

## The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 10— A DANCE



She lifted her hand, slowly reaching towards his, but someone grabbed it from behind. "What's going on here?"

Quinn knew that voice so well, rich and deep with so much familiarity. "J-Jeo?"

Quinn looked back at him, watching as he smiled at the alpha king while still hanging onto her hand. "Oh, Alpha Zayd...! We are the star of this party and we have yet to even greet each other."

"I couldn't care less about this party or greeting you. This woman here has all of my attention."

Jeo's eyes twitched, the obviously fake smile on his lips threatening to falter. "Is that so? Well, she's my...my ma~"

"Babe, I was wondering where you went." Delilah showed up behind him and he quickly let go of her hand as though it were infected by a contagious and threatening disease. "We were greeting the guests, why did you suddenly leave?"

"This is the alpha king, Delilah. If anybody should be greeted, it is him."

Delilah bowed her head instantly and Jeo gestured towards her. "She's Delilah, my mate."

"Right, nice to meet you both."

"Yeah, I never thought you'd agree to sign the alliance. Your pack is far higher than mine in the ranking in fact, it is at the very top. To have you on my side is an honor altogether."

"I never thought I'd agree to sign it either, after all, there's nothing your pack could offer mine. It is small, not in the least bit strong. I signed it for an entirely different reason...only one person here is useful to me."

Quinn could see it, Jeo was offended...another alpha was making him look small and all he could do was smile because disrespecting this man would probably be the end of him. "Regardless of that, I'm still happy about our partnership."

Alpha Zayd nodded, looking at Delilah and then at Quinn. "Is she your sister...?"

Quinn stayed silent for a moment before nodding her head. "I suppose so."

"You two look very much alike." He smirked up at Jeovanni. "No offense, you two make a beautiful couple, but I bet me and Quinn here could steal the night if we tried. Quinn...?"

"Yes...?" Quinn answered him.

"How about that dance...?" He stretched his hand out to her again, and Quinn looked down at it. She had no reason to say no, not to the most important guest...

Her hand slid slowly into his, and she heard the growl of disapproval that suddenly popped up in her head. The mind link, Jeo was using it to communicate with her. 'Say no...'

His words were commanding, but Quinn did not listen. Why must she? He had moved on, she could too.

Quinn followed Alpha Zayd into the center of the room where there was enough space to dance, and everyone turned to stare at them.

"Are you ready?" He asked her, his deep voice sounding gentle.

Quinn nodded.

"Put your hands on my shoulders."

Quinn's hands moved reluctantly to rest atop of his shoulders. She wasn't sure why, but she was more conscious of him now, his presence was becoming too prominent, burning a sense of familiarity inside of her. "And now all you have to do, angel, is follow your alpha's lead."

His arm slid around her waist, pulling her flush against him, and a shiver wracked all the way up Quinn's spine when sparks started to rush through her like bolts of electricity. What was this...? Why was...?

He started to rock from side to side, following the calm melody of the song. Heartbeat by Haux, it was a song she knew word for word, but now as she stood in this man's arms, her mind could process nothing, nothing but his captivating scent, nothing but him.

"You smell nice..." He whispered to her. "You look stunning in this dress too, but something tells me you'd look even more stunning with absolutely nothing on."

The words were heard, but Quinn did not know how to respond. He was courting her, but in this field, she was inexperienced. Jeo was the only man she'd known, he claimed her as his as soon as she turned eighteen, and he didn't have to do too much to get her attention.

But this man wasn't Jeo...he...he...

Quinn froze when her eyes locked on Jeo. He was approaching them, pulling Delilah behind him. His face might look calm to everyone else here, but Quinn could see the anger that was spread across it. But why? Why was he angry?

He stopped a short-distance away from Quinn and Alpha Zayd, smiling as he placed his hands on Delilah's waist, coaxing her in a slow, rhythmic dance.

Quinn's heartbeat quickened, her slow rock becoming unsteady and offbeat. It seems alpha Zayd noticed, for he pulled away, looking down at her with curious eyes. "That mark on your neck..." He spoke, the words whispered just above the soft music. "Was it him?"

Quinn wanted to avoid answering, but she nodded anyway, glancing in Jeo's direction. "Yes..."

"That's unfortunate, he is a fool...can't he see that he's downgraded? Your beauty surpasses hers in so many ways." His arm fell from around her waist and his hand reached up to grab her face, holding it steady so she only looked at him...not at Jeo whom she kept glancing at. "Don't be like him, if you're going to move on...do it with someone in a far greater position than whom you left. I guarantee you that that'll hurt more than anything else in this world."

"And..." Quinn licked her lips. "Who do you believe that person is? That person of greater position, I mean."

"Who else...my little bundle of flames? Me..."

And with nothing else said, he reached down, taking her lips between his.

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