

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."

|_ _| / _ _ \ |_ _|

CHAPTER 84~ A FIERCE KITTEN

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 juttled 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.

|_ _| / _ _ \ |_ _|

CHAPTER 85~ SET THE DATE

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 pass."

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.

|-_-|

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 her here...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.

She must've felt guilty, if she'd poisoned his men instead of just drugging them, then perhaps she would've gotten away...it was as if she wanted to be caught...as if she wanted to pay for her betrayal...

Zayd didn't really care though, this was just the beginning, he had so many more heads to rip off.

CHAPTER 86~ BECOME A RUTHLESS KING

Chapter 86 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd stood at the edge of the borders, watching with narrowed eyes as Jake’s men gathered in front of him. This reminded him of the first time he’d stepped upon these lands, proposing a challenge his mother had warned him would be deadly.

He’d been confident in his skills back then, and he still was, but his heart felt heavy; complex and yet it felt so broken at the same time. He wanted to see her...his queen. He honestly and shamelessly missed her.

If only he’d been more attentive...

If only he'd protected her better...

If he had...then none of this would've happened, the mating ceremony would've come to past, and she'd still be in his arms. But right now, she was out of arm's length, out of reach...

He couldn't see her, couldn't feel her, couldn't f*cking touch her, and it was driving him crazy. He was so close to losing it, to going on a rampage, but what good would that do?

Nobody would look up to him, and it wouldn't give Quinn back to him...

He had to be patient, even if he was dying to, he couldn't grab Jake's head and stuff it 6ft deep beneath this earth. Who would lead him to Quinn then, huh?

Zayd sighed when he saw the man approaching from afar...he was an alpha Zayd had never looked up to, even when he posed as an alpha above all else. There was just something about him, a selfishness that Zayd couldn't look away from. He didn't care about his pack or others...Zayd knew for a fact that he only cared about himself.

He couldn't be an alpha king, he was too ruined for that...too cold and heartless. But then again, Zayd's kind heart was kind of what got him into this situation to begin with.

No matter how pitiful that 19-year-old girl had looked, running onto his lands as an escape route from the rogues that were chasing her...he shouldn't have taken her in. When she'd told him she had no home, no family...that she was nothing but a lost omega...he should've turned her out. Quinn wouldn't have gone missing if he had.

People were funny though...no matter how much you've helped them, they could still forget about it and betray you tomorrow.

Maybe he should just become selfish too...selfish, cold and heartless.

Maybe he should use people instead of having them use him...just so he never becomes like Quinn...and just so he could protect her from getting hurt once again.

Maybe he should change, or rather change back...a ruthless king is a king nonetheless.

The men who had gathered in front of him made way for Jake to pass through, and he stopped right in front of Zayd, wearing a smirk Zayd wanted to rip off his face. "I've been awaiting you, alpha king...it's an honor to have you here as a guest."

"Cut the f*ckery and get to the f*cking point, Jake. We all know what you want."

"I forgot you were a no bullsh*t person." He smirked, gesturing towards Zayd. "Let's discuss this in my office...just you, leave your boys."

Zayd looked back at Frederick and Dantae. "Stay here, I'll be back in a second."

They nodded, and he followed Jake out of the bushes and to what he confirmed was his office. It was different from his personality. It didn't seem like a space a snake like him would dwell in. Bright colors, ravishing decorations, and in the corner of the room, a young girl sat naked; trembling profusely ...a young girl he knew all too well.

Delilah...

She was looking up at him, those eyes pleading for the help he would never give.

"Don't mind her, just pretend she isn't here, and just an advice...if you'd like to keep your hands clean, don't touch the desk...she came all over it."

Zayd's eyes twitched in irritation. "I don't care about you or your f*ck adventure stories. I came here because you've taken what belongs to me and I want it back."

"You sound so sure...but yes, that feisty kitten is in my hands. She's fun to play with, even when she's afraid, she knows no manners. She stood up to me boldly and even killed two of my men...for that, I'll punish her hard at the end of this. I'll have her trembling, just like her sister."

Zayd clenched his hands and his jaw...trying his best to stop them from clenching around something else; that disgustingly slender neck. "Just tell me what you want, Jake."

"You already know what I want, I want a rematch."

"And you thought the best way to get it was to kidnap my mate instead of kindly asking? When you do this, nobody will look at you the same ever again. If you have to cheat to win, then it wouldn't be a win at all."

"I don't care about that, just know that I've got the upper hand...just know that I'll win."

"When...?" Zayd asked him.

"Five days from today, 11pm sharp, when the moon shines at its fullest. I'll bring her here, if you win, you can take her back with you, but if you lose...both sisters will belong to me."

"Why not tonight? I want to get this over with."

"No...I want you to suffer first...just like she is."

Zayd tapped his foot against the office tiles, looking off towards the walls. "I'll make you sorry...I'll have you apologizing and begging for your life. Just wait."

He turned to the door, grabbing onto the knob.

"No, Zayd...it will be you who surrenders...you who dies."

Zayd pulled the door open. “For Quinn, I’ll make sure that never happens...”

And then he walked out the door, kicking the dirt as he marched back the way he came. In five days...he’d have Quinn back by his side. He’d make sure of it.

CHAPTER 87 ~ I PLEDGE

Chapter 87 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

For days Quinn stayed locked up without water, without food...tied up in the same room as her father. She didn’t speak to him, and he didn’t make a move to speak to her either.

The silence was smothering, it tormented her fiercely throughout the day and throughout the night. He didn’t utter an apology, he could barely even look her in the eyes.

