

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 13— I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN



Quinn positioned herself for a fight, and the pack members around her backed away, giving her the space she needed. They were afraid, but at least they didn't leave the injured members behind, they were pulling them away with them, saving them.

The rogue was the first to attack and Quinn didn't find it hard to sight its advances. Its attack was powerful, but it was nonstrategic. He was big...big and slow...but one hit from it could bring her to her knees...she had to thread carefully.

Growling, Quinn walked slowly around it, and its eyes followed her with a lethal gaze. Red eyes that were lost and filled with bloodlust, red eyes full of pain...if she left her home to become a rogue because of Jeo and Delilah, would she too turn out like this?

Become feral enough to not be able to distinguish wrong from right...

Become feral enough to lose control...

Quinn snapped her teeth at it, this time striking first with an aim for its neck. It countered her attack, but she was still able to bring it off its feet. It landed on its back and Quinn jumped atop of it, exerting dominance with a growl. Her lips slid back, showcasing the teeth she'd sink into its neck before howling in victory.

It was struggling beneath her, trying to break free from her grasp, but Quinn did not let it. Her teeth fought to lodge between its neck, but it was persistent to live. The struggle got more powerful, and its canines sunk into her front leg, drawing a cry of pain from her lips.

She wanted to pull back, but if she did, she'd lose the blatant chance to injure it.

Tilting her head back, her teeth rammed into the left side of its neck, the spot he'd foolishly left open to attack her. Blood filled her mouth, and the howl that left its lips rang against her ears. The attack must've been unexpected and painful.

Its hind legs kicked against her belly, the strength in each attack gradually weakening as its life slowly drained away. When it stopped moving permanently, Quinn stepped away from it...looking down at its pitiful form. It had been big and bad not too long ago, and now it was close to taking its last breath.

It was panting, eyes open and staring at her with so much sorrow that Quinn felt sorry. The farmers were rejoicing, praising her...but wasn't it them who'd sent rotten fruits to her home?

Quinn twisted away from them, eyes meeting that of the girl she had saved and some other people behind her. Alpha Zayd was there, Jeovanni too.

"Are you alright?" The words were the same, but they came from two different people.

Quinn nodded towards alpha Zayd, not even glancing at Jeo. There was concern on his face, a curious crease between his eyebrows, was he worried...for her? She changed forms despite the pain, sitting against the grass with a badly injured arm and without clothes. "Nobody died, but some of the farmers were injured, get them to the hospital before their wounds become fatal."

"Think about yourself first. You are injured, Quinn. Let's get you to the hospital."

"I'm fine." Quinn said to Jeo.

"As much as I would want to agree with you, little red...you're not fine." Alpha Zayd took off his jacket as he approached her, and Jeo did the same. "Your arm needs to be taken care of, listen to your leader."

He offered her his jacket, and Jeo did too. Quinn looked between them both, why did they have to do this at the same time? Was this some sort of competition?

Quinn sighed, reaching for alpha Zayd's. At least his wasn't the same color as Delilah's dress. She draped it around her, basking in the warmth of the alpha's scent and the sudden comfort she felt. He helped her to her feet, pulling her against his side and though he was still wearing a white shirt, she could feel how taut his muscles were; thick and bulging, he felt too masculine to be real. His touch, every second of it brought her intense and memorable sparks, drowning her in a feeling of belonging...even her wolf felt relaxed around him.

"Thank you...that girl you saved was my sister, but the negligence of your pack members is far too much to be overlooked." He was looking at Jeovanni as he spoke. "As alpha, shouldn't you make sure that the pack is protected...especially on a day like this?"

Jeovanni took a calming breath, withdrawing his jacket and throwing it over his shoulder. "I didn't think tha~"

Before he could finish, the young girl Quinn had saved interrupted him. "It's not his fault, even the patrollers want to have fun too. Who wouldn't want to go to a party?"

"Shut up, Isabella...shut up before I ram that tree limb into your mouth."

The girl laughed, but the sound was short-lived, a growl from behind had everybody turning towards the rogue. It struggled to its feet, growling intimidatingly at everyone while blood dripped down its chin. Jeo stepped forward, but Quinn held him back. "Leave it...it's badly injured, it cannot fight. It might be feral, but even a mindless wolf knows when to back down."

"Why are you always leaving the rogues alive? If you don't kill them, they'll return."

"No, they've never returned...every rogue I've taken down has never come back." The rogue staggered back as if knowing it was outnumbered, and then it ran off into the direction of the pack borders. "The other three must've already left."

"You can't sympathize with rogues, Quinn."

"I wasn't going to, not this time. I was going to kill it since it had the nerve to hurt my people." Quinn released him, looking at him with an expressionless gaze. "But then I realized that at the rate at which things are currently going, I might become a rogue too."

A look of guilt flashed briefly across his face before disappearing. "That won't happen." He grabbed at her good hand, pulling her from against Alpha Zayd. "Stop spouting nonsense and let's get you to a doctor, as for the injured farmers, get them to the hospital as well..."

He started walking in the direction out of the woods, and Quinn followed, looking back when alpha Zayd shouted. "Little red!"

She raised her brow and he smiled. "I'll see you again, my beautiful bundle of flames."

Jeovanni didn't let her respond, he quickened his steps, dragging her off a far distance away before speaking. "Take it off."

Quinn looked at him, confused. "What are you talking about?"

"His jacket, Quinn...take it off. When I offered you mine, it meant that you shouldn't have taken his...his awful scent is making my head hurt."

"But I don't want to take it off."

"Why? Is he your new boyfriend or something now?"

"He isn't...but I bet if he was, he'd treat me a lot better than you. He genuinely seems to be sweeter, and he probably wouldn't leave me for my sister and then get mad when I try to associate with other people."

"I'm not mad, Quinn...I'm just..."

"Just what? Do you regret it now? Rejecting me so bold and bitterly?" Quinn laughed, pulling herself out of his arms. "If that's ever the case, you'd better keep it to yourself and stay with the person you rejected me for. I will not come back to you after you humiliated me in front of the whole pack, giving them a reason to look down on me. Because of you, those same farmers I helped brought fruits that were spoiled to my doorstep, because of you, I can't even look at myself and smile again. From the bottom of my heart, I hate you, Jeo...and it took me tonight to figure that out."

She pulled the jacket tighter around her, walking off despite his desperate and continuous calls of her name. She meant

what she said, that man she'd loved without bounds for three years, she hated him now.

He made her sick, to the point where she even wanted to vomit.

She'd contemplated taking him back if he came clean in the beginning, but he'd made his choice...now that he was mated to Delilah, the thought of taking him back has never run across her mind.