

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 54— THE DANCE



Quinn turned to face him, wiping the tears that tainted her flushed cheeks. “How?”

“Dance with me.”

She would’ve said no, but he was challenging her strength; the strength she’d lost and was now trying to feign. “Okay.”

His arm around her waist pulled her closer, and Quinn hated how good his warmth felt. Just like back then, she felt like she belonged in this man’s arms...it was as though fate was guiding her right back to him.

“You know what to do, Quinn...put your hands on my shoulders.”

Quinn’s lips wobbled at those deep, familiar words, and her hands were reluctant as she placed them against his shoulders.

“And now, all you have to do, angel, is follow your alpha’s lead.”

Again, he said words she was deeply acquainted with, re-enacting that night, making her feel the same way she had. The sparks that ran along her body heightened her senses, bringing her all the way back, and when he started to rock from side to side... she found it hard to breathe.

Why was he doing this to her? Confusing her...making her feel things she didn’t want to.

Her mind was blank or maybe it was just full; full of him...

Her heart was pounding aimlessly, helplessly as he stared way past her soul. His eyes held everything they shouldn’t; love and desperation, desire and great vulnerability. “Quinn...”

His voice was gentle and low...violating her in more ways than it should. She felt naked in front of him, she felt as though he wasn’t looking at just her face...but at all of her...

At her emotional scars and her hidden desires that called out to him. “Y-Yes...” She answered him, the word coming out broken.

“Why is it taking you so long to give in? Are you really not brave enough to grab ahold of this chance? Are you really going to let go of what you want?”

Quinn looked away, gripping his shoulders tight in slight panic. He was seeing right through her, she was like an open book to him. “No...I am brave...I...this is just...”

She felt like she was suffocating all over again, felt lost as the soft music floated her way, sounding so much more meaningful than it ever had.

'Broken glass but you can't see the signs...

Still take my breath, when you don't realize... '

“Just what, Quinn?” Zayd pulled her closer, his lips settling so close to her ears. “Hmmm? This is just what? Is it taking you back to that time? To the night we’d met, the night we’d dance to this very song...is that it?”

'I try to take you back...

To the fires that we once set...

That burned up all the hills

And everything that we were

That we left...'

“No...I...Zayd please...let's stop here...”

'We're running away

From the darkest moon...'

She tried to pull away, but he held her tighter. “The song isn’t finished yet...Quinn. Why are you so eager to run away again?”

'We're praying our lungs

Will find us soon...

Just listen to the heartbeat

Rushing when you hold me...

Whispering that this was once our home...'

“I don't...I'm not...stop.”

Zayd sighed, finally letting her go. “Why are you doing this? You’re only torturing yourself more by fighting this? We can work this out, we can be together...did we not promise each other forever?”

'Just listen to the heartbeat

Rushing when you hold me...'

Quinn remained silent as her eyes watered. She wasn’t thinking straight and she knew it. The music, his words...they were all swaying her in the wrong direction...

And it was foolish of her to actually want to be swayed. “We...that was...”

'Whispering that this was once our home

Our home, our home.'

The song came to an end then, and the silence that roamed the room gripped Quinn’s palpitating heart. “It was~”

A shiver wracked down her spine when he gently grabbed her face, forcing her to fixate her eyes on him. “Your words aren’t making any sense. You don’t know what to say or perhaps you just don’t want to say it.” He leaned closer to her, resting his forehead against hers. “I know you want to give in, I’m going to help you to give in.”

Before Quinn could process and understand what he meant, his lips were firmly pressed against hers; soft and warm and moist.

The kiss brought back memories that Quinn wanted to bury...and it had heat climbing from her mouth all the way down to her toes.

She tensed in her spot, eyes clenching shut and only opening when he pulled back. “If you’re not gonna push me away, Quinn~”

“Then at least kiss me back.” Quinn finished his words for him, before eagerly planting her lips back against his.

She remembered them word for word...he’d said them the first time he kissed her, and Quinn...she couldn’t hold back anymore.

Her hands grabbed onto his jacket, pulling him closer...begging for more warmth...begging for more of him.

Zayd kissed her deeper, pushing her against the door. She wasn’t sure if this was the right thing to do...but it sure as hell felt like it.