

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 40— BETWEEN FAITH AND DOUBT



Zayd took a long, deep breath, smelling the air that wafted calmly around him. His wolf was on the edge these days, just like him, anxiety has slowly been eating away at its heart.

It missed her, they both did...and perhaps that's why he stood by the pack borders of the silver moon pack, looking past the trees and at nothing in particular. He was scared to cross the line, afraid to look in her eyes after what he'd done.

It had taken him so much time and effort to get to her heart, and he'd been the one to weasel himself out because of petty jealousy and a raging anger.

He should've treated the situation differently that night...if he had, then he wouldn't be here with a hole in his heart wondering if she'd be forgiving enough to take him back with opened arms.

He knew she wouldn't...but he couldn't help but hope. All the promises he'd made, he broke them in one night, tarnishing her trust and ruining their bond. He could barely feel it anymore...has she...has she already given up?

Zayd clenched his teeth around the backpack in his mouth, the red eyes of his wolf casting down onto the earth. He wondered if he'd only come here to embarrass himself...when he crossed this border, he wondered what he'd see...what he'd hear...

Would he find her with him?

Would she tell him to leave just as he did eleven nights ago?

And what in heaven's name would he do if any of those unfortunate scenarios played out...

He was an alpha, and he had a pride bigger than himself, but he knew he'd beg on not one but on both his knees. He'd probably cry pathetically too...just like she had...

Would she forgive him then? Zayd shook his head, his paws staggering back. She wouldn't, would she?

She'd most likely look him in the eyes and walk away just as he'd done...but what if...what if none of this actually happened, and she missed him just as much as he'd missed her?

What if she readily took him back?

This could go either way, he just needed the courage to cross this border, he needed to walk on faith and not on doubt, he needed...what he needed most was her.

Gritting his teeth tighter, he stepped forward, marching onto the land until the warriors on patrol surrounded him. He stopped, dropping his bag and effortlessly transforming into his human form. "Alpha Zayd...and I come in peace."

The men looked at each other, confused as to whether to let him pass or not, until beta Cannon walked between them, meeting Zayd in the circle they created around him. "Let him through..."

The men on patrol parted, and as Zayd picked up his backpack and proceeded to walk by, Cannon grabbed his shoulder. "She's gone through enough...at least let this be the last time she cries."

Zayd shrugged him off, zipping his bag open and taking out a shorts which he hurriedly drew on. These lands seemed familiar to him now, he'd roamed them in boredom until Quinn finally accepted his advances...

And now...now he'd ruined it all. But it wasn't all his fault, he wouldn't give a shelter to all the blame. She'd been at fault too, she'd willingly kissed that man, willingly touched him and would've willingly spread her legs for him if he hadn't shown up.

He might've handled the situation poorly, but how else was he supposed to react...? Finding your mate in such a position could've driven anyone off the edge...it was just that he fell too far.

He should've never left her, instead of breaking his promises, he should've stayed and talked it through...but what is done is already done, he cannot take it back, all he could do was regret it.

He took a left turn, heading in the direction of Derrick's house, until he was able to smell her scent. That beautiful mixture of lotus flower and pine tree calmed his beating heart, but eleven nights ago, it had done the opposite.

It had riled him up to no end...her heat had made the scent more fragrance; much sweeter and he'd followed it in delight only to find her with that fool.

Zayd found it hard to understand him, he'd rejected her and found someone else, and yet still, it was a hassle for him to let her go.

It was annoying and if not before, Zayd wanted so bad to rip him apart now.

But if ever he comes between them again, Zayd knew the will to control his anger would be gone.

Zayd stopped when he made it in front of the house, rethinking all the decisions he'd recently made. Was it sensible to go to her tonight? But if not now, then when?

Taking another deep breath, he walked up the porch, ready to knock on the door when he heard muffled sobs, sobs he was sure drifted from Quinn.

His heartbeat picked up and instead of knocking, he twisted the knob open, rushing inside. When he made it to Quinn's room, her mother was just exiting and the moment she saw him, her mouth dropped open. "She is...well she..."

Zayd pushed past her, not really caring about what she had to say right now. It was Quinn who was important, Quinn who he desperately wanted to see.

Pushing her room door open, his eyes searched for her, finding her seated on her bed; crying, brokenly crying...was it perhaps because of him?

He closed the door behind him and reluctantly walked inside, stooping in front of her. "Quinn...little red, what's wrong?"