it and that’s kind of you, but I’ll take my chances.”

She turned to face the fight after that, and it went just as he said it would. Devin won seamlessly and then peered into the rest of the crowd, as if daring somebody else to step forward.

Quinn was about to, but somebody grabbed her shoulder before she could. She turned around, finding Rachel behind her. “Quinn, why are you here? I thought you’d be going with Zayd.”

Quinn turned to face her completely, squinting her eyes. “Why would you think that?”

“Dantae told me last night that they’d be visiting your old pack, so I assumed you went too.”

“My old pack? Jeo’s pack? Why would he...? Are you sure that’s what Dantae said?”

“He was drunk last night, if he doesn’t ever tell the truth, he’ll spew it all when he’s drunk. He’d been talking about that last night. Didn’t Zayd tell you he’d be going?”

Quinn shook her head. “He didn’t...”

But why...why wouldn’t he tell her that he was going to her old pack? She’d asked him last night, and he told her something entirely different...why would he lie?

Could it be that he was going t...?

Quinn’s heart stammered against her chest as she pushed past Rachel, rushing towards the exit. She didn’t look back, even when Rachel called out to her.

If he was going to her pack for what she thought he was...then she...she needed to stop him.

Her bones started to crack as she transformed into her wolf mid-run, sprinting towards the south borders. Is this what he meant...?

‘There are people who actually deserve to die, people who won’t stop hurting you until they perish. You don’t have to get rid of them...as your alpha, I’ll gladly do it for you.’

Is this what he meant when he said that? She understood that Jeo had colluded with his family and ended up hurting her...but if he destroyed Jeo for taking away something from her that had returned, then the whole pack ~even the small bit that were innocent~ will suffer.

That day when Jeo had visited and asked for help...she didn't know what he said to Zayd, but was it enough to lead to something like this?

Or was she just overthinking? What if he was just there for business as he'd told her? But if it were so, then why would he hide it from her?

Quinn ran faster, she wanted Jeo to die too, she hated his guts...but the goddess would lay his karma out for him without Zayd having to get involved. It was already happening, his pack was in bankruptcy, they had neither money nor food...and the woman he'd chosen as his mate turned out to be Jake's, so he was already suffering...

And furthermore, if he was going to kill Jeo, then all the weight of the pack would fall on Cannon's shoulder...and he was the only one who'd been the least bit nice to her. If not for Jeo's sake, then she had to at least do this for him and his mate who was pregnant.

CHAPTER 104~ THE SCENT OF BLOOD

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On Quinn's desperate journey to get to her destination, she'd stopped to rest more times than she'd wanted to. She didn't want to strain her wolf, and then it'd end up going into hibernation again...or even end up vanishing for good...

So she'd taken the necessary precautions and rested when she felt like she couldn't go on...

She made it to Jeo's pack borders when it was past 2:00am. The sky was dark, and yet the full moon and the twinkling stars scattered across it made it seem so bright. The breeze was heavier here than it was at Zayd's pack, weighing her down with a cold atmosphere that would've made her tremble if she weren't in her wolf form.

A shaky breath left her lips as she crossed the borders...she hadn't stepped foot on these lands since that day everything went down, and she found out that Jeo and Delilah were scheming to hurt her alongside Kathrine...and she hadn't planned to.

However, right now, she felt as though she had to. Her steps were hesitant as if she were afraid, and as the sound of the patrollers approached...she felt even more pressure squeeze her down to her knees.

They surrounded her, all in their human forms...for they knew...they knew despite what they'd all done to her, she wouldn't hurt them.

"Quinn...is that...is that really you?"

Quinn's eyes searched the woods, until she saw Cannon slip from behind a tree. She felt safer now, safe enough to transform back into the skin of her human. He stepped up to her and the patrollers gave him way. "Why are you here? You aren't supposed to be here."

"Why not? Zayd's here, isn't he? What is he doing? What has he already done?"

"Something you wouldn't want to see." He took off his shirt, handing it. "Turn back, Quinn...this is me protecting you again, just like last time."

Quinn shook her head as she took the shirt, using it to cover her bareness. It drifted down to her thighs, not hiding a lot, but hiding enough. "Is it Jeo? Did Zayd kill him? Cannon, you know what will happen if he dies, why would you sit back and let that happen?"

"Jeo is fine, Jeo isn't the one he came here for. Leave."

"Then if not Jeo, then who...?" Quinn shoved past him as the pieces fitted together in her head. Kathrine was imprisoned here...did he come here to kill her off? "Is it my...I mean Delilah's mother?"

"Yes..."

"But I...I never told him I wanted her dead."

"I suppose that's why he didn't tell you why he was coming here. For the last time," He grabbed her hand, stopping her. "Go back."

Quinn shook her head again. She remembered, the last mission they went on together, he'd done this too. He'd grabbed her hand when she told him she'd be going back...he'd tried to stop her from witnessing something that would scar her for life...

However, back then, it was something she definitely had to see even if it would hurt, and right now, this was something she had to see as well. She yanked her hand out of his. "I'm sorry, Cannon...I'll have to disobey you again."

She ran off further into the lands, and she could hear him stopping the patrollers from pursuing her. The closer she got, the faster her heart pounded...

But then she stopped, peering up at the tree she'd always put her hope in. It was still a mess...The branches that had fallen from its stem had now turned to dust...but now new branches were being formed...small branches, the tiniest in size with abnormally green leaves that were just as tiny.

Quinn's hand ran slowly against the bark, and then she patted the tree...a way of congratulating it for surviving the tough weather and making it to the smooth one. She hoped it wouldn't fall again, no matter how old it got.

It was once the tallest and biggest tree in these woods, she hoped it would now amount to nothing less than that.

Continuing on her path, she finally made it onto the clear part of the land. She headed into the direction of the prison and that's when she started to pick up on Zayd's scent...not only his, but Jeo's...and Kathrine's and her father's...

And she...she could smell blood...her 'aunt's' and her father's blood.

At the whiff of it, she missed a step, almost falling flat on her face, but only ended up falling on her knees. Her mouth tasted just like the blood she smelled; metallic...and her stomach was twisting in what seemed to be disgust.

Her fingers dug into the low grass as she forced herself back onto her feet. She felt dizzy now...all of a sudden, she felt as though she couldn't go on.

Still, she trudged on, staggering forward until a bile settled in her throat. Her stomach churned, and she hurled over, vomiting up everything that had been in her stomach. She fell in front of it, breathing heavily and wiping her mouth.

F*ck...what was this? She'd smelled blood before, what was wrong with her?

She tried to get up, but then stopped when she saw Zayd rushing towards her...his gamma, his beta and Jeo all running behind him. He had this look of surprise on his face, and it was mixed with a look of shame...of guilt. "Quinn, how did you...? What are you doing here?!"

That same question again...the same one Jeo had asked her before rejecting her that awful f*cking night. She chuckled bitterly, and he sighed, stopping in front of her. "Quinn, I...this shouldn't have..." He grabbed beneath her arm, helping her to her feet. "You're not okay at the moment. Let's talk about this back at home. Frederick, take her back with you, I'll be with you guys soon."

