

# The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 72— GIRL TIME



Zayd ran his hand down his face as he walked out of the pack house with his beta and gamma behind him. He hoped the day wasn't irrevocably spoiled. He'd begged his mother, he might've not gotten down on his knees, but he'd begged that woman to let this day pass without trouble.

He'd informed his family ~all of them~ that it was Quinn's birthday, and his only wish was for her to completely enjoy it. He wanted her to feel a part of this pack, to feel like she really was family...he wanted her to feel accepted.

That way, she'd know that she wasn't alone, that there were other people ~except for him~ who cared about her. So he'd sat down with his mother and his father, with his sister and his 'illiterate' friends and begged them to help him.

They'd planned this day thoroughly...with a great moment of togetherness that Marcia had already spoiled, then shopping for anything Quinn might subconsciously need, that along with any other outings that would stall time for him to prepare the surprise. He told them not to be back until it was past 6:00pm and he hoped Marcia, Rachel and Isabella wouldn't spoil this round...

But if they did, it was his job to make at least the last part of her day enjoyable. Each person was supposed to get her a gift for the surprise tonight, and he wanted his to be the most meaningful. He didn't know why, but this day had bestowed so much pressure upon him. He wasn't sure how it would go; would she be glad that her father was here? Or would she hate it?

Would the party also go as he expected it to? Or would it fail drastically?

It made him nervous...but his excitement formed by her day of birth was what kept him going. He knew he'd been acting weird, but in order to keep all of this sh\*t piled up in his head to himself, he had to keep his distance from her.

And with the excuse of last night's argument, he'd been behaving cold and well...stupid so he wouldn't spill out what he wasn't supposed to. It bothered her, though...he could see it in her eyes that the act he kept putting on didn't please her. It wasn't that he thought it would, but he never thought she'd go as far as begging him to hug and kiss her because it didn't.

This wasn't something to be happy about, but seeing her so vulnerable and needy made his lips tremble to smile. It was probably the cutest thing she'd ever said to him, and he couldn't just let her go without giving her what she wanted.

So he'd kissed her twice and hugged her tight before sending her off to have what he wanted to be the time of her life...now though, it was time for him to go gift hunting, and he also needed to buy some stuff to set up her room for the surprise...

Balloons...of course, a party wasn't a party without such stupid things...

Confetti and streamers...

LED lights...

And he also needed two bottles of wine and a birthday cake...

That was supposed to be all...here's to tonight being a success...!

|-\_-|

Quinn had three bags in hand, all three possessing different items; one had a bunch of clothes, shoes and jewelry that Marcia forced her to try on, one had new shampoo and body wash along with soap and a bottle of lotion, and the other bag had hair utensils like hairpins and clips, a blow-dryer, a flat iron and a hair wax to style her hair when needed.

After hours of shopping, they went to a spa where they all got pedicures, manicures, and even a massage. It was nice...girl time or whatever they called this was nice.

Isabella was as talkative and curious as ever...and Rachel wasn't as mean as Dantae made her out to be. She didn't talk much, but she talked to Quinn. She gave her opinion about the clothes Quinn tried on ~although all she said was that they were pretty~ she also asked Quinn about the outfits she chose, which were mostly, if not all black.

Marcia had thrown a couple of colored clothes over her shoulder, even when she complained. Marcia was a darling, whenever Quinn got too silent, she'd make sure she was okay, and she also tried to make jokes that involved her son and her mate.

She made Quinn feel as though she'd known her for a lifetime. Her smile was so contagious, and her bright and bold personality could pull anybody in. This was how Quinn's mother should've treated her...but Quinn didn't even know her real mother, and Kathrine...that woman didn't spare Quinn the amount of motherly love she needed.

In just a couple of hours, Marcia seemed to have done much more than she had. She made Quinn smile and laugh multiple times, told her she looked beautiful, and had even hugged her in excitement for absolutely no reason. What a beautiful soul...

Quinn felt close to her already...ever since that day she'd shown up in Quinn's room with the photo album, she reverberated an energy that could grant anyone comfort, and this comfort wasn't one Quinn thought she needed until now.

After visiting the spa, they got ice cream. Quinn got the cookie and cream flavor along with Marcia, Isabella got orange pineapple, and Rachel went for chocolate. After that, they'd headed for home because night had cast a shadow over the land.

The city lights were pretty, something that Quinn rarely got to view. She also noticed that the streets were more crowded than they had been in the day; werewolves young and old strolling the busy road with hopeful hearts. This was a neutral place, you see...an area that any pack could visit. Fights were prohibited on this land, therefore, there were hardly even quarrels between enemy packs. This place had numerous shops and stores built to accommodate the needs of all werewolves, and also places to have fun as well as to eat. It was like a human sanctuary in a werewolf world.

But she didn't visit often. Her prior pack was considered independent. They grew their own food and even sold handmade clothing in the marketplace, and as luna, she was bound to support her pack. The only time she came here was mostly on missions, and she didn't have the luxury of really exploring the many buildings that occupied this place...it was nice to have gotten the chance to see it now.

The incoherent noise that plagued her ears promised her that she was not alone, and the cold breeze that fondled her skin bruised it sweetly. She felt free, but what surprised her was the fact that the feeling of freedom did not leave even when she made it back home.

Marcia, Isabella and Rachel accompanied her to her room for a reason she didn't ask, and as she opened her door, nothing but darkness greeted her. She didn't remember turning off the lights, but it could've been Zayd. "I'm sorry...I'll get the lights." She murmured to them.

Dropping her bags on the floor, she flicked the switch, staggering back when numerous people shouted out. "Happy birthday!"