

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 35— AS PROMISED



Zayd grabbed onto Quinn's hand, and that's when the red in her eyes cleared to green. Her legs trembled as he pulled her forward, the anger radiating from him making her heart ache and her p*ssy drip simultaneously.

"Zayd I—"

"Shut up, Quinn!"

Quinn's lips snapped shut immediately, tears falling down her flushed cheeks. Her emotions were all over the place. She knew he was angry, and she wanted to appease that anger, but at the same time, she was dying for him to just f*ck her.

She wanted him to strip her naked and bend her over and~

"So this is the choice you made, Quinn? I left you alone for one day and you did this?"

"I...I~"

"I said to shut up. Your heat might be a plausible excuse for you to use to get yourself out of this, but according to me, that is not an excuse. If you hadn't wanted him, you wouldn't have given into him."

"I d~"

"Quinn..."

The angry way in which her name fell off his tongue had her nipples hardening and her knees weakening. She wanted him, not Jeo...she wanted him. "P-Please...I'm sorry, just...slick keeps dripping d-down my thighs..."

"For him...?"

"No...f-for you..."

Zayd chuckled humorlessly, pulling her through the double doors of the pack house. "I would've believed you if I didn't witness what I did. How do you lie so naturally, Quinn? Even when you're vulnerable."

"No, I'm not lying."

"Keep telling yourself that." He pulled her up the stairs, grip tight around her wrist until he pushed her into a room...one which she knew was his.

It smelt just like him...that manly scent that could get Quinn high anywhere. The door to the room closed behind him, and Quinn stood on her shaking legs, watching as he unbuckled his belt. "Strip...and when you're done, turn around and brace against the wall. You want to be a slut...I'll treat you like one."

Quinn did not hesitate, his words were harsh, but her condition was way harsher. The heat was tearing at her skin, she felt like she was in the heart of an erupting volcano, burning away but slowly.

Pulling the already ripped blouse over her head, she threw it to the floor, and then the rest of her clothes followed. She looked at him once more before moving over to the wall and bracing against it.

She heard when the belt buckle clinked as he pulled it out of his pants, and she heard his steps as he approached her.

Her body tingled all over in painful anticipation, especially when his hand ran along the curve of her back. "Arch it properly...and count to ten with me."

Before she could question his words, she heard the belt slicing through the air and felt as it connected heavily to the skin of her bottom.

She cried out, legs almost giving out, hands clenching against the wall. "One..." Zayd grumbled out, and when she did nothing but whimper, he grabbed her hair, pulling her against him. "Repeat after me, Quinn...one."

"One..." Quinn rasped out, and he let go of her immediately.

"Good..."

The belt sliced into her skin again, and Quinn trembled from the immense pain it brought her. It stung, but lying beneath the awful sting was a pleasure she could not explain. "T-Two..."

The belt came down again and slicked pooled down Quinn's walls, dripping onto the wooden floors. "Three..."

"Aren't you enjoying this a bit too much?" his free hand reached between her shaking legs, running from her clit straight down to her dripping entrance. "You're so f*cking wet from something I thought would be a fitting punishment..."

"I..." Quinn looked back at him. "No more...f*ck me now."

"Is that how desperate you are? Is that why you were all over him? You wanted him to f*ck you too...?"

"No...I—"

She didn't get to finish, the belt collided with her ass cheeks again, eliciting a cry of both pain and pleasure from her lips. Her knees were getting weak, and her entrance kept clenching and unclenching, wanting to be filled. "Please..."

"I didn't ask you to beg, I told you to count." He slapped her again, this time harder than before, and without allowing her the time to process the hit, he gave her a harder one. Her legs trembled until they gave out, her eyes rolling back as she came powerfully against the floor.

Zaid grabbed her hand, pulling her up again. "I said to brace against the f*cking wall, Quinn...we haven't made it to ten yet."

Quinn's eyes blurred with tears, and she hugged around him, crying against his chest. She wasn't herself now, she was horny and restless...but she was scared too...this angry side of him was making her scared. "I'm sorry...please...I'm sorry. Don't be angry at me anymore."

Zayd hissed, throwing the belt aside. "You can handle eating another man's face, but not the aftermath of it? I didn't even hit you five times."

"I'm sorry...I'm s-sorry."

He sighed, pulling away from her. "Brace against the wall again...I won't hit you anymore, I'm gonna give you what you want now...exactly what you want."

Quinn looked down at the belt on the floor and then at him.

"What? Aren't you desperate for a f*ck anymore? Or I could excuse myself if you want him to do it."

"No..." Quinn quickly shook her head. "You...it's you. I want y-you to do it."

"Then assume the position."

Quinn turned around, her hand trembling as she placed them against the wall again.

"Arch your back."

She acquiesced, listening as he unzipped his zip and feeling as one of his hands spread her cheeks. "I told you, didn't I? I told you if you f*cked around I'd f*ck this p*ssy up and redden these cheeks...don't cry, I'm only doing what I promised."