

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 77— WHY DID YOU FALL FOR ME?



Quinn woke up in Zayd’s arms, completely engulfed in his warmth. He held her tight, so close that she was practically pinned against his chest. “Are you awake?”

His deep, subtle voice almost made her jump, especially since she was expecting him to still be asleep. She looked up towards him, those beautiful, hazel eyes already staring at her. “Yeah...”

“How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine, and you?”

“Oh, I’m finer than ever.”

Quinn rolled her eyes. “Don’t tell me you’re still on about what I said last night?”

“And why exactly should I not be...? I mean you finally agreed to be my luna.”

“Technically, I agreed the moment I told you that you could mark me.”

“Yeah right, that’s a lie and we both know it.”

“It’s not!”

“Then why didn’t you tell me?”

“I’m sure it was obvious enough.”

Zayd flicked her forehead. “If it was then I’d be this happy since then.”

“Not my fault that you’re an idiot.” She slapped the hand that had hit her and sat up. “I’m going to take a shower.”

Alongside her, Zayd sat up as well. “I’m going to take a shower too.”

“When I’m done?”

“Come on, Quinn...I know you know what I’m suggesting.”

“I do, but is it a problem if I pretend not to?”

“It is.”

Quinn shrugged as she shuffled off the bed. “But it’s not my problem, is it?”

She walked towards the bathroom on legs that felt weak and a body that was bare of clothes. She could feel his come dripping down her thighs, and the prominent ache in her core made her want to glare back at him. It was all because he knotted her, but then again, it was her fault too.

Grabbing onto the knob, she opened the bathroom door, conscious of the fact that Zayd was following her. Still, she slammed the door behind her, holding back a chuckle when he caught it before it closed.

“Disrespectful.” He muttered under his breath, and Quinn twisted towards him. “What is?”

He rubbed his eyes, looking totally unbothered even though his manhood was hard and protruding; pointing straight at her. “You are.”

“You’re the one invading my private space, Zayd.”

“It’s our space...another place where I can f*ck you until your legs shake.”

“That is...well...straight to the point. You’re just gonna say it like that?”

“How else must I say it...?” His hand fell to his side, and he approached her slowly; like a predator...but wasn’t he? He was a predator about to prey on her body; greedily eat her up like he did last night. “The straightforward trait that I have is why you fell for me in the first place. So yeah, I’m going to say it as it is.”

Quinn stepped backwards, her back hitting the shower glass after just three big retreating steps. “That wasn’t why I liked you...”

“Then why, Quinn?” His arms reached forward to cage her against the glass walls. “Why did you fall for me even though you couldn’t feel the mate bond?”

Quinn came in here expecting sex, but she was not expecting him to ask her something like this. Why did she fall for him?

Had it been his looks?

His voice?

The desperate and continuous way in which he pursued her?

Or had it been just everything?

The words he’d said, the manly way he’d approached her, ...the way he looked...everything had attracted her...but why must she tell him that?

Sliding beneath his arm, Quinn went into the bathroom. “I came here to shower, Zayd; to relax and not to be tormented.”

Zayd followed her inside silently, drawing so near that Quinn wanted to back away again, but instead she held her grounds. “What?”

“It’s becoming painful now.”

“What is?”

When he looked down, Quinn knew exactly what he meant; the veiny shaft that curved slightly against her thigh. It did look painful; painfully hard.

Slowly and reluctantly her hand reached forward to wrap loosely around it. It felt thick beneath her palm, felt like a weapon of destruction when in reality it was really a love wand that granted her wishes she didn’t even know she had.

She stroked it, and Zayd leaned down to rest his forehead against hers. “Not that...” He huskily whispered. “Turn around.”

“No...I...I need to shower first, your come is stil~”

Before she could finish, Zayd twisted the faucet, and she shivered as cold water cascaded from the showerhead. “And now?”

Quinn sighed, turning to face the glass and leaning against it. “I guess you can...do whatever you want.”

Zayd braced against her, she could feel his hard c*ck against her bum and felt as he lifted one of her legs, hoisting it against the wall. “I will...”

The sound of his voice made Quinn’s lips wobble, and when his c*ck glided against her clit instead of against her walls, she groaned out needily. “You prepared me enough last night...just put it in.”

“I will put it in...when you tell me why you fell for me? What aspect of me did you like?”

Quinn glared back at him, and he smirked. “You didn’t think I’d just give up on getting the answer, did you?”

“No, but...you’re so f*cking...” Quinn breathed out a shaky breath, hands fisting against the glass. “Everything...you were just different; in a good way. You were dominant and yet you were patient and gentle, and you were handsome too...the most handsome man I’d ever seen.”

“Now that’s better, little red.” His c*ck settled at her entrance, and with one hard stroke, he sheathed himself inside of her.

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