

## Chapter 83 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

When Quinn woke up, she found herself lying on an unfamiliar forest floor with her hands and feet tied. Unfamiliar men surrounded her, all sitting around a blazing fire that granted them warmth after what seemed to be a heavy rain.

Quinn's eyes assessed them all, finalizing with a count of seven men, excluding her father, who was knelt before one of them. His face was bloodied and bruised as though he'd just got beaten, and his hands were beneath his chin. "Please..." he begged.

"You'll have to beg a little harder than that old man." The man he knelt before smirked; a conniving smirk that matched the profane look on his face. Quinn didn't have an enhanced sense of smell, but even without it, she knew this man was powerful. His eyes were nothing but a pool of darkness beneath the rising sun; the evil, the bloodlust...it was all so prominent in his eyes. "It sounds like you aren't desperate, don't you want your life?"

"No, I do...I want it. Please...I'm begging you to let me live. I did as told, I brought you my daughter. Let me live."

"Well, I suppose you did do well..." He dug his hand into his pocket, taking out a small, white capsule and throwing it the furthest it could go. "Fetch puppy..."

Quinn's eyes widened when her father immediately crawled after what he'd thrown, shoving it into his mouth and swallowing. How could father willingly allow himself to be degraded like that? How could he beg this man who was certainly Zayd's enemy for his life?

Her father hadn't just betrayed her, he betrayed his own self and ignored his own teachings. He'd been the one who taught her to never cave, to uphold her pride, and now it seemed as though he had none.

Tears graced her eyes as she struggled to sit up, but with her hands and feet tied, all she could do was wiggle on the earth like a f\*cking worm. “Father...! How could you do this to me? How could you do this to yourself? Untie me...”

Derrick looked at her, but he did not answer...however, the shame in his eyes spoke for itself. “Anybody else but you, dad...why would you do this to me?”

Her voice broke as she spoke, and the obsidian eyed man seemed to find that amusing, for he chuckled in delight. “You’re awake, I see...another pretty kitten to add to my collection.”

Quinn ignored him, still staring desperately at her father. “I can’t believe you, dad...I really can’t...”

“And why not?” The bastard Quinn was trying her best not to acknowledge stood up, approaching her rather too slowly. He stooped to her level when he got close enough, reaching down to run his index finger along her jawline. “He merely did it to save his life, don’t blame that poor puppy. You see, I poisoned him. He had five days to live without the cure. The capsule I gave him wasn’t exactly the cure, but it can prolong his life for five more days. I commend him for giving up his own daughter in exchange for his life, but then again, aren’t dogs more loyal to their masters?”

Quinn yanked her face away from him, trying to remain nonchalant even though fear was bursting through her veins; she couldn’t waver, couldn’t falter...she must never show her fear; not in front of an enemy. “Don’t touch me...those disgusting hands, keep them to yourself.”

The man chuckled. “F\*ck, unlike the other one, this one definitely can bite. She has an attitude, how cute.”

The other men around him chuckled. “Cute indeed...” One of them agreed.

Quinn hissed at them. She hated this, all of it. Why did this have to happen now when she’d finally chosen herself and was about to be

happy? And why did the only blood-related family she had left have to betray her?

She'd trusted him, he'd always pretended to be on her side...to care for her. But now she realized that he didn't care because if she'd been in his situation, she'd rather die than to give him up in exchange for her life.

Quinn glanced towards him, watching as he slowly crawled closer. "Alpha Jake...Delilah, you promised you'd let her go."

"Well, that was the plan, but not anymore. That Delilah surprisingly belongs to me."

"What do you mean? You said you wouldn't go back on your word."

"I said I wouldn't, but I will. She is mine...my mate or rather my whore. I already have a luna, but I've heard that finding and f\*cking your true mate can calm and strengthen us alphas."

"But D-Delilah is~"

"Shhh...old man, if you talk too much, then I might have to slice off that tongue."

Derrick's mouth pursed immediately, and he looked away. 'Shameless...' Quinn thought, that man there was not her father, he was but a clone, an impersonator. "What do you plan on doing to me?"

Quinn's question was directed at the alpha, alpha Jake as she now confirmed. He was indeed who she thought he was; the previous alpha king...the prideful fool Zayd had once kicked to the curb.

