

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 62— GAME ON!



“Why did you want to come here?”

“Well, I figured that since I have no wolf, then it’s best to improve my combat skills. I haven’t trained in so long, I mean...I never really thought of strengthening the skills associated with my human side, so I’m not good at hand-to-hand combat, and right now, I need to be.”

“I see...I won’t stop you, it’s your choice, but I’d suggest you start from rank one...although even if you start at rank 3, these idiots will still go easy on you.”

“Why?”

Zayd chuckled. “You have my mark on your neck, Quinn. Though you haven’t been officially introduced to the pack yet, they know who you are. Which one of them is foolish enough to hurt my woman? Even if it’s practical training, and moreover, they know you have no wolf.”

“Yeah well...I don’t want that. I prefer they beat me cripple than go easy on me...and if it’s something as petty as pity, I’ll let them know that I don’t want it.”

“It’s not pity, Quinn...”

“Then what would you call it?” Quinn twisted away from the training wolves to look at Zayd. “Anyone would pity me. I’m probably one of the only wolves without a wolf.”

“That doesn’t mean they necessarily pity you and even if they do, it’s inevitable.”

“Then do you pity me too? Be honest.”

Zayd shrugged. “A little...I also feel guilty, I still feel like it’s my fault.”

“But it’s not, you know that, right?”

“Even if you say so, I’ll still feel remorseful. I should’ve been there, I should’ve saved you.”

Quinn shook her head. “No, back then I was more than capable of saving myself...it’s now that I need your help. What time does training end? When can I come here and find the field empty.”

“Most likely in the late night. There’s no specific time for training, the training grounds are never closed, so wolves train whenever they want. However, it is possible to find it empty at night, since that’s when most people sleep.”

“Then tonight...” Quinn told him. “I’ll come back here tonight to train.”

“Do you want me to accompany you?”

“No, not yet...I need a couple of sessions by myself first.”

“Alright, I’ll give you the space you need tonight...I hope it goes well.”

Quinn nodded, glancing down at her hands. “Me too.”

“Are you gonna stay and watch, or do you want to go somewhere else?”

“Where?”

“Well, Isabella likes you. She’s been in malice with me since the night I came because I didn’t give her permission to take you to the hospital.”

“I told you that your words and actions towards her were too harsh.”

“This is normal, Isabella is spoiled...she sulks whenever she doesn’t get what she wants.”

“But still, she’s a girl and an omega at that...as her brother, you should be nice to her.”

“But I am nice to her.”

“So telling her you’ll shove a tree limb down her throat is being nice to her?”

“Well, that’s nice enough.”

Quinn laughed, shaking her head. “Be nice to her for real, Zayd...you never know when you might lose her...I mean, I never once thought I’d lose mine.”

“Let’s not even talk about that redhead viper...she’s a snake, one I should’ve stepped on.”

“She indeed is a snake...anyway, were you suggesting we go see Isabella?”

“Yes...”

“Then, shall we?” Quinn started off away from the training grounds, and Zayd followed her. “I haven’t properly met your father as yet. I barely know his name.”

“His name is Nicholas, but we call him Nick. He’s a tormented old man, just like his mate.”

“Don’t tell me you’re still angry at your mom for showing me the photo album?”

“I am...you saw me without teeth and clothes as a baby, and then you saw me rocking a mohawk like the guys in the 80s.”

Quinn laughed. “Come on, I told you it was cute.”

“You know it wasn’t. It was awful, I don’t know what demon inside my head coerced me to trim my hair like that.”

“No, it was, your hair was a bit too tall and spiky, but the haircut suited you. I wouldn’t lie about that.”

“That’s from your perspective...from mine...I looked like a warrior from the mohawk valley.”

“What even is a mohawk valley?”

“Never mind, just pretend I didn’t say that.”

Silence sauntered along with them as they walked to the pack house, entering the east wing. “Isabella’s room is three doors away from mine. I didn’t want that brat too close to me.”

“Zayd...” Quinn pointed at him.

“I meant princess...you know, those beautiful bratz dolls?”

“We both know that wasn’t what you meant...you’re awful...”

Zayd grinned. “I know.” He stopped in front of a door on the left side of the hall, pushing it open without even knocking. Inside was Isabella and a boy Quinn had never seen before. They both had headphones over their heads and holding controllers in their hands; things Quinn had only seen but never had the thought to touch.

Isabella glared at her brother, ripping the headphones from over her head. “You could’ve knocked.”

“If I did, would you have heard? I came to see what you were up to...me and Quinn.”

She sighed, placing the controller down and glancing at Quinn.

Quinn waved awkwardly. “Hi...”

“Hello, are you better now?”

“I am...your brother took me to the hospital that night.”

“The same brother I want to send to the hospital.”

Zayd scoffed at her. “The day you put me in a hospital is the day you find yourself in the afterlife.”

“All mouth talk, but my words won’t just stay as mere words if you don’t quit walking in here unannounced.”

“Is that what you’re angry about? I should be the one angry. I told you to stop inviting Josh into your room. You’re a girl and he’s a boy.”

“Technically, we’re both girls.”

Josh; the boy sitting beside her, glared at her. “Did you just call me a girl?”

“Aren’t you? You lose matches and then whine like a girl all the time.”

“That doesn’t...”

“Hush, Josh...let me deal with the troublemaker.” Zayd stepped further into the room, leaving Quinn behind to silently watch their bickering. “You think you’re so good at your stupid game, aren’t you? You have the biggest mouth when you lose too, so stop bullying Frederick’s little brother. You know Frederick will kick your ass when he gets back.”

“Only Frederick can kick my ass...why don’t you try again? You were acting like a girl last time when you lost too...”

“You little...” Zayd palmed her face, shoving her off the bed. “Game on, Quinn’s on my team. We’re f*cking you up.”

Quinn raised an eyebrow. “I don’t...I don’t specifically know how to play these games.”

“You’ll learn, come on.”

Quinn looked between him and Isabella, both siblings glaring dangerously at each other. She told Zayd to be nice, if he’d done that, then probably this wouldn’t be happening!

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