

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores - Chapter 120

The Alpha King's Human Mate Bonus Chapter - Clark & Griffin (2) Bonus Chapter: Clark & Griffin (2)

"The single biggest problem in communication is the illusion that it has taken place."

George Bernard Shaw I couldn't listen to it anymore

The sound of Griffin's voice murmuring that he needed whoever was on the other end of the phone - that she occupied his every thought - made me sick to my stomach

I hardly remembered the walk back to the guest room; my brain was running through every possibility to explain...that

Not that I could really find a good explanation as to why Griffin would be sneaking off in the middle of the night to tell someone how much he "needed" them or reassuring them I had no idea about any of it

But this is Griffin. I'm his mate, mates don't cheat on each other

Except, I realized with a pounding heart, they did

I was living proof that a werewolf could cheat on their mate

As my thoughts continued to spiral, the bedroom door creaked open,

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revealing Griffin. His eyes widened when he saw me sitting up, completely awake

"Little fox, what are you doing awake?" He asked. I noticed that he'd shed the rain jacket, making it less obvious that he'd been standing out in the rain

I crossed my arms over my chest. "I had a bad dream that woke me up

Where did you go?" I tried to keep the suspicion out of my voice. Maybe this was still a misunderstanding, and Griffin was going to clear things up right now

"Thad to use the bathroom," he lied, shuffling under the covers and pulling me close

Any other time, I would've basked in his warmth. Now, every inch of his skin touching mine felt like it burned too hot

"That's all you did?" I asked

Griffin was always honest with me...at least, I thought he was. It'd be one of the things I loved about him his unwavering honesty, no matter how direct or brutal

"And I got a glass of water from the kitchen," he said. There was a pause, and then, "Are you okay, little fox? I can feel how upset you are through the bond."

I could've confronted him about the phone call, but if he really was

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cheating on me with someone else, I wanted absolute proof. Something he'd have to fess up to something that he couldn't explain or lie his way out of

"Tt was just the dream that upset me," I said. "It's okay though it was nothing."

"Well, nothing or not, I'll always be here to protect you." He kissed the top of my head, and for the first time, I didn't believe that he would

I wondered what she looked like

Was she tall and slender with model-like features? Or maybe petite and slight with an air of innocence about her? No matter how I tried to picture her in my head, she was always prettier than me

My brain ran circles trying to figure out when it might've started, when I might've started missing the signs. Griffin and I spent a lot of time together, but there were still meetings he took on his own or the occasional solo business trip

Maybe he met her when he was traveling on a diplomatic trip. She could've been some Alpha's daughter. A beautiful, strong werewolf he couldn't resist or a -

"Clark, honey, are you okay?" Mom's voice cut through my train of thought. She reached over the restaurant table to place a hand on my

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arm. "You seem really out of it this morning. Do you want me to ask the waiter for more coffee?"

"No, it's okay," I said before she could flag down the waiter

We were sitting in one Yorba Linda's brunch diners. The food was delicious or it would've been if I could bring myself to eat more than two bites of scrambled eggs

"Mom, can I ask you something?"

Fortunately, Steve had dragged Griffin off to help him look at a used motorcycle he wanted to buy, which left me alone with my mother

Griffin had been reluctant to leave me, but I was grateful for the space

It meant I could finally think

"Sure, what's up?"

"Why do you think dad cheated on his mate with you?"

Mom paused mid-bite to stare at me with wide eyes. "What?"

"Sorry if this sounds like it's coming out of the blue," I said, "But dad was young and freshly-mated when he met you. He had every reason to be happy with Grace. Why do you think he chose to sleep with you?"

Mom paused, swallowing a big mouthful of juice before she answered

"Honey, I'm not sure I'm the person you should be asking. This might be a question better suited for your father."

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"Dad hates talking about this," I told her. "He hates being reminded of what he did to Grace."

He's never said it, but he's carried guilt about a single night for years

But Griffin...he didn't sound guilty last night

"Well...I can't pretend as if I understand your father or his motives, and that was so long ago, but..." Mom looked like she was struggling for the right words. "Sometimes when you've spent your entire life trying to be perfect, you find a reason not to be. I think I was his reason. A little escape that nobody had to know about."

"Until me."

"Until you," she said with a smile. "And I'm glad it did. I'd have no idea what my life would be like without you."

Mom probably assumed I was just reminiscing about the past, but I turned her words over and over in my head. Was that happening to Griffin? Was he using someone else as an escape from the stress of his life? From me? The thought filled me with so much bitterness I could hardly stand it

"Are you sure everything is okay, Clark?" Mom asked. "You've seemed really out of sorts all morning, and now you're asking about your father. If there's something going on, you can talk to me."

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I opened my mouth to tell her what I'd discovered last night, but the words died as soon as I caught sight of Griffin and Steve walking back into the restaurant.

Griffin's eyes lit up when he saw me, and it took everything in me not to glare at him. He didn't get to look at me like that—not when he was whispering sweet nothings to some girl on the phone.

He took the chair next to me and leaned in for a kiss, but I turned my head so his lips landed on my cheek. He pulled back. "Everything okay, little fox?" His eyes landed on my plate, and his eyebrows scrunched together in concern. "You need to eat more."

"I'm not hungry."

Steve had monopolized mom's attention with details about the motorcycle they went to see, so neither of them noticed the tension growing between us.

"T didn't ask if you were hungry," he murmured close to my ear. "I said you need to eat more."

Any other day, I might've given in to Griffin's overprotective nature.

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"T said I wasn't hungry," I shot back, pushing the plate away. I glanced at my mother. "Mom, didn't you say you wanted to go shopping? I think the strip opens soon. We should get going." Bonus Chapter - Clark & Griffin (2)

As Griffin flagged down the waiter for the check, I did my best to pretend I didn't see his eyes boring a hole into the side of my head

As mom made her way through every boutique in Yorba Linda, Griffin continued to pester me about my bad mood. It didn't help that I had a giant bite mark on my neck that gave me away

"What's going on?" He whispered. We were standing in a small boutique, mom and Steve yapping with the clerk on the other side of the store

"I'm fine," I ground out between gritted teeth, and went to walk away

I barely made it a step before Griffin's hand latched onto my wrist, and he spun me around. My back landed gently against the wall, his dark eyes staring me down

"Stop lying to me," he growled lowly, "I want the truth. Now."

I considered telling him what I'd heard last night, but he'd already lied to me once, and until I had real proof he was cheating on me..

"I'm just not feeling well," I lied. "I've had a really bad headache all morning, and I think it's just put me in a bad mood."

Griffin's eyes softened. "Why didn't you say something earlier and let me take care of you?"

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I shrugged. "I didn't want to ruin the day with my mom. Our trip here is already short enough as is."

His soft lips grazed my forehead. "I'm sure your mom and Steve won't mind taking you back to the house so you can get some rest. You'll have plenty of time to see your mom later."

"And you?" I asked. "You're coming back to the house too, right?"

My stomach dropped as his eyes darted to the door, almost as if he was nervous. "Actually," he said, and I already knew whatever came out of

his mouth next was going to be a lie. "I have a few work calls I need to make, so I'll be home in a little bit."

My eyes narrowed but I tried to keep the suspicion out of my voice

"What work calls? Why can't you just make them at the house?"

He brushed a stray curl out of my face. "I don't want to disturb your rest, little fox. I want you to feel better."

For a split second, I considered arguing with him before an idea lit

If he wants some private time to make some "work calls," then I guess I'll just have to follow him, won't I?