He shrugged. "I might do a lot of things to you, but I'm not even sure what I want to do yet."

"Why did you kidnap me?"

"Zayd needs to know his place. He thought he was tricking me, but he was the one who got played. The false news he sent..." He laughed. "It was the stupidest prank I'd ever seen, that elder he has locked up is one

of mine, and he'd predicted all of this. The ceremony, the rain...why do you think all the puzzles fit so closely together? He might've not predicted how this will end, but getting a head start was enough. I managed to get my hands on Zayd's most precious possession. It feels nice to have put a stain on that fool's pride. This time when I battle him, he'll lose because your life will be on the line."

Quinn shook her head. "I bet he won't..."

"Have faith in him all you want, I'll have him groveling at my feet like a loyal dog. Just like your father."

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## Chapter 84 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

After the unsettling conversation with alpha Jake, Quinn was thrown over her father's back, and the journey to her enemy's pack began. It took a day, but when the journey ended, Quinn quickly realized that the destination wasn't their pack, it seemed to be a temporary lodging with just a few of his men there. Only one building was in this area, and it wasn't big, it looked like an abandoned house.

The white paint in some spots seemed like brown, and vines climbed up the dirty walls in abundance. There was grass growing through the wooden stairs...everything just seemed as though it could collapse at any given time.

With one pull, she was torn off her father's back and onto the floor. She turned to glare at alpha Jake who'd pulled her down and he scoffed. "What an interesting gaze..." He bent to her level, the amusement going cold on his face as he roughly grabbed hers. "Fix it..."

Quinn wiggled out of his grasp and twisted away from him. "What are you going to do to me? Where is this?"

“You don’t have to worry about that...you’ll see soon.” He turned to his men. “Come on, boys, we don’t have much time.”

His men lifted her, taking her into the sketchy building. Without a doubt, the inside was worse than the outside. There were no furniture, nothing but a room with a silver chain etched against the wall. Cobwebs were everywhere in the ceiling and blood stained the floor, old and dried blood. Was this a torture room? If so, then why wasn’t it in the prison on his pack lands?

The answer to that wasn’t really what worried Quinn, it was the fact that she was here that did. She knew why they brought her here and she knew that pretty soon, some of the blood on the floor would belong to her.

A shivered wracked down her spine at the thought, and she groaned out in pain when she was harshly thrown against the tiled floor. She looked up at one of the men as he pulled out a knife, using it to free her of the ropes that had held her captive, and Quinn shuffled back and away from them all immediately.

Her feet were cramped, and her hands hurt, but even so, she struggled to her feet, staring warily at the bunch of men around her. “Stay away from me...”

“Well, well...the kitten is hissing again. Chain her up, Lionel.”

The man with the knife ran at her, and Quinn clumsily jerked out of the way. She held her hands up, fisting them. “If you come near me, I’ll f\*cking hurt you.”

Everyone laughed, except her father, who stood at the back, trying his best not to look at her. “You’ll hurt him? You don’t even have a wolf...Lionel, let’s see what the kitten can do, huh?”

Lionel rushed at her again, and Quinn ducked, swiftly swiping the knife out of his hand. She shifted behind him, gripping the knife tight as she held it at his neck. The man gasped, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Turn around...slowly...” Quinn told him. He did so, now facing Jake, who seemed more amused than ever. “If anybody else comes at me, I’ll slice his throat...I really will.”

Jake chuckled, bumping shoulders with another one of his pack members. “Get her...”

Quinn didn’t want to, but she quickly sliced the knife against Lionel’s neck, and as he fell to the floor, the other man launched at her. She staggered back, but held her grounds. It was hard to fight right now, her legs were weak, her hands were too, and she was immensely hungry.

But she had to show them that she was not afraid...she had to fend for herself, since her own father wouldn’t do it for her.

Twirling the knife in her grasp, she punctured his stomach, shifting to put another wound in his side. His blood splashed on her face and dirtied her dress when she stabbed him two more times. The man fell slowly to the floor, still reaching for even when he was dying. Quinn kicked him back and then looked at Jake. “I might not have a wolf...” She glanced down at the necklace Zayd had given her. “But I am a wolf...a beta wolf. That coward standing behind you had been the one to train me.”

