

Chapter 78 Doubts

Zayd zipped the back of Quinn's dress before kissing her neck. "I'll be back in an hour or so...I have some things to take care of in the office."

"Okay." Quinn looked back at him as he walked towards the door. "If you don't mind me asking, where is my father?"

"He's in the spare room beside Isabella's...if he's not there, then he's somewhere with Nick."

"Alright...I'll see you later then, and if you're not back in an hour like you said, I'm coming to your office."

"You'd better not...or better yet, I implore you to come. It'd be yet another place where I f*ck you until your legs shake."

"You..." Quinn pointed at him. "Where is your shame?"

Zayd laughed as he stepped through the door. "I don't know, the goddess didn't create me with any."

Quinn flipped him off, but before he closed the door, he looked at her seriously. "On my way back, I'll check with the elders...I need an auspicious date for the ceremony."

Quinn nodded, and that's when Zayd closed the door, walking down the hall with his hands in his

pockets. He never meant to lie, but in this case, he had to. If it were up to him, then he'd be holding the ceremony tonight, but it'd ruin his plans. His mate was supposed to be Delilah, if he had the ceremony now, then word would spread, and it would undoubtedly reach Alpha Jake's ears. That fool would find out that he was being tricked and the vengeance he promised Jeo would be a myth only his mind could tell.

Quinn couldn't know the truth; she couldn't know that that was the real reason why the ceremony could not be held yet. He knew she'd feel disappointment and distrust in him, he knew she'd be angry.

But despite knowing that, Jeo had to experience some form of penalty for his deeds. For Zayd to feel happy, he had to experience pain...an end that he deserved, a destruction that would be as bitter as gall.

He didn't care how hurt she'd be, he was taking revenge for her. Nobody could step all over his mate and still have feet left. Kathrine especially, he wanted to finish her off himself, he'd promised to...and he would.

Zayd stepped out of the pack house, opening the mind link between him and his two most trusted idiots. 'Meet me at my office in three seconds.'

Dantae responded first. 'Don't you think three seconds is a little...you know, unrealistic?'

Frederick next. 'I'm in the middle of a game, you'd better wait for five minutes.'

Zayd rolled his eyes. 'Now...both of you.'

He made it to his office a minute after closing the mind link and, as expected, they weren't there as yet. He shook his head and opened the door, taking a seat behind his desk. A minute more passed before they both filed in, Dante sitting on the edge of the desk and Frederick leaning against the door. "I was winning, man."

"Nobody cares...there are more important things at hand."

"Such as?"

"Like the fact that the mating ceremony I've wanted since meeting Quinn is being postponed because of that fool."

"Technical, he didn't do anything, not this time."

Frederick clarified. "It's all on you."

Zayd squinted towards him. "Shut your mouth."

"As you wish, sir." He pursed lips, looking back down at his phone.

"I want the plans to start taking effect. I thought Jake would be eager enough to strike already.

Was I wrong? Does he not care about being the best anymore? Has his pride healed?"

“I doubt it...” Damion picked up a paper from the desk. “He’s too arrogant to ever give up on such a dream. He will strike, and soon. And then he’ll come here, holding that redhead as hostage to hurt you. He’ll stand right behind the borders with a couple of his tropes like you predicted, and he’ll demand a rematch. We just have to be patient, he’s perfecting his plan, so even if water spills in the wrong direction, he won’t shrivel up like a piece of paper.”

“I know that, but I still think something is off. He’s the type to fire without thinking, to pull the trigger without looking if it’s pointed at his own head. Something just doesn’t feel right.”

“You’re just overthinking it, you’re probably just anxious.”

“I’m not...I haven’t even been thinking about it that much...but the fact that he hasn’t done anything yet is alarming. I know he’d been scheming, looking for a way to get me to cave, and now he has one, and he isn’t jumping at it? What if I did the wrong thing? What if something goes wrong? I thought about it on my way here, what if he has a plan that will clash with mine?”

“He doesn’t...I assure you of that.”

Zayd nodded. “Alright...I’ll trust you on this one. I might actually be overthinking it, but as

alpha, I'm trying to evaluate every possibility and have a counter for each...just in case things go south. Jake might not be the alpha king now, but he used to be the king for a reason."

"We know that, but we also know he has nothing on you. Quinn is here, there's nothing he can do that can get you to falter...right, Frederick?"

Frederick didn't look up from his phone, and Dantae chuckled. "That asshole...he must be texting Lyla or something."

"Let him be...he hasn't seen her in a while." Zayd tapped his desk. "Tell Garth to find out what's happening, and also announce special training for the warriors...just in case push comes to shove. You are in charge of the training, and Frederick can be a substitute."

"Alright...I'll do that to satisfy your needless worry. Frederick let's go."

As they walked out the office, he looked down the paper Dantae had in hand. What if the water spilled in his direction? Would he shrivel up? Zayd shook his head with a small chuckle...no, Jake couldn't contend with him...not in this lifetime.