

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 50— EXPLANATION



Quinn woke up to a knock on her door, and she sat up, rubbing her eyes and clearing her throat before speaking. “Who’s that?”

“It’s me...” Zayd answered. “Me and some other nuisance, but me regardless. Can I come in?”

Despite being curious of whom he regarded as a nuisance, Quinn straightened up and adjusted the gown an omega had brought her yesterday night. “Yes.”

The door opened, and Zayd stepped in, trying but failing to close it in the face of the woman who stood out there. “Stop behaving like an idiot, Zayd...I just want to see her.”

“Why mom?”

“Because Isabella says she seemed very special to you. You’ve never brought home a decent woman before.” She looked past him at Quinn with a weird smile. “Come on in, Nick...as expected, she is as pretty as Bella said.”

A man appeared in the doorway beside the lady, if she was his mom, then this man was definitely his father. She could see the resemblance; he only had his mother’s eyes. “Well, well...you did a good job son. Isabella told us about her last night, we won’t judge.”

“Isabella talks a bit too much. Now that you’ve seen her, can you just go?”

“Of course not.” His mother rushed past the door, modelling her over to Quinn and grabbing onto her hands. “What’s your name, sweetie? Where are you from?”

“I...I’m Quinn, originally from the silver moon pack.”

“Oh, you are welcomed here. You’re so beautiful, I’m in love with the color of your hair. I’ve only met one person with such a hair color, and that was a long time ago.”

“Thank you.” Quinn forced a smile as she sat down on the bed. “If you don’t mind me asking, are you dating my son? He won’t tell me anything.”

Quinn looked towards Zayd, but he wasn’t looking at her...he was frustratingly glaring at the walls. “I um...no, we’re not like that, he’s just helping me. I’m in a bad situation, you see, and he offered to help.”

“Zayd offered to help you?! You really must be special then, how did you two meet?”

She smiled in excitement, hazel eyes filled with expectancy, but Zayd did not allow Quinn to answer, he grabbed onto his mother’s shoulder, steering her off the bed and through the door. “Take her, dad and keep her...please. I knew she’d embarrass me.”

He grabbed the door, slamming it in their faces, even though his mother begged him not to. He leaned against it, sighing as their footsteps retreated. “I’m sorry about that. She’s just excited, she suspects that you’re my mate, which in truth, you are...but we’re not really...we’re...as you said, we’re not like that anymore.”

Quinn nodded. “I understand.”

“But soon, we’ll be like that again soon...I’ll make sure of it.” He leaned off the door and approached her. “How was your sleep?”

“It was fine...”

“Breakfast is usually served in the canteen, but I don’t think you’re comfortable enough to eat in the same space as my pack yet. I’ll have your breakfast delivered here, and when you’re done, I’ll be kind enough to give you a tour. You did the same for me once.”

Quinn nodded again. “Okay.”

“Your answers are short and uninterested...it’s as if you don’t even want to talk to me anymore. I hate it.”

“I just...” Quinn looked away. “I just don’t have anything else to say.”

“Do you hate me, Quinn?”

Quinn shrugged. “I don’t know...I mean, I hate you for what you did to me, but then, why would I agree to stay with someone I hate?”

“That night...” Zayd sighed. “I acted like a f*cking idiot, I know. I was angry, but I had no right to walk out after treating you like that. I broke my promise, I broke your trust, and I don’t even know where to start when it comes to mending it. I want it all back...I don’t care how much it takes, I already told you that I’d do anything to keep you by my side.”

“Why?” The question seemed dull, but Quinn was genuinely curious. “I understood why back then, but now...it’s different now, I’m different now. Why do you still want me by your side? What exactly do you want from me? I don’t get it.”

“It’s not a matter of wanting you by my side, Quinn, it’s a basic need...you’re someone I can’t live without. You ask me what I want from you? I want what we had back. I don’t care how different you are, to me, you’re the same Quinn I met at that party.”

“Even though I have no wolf? Even though neither of us will be able to feel the mate bond?”

“The bond isn’t necessary, I didn’t fall for you because of the bond. You’ve always been special, Quinn...even if we weren’t mates, I believe I’d still approach you. You are the most beautiful woman I’ve set my eyes on, and though you seemed firm and apathetic at first, speaking to you in person proved me wrong. The way you’d blush before answering my questions amused me, you’d been so easy to tease and yet so hard to appease. It was obvious you wanted me, I was conscious of the fact that you did, yet you’d fought tooth and nail to push me aside.”

“Then why...? Why did you leave me that night? The fact that my mother tried to kill me was painful, but the fact that you left hurt me more.”

He took a step closer, hands digging into the mattress as he leaned towards her. “I know, and I’m sorry. My anger shouldn’t have influenced my judgement, but Quinn...” He trailed off, eyes staring so deep past her soul. “Think about it, little red, put yourself in my position. Wouldn’t you have been hurt and angry if you stumbled up on your mate kissing another person?”

“I...I...” Quinn’s lips trembled when she heard that nickname fall off his lips again. Little red; that’s what he used to call her. “I was in heat.”

“Would that have mattered to you?” He drew nearer, giving her no other option than to bury herself against the bedhead.

“Regardless of that, Quinn...would you not have been angry?”

Quinn held her head down, seriously thinking about it. After what Jeo had done to her, if she’d stumbled upon Zayd with another woman, she’d leave too, she’d have been hurt beyond measures.

“No...” She finally answered. “It would not have mattered.”

“Then angel, sympathize with me. I might’ve crossed the line, said and did things that I should’ve never done, but I’m sorry. My actions haunted me since the very night I left. I’d wanted to come back, but having felt like that ~scared~ for the very first time in my life...I didn’t know what to do.” His hand reached under her chin, lifting her head so she looked at him. “Please Quinn...allow me to enter your life again, allow me to love you.”

“I...I...” Quinn bit her lip and Zayd sighed. “I don’t want to rush this, but I’m dying to kiss you right now, to hold you...I-you don’t know how hard holding back is.”

Quinn’s hands clenched against the bed, her eyes snapping shut as he leaned in for a kiss she wasn’t sure if she could refuse.