He was probably ashamed of himself, after slurping down the scrap Jake’s men brought them to eat, then of course he should be ashamed. Eating off a plate that had somebody else’s left over...Quinn couldn’t do it, no matter how hungry she was.

She might’ve been stupid enough to swallow the poison her mother gave her in her foolish attempt to regain her mother’s love and attention, but she wasn’t going to do this. She’d been confused and she’d withheld a different kind of hunger back then; a hunger for affection. She thought her mother would’ve pitied her, but it turned out, that woman wasn’t even her mother and this man...he wasn’t her father either.

This man had to be f*cked up in the head, everything that happened in the past must’ve f*cked with his mind. But no matter how f*cked up Quinn became, she’d never become like that.

She would never degrade or betray herself again, and she’d never betray Zayd either. She’d stay on his side even when he was wrong.

Quinn twisted towards the door when it was suddenly slammed open, and the men Jake left back to watch both her and her father walked in. “It’s time to get you guys out of here.”

One of them unchained her father, who seemed totally weakened out by the silver, and another untied her ropes. This time, they didn’t use a knife to cut it. “Get up, redhead.”

Quinn shook her head, scooting back. “Where are you going to take me now? If it’s Jake’s pack, you’d have to kill me first.”

The man laughed. “I might not be able to kill you, but I got permission to knock you out cold.”

Training was vital; filled to the brim with malicious energy that Zayd wanted to point in Jake’s direction. Throughout these five days, he’d suffered as much as Jake wanted him to.

It seemed he was having withdrawal symptoms from not having her around. He had to force himself to eat and sometimes, he couldn’t fall asleep. His heart just wasn’t at peace and right now, as he travelled to Jake’s pack with a couple of his warriors behind him, it was anxious.

His anticipation seeped higher than those dark clouds in the sky; punishing him continuously. He wanted to see her so bad that it was humanely impossible. There was this immense yearning he couldn’t see pass, one that had him seeing red daily.

He was so angry; at his family, at his friends, and even at the f*cking breeze. Everything triggered him off, but not being able to see her bothered him the most.

He was glad his five days of punishment were coming to an end, glad tonight this despicable feeling; this feeling he wasn’t at all acquainted with was going to go away.

Tonight, there would be a vast crowd at alpha Jake’s pack. People would come to watch the battle, people from packs near and far; mostly alphas. They were to be there to witness a new king being born...or to witness the old king securing his crown.

It would be a joy to them, liquor would be served, probably food too and, of course bets would be made. Zayd didn’t care about that though, he was too anxious about seeing his Quinn...about winning her back that nothing else mattered.

Drifting effortlessly through the dark woods, Zayd ran past the overgrown trees that were nothing but a blur to him. His speed was unmatched, his paws were digging potently into the moist dirt, and the breeze moved roughly through his black fur. He was close and upon reaching close enough that scent filled with distress floated across his nostrils. He could smell her blood too, and his heart immediately dropped as even more speed invaded his run.

He skidded past the borders, ignoring everything else as he ran to her. In the midst of the land, he stopped mid-run, and his men stopped behind him. His eyes searched through the large crowd, finding her knelt pitifully against the dirt. She was tied against a tree, her white dress awfully dirty.

This was the worst he’d ever seen her. They’d even beaten her to a pulp, put their f*cking hands on what belonged to him...and all for what? All for f*cking what?

!

For the sake of winning?

Zayd changed into his human form, slowly approaching her. When he got too close, some of Jake's men stopped him, blocking his path to her. "You can't, we were ordered to~"

Zayd slammed his hand against the annoying mouth that spoke, his claws sinking into the disgusting face. "Shut the f*ck up and move."

He shoved him back and then looked towards the other men with eyes that glowed red. "Move...! Now."

The men immediately scrambled, and he stooped in front of Quinn. She was barely conscious, one side of her face was swollen and there was blood dripping down her nose.

His hand trembled as he reached for her cheek, gently rubbing his finger against the bruise. She flinched away from him and his heart sank even more at that. "Quinn...little red...?"

Quinn blinked at him as though she were in a daze, and then her eyes widened. "Z-Zayd...?"

"Yes, angel...?"

She smiled, a grateful smile. "I knew you'd come."

"Of course I'd come. There's no way I wouldn't. I'll get you out of these ropes soon, I have to win first. Just be a little more patient even though you've already waited long enou~"

"Alright now, break it up, you two. Too much love shouldn't be on what should be a battlefield." Jake tapped Zayd's shoulder and Zayd shrugged him off, leaning in to kiss Quinn's forehead. "I'll be back in a minute, angel."

He stood up, glaring at Jake. "I'm ready...to make you regret all of this."

Jake laughed. "Alright boss, you're the king...get it started."

Zayd walked past him and into the center of the crowd. He took a deep breath. "As alpha king, I pledge that the outcome of this battle is what I'll stand by. If I lose, I will disregard my position and if I am to die, then my title will be handed to my opponent. You may now place your bets."

The crowd erupted in chatter then, the men trying to pick a side.

'The alpha king is weak...'

'He's alpha king, the battle should've been on his pack since he's the one being challenged and yet he's the one that had to run all the way here...he is a joke.'

'Is the redhead really his mate? What a fool? How could he claim such a mate? I don't even smell a wolf on her, is she human? As alpha, he has no standard.'

‘My bet’s on alpha Jake. He lost the first fight, but he’ll win this time. I foresee it.’

‘Alpha Jake...!’

‘Alpha Jake!’

‘Alpha Jake.’

