

## **Chapter 81 To Save The Other**

The night drifted down to touch the trees a little sooner than Quinn had expected it to. The preparations for the ceremony were made, food and drinks were being served, and the pack was merry.

In all of this, Quinn stood in her room, wearing her white dress. Zayd had already left, but she didn't get to see him. Marcia had cruelly forbidden them from seeing each other. She said it'd be a lot more sensational to meet when the ceremony began.

While that was probably true, she'd wanted to see him in that white suit he said he'd wear, a hug or two would've been nice before the ceremony too, but there would always be time after, right?

Her hair and makeup, which was done by Marcia was simple and yet beautiful, and so was her dress. It was an off-shoulder design that wafted against her ankles, and she wore a flowery, block heel shoes along with it.

She was ready, but there was one thing she had to do before the ceremony. She needed to talk to her father again, to decline his cry for help. She didn't want to tell him no, but considering the circumstances, she had to.

He told her to meet him in the heart of the woods, and instead of having him wait for her in vain, she was going there to tell him that her decision was to stay.

Taking a deep breath, she walked out the door. Would he be disappointed? Would the way he viewed her change?

Quinn shook her head. It didn't matter, she was not obligated to give up herself as sacrifice for someone who wouldn't do the same for her.

Her steps took her out the east wing of the pack house, and she tried her best to remain unseen as she wandered off into the woods. Since her sense of smell was gone, it was hard to locate him, but he found his way to her.

He was wearing a black suit, one that might've been given to him by Nicholas. "Are you ready?"

He asked.

Quinn shook her head. "I'm sorry, dad...but about what we spoke about earlier, I can't. If you were the one being held hostage, then I would've definitely considered it, but Delilah...? Delilah betrayed me, and how will I save her when I don't even have a wolf?"

"You don't need to fight. He won't hurt you, but he will hurt Delilah if you don't show up tonight.

He just needs you to lure Zayd out, he promised me that after that, he'll set both of my daughters

free.”

“And you believed him? He won’t set neither me nor Delilah free, he’ll kill her and me and probably you too. He wants to retake his position from Zayd, and he intends to use me to do it. If I go willingly, then I’d be betraying Zayd...and I won’t do that since I for one knows exactly how betrayal feels.”

Quinn twisted away from her father, and he desperately grabbed onto her hand. “Please Quinn...

she’s your sister, your family...save her.”

“Why hadn’t she thought of that when she was sneaking around with my mate? Why hadn’t she thought of that when she was colluding with Kathrine to poison me? Why must I save her when she wants me dead?!” Quinn yanked her arm out of his. “I’m not going, I can’t save her while sacrificing myself. You know what might happen, and asking me to do it anyway is cruel, father. I just realized it now, but Zayd is really the only person I can trust.”

She lifted her dress and started her walk back into the open. Earlier in the morning, after Zayd left for the office, she went to find her father; to catch up, to rebuild their bond...but what she got instead was him asking her for help.

You see, he didn't really come here to celebrate her birthday...he came here for an entirely different reason, one that burnt Quinn's chest.

He said because of her, a lot of terrible things would happen, and if he didn't bring her back with him, then Delilah's life would be in grave danger.

Five days, he said... that's all he got to save her, and this was close to the last one...

The threat he got was not a shallow one. If he was unable to bring her back within three days, then the silver moon pack would be attacked, and when the fifth day ended, then the prior alpha king would break Delilah's neck...

And Derrick told her that three days had already passed...

Then did that mean the pack was already attacked?

But then again, how was he so sure that the alpha wasn't just playing tricks on him?

And even if he wasn't, then he chose the wrong person to hold as hostage because Quinn would not risk her life to save Delilah's, and she would not be used to put Zayd in danger either. A fight should be fair, and if she was going to be a part of it, then it wasn't~

"I'm sorry, Quinn."

Quinn opted to turn at the sound of her father's voice, but before she could, his hand slammed

into her neck and her body tensed all over...becoming paralyzed.

Her eyes fluttered shut as she fell forwards, hitting the grass that had once been beneath her feet.

Derrick looked down at her and then at the hand he'd used to harm her. "I'm sorry, Quinn...but this has to be done. Zayd will save you, but who will save your sister?"

He reached down to pick up her lifeless body, and just then, an omega came out of hiding.

Larna...that was her name he believed; the spy alpha Jake said would be here to help him. "It is done, you have to hurry or else you will get caught." Derrick nodded, placing Quinn in Larna's arms as he transformed into his wolf. Brown fur coated his skin swiftly, and he now stood on four feet and not two.

The omega situated Quinn on his back then, and he sped off into the woods, looking up at the sky when the lightning flashed. He forgot all about it, but the rain would fall heavily tonight.

The ceremony should've never been held, he wouldn't have captured Quinn this easily if everybody weren't busy having a blast. The patrol men had easily been taken down, Larna was trusted here, so anything she gave them, they'd unsuspectingly drink it.

Damn...this was wrong, but despite everything, both of his daughters deserved to live. They were all he had left, and only Zayd could save them both.