

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 21— SOME RESPITE



Quinn didn't go home until there was no sun in the sky. She'd sat on the tree root and thought about everything over and over again until she was mentally drained and tired and hungry.

She thought going home would relieve her of all of that stress, but sadly, going home only increased her anxiety... because she could smell Zayd's scent, that scent that always felt the need to intoxicate her.

Sighing, she walked up onto the porch, opening the front door and walking inside. What could he possibly want from her now? She'd been through enough emotional stress, and now he was here to bestow even more upon her.

Her eyes searched the room, finding him seated on the couch with her father. He had a glass in hand, and she knew it was beer that was inside, and he was laughing with Derrick as though he'd known him for more than a year. "And then what happened?"

"I brought him down, son. I studied the game in the first two rounds and gave them a surprise attack in the next."

"Nice one...it seems you lived out your youth, unlike me."

"You still have time left. You're in your twenties, aren't you? You can settle down with your mate, but as a man, you can still have fun. I gambled until Kathrine threatened to reject me."

Alpha Zayd laughed again. "I'm glad she didn't. I hope my mate doesn't reject me."

As he said that, he glanced at her, and Quinn immediately looked away as she continued inside. "Father, what is he doing here?"

"Oh sweetheart, you're back? He said you guys are close, so he came here for help. The faucet in his bathroom was malfunctioning, and before he could get it sorted out, his whole room was flooded, so I agreed to have him spend the night here."

"What?!" Quinn's eyes widened, even her mouth dropped open. "He can't stay here, dad!"

"Why not?"

"Because...because he...he..." Quinn sighed. "He just can't."

"He's going to be sleeping here in the living room, he won't cause you any harm. He's a good man, down to earth regardless of his status."

"I didn't say he isn't a good man, I said he can't stay here...him and I...we're...dad just let him stay somewhere else. There must be other spare rooms."

"Even so, I'd prefer it if he stays, he's my beer company for tonight and probably tomorrow night too, right son?"

Mom came in, carrying sliced apples on a tray. "Have a bite you two, beer isn't healthy."

She placed it on the living room table and Zayd smiled at her. "Thank you, ma'am."

Quinn squinted at him. She didn't know what his game was. Why was he doing this? Why was he here? She'd already made it clear that nothing was going to happen between them...so why?

Quinn ran her hand through her loose hair, which flowed all the way past her shoulders. It was okay, he could stay, but if it was her he came here for, then he'd leave unsuccessful.

Frowning at him, she walked into the kitchen where Kathrine was, avoiding all eye contact. She went for the pot on the stove, freezing when her mother spoke first. "I left yours in the microwave, you can heat it up if you want."

And then she left without another word.

Quinn stood in her spot, not knowing what to do and how to react. In three years, her mother had spoken to her first...

She didn't know the reason, but it lit a fire of joy in her heart. Was this her finally coming around like dad said?

If so, then she was happy...at least one thing good was happening in her life.

Moving closer to the microwave, she heated her food before taking it out, walking through the living room to her room door. She went inside, sitting down on her bed and silently eating her food.

The house was noisy, dad seemed happy to finally have some man company. It reminded her of those times when Jeo would come over and they'd drink until they're drunk and fall asleep in the living room.

And suddenly that distant thought had Quinn becoming sad again.

She placed her food on the bedside table and laid back against the bed, pulling the sheets over her. She was a mess, she'd eaten...right now, she just needed some respite.

Closing her eyes, she tried to fall asleep, but couldn't...miserable thoughts cave her mind until the once noisy house became silent. She'd heard when Kathrine came to drag dad out of the living room, but what she hadn't expected to hear, was three knocks on her door a while after.

She peeked out from under her white sheets, looking towards the door. She knew exactly who was there, and her heart started to beat in her ears. What must she do?

If she opened the door now, then she'd be caught in his web again, it was best to feign sleep...she had no confidence to face him now.

Pulling the sheet over her head again, she closed her eyes, opening them when he knocked once more. "I know you're not sleeping, Quinn...a minute, just give me one minute out of your time, please."

The desperation in his voice tore at Quinn's heart. It for one had her shuffling off the bed and reluctantly walking towards the door. Her hand shakily settled over the knob for a while before she finally twisted it open. She'd just give him that one minute he begged her for.