

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 63— A GAME OF CHEATS



“Here, hold this. I showed you the controls, Quinn, if you f*ck this is up, our lost will be on your head.”

“I...Why? You’re forcing me to play, and now you want to blame me if you lose.”

“I’m not forcing you...you can choose not to play if you want...but either way, you’re playing.”

“That’s forcing me, Zayd.”

“I said it’s not.” He forced the controller in her hand and then looked at the screen in front. “Please don’t forget how to shoot, we have to take off that brat’s head.”

“Don’t call me a brat, you little girl.”

“I’m going to tape your mouth and then drown you in the shower.”

“Mouth talk...if I win, I want a hundred bucks...no, two hundred. Josh wants extra cash too.”

“Two hundred bucks, my ass. I’m giving you a hundred, fifty for him and fifty for you.”

“That isn’t fair, and you know it!”

“Then if I win, what will you give me, Bella?”

“I’ll stop setting death traps...I’ll even leave your girlfriend alone for good.”

“Alright, two hundred bucks it is. Start the game.”

Isabella smirked, pressing a button. “Game on, big brother...game on.”

Quinn didn’t like the sound of that, it sounded as though she already knew the outcome of this match. Her words were filled with too much confidence to not have Quinn worried.

With a sigh, she looked down at the controller in her hand. This one to shoot, this one to move...and this one...this one to turn?

God dammit...she’d lose, and she knew it...

Half-way through the game, Quinn found that she wasn’t wrong. Zayd played like a pro in fact, he was the only one carrying their team. As for Quinn, Isabella made it her point of duty to shoot her down every time she revives. She didn’t go after Zayd, she spitefully went after Quinn.

“Isabella you litt...” Zayd slapped the controller out of her hand and she only giggled, picking it up again. “You’re cheating and you know it. Why are you always hiding and murdering Quinn? I can’t even find you on the f*cking map.”

“I’m not cheating, Quinn is a part of the game...I can kill her if I want.”

“You’re obviously targeting her because she’s new. Stop if you don’t want her to regret saving a little Chucky like you that night.”

“I’m not stopping sh*t...you better give me my two hundred bucks after this, we’re leading by ten...there’s no way you can catch up.”

“We’ll see about that. Josh, she called you a girl, don’t let her get away with it. Drop the controller, and you get two hundred bucks in full.”

Josh looked at Isabella, who glared at him. “If you eve~”

Before she even finished, Josh dropped the control and slid off the bed to sit on the floor. “Sorry, Bella...You’re on your own now.”

“You sissy.” She hissed, whirling her head around to face her smirking brother. “That’s not fair, Zayd!”

“What’s not fair? It’s Josh’s choice whether to quit or stay...he chose to quit.” Zayd turned to Quinn. “Stay behind me, little red... I’ll protect you.”

Quinn nodded, gripping the controller tighter. This wasn’t fair, but it hadn’t been fair since the beginning. “Alright.”

One by one Zayd caught up, Josh wasn’t playing, but his player was still there, reviving every time Zayd kill him.

And it angered Isabella when the game ended and Zayd was one kill ahead. Throughout the five-minute game. Quinn only got three kills and Zayd got twenty. Isabella got fifteen and Josh got seven.

The game probably would’ve been more fun if it was played fairly, but the siblings had similar personalities...

Zayd scoffed pridefully, placing the controller on the bed and standing to his feet. “Victory goes to those who are strong, resilient and wise. Better luck next time, you little cheater.”

“I hate you...for real this time.”

“It’s life, people love you, and they hate you...and frankly I don’t care.” He reached for Quinn’s hand, pulling her up. “Keep your end of the deal. Come on, Quinn.”

Quinn sighed. “Stop, Zayd...I really can’t with you guys.” She turned to Isabella. “You were good, better than this big, cUte and heartless beast. I want you to teach me how to play tomorrow.”

“But the deal was to stay awa~”

“Don’t listen to him, you can come see me whenever you want.” Quinn gave her a small smile before succumbing to Zayd who pulled her outside in rush. “Did you just call me cute again?”

“I didn’t...”

“No, you did. I heard you clearly.”

Quinn laughed. “You heard wrong, I called you what you told me to; a heartless beast.”

“You can’t fool me...either way, why are you spoiling that child?”

“She’s cute.”

“Cute and mannerless.” Zayd huffed.

“Either way, she’s cute.”

“Don’t be friends with her, she sets traps for your mates, she wants to see me dead.”

“She might set traps, but we both know that little girl loves you too much to want you dead. Instead of cursing, why don’t you guys just hug each other?”

“Because that’s just...”

“I know, I know...it’s embarrassing. So let’s just leave them be.”

“Leave them be? Wait here a minute.” He pushed Isabella’s door open again and walked inside. “It’s time to run on home, Joshie.”

“But we’re not done...!” Isabella persisted.

“Either way, he’s going home...I don’t want to see you in his room or find him in yours. Who knows what you guys do behind closed doors.”

Quinn pinched the bridge of her nose, honestly frustrated...was that really how a brother should treat a sister?

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