Zayd clenched his hands as he tuned out the whispers. They knew not what weakness was, they were but mere fools butchering the wise. “The battle will now begin, I will be fighting for what’s mine and Jake shall be fighting for what he wants to claim.”

As Jake stepped in front of him, Zayd stretched out his hand, shaking his. “I pledge to a fair fight, I hope it’ll be reciprocated.”

Jake nodded. “I pledge to be fair too.” He gripped Zayd’s hand tighter, leaning in to whisper into his ear. “Well...fair enough.”

He let go and stepped back, crouching down. Zayd mirror his actions, both their bones cracking as they transformed into their wolves.

One fully coated in black fur, and the other had a line of burgundy, running in the midst of the black fur that coated him.

It was time...Zayd, glanced at Quinn who was watching intently. She was probably worried, but she had absolutely no reason to be. He’d said it before...but for her, he’d f*cking win...!

|_ _| / _ _ \ |_ _|

CHAPTER 88~THE BATTLE

Chapter 88 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

It was time...Zayd glanced at Quinn, who was watching intently. She was probably worried, but she had absolutely no reason to be. He’d said it before...but for her, he’d f*cking win...!

With a fierce nod in her direction, he turned to Alpha Jake, who circled him slowly. The dark field seemed bright under the light of the full moon and the wind that slashed through the battle space was cold, and yet it couldn’t cool the malicious fire burning in his soul.

He positioned himself, him too stalking the field like a mindless predatory, ready to hunt and feast upon his prey. It was as if he was hungry, hungry for the taste of Jake's blood...and that's why he was quick to make the first move. His paws dug into the grass beneath them as he launched at Jake, putting power, putting speed into his attack.

He was anxious and impatient, but his father taught him to never let emotions taint or control one on a battlefield. He had to improvise, observe Jake's movements, and learn to avoid them.

Battles such as this required patience, Quinn was tied up, she was hurt, but if he lost, she'd be in a much worse predicament. He needed to keep her out of his head, pretend that this fight wasn't about saving her, but rather about killing a rat who had the guts to go up against him.

He felt no fear, he'd been here before, he'd done this before.

Zayd slid effortlessly against the moist grass when Jake deflected his attack and embarked one of his own. It's been a while since he'd had a real fight, and yet he could feel the adrenaline rushing through his veins; a feeling that did nothing but excite him as he twisted to face Jake again.

A growl rumbled through his chest and he crouched defiantly. Jake came at him first this time, eyes flashing to a darker, deeper shade of red as he clashed with Zayd. Their teeth clanged violently, both aspiring to gain dominance over the situation; dominance that Zayd soon won by powerfully shoving Jake back with his front legs.

His claws ripped through Jake's flesh, drawing forth the smell of blood that enticed and motivated Zayd.

That was the first meaningful blow, and Zayd was the one who landed it.

Jake growled at him, regaining his balance, then running at him again. Zayd could see it, the anger on his face, the vengeance, and Zayd wanted to laugh. He was doing it again, blinding his own eyes with pride and rage.

As he advanced, Zayd pressed one foot forward as an anchor to keep himself steady, his chest vibrating with a low and guttural rumble. Jake collided with him, and he staggered back, but he did not fall...instead he sunk his claws into the dirt, headbutting Jake.

The completely black wolf stumbled back, and Zayd pounced on him, sending them both rolling against the grass...each trying to be the one to end up on top.

The struggle ended with Jake on top, and when he snapped his jaws at Zayd's neck, Zayd shifted his head, kicking his opponent off with his hind legs.

Jake reeled back, but immediately lurched forwards to cage Zayd beneath him again. Zayd didn't let him, he rolled out the way and back onto his feet, knocking the angry wolf down with the lower part of his body.

He licked his lips as he crouched, preparing himself to powerfully pounce on top of Jake, to finally end him, but something, something thick and yet smooth wrapped around his hind legs, preventing his attack.

He glanced down, finding that it was something blacker than the dark night, something that probably only he could see; the tail of a snake that protruded out of the earth. His eyes widened as he tried to pull his hind legs out, but it would not budge, instead spikes extended from its body, stabbing into his flesh.

He groaned out, even more so when he felt himself being slammed onto his back. The snake tail loosened his foot then, and despite being completely flabbergasted, lost and confused, Zayd tried to focus on the battle. He used his front legs to keep Jake at a friendly distance, to keep him from locking his teeth around his neck, no matter how he maliciously clanged them...but then he saw it.

It was a woman standing at the very front of the crowd with a hood over her head. Her face was supposed to be hidden, but Zayd could see it.

Her skin was deeply tanned and there was a patch of blotched patterns often found on snakes running through the center of her face. Her lips had black lipstick on them, she didn't look normal, and she wasn't...but Zayd knew exactly what she was.

A shape-shifter...ones that he knew as venomoons...

From a young age, he'd been taught that werewolves were not the only shifters to exist...and venomoons were one of those shifters to have coexisted alongside them. They mostly walked at night because their powers stemmed from the moon.

Full moons benefitted them greatly since their powers were stronger then, and right now, this venomoon was using her powers on him.

Zayd still couldn't understand this, though. They were said to have gone extinct; hunted by werewolves in the day and used in battles...after which, they were mercilessly killed. However, right now, he was sure that this woman was one of them...the snake tails that had held on to him and the blotched patterns on her face were enough proof.

But why was she against him...? Why was she helping Jake?

Could he perhaps hav~?

Zayd groaned out in pain when Jake's teeth sunk into his shoulder, digging deep into his flesh. He struggled beneath him, eyes flashing from the crowd and back into the heart of the battle.