Frederick took her from his arms, and Quinn shrugged him away from her. "I'm fine, don't touch me, none of you touch me."

Frederick looked towards Zayd who fanned his hand to dismiss him. "Let her be."

He then turned to Quinn, who staggered past him. “Red...?”

“Are they dead?”

“No, but they’re...” Instead of finishing, he went silent and Quinn didn’t ask further...it was best to see for herself.

Their steps echoed behind hers as she entered the prison, walking her way down to the awful scent of blood that had her stomach doing disturbing flips. She stopped, turning to stare at Kathrine and her father, who sat side by side...watching...waiting...as if they knew she’d come.

Derrick rushed towards the bars, grasping them tight. “Quinn...”

He looked battered and bruised much like Kathrine did...his face was swollen and bloody, he looked pitiful. “Father...”

“Why are you...here? Don’t tell me you came to...save us?”

“Save us?” Kathrine laughed. “If she’s the only one that could save me, I’d gracefully die. If you’re not here to finish us off, leave. We don’t want help from somebody like you...somebody too perfect to even be blamed. You’re lucky to have been born the way you were, because if you were ever an omega...you’d know exactly why I killed your mother and tried to kill you.”

“Kathrine...!” Derrick warned.

“What?! Do you think I’d regret it? Well, I don’t. If I got a second chance, I’d f*cking do it all over again.”

Quinn laughed. “That’s it, say exactly what I wanted you to say...what else? What else do you not regret?”

“I don’t regret anything at all...” Her breath hitched when Quinn opened the door to their cell, slowly tottering towards her. But even as fear caged her, she continued. “I don’t regret ruining your life...in fact, the night Katherina died, I wished you had died along with her.”

“Huh uh?” Quinn grabbed her face, squeezing her jaws tight. “Continue.”

“I’ve hated you since you were a child...watching you grow along with my daughter was a torture I endured all because of Derrick. I never shunned you though, I kept the bitterness to myself, but when it was proven how selfish your kind could be...when the goddess mated you to Jeo...that’s when I decided to stop torturing myself. Delilah gushed over him every night and yet, because you were special, you were the one who got him. So I planned to take him from you and give him to my daughter, who’d wanted him long before you had. I gave him that stupid love potion I bought from that old elder on the streets. He told me to mix it with my daughter’s scent; stargazer lilies and lemons...and guess what, it surprisingly worked, but only for a time.”

“What?” Jeo stepped beyond the door, but Quinn used her free hand to stop him from getting too close.

“What else, Kathrine?” She asked.

“Delilah doesn’t know, I told her to invite him out, have him get used to her. Even though he was under a spell, I wanted her to think his newfound love for her was genuin~”

“You ruined my f*cking life!” Jeo aspired to get closer again, but Quinn glanced at Zayd, and immediately, he knew what that dark gaze meant. He grabbed Jeo, pulling him. “Stay put...she isn’t done yet.”

Quinn turned back to face Kathrine, squeezing her jaws even tighter. “So after making me and my mother out to be selfish, you have come out and confessed to being the selfish one. You ruined someone’s life to better yours. It sucks, Kathrine because it didn’t seem to work.” Her hand drifted down to Kathrine’s neck, grasping the slender flesh as she leaned down to whisper lowly and lethally against her ears. “I didn’t know my mother, but I bet she’d want me to do this.”

Her claws extended, sinking deep into Kathrine’s neck. She pulled away, watching as her mother’s dear sister’s mouth opened in a silent gasp, her eyes widening in pain. However, Quinn felt nothing but a growing anger; a tremendous amount of hatred as she ripped her claws through Kathrine’s flesh.

She didn’t get to scream, she couldn’t...her body just fell back, splaying blood as it convulsed...she died with those disgusting eyes wide open.

Quinn staggered over to her father, who watched as everything happened with those sad, crocodile tears in his eyes. He hadn’t been crying when he was handing her over to Jake and his men.

She stooped in front of him, gently grabbing his cheek with her bloody hand. “I really loved you dad...I trusted you more than anyone. I never thought you’d ever do that to me, I came to you that night with not a single doubt in my heart. Why did you do it?”

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CHAPTER 105~ CLOSURE

Chapter 105 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

She stooped in front of her father, gently grabbing his cheek with her bloody hand. “I really loved you, dad...I trusted you more than anyone. I never thought you’d ever do that to me, I came to you that night with not a single doubt in my heart. Why did you do it?”

“Quinn I...” He glanced towards his dead mate, the shock and the fear still prominent on his face. “I’m sorry, I truly am. I wanted to protect you...both of you. That was the only way. They’d have killed Delilah and killed you if I didn’t do it. You two are sisters and sisters should get along, I told you, Quinn...I love you both, I’m on your side, but I also have to be on hers.”

“That’s why you did it? You used me to save the same sist~no, she’s not my sister, she’s not even my cousin. Delilah is absolutely nothing to me, and yet you tried to use me to save her...? The same girl who took my mate and then tried to murder my wolf? You really used me to protect her? Somebody who wouldn’t bat a f*cking lash to protect me...?”

“Quinn it’s not about that...” He gripped his chest, groaning out in what seemed to be pain. “It’s about...do you think that girl; Larna was the only spy planted in Zayd’s pack? Jake said if I tried anything funny...if I so much as ran my mouth, he’d kill both of my daughters. I had to do it, even if I told Zayd, he wouldn’t have known who the spies were, he wouldn’t have known whom to protect you from. I did it for you...but then I also did it for her. You don’t understand how scared I was of losing my daughters; I didn’t know what to do...I didn’t know who was watching and waiting for me to slip up just to put a knife at both your throats. Killing you would’ve done just as much damage as kidnapping you would. Either way, Jake would have still weakened Zayd, even more so if you were dead. You were vulnerable, you had no wolf...you couldn’t protect yourself, and though I trusted Zayd to win the ending battle against Jake, I didn’t trust that he’d be able to protect you from the people whom he trusts in his pack. I don’t want you to forgive me, I just want you to know that I’ve always been and always will be on your side...don’t forget that, even if you kill me today.”

Quinn’s hand fell from his face and her forehead fell against his shoulder as she cried. “Then why...? Why didn’t you tell me? You didn’t even apologize...! We could’ve done something about it together.”

“I told you, Quinn...but you’ve garnered so much hate for your sister that you wouldn’t even listen.”

“And so, you kidnapped me? Forced me to come along with you in your quest to save Delilah?” She slammed her hand against his chest. “That wasn’t fair, you made me watch them treat you like a dog...apologize...! You made me feel so pathetic...f*cking apologize...! You...You scared me...so apologize, father.”

Her voice lowered, becoming tiny and vulnerable as she slammed her hand against his chest again; continuously...until he weakly grabbed it. “I’m sorry, Quinn. I’m truly sorry for making you witness me in such a state...and though I won’t apologize for trying to save not just you, I’ll admit that even after making my choice to hand you over, I still felt like I made the wrong decision. What if he broke his promise and still killed you? I realized that I might’ve been foolish. I probably should have told Zayd. You wouldn’t have had to go through what you did if

I'd done that. He would've protected you way better than I ever could. But then, who would've protected Delilah? I wanted to make a choice that would keep you both safe, despite everything, I am your father just as much as I'm hers."

