

## Chapter 111 - 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 mind~”

“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 shameless, 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!