

## Chapter 91 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd blinked awake, finding himself in a hospital room. The blinds were closed, and the lights were off...but the light from the hallway that flooded through the creases of the door and the sunlight that reflected even through the thin, white curtain set to block it dimly illuminated the room enough for him to see.

Quinn...her head of red hair stood out the most in the room, and the sound of her soft breaths whispered calmly against his ears. She was sleeping, sleeping peacefully with her head against his bed.

Zayd tried to sit up, but groaned when the act elicited nothing but pain in both his shoulder and neck. The noise stirred Quinn's sleep, and groggily, she lifted her head, her green eyes darting around the room before they finally landed on him.

They widened and then in suddenness, she propelled against his chest, causing him more pain than he'd felt before.

Gritting his teeth, he held back his whimper, slowly using his hands to ease her away from him. "Quinn...?"

He could see it, the glossiness in those forest green eyes as she answered him. "Yeah...?"

"What wrong?"

She hid her face against his chest. "It's you...I missed you."

"How long have I been unconscious for?"

"Two days..." She answered him.

"Come on, Quinn...that wasn't a long time...two days? Is that what you're really crying for?"

She nodded. "I'd been scared too...you scared me. I thought I lost you out there...I thought he'd kill you."

"He didn't though, did he?"

“No, but don’t do that again...even if it’s for me, don’t ever risk your life like that again.”

“I won’t.”

“Promise me...”

Zayd sighed. “I promise...now let me see your face.”

Quinn pursed her lips as she slowly lifted her head to face him. “I don’t look my best right now. I was in such a rush to get back here that my shower lasted for less than ten minutes. I didn’t even brush my hair or cover the dark circles beneath my eyes.”

“Does it matter?” Zayd reached for her cheek, resting his calloused palm against such soft skin. “You’re still going to be the most beautiful woman I’d ever laid eyes on, no matter how you look. I missed you too, you know? The lack of your presence tormented me endlessly. I’d been worried to a point where it was hard to eat and sleep. I wanted to see you so bad and now that I am, you don’t know how happy it makes me feel.”

He smiled at her, a smile that had the already gentle look on his face seeming ten times gentler. “I see you’ve gotten back your wolf. Can you feel it now?”

“Our bond?” Quinn asked him, situating her hand over the one he had against her cheek. “If so, then I do...it’s so strong and comforting. I only feel at peace when I’m next to you.”

“I’m glad you feel that way, because that’s exactly how I felt even when there was no mate bond. It’s your turn to suffer now.”

“I wouldn’t call it suffering...” Quinn slid her fingers between his. “It’s rather nice, especially since I have absolutely no problem with forcing myself in your arms every second of the day.”

Zayd chuckled; lightly due to his injuries. “You wouldn’t have to force any of that, Quinn...you know that.”

She smiled at him. “I know...”

“Come here.” He guided her closer, and Quinn placed her forehead against his, softly pecking his lips before pulling back. “Are you still in pain?”

“I am...but it’s fine.”

“I knew you’d say something like that when you woke up. Dantae told me about all the little things you did in the past that could’ve actually killed you. You’d better not think of doing any of it again, you promised me.”

“What did he tell you? My past is...well, it’s...life was kind of like a game to me back then.”

“A game where you thought you’d respawn after you die?”

“No...not like that, but what did he tell you?”

“Well, he told me about the boar you’d hunted at ten...and that time when you’d taken on a pack of rogues by yourself and only called for help when you took down more than 20 of them.”

“That wasn’t so bad.”

“Then how about being injured and still going out to fight because an alpha challenged you?”

“He had no manners...if he’d kept his mouth shut, I’d have stayed in the hospital room.”

“Goddess...Zayd, you could’ve postponed the match for a later date.”

“I was angry...he thought I was stalling because I was afraid...I had to show him that I wasn’t.”

“I heard Marcia had hung onto your ears until you apologized for being reckless.”

“She did...”

“Why were you so unruly?”

“Alphas like having their own way...I was exactly like that.”

“You’ll behave now...if you f\*ck up, I won’t just be grabbing your ear like Marcia did.”

“What will you do?” Zayd smirked at her. “Tell me.”

“Something naughty...”

“Like what?”

He thought she’d say something that’d entice him, but when she grinned evilly, he knew that wouldn’t be the case. “I’ll tie you down and cut your hair in that mohawk style you hate so much.”

“You wouldn’t...”

“I definitely would...and I’d tell you that you look cute every day too.”

“Oh f\*ck...that’d be torture.”

Quinn laughed. “You bet.”

Zayd chuckled along with her, stopping when a knock on the door disturbed their moment. They both turned towards it, Zayd being the one to speak out. "Come in, Dantae."

Dantae stepped inside, closing the door behind him. "I didn't know you were awake...I initially came here to see Quinn, but it's nice to have you back, man." He then nodded towards Quinn. "Can I have a word with you outside?"

Quinn squinted at him, having the same question Zayd asked in mind.

"Why?" He groaned in pain as he forced himself into a sitting position. "Why can't you tell her here?"

"Not everything is your business, Zayd."

"Yeah, well...what if I make it my business? Just talk freely, Dantae."

Dantae sighed. "It's Jeo...he's at our pack borders, he wanted to speak with you, but since you were still unconscious, I told him you were unavailable...he asked to see Quinn instead."

"So..." Zayd took a deep breath, his eyes narrowing coldly. "Let me get this straight, if I hadn't woken up, you'd have really brought Quinn out there to see him?"

"Why not? Fred and I would've accompanied her. She wouldn't be in any danger."

"Sometimes I think you've got a few screws loose...cause why would you even think of doing that? Tell him she has nothing to say to him, and tell him I wouldn't see him even if I was available."

"Your call, alpha." Dantae turned his back, grabbing onto the doorknob, but Quinn's voice stopped him. "Actually...I'll go. I want to hear whatever it is that he has to say..."

She stood up and Zayd turned towards her with confused eyes. "What? Why?" He thought she'd refuse to see him, especially after everything that happened, but she agreed? Why would she do that?

"I'll be back, wait for me." She walked towards the door, pushing past Dantae on her way outside, and Zayd could only watch her leave because he couldn't stop her.

When she was out of sight, he turned towards Dantae. "This is your f\*cking fault...help me up, I'm going out there too."

"It's not, it's her choice whether she wants to see him or not...and yet, you acted like it's yours." He walked over to the bed, helping Zayd to his feet. "She probably wants to know how her old pack's doing...she'd lived there all her life."

“Shut up, who'd want to know how that pack of betrayers are doing? She couldn't possibly care about them. Is it that she wants to see that fool again? I'll kill him if he so much as touches her hair.”

“Not in your condition, you're not even fit to step out of bed.”

“Just hurry up.” Zayd hugged around Dantae's shoulder as he led him out the door on his trail behind Quinn.

They got to the borders merely minutes after Quinn did, and Zayd stood back as Quinn approached Jeo who stood by the pack borders...alone it seemed. “What do you want?” She asked him.

He looked at Zayd and then at her. “First of all...Quinn, I'm sorry. I never meant for anything bad to happen to you. Everything I did was because I'd been blinded by anger and jealousy. I didn't want him to have you, not when I wanted you for myself...so I did what I could. I asked Delilah for a way to make you stay, I threatened to abandon her if you left. I was desperate. I knew for a fact that I'd live miserably without you. She said her mother had a plan...and that regardless of what happened, I couldn't harm her mother. I agreed upon confirming the plan didn't involve killing you.”

“Why are you telling me this.”

“It's just...I'm sorry you had to suffer because of my stupidity...but Quinn, I need your help. The pack is in bankruptcy...no food, no money, and furthermore...the heir to my pack has been taken. If you help me this once, I will never bother you again. I don't care how much I want you, I'll suffer through it all. It's not like I deserve you anyway.”

When Quinn stood quietly just looking at him, Zayd was going to intervene, but she spoke up before he could. “I told you from the beginning, Jeovanni, I'd make you regret rejecting me. Now that you do, why should I care about you and your pack? I didn't come out here to listen to you vent and whine...I came here to tell you that I've got a new family now, and you and your pack members are not a part of it. I didn't abandon you, you people abandoned me, and now when you want something or rather somebody to use...you come here seeking me out. I will not help, and neither will Zayd.”

“What about your sister, Quinn?!”

“I don't have a sister and moreover, she's right where she should be...with her mate. You're the only one left out of place, the only one alone. I hope you suffer for rejecting me, but I also hope the moon goddess will forgive you someday. Bye Jeo, whatever it is that's going on with your pack, please resolve it...without my help this time.”

She pivoted on her heels and walked away from the pack borders, glancing towards Zayd. “I'm done now.”

“Ahh yes...!” Zayd jumped as though he'd just escaped a trance, watching helplessly as she modelled right past him. “That was...kinda hot.”

“I really thought you'd say unexpected...” Dantae retorted.

“It was unexpected too...”

“Alright, Quinn's gone...but what about him?”

Zayd looked back at retreating Quinn and then at Jeo. “Let him be, I want to speak to him about something important.”

He approached the borders, stopping in front of Jeo. “So how does it feel to be the unfortunate ex?” He chuckled bitterly. “I bet it hurts, anyways, let's talk business. I passed out after the battle and didn't get to hammer my teeth into her father's neck. Where is he? Is he probably hiding out on your pack lands or is he still hiding behind Jake?”