Quinn wanted to deny it, but she couldn't...she wanted to be angry...but she couldn't. She was just...just...

She raised her head, wiped her eyes and stood up on her now shaky feet. Even if she was angry; even if she was filled to the brim with rage, she knew she wouldn't be able to kill this man...even if he deserved to die; to be punished, she knew she was too softhearted to ever take his life.

He'd been the only thing that held her together when her life started to fall apart...

When Jeo rejected her, he'd been one of the biggest reasons why she'd stayed back instead of leaving...even if she was sad and completely broken, she'd wanted him to live happily...like a f*cking fool...

Harshly wiping at her eyes again when more tears filled them, she looked over at the dead body that laid beside her father. She hadn't come here to kill anyone...she came here to stop Zayd, but it turned out that she was the one who needed to be stopped.

She couldn't believe it...after years of seeking this woman's attention, after years of silently begging for her love, after years of...of never-ending torture...she finally ended it, and it had been so easy.

Those awful words she'd said had made it easy...that look that really did not reflect regret in her dull eyes had made it easy. The more she spoke, the angrier it made Quinn...and that's why Quinn kept telling her to keep speaking...to continue until she eventually didn't want to listen anymore.

She walked towards the exit, stopping when her father decided to speak again. "Quinn I...if I'd known Jake was Delilah's mate, I would've made a different choice...even if it meant that the slow killing pill he'd forced me to take would kill me. Goodbye, Quinn...as always, I wish you happiness with no bounds."

Quinn didn't respond, instead, she walked past Zayd and held on to Frederick for support. "I'm ready...I want to leave."

The anxiousness in her voice was loud enough for everybody to hear. Frederick held around her waist, helping her outside where she broke down, letting go of all the tears she'd been holding back...

She'd sobbed and at one point even dry heaved against one of the trees at the forefront of the forest...she felt sick...no, she was f*cking sick.

Zayd, Jeo and Dantae came out a moment later...and when he looked at her, Quinn deliberately looked away, not wanting to see him...not at this moment.

Before he could, Jeo stepped forward, him being the first of the three to speak. "Quinn I...I know you're in a bad state right now, but can I talk to you? One minute, Quinn...I just need one minute."

"For what?" Zayd asked him. "A minute for wh~?"

"Just one minute is fine with me."

Zayd looked at her, those eyes obviously disagreeing with what she said, but she didn't care. Jeo walked towards her, leading her a distance away from them.

He stayed silent, looking at everything else but her...and the silence was deafening, so Quinn decided to break it. "Do you not have anything to say?"

He finally looked at her. "I'm sorry...I...all of this was...I just..."

"It's fine, you heard her...you were manipulated into loving Delilah, I'm over it now, it doesn't hurt anymore."

"You might be over it, Quinn...but I'm not. I lost the woman I've loved because of circumstances I was in the least bit control of. I want you back, I do...but I know you'll be happier with him and it f*cking hurts." His eyes glistened, garnering tears. "Can we not be enemies? For old times' sake...can we at least be friends?"

Quinn smiled; sadly. "Only because of times' sake."

He leaned in, slowly, as if he was reluctant to so much as touch her and yet his arms wrapped around her in a gentle hug. "I loved you, Quinn. I still do, and I always will...maybe in this life we just weren't meant to be together."

Quinn nodded her head. "Yeah...maybe."

He pulled away and turned his back to retreat, but Quinn stopped him. "Take care of...take care of him for me, please...Derrick I meant and Cannon too."

"I will." He started walking back in Zayd's direction, and Quinn followed after him, mirroring his steps until she stood beside Frederick.

Zayd approached her, reaching for her face...but Quinn turned to face away from him. He sighed, withdrawing his hand and looking towards Frederick. "Take her back home, safely...she needs to see the doctor too. Dantae and I have somebody else to meet before coming back. I'll see you soon, Quinn."

Quinn didn't answer, instead, she followed Frederick into the woods...praying to the heavens that he'd get back safely even though she felt so bitter towards him.

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CHAPTER 106~ THE MEETING ON THE HILLS

Chapter 106 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd wanted to go back with Quinn, considering the fact that she was angry at him, but he had to head for Mongroove hills. He was given two days to meet the snake shifter, if he didn't go now, then the time would pass.

From the beginning, this was what he had planned. He'd use a day to finish the 'business' he had at Jeo's pack, another to attend the meeting and by the third day, as he promised Quinn, he'd be back at his pack.

Now, he was dying to change his plans...but he couldn't, he wouldn't be able to get in touch with that venomoon ever again...if he was going to meet her, then he had to get to those hills by tonight.

Dantae was with him, the large gray wolf moving fast and strong alongside him. 'Are you alright, man?'

Zayd leaped over a log, feeling as the air roughly scorched his face. 'I'm fine, I knew she'd be angry if she found out. I expected this, I just might've not been prepared for it.'

'I understand, hopefully she will too...mere disrespect ends in death and what they did was far more than disrespect. Did you hear him, that cheesy line about wanting to protect his other daughter too.' Dantae chuckled through the link. 'He even said he didn't trust you enough to protect her, then how did he manage to trust his stupid self? He put her at more risk than you would. You should've killed him...if you were your old self, you would've killed him...just like you did that night after the alliance party. Those four rogues she didn't kill, you'd hunted and killed them yourself.'

'Those rogues are different, not only did they attack my sister, but they even injured Quinn's arm. They deserved to die, but I won't ever be able to convince her that the man who raised and trained her deserves to die too.'

'Is that why you did it?'

‘Did what? Feed him the same poison he had his mate feeding Quinn? I thought it’d kill him, I made him swallow the whole bottle. It sucks that he’s still able to so much as speak...but I guess niphron does take a while to work. His wolf is sad mourning the loss of its mate and in a few hours, Derrick will be even sadder because he won’t just be mourning the loss of his mate, he’ll be mourning the loss of his wolf too. Since I gave him a lot, even if he does survive, he won’t survive for long. So all in all, I might’ve not been able to rip him to shreds like I wanted to, but he’s still going to die a painful death. I promised to have mercy on him, didn’t I? I told you I wouldn’t kill him...that doesn’t mean something else wouldn’t.’

Dantae chuckled. ‘Where’d you get it?’

‘The niphron?’

‘Yeah...’

Zayd evaded a tree, glancing over at Dantae. ‘It took Coda two days to get it. She told me it was difficult to get, which makes me wonder how Kathrine got ahold of it so easily. Coda had to flaunt my position as alpha king to be given it, and Kathrine was just an omega, and they’d given it to her? It’s platinum poison, it cost me a f*cking lot too. There are others that can do the same damage, but unlike niphron, they are not scentless. The moon flower pack is the only one who makes it, their weapons and remedies are always prestige and outstanding. Their combat skills are not what makes them a part of the top ten highest-ranked packs, it’s their skills of redefining danger in so many ways.’

‘I see...how do you think she attained it?’

Zayd would’ve shrugged if he’d been in his human form. ‘She probably used a big name like Coda did or perhaps, someone of high ranking bought it and gave it to her. I’m not sure and there’s no way to confirm it now that she’s dead.