His hind legs hurt, they were heavy, hard to move...but he managed to scrape them against Jake's belly, sinking his claws into the vulnerable skin.

When Jake recoiled, he shuffled from beneath him, struggling to his feet.

Jake started to circle him again, and Zayd took the chance to glance back into the crowd. She was gone, but the effects of whatever she'd done to him remained. Their venom were rumored to be poisonous, he wasn't sure how dangerous it was...but it felt as though it was slowly paralyzing him.

If he wanted to win, he had to finish this battle quick...one blow...that's all it seemed he had left.

He couldn't lose, he wouldn't lose, this wasn't enough to bring him down...

He had something to live for, someone to protect...he had to win!

Zayd clenched his teeth, steadying himself when Jake ran at him, but a scream from the person he was here to protect had him twisting towards them swiftly.

Quinn...! She was being tortured by Jake's men, the smell of her blood was more prominent now, they were piercing her skin shallowly with knives and claws, agonizing her to agonize him.

Zayd couldn't let it get to him, he had to pay attention to the fight. He twisted back towards Jake, but it was too late. Jake leaped towards him, knocking him onto his back. He could've escaped, he should've been able to, but the poison prohibited him from moving the lower half of his body, and every cry that left Quinn's lips lashed at his heart; mercilessly weakening him.

F*ck...! He had to move, he had to get up...he couldn't lose...!

With his front legs, he shoved at Jake's chest, but soon all the strength in them faded as well, leaving him completely paralyzed and vulnerable.

A howl of pain descended his mouth when Jake's jaws locked around his neck, and all he could do was lay still as blood seeped out of his skin and soaked his own fur.

Jake didn't let go, not until he was too weak to retain his wolf form. His bones started to crack, and Jake stepped back, looking down at the pitiful human he'd become.

He too changed forms, and Zayd watched as he walked towards him, resting an audacious foot on his chest. "You are weak...you're not the Zayd I fought before. Love has taken away all your strength."

He chuckled. "I should kill you, but I want you to live and suffer. I'll have your title and your mate in my grasp...and you'll have nothing, not even respect."

He pressed his foot down into Zayd's chest, making him cough blood before he finally removed it.

In all of this...Zayd eyes drifting towards Quinn. Her torture had stopped, and yet it had just began. She was staring at him too, with those teary and yet dangerous green eyes.

His queen was no longer his queen anymore.

|-_-| /-_-\\ |-_-|

/CHAPTER 89~TRUST ME

Chapter 89 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

Quinn kept repeating the words over and over again in her head, trying to convince herself that she wasn’t worthless, that she wasn’t at fault.

She kept repeating the words, hoping it could save her, save Zayd...

She kept repeating the words; in agony and in anger...in despair and in resentment.

She kept repeating the words because she wanted them to be true...

She kept repeating the f*cking words because she wanted to do something; anything!

Her Zayd...her King was laying half dead on the grass that aligned the fields. She wanted to save him, to somehow find the strength to rip these ropes and then rip out Jake’s throat...but she was so f*cking worthless.

She could barely move. After starving herself and withstanding this awful, public humiliation...she was weak and beaten out. But Zayd’s condition was worse, even though there was no bond, she felt as though she could feel his pain and understand his emotions.

And it did not feel good. So even if she was weak, even if she was worthless, even if it would do her no good...she still kept breathing the useless words mentally. Her eyes were wet with tears, but she was hardly crying for herself...she was crying for him; for Zayd.

She wanted him to get up, to save himself...but she wanted even more to be the one to save him...to do something. All of this happened because of her, he faltered when she screamed and furthermore, this fight only became possible because she was kidnapped so f*cking easily.

Even if he was her father, she shouldn't have trusted him...she should have been wary. However, instead of doing that, she acted stupidly once again!

That poison Kathrine had given her, why'd she drink it?!

If she hadn't, then she would've been able to help right now...if she'd...if she'd just...

Quinn hung her head, clenching her hands tight by her side. No, the poison did nothing to her, regardless of everything, she was still a wolf...the poison did not change that...

Wolves were strong...these ropes couldn't hold a wolf...especially not a beta one, so why the f*ck were they hanging onto her?!

Quinn clenched her hands tighter, looking at Zayd before her rancorous, green eyes fixated on Jake. He was wearing a victorious smile, looking into the noisy crowd with a gleaming pride that Quinn wanted to take away from him.

She hated him, she hated him so damn much. She wanted his head...she wanted to feast upon his heart...to rip it out and place it in Zayd's hands. She wanted to ruin him so bad, to bite down into his neck just as he'd beaten down into Zayd's.

Quinn shuffled eagerly against the rough tree bark. The anger she felt was digging into her; the anger, the despair, the resentment...all the negative emotions were building up inside to a point where it hurt to keep them locked in.

A whimper left her lips as she started to whisper the words out loud instead of just thinking them...

"I am a wolf...I am a wolf...I am a wolf..."

Each time she repeated them...it got louder and louder, her eyes penetrating on the silver necklace around her neck...

"I am a wolf...I am a wolf...I said I'm a wolf. I am...I am a wolf!"

Quinn broke into tears, her scream having everybody turning in her direction and whispering words she didn't even want to hear.

Nevertheless, she continued her chant...they weren't her focus, the man laying helplessly on the floor was...her mate, she only cared about saving him.

Her nails dug into her palms, drawing blood and then pain; mind-numbing pain drifted like bolts of electricity through her. A scream drifted up her throat, a loud scream that sounded more like a desperate yet determined howl...

