

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 41— I SHOULD'VE



Zayd closed the door behind him and reluctantly walked inside, stooping in front of her. “Quinn...little red, what’s wrong?”

She looked down at him with eyes that were red with tears, rapidly shaking her head. “Why are you here?”

“Quinn I...answer me first, what did she say to you? Why in heaven’s name are you crying so painfully? Tell me, I’ll take care of it.”

“I...I...” she swallowed, her mental panic visible on her face. “Nothing happened.”

“Quinn...” He reached for her face, and though it was futile to wipe away the tears that tainted her cheeks, he did. “Quinn, talk to me. The bond...why can’t I feel it? And for the last time, why the f*ck are you crying?”

“It...my wolf...” She choked out. “My wolf is dead...”

“W-Wha...? What are you talking about? How can your wolf be de...?”

Before he could finish the question, the words the doctor had said drifted densely across his mind.

‘Niphron, we found it in her blood. If you do not know, then it is a poison that carries no scent. I don’t know how she got her hands on it, but it is dangerous to werewolves. It can weaken, suppress or kill our wolves.’

“Quinn, don’t tell me...oh god no...” Instead of just wiping her tears, he palmed the back of her head, pulling her against him. “It’s alright...you’re okay...”

She sobbed, her body trembling profusely, drowning him in guilt. This...all of it was his fault. He wondered if she’d be okay if he hadn’t left...if he’d just stayed an hour longer, a minute or even a second, would she have been in this position?

He pulled her closer, a low growl rumbling through his chest. “I don’t want you here a second longer...come back with me, hmm? I’ll protect you with more than just my life...”

“No, I...I can’t...” She tried to pull away from him, but he held her steady. “Alright, I won’t push you, I’m in no position to...just...just...”

He sighed, feeling like the pathetic mate he was. She’d trusted him, accepted him, and he’d left her to fend for herself in a pack that was obviously against her. What kind of man was he? He hadn’t just failed his mate, he’d failed himself...

His hand reached down to pat her back, not stopping until she was calm. It was then that he pulled away, looking into her lovely green eyes. “Rest Quinn, your father is almost here...I want to speak with him.”

He laid her back on the bed, heart broken by the lifelessness on her face. She was hurt, not just by the poison but by everyone around her, including him. “I’ll be back in a minute, wait for me.”

He walked to the door, stopping in his tracks when she spoke. “You said you wouldn’t leave, but you did.”

Shame filled him to the very brim, and his hands shook in anger at himself as he reached for the knob, twisting it open. “I know...and I’m sorry for being such an awful person to you.”

He walked through the door, feeling as his heart tangibly split in half. He really was sorry, guilt was the spear that pierced his heart and regret was the sword that sliced it apart. He’d never been this deep in sorrow in his whole life. The strong woman he’d seen when he first met her was long gone now, only a great abundance of weakness lingered in her green eyes, and it was all because of him.

Walking to the front door, he opened it, meeting her father on the porch. He could’ve smelled his approach from afar, the scent of liquor, the agonizing scent of lugubriousness. “Old man I...”

The man glared at him ~this same man who’d only offered him hospitality before~ and he could only look down in even more shame. “I’m sorry...I should’ve...I should’ve been here.”

“Yes, you should’ve been. She watched the doors day and night just hoping you’d walk in, and that jacket that I wanted to f*cking burn, she held it close even though she couldn’t even smell your scent. You’ve disappointed me, son...but I can’t blame you for what happened, it is my fault for being clueless. I should’ve figured it out when it happened the first time.”

He walked past Zayd, entering the house, and Zayd followed him. “I’m such a f*cking fool for even doubting it, I’ve known all along. Twenty one years ago, I knew too...but I loved her too much. I’d already lost one, I did not want to lose two. But now, I can’t let it slide, I can’t let her go.” He turned to Zayd with blatant tears in his eyes. “Her mother is on the run, for her crimes, catch her before she crosses the border, but I beg this of you...spear her...for my selfish sake.”

Zayd tilted his head as he stared at Derrick. “What are y...? Are you saying that she is the perpetrator? It can’t be...her own child?”

“Go, catch her...if I go, I know I will only set her free.”

Zayd didn’t waste another second, he sniffed the air, confirming the fact that she was gone before he rushed through the door, transforming into his black furred wolf mid-run. He’d had his suspicions too...

That morning when Quinn fell unconscious, and she only stood by the door, watching everything without a single spec of concern on her face.

That day at the dining table when Quinn seemed so awkward speaking to her...as if she wasn’t used to having normal conversations with her own mother...

It had been clear; she cooked all the time, and she was the one who delivered food to Quinn...but to suspect her mother had been beyond him. But now that it has been confirmed, for ruining Quinn, he will rip her apart, tear her to shreds, then bask in her blood.

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