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‘I guess so. After what you told me, I didn’t expect what happened in there just now from Quinn. I thought she would’ve told you to let them both go, but when she murdered that woman in cold blood, it surprised the f*ck out of me.’

‘She does things like that,’ Zayd confirmed. ‘She’s surprised me a lot of times too. I didn’t expect her to do that either, I was completely dumbfounded.’

‘Yeah, I noticed.’ The link between them became silent after that, still open and yet no words were thrown at each other. The sun was out now, shining dimly down onto the lands, lighting their path and signifying that this was a new day.

They barely stopped to rest throughout the day and had eaten only once in the afternoon. Now the sun was gone again and the bright, crescent moon above had taken its place. They were almost there, the hills were approximately twenty minutes up ahead.

When they got there, nobody was there and they didn't hear a sound, not even a footstep.

'Man, do you think she's not here yet? Or did she already leave?'

'I don't think sh~' Zayd tilted his head to the side when the sound of an arrowed pierced through the silence, aiming straight for his head. It dug in the dirt behind him and if he hadn't moved his head, he knew for sure that he would've been dead.

"Didn't I tell you to come alone?"

Zayd's eyes followed the voice, finding her a couple feet away with a bow in hand. She was wearing a long, black dress with a hood over her head, he couldn't see her face, but he knew it was her, he was sure of it.

Crouching, he shifted from wolf to man and when Dantae moved to stand in front of him, he told him to stand back.

'What are you doing? She just shot at you and the only f*cking idea you got is to change forms?'

Zayd ignored him, holding his hands up as a sign of peace towards the girl. "He's harmless, he's my beta...so I asked him to accompany. Change back, Dantae."

"F*ck no!"

"Dantae now!"

Dantae blew out a breath and after what felt like minutes of defying him, he finally transformed into the skin of his human. Her hands fell at her side then, and she pushed the hoodie back, revealing her face as she slowly approached them.

Dantae gasped when he saw her, her eyes...they were narrow and bright; she had two small and yet beautiful snake eyes. The marks on her skin made her stand out, she was pretty, but Quinn was way prettier. "I see...what do you think about the request I made?"

"It depends on what exactly you're offering."

"Isn't an alliance with us enough? I'm sure you know what we're capable of. If you give us a place in the world of shifters...as not enemies, but equals to werewolves, we'll stay loyal to your pack; from generation to generation, we'll respect you and always remember that we own a spot because you gave it to us."

"I thought snakes were sly, can I really trust you? Can I trust that you won't get greedy and crave for more than just a spot?"

"We have stayed hidden for years and my people wish to stay hidden as a means of protecting themselves from being kidnapped during the day and brutally used. But I'm going to be the new

viper and I detest being a coward more than anything. I don't want to hide, I want to live freely...without being cautious, without being hunted."

"I understand where you're coming from. You seem young, but I like the fact that you have ambition. I'll help you...but in order to do that, we'll need a big platform to bring you guys out into the light."

"It can't be..." Dantae intervened. "Are you planning to use the annual meet and greet as such platform?"

"Spot on..."

"Zayd, I swear to god y~!"

"What will happen? The werewolves will have no choice but to accept them...anyone who detest will definitely have me to go up against me...and it seems nobody but Jake is that brave enough to do that. If I take them to the meet and greet, nobody will dare to hunt them, only important people show up there and if they're there, then the other packs will be weighing the venomoon's importance."

"I understand, it's a good idea...but can you trust her?" Dantae glanced at the serpent. "After all, she just shot an arrow your way..."

"It was a warning...and you can trust me, I saved your alpha once." She stretched her hand out to him. "My name is River, I hope we'll be able to get along in the future."

Dantae looked at her for a while before reluctantly reaching forward to take it. "You'd better keep your fangs in your mouth...that my only request of you."

Dantae looked at her hand for a while before reluctantly reaching forward to take it. "You'd better keep your fangs in your mouth...that's my only request of you."

He shook her hand twice and then pulled back. There were snake marks trailing down her arms too, the markings were pretty, but weird.

"Will do if you promise to keep your f*cking claws to yourself."

"Enough bonding...I'll have a contract prepared, and if it turns out you agree with the terms...then we'll be seeing each other on a regular basis. I'll offer your people a piece of land to build on, not on my pack grounds, I have separate property not too far away from it that I'd give to you. Bear in mind, nothing comes free, you'll have to pay for my kindness in several ways that will be listed in the contract. Everything depends on your willingness to sign it."

"Okay." She turned her back to walk away, but Dantae stopped her. "This might be very off-topic, but can those markings disappear from your skin?"

“They can, but I prefer to keep them...I am not ashamed of my people.”

CHAPTER 107~I'M SORRY

Chapter 107 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

When Zayd returned to his pack, it was late...and yet instead of in his room or hers, he found Quinn sitting outside on one of the benches by the walls. She was looking up at the sky, whether it be the full moon or the stars, but whatever it was captivated her enough for her not to spare him a single glance.

Adjusting the robe Sirius had given to him upon his return, he slowly approached her, taking a seat beside her on the bench. She still didn't glance his way, and it made his heart ache in a very painful manner. “Quinn I...you're angry at me, aren't you?”

Seconds of silence passed by slowly and as the clock ticked loudly in his head, anxiety started to fill him up.

“I am...” She finally answered. “You knew I'd be angry, and yet you did it anyway. I don't even want to talk to you.”

“I wasn't going to kill him.”

“And does that make it anymore right? You were wrong, Zayd. You lied to me and harmed my people without my consent...what exactly gave you the right to do that?”

“I'm your mate...I have every right to~”

“To what?” She looked at him, the anger in that stare unlike anything he'd ever seen before. “I was going to leave...this pack and you~”

“Quinn you can't!” He shuffled closer to her, taking the hand she had in her lap into his. “How could you say that to me? How could you so casually tell me you were going to leave? I didn't kill them, and I wasn't going to, but they deserved to die.”

“You love your parents, don't you? If tomorrow you woke up to Marcia holding a knife to your throat, would you kill her?”

“That isn't the point of this, Quin~”

“Answer my question, Zayd.”

Zayd huffed out a breath, clenching his jaws. “No.”

“Would you want me to kill her?”

“Quinn, you can’t possibly be serious right no~”

“Answer me.”

“No...”

“Then how could you do that to me? I thought we’d forgotten about them. When you told me that some people deserved to die, I had no idea you were talking about them. If Rachel hadn’t found me and told me that you were there, you’d have murdered my parents, and I’d have absolutely no knowledge of it. Is that who you are? Somebody I can’t even trust anymore?”

“I’m not sorry, I should have ripped him apart, but since something I only did for you makes you so angry...I’ll leave him alone, I won’t even utter his name...so you can trust me; I promise you can.”

“I don’t want to...if I could avoid looking at you forever, I would.”

Her words hurt, they slashed him in places he didn’t ever think anything intangible could touch. “Quinn, how could you think of...saying that to me?”

“The same way you could think of killing my parents behind my back.”

