

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 53— A CHANCE



Quinn walked her way out of the pack house, lifting her dress with both her hands as she did so.

On her way to the canteen, she saw members of Zayd's pack that looked at her weirdly. But she tried to avoid the eyes that watched her, for they were only trying to find out where the very aspect that made her a werewolf was.

Except for the children who were not of age, she was probably the only werewolf without a wolf. It was pride shattering, but she knew she had to live with her mistake for the rest of her life.

Pushing her hair out of her line of vision, she looked up at the canteen, still wondering why she was the only one dressed. Was she a bit too early?

But that didn't make sense, Marcia said the party had already started.

With a sigh, she pushed the double doors open, stepping past them and into the big, empty room. Her steps forward echoed rhythmically until another person's footsteps disrupted the harmony of hers.

It was Larna and she was dressed in a beautiful white suit; the skirt breaching just above her knees. "Come this way, my lady."

"Larna I...this...what's going on?"

"I'm afraid I'm not the person meant to explain that." She stretched her hand out, gesturing for Quinn to follow her, and she did so.

Larna led her through the canteen and towards a door marked unrestricted. Zayd hadn't told her about this door during the tour.

With the slight twist of the knob, Larna pushed it open. "I hope you'll enjoy the meal this time."

And then she walked away.

Quinn watched as she left and then looked beyond the door she'd open.

The inside surprised her. It was beautiful; painted in white and red, even the light that shone from the ceiling glowed red. There was just one table situated in the center of the room, it being the only furniture here.

The table was adorned with a vase filled with white and red roses and dishes that were covered were placed on both adjacent ends...that along with a bottle of wine and two glasses.

This all bewildered her, but what cast her into even more bewilderment was Zayd who stood beside the table, staring at her with those dark, hazel eyes. He was wearing a black suit, looking just as he did that night. His trim was fresh, giving him a more handsome look, and the slight smile on his lips was enchanting. "You took longer than I thought you would...I almost thought you wouldn't come."

He walked towards her, and Quinn didn't move from where she stood, she honestly felt like she couldn't. "What is...? Zayd what's going on?"

"You look just as beautiful as you did back then, in a stunning green dress that could never outshine your green eyes."

"What's all this?"

"Have a seat first." He raised his arm, offering it to her, and Quinn reluctantly entwined hers with his. He walked her to the table, pulling out the chair on the left for her, and Quinn sat down slowly.

It was then that he took a seat in front of her, seeming calm and collective. "How are you feeling?"

"Confused..." Quinn truthfully told him. "But it was my mistake to have automatically thought I was attending a fancy party when you sent me this dress. What is all this, Zayd? I already told you, I made it clear that there will be nothing else between us. Why are you doing this?"

"What exactly am I doing?" His hands clenched against the table, his voice coming out deep. "You think you can just tell me all that bullsh*t and I'll just accept it? I want you to be happy, Quinn...but what I want most is for you to be happy with me."

"That won't happen, and you know it, we're done, it's over. I don't want to be loved by you or anyone else. I'd rather be alone for the rest of my life than to be lied to and used over and over again."

"I have never lied to you, Quinn...everything I told you was the truth."

"Like abandoning me when you told me you wouldn't?"

"I never abandoned you, if I did...I wouldn't have come back. If I wanted us to be done back then, if I really planned to leave you forever...I would've rejected you."

"Then why didn't you.?"

"Because even after what happened...even while misunderstanding, I still wanted you."

"And now...?"

"I want you still, I'll always want you."

Quinn shook her head. "You shouldn't want me, I have nothing to offer neither you nor your pack."

"I don't want anything from you, Quinn. The only thing I'll ever expect from you is love. You don't have to worry about the pack either...everyone is happy that you're here. They are rejoicing."

"No..." Quinn shoved her chair back, standing to her feet. "I don't have anything to offer, and that includes love. I've loved enough, and all I've received in return is betrayal. I'm done trusting people. The only person on my side is myself. I'll get going, it's late and I need sleep."

She started walking towards the door, but stopped when Zayd started speaking again. "Go ahead, Quinn, walk out on me just like you did that night. Walk away because of fear and insecurity, walk away because of your uncertainty and lack of trust...but don't walk away, not from me."

Quinn's heart felt as though it was tied in a knot, it was hurting...she was hurting. "I'm sorry, but I'm choosing to protect myself this time."

She grabbed onto the knob, her fingers that were fumbling with the lock freezing when low music flooded melodically around the room.

Heartbeat by Haux...the same song that had played the night they'd danced...the song...the song that started all of this.

"I know you don't hate me, Quinn, but just like back then, you're scared...and I understand. They hurt you, I did too...but at least try to understand me like I try to understand you."

She heard as his chair scraped against the floor, and then she heard his slow footsteps. "You aren't the only one with insecurities. I mean, the fact that he'd been your mate before I was had been enough to be insecure about, but the fact that you still had feelings for him added to that already heavy burden. I had every right to be angry, and I still do...that night you were wrong too, and not once have you apologized for what happened. You're hurt, and I'm hurt as well, and yet, I'm trying my best to fix this."

Quinn's heart pounded with every step he took towards her, and her body tensed when his arm wrapped around her waist. "At least make some effort too, I never considered you to be a coward once, but that's exactly what you're becoming now. Stop running away because you're scared, be brave. Life is about taking chances, and this is a chance you don't want to miss out on."

Tears filled Quinn's eyes as she let the doorknob loose. "I'm not a coward..." She gritted out.

"Then show me, Quinn...show me how brave you are."

Quinn turned to face him, wiping the tears that tainted her flushed cheeks. "How?"

"Dance with me."