

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 70— WOMEN ALWAYS WIN



The entertainment room was in the heart of the pack house’s main building. Quinn hadn’t been there, since the east wing was a separate building adjoined to the pack house.

Now though she got to see the inside...even if it was just the first floor. The furniture were mostly colored in a dark shade of brown that made them shine when polished and every turn of the way, people passed by, extending their greetings.

But when they got to what they called the entertainment room, only one person stood by the door; a woman...a beautiful woman with short, black hair and pretty brown eyes. She was wearing a full suit of black; black blouse, black shorts, black stocking, black shoes and even black eyeliner.

Dantae walked in front, embracing her in his strong arms. “Rachel baby...I’m sorry I had to leave so early this morning.”

The woman Quinn now knew as Rachel rolled her eyes and pushed him aside. “Don’t touch me, Dantae. If you lay another finger on me...then the floor will be yours again tonight.”

Dantae stepped back, holding his arms up in defeat. “Alright, I’ll keep my hands to myself.”

Rachel nodded. “Good...” She then turned to Zayd, bowing her head. “I brought the keys, alpha.”

“Thanks, Rachel...give them here.” Zayd stretched out his hand and she laid a key in his palm, before moving from in front of the door.

With the key he was given, he penetrated the lock, looking back at his family with a small smile and then shoving the door open.

Inside...inside was not as she expected it to be...it all looked exceptionally pretty but even more so dirty. The walls were filled with cobwebs and dirt plagued the many computers that were lined out on the desk and the beautifully tiled floor.

The look of excitement that had been on Isabella’s face turned into a look of horror so quickly. Her mouth dropped and she turned to Zayd. “Jesus Christ, Zayd! Did you not have somebody clean it as least once per month?”

“No...never thought of that...ever.”

Isabella walked inside, running her hand along one of the computers. “Do they even work now? How could you abandon this place that used to be my sanctuary?”

“It wasn’t just your sanctuary...it was Frederick’s and some of our best warriors too. They used to live here, if this room had still been open...then the pack wouldn’t have achieved merely as much as it did. Nobody would train, they’d rather be training to beat each other in a game than in real life.”

“Well...you still could’ve had somebody clean it.”

“Should’ve appointed you...I bet you wouldn’t have wanted to do it.”

“That’s true, but...” She groaned. “What will we do now?”

“It’s simple...family time is canceled until, you know...forever.”

“Why?” Marcia looked at her son. “The room is in desperate need of a broom, a mop, some rags and some water. Why don’t we all just clean it together?”

“Mom...come on, we don’t have time for that.”

“We do...it’s still family time if we’re together, right?” She grabbed Quinn’s hand. “Can you do something for me, sweetie?”

Quinn nodded slowly. “I...I guess can.”

“Splendid! I want you and Zayd to get the soap and the bleach.”

“Me...Me and Zayd?” Quinn glanced at Zayd who was glaring daggers at his mother. “I swear to god, you’re the most annoying person I’ve come across, mom. Why must I get bleach and soap? I’m not cleaning this disaster.”

“We’ll see about that...you might be the alpha king, but you’re still my son. Tell him Nick.”

Nicholas chuckled. “This argument doesn’t concern me...but son, women always have their way and with your mother it’s no exception. Do as she say, don’t make me suffer for it later.”

“It’s true, man.” Dantae chimed in. “Women always win, so get the soap and get the bleach...”

“You better shut your mouth too.”

“Why do I get on everybody’s bad side...? Even my mate’s. Can’t you people treat me better?”

“No, you deserve it all, why don’t you get the soap and the bleach?” Zayd asked him.

Marcia shook her head. “No, his job is to get the bucket and the mop...accompany him, Frederick. As for Joshua and Isabella, get rags and some gloves. Nicholas get the dust pan, the duster and the broom... Rachel and I awaits you all.”

“That’s as unfair as it can get Marcia and you know it. Why does everybody else have company and I don’t?”

Marcia shrugged. “Just get to work Nick...you too Zayd.”

Zayd hissed at her as he walked out of the room and Quinn sighed as she followed him. “Wait up.”

He didn’t respond, but he slowed down, staring straight ahead without glancing at her who now walked beside him. “I’m sorry about Marcia, I really didn’t want to spoil today.”

“Why not?”

“It’s nothing.”

The words were final...his cold voice telling her not to ask again. But if not that, then Quinn wanted to know something else. “Are you sure you’ve forgiven me for what I said last night, Zayd?”

“I have...I told you.”

“Then why...?” Quinn looked down at her feet as they moved along with his. “Why does it feel like there’s still a huge distance between us? It feels like you barely even want to see me. I get it, what I said was something that should’ve never come out of my mouth...but I am sorry. I didn’t mean it. If I didn’t think of you as my mate, I wouldn’t have allowed you to mark me.”

“I know that, Quinn.”

“Then why...?” Quinn stopped in her tracks and Zayd stopped to look back at her. “Why have you been like this?”

“Quinn...” Zayd sighed stepping towards her. Marcia...that woman was trouble...! He’d been trying his god damn best to stay in character and now, that woman had done what was never planned for today.

He felt miserable...now that he was alone with Quinn, it felt suffocating to not be all over her and even more so when she was like this.

His hands trembled as he reached forward, grabbing onto her shoulders. “Look at me, Quinn.”

Quinn looked up from the floor, her green eyes so vulnerable and sad. “What?”

“I forgave you...stop overthinking it.”

“Kiss me then...and if that’s too much, then hug me.”

“Quinn...” His right hand drifted up from her shoulder to settle beneath her chin. How could he refuse? A kiss...a hug...he’d be down even if she told him she wanted to make love. He licked his lips as he leaned down, resting his forehead against hers...

However, just before he could ultimately falter, Dantae and Federick burst through the door in a fit of laughter...and following them were Isabella, Joshua and Nicholas.

He quickly pulled away from her, pocketing his hands that held onto her. “The soap...the bleach...”

And then he headed off as though he hadn’t been seconds away from kissing her. Quinn’s fingers ran along her lips as she followed him. She didn’t understand, he was really going to kiss her...so does that mean she truly was forgiven?

If so, why had he been acting so distant then?