“Alright...I get it, I was wrong...but I’m begging you Quinn, stop looking at me like that. I just...I hated it, knowing they were still alive after what they did to you made me angry. I didn’t think they deserved to live. I know now that I’ve overstepped my boundaries. I went too far, and you’re angry at me, but do you have to stare at me with those eyes? The green in them seems darker, I don’t like it, your gaze makes me feel as though you resent me...so stop.”

He reached towards her face, but Quinn pulled back. “I’m going to bed, it’s already late.” She pulled her hand out of his and stood to her feet. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

Zayd watched with eyes wide, confused and anxious as she walked through the door that led to the east wing. He’d expected this...he’d f*cking expected it, so why was he not prepared for it?

Standing to his feet, he followed her, running to match her steps. “Quinn, just listen to me for a second. I didn’t plan to kill him, I might’ve planned to kill Kathrine in order to fulfill the promise I made the night I couldn’t catch her...but I wasn’t going to kill Derrick. I was just going to poison his wolf and leave. You might not believe me, but that’s the truth...you can ask Dantae or Frederick.” He hadn’t planned to tell her about the poison, but he felt like if he didn’t, she’d be even more angry at him when she eventually found out.

“As if they wouldn’t lie for you.” She stopped in front of her room door, grabbing onto the knob. “I’m tired, Zayd...let’s just continue this conversation tomorrow.”

“Let me just...” He sighed. “Alright, I understand, but I haven’t slept for three nights, and tonight will make it four if you’re not next to me...can I come in?”

“I haven’t slept for three nights either...but tonight I plan to, and I’ll feel uncomfortable if you’re next to me. So no...”

“Please...” He pitifully...more than just desperately begged.

She opened the door with a sigh, but when she walked in, she left it open, giving him the option to follow her. He mirrored her steps, closing the door behind him. “Thanks, Quinn.”

He walked over to the bed she flopped down on, kicking off her slippers and pulling the sheets over her head. He laid beside her, at the very edge, as though he were afraid to get too close.

F*ck...if he’d known she’d be this angry, he’d have left things how they were. It was all going smoothly, they’d lived in such an unbreakable harmony after the ceremony, and he went and f*cked it up just because of petty revenge.

He ran a hand through his hair and sat up. “I’ll just take a quick shower and come back.”

His shower lasted for no more than fifteen minutes, and then he was back beside her on the bed, wearing a gray pajama bottom and a white shirt.

She was still covered beneath the sheets, facing away from him in the same position she’d been in before. She was laying on her side, her breaths uneven and shaky...and he knew why; she was crying...crying because of him.

Without thought, he drew closer to her, wrapping a hesitant arm around her waist. “Flames...does it hurt that much? I didn’t think...I never thought...I’m sorry.”

“You’re not...” She told him. “You’re not sorry, Zayd...at least you’re not sorry for the correct reasons.”

“No, I’m sorry...I really am.”

“Why?” She pulled the sheets from over her face and looked back at him. Those teary eyes held so much expectation...goddess, even when she cried, she was pretty. “Why are you sorry?”

“For making you cry...I’d promised not to and I...”

A look of disappointment curved around her face as she turned away from him again, wiping her eyes. “Just go to sleep, Zayd...when you asked to come in, I thought that was what you wanted to do.”

He pulled her closer, leaning down to kiss her bare shoulder. “I just wanted to be next to you...I want you to forgive me. I admitted that I was wrong, I apologized...so stop being so distant now. I’m sorry; for making you cry, for doing things behind your back...for hurting your parents...and for hurting you. I’m sorry, okay?”

It became silent after that and after a minute or so, she twisted to face him completely. Her eyes didn’t meet his and when they did, she was staring at him beneath her wet lashes. “I’m...” She hesitated. “I’m pregnant.”

Zayd cocked his head to the side, his eyes squinting in confusion. “What’d you say?”

“You heard me...it would’ve sounded way better if the mood wasn’t so heavy. If you hadn’t been selfish and cruel...then this moment could’ve been a happier one.”

“Did you say...did you just say you were pregnant?”

She nodded, and immediately after, instead of anxiety, an indescribable joy invaded his chest. His arms twitched around her, and then he pulled her against his chest, hugging her close. “For how long?”

“3 weeks...it’s been three weeks.”

“I don’t even know what to say or how to react. I’m happy that you’re carrying my pup...but then I’m also sorry for making you angry. I shouldn’t have lied to you, you’re my mate and luna...”

“You’re right, you shouldn’t have lied. I would’ve disagreed, but you should’ve still asked me. They caused me pain, not you...I should be the one to decide if I want revenge or not. I’m so angry at you, but then, I’ve been waiting to share this news with you...you got what you wanted...you got me pregnant.”

CHAPTER 108~ IF YOU LIE

Chapter 108 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“When did you find out?”

“Yesterday, Frederick had insisted I went to see the doctor even though it was extremely late. I went and that’s when I found out...”

“I’m sorry you had to wait so long for my return...I had to meet somebody.”

“Who?”

“It’s no one impo~”

“And you’re lying to me again...why?”

Zayd sighed, looking down at her when she raised her head to stare at him. “I just don’t want to put too much on your shoulders. You’ve already gone through enough, making you still work would make me just as bad as him. I mean, you were demoted to a beta right after you were rejected and forced to work alongside him even though you were still suffering...I don’t want you to ever feel like you have to help with everything in order to be considered a part of this pack. I remember what he told you the night he took you away from me, something about not doing your job as beta could get you kicked out of the pack...should’ve kicked his f*cking teeth in.”

“Stop...he apologized, you heard what Kathrine did to him. I couldn’t believe it, she went that far just to make sure I ranked below her daughter.”

“That doesn’t excuse his behavior...you even hugged him, and then refused to let me touch you. I felt like I could die.”

“No, I was angry...I still am. You went behind my back, Zayd and told me you were going out for business with some random pack.”

“I didn’t lie...I told you I had business with a small pack and I did...I just didn’t tell you the entire truth. If you knew I was going to your old pack, you’d have stopped me, and I didn’t want that. I wanted to get things over with...I didn’t even want you to know. I knew you’d be angry, I knew you’d hate me...but I still wanted to be the one who gave them their karma regardless of how you’d feel... However, you ended up ending Kathrine yourself...”

“I didn’t plan to...I did it and now I kind of regret it. I feel like I did something wrong.”

“You didn’t, if anything...you did good, and I’m proud of you. You avenged yourself and your mother, who fell victim to the same thing and died unfairly.”

“Father will suffer because of it.”

“He should...he wasn’t a good father to you or a good mate to your mother.”

“No, he wa~”

“I won’t listen to anything that you have to say about him. Keep your opinion...I’ll keep mine. Nothing will make me hate him less, not even you.” He buried her head back against his chest. “Sleep, you said you haven’t slept for three nights...you need rest and so does my little one.”

Quinn closed her eyes, breathing in his scent and snuggling against the bulging muscles beneath his thin, white shirt. “If you lie to me again and do something like this, I won’t talk to you and I f*cking mean it...tell me everything; about you and about the pack. I don’t mind working, it’s something I have to do as luna, something I can’t avoid...so stop shielding me from my duty.”

“I get it, I won’t.”

“Good...” And in the lingering comfort of his arms, she soon fell asleep.

