

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 75—GET ME PREGNANT



Quinn blinked down at the man between her legs, his eyes were dark as he stared down at her; dark and lustful. Her body seemed to be his main focus, her body that was bare of clothes, but covered in icing.

Her nipples were hidden by the sweet, white cream and in a single line, it crawled down her stomach, passing by her navel and stopping between her folds. She didn't know why, but his eyes held a level of enticement she'd never seen in them before, he was into this...into her...

And it made her feel so appealing. Jeo had brought her pride down a notch, made her feel insufficient, but Zayd blessed her with the knowledge that she was indeed enough. His constant appreciation of her beauty was elevating.

A real man he was...one she wanted in her life for life.

Grabbing at his collar, she pulled him down towards her...connecting her lips to his. They tasted sweet, those fingers he'd used to mingle with the cake, he'd lick them so sinfully that it made slick pool down her walls. She'd failed to notice it in her state of anger, but his hair was combed differently, slick back perfectly. His hair and stubble was freshly lined too, making him look handsome; like a god...for no man could hold this much perfection.

Pulling away from the kiss, she looked him in the eyes. "Are you only going to stare?"

He shook his head. "Definitely not, it's more tempting to touch."

"Stop making me impatient then. I'm all wet...for you."

Zayd bit his lips, pushing her hand away from his collar. "Saying something so hot while looking like that will get you pregnant, Quinn."

"I already carry your mark, it wouldn't hurt to carry your child too."

He chuckled; darkly. "Quinn you...f*cking hell."

"What...?"

"You're f*cking sexy, alluring...goddess, I could come by just looking at you."

"Thank you, but don't...I mean..." She paused, glancing away from him. "You can't come if it's not inside, you said you'd get me pregnant."

Zayd's chest rumbled lowly, and she looked back towards him, watching as the lust in his eyes darkened to a whole other level. "Tonight you're even bold enough to say things like this. Why?"

"Consider it a token of appreciation. I'm trying to be as transparent as possible; I'm trying to tell you how you make me feel."

Zayd smiled as he buried his face in the crook of her neck. "And how exactly do I make you feel?"

Quinn moaned as he kissed her. "Hot, impatient...wet...needy...you make me want to surrender...you make me want you."

"Huh uh...what else?"

"I...I don't know..." A whimper slipped past her lips when his teeth grazed her mark. "You make me...You...Z-Zayd..."

"Hmm...?" He hummed while licking the icing from her breast. "Continue, angel."

"You make me feel things I've never felt before." Her legs clamped around him as he nibbled her nipple.

"That's pretty vague."

"It's not, you're just too hard to please."

"I am?" His mouth settled over the opposite breast, sucking up the icing before his tongue trailed down her stomach, getting rid of the white cream in multiple laps.

When he reached lower than she could see, Quinn propped herself up to look at him, watching as his tongue swiped at the icing between her folds.

Her lips slid between her teeth as she held back her moan, he looked so hot right now...and the way he licked his red lips after did something to her...something that had her wanting him even more.

Her body felt as though it was on fire, and her clit was convulsing in anticipation. She wanted more of him...so much more.

Every step of the way, she'd foolishly pushed him away, pinning the blame for everything on him even though he wasn't at fault. It wasn't her intentions; it was probably her way of coping.

But she hated hurting him...he loved her too much and she...she loved him too. She wanted them to be happy, she wanted this to work, and for that to happen she had to stop berating him for absolutely no reason.

He'd done a lot for her, been there when nobody else was...loved her when nobody else did.

Even when she abandoned herself, he didn't. He hung onto her, and it seemed no matter what, he wouldn't let go. But she couldn't take advantage of that fact. Knowing he wouldn't leave was probably why she thought she could just say anything, and he'd accept it.

However, seeing him act so distant today had taught her a lesson. What if one day that happened again and there was nothing she could do to rectify her stupid mistake? What if he got tired of it and left?

What if there was no Zayd in her life and she was left alone in this world full of vultures?

What if...?

Quinn bit her lip harder as tears filled her eyes, and she flopped back against the bed so he couldn't see it. She could live without anyone else, but not him. She'd grown too accustomed to him being around...if he left now, she'd falter...even more than she did when Jeo rejected her.

A shiver wracked down her spine when his tongue probed between her folds again, slurping up the slick that dripped down her walls. He grabbed her thighs, spreading them wider, and then his lips closed around her clit, driving her deeper into the lust.

She grabbed onto the sheets; unbelievably tight as heat rolled through her, regulating her desire to its highest point. Her eyes fluttered shut, whimpers that signified her pleasure slipping through her lips even when she tried to prohibit them.

Her voice broke as she called out his name, and the water that had filled her eyes dripped down her face as soon as she reopened her eyes. His tongue circled her entrance and when it slipped inside, she arched off the bed, breathing heavily.

She wasn't sure if it was because of her emotional state, but she felt more sensitive than ever. Her nipples were hard and tender, and she was so close to coming. He was driving her off the edge, and quickly too. "Zayd I...f*ck..."

Zayd's tongue slipped out of her, but as soon as it did, two of his fingers replaced it. They drove deeper than the pink organ did, and his mouth settled over her clit, sucking rather desperately.

Quinn threw her head back, her legs shaking as she finally exploded with an incomprehensible cry; one that should've been his name. Her breaths were shaky as she came down from her high, her legs falling almost lifeless on the bed.

Zayd pulled back, settling above her with a smirk. "What's this? Are you crying already and we haven't even started?"

Quinn shook her head. "No I...I..."

"It doesn't matter..." He licked the streak of tear, following it to her ear. "I'm still going f*ck you; deep, hard, and I'm going to come inside...fill you up to the f*cking brim."

Quinn trembled. His words sounded like a threat...one that appeased her.