## CHAPTER 92~ CONFESSION OF LOVE

# Chapter 92 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn sat on the hospital bed, waiting for Zayd to return. Her encounter with Jeo made her feel as emotional as she thought it would; angry, sad and angry again. Every single member of that pack was a hypocrite.

Circumstances were what revealed their true self...

They turned on her the moment she became vulnerable, they'd only been on her side when she could help them...and recently, she found that Derrick was the same.

She thought he was different, even though he'd lied to her for her entire life, she still thought she could trust him as a father. He said he'd always be on her side, and even he betrayed her...

But then again, if Jeo betrayed her, then anybody else could. She didn't care about it anymore. She wanted to put it all behind her, to forget about all those people. She wanted to start anew, to pretend that none of what happened did, and this was her first step towards that goal. She didn't want to get tied up with those people again.

Sure, she pitied their current situation, she kind of felt bad for Delilah too...but they'd chosen their own path. They turned their backs on her and still expected her to pick them up when they

fell. She was done being a fool now, she was going to stick by who stuck by her when she was at her lowest.

The only one who picked her up when she fell instead of pushing her further to the ground...Zayd.

Quinn looked towards the door when it was shoved open, and he staggered inside, groping his hurt shoulder. She stood up and helped him to the bed. "I told you I'd be back. Why did you get up when you know you're in no condition to?"

"I've always been a jealous man, Quinn...If you're going to meet your ex, of course I'm gonna come too."

"You're so...ugh...!" Quinn pinched the bridge of her nose. "You still don't trust me, do you?"

"No, I do trust you, I just don't trust him."

"Anything you say, Zayd."

"It's the truth, I trust you."

"As I said...anything you say."

"Don't tell me you're mad at me..."

"I'm not, what made you think that...? I'm not mad in the slightest bit."

"You sound mad to me." Zayd searched her eyes. "You look mad too."

"Stop, I'm not mad...just a little disappointed."

"Why? It's almost impossible for me not to feel that way about someone you've been with."

"Yeah, I know...it should've been almost impossible for you to walk out of this room without the doctor's approval too. I'll get him just incase, I should've gotten the doctor the moment you woke up."

"No need, I'm fine." Zayd grabbed her hand when she tried to get up. "Nothing a kiss from you can't fix."

"Such a cringy line. I'm not kissing you."

"Come on, prove that you're not mad."

Quinn's eyes twitched. "That's manipulation at its best."

“It’s not...I’m just trying to steal a kiss.”

Quinn chuckled. “Convincing enough.” She leaned in, kissing his cheek before getting up. “I’m going to get the doctor.”

Zayd reached for his cheek in bewilderment. “Was that even a kiss? See...I knew you were mad. Kiss me properly first.”

“After you get your check-up.” She walked out the door, and came back minutes later with the doctor. Instead of sitting, Zayd was laid back against the bed now, obviously sulking.

“You woke up before I predicted you would. As expected of you...” Doctor Hamilton placed the book he had in hand on the bedside table and took a seat on the bed. He tested Zayd’s pulse, unwrapped and rewrapped his wounds. He also confirmed that the wounds were healing much faster now since he was awake and that Zayd could leave later in the evening before walking out.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Zayd slowly sat up. “Kiss me now.”

“You don’t give up, do you?”

“I barely ever do that.”

“I guess that’s why I ended up dating you to begin with. You never give up.” Quinn walked over to the bed, taking a seat beside him. She leaned back against the wall. “I’m glad you didn’t give up on me though, I’m glad we worked out and that we’re still together through thick and thin.”

“Me too...I’m glad I came back that night...glad I’d taken you away from that disgusting pack.”

“I was a bit hard to crack, weren’t I? I told you off more times than just one, and you’d still come knock on my father’s door. I wish I were as brave as you back then. If I were, then I wouldn’t have been scared to move on...or to even take your hand when you offered it to me. You don’t know how you changed my life. I’d probably be at my old pack right now, still living a lie with parents that don’t give a damn about me. Probably I’d have left on my own and become even lonelier, sadder. You did what I thought nobody could ever do again...you made me happy and also made it impossible for me to be happy without you. So don’t ever leave. Quit risking your life, quit taking on stupid challenges...because I’ll cry if you so much as get hurt.”

She leaned closer, resting her head against his arm. “Keep that in mind.”

Zayd stayed silent, as if he was processing her words. Seconds passed and then a minute...and then he finally opened his mouth only to close it again.

Quinn laughed. “I finally made you speechless, huh? You’ve always done that to me. You said things I’d never expect you to say, and then I wouldn’t know how to respond. This is revenge.”



“Mere revenge couldn’t have my heart fluttering like it did, Quinn. I’ll just regard your words as a confession of love, but know this...I love you way more.”

“You think so?”

“I know so...” He reached around her waist, pulling her onto his lap in a position where she faced him. “You know that too...I wouldn’t let you go even if it was the only way to save the world.”

Quinn gripped the sheets ruffled beneath her legs. “Me neither...”

“Happy to hear...” He leaned towards her. “I’m taking that kiss you neglected to give me.”

And then he planted his lips against her, kissing her passionately; deep and hard...with desperation. His tongue slid greedily along the line between her lips, and Quinn opened her mouth, giving him way to wholly devour her.

His tongue slipped into her mouth, warm and soft; searching it and when his hand, slid from her waist and down to her ass, Quinn quickly pulled back. “You can’t...you’re injured, Zayd.”

“All you have to do is stay on top...I promise I won’t even move.”

Quinn tried contemplating it, but before she could, Zayd took her lips between his again, kissing her urgently. He squeezed her ass before his hand reached beneath her blouse, slithering up her bare skin and then somehow, somehow...it ended up over her breast.

Quinn moaned, and he swallowed it, rolling his finger over her nipple. She could feel the hardness that she was seated on, smell as his scent deepened...turning into a mesmerizing aroma that induced lust within her.

But she could also hear and smell his families’ approach, and she was sure he could too. They were coming here, she couldn’t let them see her like this.

Quinn pushed at his chest, breaking this kiss once again. She tried scooting off his lap, but he held her still. “Zayd you...let go you shameless jerk!”

Zayd chuckled, letting her loose just as the doorknob twisted and Quinn hurriedly shuffled onto the bed. Marcia walked in first, holding a bag in hand, one that had food in it.

“Morning lovelies...I heard from Dantae that you’re awake.”

“Dantae sure is becoming like Garth...if he’d kept his mouth shut, you wouldn’t have come here to disturb me.”

Quinn slapped his thigh. “Stop that.” She then turned to Marcia and smiled, waving at Nicholas and Isabella that stood behind her. “Morning.”

“Are you alright, sweetheart?”

“I’m fine.”

“Good to hear. Instead of going to the canteen, I cooked up some breakfast this morning. It’s been so long since I’ve cooked you guys something. Dantae and Frederick are on their way.”

“Of course they are...they are always present when you decide to cook.”

“Can you blame them? My hands are blessed, Quinn will probably like it too.”

“I’m sure I will. What did you cook.”

Marcia grinned as she approached Quinn, seeming almost too enthusiastic. “I cooked up some...”

## CHAPTER 93~ BREAKFAST BED

# Chapter 93 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd had been annoyed when everyone crowded his room, eating from the two casserole dishes Marcia brought. They were situated in the middle of the bed, both containing different contents.

It was nothing special as Marcia said. She did something simple, and yet it tasted extraordinary. She made some tacos; the homemade tortillas were in one dish and the minced meat topped with shredded cheese was in the other. It seemed she made enough for everybody, and Dantae had taken a plate with him, dishing out enough to serve two people for himself.

He’d then taken a seat on the bedside table and started eating before everybody else.

Marcia had laughed and told the others to dig in...now there was barely anything in both dishes. Dantae had come for a third serving and Zayd was just...well, he kept telling everyone except Quinn to leave.

He seemed annoyed, yet he ate along with them. There was barely space to sit, the one small hospital bed occupied six persons all at once...

But it was nice...the conversations and the laughs made Quinn feel at ease. It was something she never experienced around a table with her old family, much less on a hospital bed.

The table had always been silent and filled with tension. Delilah and Derrick had tried to create conversation, but it made no sense, since Kathrine wouldn't get involved if Quinn was.

Now though, everyone was united. There was no malice or tension...was this what a real and happy family looked like?

Quinn folded her forth tortilla around the filling inside, taking three bites out of it before it was gone.

"No, Marcia...what the f\*ck did you put in this sh\*t? What meat did you even use?" Dantae asked out of the blue.

"Language...Isabella is here too and it's deer meet..."

"And what did you put in it?"

"Just seasoning...washed, chopped and seasoned it last night, then put it back in the fridge until this morning."

"Every time you cook, I hate the chef back at the canteen even more. I don't even want to eat there anymore."

"You'd better...or ask Rachel to cook for you."

"And you think she will? That Jezebel would prefer it if I starved."

"You know that's not true...you're the one always provoking her."

"That's a li~"

"It's true." Dantae glared over at Frederick, who shrugged as he stood up.

"What? It's true." He turned to Marcia. "Thanks for the food, I have a call to make."

As soon as he walked out, Marcia started to whisper. "He's probably going to call Lyla. Those lovebirds...it must be a torture to be so far from each other."

"Who's Lyla?" Quinn curiously asked.