Jake clapped his hands, grinning devilishly. “F\*ck...why do you look so hot with blood all over your face? You look like a demon kitten, you got me all hard and hungry for you.”

Quinn’s face twisted in disgust as she held the knife in front of her. “Let me go.”

“No, never. I want you more than ever now.” He looked towards his men. “Out...I’ll deal with this one.”

The men nodded, all filing out, leaving just her father. “You too...” Jake told him, and he glanced at Quinn before reluctantly going outside.

Alpha Jake moved closer then, and Quinn juttet the knife at him. “Do you think I’m afraid to kill you too?”

He shook his head. "I know you're not..." His steps circled her, and Quinn eyes followed him. "But you can't kill me...those men you killed are trained but not completely, they are far from my best men. I just brought them to do some minor things for me...however, the fact that you managed to kill them so easily is truly commendable. You move so fast and professionally. It was memorizing to watch as your pretty, white dress stained with red...F\*ck...is this what love feels like?"

He laughed at his own joke, although Quinn didn't find it funny. "Look, I don't care about what you have to say. Let me go and leave Zayd alone. He doesn't want any trouble. He'd already beaten you, aren't you afraid to be put to shame twice?"

"No, in fact, this time I'm confident...I know I'll win." He finally rushed at her, and Quinn ducked his attack, swinging the knife at him. She missed, and he grabbed her hand, pulling her towards him. "And then I'll keep you as a trophy. I'll f\*ck this fierce mouth of yours and open those legs."

Her hand with the knife that he held, he pushed it down his chest and stopped at the hard length pressing against his pants. "Do you feel that? It'll go inside of you when I finally win this battle."

Quinn's eyes widened as she tried to yank her hand back, but he held too tight. She fisted her left hand and hammered it towards his face, but he caught it, licking his lips. "I'd f\*ck you now, but I'm not shameless enough to claim the trophy even before I win."

He locked both her hands in one of his, forcing the knife out of it and throwing it across the room. Quinn groaned as he pushed her back against the floor, and she fell into the puddle of blood that leaked from the men she'd killed.

She looked towards the knife he'd thrown, but before she could crawl towards it, Jake stepped between the weapon and her. "Don't even think about it, little kitten...you've had enough fun, if you f\*ck around again, I might f\*ck around too and end up f\*cking you. Josh...!"

A man ran inside immediately, bowing his head. "Yes alpha...?"

“Chain her...”

Josh grabbed the chains and walked towards her. Quinn shifted back until she was against the wall, and when he grabbed her, she struggled out of his grasp. “Don’t f\*cking touch me!”

“Kitten...” Jake warned.

“F\*ck off...” Quinn fired back. “You and all your men...f\*ck off!”

His eyes darkened, and he marched over to her, swiping his hand across her face. Quinn’s head turned in the direction of the slap, and she could taste the blood in her mouth. She felt dizzy...it f\*cking hurt. He grabbed her face, twisting it back towards him. “Relax and listen to me. I don’t want to hurt such a pretty little thing.”

He let go of her and his man grabbed her feet, draping the chains around them. Next was her hands...and in just seconds, Quinn found that she really had no escape.

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## **Chapter 85 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate**

The silver chains burnt Quinn’s hands and feet, they made her feel nauseous, creating a fervent fire that kept drifting higher and higher up her body.

She knew silver was harmful to werewolves, it weakened them, made it impossible for them to change forms or to even regain the strength it took. But why chain her in them when she didn’t even have a wolf...? And why exactly was it hurting her?

Quinn adjusted herself on the floor, positioning herself on her knees. Since she had no wolf, she wasn’t supposed to be in pain...so why...?



Her teeth gritted, forcing back the whimper that threatened to slip out of her mouth. Jake was watching, waiting to see her waver...even when she was weak, she should portray that she was strong.

Twisting towards him with eyes that held a dangerous grudge, she scoffed. "What now?" Her breaths were heavy, even as she tried to steady them, and her head was spinning. "What will you do to me now?"

"Nothing...I'm just going to leave you here for a few days. The more anxious he gets about your whereabouts, the more advantage I'll have over him. I want worry to drown him, not knowing if you're alive or dead...will definitely kill him on the inside. There's no matebond, he won't be able to tell. I wonder though..." He stepped closer to her. "Will he really come to your rescue? A wolf-less she-wolf will eventually be a worthless luna. Does he love you enough without the bond?"

