

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 23— IN SUDDENNESS



Quinn blinked her eyes open, feeling well rested for the very first time in a while. She did not feel as drained and tired as she did yesterday, and maybe the prominent scent of apricot and petrichor was what contributed to such peace.

She tried moving her right hand to get rid of the sheet that covered her lower body, and that's when she realized that something heavy was atop of it.

Slowly and reluctantly, her eyes moved down to take a look, witnessing what she never thought she would.

Alpha Zayd; the current alpha king was seated on the floor, his head against her arm as he peacefully slept.

Quinn's eyes widened, and she hurriedly pulled her hand from beneath his head, waking him up in the process.

"What...f*ck..." He rubbed his eyes and then looked over at her. "Ohh, you're awake."

"What are you still doing in here?"

"Don't you remember? Last night you held on to me and wouldn't let me go...that's why I stayed."

Quinn's freckled cheeks lit up in a blush as she looked down at the hand, the same one that had apparently betrayed her. "You're lying..."

"I'm not..."

"Either way, you should've left instead of sleeping on the floor. It must've been uncomfortable."

"It probably would've been if you weren't beside me." He smiled at her, getting up from the floor with a groan he tried to hold in. His legs must be cramped.

Sighing, Quinn looked up at him. Was he a fool? There was an empty bed across from hers, and yet he chose to sleep on the floor?

"Why don't you sleep for a while first? I doubt you got enough rest last night. There's a free bed there, use it while I'm gone."

"That's all? After sleeping on the floor, I don't even get a good morning kiss on the cheek?"

"With all due respect, nobody told you to sleep on the floor, Alpha." Quinn grumbled.

"I guess you're right, but next time, can I at least sleep beside you on the bed?"

"There will be no next time, I will have Cannon get somebody to fix your bathroom faucet."

"That's the thing, Quinn..." Zayd smirked. "It doesn't need to be fixed, it's working quite fine."

Quinn's eyes widened as she pointed at him. "B-But you told dad that i~"

"I know what I said and I lied. It was all for a good cause though...I mean, I got to sleep next to you, even if it is on the floor."

He smiled at her, walking towards the door while Quinn continued to give him a dumbfounded look. "I'll be leaving now, but I'll be back tonight."

"Tonight...why are you...? I don't want you to~"

Before Quinn could even put her disoriented words together, her bedroom door slammed shut behind him. This man...why was he doing this? She needed to stop him...she needed to make it even clearer to him that she didn't want this.

Scooting off the bed, Quinn stood to her feet, ignoring the sudden dizziness that hit her. She staggered her way to the door, looking through eyes that gradually became blurry.

Her head was aching, and she suddenly felt weak and fragile, but nevertheless, she managed to make it to the living room. She walked to the front door, calling out his name as she opened it. She could see him, but his image was just as blurry as everything else around her.

He stopped walking and turned to her. "What? Do you detest the idea that much, Quinn?"

Quinn nodded, her staggering steps coming to a stop right in front of him. "Yes...yes...I-I hate it...that idea..."

The blurriness around her slowly evaporated to black, and then she could feel herself falling, but she also felt it when he caught her. "Quinn...! Quinn...! Are you alright?"

He shook her almost flaccid body, his voice full of so much worry that she wanted to see his face. But she couldn't, her eyes were too heavy...she could not open them. She tried to fight the unconsciousness, but she ended up falling deeper into it, so deep that she could no longer hear him, so deep that she had eventually lost herself.

Zayd lifted her bridal style in his arms, looking towards her father when he rushed through the door. Her mother was there too, but she remained nonchalant at the doorway. "What happened?! Is my daughter alright?"

"She passed out suddenly...where is the pack hospital? I need to take her there."

"Give her to me, I'll take her." He tried to take her away, but Zayd growled protectively at him. "No, I'll take her...I'll protect her."

Derrick looked at him ~surprise clear in his eyes~ before he nodded. "Alright, you can take her...just follow me."

Zayd did as told, looking down at Quinn. His wolf was at the very verge of losing control, his mate was hurt, and worry and uncertainty of her condition was numbing his every thought. She'd been okay just now, he'd spoken to her, she'd spoken to him...so what exactly could be the cause of this?

Her forehead was full of sweat, even her neck was wet. He didn't like this, it was too sudden and unexplainable.