"His mate...she isn't here right now. She left a year back to study for business. She'll be taking over her father's company, in about another year or two, she'll be in charge of financially supporting the pack. Frederick should've gone too, he wanted to, but he has a job here to do...he's the gamma."

Quinn's lips pouted subconsciously. "It must be hard, is that why he's always on his phone?"

“Yeah...”

“Quit pitying him, and making me look bad.” Zayd intervened. “I told him to go, he chose to stay. The pack would’ve been fine without him, I’ll talk to him later, I’ll give a month off... he can use it to go see her.”

“Then will I get a month off too?”

Zayd glared over at Dantae. “No...you deserve to work until you die.”

“Why...?” His eyes became beady; he looked almost pitiful.

“Because Rachel told me so.”

“Come on...she didn’t mean it, she was kidding.”

“No, she did mean it...she came to my office just to tell me to give you extra work. I don’t know what you did, but it must’ve been bad. I don’t understand you people, your relationship is so toxic that I want to break you guys apart.”

“Don’t...we could die without each other.”

“Yeah right...either way, it’s time for you guys to leave. Quinn and I need more privacy, we were having a personal conversation.”

“That can wait...” Marcia flipped him off, packing her dishes and spoons back in the bag and shoving it to Nicholas. “Quinn and I have something to do. She promised to go for a run with me yesterday...right, Quinn?”

Quinn looked over at Zayd before nodding slowly. “I did.”

Zayd’s eyes narrowed. “Goddess, Quinn...don’t tell me you’re going to leave your sick mate and go out for a run with his annoying mother...”

“I...I promised.” She stood up, even though his eyes told her not to. “It won’t take long, I’ll be back before you know it. The doctor said you’re fine and if there’s a problem, you can just mind link me.”

“There is a problem...” He grabbed his chest, groaning lowly. “It feels like it’s bleeding again.”

“Your chest isn’t injured, Zayd. It’s your neck...and your shoulder.” Dantae told him while laughing.

“Ahhh yes...!” He quickly moved his hand from his chest to his shoulder. “It really is bleeding, Quinn. Please stay.”

Quinn rolled her eyes. “You didn’t even try to make it sound believable. I’ll be back soon, I promise.”

Zayd sighed, gesturing to the door. “At least allow her a minute to tell me bye...wait for her outside.”

Nicholas chuckled, standing up. “He really wants to get rid of us this time.”

“He’d been trying to get rid of us ever since we came in...” Isabella whined. “You should’ve been happy we visited you after you almost killed yourself for real. I might’ve told you come back dead a lot of times, but I didn’t mean it.”

“I know, Bella.” He ruffled her hair. “Now get out.”

Bella glared at him, following her mother and father out the door that then closed behind Dantae.

Quinn crossed her arms over her chest, squinting her eyes at him. “What’s up with you? Seriously...”

Zayd opened his arms and Quinn stepped closer so he could hug her. “I told you...I miss you, and now you’re leaving me again.”

“I’m literally just going outside.”

“Outside where I’m not going to be.”

“You’re being so...” Quinn sighed. “I’ll stay with you all day tomorrow.”

“Is that a promise?”

“Yeah.”

“I feel much better now...” His arms loosened around her. “You can go, but you still have to come back.”

“I will...”

Quinn walked through the door, waving at him before closing it.

She then walked down the hall where Marcia and Isabella stood waiting for her, and together, they walked outside. “Where are we running to?”

“The west borders?” Isabella asked. “Where do you want to go, Quinn?”

“It really doesn’t matter...you pick.”

“West it is.”

Quinn crouched against the paved path that led to the hospital, being the first to transform into her wolf. The transformation wasn't as painful as it had been the last time, but her joints still felt rigid, she had to put in efforts to get them to comply.

“Pretty...” Marcia whispered in awe. “Not even one spec of black or brown...just pure and beautiful silver.”

Her fingers ran through Quinn's fur, and Isabella mirrored her actions. “I was as surprised as you when I first saw her in those woods...I was sad when I heard your wolf was gone, Quinn. After all, you'd saved me without even knowing who I was.”

Quinn nuzzled her small hand, gesturing towards the woods in front. It meant she was ready, and they seemed to have gotten the message.

Isabella's wolf was brown with flakes of the same reddish color that aligned Zayd's back, and Marcia's wolf was that reddish color mixed with white. It was pretty, she kept complementing Quinn's wolf, when hers was obviously prettier...her children must've gotten that color from her.

Quinn took off towards the west first, and Marcia and Isabella followed her. They ran back and forth for an hour or so, through the woods full of nothing but nature. The trees were big and old, the grass too was overgrown, drifting like water against her paws.

The wind had her furs wafting back and forth just like the tree limbs; it was cool...cool and strong, making the run all the more enjoyable. She was glad this was something she could do again...she was glad that she was indeed a werewolf again.

CHAPTER 94~ CAN YOU HANDLE IT

## Chapter 94 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn lied...she didn't come back, not until it was time for his discharge.

That was when she barged in, wearing a different set of clothes from what she had on. She wore a purple, mid-thigh shorts that was loose around her hips and a white crop top. Her red hair was caught in a messy bun atop of her head and her cheeks were flustered...she must've run here. “Did the doctor already do the final check-up?”

“He did.”

“Then are you ready to leave...?”

Zayd shrugged. “Might as well I stay in the hospital, since nobody cares about me anyway.”

“What do you mean?”

He shrugged again, and Quinn sighed. “I lost track of time, sorry. I went to the training grounds...the doctor told me to exercise my wolf, so I thought I’d do that. I didn’t know I was there this long, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine...let’s just go.” He shuffled off the bed and to his feet, walking past her on his way to the door.

She followed after him. “You’re not struggling to walk anymore...that’s good.”

“Hmm...” Was Zayd’s response as he nodded towards the mated couple that greeted him as they passed by. He felt offended for some reason...his feelings were hurt.

He thought after having been set apart by such a situation, she’d be more inclined to stick by his side like he was to stick by hers. She didn’t even think of bringing him lunch or dinner...she’d just abandoned him, even though he was injured.

Sighing to himself, he pulled the door open and holding it like that for her to walk through. After which, he pocketed his hands, his steps slow and heavy on the paved path.

“It’s kind of...you’re a little too quiet...” Quinn broke the silence, slipping her arm beneath his. “What are you thinking about?”

“Nothing really, my mind is a little blank.”

“Are you angry at me?”

Zayd shook his head, looking up at the slowly fading sun. “Not particularly.”

“I really didn’t mean to keep you waiting. After the run with Marcia and Isabella, as I said before, I went to the training grounds and by the time I was done taking a shower, I realized that it was getting late. I had to run here.”

“I said it’s fine, but you’ll have to make up for it tomorrow by actually keeping your promise this time.”

“I will.”

“Good...” He turned to smile at her, and she smiled back in return. The way to the east wing was silent after that. Quinn didn’t stop at her room, she followed him to his and together they entered.

His room wasn’t as messy as he left it...his worry for Quinn had prohibited him from doing anything but dwell on her wellbeing. However, right now, the sheets weren’t scattered, they were neatly spread, and the clothes that had been on the floor weren’t there anymore. There was also a covered plate on the bedside table, one he was sure he hadn’t left there.

Zayd scratched his head. “Marcia must’ve been in here...it seems she left me something.”

“Does it have to be Marcia?”

“She’s the only one inquisitive enough to enter my room, even when I’m not in it.”

Quinn chuckled. “This time it’s not her...I was the inquisitive one.”

Zayd turned to her. “You...? Why?”

Quinn bit her lip. “Well, since I wanted to learn anyway...I thought I’d just kill two birds with one stone; have Marcia teach me how to cook and use whatever skill I learned to make you dinner.”

“So you’re saying you made me dinner?”

Quinn nodded. “It’s kinda well...it’s not as tasty as it could be, but I tried, didn’t I? Instead of learning how to cook like the omegas did, I was out training with my father...and after that, I was busy with luna duties that consumed all my time. I should at least learn how to cook rice before I don’t even have the time to.”

“So you’ve never cooked before? Not even for Jeo?”

Quinn shook her head. “No...”

Zayd walked around the bed to the plate, uncovering it. Inside was what he knew was rice, pasta, meat, and gravy at the side. It smelled...well it smelled nice, and save for the rice seeming a bit too soft and the gravy a bit too thick, it looked nice too.

Taking a seat by the edge of the bed, he took the plate in hand. “Are you sure this won’t poison me?”

Quinn narrowed her eyes at him. “It might...I mean, I poured a lot of stuff in there, even stuff Marcia had advised me not to. I even had to throw out the first pot of rice I cooked because I burnt it, and then the meat...god the meat, I did so many things to make it edible.”

Zayd took up the fork, filling it with rice and dipping it in the gravy before shoving it towards her. “Here...take the first bite, I’ll eat it after I confirm that I won’t die.”



Quinn would've punched him if he wasn't injured, but she kept her hands by her side as she leaned towards the fork. He pulled it back before she could eat it, stuffing it into his mouth.

He chewed once, twice, thrice and then swallowed.

Quinn looked at him expectantly. "So umm...how is it?"

"So...it doesn't taste as horrible as I thought it would, but it's horrible."

Quinn slammed her hand against the back of his head, not being able to hold back anymore. "You don't have to eat it then, you're a jerk."

