

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 12— HER TREE



The wind weaved its way around Quinn's dress as she walked back home; cold and incessantly eating away at the little warmth in her body. She felt guilty, father said he wanted this night to him and his mate, and she was now going home to ruin it...

Should she not go home yet? The air was cold, but it was refreshing.

Quinn twisted on her heels, walking towards the east borders instead of her father's house. There was this tree she used to call her own there, one of the tallest trees on this land. It was old, the limbs were dry and collapsing, but every spring, it grew leaves. She didn't know how it continued to survive through the winters, but it always did, and Quinn would congratulate it every year.

Every time she felt down and weak, she'd go there just to look at that tree, because if it could survive, then she could too...

Quinn wrapped her arms around herself as she continued into the forest. Her steps were quick and loud, and yet the crickets that sang didn't seem to be afraid of them. The limbs and leaves swayed along with the wind, making howling noises that Quinn was familiar with.

The night was dark, and though the moon was bright, the heavy trees blocked its light...but Quinn could see; clearly. She could see the healthy and low grass beneath her feet, the twigs she was stepping on, the wild bushes and the wildflowers that adorn them, and she could see her tree...right in the center of her path.

She stopped in front of it, looking up at its branches. It seems not everything could remain strong forever, not even this tree.

Quinn chuckled to herself, running her finger along the bark where her name was carved. Was this tree somehow associated with her?

It had been strong when she was, but now that she was completely broken it was too. Why? Why were most of its branches on the ground, broken, scattered and abandoned?

Why did it look so pitiful in her eyes now?

Quinn wiped her cheek when a tear dripped against it. She'd always aspired to be like this tree; strong...but now they both have miserably fallen...

Why was her life so hard? Jeovanni rejected her for her sister without a second thought, and the sister she thought had always been on her side wasn't...why was everything turning upside down?

Jeovanni was making things so hard for her...how could he kiss her after kissing her sister? And how could he threaten to exile her father after everything he'd done for the pack in the past? Why were people so ungrateful? Why?

Quinn's right hand fisted and she used the anger within her to punch the tree, but in the end, she was the one who felt the pain. With a sob, she fell against the tough textured bark, crying...

Should she just leave? Jeo didn't want her, and yet he didn't want to see her move on. Why was he so cruel? He'd never been like this, why did he change?

What made him change?

Could it b~?

Quinn perked up when an unfamiliar scent drifted densely across her nostrils; the scent of a rogue...not just one, there were about four. She wiped her eyes, easing off the tree and looking ahead.

She didn't smell any patrollers, were they all at that party?

Hissing, she took off her heels and ran forward, changing into her silver-colored wolf mid-run. The beautiful green dress she'd worn was now scattered in pieces on the floor, but right now, that wasn't her concern. Rogues were on this land and there was nobody to counter them.

Her legs sprinted towards the direction their scent came from, and she found them patronizing a young girl. She was laid helplessly against the ground. She wasn't from this pack, but she wasn't a rogue.

She was probably a member of the alpha king's pack.

Quinn wasted no time, she rushed in front of the girl, growling at the three feral animals tormenting her. They didn't back down like they should, instead they ran at her.

Quinn had to dodge their attacks, if she were to fight back, then she'd hurt the girl laying in her human form behind her. She needed to create some distance, killing them was easy, but she couldn't do it at the price of hurting another.

With a breath, she positioned herself in a fighting stance, growling as she stepped forward, forcing them to back away. They growled warily at her, not knowing what her next move would be.

When there was enough space for Quinn to move, she wasted no time, she took them all down one by one, leaving them curled up on the ground in their human forms. She then turned to the crying girl, quickly changing back into her vulnerable side; bare to the wind and to her innocent eyes. "Are you alright?"

"Y-Yes...thank you. But there...another one...big; the leader."

Quinn sniffed the air again, she knew she'd smelled four, the other one was a distant away...if her guess was right, then he was close to the farmers' hut.

It didn't matter if he damaged the plants, but the people that lived there...she couldn't let him hurt them. "Alright, hurry back, I'll take care of him."

The girl nodded, standing to her feet and running off.

As soon as she disappeared into the woods, Quinn changed forms again and ran in the direction of the other rogue, getting there in no time.

She followed his scent through the dasheen farm, quickening her pace when she heard screams and growls. In seconds, her green eyes found him and there were a bunch of farmers around him, holding lamps and sticks, trying to defend themselves. You see, they weren't warriors, the farmers were old and if they weren't, then they were omegas who had no other purpose but to provide for themselves and the pack.

They couldn't fight, especially not this wolf. It was big, bigger than her with fur as black as night, fur that was stained with red. The closer she got, the more pungent its scent became. It smelled of decaying flesh, it smelled like something dead.

On the floor around it, were injured pack members...she made it, but it seems she was late.

She tackled it from behind, and it faltered, but it did not fall. A growl, deadly and threatening left its lips as it turned to her. There was blood around its mouth, blood more than 2 days old.

The other three were weaklings, but this one would not be easy to take down. It had probably been an alpha before it went feral.