And then she felt it...a familiar presence. She could smell the overwhelming scent of people she knew and people she didn't, and the overwhelming scent of Zayd's blood. She could distinguish the whispers that came from the crowd too, and could feel prominently as her many wounds started to heal.

A whimper left her lips when she felt her nails sharpen and elongated, digging so deep into her palms that she had to unclench her hands. One of her bones cracked and then a second later, another one...then another one. The transformation was painful, she screamed through it all, but when she was fully turned, the pain didn't matter anymore.

Her white dress and the ropes that had held her were now ripped to pieces beside the tree. Her eyes wandered through the crowd again, finding Jake who was looking at her with flabbergasted eyes.

He hadn't believed it when she told him, but he'd better believe it now. She was a wolf, she'd always been a wolf...a beautiful and silver beta wolf.

She scraped her paws against the grass, running towards him at full speed. She avoided his men who ran at her, revenge the biggest block in her head...nothing could stop her...however, one thing did.

Zayd...

She skated to a stop at the edge of the battlefield when he staggered to his feet, holding a hand up that ceased her movements. The skin of his neck was hidden by the blood that covered it, he was injured badly, and yet he was still standing?

Quinn squinted at him, and when everybody else turned in his direction, Jake did too. Zayd straightened himself then, gritting his teeth as he did so. 'This is not your fight, Quinn...please stay out of it. I'll win, I'll protect you.'

Hearing someone's voice in her head sounded so new and loud to her now, but it was okay since it was his. 'Zayd you...'

'Trust me...'

Quinn swallowed. She was nervous, she was scared, but if he told her to trust him with that pleading look on his face, what else could she do?

Slowly, she shrunk back, the pain of the transformation rolling through her again as she changed back into her human form. Jake's men immediately grabbed her, holding her captive.

She knew Zayd would be disqualified if an outsider invaded the fight, even if he won, his win wouldn't count, so she...she...

Quinn bit her lip, twisting her head away from the battlefield. She was too anxious to watch. Jake was completely fine, and he wasn't, she doubted he could even transform again...how would he be able to take Jake down?

Quinn wanted to question his words, to disregard them...but two kept ringing in her head...

'Trust me...'

And she wanted to trust him, despite everything, she had to trust him.

Quinn clenched her hands as she turned back to face them, looking towards Jake, who scoffed at Zayd. "If I were you, I'd have played dead. Don't tell me you still want to continue in your condition."

Zayd didn't respond, and Jake dropped to a crouch. "I was going to spare you, but since you don't want to be spared, I'll take pleasure in ripping you apart."

He changed back into his black wolf and swiftly ran towards Zayd who didn't make a move...he didn't even try to transform. Jake bound at him and Quinn wanted to close her eyes, to turn away, but she didn't.

She watched it, watched as Zayd stood unmoving until Jake was close enough to kill him. Only then did his body fall, effortlessly gliding against the moist grass.

His claws extended from his hands, and as he slid beneath Jake's wolf, he used them to puncture and mar the bottom of his belly with a long wound that started from the top of Jake's chest.

Quinn gasped when the rest of the crowd did, her legs that were weak almost giving out beneath her. Jake whimpered as he fell flat on his injured stomach, aspiring to crawl away, but Zayd staggered towards him, ripping his claws through the black wolf's side.

A howl of pain bellowed through the night, and Jake tossed himself out of Zayd's reach. He struggled to his feet, the blood that dripped from beneath him was profuse in amount. The wound was deep, if Zayd had aimed a little higher, Jake wouldn't be standing right now...he'd have close to no neck.

Zayd splashed the blood off his claws as he floundered towards Jake who growled threateningly at him. The man stalked around him and every move he made, Zayd's eyes followed...he was waiting, anxiously waiting for the attack.

Jake rushed towards him once more, this time slower due to the amount of blood he was losing, and Zayd planted his feet into the earth as an anchor to keep himself steady. However, Jake still managed to knock him down, Zayd falling onto his back and Jake nestling on top of him.

Jake went at Zayd's neck again, and before he could bite down into it, Zayd's hands hung onto his throat, his claws sinking past the fur and into his flesh.

The wolf whimpered and Zayd growled as he sunk his claws even deeper, then mercilessly ripped them out. He breathed hard as the wolf above him changed back into a man, falling almost lifelessly on top of him. "How did you...? How~?"

"Love didn't weaken me, Jake...it gave me strength. If I had nothing to protect but my stupid pride, I would've stayed down. I didn't get up for myself...I did it for her."

Zayd groaned as he shoved him off, weakly standing to his feet. "Now it's my turn to have mercy on you." He dropped to his knees in front of Jake who kept coughing up blood and grabbed his face. "I want you to remember this day for the rest of your life. The fact that you cheated not once, but twice and still lost must've scarred you emotionally. I bet this shame will never allow you to challenge me again, you will live to see me as alpha king until one of us dies...and I'll still have Quinn by my f*cking side."

He let go of him and stood up again, staggering over to where Jake's men held Quinn. "Let go of her. Your alpha is unconscious and dying...save him before there's nothing left to save."

The men were reluctant, but as Zayd got closer, they let go of Quinn, and she ran onto the fields where Jake was. "Jesus Christ, Zayd...I-I...was so worried. I didn't know...I was..."

Zayd smiled. "I had to keep my word, I promised myself that I'd win, especially since your life was on the line. I couldn't let you protect me...when...when I'm the one who should be protecting you."

