

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 69— THE ENTERTAINMENT ROOM



Quinn plucked the fork out of the sausage and glared down into her half-eaten food. Should she go back to his office?

And then what? Angriily storm out again?

She pushed the plate aside and swallowed what was in her mouth. She was embarrassed. She went there to apologize and ended up doing nothing at all.

But did he even allow her to?

A groan of frustration left her lips...she suddenly felt bored and alone. Ever since they crossed the borders, he'd tried his best to prevent that from happening...and now he was making her feel this way on purpose.

He knew he was the only one she could freely talk to here...the only person she truly trusted.

But then again, despite knowing that, why had she still gone ahead and coughed those foolish words out like they were phlegm in her throat?

Quinn tapped her feet against the floor as she looked up at the roof; an action showcasing how anxious and impatient she was because of this situation. What must she do?

She didn't know, but she had to do something...anything.

Standing to her feet, she walked to the door, opening it up...but just as she did, her eyes were greeted by Isabella who stood outside with a hand up as though she were just about to knock.

Quinn squinted down at her before smiling. "Bella...?"

"Hi...were you going somewhere?"

"To your brother's office, I thought I'd go there since I have nothing to do."

"He isn't there, he told me to tell you that...wanna keep me company instead? The other guys are in my room...we're gonna play, wanna join my team?"

Quinn wanted to say no, considering the fact that she still wasn't fond of the game or the controls associated with it, but she nodded her head instead. "Sure...I'll probably only contribute to you losing though."

"I'm aware of that, big sis...especially since Frederick will also be playing. That goof uses a G3...I hate him."

"Uh...what's a G3?"

"A sniper weapon...mostly used at a far range. I believe it's best you try it. For a more upgraded armor, I'll log you in on my old account. I have a lot of upgraded weapons too."

"You truly love this game, don't you?"

Isabella shrugged. "Well, I guess it's fun."

"Yeah...I suppose so." Quinn gave her a faux grin as she followed her out. "So I should use the G3 you say? Since it's a far range weapon, must I stay somewhere in the area which we are spawned?"

"Yes, do that. You have to find a good hiding spot. A place that conceals your position but reveals theirs enough for you to have a clean shot."

Quinn nodded, trying her best to take all of this in. "Okay...I can do that."

Isabella looked back at her as she stopped in front of her room door, which was flooded with noise. "You'd better do it...and do it properly. You're the defender, watch my back while I advance over to their side."

"Okay." Quinn felt threatened. "I'll try."

Isabella reached for the knob, pushing her door open and walking inside. Quinn followed her, closing the door and then turning to look at the group of men lined out across the now silent room.

The first person she saw was Zayd's father; Nicholas...he stood in front of everyone else, wearing loose fit jeans and a plain white shirt.

The next people she recognized were the beta and the gamma Zayd had introduced her to in the past. If she remembered correctly, then one was Frederick and the other was Dantae.

Quinn's eyes drifted to the figure between them; Josh. He was a little shorter than they were and not as masculine...but for his age, he had more than enough height and muscles.

The last male occupant in the room stood by the dresser, idly running his fingers along the mirror instead of casting his hazel eyes at her; Zayd.

Quinn held in her sigh as she looked away, waving at everyone. "Hello...!"

The group of men smiled at her, all issuing her a greeting...all except Zayd who was still playing with the dresser mirror.

His beta noticed, turning towards him with a chuckle while bumping the gamma's shoulder. "Rick, look at the fool pretending as though he weren't the one who gave Bella a hundred bucks to bring her here."

Zayd finally looked away from the mirror, glowering at him. "I thought I told you to keep your mouth shut, Dantae."

"I will...I will. I won't blow your cover."

"You blew it already...you idiot." He hissed, glancing at Quinn who scratched her arm nervously. "Are you guys going to play or not?"

"Yes..." Frederick answered. "But not here. There are too many of us, Isabella doesn't have enough utensils, let's take this to the entertainment room..."

"Don't even think about it. There is no entertainment room here. I closed it down a year ago."

"Reopen it...today's a special day, isn't it? Let's make the most of it."

Zayd looked at his gamma indecisively and then shook his head. "There was a reason why it had to be closed down...everybody was slacking off, especially you, Frederick. Don't use today as an excuse, we both know you want it reopened for your own benefit."

"That's true...but either way, it's one day, Zayd. Why can't I slack off for just one day? I mean, Dantae and I finished our mission perfectly, consider it to be a reward."

Everyone looked at Zayd hopefully, Isabella whispering please consecutively, giving him no room to refuse.

He sighed in defeat, putting up one finger. "One day...one day, Frederick and it's today."

Isabella's cheer had Quinn wondering just how fun this so-called entertainment room could be. On the tour, Zayd said nothing about it.

What was inside? Before she could ask, Isabella's door opened again and Marcia walked in. "Sorry for being late...the game hasn't started yet, has it?"

"No mom..." Isabella rolled her eyes. "But why did you have to put on a pretty dress and makeup just to play a game?"

"Oh come on, sweetheart...I have to look pretty even if I'm going to lose."