

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 42— THE CHASE



Zayd followed the scent of the fleeting omega, paws thundering against the earth. He wouldn't let her get away, if he didn't find her tonight, he would not return...his pride would not allow him to.

Twisting into the woods, he bolted past the trees...he wasn't anxious, he knew she hadn't gotten far, he knew he'd catch her. Her efforts were all in vain, a fool she was indeed, and Quinn was probably the same; a fool.

If she'd just given him a hint before, if she'd just said the word, it wouldn't have gotten this far. But a mother trying to kill her own child was a surprise to him, he still couldn't believe it. Why would she even think about doing such a thing?

What exactly happened between the two?

Zayd was clueless and curious, but right now, that wasn't at the forefront of his mind...catching this woman was.

Speeding up, his nostrils flared as he smelled the air, realizing that he was quickly closing in on her. He jumped over a log, eyes drifting across the dark woods until he spotted the brown wolf, running with what was probably her all.

He growled, sprinting into the direction she was running, she looked back at him, the fear in those eyes unimaginable.

Zayd forced his paws to move faster, leaping on top of her when he got close enough. She whimpered, trying to get away, but he had enough pressure on her small form.

She twisted around to face him, the red eyes of her wolf cowering as she stared into his fierce ones. It seemed as though she was begging for mercy, but how could she?

After destroying Quinn, she deserved to be destroyed too.

Another growl rumbled through Zayd's throat, this one low and lethal, revealing the obvious fact that she was in grave danger. Derrick had begged him to spare her, but he wouldn't. He was trying to protect his mate, but Zayd was doing the exact same.

His lips curled back, revealing his sharp teeth and with one more look into those eyes, he ripped into her neck, burying his teeth deep, deeper still.

Her blood flooded his mouth, and a howl of pain ripped from her throat as she struggled beneath him. Her bones started to crack, and she whimpered through the transformation until she was but a human, becoming even more frail and fragile now. The size difference between her forms had his mouth just settling around her neck now, and before he could tighten it, she began to beg. "Pl-please don't...Quinn...Quinn wouldn't want this. If you kill me, then she'll hate you...I'm her mother after all."

Zayd eyes twitched as he pulled back, him too changing back into his human form. "A mother wouldn't harm her own child..." He told her.

"I know, and I'm sorry. If you let me go, for as long as I live, I won't touch her again, I won't even return to this pack...I'm sorry, so terribly sorry."

Zayd's head tilted to the side in naked confusion. She was apologizing, and yet there wasn't any sincerity in her eyes. "You're not sorry, are you?"

That look of fear on her face slowly faded into an emotionless gaze, and she chuckled, wincing when the act seemed to have pained her bleeding neck. "Why would I be? I had planned to ruin that girl since the very day she was born. I'm only sorry I hadn't done it sooner. Derrick...that fool, he has enough courage to rat me out, but not enough to catch me himself. I knew that he'd found out, his actions had been off since Quinn came back from the hospital. I really thought that this time around he'd choose me, but he put that stupid beta b*tch over me every time." Anger infiltrated her once expressionless features, and tears sprung from the corners of her eyes. "I should've killed Quinn a long time ago, that bastard child didn't deserve to live...it shouldn't have been just her wolf that died, she should've died to~"

Before she could finish, Zayd wrapped his hands around her throat, squeezing hard. His eyes were filled with red, and he could hear fleet footsteps approaching and distant yelling, but he focused on her cries for help that soon turned into desperate breaths of air.

"It's unfortunate...if you had sincerely apologized for what you'd done to my mate, I'd have considered sparing you. Your mate begged me to, after all, but you show no regret, not a single ounce of guilt. Quinn isn't the one who deserves to die, you do. "

His hands pressed harder against her throat and she started to choke, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she struggled to live, struggled to breathe. He'd never dreamed of killing his mate's mother, and he never thought it'd make him happy, but watching as the life drained from her eyes had adrenaline pumping through him.

A smile slipped across his lips, the bloodlust he'd known all his life slipping into him like a ghost, one he always welcomed. But that smile disappeared when he was suddenly grabbed from behind and forced away from her.

She coughed, sucking in an immense amount of air, and Zayd yanked himself free, crawling back towards her. He wasn't done yet, she wasn't dead yet...

His hand reached for her neck again, but once more, they grabbed him, pinning him against the floor. The patrol men...did they want to die too?

His eyes that were once hazel changed to red and he growled. "Let go of me..."

He could smell their fear, the same fear he wanted to gobble up, but two men turned into three and three into four and six and eight...holding him captive, keeping him away from his goal.

Even as they held him down, his eyes drifted towards Kathrine. The panting woman who kept crawling as far away from him as possible. It might not be this day, but he'd kill her himself another. "She's trying to flee, catch the fugitive that poisoned your beta!"

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