

## The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 16— WANT TO



Now that only the two of them stood on the paved path, a certain nervousness took hold of Quinn. She pulled her hand out of his, her eyes shifting away from his intense gaze. "So, uh...I'll just take you to the pack house first...I'm certain that's where you'll be staying during your time here."

"Okay, lead the way."

Quinn walked in front, forcing confidence in each of her steps until they made it to the marketplace. "Our pack is small, but we grow our own food and sell it both to the people of our pack and others. We also trade food for weapons, it is an attribute of ours, we use it to coax other packs into trusting and forming an alliance with us. Thus, this is our marketplace and the people here are mostly farmers."

"Nice and creative...we don't really plant on our land, like most packs, we buy food in bulk and distribute it."

"That works too, but since our pack is small and a little low in the rankings, we need a selling point."

"Well, that makes sense."

As they walked past the stalls splayed out along the sidewalk, the people bowed to them, some even offering Quinn various fruits, which she respectfully declined. She had enough at home.

The next stop was the place of interest, the pack house. The massive building was painted in pure white, and it stood tall in the center of the land. "This is our pack house. Mostly teenagers who have yet to find their mates live here. In our pack, it's tradition for the dominant wolf to build a house for their mate as soon as they find them."

"Then, does that mean I'll have to build you a house as well...?"

Quinn's ears twitched at his daring words. She did not know how to respond, there were no words on the tip of her tongue. That question left her flustered and speechless, for how could he say something like that without a hint of playfulness in his deep voice? How did he expect her to reply? With a yes? With a no? Or perhaps with a maybe? Quinn cleared her throat, deciding not to answer that question at all. "Shall we move on?"

"Go ahead."

"Alright then, I'll take you to the elders' quarter. It's not far from here, and it's the last place I have in mind to show you."

She walked ahead, leading him a couple meters away from the pack house. The elders' quarter paled in size, but it too was large. "This is where the elders stay. They are as important to us as warriors."

"I see."

"That's it for today, our pack is small, so we don't really have a lot to show...should I lead you back to the alpha's office?" She finally turned to look at him. The evening sun had gone down not much long ago, and now darkness settled above the land, sheltering it with the light of the moon. "You guys probably have some important things to discuss."

"What could be more important than spending more time with you, Quinn." He sighed, staring at her with a dark and mysterious gaze, one that she could not read. "I don't believe the tour is finished as yet. Take me to the farm. I want to see it."

"Well, that...you saw it last time. You were there when I fought the rogue."

"Show me where you live then."

"It's not much...I'm living with my parents right now."

"Why? Did he not build you a house?"

"I...he..." Quinn's heart started to beat faster, shame; a profuse amount of it filling her to the very brim. Her eyes shifted away from his, hands gripping tight to her green blouse as she searched for words to change this awful subject. "Since you want to see more, I'll take you to the training grounds. That's the only place I can think of right now."

She walked away before he could approve, heading into the close by woods. She could hear his steps behind her, quick and unfaltering unlike hers that had lost all the confidence she'd feigned. From the start, his questions were too intense to answer, but that one left a weight atop of her head, it was so heavy that it brought her down. It still hurt, the fact that Jeo had built that house for her and yet, Delilah was the one living in it.

Quinn gasped when a hand grabbed onto hers, stopping her in her march towards the fields. "You didn't answer me, Quinn. Why?"

"That's because...because it's none of your concern whether he built me a house or not."

"You think so?" He chuckled, the sound as dark as the night. "You don't get to tell me what concerns me and what doesn't, Quinn. Everything about you concerns me. Quit trying to push me away, you're mine now, not his...at least acknowledge that fact."

"What are you saying? I'm not~"

A low growl rumbled through his chest as he twisted her towards him. "Finish that statement if you dare."

Quinn's lips wobbled at the anger in his voice and the dark abyss behind his eyes. He moved closer towards her, forcing her to retreat until her back was against the rough bark of a tree. He caged her against it, hauling submission out of her with nothing but his intense gaze. "I don't think you understand this, Quinn. Whether you want to acknowledge it or not, you are still my mate regardless, and you're always going to be. So if I were you, I'd get used to me being around."

"Mate...? What do you mean?"

"Stop pretending to not know...you've been doing that since the very night we met while I had to be forcing my wolf under control and trying hard to not claim you since you obviously weren't ready. I was alright with that, but pretending that a bond doesn't exist between us is as far as my tolerance goes."

"I don't understand..." Quinn's eyes were wide with confusion now. What was he talking about? Her mate? He was her mate? How and since when? "What bond? I will be honest, I do feel attracted to you, but my wolf has never acknowledged you as our mate. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Are you lying to me, Quinn?" The tone of his voice made it impossible for her to lie, did he not know that?

Quinn shook her head. "I'm not. I swear I'm not."

A sigh left his lips as he ran a frustrated hand through his hair. "Alright, I'm not sure what's going on with you since it's almost impossible for a wolf to not be able to scent out their mate, but I'm going to believe you, which means that I also forgive you. But since you know now...you have no excuse. I refuse to have you continuously running away from me when I've been waiting my whole life for you. You're mine, Quinn...or perhaps my words alone won't assure you of that. Should I start moving a little faster? Fast enough to leave my mark on your neck?"

He pushed himself closer to her, and a shiver wracked through Quinn as his hand reached for her face, holding it still as he leaned down to kiss her.

His lips, they were as soft as the first time he kissed her five nights ago...but now the kiss was rougher, carved out of dominance and possessiveness. His free hand reached around her waist, pulling her body flush against him so his warmth and the sparks could flow freely from him to her.

When he pulled back, Quinn was panting...her legs feeling weak beneath her. "A-Alpha Zayd...?"

"Or perhaps that's taking it too far...must I show you who you belong to by different means...? After all, there are many ways to leave my mark on you without actually leaving it, right Quinn?"

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