Zayd groaned in pain and then laughed. "I'll eat it...I was kinda sad when you came back to the hospital late, but knowing you were trying and note 'trying' to cook me dinner made up for it. You put in a lot of effort for me, didn't you?"

"Not for you..." Quinn confirmed. "For myself, I want to master cooking so I can cook for myself."

"Come on...I know you at least thought of me once while you were cooking."

"I did, but so...? I wasted my time only for you to say it's horrible."

"Awww...you're sulking. You didn't waste your time because I'm going to eat it all. I like it, the taste is unique."

Quinn rolled her eyes as she sat next to him. "Just hurry up...so I can sleep."

"You're not going to sleep when I'm done...we're gonna pick up where we left off in the morning."

"We...?" Quinn chuckled humorlessly. "I'm tired, you're on your own in this one."

"We'll see about that...did you eat?"

"I did...tasted enough while cooking."

"Then that's good." He picked up his fork again, and ate the food like it was the best he'd ever had.

When he'd finished cleaning his plate and placing it back on the bedside table, Quinn was already laying down with her back turned to him. He laid beside her, wrapping an arm around her waist. "You're really going to sleep?"

Quinn nodded. "Why not?"

“Didn’t you say you missed me?” His hand slid beneath her blouse; warm and calloused, tickling her skin, causing tangibly tingles to glitter against the soft flesh.

“I missed you...”

“And don’t you miss this too?” He kissed her back, and Quinn squeezed her eyes closed, subconsciously bracing herself against him. “I...well, I did. I missed everything.”

“Show...” He grabbed her breast while his tongue flickered against her neck...each breath he took was hot, drowning her in anticipation. “Not tell.”

Quinn twisted to face him. “You’ll be able to handle it?”

“It’s nothing I haven’t handled before, Quinn.”

Quinn grabbed his hand, slipping it from beneath her blouse as she sat up on the bed and then on his thighs. She then held on to the hem of her blouse, pulling it over her head. “As long as you can handle it.”

Her lips greedily caught his and his hands searched her body, until they were pulling at the elastic waist of her purple shorts, trying to get it off. Quinn helped him and then situated herself on his lap again, only wearing a black panty that was already wet with her desires.

Zayd slipped it aside ~too desperate to take it off~ and his finger glided between her folds, circling her entrance before probing inside.

Quinn moaned, pulling away from the kiss and burying her head against his neck. “You missed me this bad, huh? You’re soaking wet, little red.”

A whimper left her lips as another finger, slid slowly up her walls, joining the other in both pleasuring and stretching her. She didn’t even know why she’d been playing hard to get when she knew she wanted this.

This deep and musky scent was one she’d been wanting to drown in ever since he’d set her ablaze this morning. Sleep? She hadn’t been worried about that because it was the last thing on her mind.

This thick, long shaft that was hardened beneath her bum was what tainted the desire of both her body and mind. Quinn unbuttoned his jeans, freeing it from the dark, blue underwear he wore...and then she huskily whispered by his ear. “Take your fingers out...I’m ready to put it in.”

Zayd took a deep and heavy breath as he pulled his fingers back. Her voice sounded so sexy, especially since she was saying those ungodly words. “Put it in now.”

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## Chapter 95 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn guided his c\*ck between her folds, sliding it against her clit and then fixating it at the very edge of her entrance.

Her green eyes found Zayd's, staring deep and lustfully as she slowly slid down, burying him inch by inch inside. His eyebrows knitted and the aloof expression on his face lost its perfection as his face contoured into what Quinn was sure was pleasure...

It was gorgeous, he was gorgeous. Those hazel eyes were so dark and vulnerable...needy and desperate. His want for her was more than just visible, so clear that even the blind could see.

Quinn cupped his cheek, a whimper leaving her lips as she guided him even deeper. The stretch was painful...but this pain was the real definition of pleasure... "Zayd..."

His name was a gasp, a whisper...subtle.

He licked his lips, grabbing onto her hips. "Yes angel?"

His voice was gruff, gravelly...so deep that it tickled her ears and unraveled her in the most sensual way possible.

"It feels so good..." Her thumb glided across his bottom lip. "Your c\*ck makes me feel so full, it's so dee~"

Before she could finish, Zayd's mouth was devouring hers; rough and sloppily. His nails were digging into her bare skin as he shoved her even further, deeper onto his c\*ck...not stopping until he was completely sheathed inside her.

Quinn's clit convulsed, the fullness, the depth, the kiss...it was driving her mad...pushing her off that cliff of control, breaking that tiny thread that had been holding her back. Her breath hitched as she slowly withdrew her hips, slamming back down onto his c\*ck.

The kiss broke then and Zayd groaned out as he held her tighter. "F\*ck Quinn..."

His voice had a tremor in it, coming out broken and low. It sounded as though he were straining, like he was holding back, hanging on to the same control she'd just let go of.

Her hips rocked forth and then back, and her high-pitched moans filled the room, dwelling with his harsh breaths. He leaned in to kiss her neck then her collarbone, and his hands drifted from her waist to grab ahold of her breasts.

He steered a nipple to his mouth, lapping it slowly before taking it into his warm recess; sucking and nibbling, then moving onto the next. He looked up at her after lathering both breasts with the sweet taste of his breath.

“Faster...” He begged her...with those plump, red lips that had always infatuated her.  
“Harder...”

Quinn acquiesced, whining her hips ~urgently, eagerly; trying to pleasure him while pleasuring herself.

For all he'd done for her, she wanted to do something for him. He could've been dead, and the blame would've fallen on her shoulder. It would've been tragic, mostly for her.

Losing him would've meant losing herself because he was the one guiding her. Every path she took, he was the one who led her towards it and the fact that she was still standing, still moving forward was definitely because she had him.

He probably didn't know, he probably didn't fully understand it, but he meant so much to her. Her moments with him were always moments that she wanted to last forever.

Thus why she was trying to give him the same feeling in return.

She'd never gone into a kitchen and tried to cook before, she knew she wasn't good at it...the least she could do was catch a fire out in the woods, and roast the meat she'd hunt...

But today, she'd felt the need to; for him, and not for herself like she said, but admitting that would be embarrassing. She wanted to please him, in any and every way. She wanted to do things for him too...

Even if she couldn't protect him as good as he could protect her, she wanted to be the one to make him happy. She didn't want to give him a reason to leave her like Jeo had...

She just...she just wanted him for herself...

Quinn's hips rotated, the heat burning within her stomach forcing her to move faster, to take him deeper. Zayd moaned against the mark on her neck. “I'm close...”

Hearing the ecstasy in his voice had Quinn's walls dripping even more slick, wetting his length, dripping down to his balls. Her legs were shaking now, trembling from the immense pleasure that burnt all throughout her.

A cry left her lips when he gripped her ass cheeks, controlling her movements; regulating them. Fast and then slow...deep and then shallow. She was high already, feeling the best she'd ever felt in her life.

Every time they made love, it felt better and better...she kept thinking that there couldn't be a moment better than their last, but he always managed to surprise her.

The length of his c\*ck, the thickness of it...was true perfection. She knew now that it was designed for nobody other than her. The heat of his kisses, the tingles that drifted from his touch...

It was all to die for...everything he did astonished and excited both her mind and her body...he truly was a god...one that only she could serve.

Quinn's hand reached up to grab beneath his chin, lifting his face so she could see it. The pleasure in his eyes was almost tangible...she could see it, but it also felt as though she could feel it. "Does it feel good?" She breathed out.

A question that he didn't even need to answer.

Zayd nodded, sinking his nails into the soft yet firm skin of her bum as he lifted her, slamming her back down against him. She threw her head back...the cry from her lips was silent and yet so f\*cking loud.

When his hands let go of her, she started to ride him herself again; f\*cking him so fast, taking him so damn deep. His hand reached around her neck, grabbing tight and forcing her to look at him. "You're a f\*cking devil..." He told her.

His other hand reached between her thighs, two of his fingers caressing her clit. Quinn felt like she couldn't breathe, and it wasn't just because he was holding her neck...this was all...it was too f\*cking much.

She was so close to exploding...to letting go, to ascend from this place to an even higher height, and when he loosened her neck and his tongue lapped greedily at her mark, she could not hold back.

A scream descended the depths of her throat as she came, and it echoed out even louder when his teeth sunk into her mark, claiming her as his once again.

Her body shook against his, and when her hips stopped moving, Zayd started to move his, taking her even higher. Tears burst from the corners of her eyes and then from that place that withheld all her desires; soaking Zayd's legs and the sheets beneath them.

It felt so good...goddess, she'd never felt this good in her entire life...it was intense, even more so when she felt his cum gushing against her walls, filling her to the very brim...

He pulled his c\*ck out of her and then his teeth, laying her back on the bed and situating himself over her. She was lost, still trapped in cloud nine with legs that were still shaking.

“F\*ck! You’re so sexy...” He lapped the blood on her neck and then grasped beneath her knees, forcing her legs back...leaving her wide and open for him to see.

His c\*ck probed her entrance ~still hard, still thick and long~ and then he slammed into her...so hard that she was coming again...squirting on his c\*ck, on her thighs...on the bed.

Her hand weakly reached for his chest, pushing him back with little to no strength. “Zayd please...f\*ck, please Zayd...”

