

# The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 65— WORDS TO REGRET



Upon hearing that, Quinn yanked herself out of his arms and finally looked up at him with wide and angry eyes. “I told you not to come, why did you?!”

“I wasn’t going to...I only came because I was worried, and I’m glad I did.”

“Well, I’m not...there are things that I don’t want you to see.”

“Like what? Like you putting the f\*cking speed at four when you could barely manage one?”

“Don’t look down on me, Zayd...this is exactly why I didn’t want you here.”

“I’m not looking down on you, Quinn. Why would I do that?”

“No, Zayd you are...” She marched past him, holding tight to her bleeding arm with her head held down. “The mere fact that you are here simply means you’re looking down on me.”

“That’s a lie, Quinn and you and I both know it. The only reason why I came here is because I was worried you’d over-exert yourself, and you did just that. I wasn’t wrong for coming.” He walked behind her, bearing her injury in mind, while grabbing onto her good arm. “Look, I’m sorry I did what I said I wouldn’t...but if I didn’t come, you’d have gotten injured more severely...you should be thankful.”

Quinn turned to him, and his blood almost ran cold at the look in her eyes and the tears that streamed down her cheeks. “Well, I’m not thankful, Zayd...I’m angry.”

She pulled her arm out of his hand and continued to walk away from him...and Zayd stood in his place for a couple of seconds before coming to terms with what he just saw. He looked up at her retreating form, cursing himself mentally before running to catch her up. “Quinn I...I’m sorry alright...I didn’t know you’d be like this. I was just going to watch...if you hadn’t put yourself in such danger, then you wouldn’t have even known I was here.”

“And you think that would make me feel better? I told you not to come...I didn’t want you to see.”

“Why?”

“I have my reasons.”

“Then tell me, so I can know.”

“I don’t have to tell you.” She shoved the door to the pack house open, walking in the direction of the west wing. “I don’t have to tell you anything!”

“You’re my mate, Quinn...you shouldn’t have to keep anything from me.”

“I’m not your mate...! I can’t even feel the bond.”

Zayd’s steps came to a stop when her words hit him like a brick, and she stopped too, looking back at him with eyes that admitted her regret. “What? What did you just say?”

Quinn bit her lip as she reached for the doorknob in front of her, thankful that she’d made it in front of her room. “I...” She twisted it, pushing the door open and escaping him by stepping inside and slamming her door shut behind her.

She shouldn’t have said that...that wasn’t what she wanted to say...why did she say that?

She ran her hand down her face as she slid down to the floor, leaning against the door. She could hear his receding steps and honestly, she did not expect him to just leave like that.

She thought he’d counter her words...but what exactly could he say to words that surprised him just as much as they surprised her? He was her mate, she knew that...so why would she say that to him?

He’d told her how he felt about the whole thing, and the lack of the matebond between them made her words burn even hotter.

Quinn sighed...they must’ve hurt him...if he told her that, then she’d have been beyond hurt. She overreacted...so what if he watched her while she struggled and bawled on the training grounds?

So what if he saw her fail to do things other people could easily do?

It made her feel less of a wolf...but then again, she wasn’t even a wolf.

She was bound to struggle, and he’d seen her struggle before, so why exactly was she so ashamed of it now? Was it because she wanted to earn the mark on her neck? To really prove that he chose her for a reason? Was it because she wanted him to think she was strong? That she could handle anything the world threw at her?

But wouldn’t that just make her perfect? And who in this world was perfect?

Quinn balled her hands as she forced her sore body to stand, she turned to face the door, reluctant at first...but somehow she found the courage to open it. She looked down the hall as she stepped outside and then slowly walked towards the room next to hers. She knocked softly, leaning her forehead against the thick board. “Zayd...?”

She got no response, and that had the courage she’d built slowly trickling. “Zayd I...can we talk?”

“You’ve already said enough, Quinn...it’s late, get some sleep. You’re obviously tired too.”

Quinn swallowed, shaking her head desperately. “No...I...please Zayd. I didn’t mean it. I was angry, and I said that and now...”

“If you said it in anger...then you must’ve wanted to say it for a while now. It’s how you feel...it’s nothing for you to be sorry about.”

“Let me in...please.”

“Go to bed, Quinn.”

Quinn knocked again, blinking her eyes rapidly when she felt them getting heavy. “Z-Zayd, I’m sorry.” The break in her voice sounded so pitiful. “Zayd please.”

She eased away from the door when she heard his approaching footsteps from the inside. Her heartbeat skyrocketed, more so when the door tilted open. “What are you sorry about, Quinn?”

Quinn pushed past the door, falling against his chest where she cried. “I’m sorry I overreacted...I’m sorry for saying something like that.”