

# The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 46— A WORLD OF HER OWN



Quinn had promised to cook the meat, but then remembered there was no wood to catch fire, nor was there a knife to skin the deer. She sighed as she plopped back down against the grass, looking over at Zayd who was still asleep.

How nice of him to have hunted food and not carry anything to cook it...

In frustration, she hissed, stumping a foot against the forest floor. If she still had her wolf, then she wouldn't have needed a knife to begin with, her claws were sharp enough.

She felt disadvantaged, dependent, she could barely protect herself now, which is why she had to turn to Zayd; someone she wanted to be done with.

Running her hand down her face, she looked away. But as she said before, her current helpless situation was all bestowed upon her by herself. She'd been a fool, and she'd just realized it.

By accepting the poison from Kathrine, what had she expected? An unbreakable bond between them? A healthy mother and daughter relationship?

Quinn scoffed at herself, that might've been what she'd expected, but all she got out of her foolish decisions in the end was a damage that was everlasting.

She wasn't a werewolf anymore, wasn't an outstanding beta or an omega...she was but a human, and she didn't feel like she belonged in this world anymore.

She'd only be degraded and disrespected, she'd be laughed at, shunned...the only place for her now was...was...

Quinn swallowed as she squinted at Zayd...her place wasn't by his side, it never was. As Kathrine said, everything that made her strong had been taken away from her. She's nothing now, so why was she even moving forward?

Everyone around her had told her lies that still burnt her chest...why must she depend on the same people who had caused her pain? She realized it now, her place wasn't with Zayd, it wasn't with another pack, it wasn't with humans...

It was by herself. She didn't suit either worlds, so why live in them? She needed to create her own world, one that only included her and one where she'd always fit in despite the circumstances.

Standing to her feet, she swiped her red hair behind her ears and walked off into the woods...only looking back at Zayd once more...

'Goodbye...mate.'

Her heart churned as she walked away, she wanted so bad to turn around and go back, but she quickened her steps instead, destroying the mere thought of doing it.

Soon her steps turned into a desperate run. She needed to go as far away as possible, Zayd would wake up soon, if she wasn't careful, he would find her.

So to make it harder for him, she tore her clothes, tying it in knots against slim tree limbs as diversions. She tied them in different directions, creating a mirage and hoping he'd follow them all before he ended up on the path she was truly on.

Quinn then headed towards the east and then the south. She did not know where to go...but she didn't really care where she went, she just needed to find a place where nobody could find her.

So she ran until the morning turned into the afternoon and the afternoon turned into the evening, and she continued to run even as sweat wet her forehead and her neck and dripped all the way down to her stomach. She took rest stops, but they all lasted for five minutes or less.

However, when she found herself becoming weaker and weaker and hotter and hotter even though the sun wasn't shining...she knew something was wrong...

With her...

The breeze was heavy, and it was cool, and yet she was burning up. It felt like she was in heat, but she knew she wasn't. The crave for sex wasn't there, yet still, she felt like she was tied over a stove of burning coal.

Her running feet came to a sudden stop, and she fell on her bum against the ground, breathing heavy and hard. She could rest, she'd run a long way, Zayd wouldn't possibly be able to find her.

Right...?

Quinn looked around, high on alert. Her throat felt dry, she was thirsty, thirsty and hungry...but in her weakened state, how would she find food?

Hours ago, she'd been certain that running away was the right decision, but she wasn't so sure anymore. She stayed at the silver moon all her life, only leaving for missions and pack duties as its luna. At twenty one years old, she never completely fended for herself before and never thought she'd have to.

After all, how could she have been able to predict this future for herself? Back then, she'd thought she'd be with Jeo until she died, she'd thought she'd still have a family; a sister, a father and a mother. But right now, she neither had a mate nor a family, and just having herself to look to...was new to her.

Whenever she needed advice, she'd go to Delilah or Derrick, but now she had to make the hardest decisions by herself. This only meant that life would be much harder to live, especially since she'd kill her own wolf.

But she'd survive...that tree she used to look up to back home wasn't completely dead...it could live, which meant Quinn could do the same.

Groaning, she rolled onto her knees, wiping the sweat from her forehead as she forced herself onto her two feet. She then staggered forward, breathing through the pain, fighting to more than just live through it.

That was until a hand grabbed onto hers...and she knew exactly whose it was. The sparks, the warmth...

She twisted around with wide eyes. "How did you find me?!"