He slammed into her again, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head. God dammit...! F\*ck...

Her nails scraped against the skin of his chest, leaving marks that showcased just deep and lost in pleasure she was. “W-When...?” She asked him, and he gyrated his hips, thrusting deeper. “When what, my little bundle of flames?”

Quinn looked up at him through her blurry eyes. “When is the ceremony? When will I be able to mark you as mine too?”

“Soon,” he told her... “I’ll make sure of it.”

“Tomorrow night...?” She pulled him closer, so elevated and desperate. “I want to claim you...I want to own you...”

Zayd’s chest rumbled with a growl. “Goddess you’re sexy; your voice, your face, your body. Hearing you speak so freely...hearing you say something like that...” He situated his forehead against hers. “It makes me know just how much you want me...just how much you’ve been holding back. You should be this honest more often, tell me how you really feel and what you really want...I’ll undoubtedly give it to you.”

He planted his lips against hers, and then he pulled back, allowing her to catch her breath before speaking again. “Yes, little red...I’ll make sure that the ceremony is held tomorrow night...I’ll let you mark me, and then I’ll allow you to claim me in any way you want.”

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## CHAPTER 96~ WHOLE DAY TOGETHER

# Chapter 96 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Zayd ran his hand through his wet hair, looking over at Quinn who stood beside him in the shower. She was glaring, arms folded across her chest. He scoffed playfully at her. "What? You're the one who promised to spend every second, every minute and every hour of today with me."

"I didn't say that...I merely said I'd spend the day with you."

"Same thing..." Zayd shrugged.

Quinn sighed, leaning against the glass walls. "That still doesn't necessarily mean you should invade my shower time."

"It does..." Zayd stepped closer to her. "Aren't you going to wash up?"

"Not until you leave...!"

"Well then..." He lifted his hand with the soapy washcloth in it and glided it over her shoulders, then down her chest, stopping where her arms were crossed. He looked up at her expectantly. "Move them..."

Quinn chuckled as she dropped her arms. "You're really not going to leave, are you?"

Zayd slid the cloth over her breast, her stomach and then met her gaze. "No." He nestled himself even closer as he soaped her thighs. "Spread them..."

"I'll wash myself...move." She pushed him out the way as she reached for the soap. "I thought you'd leave after we brushed our teeth, but it's my fault for leaving the door open."

"Keep leaving it open..." Zayd shamelessly suggested, and Quinn narrowed her eyes at him. "Next time you'll be outside knocking until I'm done."

Zayd laughed. "You'd eventually open it, I know there's a soft spot in your heart for me."

"There was...it's gone now."

"How? What'd I do?"

"Nothing...you did nothing."

It was a sarcastic remark that Zayd easily picked up on. "Is it because personal space doesn't exist in my vocabulary?"

"That and the fact that you're always horny."

Zayd looked down at his hard-on. “Ignore it...this is the only morning sickness I have...it’s also because you’re so sexy.”

“I’ll ignore it alright...I didn’t even look.”

“Lies. You’ve looked like five times already...”

“Shut up!”

Zayd chuckled at her flustered look, deciding to change the subject. “You know...I’m gonna go for a line up today, gotta look like a whole new person for the ceremony.”

“Yeah...you look good with a fresh cut.”

“I look good always.”

“Not a lie, but you look better with a fresh cut.”

“Should I line up everyday then?”

“I’m not...” Quinn rolled her eyes. “I’m not even going to answer that.”

“Why not?” Zayd giggled.

“Because who’d line up every day? That doesn’t even make sense.”

Zayd’s suppressed laugh turned into a hearty one as he hugged around her. “I mean...I’d do it, for you at least.”

“You don’t have to, I’d love you even if you didn’t know what shaving is.”

“Scratch the amount of hair that’d be on my head...let’s talk about the ones that’d be on my d\*ck.”

Quinn balled her hand and lightly hit his chest. “Do you really have to go there...?”

“Well, I mean...if we’re going to go down that road, why not just go all the way?”

“I’m done talking to you...let go, so I can shower in peace.”

She said that, but throughout their whole time showering together, they bickered and went back and forth until they finally stepped out of the bathroom.

They got dressed together and as promised, they spent the day in the same breathing space. There wasn’t a dull moment, even when there was nothing to talk about, the silence and the skin contact made them comfortable.



They ate from the same plate...

Drank from the same cup...

Watched the same crappy cartoon that came on the TV down the hall...

And then ran through the same bushes that strived on the far end of his land when they needed fresh air...

Zayd had dragged her behind him to get his lineup a little after their run, and when the day was done and the night finally feasted and devoured the light, they'd separated.

The outside was filled with lights that led to the podium on the meeting grounds. The air calm; light and yet graceful...much like the music that traveled densely along with it.

There was a crowd around the elevated area of the grounds, waiting for the real show to begin. Some of them were drinking, some were filling their guts with the food being served, and some were gossiping...wondering if this would go just as it did the last time. Would they have to do this a third time if it didn't go well?

Or would they finally have a real Luna? Something the whole pack had been looking forward to for years...

They could only hope...hope to have someone other than their alpha to look up to...someone who could give them advice and help them strive...someone who could not only protect, but efficiently guide them.

They've seen her...the woman who had once been a weak and puny human was now a beta with a scent that left a strong trail. She was different now, even from afar they'd noticed.

Her eyes didn't hold the shame they did before. They were green and vibrant; just how a Luna's eyes should be. But was she the one who could lead them to a new era?

It was a constant and common talk amongst the pack members, yet still nobody knew the answer. But they trusted their alpha, he'd always done what's best for the pack despite being cold and distant. He knew how to lead, and they'd follow him...even if they had the choice not to.

While all of this occurred on the outside, Zayd and Quinn were inside, getting ready separately.

Zayd was with Dantae and Frederick, and Quinn was with Marcia and Rachel, who promised to help her look her best.

They were both unaware of how each other would look; what they'd wear, but they were conscious of the happiness that neutrally flowed through their bond.

It for one calmed the anxiousness they felt, but the anticipation was like a brick in their way. They wanted to see each other, despite spending the whole day glued together, they were dying to come face to face on the podium.

Zayd was the first to step foot up there, wearing a white suit which went well with his neatly slicked back hair. He stood patiently in front of the elder that'd perform the ceremony tonight, waiting for Quinn to grace the crowd with her beauty.

The minutes felt like hours, torturing him, playing with his sanity...but when the crowd separated and Quinn lit up the darkness with nothing but an angelic glow, every worry he'd felt ceased to exist.

He straightened himself, clasping his hands tight in front of him and clenching his jaws to suppress the smile that wanted to spread across his face.

He'd tried his best, to look nonchalant, to be himself, but when she smiled at him, he couldn't help but widely smile back.

She looked so beautiful...she was walking towards him with his father beside her, but he could only see her.

Just her...wearing that long, pink dress that made her look so different than she normally did. It looked pretty on her, that color was definitely something he'd love to see her in again. Her hair was caught in a high ponytail; full and long; wafting just above her shoulders and her face...

Her face lightly damped with makeup, her lips with pink lipstick, and it all just made her...she was just so beautiful that he could barely explain it; resplendent, radiant...

Nicholas led her up the stairs, and every step she took towards him was like food to his exhilarating heart.

When she was finally in front of him, he was breathing, and yet, it felt like he wasn't. She was so pretty that her presence made him nervous.

What did he do to deserve such a beauty?

Did the goddess favor him this much to gift him such a woman to him?

Did he even truly deserve her?

It didn't matter if he did...she was his, and after tonight, his ownership of her would be irrevocable...she'd really be his bundle of flames forever. ..he wouldn't let her go, even when the world perished, and they perished along with it.

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## Chapter 97 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn wrung her hands in front of her...she was nervous, this was the second time she stood up on a podium, but this time she was giving herself entirely to a different man.

She didn't feel the shame she should...instead there was this joyful feeling that flourished around her fleetly beating heart. As she looked into Zayd's hazel eyes which were so different from Jeo's blue ones, she felt no lugubrious, no doubt...just a growing sense of happiness that made her feel light; like a feather.

She smiled, restraining the act of stepping even closer.

He looked so handsome, she told him a fresh cut always looked good on him, but he'd even styled his hair in a slick back undercut that suited him perfectly. His ever so dark hazel eyes were crinkling with colorful emotions tonight, and he was smiling so brightly that it seemed blinding...

His suit was tailored just for him, it was precise, etching to his skin in complete and flawless perfection. This was her first time seeing him in a full suit of white and she...it was shameless, but though he looked so hot...piece by piece, she wanted to strip him of it.

Her hands twitched into tight fists as she looked away from him. She could feel as the blood rushed to her cheeks. Her mind was drifting too far, breaching way ahead of the night.

She pursed her lips, just as the priest stepped up beside them, clearing his throat. "Since the couple is finally together, let us begin."

The music lowered immediately, and Quinn felt like her heart was beating in her ears. She tightened her fists, just as she heard a voice in her head; Zayd's voice. 'Look at me...'

Her eyes darted around the crowd before finally settling on him. He smiled towards her. 'Calm down...everything will be fine.'

Quinn nodded. 'I know...'

'Good, just pay attention to me.'

Quinn swallowed...if not before, then she wanted to drool all over him now. He thought she was panicking. She wasn't. She was just trying to control the urge to step closer, to flick the jacket off his shoulders and hold him. 'Alright...'