His words faded into a whisper, and then he fell against her; unconscious and still bleeding. Quinn hugged around his waist, her eyes finding Frederick and Dantae who were running towards them. They took him out of her grasp and gestured towards her. "Come...it's time to get you home."

The crowd watched as they exited...nobody cheered, nobody uttered a single word. They were all probably just as surprised as Quinn. She couldn't believe it, she'd gotten back what she lost and Zayd had kept what belonged to him.

The moon goddess must've favoured them. After everything and everyone went against her...she still proceeded to win.

|-_| /-_-| |-_|

Chapter 89 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

‘I am a wolf...’

Quinn kept repeating the words over and over again in her head, trying to convince herself that she wasn’t worthless, that she wasn’t at fault.

She kept repeating the words, hoping it could save her, save Zayd...

She kept repeating the words; in agony and in anger...in despair and in resentment.

She kept repeating the words because she wanted them to be true...

She kept repeating the f*cking words because she wanted to do something; anything!

Her Zayd...her King was laying half dead on the grass that aligned the fields. She wanted to save him, to somehow find the strength to rip these ropes and then rip out Jake’s throat...but she was so f*cking worthless.

She could barely move. After starving herself and withstanding this awful, public humiliation...she was weak and beaten out. But Zayd’s condition was worse, even though there was no bond, she felt as though she could feel his pain and understand his emotions.

And it did not feel good. So even if she was weak, even if she was worthless, even if it would do her no good...she still kept breathing the useless words mentally. Her eyes were wet with tears, but she was hardly crying for herself...she was crying for him; for Zayd.

She wanted him to get up, to save himself...but she wanted even more to be the one to save him...to do something. All of this happened because of her, he faltered when she screamed and furthermore, this fight only became possible because she was kidnapped so f*cking easily.

Even if he was her father, she shouldn’t have trusted him...she should have been wary. However, instead of doing that, she acted stupidly once again!

That poison Kathrine had given her, why'd she drink it?!

If she hadn't, then she would've been able to help right now...if she'd...if she'd just...

Quinn hung her head, clenching her hands tight by her side. No, the poison did nothing to her, regardless of everything, she was still a wolf...the poison did not change that...

Wolves were strong...these ropes couldn't hold a wolf...especially not a beta one, so why the f*ck were they hanging onto her?!

Quinn clenched her hands tighter, looking at Zayd before her rancorous, green eyes fixated on Jake. He was wearing a victorious smile, looking into the noisy crowd with a gleaming pride that Quinn wanted to take away from him.

She hated him, she hated him so damn much. She wanted his head...she wanted to feast upon his heart...to rip it out and place it in Zayd's hands. She wanted to ruin him so bad, to bite down into his neck just as he'd beaten down into Zayd's.

Quinn shuffled eagerly against the rough tree bark. The anger she felt was digging into her; the anger, the despair, the resentment...all the negative emotions were building up inside to a point where it hurt to keep them locked in.

A whimper left her lips as she started to whisper the words out loud instead of just thinking them...

"I am a wolf...I am a wolf...I am a wolf..."

Each time she repeated them...it got louder and louder, her eyes penetrating on the silver necklace around her neck...

"I am a wolf...I am a wolf...I said I'm a wolf. I am...I am a wolf!"

Quinn broke into tears, her scream having everybody turning in her direction and whispering words she didn't even want to hear.

Nevertheless, she continued her chant...they weren't her focus, the man laying helplessly on the floor was...her mate, she only cared about saving him.

Her nails dug into her palms, drawing blood and then pain; mind-numbing pain drifted like bolts of electricity through her. A scream drifted up her throat, a loud scream that sounded more like a desperate yet determined howl...

And then she felt it...a familiar presence. She could smell the overwhelming scent of people she knew and people she didn't, and the overwhelming scent of Zayd's blood. She could distinguish the whispers that came from the crowd too, and could feel prominently as her many wounds started to heal.

A whimper left her lips when she felt her nails sharpen and elongated, digging so deep into her palms that she had to unclench her hands. One of her bones cracked and then a second later, another one...then another one. The transformation was painful, she screamed through it all, but when she was fully turned, the pain didn't matter anymore.

Her white dress and the ropes that had held her were now ripped to pieces beside the tree. Her eyes wandered through the crowd again, finding Jake who was looking at her with flabbergasted eyes.

He hadn't believed it when she told him, but he'd better believe it now. She was a wolf, she'd always been a wolf...a beautiful and silver beta wolf.

She scraped her paws against the grass, running towards him at full speed. She avoided his men who ran at her, revenge the biggest block in her head...nothing could stop her...however, one thing did.

Zayd...

She skated to a stop at the edge of the battlefield when he staggered to his feet, holding a hand up that ceased her movements. The skin of his neck was hidden by the blood that covered it, he was injured badly, and yet he was still standing?

Quinn squinted at him, and when everybody else turned in his direction, Jake did too. Zayd straightened himself then, gritting his teeth as he did so. 'This is not your fight, Quinn...please stay out of it. I'll win, I'll protect you.'

Hearing someone's voice in her head sounded so new and loud to her now, but it was okay since it was his. 'Zayd you...'

'Trust me...'

Quinn swallowed. She was nervous, she was scared, but if he told her to trust him with that pleading look on his face, what else could she do?

Slowly, she shrunk back, the pain of the transformation rolling through her again as she changed back into her human form. Jake's men immediately grabbed her, holding her captive.

She knew Zayd would be disqualified if an outsider invaded the fight, even if he won, his win wouldn't count, so she...she...