Days passed, which turned into weeks and then months. Zayd told her about his alliance with the serpents, he’d sat her down and told her everything he’d previously refused to.

After which, she started to help around with the pups, she’d even made friends with the elders and on the few days they had meetings, he’d let her speak, so the pack could get more familiar with her.

She helped in the office too, with the invitations and with other things that concerned his pack and even others. Close to the second month of her pregnancy was when she’d finally started to show, the bump was small, but Zayd had noticed it, and he’d been so overjoyed.

She’d been happy too, that wide grin that had been on his face had forced one to appear on hers. A little Zayd would soon be running around...a little man that would undoubtedly look just like him.

Zayd spoke to him. Every night before bed, he’d kiss her stomach and whisper a loving good night to his son...and tonight was no different.

It was the night of the meet and greet, she was four months pregnant now, only weeks away from giving birth. Zayd had helped her into her dress after rubbing and kissing her bare stomach. He told the boy to behave since he sometimes liked to make himself known by outrageously kicking around in his current home.

The dress he helped her put on was a burgundy dress that flowed just above her knees. It was loose around her round and protruding stomach as to not hurt her baby, and her shoes were flat because she couldn’t wear heels.

Since Marcia and Rachel left a week early to deal with the decorations as well as the welcoming of guests, Quinn had to comb her hair herself...and since she felt too lazy to do too much, she’d let it loose and have Zayd clumsily curl the strands with a curling wand.

He’d burnt her ear once and though it took hours for her to forget about it, she eventually did.

“Babe, are you ready now?”

Quinn looked back at him, hanging onto the pendant on the necklace he’d gotten her for her birthday. “Yeah...”

“Let’s go then, we’re late...Marcia is going to have a good time scolding us.” He took her hand, leading her out of the room. He was wearing a burgundy suit with a white undershirt. They were supposed to wear matching colors and Quinn chose burgundy because it matched that single line of color that glided down his wolf’s spine.

He was the star tonight... everything should be about him...

They met Frederick, Dantae and Devin outside where the cars were parked.

“I’ll drive.” Dantae immediately spoke out and Zayd shook his head. “No, last year you almost crashed...plus, it’s Frederick’s turn anyway, next year it will be mine.”

“Fine, fine...I’ll just sit in the front.”

He walked around to the front seat, opening the door and settling inside. Zayd opened the back door for Quinn, helping her in and then taking a seat beside her. The head warrior sat on the opposite side of them.

As soon as Frederick settled in the driver’s seat, he started up the car and started the drive. It wasn’t a long drive, it lasted up to an hour or so and when the car parked among the many others in front of a huge, white building...Zayd got out and helped her out too.

The building was full of lights. There was a water fountain at the front with a wolf statue in the midst, and pawn trees paved a path to the wide-open double doors at the front.

Quinn was in awe, she’d never seen anything this pretty, and she had a feeling that the inside would be even prettier. Zayd held out his hand to her, and she took it, giving him the honor of leading her down such a fine path.

Their other companions followed them, Dantae and Frederick in the back indulging in a conversation that was going absolutely nowhere and Devin was quiet.

Zayd led her through the doors and her mouth fell open at the interior. It was bright, the chandeliers on the ceiling hung with a beautiful glow above their heads. There was a long staircase up ahead, carved in such a unique manner.

The floor they were on was filled with people; however, the building was big enough to grant each and every one their own space. There was a large table in the center where there were bottles of wine and spare glasses to pour it in...

This was all so beautiful...she loved it. She wished she’d be able to drink some of the wine, but she wouldn’t ever risk hurting her little one.

Zayd walked further inside, soon catching everyone’s attention. Their bows and greetings were uncoordinated, but the respect in each could be heard...

Tonight seemed like it'd be a good night...

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CHAPTER 109~ A TOAST

Chapter 109 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Marcia and Nicholas approached the five...they looked stunning together, wearing a beautiful shade of blue. "I knew you guys would be late, but goddess, you could've tried being on time."

"We tried..." Dantae groaned. "Where's Rachel?"

Marcia shrugged. "She's somewhere in the crowd, drinking wine and having a nice time."

"Yep..." He popped the 'P'. "I'll be somewhere in the crowd too, drinking wine and having a nice time by her side."

Quinn watched as he walked off, chuckling faintly before directing her attention to Marcia. "Did everything go well?"

"I suppose so."

"I'm sorry you had to do the preparations, even though it was my job."

"Nonsense, I had fun...plus I'd do anything for you and my grandchild." She looked down at Quinn's stomach, smiling at the obvious bulge. "You look beautiful tonight."

"And so do you...you too, Nicholas."

"Thanks, my beautiful mate here bought my suit...by the way..." He averted his eyes from Quinn to Zayd. "Did you prepare for your speech this time?"

"Nope, every year I go up there and say the same thing."

"And will you do that this year even though Quinn's going up there with you?"

Quinn's eyes widened. "I'm going up there too?!"

“Yeah, didn’t my son tell you? Please speak to him instead of having him go up there and embarrass you by saying ‘have fun’ before marching back down. That isn’t anything close to a speech.”

“Who cares about a speech, Nick? I know I don’t, and Quinn doesn’t care either, right Quinn?”

“No, I don’t really care, but I think you should. Why didn’t you prepare if you knew you’d have to go up there and speak?”

He rolled his eyes. “Now you kinda sound like Marcia. I already told you why...I don’t care about a speech.”

“You’d better start making one up in your head now.”

“Why?”

“To look professional.”

He sighed, nodding his head. “Alright, I’ll make something up.”

“Good.” Quinn turned towards him, reaching up to fix his tie when she noticed that it was crooked. “You already look the part, act it.”

“Yeah, okay...alright. How long before I go up there?”

“About thirty minutes, dinner’s almost ready.”

“Okay...”

Marcia and Nicholas stayed a while longer before disappearing, and Frederick and Devin disappeared along with them, leaving Zayd and Quinn alone. As they stood there in their little corner, talking about nothing particularly important, the guests started to approach, greeting and conversing with them.

The alphas were as Zayd said; cocky and proud, but they were respectful. Most of them already had their mates, and Quinn tried her best to compliment each and every one of them. She wasn’t friendly in the least, but she had to act like it.

Everything was going well until Jake walked up...that’s when Quinn’s composure broke. Her fake smile faltered as quick as it came, her green eyes narrowing into slits. She knew Jake was at the party, but how dare he showed up in front of her and Zayd, that too with Delilah?

“Greetings...” His voice was as deep and conniving as she remembered it to be. “The party is just as boring as it was last year.”

Zayd nodded in agreement. "It indeed is, but it probably would've been a lot more fun if you weren't invited."

"And here I thought everything's better with me a part of it. My bad..." He stretched out a hand, not towards Zayd, but towards Quinn. "It's nice to see you again, you look entirely different when you're pregnant...I wonder if your sister here will look the same."

Quinn glanced towards Delilah as she reluctantly guided her hand towards his. She looked different, her brown eyes held a longing that Quinn tried but couldn't pin.

Her red, floral dress looked nice on her, resting just above her knees, she was wearing green slippers instead of heels; looking simple yet good at the same time... She had a green purse beneath her arm and green earrings in her ears.

