

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 18— YOU'RE AFRAID



He began with leaving blatant marks on her inner thigh, riling her up until she could barely take it anymore. His eyes were still on her, watching her as he moved closer to the apex of her thighs.

Quinn was impossibly wet, so much so that she felt ashamed of herself. It's been months since she had any form of intimate contact, and now this man was giving her more than Jeo ever could with just a few touches.

Her hands clenched by her side as she waited for him to reach the climax, as well as the conclusion of this night. He chuckled, the sound throaty. "You're so impatient, little red...but then again, it's time I gave you what you want."

With those words, his lips dived between her folds and Quinn hurled over from the pleasure, shiver after shiver wracking down her spine. She straightened herself, not able to hold back her cry when the anticipation that had been drowning her finally washed her up ashore.

She grabbed the back of his head, shoving it deeper between her thighs as his tongue circled her flesh and his lips sucked greedily at the pink nob. "I...goddess...I'm close."

His teeth grazed her clit and then a finger of his circled the rim of her entrance before slowly sinking inside. Quinn moaned, feeling the pleasure all the way down to her curling toes.

Her legs were shaking so much that she could barely hold herself up...this was bliss, fervent butterflies were burning a path in the pit of her stomach. The heat was rising, to a point where she could not hold back the explosion. Her body stiffened, head thrown back as she finally let go, coming on his finger that had dug so deep into her.

He didn't stop lapping at her essence, not until the prominent convulsion of her body came to a sudden stop. He pulled away then, licking her slick off his lips and sliding her leg off his shoulder.

He straightened himself, standing to his feet and towering over her. "Was that enough? Did you finally recognize the compatibility and the bond between us? Is this enough to prove that you are mine?"

He smirked, index finger sliding across her neck, stopping at the burn mark that was there. "Or must I just mark you? It'd be nice to replace his stupid mark with mine once and for all."

At those words, Quinn's body tensed, her eyes glancing down to her clothes on the low grass and then up at him. It seemed she'd been drunk before, but she had sobered up now, what had she done? How could she have...?

He said he was her mate, but it could have been a lie...and even if it was the truth...Quinn didn't...she didn't want to start all over again, to get hurt all over again.

Jeo had done enough damage...she couldn't deal with the emotional trauma of being betrayed again. Pushing herself off the tree, she walked around him, ready to run away, but he grabbed her hand...just like he did that night when Jeo hauled her away from him. "Quinn, where are you going? At least stay here a little longer with me."

"No..." Quinn clenched her jaws, hauling her hand out of his. "I don't want anything to do with you anymore...consider tonight a mistake, one that I terribly regret."

And then she ran off, changing into her silver wolf mid-run. She ran back home, not even greeting her parents as she walked inside; naked and sad. Her father tried to talk to her, but she slammed the door in his face...putting on some clothes before curling up beneath the sheets.

She was an idiot...she'd just made a fool out of herself, and for what?

The tears that rushed down her cheeks, she wiped them, tangibly feeling as her pride diminished. She shouldn't have fallen for that, shouldn't have fallen for him.

His mouth was as wild as lupins, he was the alpha king; he could get any woman he wanted, and he chose her? The girl with the scar of an abandoned mark on her neck...

Quinn laughed bitterly. If she fell for him, he'd toss her aside...because him too would soon realize that she wasn't enough, even if it takes him three years.

With a trembling hand, Quinn pulled the sheets from over her head and looked blurrily at the black jacket splayed out across her pillow. She reached for it, pulling it against her chest after inhaling its scent.

As predicted, it calmed her, giving her a reason to find peace in her sleep.

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The next morning, Quinn woke up to three knocks on her door. Her eyes fluttered open, blurrily looking towards the door. "Dad...?"

"Yes sweetie, it's me. I'm aware you may still not be in a good mood, but someone is here to see you."

"Who?"

"The alpha king..."

Quinn jumped up, throwing the jacket aside as she staggered towards the window, pulling the curtain aside to look outside. The blurriness of her eyes had now suddenly dispersed, for she wasn't just hearing things, he was out there, standing right in front of the veranda.

Quinn sighed, running her hand down her face. The memories of last night were still fresh in her mind. She wasn't ready to face him yet...

What would he say, and how would she respond?

Groaning to herself, she opened up her bedroom door, greeting her father. "Morning, father."

"You might want to fix your hair and wash your face."

Quinn nodded, walking to the bathroom instead of the front door. She combed her fingers through her messy red hair, catching it in a bun that was equally messy. Then she washed her face and brushed her teeth as quickly as possible.

She knew she was going out there to reject him, but she still wanted to look the least bit presentable. She wasn't sure why, but in front of him, she always felt self-conscious...even more so after what happened last night.

Clearing her throat, she pulled the front door open, holding her head down as she walked outside. "Hello...may I ask how you found my house?"

"Cannon took me."

"Okay and what are you doing here? Last night, I told you that I didn't want any~"

"I came here to return these."

Quinn finally held up her head, looking at the bag he held in front of him instead of his face. She couldn't look at him... she'd burst with embarrassment if she did. "What's that?"

"Your clothes...the ones you left behind. I washed and dried them last night."

More shame filled her as she reached for the bag, taking it from his hand. "Thanks..." She turned to walk back inside, but stopped. "I hope what happened between you and me doesn't taint your judgement of the pack. I'm sorry if I led you on...I'm sorry if I'd hurt your feelings, but I don't want this; you or this bond."

"You can say that all you want, Quinn...but I will not give up. You're lying to yourself, you do want this...but you're afraid. Don't worry, I'll be gentle, I'll slow down my pace, last night I pushed you too far. I will not do that again, not until you're ready to wholeheartedly accept this."

He retreated after that, not saying another word...just quietly walking away. Quinn turned to watch him, sighing as she glanced down at her jeans pant in the plastic bag. His voice had been so gentle and determined that it made her heart move. He seemed like a genuinely nice guy, but hadn't Jeo been a nice guy at first too?