

## The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 22— I WON'T LEAVE YOU



"I know you're not sleeping, Quinn...a minute, just give me one minute 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.

Nothing more, nothing less.

Pulling the door open, she looked at him, the light from her room illuminating the dark space he stood in. "What do you want to say?"

"Can I come in? Or do you want to come out?"

Quinn sighed, stepping out of the doorway. "Come in."

When he walked in, she closed the door behind him, gesturing towards the bed Delilah used to sleep on. "You can sit there."

While he sat, she took a seat in front of him on her bed. "Can you talk now?"

"Well I...I'm not sorry about what I did...what we did. I'm only sorry that it wasn't enough to actually make you mine. The fact that you regret it, the fact that you consider it to be a mere mistake makes my heart ache. I might not fully understand why you're so strongly against this, but can you not at least give me a chance?"

"Is that what you're here for?"

"Precisely, it is exactly what I'm here for. I heard about what happened, I probably shouldn't have stuck my nose in your business...but about what he did, I'd never do the same to you."

Quinn fumbled with her fingers in her lap, looking towards the door. "Leave. If that's all you have to say, then leave."

"I'm not done yet."

"I don't care, just go."

He sighed, standing to his feet and walking back towards the door. Instead of opening it, he turned to face her. "You know, you don't have to be so hard on yourself, everybody knows you're in pain. It's inevitable, but pushing me away won't help you to overcome it. You got a second chance, Quinn...move on."

"And then what? A second chance turns into a third, and then eventually into a fourth. I know how it will all end...I will always be the one in pain, the one left out in the cold and bruising wilderness of the world. I will be left alone...rejected and abandoned. It won't change, regardless of who I'm with." She looked away from him, blurry eyes fixated on the white walls. "So stop trying to convince me, you don't want me...I have already been tainted, no alpha king would want a woman who already has a mark on her neck."

"And how are you so sure of that, Quinn? You're underestimating yourself and even the power of the goddess. She paired us for a reason, we were meant to be."

"I thought the same when I encountered Jeo."

"But that's different."

"How?"

"If you and him were truly meant to be, then you would've never been given a second chance. I am not him, and I never will be."

"As if you'd tell me otherwise. Just leave, you will be better off without me and I without you."

"Do you really think so? I've waited for you for nine years, it didn't matter who you were, I just wanted to find my mate...but now it does matter, because if it's not you, then I don't want a mate. Your beauty is irrefutable, it's unparalleled, unmatched and I'm sure the beauty in your heart is just the same. I won't give up, it is you who I want and you who I shall claim. You will be mine someday, Quinn...and in his shadow, you will no longer lurk."

He turned to the door, twisting the knob, and that's when the tears that had settled in Quinn's eyes finally fell down her cheeks.

"I'm not lurking in his shadow, I'm not...it's just that...it's just that you were right...I am afraid...afraid to be betrayed and broken again. Experiencing it once was painful enough, but to go through the pain of betrayal and rejection twice...I can't."

A sob climbed up her throat, and Zayd twisted the knob back to the right, turning to face her again. His footsteps were loud in her ears as he approached, plopping down on the bed beside her. "I know...but giving shelter to the pain is even worse, let it go...let me help you. I swear on the rest of my life that I'd never hurt you..."

His arms were reluctant as they stretched around her shaking body, pulling her against him. He patted her head of red hair soothingly, the warmth and the sparks that flooded from him gradually calming her down. "You can cry against my shoulder anytime; I will always be there to comfort you. I would never leave you like he did. I promise."

He hugged her tighter against him, and a bearable silence settled between them. She felt good in his arms, like she belonged there...and yet because of the pain that fool had put her through, she was reluctant to trust him.

Maybe Frederick was right, killing that man wasn't such a bad idea...she'd forget about him eventually...but even so, killing him would hurt her...and he'd promised to never cause her any harm.

After a while of comforting her, her breaths became steady and calm, and so did the beat of her heart. He tried to pull back, but her limp body only fell back against his. She was sleeping, in his arms, she'd fallen into a deep and peaceful slumber.

Pride filled his chest as though he'd just unlocked a new achievement. If she trusted him enough to fall asleep next to him, then she'd probably soon trust him enough to accept his mark.

His wolf rumbled in his chest...a sign of joy that Zayd hadn't felt in a long time. He was happy.

Carefully easing away from her, he laid her against the bed, wiping the remnants of tears from her eyes. He then reached for the pillow above her head, freezing when the black jacket he'd given her came into view.

The fact that she still had it puzzled him, but it also contributed to his growing happiness. Pushing it aside, he picked up the pillow, gently placing it beneath her head, before pulling for the sheets.

He tucked her in, then turned to walk away, but her hand weakly grabbed onto his, stopping him from going any further.

He looked back at her, watching as her soft pink lips moved along with her words. "You said...you said you wouldn't be like him...you said wouldn't leave me."

Her eyes were still closed...which only meant she was sleep talking.

Her hand gripped his tighter, with a desperation that Zayd could understand. She was scared, but he now realized that she wanted to be loved just like any normal person. She wanted to be treasured, to not be left alone...and he wanted to give her that...he wanted to be her peace.

Walking back over to her bed, he stooped in front of her, kissing her hand, which still clutched his. "Don't worry, Quinn...I won't leave you, even if you beg me to."