Quinn bit her lip, twisting her head away from the battlefield. She was too anxious to watch. Jake was completely fine, and he wasn't, she doubted he could even transform again...how would he be able to take Jake down?

Quinn wanted to question his words, to disregard them...but two kept ringing in her head...

‘Trust me...’

And she wanted to trust him, despite everything, she had to trust him.

Quinn clenched her hands as she turned back to face them, looking towards Jake, who scoffed at Zayd. “If I were you, I’d have played dead. Don’t tell me you still want to continue in your condition.”

Zayd didn’t respond, and Jake dropped to a crouch. “I was going to spare you, but since you don’t want to be spared, I’ll take pleasure in ripping you apart.”

He changed back into his black wolf and swiftly ran towards Zayd who didn’t make a move...he didn’t even try to transform. Jake bound at him and Quinn wanted to close her eyes, to turn away, but she didn’t.

She watched it, watched as Zayd stood unmoving until Jake was close enough to kill him. Only then did his body fall, effortlessly gliding against the moist grass.

His claws extended from his hands, and as he slid beneath Jake’s wolf, he used them to puncture and mar the bottom of his belly with a long wound that started from the top of Jake’s chest.

Quinn gasped when the rest of the crowd did, her legs that were weak almost giving out beneath her. Jake whimpered as he fell flat on his injured stomach, aspiring to crawl away, but Zayd staggered towards him, ripping his claws through the black wolf’s side.

A howl of pain bellowed through the night, and Jake tossed himself out of Zayd’s reach. He struggled to his feet, the blood that dripped from beneath him was profuse in amount. The wound was deep, if Zayd had aimed a little higher, Jake wouldn’t be standing right now...he’d have close to no neck.

Zayd splashed the blood off his claws as he floundered towards Jake who growled threateningly at him. The man stalked around him and every move he made, Zayd’s eyes followed...he was waiting, anxiously waiting for the attack.

Jake rushed towards him once more, this time slower due to the amount of blood he was losing, and Zayd planted his feet into the earth as an anchor to keep himself steady. However, Jake still managed to knock him down, Zayd falling onto his back and Jake nestling on top of him.

Jake went at Zayd’s neck again, and before he could bite down into it, Zayd’s hands hung onto his throat, his claws sinking past the fur and into his flesh.

The wolf whimpered and Zayd growled as he sunk his claws even deeper, then mercilessly ripped them out. He breathed hard as the wolf above him changed back into a man, falling almost lifelessly on top of him. “How did you...? How~?”

“Love didn’t weaken me, Jake...it gave me strength. If I had nothing to protect but my stupid pride, I would’ve stayed down. I didn’t get up for myself...I did it for her.”

Zayd groaned as he shoved him off, weakly standing to his feet. “Now it’s my turn to have mercy on you.” He dropped to his knees in front of Jake who kept coughing up blood and grabbed his face. “I want you to remember this day for the rest of your life. The fact that you cheated not once, but twice and still lost must’ve scarred you emotionally. I bet this shame will never allow you to challenge me again, you will live to see me as alpha king until one of us dies...and I’ll still have Quinn by my f*cking side.”

He let go of him and stood up again, staggering over to where Jake’s men held Quinn. “Let go of her. Your alpha is unconscious and dying...save him before there’s nothing left to save.”

The men were reluctant, but as Zayd got closer, they let go of Quinn, and she ran onto the fields where Jake was. “Jesus Christ, Zayd...I-I...was so worried. I didn’t know...I was...”

Zayd smiled. “I had to keep my word, I promised myself that I’d win, especially since your life was on the line. I couldn’t let you protect me...when...when I’m the one who should be protecting you.”

His words faded into a whisper, and then he fell against her; unconscious and still bleeding. Quinn hugged around his waist, her eyes finding Frederick and Dantae who were running towards them. They took him out of her grasp and gestured towards her. “Come...it’s time to get you home.”

The crowd watched as they exited...nobody cheered, nobody uttered a single word. They were all probably just as surprised as Quinn. She couldn't believe it, she'd gotten back what she lost and Zayd had kept what belonged to him.

The moon goddess must've favoured them. After everything and everyone went against her...she still proceeded to win.

|_ _| / _ _ \ |_ _|

CHAPTER 90— STORIES OF THE PAST HIM

Chapter 90 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

It took them a day to get to the wounded moon pack...and throughout it, Zayd didn't wake up. They'd patched his wounds and taken what Dantae said was the fastest route back...and now they were at the pack doctor, waiting for what he had to say about Zayd's condition.

Quinn was pacing back and forth in the hall; nervous and anxious. She was glad he won, and yet sad about the many injuries he'd sustained. But when she thought about it, he could've been dead, and that was way scarier.

"Sit down, Quinn...you're making it worse for us by doing that."

Quinn turned to Frederick. "What am I...doing?"

"You're eating yourself."

"What?" Quinn gave him a weird look, and he pointed towards the finger she had in her mouth. "You keep picking at your nails."

"Ohhh..." Quinn dropped her hand, and took a seat between him and Dantae on the bench in the hall. "Sorry."

"He'll be fine, you don't have to worry. Zayd has survived way worse than this. Sometimes I wonder why he's always so willing to risk his life."

"Yeah...?"

Dantae nodded. "Yeah...there was this time when he was way younger...that idiot went after the biggest boar even though Marcia told him not to. It was our first training after finally getting our wolves, Frederick and I had settled for what we could catch. I, a squirrel, and Frederick was a little more ambitious because he'd hunted a deer. However, Zayd thought those were too small and easy, he wanted a challenge. The boar almost killed him, but he'd still caught it in the end. Although he did get scolded by his mother, his father had praised him."

