

## The Alpha King Is My Second Chance Mate CHAPTER 9— MEETING THE ALPHA KING



Quinn walked her way into the celebration house, the party had already started. She had heard the music booming from outside, but now that she was inside, the beat was pounding heavier against her ears. The disco lights were bright, and the room was full of people; all dressed elegantly for the occasion.

The waiters were dressed in white and black and so were the two bartenders that stood behind the counter at the bar. Quinn walked over to the bar, folding her dress between her legs as she sat down. "A dirty martini, make it strong."

It's been a while since she drank, but she'd always been a woman who could hold her liquor, and right now she needed a drink. Tonight, she wanted to forget all about Jeo, Delilah and the pack members, and enjoy herself, and what better way to forget than to get high?

She took the drink when the bartender offered it to her, taking a sip of the bitter liquid. It burnt her throat as it went down, settling warmly in the pit of her stomach. She took another sip and then another, not stopping until the glass was empty. "Give me another one...stronger."

"As you wish, madam beta." The bartender filled her glass again and pushed it to her, but before she could take it up, somebody else did. "Thanks for the drink..."

The voice was deep, withholding confidence and power. Quinn twisted on the stool, looking up at the man who had her drink in hand. His scent was strong, the scent of apricot and petrichor was almost all she could smell. It clogged her nostrils, dominating her senses in a way that she could not ignore. His presence was vehement, and Quinn knew exactly why...he was an alpha; a strong one at that.

His figure stood tall, probably even taller than Jeo's, and it was impossible, but in Quinn's eyes, he even seemed more handsome too. His eyes were fierce, piercing so deep into her soul that it gave her chills, what was this? Who was he?

Her lips quivered as her eyes dropped to her drink. "That's mine."

"And would you mind if I take it?" He took a seat on the stool beside hers, taking a sip from the glass even before she approved it. "You're Quinn, aren't you? The redhead that stole the night even before it started."

"I am Quinn, at least that part is true."

"I've heard of you, the confident and alluring Quinn Felon. The rumors never lied; you are as beautiful as they say." He smirked, taking another sip of the drink. "You made an impression since the very moment you walked in, and you didn't even notice."

His words were clear enough for her to hear, and yet Quinn was still lost. She couldn't understand it. How was it that this man was wearing a suit of black, and yet he stood out more than the people in colored? "I'm glad you've heard of me, but who are you? If my guess is right, then you're Zayd Novak; the alpha king of the wounded moon pack."

"Woah...! Did I leave an impression too?"

"Perhaps."

Quinn tapped the table, seeking the bartender's attention. "Give me another drink."

The bartender obliged, shoving another glass her way. She took it in hand, turning towards the alpha king. He was the strongest alpha across the globe, he deserved nothing but respect from her. "I didn't greet you properly, Alpha Zayd. I'm the beta of the silver moon pack; Quinn Felon. Cheers to the newly found bond between our pack and yours."

The man chuckled, clinking his glass with hers. "Cheers to that and a lot more." He tilted his head, staring at her neck with an unreadable gaze. "That burn mark on your neck, how did it get there?"

"I'm sure you've already heard, news spreads pretty fast around here."

"I wouldn't have asked if I already knew, little red."

"Well...well, it's~" Before Quinn could answer, the chatter that erupted around the room stopped her. She twisted around to get a view of what everyone was whispering about, and her eyes immediately found Jeo and Delilah walking inside hand in hand. They were wearing matching purple clothes that would make them stand out in any crowd, and they were smiling as though they were the happiest mated couple in the world.

A heavy weight dropped atop of Quinn's heart and the liquor in her hand, she poured it all down her throat, not even reacting to the bitter taste. Everyone was in awe, Delilah's beauty was really immaculate and Jeo's manly and devastatingly beautiful features added to it.

They looked like they were born for each other, like they were made to become one.

Quinn looked away, swallowing the bile in her throat as she shoved her glass to the bartender. "Another one, fill it to the brim."

The bartender got to work immediately, giving her what she asked for, and Quinn poured it down her throat as soon as she got it. The liquor burnt, but it wasn't near as painful as the pain in her heart.

"Hey, slow down...no more alcohol, you'll get drunk."

"I'm fine..." Quinn gestured towards the bartender, but the alpha king grabbed her glass before she could make her request. "Stop drinking, how about we do something even more fun? This song, it's my favorite...dance with me."

He offered her a hand, which Quinn looked down at with indecisive eyes. A dance? People were swaying to the beat, but nobody was actually dancing. "I...well..."

"I won't take no for an answer, take my hand...let's go."

Quinn's eyes drifted from his hand and to his face, staring at the features that remained superior in this room. His hair was jet black and styled in a slick back undercut just like Jeo's and yet...and yet his looked better. His hazel eyes were upturned, drowning her in the dark sea that reigned beyond them, and his full lips looked soft, pink and gentle. The stubble neatly lined around them made him somehow look more attractive, that and his sharp jawlines. This man was handsome, the most handsome man she'd ever met...how could she turn down a dance with him?

She lifted her hand, slowly reaching towards his, but someone grabbed it from behind. "What's going on here?"

Quinn knew that voice so well, rich and deep with so much familiarity. "J-Jeo?"