

The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate

CHAPTER 71— 3-0



As soon as everybody returned with the cleaning utensils, Marcia started giving out orders again...orders that weren't at all fair. The men were the ones who were supposed to clean, since according to her, all the women were exhausted from having to deal with them on a daily basis.

She proclaimed the time they'd spend to clean as hours of freedom and respite for the ladies, and though Quinn didn't completely agree, she was forced to sit and watch as Zayd, Nicholas, Dantae, Frederick and Joshua coughed and sneeze when the dust they kept trying to clean slithered up their nostrils.

This all looked so new to them, they barely knew how to use a broom much less a duster...it was so bad that after a while, even Marcia had to join in to help her husband...and Quinn...well, she pitied Zayd too.

So, of course she climbed atop of the desk he stood on, pulling the duster out of his hand. "You're so bad at this...let me help."

He looked back at her, frowning. "You don't have to...I'm fine."

"You sure don't look like it."

"Yeah man, speak the truth. You are not fine, none of us are...be glad your mate offered to help, mine is still sitting...she's probably mentally smiling while I suffer."

Zayd glanced over at Dantae but did nothing except to sigh in response. "Alright...the webs are gone. Instead of this..." He regained possession of the duster, gesturing to the row of desks in the lane he chose to clean. "Help me clean them off."

Quinn nodded, climbing off the desk when he did. After which, he offered her a cleaning cloth; soaked in soapy bleach water, and they started to clean together.

Their glances at each other were endless, but it was silent as though both were scared to speak...but the silence was comfortable, especially when he started to draw nearer, making sure his skin touched hers even if the contact was slight.

That was the only communication she needed...the fact that he still aspired to be close, the fact that he kept glancing her way proved that his words were right...he'd forgiven her...he still wanted her and that made her happy.

Everybody else around them was tuned out...that was until Dantae started to complain about his mate not helping him again. However, despite his complaints, she did not even glance his way, instead she reddened the lipstick on her lips with a small pocket mirror in hand. "Why must I dirty my clothes for the likes of you? I only came here because Marcia invited me out for shopping...that too is the reason why she had advised us not to help you guys."

"But Marcia and Quinn are helping their mates."

"That doesn't mean I should help you."

"Come on, Rachel...I already told you that I'm sorry about last night. It wasn't even my fault, it was Zayd's."

"How sad...especially since I don't care."

"Rachel baby...please..." And it took a series more of begging without shame for Rachel to finally give him a helping hand, leaving Isabella as the only person who didn't do anything to the very end.

But as soon as the place was spotless, she was the first to test one of the computers, confirming that they actually still worked. It was then declared that the women would go up against the men, and to even up the team, Larna was called and asked if she wanted to join. Three games were played, but as expected, the men won them all.

They were merciless...Quinn tried using the gun Isabella had recommended, but it didn't matter where she hid, Frederick would snipe her out and take her down with a headshot.

At one point, she just wanted to give up. The game wasn't fun if no matter what she did or what weapon she used, she still couldn't win. She liked victory, in everything she did, she wanted to win...and this...this game only managed to hurt her pride three times in a row.

Sighing, she stood up from in front of the computer, turning to Marcia. "I'll have to shower again...my clothes are all messy because of the dirt."

"Mine too, so I'll be doing the same. Rachel and I planned to go shopping after this, and we wanted you to come. We haven't had any girl time since you came here...are you up for it?"

Quinn looked at Rachel and then back at Marcia. "I mean...if it's alright with you guys, I'd love to."

"If we were against it, we wouldn't have asked...you're too nice for your own good, Quinn."

A feigned smile slipped across Quinn's lips. She didn't think she was nice...if she were, then so many people would not have betrayed her all at once. "Thanks for inviting me."

"No need." Marcia stood up, looking down at her clothes with a frustrated breath. "I came already dressed and ready to go out, but even my makeup is ruined now...it's sad actually, we cleaned up to play and couldn't even win one game."

"Well, mom...you're the main reason why we didn't win, so stop complaining."

"Why? What did I do?"

"The fact that you got 17 deaths and 1 kill is enough to justify my words."

"Are you really going to blame an old woman?" She threw her arm over her daughter's shoulder, leading her towards the exit. "I tried my best until the very end..."

"And only ended up with one kill?"

"You are growing up just like your brother...so mean."

It was true, they were very much alike. Quinn shook her head as she held in a chuckle, walking out of the room as well. Her steps were slow and yet steady, but they ceased when someone grabbed her injured arm, pulling her back.

She winced, and that's when they let go, murmuring the word sh*t under their breath. "I forgot about your injury."

Quinn turned to the familiar person; this voice and the warmth of this touch was one she knew so well. "Zayd, what are you doing? What's wrong?"

"It's nothing... just came to give you what you'd asked me for."

"What's that?"

"This..." After that unclear answer, he'd planted his lips against hers, a quick kiss that had Quinn puckering her lips for more. He didn't give that to her, instead he smiled. "Have fun on your shopping trip, today is all about you...mom has my card, everything's on me, so pick up whatever you want."

Quinn nodded, grabbing onto his shirt before he could walk back into the entertainment room. "One more time...kiss me one more time..."

And he did not refuse.