He didn't say anything else, but his eyes stayed glued to hers, staring deep into her heart, deep past her soul. His gaze was dripping all over her, she felt like they were stripping her, touching her deepest secret...those eyes, those beautiful eyes.

"Today we bring Quinn Felon and Zayd Novak together; forming a bond that shall bud and bloom ~ grow and strengthen...one that will never fail nor falter ~ weaken nor perish now until forever. However, before we proceed, is there anyone in the crowd that disagrees with their union?"

The people stayed quiet, silently giving Zayd and Quinn their blessing. The priest stepped back. "With I as witness as well as the members of this pack, you may carry on. The alpha shall make the first mark and his luna shall be last."

Zayd took one large step towards Quinn and Quinn did not waver nor fall back, He grabbed the back of her head, kissing her forehead before burying his face in the crook of her neck.

He took a deep breath, sucking up her scent, and then his teeth extracted...grating against her bare and soft skin. Quinn closed her eyes as they sunk in...the pain and the pleasure, she felt it all, shooting through her like stars. Her knees weakened; buckled, and she'd have fallen if his free hand hadn't grasped around her waist...serving as an anchor.

Her body trembled against his, her eyes rolling back as she gripped into his white jacket, trying to pull him closer, to garner more of his warmth. His teeth slipped out of her neck, and that's when Quinn let go of the low moan she'd been holding on to.

He pulled back and Quinn opened her eyes to stare up at him, this was it...it was time to do what she'd wanted to, to claim him; completely. Her grip on his shirt tightened as she tipped up on her toes, burying her face in the crook of his neck.

Petrichor and apricot...despite the many people around, that's all she could smell. Her teeth extracted and for the first time since she'd known him, they sunk into his neck, tasting his blood...drinking his scent.

She could feel the bond like she'd never felt it before; something magnetic, powerful and magical flowing like blood all throughout her. They were becoming one; numerous emotions were flashing across their minds, flooding from one only to drown the other...

Love; pure and unconditional love...

Anxiousness; an urgencies to draw even nearer...

Excitement; joy that was uncontained...

And a thriving sense of peace and satisfaction. She withdrew her teeth, but didn't pull away from him. She couldn't, his scent was tempting her, playing with her emotions and the sudden and desperate crave that entered her was difficult to ignore.

Zayd didn't let go of her either, not until the priest pulled them apart. The blood that dripped down Zayd's neck, he used it to paint half of a moon on Quinn's forehead, and he did the same with her blood.

He then grabbed their hands, entangling them. "I now pronounce you as one. This bond will not be disturbed or broken. I and the rest of the pack wish you two nothing but flourishing happiness in your ultimate step to be together. The pack will only grow under your guidance. This occurring will never be pinned as a mistake...it shall always remain valid and well-grounded. All the best..."

That was it...the end.

The crowd below roared out in joy, and Zayd grinned as he pulled her against his chest. "The party has just started, but we're leaving. I don't know about you, but I can't take it anymore. I want you."

Quinn nestled her face into his shirt. "You too..." She grumbled in response to his whispered words. "I want you too."

Zayd didn't wait for her to say anything more, he pulled back and grabbed her hand, leading her off the podium. His steps were rushed, he didn't even stop to thank the people who congratulated him as he passed them.

The rush made her aware that he felt the same desperation she did...the strong crave to dwell in the comfort of his warmth...

Her steps coordinated with his as they ached to the east wing, giving in to the desire they felt. As soon as Zayd's door closed behind them, he shoved her against it, planting his lips against hers.

The kiss was filled with urgency, he kissed her with an ardor that was unmatched...passion that she'd never experienced before. Quinn grabbed his jacket, pushing it off of him while she greedily sucked his lips.

When it fell to the floor, she started unbuttoning his white shirt with hands that moved clumsily. Zayd pulled away from the kiss, helping her to get rid of it, and then he kicked his white shoes off, and breathed against her lips. "Turn around, angel."

Quinn acquiesced, turning around and bracing against the door. He unzipped her dress, watching as it cascaded slowly down to her feet as soon as he shoved the sleeves off her shoulders.

Beneath it, she was wearing a black lingerie two-piece set that suited her perfectly. It was made mostly of mesh material, not doing a good job at covering much of anything. More than half if not all of her ass was visible...she looked so f\*cking hot.

Quinn looked back at him; diffidently. “Rachel bought this for me...she told me to wear it...with nothing else but the dress. It’s a little embarrassing, isn’t it? It’s uncomfortable, and it leaves me feeling completely naked.”

“Embarrassing?” Zayd turned her towards him, so he could view her appearance from the front. He understood what she meant, she was indeed naked...her p\*ssy was peeping right through the V slit of the panties. He didn’t have to slide it aside or take it off to f\*ck her...all she needed to do was spread those legs. “It’s sexy...you look so sexy. So damn hot that I’m almost speechless.”

Quinn fumbled her hands, staring up at him beneath her lashes. “As long as you say so...” She looked away from him as she bent to take off the low heels she wore, stashing it aside before kneeling on both knees in front of him.

Zayd tilted his head in confusion. “Quinn what are you~?”

“Shhh...let me do it once more. Let me worship you...”

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## CHAPTER 98~ A NEVERENDING NIGHT

# Chapter 98 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

“Shhh...let me do it once more. Let me worship you...”

Her hand reached into his underwear, slow and yet eagerly taking his c\*ck out. It was hard, standing so fierce in front of green eyes that ran down the thick length of it.

Quinn gripped it tighter, licking her lips, moistening them before circling the tip with her tongue. He groaned lowly, a sound that lit another fire within her, one that blazed boisterously...one that scorched her dangerously...

Her eyes darted up to stare at him just as she took him into her mouth, gobbling up what she could and stroking the rest of him with her hand. His eyes were so dark and lustful...hidden

behind them was a hunger that wanted to feast upon her...but she too wanted to feast upon him; slowly and mercilessly...

It was official now, she was his...and she'd staked her claim on him; claiming him as her alpha...as her king, thus why she needed to worship him...just as he'd many times worshiped her.

Her head bobbed back, her mouth melting around the head of his c\*ck. It felt warm against her tongue; warm and heavy...weighing her down in the most pleasurable way possible.

The heat within her was tantalizing, and her clit kept convulsing, wanting to be touched, wanting to be satiated.

As her free hand reached between her legs, she released his c\*ck from her mouth and instead licked from the tip to base, wetting it in her saliva, claiming it just as she'd just now claimed his neck.

Zayd's hand reached for her head, grabbing onto her ponytail and using it to tilt her head back so she gazed solely up at him. He then grabbed his c\*ck, guiding it to the thin line between her lips. It was glistening; sloppy and slicked with her spit. "Open your mouth..." He told her.

Quinn opened her mouth; wide, her tongue sticking out, flickering against his c\*ck when he slowly thrust it inside of her warm recess again. He moaned above her, clenching those sharp jaws. "Does it turn you on?" He shoved his c\*ck deeper, making sure that it touched the back of her throat before retreating. "Does sucking my d\*ck make you anxious? Does it make you feel good? Is that why you're touching yourself?"

Quinn's fingers rolled her clit, she didn't want to admit it...but she nodded her head anyway, deciding to be honest, to not conceal anything...at least for tonight.

"You're hot..." He grumbled out randomly. "On your knees with such innocent eyes, doing something so f\*cking filthy."

He rammed back into her mouth, and Quinn's fingers quickened instinctively as she gagged around his manhood. The thickness of it made it hard for her to breathe, and the fact that he kept pressing it so deep...felt surprisingly and exceptionally good.

Her eyes watered as he rammed into her mouth again, using her for the sake of his pleasure. His c\*ck slammed against her jaws, scraped against her teeth...and glided roughly against her tongue. She was burning up, the furnace within her kept growing, not stopping until it was close to wholly consuming her, until she was at the very brink of exploding.

A moan vibrated through her chest, and Zayd's eyes darkened as his c\*ck slipped off the tip of her tongue. Instead of putting it back in, he stooped in front of her, impatiently planting his lips against hers.

His fingers crawled between her legs, shoving hers aside; replacing them. To his touch, it seemed she was more vulnerable; sensitive. It felt better, every time he rolled his finger, her eyes rolled further back into her head; faster, harder...he didn't stop...

And in just seconds, her head was thrown back and a cry of pleasure plunged from her mouth as she came. Her body trembled viciously, and her hands grabbed onto him, holding him close as he brought her high enough to touch the clouds.

She ground against his fingers, riding out her wave until she was finally able to catch her breath. His fingers stopped moving then, and he stood up, completely ridding himself of the underwear. He was naked now, his body so thick and muscular; almost seeming impenetrable. "Stand."

The one word was deep, raspy...a command that riled Quinn up once again.

Her legs quivered as she stood on them, leaning back against the door, looking at him...waiting for him to continue. He drew closer, grabbing her left thigh and lifting it against his waist.

"You did good, angel..." Quinn shivered at his praise and again when she felt his c\*ck slide between her folds, settling at her entrance. "You did so f\*cking good."

And then slowly he invaded her walls...so slow that Quinn knew it was deliberate. He wanted her to feel him, every inch of him...breaching deeper...to a place where only his c\*ck belonged.

His free hand reached beneath her neck, grabbing loosely, and her unsteady gaze immediately fixated on him. "Does it feel good? Is it driving you off the edge too, Quinn?"