Quinn chuckled. "I can see that happening...Marcia must've been angry."

"She was...he'd been just ten years old at the time. But with the bravery he possessed, everyone knew he'd be a good alpha; a strong one. He always went for the best, so when he finally took the alpha position from his father, he decided to climb the ranks. You don't know how many stories I could tell you. He went through so much, he had hurt not only others but himself too to get where he's at now. There were times when everyone thought he'd die, but he always surprised us. That's how I know nothing's wrong with him now. He'll be up and running soon."

Quinn nodded. "I'll believe you...but if you don't mind, those stories...the younger Zayd, can I hear more about him."

"Well, I guess..." Dantae leaned back against the wall behind him, and Quinn did the same, listening intently as he started to speak again. "He was reckless, his life meant absolutely nothing

to him, building the pack seemed way more important than his own self. There was this next time, he was sixteen, rocking a freaking mohawk and Frederick and I were stupid enough to get a haircut like his.”

Quinn laughed. “I saw the picture of you guys, he’s so embarrassed about it, but it was cute.”

“Come on, all three of us were ugly.”

“We were,” Frederick confirmed. “Tell her about the time when he got...”

And so, they’d told her a lot of things, many stories that made her laugh until her eyes watered. When Marcia and Nicholas arrived, they’d joined in, but everybody stood silent when the doctor walked down the hall towards them. “He’ll be fine. He’s in a temporary coma right now. His wounds are healing slower than usual because he’d overexerted himself...nothing he hadn’t done before. He’ll probably wake up in a day or two, or even before that. Come with me, Quinn...Dantae told me to examine you when I’m done with him.”

Quinn looked at Dantae and then down at herself. “But I’m fine, so why?”

“Just go, Quinn...you’d overexerted yourself too. It’s just a check-up.”

The doctor walked off, and Quinn reluctantly followed after him. He took her to a different room from the one Zayd was in, and he’d examined her like he said he would. “You seem fine, it’s merely a theory...but you probably couldn’t feel your wolf because it had blocked itself off. Just like Zayd, it had fallen into a temporary coma in order to protect itself from the poison you’d ingested. It had withstood what it could, and the rest fell upon you. Were you sick the first few days after losing contact with your wolf?”

Quinn nodded. “I passed out and only woke up after six days, according to my father. I had a constant headache and a fever too.”

“Then I believe I am right. Your wolf is blessed to have known what to do in such a situation. It risked your life to save it’s...but it probably knew you wouldn’t die. I don’t believe your wolf is fully recovered, since I’m sure it had taken in most of the poison. Go out on short runs to strengthen it and check back with me in a week.”

Quinn shuffled off the hospital bed. “I’ll do that, thanks.” She walked to the door, but then stopped. “Can I go see Zayd? Can I stay with him?”

“Yes, I believe it’d be best if you do.”

After hearing that, Quinn left the room, walking back down the hall to where everyone still was. Marcia was the first to approach her. “What did he say?”

Quinn shrugged. “He said my wolf is okay, but isn’t fully recovered yet. I’ll have to check back with him in a week.”

Marcia hugged her. "I'm happy you got your wolf back...you don't know how proud I am...of both of you. You two have made quite an impact, everyone is talking about how you and Zayd went all out to save each other. I wish I'd been there to see it...the beautiful silver wolf the alphas keep talking about."

Quinn's cheeks reddened. "I...I'll show you tomorrow...we could go on a run."

Marcia pulled back and smiled. "I'd like that...and you're so pretty." She mentioned randomly.

Nick grabbed her shoulders and chuckled. "I think you're making her shy, Marcia."

"Yeah...she gets like that every time I say it."

"I don't..." Quinn choked out.

"Looking at you now, I can tell you do." Dantae interjected.

"I said I don't..."

Everybody chuckled at that, not at all coming to an agreement with her. "We're all happy for you...for you and Zayd..." Marcia then said again.

Quinn smiled. "Thanks...for actually caring." She twisted away from them, knowing her cheeks were only going to get redder. "I'm going to Zayd...the doctor told me to stay with him. I probably won't be back tonight."

"Alright...we'll come by in the morning."

Quinn waved at them as she walked towards the room Zayd was in. She could feel the joy radiating off of them, the pride. They really were genuinely happy for her, and if it were her own family, this would be a reason for them to hate and hurt her more.

Quinn wiped her cheeks when tears streamed down them. Why couldn't she have been given a family like this? Well, she supposed since they were Zayd's family, they could be considered hers too.

A new family...a new beginning.

She stopped at the door to Zayd's room, opening it and stepping inside. He was laying motionlessly on the bed, his neck and left shoulder heavily bandaged.

She'd never seen him like this...he'd always appeared too strong to be sick. But now that she had, she realized that everyone could falter, and not just her...

She really hoped he'd wake up soon though...

Quinn walked closer until she settled over him. Everything felt different now; better. It was an honor to be able to smell this captivating scent again...petrichor and apricot...this beautiful scent that belonged to him.

The mate bond she never had the luxury of feeling, she could feel it now, a feeling that kept coercing her to draw nearer, to touch him.

Quinn drew for the only chair in the room, positioning it the closest it could get to his bed...and then she sat down, intertwining her hand with his.

The sparks she felt were stronger now...and she knew it was because of the mark he'd left on her neck...that and the fact that Jeo wasn't here to confuse her wolf anymore. She saw him as her mate now...this man that she was conscious she'd belong to for the rest of her life.

|_ _| / _ _ \ |_ _|