

# The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 52— FOR THE PARTY



Quinn got out of the bed she'd been laying in for the past few hours, looking at the clock attached to the wall above the door. It was almost 7:00, and all she'd done after touring the land with Zayd was lay down, trying to get in touch with the wolf she'd lost.

She knew it was impossible, but despite knowing that, she couldn't help but try. She'd prayed to the goddess too, begging her for help.

But what could the goddess do? Resurrect the same wolf Quinn had taken for granted?

If she'd wanted her wolf, she'd have protected it instead of foolishly doing what she did. The blame was on her head and for that, she knew she didn't deserve the goddess' help or anyone else's for that matter.

However, she still begged for help and begged for forgiveness because that was all that she could do.

With slouch shoulders, she walked into the bathroom adjoined to the room she was in. She needed a shower, a cold shower to numb all the depressing thoughts that kept running through her head.

She reached for the hem of her blouse, but before she could pull the material over her head, she heard a knock on the bedroom door.

Her hands twitched as they loosened the blouse, and she walked back out of the bathroom...suddenly remembering that Zayd promised to be back tonight.

Her cheeks tinted red as she stood in front of the door, somehow scared to open it. What did he have to say to her?

Why did he want to see her?

Quinn reached for the knob, hesitantly twisting it unlocked and opening the door. Her tense body loosened when her eyes met Larna instead of Zayd, but disappointment harvested within her for a reason Quinn didn't want to acknowledge.

She wanted to see him...she stupidly wanted him to visit her tonight, and she didn't know why. She didn't have anything to say to him, but maybe just looking at his face would put her at ease.

"Hello...you knocked...?"

Larna bowed her head, stretching a gift bag out to her. "The Alpha King asked me to deliver this to you...I'm also here to collect the plate you ate dinner from. May I come in?"

Quinn reluctantly took the gift bag from her and moved aside as she walked in, picking up the tray she'd delivered more than two hours ago.

Quinn didn't touch the food, she had been too deep in thought to be hungry.

"Thank you, Larna." Quinn said as the young omega walked out.

"You're welcome. The alpha wants you to meet him at the canteen, he said you can take your time; he'll wait."

Quinn tilted her head, but before she could ask anything, Larna walked away.

Meet him...? Why would he want her to meet him at the canteen of all places? Was it because she didn't eat lunch and now dinner?

Quinn closed the door, walking over to the bed to take a seat. Her eyes stared down at the gift bag for more than a minute before she opened it up, peering inside.

There was a dress, green in color; Castleton green just like the one she'd worn at the celebration party. There was a box, one she was sure withheld a shoes...and along with that was a purse, a necklace, and a pair of earrings.

Quinn quickly closed the bag, looking around with no particular aim. What was he...?

Why did he...?

What was all this?

Was this what he meant when he said he'd see her tonight?

Were they going somewhere? Was it something to do with the pack? Or perhaps there was going to be a party tonight...

She wanted to ask, but there was nobody here. Larna was the only person she could ask, but Larna was gone.

Quinn sighed, if he got her these, then he must've had a reason. Placing the bag down on the bed, she walked back to the bathroom, taking the shower she'd promised herself.

At first, she'd thought of making it a long and freezing shower, but not anymore, she had things to do. So she made it quick, and as soon as she stepped out, she drew on an underwear and then let down her hair that was previously caught in a bun.

There was a brush in the bathroom, and she used it to ease the knots in her hair and to elegantly comb it. If he gave her such a dress, then that meant she needed to look her best.

Since there were limited hair utensils, she gave her hair a side part, leaving a short cornrow at the lesser side.

When she deemed herself done, she reached into the bag, taking out the dress and staring at it. It was pretty, simple and yet unique.

It was long, she knew it'd sway past her ankles and the shoulders would hang against her upper arms. There was a high split at only one side of the dress and a zip at the back that she knew would cost her some time to get up.

She sighed, putting it on and trying her best to get the zip all the way up by herself. She did not succeed, the satin dress was a bit too tight for her to do it all on her own.

Groaning, she reached into the bag for the shoes box regardless, opening up the box and taking the shoes in them out.

The heels were high, but low enough for Quinn to feel comfortable in them, and they were black in color with straps that could roll multiple times around her legs.

She sat on the bed, resting them by her feet and putting them on. They weren't exactly her size, they were a tad bit bigger than her feet, but they could work.

Next, she put on the accessories; the earrings and the necklace before walking to the door; half opening it and peeping outside. Somebody, anybody...she needed help with this god damn dress.

Just as she was about to give up and close it, a door opened not too far from hers.

Quinn squinted her eyes, not taking too long to realize that it was Zayd's mother. Why wasn't she dressed yet?

Nevertheless, Quinn called out to her, not having anybody else to turn to. "Hello ma'am, I...can you come here for a second?"

The lady looked her way and a delightful smile spread across her lips as she approached. "Oh my, darling...I'd been longing to see you again since my ruthless son kicked me out this morning. How are you doing?"

Quinn smiled awkwardly. "Well, I...this dress, can you please help me with the zip?" She opened the door wider, showing Zayd's mom what was going on. "From my knowledge, there will be some sort of celebration tonight. Zayd sent me this dress and I just can't get the zip up by myself."

"Oh...I'll be glad to help." She stepped inside and Quinn closed the door behind her. "Turn around, sweetie...you look so beautiful."

"Thank you." Quinn did as told, turning her back so she could zip the dress. "But if you don't mind me asking, why aren't you dressed yet?"

"Me...? Ahhh, I don't...I mean, I'll get dressed soon, I'm just waiting on my husband to get back." She patted Quinn's shoulder when she was done. "You hurry along, the party has already started. You should go have fun."

"I will, thanks." Quinn grabbed the purse off the bed and walked outside with Zayd's mother. "I'll be on my way now, ma'am."

"You can call me Marcia... that's my name." She waved at Quinn, smiling at the young girl's back. She hoped this 'party' went well... especially since her son was probably the only one attending.