

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 57— MY TURN



Quinn gritted her teeth as his c*ck glided painfully against her tight walls. It hurt...but the pain was delightful.

It for one gave her legs a hard time keeping up, and it fervently flooded her insides, giving her pleasure beyond knowledge. Her trembling hands fell against his chest, scraping his soft skin as she gritted out his name. “Z-Zayd...”

“Yes, little red...?” He grabbed onto her wrists, keeping her hands still. “It’s not even half-way in...are you sure you can manage?”

Quinn breathed through the pain. She knew she wasn’t even close to taking him all in. She’d only breached past the head, and she felt like she couldn’t go an inch more. She was so close too, perilously close to exploding. “I-I can...” She forced out. “Just wait...”

“Wait...? Until tomorrow? Because at the rate at which you’re going, we won’t be done until the sun comes out.” He smirked up at her. “You’re clenching so hard around my d*ck too, do you want me to come without any action? Relax, angel...breathe.”

Quinn nodded. “I am breathing.”

“Are you really?” His hands slid up her arms, pulling her down towards him. “Do you want my help? Just a little push would do.”

“I...I don’t—”

Quinn shivered when his hands then slid from her arms to settle at her waist, gripping tight to her skin. “Are you sure, my beautiful bundle of flames?”

Quinn glanced away from him, biting her lips. His voice tickled her ears, the very sound of it coaxing her to submit, to vulnerably give in...but she didn’t want to.

If he helped her, then she wouldn’t feel like she accomplished anything. “Tempting...but I’ll do it myself.”

Perfecting her position, she jerked her hips forward, bravely forcing him all in at once. It was a wise decision but also a foolish one as well.

The legs she’s focused all her strength in miserably gave out, and pleasure crippled her very bones. It made her body tense even as she quivered in pleasure; coming on his long, thick c*ck.

Her hands against his chest was what kept her from falling as she moaned his name incoherently; not having anything else to say.

With a deep breath, she spread her weak legs, watching as her slick dripped down his balls...soaking it in her essence. “F*ck...”

Her unfocused green eyes searched for his as she came down from her high, finding that he was watching her; intently. “That must’ve felt good...it did, didn’t it?”

Quinn didn’t answer, not with her mouth...her hips did all the talking.

Regardless of her weak legs, she forced her hips back and forth; thrusting, rotating...searching and finding more than just pleasure.

Every move she made gratified her greatly; it felt too good to be real. She knew just where she wanted him, and she kept steering him in that direction.

It seemed Zayd felt it too. The way his fingers would sink into her waist, trying to slow her down...

The way he’d groan and clench his jaws...

It was a sign that Quinn didn’t miss, and it heightened her pride...for she was giving him the ride of his life.

She still wasn’t sure if her decision to take him back was right...but he tried so hard to change her mind, to sway her.

The dress...the dinner...the song...the dance...and the words of persuasion he seemed to have planned.

Maybe they were all an act, lies...maybe he’d hurt her again, but his desperate eyes had gripped her heart. She couldn’t look away anymore, couldn’t turn her back to run.

She didn’t give in because he challenged her...after all, she’d already lost to him.

The guard around her heart, she’d taken it down...and it was all because she wanted to. She tried to deny it; to deny wanting love and affection...

She’d tried to manipulate herself into thinking she’d be happier alone...

But deep down she knew it was all a lie. She wanted love, she wanted affection...specifically his love and his affection...

And the only way she’d be happy was by staying at his side. The days she’d spent with him back in her bedroom; making love, talking and idling away...they were precious to her.

They were days without sadness...days without worry. Being around him always made her feel light, he made her want to be vulnerable, want to be dependent...he made her desperately want to hang onto him...

And that was what she was doing.

Wiping the sweat from her forehead, she whined her hips, feeling him deep inside of her. She was close again, especially since his hand just now started to roam her body.

It fumbled her breasts, pinched her nipples, then wandered between her shaking thighs, rubbing her clit.

Quinn’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, her toes curling into the mattress. “I’m gonna...I’m gonna...faster...!”

“It’s so wet...wet and slippery all for me.” He licked his lips, moving his fingers in a circular motion. “Come for your alpha, little red...let it go.”

Quinn threw her back as she hollered his name, her legs clamping shut against his hand as she convulsed, coming once again. Her nails scraped into the skin of his bare chest, the pleasure feeling everlasting and yet draining.

The ache in her legs was prominent...she felt numb, she knew for a fact that she wouldn’t be able to move, no matter how hard she tried...

But Zayd; he hasn’t come yet.

Panting hard, she looked down at him. “Zayd I...I lost.”

Zayd pulled his hand from between her legs, using it to spread them again. “Don’t worry...you didn’t lose. You indeed gave me the ride of my life...it’s my turn now.”

He grabbed her waist, and in one fluid motion, he switched their position; caging her beneath him. Quinn whimpered as his c*ck slid out of her, but as soon as he settled properly between her legs, he slowly shoved it back inside.

Inch by inch...smirking as he did so. “This night will be long...I’m too excited to end it here. Be prepared to be sore tomorrow, you might even have trouble walking. So, let me apologize in advance; I’m sorry, angel.”