Quinn nodded her head, her teeth sliding across her lips as his c\*ck bruised her insides. "Yes..." She answered him. "So f\*cking good."

She grabbed his hand around her neck, putting pressure on it as if to tell him to do the same. He got the message. His loose grip tightened, squeezing her neck to the point where she could barely breathe and instead of his slow strokes, he drove the rest of him inside of her with one hard thrust.

Quinn moaned out breathlessly, gripping his hand tighter when she really couldn't breathe. He loosened his grip then, but didn't completely let go. "Tonight you're..." He smiled, a dark and lopsided smile that seemed to promise her hell...and she was actually looking forward to it. "Your scent is so much denser, and your body is mesmerizing."

His tongue flickered out, running along the length of her lips. "Your p\*ssy is so wet too, wet and tight...it always gets me off."

When his tongue licked her lips again, Quinn opened her mouth and grabbed it, kissing him wildly; desperately. Zayd grabbed beneath her other thigh, lifting her against the door and stuffing his c\*ck even deeper into her.



He retreated his hips, only to stroke her again...passion clear in his movements and then in his eyes when he pulled away from the kiss to stare at her. The first quarter moon that had been drawn on his forehead was now nothing but pale blood scattered over his skin, and she could bet that hers was the same.

She reached out to cup his cheek, resting her forehead against his, while moaning out his name in a low and incoherent whisper. He lengthened his strokes; slowed them, gyrating his hips and continuously hitting that spot that made her p\*ssy drool. "F\*ck...so good. I'm close."

Zayd breathed against her lips; a broken breath filled with pleasure. "Me too..." He confessed. "But tonight is far from being over. I'm going to f\*ck you again and again and then again."

His words pushed her off the edge, and she completely fell into the rough waters of pleasure when he started to hammer into her. Fast and then slow...but always so f\*cking hard.

She cried out brokenly, her arms wrapping around his neck as she hugged him close, living in the moment, wanting to stay in it forever.

Zayd licked her neck, groaning from how tight her walls gripped him when she clenched them. She was ready to ascend, and he was too. His teeth extracted, and he grated them against her skin before slowly biting in.

Her scream of pleasure had his balls twitching, and anticipation caged him when her teeth extracted, sinking deep into his neck also. He could feel as her p\*ssy cried in bliss, squirting its juices all over his c\*ck and all over his abdomen.

Zayd moaned, the pleasure of being claimed, being owned roared through him like a lion and his cum splashed against her walls, soaking them in what would remain remnants of him.

He pulled his teeth out, and she did the same, breathing heavily against him. She sounded tired, but he was far from being worn out...far from being done. "Hold on to me."

Qunn hugged him tighter as he led her to the bed, laying her still shaking body onto his mattress. He spread her legs, peering between them with a look of satisfaction. "F\*ck...! This pretty little p\*ssy...tell me that I own it."

Quinn bit her lips, her eyes hooded...turning him on even more. "Y-Yours..." She stuttered out. "I'm yours. My p\*ssy, my whole body, my heart and my soul...it all belongs to you."

He growled as he probed two fingers inside, using them to f\*ck her until she was shaking quite vividly again, legs clamping shut as she wet the bed. It was amusing to watch; her expression as she climaxed was enough to full his hard c\*ck with newfound desire.

He grabbed her convulsing thighs, roughly pulling them open again. She begged him, those green eyes glistening with tears begged him to have mercy, but he didn't. He rammed back into

her...starting a night he didn't think would ever end. "After this, we're doing backshots...I want to make use of that innocent ponytail you've made with your hair."

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## CHAPTER 99~ A TEASE

# Chapter 99 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn threw Zayd's arm off of her as soon as she felt his hard-on against her thigh, rolling off the bed. His eyes chased her as she walked towards the bathroom, and then he sat up, shuffling off the bed too.

His steps mirrored hers, but before he could step foot into the bathroom, the door slammed shut in his face and then clicked locked. He laughed, flatting his palms against the door. "Come on, Quinn...do you have to be stubborn on the day after our mating ceremony?"

Quinn clicked her tongue, she was standing right behind the door, smirking smugly. "I told you, didn't I? One of these days you'll be outside knocking until I'm done...it's today."

"You're joking, aren't you? Do it tomorrow."

"You'll be too prepared...I don't like that."

Zayd groaned. "I just want to brush my teeth, I swear."

"Exactly what you said last time."

"No...this time I added the I swear."

Quinn rolled her eyes. "Go away, Zayd."

He knocked once and then twice, turning the knob in vain. "I don't want to. Just open the door, I wanna check on something."

"Did you just come up with a new excuse? How lovely. What do you want to check on?"

"You..." His voice deepened, becoming raspy. "Aren't you the only thing important to me in there?"

Quinn cleared her throat, leaning back against the door. “Do you think I’m a baby?”

“You’re my baby.”

“I don’t think so, that’s not what I am to you. If you tell me what I want to hear, I’ll open the door.”

“Are teasing me right now.” He chuckled. “It’s sexy.”

“I learned from the best; the god of teasing...and why is everything is sexy to you?”

“As long as it concerns you, it’ll be sexy.”

“Likewise...” Quinn confessed. “But get back to the point, tell me, what am I to you?”

“My bundle of flames?”

“No...”

“My angel?”

“No, Zayd!”

“My little red?”

“Nope...”

“Then...” He paused. “My mate?”

“Close...but I’ve been promoted now.”

“My luna?!”

He sounded so sure this time, and Quinn laughed, clicking the door unlocked. She moved away from it, so he could open it without hurting her.

He did, eyes clashing with hers almost immediately. She looked away, moving to stand in front of the sink, reaching for her toothbrush. “You’re not wrong, but you’re not completely right though. I only opened the door because you put in a little effort.”

Zayd closed the door and walked up behind her, caging her between his arms as he held on to the rim of the sink. “What’s the right answer, then?”

Quinn turned towards him, tipping up on her toes to whisper in his ears. “I’m your owner now...” She tapped the mark on his neck. “This is proof of it.”

“Damn...” Zayd squeezed the thick surface, watching as she twisted away from him with a smirk on those flawless lips. She really did learn from the best...who else but him could’ve taught her to do something like this?

She grabbed for the toothpaste, squeezing some on the toothbrush in her hand. Zayd shifted from behind her to stand beside her. “This is...your teasing hurts way more than mine does...not fair.” His hand reached out, but instead of grabbing his toothbrush like he’d initially planned, it redirected to slam against her ass cheeks.

She yelped out in surprise, turning to glare at him with the toothbrush in her mouth. “Asshole...”

The word came out muffled, but he heard it. “Am I going to have to suffer like this every morning to come into my own bathroom?”

Quinn pulled the toothbrush out of her mouth. “Our bathroom...” She corrected him. “You’re the one who wanted to share a room. Share fairly, the bathroom is also mine...which means I can also demand privacy when I’m in it.”

“Privacy from me? Somebody you claim to own.” His hand smoothed over the flushed skin, rubbing and squeezing it.

Quinn slapped at his hand, but he didn’t move it. “Yes...especially from you.”

Zayd slapped her again, lighter this time. The sound was mesmerizing, but the feel beneath his hand affected him even more. Her skin was so soft and smooth. “Bear in mind that it’s vice versa...I f\*cking own you too. Privacy shouldn’t even be a word between us.”

His voice and his words had Quinn shifting from foot to foot, while trying her best to keep her thighs closed...to keep the scent of her arousal from spreading. “Just shut up and brush your teeth. Stop feeling up my ass too.”

Zayd pulled his hand back. “Alright...don’t want you to wet yourself and then blame it on me.” He grabbed his toothbrush, lining the straws with toothpaste before shoving it into his mouth.

Quinn rolled her eyes, mirroring his actions.

Together, they brushed their teeth and showered...they might’ve messed around until they had another naughty session instigated by Zayd, and then they’d gotten dressed and collected breakfast from a blonde girl who knocked on the door.

When they returned to the bed, Quinn knitted her brows at him. “Where’s Larna...? I haven’t seen her since I came back.”

Zayd shrugged, reaching for a toasted bread. “She’s dead.”

Quinn's eyes widened, and her heart felt like it had stopped beating for a second. "W-What? Larna's dead? When? H-How...?"

"I killed her."

Quinn froze. "Why would you...? Why'd you do that?"

"She was in league with your father, she was Jake's beta's mate...a spy from their side. She drugged my patrollers the night you were taken so it'd be easier for your father to take you."

"I...oh..." Quinn's shoulders sagged. It was hard to believe. Although she hadn't been close to Larna, she'd seen her every day. She was the one who brought her clothes and food, and she was nice...

She seemed like someone who had a good soul, and she might've had a good soul, but it's not rare for people to be faced with dangerous and unavoidable situations. She did what any mate would do, because Quinn would've definitely become a spy if it meant saving Zayd from a greater enemy...

And Zayd was an enemy to Jake's pack...to Larna's mate's pack...she'd done something evil and yet understandable.

Quinn sighed and Zayd reached forward to ruffle her hair. "Don't think about it too much, it wasn't your fault. None of what happened or what will happen is your fault...and in the long run, don't call me cruel for giving people their karma, don't hate me either."

"How could I ever hate you? It might hurt, but you killed her to protect me."

