

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 59— THE POWER YOU HOLD



Quinn’s deep sleep was interrupted by knocks on the door. She opened her eyes, realizing that Zayd wasn’t in his room...it was only her.

A groan left her lips as she sat up. “Who’s there?”

“It’s Marcia. Can I come in for a minute?”

Quinn’s eyes widened immediately as she looked around at the remnants of last night scattered evidently on the floor; the clothes and the shoes...everything was messy. “I’m coming...give me a second!”

She jumped off the bed, wincing at the soreness in her core as she picked up the clothes, stuffing them beneath the sheet and buttoning on Zayd’s white shirt over her nakedness.

It covered a little over a quart of her thighs, but it was all she could find at the moment. This felt...it felt...

Quinn clenched her legs together as she walked towards the door. She felt it, his come dripping down her walls, and it was embarrassing, especially since she was going to be facing his mother.

Using one hand to hold the shirt down, and the other to open the door, she peeped out at Marcia. “I...it’s kinda messy inside...do you mind if we talk here?”

“Oh dear...” Marcia smiled, shoving the door open a little wider. “I don’t mind the mess...I just came to see you since my son’s gone. He keeps trying to keep you away from me, you see...gotta wait until he clocks out to come in.”

She walked her way inside, and Quinn’s cheeks reddened in complete disgrace as she closed the door. “O-Okay...”

“I don’t know how to explain it.” She turned to face Quinn, her expression displeasingly straight until a big grin spread across her lips. “I’m so happy right now. My son...oh my god, I’m proud of him. I’m sorry I lied to you last night, but I guess everything worked out fine.”

“No...” Quinn shook her head. “You didn’t lie, I’m the one who didn’t ask before assuming.”

“No, I lied, and for the first time in my life I’m glad I did. Like you two...that mark...I feel elated for both you and him! Welcome to our family, Quinn...I’m sure you’ll be a great luna.”

“L-Luna...?” Quinn’s blood ran cold instantly, her green eyes widening. “I didn’t...I can’t possibly be~”

“Hush...I figured this much would happen. I knew you were a lost sheep since the first day I saw you. Your eyes were so cold, and yet, they held so much pain, and then that mark was on your neck...any fool could guess what happened. I thought you were some rogue Zayd picked up out of the wilderness...but then Bella told us what you did for her and potentially who you were to Zayd. Just as you saved my foolish and overly adventurous daughter that night, you can save our pack. We need you...you probably need us too, much more than you think you do.”

“Then are you...are you aware of the fact that I don’t have a wolf?” Quinn’s fingers ran timidly over Zayd’s tender mark on her neck. Last night she got carried away, she had him mark her without thinking about the weight this mark would put upon her shoulder. “Without a wolf...what exactly can I do for a pack of wolves?”

“You don’t need a wolf to guide us. We don’t need protection, after all, in a game of chest...the queen is the most valuable player; the most powerful. That’s why she doesn’t protect...she is protected. The queen’s only mission is to pave the way for her king to win. That’s exactly why we need you...to guide him. My son...that foolish boy...”

She chuckled, taking a seat on the bed that Quinn was dying to tell her not to sit on. “That boy had always been troubled. We grew him well, we showed him love, but he always desired more love. He wandered high and low for it, torturing himself until ice caged his heart. He became reckless, doing things I, for one, begged him not to. He claimed he had nothing to lose, and probably that’s why he always won...but his victories were always a mix of sorrow and joy. He destroyed so many people because he wasn’t happy; growing our pack on the soil water by their blood. Even when we were at the top, he was still anxious...anxious and sorrowful. I knew a mate was what he lacked, it was a desire he kept to himself...and now I know I wasn’t wrong. This morning was the happiest I’ve ever seen him. His smile looked more genuine, he looked as if he’d seen a different light. He can change...only you can change him, Quinn.”

“I...I don’t think I have that much power over him.”

“Think again my child because you do. He’s gone down to the canteen, that giddy fool said you haven’t been eating well, so he’s getting you breakfast. He also asked me to stay away from you until you’re ready to open up to other people. He basically threatened his own mother.”

“I’m...I’m sorry about that.”

Marcia fanned her off. “No need...he’s always been like that, ever since he was a kid...speaking of which, I bet you’d love to see the smaller version of Zayd...I’ll be back, lemme get the album.”

She rushed through the door, and Quinn breathed out a breath of relief as she looked towards Zayd’s closet. More clothes...she needed more clothes...more than that, she needed a shower...

But Marcia said she’d back and...

Quinn groaned, walking over to the closet and picking out one of Zayd’s oversized shorts. She drew it on, shivering uncomfortably at the way his come soaked her inner thighs.

It barely hugged her waist...it rather rested loosely against her hips...but for now, it would definitely have to do.”