Quinn remembered it, the day she'd come home with her ears pierced even though dad warned her about piercing them. She was fifteen at the time and in order to take the blame, Quinn had pierced hers too and told Derrick that she was the one who asked Delilah to do it.

He'd cursed at her...no, he'd cursed at them both and then told them they looked pretty with earrings. That day was...it was unforgettable.

Averting her eyes, Quinn shook Jake's hand, her fake smile slowly resurfacing. People were watching, she had to be graceful. "Please do have the time of your life, I pray they poison the drinks and the food that you're served."

He chuckled, pulling his hand back when she let go of it. "It must be your hormones that are acting up, but then again, you've always had a smart mouth." He nodded towards Zayd who didn't even try to hide the fact that he detested him. "I'll be on my way...let's just hope your mate's words stays as a prayer; an unanswered one."

He pivoted on his feet, leading Delilah a few steps away before stopping. She whispered something to him, and he walked away, leaving her where she stood.

She turned back to face Quinn, and Quinn wished she hadn't approached. She couldn't deal with this, not right now when she was trying to keep everything under control. "Quinn...would you mind if I spoke to you?"

"I do mind, but I won't be able to shun you in front of so many people anyway...so speak..."

Delilah looked towards Zayd who had a glass of wine that he'd taken from a passing waitress in hand...and he cleared his throat. "Since you can't drink alcohol, babe...I'll see what else they have upstairs in the kitchen...after the speech, everybody has to make a toast."

Quinn nodded and as soon as he walked off, she turned to face Delilah. "Yes?"

“I just wanted to apologize, I know it probably doesn’t mean anything now, but this time, I truly am sorry.”

“Okay.” That one word from Quinn was supposed to end the conversation, but Delilah carried on. “Congratulations on your pregnancy...”

And Quinn was suddenly reminded of the fact that Delilah had been pronounced pregnant for Jeo the night she left. She must’ve had the baby by now, considering how many months have passed. “Where’s your baby? Are they okay?”

Delilah tensed immediately, the warmth in her eyes suddenly going cold as she glanced away from Quinn. “I-I...my baby is...I...”

Before she could get anything out, Jake popped up out of nowhere, grabbing her hand. “She had a miscarriage months ago...it’s still a touchy subject, she doesn’t like speaking about it.” He pulled her towards him. “If you’ll please excuse us...”

And then he dragged her away. Quinn tilted her head as she watched them go...that was weird. The fact that he was so quick to intervene when it got to that topic, was there something else to it?

Multiple scenarios popped up in her head, but they all disappeared when Jeo approached her with a glass full of wine in hand. He was smiling at her, but the smile wasn’t full. “The last time I saw you, you didn’t even have a stomach, and now you’re jus...” He paused, taking a sip from his cup. “It’s surprising to see you like this, especially since I’m not the one who got you pregnant...damn.”

Quinn laughed. “How’s Derrick?”

“He’s fine, but a few days after you left, his legs were paralyzed...he couldn’t walk, so we had to put him in a wheelchair. His wolf is gone too, but he still told me to greet you in his stead tonight.”

Quinn’s heart churned painfully in her chest, her hands clenching by her side. If only she’d got there sooner...if only she’d just...just stopped Zayd. “I’ll come see him one day...when I’m ready to face him again.”

“You’re always welcomed.”

“Thanks, Jeo, for looking out for him for me...I’m sorry I~”

Zayd slid between them, handing her a glass of grape juice. “That’s all they have, do you want it?”

Quinn took the glass from him. “Yeah, thanks.”

“We’re about to go up now, I suppose you’re done saying whatever it is you wanted to say to her.”

He was referring to Jeo, who sighed in response. “Yeah, I’m done...and...” He hesitated for a second. “It hurts my pride to say this, but thanks for keeping your promise and sending me an invitation.”

He walked away after that, and Zayd rolled his eyes, grumbling something about Jeo being lucky under his breath. He then turned to her, offering her his arm. “Let’s go, it’s time for my speech.”

Quinn entangled her arm with his, and he led her up the stairs and upon the huge internal balcony which protruded over the ground floor. She grabbed the railings just as he did, both looking down at the people who’d quieted down to stare back at them.

Zayd wasted no time, he started speaking as soon as he got all the attention he needed. “Good evening everyone, before dinner, my lovely wife and I will be making a toast to you all...”

Everybody held their glasses up, Quinn did too.

“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.”

A girl in a white hoodie dress walked up, her face half hidden by the cloak over her head. She stood on the opposite side of Zayd, holding her glass up with one hand and using the other to push her hood back. The crowd gasped at her appearance, the markings on her skin looked like tattoos, but they weren’t and everyone seemed to know that.

“A toast to my alliance with the venomoons...a growth nobody saw coming.” Zayd clinked his glass with Quinn’s and then with the girls before downing its content, and though everyone was flabbergasted, they did the same...Quinn too.

“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 led her back down the steps.

She glanced over at him, a small smile playing on her lips. “Great speech.”

she complimented.

“A reward later tonight, then?” He asked, and Quinn playfully glared his way. “Perhaps...”

Chapter 110 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn gripped the wheelchair tighter, pushing it across the pavement. Her hands were shaking, she wanted to cry...she wanted to cry so bad...

But she couldn't cry, despite his condition...he seemed so happy to see her. It was as if he'd been waiting for her return...for so long that he even forgot who she was...

He was in her room, right in front of her bed, just staring...staring at nothing in particular, and when he turned to look at her, the sadness in his eyes burnt away, and a mixture of mirth and confusion replaced it.

"W-Who are you?" He'd asked. "I know I've met you before...those eyes are unmistakable."

Quinn's heart had flipped and then flopped in her chest. She'd come here to see him for the first time in ten years, and yet, he couldn't recall who she was. "I...I'm Quinn."

He'd chuckled. "Beautiful name, I'm Derrick...does that ring a bell in your head?"

"T-That...I'm...It does."

"Would you mind reminding me of how we met? I'm sorry, I feel bad enough that I forgot."

"I'll tell you if you go out for a walk with me."

"Okay..." He'd smiled at her. "It's been a while since I left this big, empty house."

She'd grabbed his wheelchair after that and pushed it outside, and now while she walked him, she couldn't even open her damn mouth to tell him that she was his daughter. Jeo hadn't told her that his condition was this bad...he hadn't told her that her father had forgotten her...every memory they shared; the good and the bad...he'd forgotten them all.

It pained her heart...to see him like this. He looked so pitiful in a wheelchair, and the fact that she was partially the cause of it made the pain ten times worst.

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

Quinn looked down at him as he glanced up at her. "Yeah...it's just that...it's~"

“Was the encounter a bad one? Is that why you’re hesitating?”

“No, it’s...our encounters were both good and bad; mostly good, but there were bad times too.”

“We must’ve been close, I’m more curious now.”

Quinn smiled, but sadly. “We met thirty-two years ago...on the very day I was born. You’re...You’re my father...”

“W-What...? I have a daughter?!” He glanced up at her again, his gaze full of shock. “You’re my daughter?! How could I forget that? How am I a father if I forgot everything, including your name?”