Quinn's heartbeat picked up and he chuckled. "Look...even you're having doubts...it's written all over your face. The lack of confidence you have in him."

"No..." Quinn shook her head, despite how much more dizzy the action made her feel. "I am confident. If I know nothing else, I know he'll come for me...I know he'll save me. Unlike you, he is a man...he'd never abandoned me in the beginning, what could possibly make you think he'll do it now?"

"Your mouth is...god...such a feisty mouth would do well around my c\*ck."

"This feisty mouth can only fit around one man's c\*ck, and it's not yours. I'm sorry, but this kitten bites strangers."

Jake laughed, leaning down to grab her face. "I really want to see it, the dismay on your face when I have my teeth around your god's neck. All that confidence you have will drain away along with his life."

"That's something that will never happen. I know he won't lose, he'd beaten you when he had nothing to protect and now that he does, he'll only come harder. You're going to lose your life, you're going to die." A

smile slipped lopsidedly across her lips as his grip on her face tightened; a smile filled to the brim with confidence. “Cheers to you digging your own grave.”

He shoved her back and then turned away from her. “Delusion is a sickness that you seem to have...but we’ll see whose words will come to past.”

He walked towards the exit, and it was then that Quinn’s dizziness got the best of her. She coughed, heaving up a mouthful of blood.

Jake looked back at her, then at her father, who’d suddenly burst through the door. He bowed his head. “Alpha please...” He begged. “You promised not to hurt her...if you’re not going to let go of Delilah, then at least spare Quinn of the pain. The silver...it’s hurting her.”

Jake sighed, patting Derrick’s shoulder. “Isn’t a puppy supposed to look up to its master? Beg properly, you dog...on your knees.”

When her father fell to his knees before that jerk, Quinn wanted to vomit again, to gouge out her eyes. This wasn’t a scene she wanted to see...why betray her and then beg for her life?

Quinn didn’t understand this. Her father was breaking himself, killing his pride. He was acting like a real dog and Quinn hated it.

“Please...I’m begging you, spare her. I know she disrespected you, but punish me instead.”

“Now that’s better. Tie her with ropes, Josh, and chain him with the silver instead...we’re leaving now, Zayd will be showing up on my pack lands soon.” Jake shoved her father out of the way as he walked outside.

Quinn hated him, there was so much bitterness in her heart for this man...she really hoped Zayd would kill him soon.

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Zayd slammed his hand against his desk as he looked at Frederick and Dantae. "I hoped that it wouldn't come to this...I really did, but f\*ck...I can't believe Derrick woul...I don't understand this."

"We're not sure of anything..."

"No, we are. Larna confirmed it, that witch I'd saved and taken in. She was but a child when she came here, and she has the nerve to go against me?"

"What if her father didn't take her to Jake?"

"Why kidnap her and then stray away from the plan? She's in his hands, Dantae! And I swear to the goddess I'll kill him myself. Jake...her father, her mother...and if I ever get my hands on her sister, I'll kill her too. I knew something had been wrong, I knew Jake was scheming. I was too anxious, I should have expected this much."

"What are we going to do? What's your plan?"

Zayd sighed. "I need to set the date, he won't keep her on his pack lands since we could raid it. I only hope wherever she is, she is okay."

"By date, do you mean for the battle?"

Zayd nodded. "It's going to happen, Dantae. When I ascended to the alpha king position, I knew people would stand against me for the title...this is one of those moments. It's just that Quinn got caught up in the middle of a battle she can't even fight. F\*ck! Let's just head out...to Jake's pack. That's obviously what he wants."

Dantae and Federick nodded, leading the way out of the office. Three days had passed since Quinn had been taken. Zayd had travelled to Jeo's pack and confirmed that her father didn't bring here there...now it was time to visit Jake.

He'd already questioned and slaughtered Larna. The men she'd drugged confessed that she'd been the one who brought them drinks, and Rachel had tracked her down and brought her out of hiding.

It seemed her mate was Jake's beta, and he'd been the one to put her up to this. He'd used and abandoned her, and Zayd felt no pity when he'd ripped off her neck.