

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 73— THE TRUTH



Dropping her bags on the floor, she flicked the switch on, staggering back when numerous people shouted out. “Happy birthday!”

Her eyes widened in surprise as she looked around, finding Zayd grinning in the midst of the room with Dantae, Frederick and Joshua by his side. However, there was one other person in the room, an unexpected guest that she knew all too well.

The strands of gray hair that blended in with the black seemed to have increased now, and he was smiling; faintly...looking so happy and yet so sad.

When he looked at her with those hopeful brown eyes, Quinn gasped, taking another step back only to collide into Marcia. This... what was he doing here?

What was her father doing here?

Her lips wobbled as she tried to ask the question, she was utterly flabbergasted, and despite seeming the same, the old man clapped his hands and started singing. “Happy birthday to you...happy birthday to you...”

Everybody else around her joined in, and Quinn took the time to look around with her wide green eyes at her room. It was decorated beautifully with forest green balloons that bounced above her bed, and scattered on the white sheet that covered the mattress was black and green confetti. There were streamers streaming down her wall; same black and green theme, and her eyes glanced at the cake in the center of her bed...

So, it is October 7th today? It was this day...? Her birthday?

Quinn tried to smile as the song came to an end, but her eyes kept glancing from the green LED lights to her father, who stood beside them. “I...t-thank you...”

Her heart was beating fast...and she could feel her eyes watering. “Father...w-what are you...? How did...? Why are you here?”

“Sweetheart I...” Before he could finish, Zayd stepped in front. “I allowed him to stay...we decorated the room together... although Larna might’ve helped. I wasn’t sure which other colors you liked which is why I chose green as the theme, and as for why he’s here, he has something to tell you.”

Quinn harshly swiped her fingers across her eyes, clearing it of the tears before they could fall. “What?”

“How about we enjoy the night first before getting into that...? We could cut the cake and drink some wine and then~”

“No...I want to hear it...whatever it is Derrick has to say.”

Zayd pinched the bridge of his nose with a sigh. “Alright...we’ll give you guys space...I’m outside if you need me.” He walked through the door and everybody else followed, leaving just Quinn and Derrick in the room.

He looked away from her, swallowing loudly in the silence. “So uh...You haven’t ever called me Derrick since the day you said your first word...and hearing you say it just now...it makes me feel...it breaks my heart, Quinn.”

Quinn clenched her jaws. “Why should I call you dad or father when I’m not even sure if we’re truly related? You lied to me about Kathrine being my mother, who’s to say you didn’t lie about being my father too?”

His eyes flashed towards her then; wide and full of pain. “I never lied to you. I am your father and Kathrine...she is your second mother.”

“And who’s the first? Who is my real mother, Derrick?”

“Katherina...she is Kathrine’s twin sister.”

Quinn squinted her teary eyes at him. “Twin sister...? Kathrine’s twin sister is my mother?”

“Yes...she and Kathrine were both my mates, making her child’s also Kathrine’s and Kathrine’s child hers...I never lied to you, Quinn...I just never wanted to tell you the whole story of your birth.”

“Tell me...where is my mother now? Why have I never met her?”

Derrick’s lips trembled. “I’m sorry to tell you this, Quinn, but on a night like this...October 7th...your mother died right after giving birth to you.”

“W-What? I...” Quinn’s heart stopped beating for a second, and goosebumps glittered across her arms as the hair on her skin rose. “How...? Why did she...? I don’t understand...”

“Let me start from scratch...from the very beginning. I never wanted to tell you, but you need to know. You see...”

And so, he told her everything, and when the horrible story ended, Quinn fell to her knees on the floor, trembling in what she could only describe as pain. How could her father know all of this and still managed to wish her a happy birthday every year?

This day was cursed...it was a day that should never be celebrated. She was born at the expense of her mother’s life...she only lived because her mother died, and it was heart-wrenching...

So painful that it was hard for her to breathe. Her mother had been just like her...the last days of her life must’ve been the most sorrowful ones. Without a wolf, she must’ve felt the same way Quinn did, and it was even sadder that the person who took that part of her away...was the same person who had taken it from Quinn...

Kathrine...

How could that evil woman live on knowing that she’d been the cause of her sister’s death? How could she live knowing that she’d betrayed her sister for a man...?

This all seemed so familiar...after all, Delilah had betrayed Quinn just the same... and...and...

Quinn looked up at her father as he approached her. “That’s why when I saw it happening again...when I noticed that you and your sister started to drift apart because of Alpha Jeo, I hated it. It was like watching Kathrine and Katherina fight all over again, it angered me...and then you lost your wolf and I felt utterly lost too. To watch you suffer in the same way Katherina had tortured me. I didn’t want it to be Kathrine, anybody else but Kathrine..., however, denying the truth made your situation worse. I’m sorry, Quinn.”

Quinn nodded, gripping onto her chest when she felt her heart tangibly breaking. “Dad, I...can you leave? C-Can I get the time to process this, to think it through? Please.”

Derrick nodded, ruffling her hair. “I’ll still be here tomorrow...happy birthday, honey.”

And then he walked out of the room.

Quinn wiped her eyes, breathing heavily as she looked around the room. The banner hung against the wall that marked happy birthday cast her into a sizzling pit of rage, and she stood to her feet just to rip it down. She destroyed the balloons, and while pulling down the streamers, somebody burst through the door...hugging around her trembling body. “Stop it, Quinn.”

A sob climbed up her throat and her hands fell lifeless at her side. “Today isn’t a happy day, Zayd...how could you wish me a happy birthday on an awful day like this?”