"You're right, and I'd do worst." He opened his arms, beckoning her between them. "Come here."

Quinn slid into his arms, and he held her tight against him. "I know you don't like hurting people, I've observed that the night we met when you let those three rogues get away, but there are people who actually deserve to die. People who won't stop hurting you until they perish. You don't have to get rid of them yourself...as your alpha, I'll gladly do it for you. As long as I'm around, nobody will ever hurt you again...unlike before, I trust nobody when it comes to you.

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Quinn held his hand that rested against her stomach. "Okay...and you're the only person I trust."

"That's exactly how it should be." He kissed her cheek just before taking a bite out of the bread in his free hand. "What are we doing today? I'm gonna be free, but I'll have to go to the office tomorrow, Frederick said more work has been filing in ever since we kicked Jake's ass. Nothing I haven't done before, but it was a little special this time around according to them. The yearly

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“I haven’t been there,” Quinn confessed. “The annual meet and greet, I mean. Jeo’s pack was never qualified to go, you turned down our applications. So mean.”

Zayd laughed. “I’m glad you’ve never gone there before, especially with him. You’ll be going with me this year, you’ll experience it for the first time with me. It’s boring though, it’s just a bunch of cocky alphas standing around with their beta, gammas and mates...drinking wine and then having dinner. There will be a couple of entertainers and music will also be played all throughout the night...it’ll probably be better now since you’ll be there.”

Quinn smiled. “You think so?”

“I know so.”

She gave his hand a squeeze, biting into the bread when he brought it to her lips. “As for what we can do today, how about visiting the training grounds? The doctor told me to exercise my wolf and check back with him within a week.”

“Sounds fun...although you wouldn’t be able to beat me up.”

“I know that, but I will surely try.”

“Just as I expected from this hot little bundle of flames.”

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“Sounds fun...although you wouldn’t be able to beat me up.”

“I know that, but I will surely try.”

“Just as I expected from this hot little bundle of flames.”

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## CHAPTER 100~ THE PERFECT STANCE

# Chapter 100 - The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

Quinn had overestimated herself...she could barely beat Zayd's warriors on the field, much less beat him. As soon as she stood up, he'd knock her back down.

It got to a point where she'd changed back into her human form just to poke her middle finger in her face. He said she was his baby, and he wasn't even trying to treat her like one.

The only pity he had for her was suggesting she tried fighting one of his warriors, since she wouldn't be able to win against him. That warrior went easy on her, she knew...there were so many openings in her stance, and yet he stroked at none. He made her beat him voluntarily and Quinn hated it...that's why she went back to having Zayd continuously trip her only to snicker in the mind link when she fell.

Harsh...but it made her realize that she was way behind on training and that her wolf really wasn't back to its full strength yet. Maybe if she fought him in hand-to-hand combat, she'd land a few hits...but at this rate, she'd end up falling until she couldn't get up again.

Narrowing her eyes at him, she sighed...flopping down against the low grass. 'Move, I'm done playing with you since that's what you're doing.'

'You knew I wouldn't seriously fight you, Quinn. Your wolf is still weak.'

'That doesn't mean you should turn me into a joke.'

'I'm not, I jus...' Zayd looked around at the pack members who surrounded them on the fields, watching her fail for the hundredth time. 'Ohh, that's what you mean. Them...?'

'Yes, that's exactly what I mean...at least take me seriously in front of them.'

'Alright, I'm serious now...stand up.' Quinn stood up, regaining her stance, and Zayd did the same. "Push your right hind leg back a little more. It improves your balance and gives you a more powerful start."

Quinn did as told, and he nodded in her direction. ‘And raise your head a little more, keep your eyes on me...every move I make could end up in you being dead. Make sure to catch onto everything I do, the movements of my feet, the flow of my body...it can give you an idea of what my next attack will be.’

Her head rose an inch higher...he was serious now, there wasn’t an ounce of playfulness left in those hazel eyes. ‘Be calm, not eager. If you ace to finish the fight, then you’ll end up losing it. Don’t get impatient, don’t get too cocky...never underestimate an opponent.’

‘Underestimating somebody like you, I’d be a fool to do it.’

‘Come at me.’

Quinn’s paws dug into the ground as she bound towards him. He didn’t move, he stood his ground until she was close enough to land an attack before effortlessly stepping out of the way. Her feet skidded against the grass as she came to a stop, quickly twisting to face him. ‘A predictable attack...do something I won’t expect, especially if you’re making the first move. You’re aware that I’m a stronger opponent, I can read your attacks, what can you do to still make sure you land a blow...even if it is a small one?’

Quinn thought about it as he circled her on the field; slowly, like a predator would its prey. ‘Don’t tell me, just do it.’

A growl rumbled through his chest as he finally ran at her...he was fast, the fact that his wolf was bigger than hers and most likely faster was an advantage he could always put to use. She barely managed to avoid his attack...and though she did, she wasn’t quick enough to avoid the next one. His body hammered into hers with little to no restraint, shoving her back on her side against the bed of the field. Before he could leap and hover over her, she rolled to her feet, creating a considerable amount of space between them.

He gave her the chance to...he might be serious, but he was still going easy on her. Quinn recited his words...

‘I can read your attacks, what can you do to still make sure you land a blow...even if it is a small one?’

What could she...?

Quinn piqued up...if he could read her attacks, then she just had to change them when he thinks he has her all figured out. Go after his neck, but then land the attack somewhere trivial, somewhere he’d least expect it.

She regained her position, blowing out a breath as she watched him wait. His stance was confident, too perfect...he really was born to be an alpha; a king.

Her fur drove back with the wind as she ran towards him...her eyes stayed focused...on his body, on his feet and then on his neck. She wanted him to be sure that his most vital spot was her aim.

When she got close enough, she shifted before he could, abandoning her attack and instigating a new one. Her body collided with his, and her claws dug into his side when he staggered a few feet back.

She'd wanted him to fall, so she could grasp control of this battle, but his stance had been too strong for her to knock him down. She fell back as soon as he regained his composure, creating space between them once more.

She then curled her lips back, preparing to run at him again, but he beat her to it, his paws digging up the dirt and bringing him just inches away from her. She dodged, or more like she tried to, but one hit from him slammed her on her back against the grass.

He settled over her, snarling victoriously. 'Change back.' He mind linked her.

Quinn sighed, and her bones started to crack, not stopping until she was a naked human being beneath him. He changed back too, leaning down to kiss her forehead. "You did good."

The praise was the first thing to leave those luscious, red lips, and though it made Quinn feel good, she still chose to respond snarkily. "Apparently not good enough~"

Before she could finish, the crowd that had grown even bigger around them started to clap. She'd forgotten they were there, but now that they'd revealed their presence once again, a blush crept to her freckled cheeks.

She glanced around at the familiar and unfamiliar faces, and then hid her face against Zayd's chest. "Is the applause for you or for me?"

"It's for you, idiot...you landed a blow, of course they'd clap."

"Yeah, I only landed a blow because you wanted me to...you were obviously still joking around."

"I wasn't..."

"Just admit it, you were." Quinn harmlessly punched at his shoulder. "Get off so I can move...I'm done fighting you now."

"So they can all see what belongs to me? Coda is on her way with the robes. Wait..."

"Wait...? You're really doing this even though it's normal to walk around naked, especially on a training ground where it's completely inevitable?"

“Yeah...”

Quinn wiggled beneath him and then gave up when he wouldn't budge. “When you said you were possessive and obsessive, I never thought it'd be this bad.” She sighed. “But alright, let's wait...let's do what pleases you...since it might be pleasing to me too.”

It didn't take long for Coda to come ~the blond hair, blue-eyed girl who'd delivered their breakfast~ in fact, it took her less than a minute. It was as though Zayd had requested this of her as soon as Quinn changed forms. The robes were handed to Zayd, both black in color, and as soon as he got off, he threw one over her bare body.

Quinn covered herself as she got up, smiling awkwardly at the pack members who still stuck around. Zayd led her off the fields and on their way back to the pack house, they met Dantae.

He pulled Zayd aside, whispering words that only Zayd could hear in his ears. “You got two letters I believe you'd want to read for yourself.”

“From whom?”

“One's from Jeovanni Lum and as for the other, the sender is unknown.”

Zayd looked at Quinn who stood in her spot, waiting for him. He stepped towards her, hugging around her waist and kissing her forehead. “I know I said I'd spend today with you, it's the very day after our ceremony too...but I have to go to the office and when I enter that f\*cking room, I know I won't be able to come out until it gets dark. I'm sorry.”

Quinn gave him sad eyes, but eyes that meant that she understood. “It's fine, I'll use the free time to cook you dinner with Marcia...I'll even take it to you.”

“Thanks Quinn.” She opted to walk away, but he grabbed her hand. “Kiss me properly first, and I'll make sure to make it up to you later.”

Quinn scoffed, rolling her eyes and glancing towards Dantae who did the puke face before turning away. “You can do whatever you want, I won't look...I'll puke if I do, too much love makes my stomach churn.”

Quinn laughed as she tipped up on her toes, pecking Zayd's lips before trying to pull away. He didn't let her, he grabbed the back of her head, kissing her deeply, properly before letting her go.

He walked away first, waving at her. “I want pasta...Marcia will know what I mean.”

Quinn waved back at him with a single nod and a smile. “Alright...”