

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 51— THE TOUR



Quinn’s hands clenched against the bed, her eyes snapping shut as he leaned in for a kiss she wasn’t sure if she could refuse.

She waited for his lips to touch hers, but before that could happen, somebody knocked on the door.

Quinn jumped away from him like a frightened cat, nervously yelling. “Come in...!”

That omega girl who’d brought her the night gown as well as some other stuff last night came in with a tray in hand. “Good morning...alpha, your mother told me to bring your food here as well.”

Zayd groaned, slowly leaning off the bed. “That woman will forever be the death of me. Thanks, Larna...you can put it on the bedside table and go.”

The omega who Quinn now knew as Larna nodded, walking around the bed and placing the tray on the bedside table. She bowed her head before walking out, leaving Quinn and Zayd alone in the room once again.

Quinn didn’t look at him, she made it her duty not to...instead she crawled over to the food. “I...which~?”

“Just take anyone, Quinn.” The frustration in his voice was clear, and Quinn didn’t know if he was frustrated at her or at his seemingly inquisitive mother. “Larna sure did pick the wrong time to walk in...dammit.”

Quinn didn’t think so, if anything, she came in just on time...saving Quinn from making another mistake she’d regret. Picking up one of the plates from the tray as well as a fork, she placed it on the bed and then reached for one of the two glasses of orange juice. “For you...for me, though, she came at the right time.”

Zayd looked at her, running his hand down his face. Those words hurt, she was expressing the fact that she didn’t want him to kiss her, and it made his heart burn. “You could’ve kept that bit to yourself, Quinn...”

“Why? So this could happen again? You brought me here to help me...and that’s not helping. Rekindling what was broken between us is not why I came here. You might want it all back, but I don’t. I’m tired of getting hurt, and that’s exactly what taking you back would do; hurt me.”

The words were harsh, but Quinn had to make it clear that whatever was between them was over now. This cycle she was a part of, this was her breaking it. She wanted to be loved too, but she wouldn’t take the risk of ever trusting him again.

He was right, she would’ve been angry and hurt if she saw him kissing another woman, but it didn’t matter...he’s probably better off with somebody else anyway.

Digging her fork into the egg on her plate, she ignored the hurt way in which he looked at her. If only he knew she was doing this to save them both.

He walked over to the bedside table, picking up the tray and walking to the door. “I’ll be back in an hour or so...for the tour.”

And then he left.

Quinn dropped the fork when he left, breathing shakily as she placed the orange juice back on the bedside table. This was so hard. There was no mate bond, and yet, it hurt so bad when his voice lowered into vulnerability a second ago. Was she doing the right thing?

Was pushing away her second chance the right thing?

Quinn laid down on the bed, reaching for the sheets and pulling it over her head. Goddess...what was the right thing to do?

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Quinn ate before brushing her teeth and taking a shower. As soon as she was fully dressed, Zayd came knocking on her door as though he had timed her.

As promised, he took her on a tour, and it too felt like dejavu. He showed her sections of his pack that hers didn’t have. For example, the storage room, which kept a record of the people in the pack; whether they were dead or alive. He also showed her the training grounds and unlike the one back home, this one was layered into three, and the pack members trained by rank....

Even omegas could train and rank up, and Quinn thought that was impressive. He showed her the celebration house, which was far bigger than Jeo’s, and the elders’ quarters that was attached to the pack house.

His office was spacious and furnished beautifully.

The meeting grounds wasn’t just an open piece of land with a podium on it. It was fenced with wood and had a large gate as entrance. It was pretty, everything here was so well organized.

There was a huge safe house underground with a thick metal door that not even Zayd could power through. It was safer than the one back at the silver moon pack, which was only hidden by a wooden door and grass on top that was used as camouflage.

And lastly, the canteen, which was almost as big as the pack house. This was where they stored the food they bought, cooked it and served it.

After that, he’d taken her back to her room. The walk back was quiet, he didn’t bring up what happened in the morning, and neither did Quinn. However, the awkwardness between them made her feel guilty.

She knew he was hurt, he didn’t make a single comment unless it was about the tour, and he didn’t look at her much either...as if it pained him to do so.

At the door to her room...all he told her was that he’d see her tonight.