“It’s fine, I understand...you were the one who gave me that name, so it doesn’t matter whether you forgot it or not, it will always be tied to you.”

“I’m sorry...I’ll remember, I have to.”

“Don’t force yourself, I don’t min~”

“Mommy...! Mommy...! Zack pushed me again.” Quinn glanced up at Tia; her seven year old daughter, who was running her way to her. “Walk, Tia...not run! And where is he?”

“With dad...they are on their way here.”

“Okay, I’ll get back at him once he arrives...in the meantime, baby, come say hi to her grandfather...we came here to see him today.”

Tiana walked up to the wheelchair, bowing her head. “Hi...other grandpa.”

“Hi, little one...you look just like your mom.”

“No...” Quinn denied. “She actually looks just like her father, even her eyes resemble his.”

Just as Quinn said that, Zayd emerged from the woods, her ten year old son’s hand held tight in his. He smiled at her as he approached, a smile she could never get tired of, one she could never get used to.

“Oh...she does look like him, the resemblance is uncanny.”

“Right?” Quinn laughed. “Now, that one; the rugrat by his side...that’s the one that looks like me. He has those green eyes you seem to like.”

“I see...” Derrick gestured towards the boy. “Come closer, let me see your face.”

Zack looked up at Zayd, as if asking for permission, and Zayd nodded at him, releasing his hand. As soon as he was free, he ran off towards Quinn, stopping beside Tia at the foot of the wheelchair. "It's your grandpa, Zack...the other one I told you about. Say hi...!"

Zack waved. "What happened to your feet?"

"I wish I could tell you, but I don't remember."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"How?" Zack repeated.

"Its~"

"Zack, stop it." Quinn reached towards his face, pinching his cheek. "And how many times must I tell you not to beat your sister up?"

"Oww, mom!"

Tia gave him her tongue, and he ran at her, starting a noisy game of tag. Quinn shook her head as Zayd finally made it beside her. "Well, at least they stopped playing long enough to say hi."

"Yeah, I guess so..." He looked down at Derrick. "Good afternoon."

"Good day, son. You have some beautiful kids, makes me feel ashamed that I can't remember one thing about mine. It's shameful, but since I'm not even sure if I took care of her well, please do so for me."

"I will, sir!" Zayd saluted him, and he turned to Quinn. "I wish you both happiness with no bounds."

Quinn's eyes glossed over at those words, he might not remember already saying them to her, but she remembered them clearly...

Those were the last words he told her ten years ago...the last words he told her before he lost everything. "I...I..." She rubbed her eyes, trying to stop the tears from falling...but each time she wiped them, more tears came.

Zayd sighed, gently removing her hand from the wheelchair and taking control of it. He knew she didn't want her father to see her crying...

He pushed it further down the paved path, glancing towards Zack when he pushed Tiana again. "Zack, I swear to god I'll tie you an ant's nest if you push my princess down again."

Zack glared over at him. “She hit me first!”

“We both know she didn’t...stand up, Tia, and if he hits you again...you hit him back.”

“Are you advising them to start a real fight?” Derrick chuckled, gesturing towards the children again. “Come here, little ones!”

Zack stumped towards him and, as always, Tiana ran. He reached for one of their hands, holding them firm in his. “You shouldn’t fight, you’re family...and family don’t harm each other, they protect them. Do you understand?”

They nodded obediently, but Quinn knew for a fact that after listening to whatever her father had to say, they’d go home and continue to fight anyway. “Especially you, Zacky...you’re older, you’re stronger...don’t hit your sister.”

Zack nodded once more. “Okay...but what must I do if she hits me first?”

“Tell your father...he’ll take care of it. He’s even bigger and stronger than you, he’ll protect you.”

“Okay, grandpa...I understand.”

“Good...now hug each other, so I know for sure that you’ve learned your lesson.”

Zack turned to Tiana, squinting defiantly at her...but instead of hesitating, Tiana’s small hands hugged tightly around his waist. It took a second, but he hugged her back and Derrick patted both their backs, praising them.

Well, this seemed like a good sign...they actually hugged each other. Will the rain fall today?

Quinn dried her eyes, clapping her hands. “I haven’t seen such a cute moment between them since they got this big. It seems as though I need to take them to come see you more often, they like you.”

“Please do, it gets lonely here...I’m glad you came to see me. Thanks for reminding me I had a daughter. The room you found me in, I went there everyday wondering what it was for, I knew I was missing something, a memory I should’ve never forgotten...thanks for bringing it back.” His voice cracked a little, it was as if he was beating himself up for forgetting when it wasn’t at all his fault...it was hers. “But my dear Quinn...there are two beds in that room, whose was the other?”

“It was Delilah’s; your youngest daughter, she lives with her mate now...I’m sure she’s happy wherever she is.”

“Delilah...” He sounded out the name slowly, as if it were foreign to him. “I wish I could see her...but as long as she’s happy, I don’t need to worry. But please Quinn, come again...even if it’s just once more...come again.”

“I will, I promise, and I’ll take the kids too...there will be a third one soon, so you’ll have 3 grandkids to look after.”

“Wow...I didn’t even notice...you’re pregnant again? Congratulations.”

“Thank you, it’s getting late though, I have to take the kids back, but I’ll get you back to your room first...” She took the wheelchair from Zayd, and I’ll definitely come again.”

She'd taken him back to the house, a house with no one but him in it...she didn't want to leave him there, it was painful to have a man who couldn't recall anything or walk take care of himself...but she had to leave...

She bid him goodbye from where he was on the veranda, and then hesitantly walked her back to the pack borders with her children and Zayd by her side. Then was when she broke down, and Zayd held her against his chest as she cried. “Quinn...I’m sorry...because of me, ten years passed, and you’re still hurting.”

Quinn shook her head. “No, it’s fine...I’m fine. He’s still alive, that’s all that matters, and he seems happier now that he’s forgotten all the bizarre memories. I wish I could forget them and start anew too...he got lucky.” She laughed, lifting her head to look up at him. “He got really lucky.”

“Yeah, I guess so...he got really lucky indeed.” His lips pressed against her forehead, and after which, they continued walking down a path that Quinn knew she’d walk again. She’d keep her promise, she’d come see him again. Her life was already perfect with Zayd and her kids in it, but the guilt of leaving him behind had always haunted her.

That’s why she came here today, and she did not regret it...

In this life, she was glad she met Zayd...he made living happier for her, and he'd given her a place to belong when she felt lost. She was glad she'd given him a chance, for if she hadn't...she couldn't imagine what her life would be like.

They'd been together for ten years, and they were still counting. The bond between them had never wavered nor faltered, it felt like just yesterday when they'd stood up on that podium and marked each other...

The bond felt just as new...just as strong...

Their two kids were spoiled, mostly by Marcia and Nicholas, they got anything they wanted...and the boy in her stomach would be spoiled just the same.

She was happy with how her life turned out...her story had been one hell of a one, but with Zayd by her side, she'd pulled through everything.

It was ironic, but she'd relive it all over again if this was how her story would end.



The A/N is too long I wanted to add more, but I'll add it in the upcoming chapter , thanks for reading again!