

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores - Chapter 121

The Alpha King's Human Mate

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"It's not what you know, it's what you think you know." Steve Martin

I felt a little bit like a teenager again, sneaking out of my mother's house as soon as I'd settled into the guest bedroom with promises of taking a nap. The Tylenol she'd given me for my headache still sat on the nightstand, unused

I'd waited until I heard her and Steve settle onto the couch for a movie before I popped open the window and landed in the grass, nearly missing one of mom's well-groomed rose bushes

Thank God we're on the first floor

The next part of my plan was finding Griffin, but I had my claiming mark to thank for that. Over the past year, I'd gotten much better about tapping into the bond between us, which meant I only needed to concentrate on the mating bond to figure out where he was

Within a few moments, I was waiting on my cab

"Where would you like me to drop you off, miss?" The driver peered at

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me through the rearview mirror as we circled the block of a five-star hotel

He was cute too - exactly the kind of guy Griffin would've lost his mind over not so long ago

Now, he was probably losing his mind over the girl on the other end of the phone. Did she have a mate she was cheating on too? Or was she bidding her time with mine until she found hers?

It's possible she might not even be a werewolf at all. It's not like Griffin is opposed to humans..

Before I spiralled any further, I swallowed and said, "Would you mind if we parked here for a few minutes? I'm, uh, looking for someone. Ill tip extra."

"sure," the driver agreed without hesitation, "Tell me what he looks like, and I can be on the lookout for him too."

"He's really tall, dark and intimidating-looking," I replied. The word 'beautiful' was on the tip of my tongue, but I wasn't sure he deserved the compliment no matter how true it might be "Like that guy?" The driver tilted his head toward the front of the hotel, and my stomach twisted at the sight of Griffin waiting outside

Waiting for someone

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"Yeah, that's him."

"Want me to flag him down for you?" The driver asked, already rolling down his window

"No, no, please don't. I don't want him to know I'm here...yet." He paused, glancing back at me. "Is this a stake-out?"

"Not an official one," I admitted, "But that guy we're looking at? He's my boyfriend, and he's been lying about his whereabouts. I guess I just wanted to see what he's been up to." "Want me to get a little closer so you can see better?" "You don't mind?"

The driver shrugged. "I don't have any other riders to pick up right now, and if there's a good tip and five-star rating in it for me, I'll do it."

I gave him a grateful smile. "Thank you. That'd be great." I don't mind giving him the best tip of his life. I'll use Griffin's credit card

True to his word, the driver inched the sedan closer, giving me a much better view of Griffin as he waited outside

Waited for her

About two or three minutes later, I saw him pick up his phone and start

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talking to someone. I was too far away to hear, but a moment later, he ended the call

And that's when I saw her

Even amongst the beautiful Californians, she stood out

Turns out, tall and slender was exactly Griffin's type

As she strutted down the sidewalk, her glossy, dark hair caught the wind and made her look like she could be in one of those shampoo commercials. She had dark eyes framed by dark lashes, and sun-kissed skin only hidden by her black pantsuit

My fears were only confirmed when she greeted Griffin with a bright smile and a hug. She had a briefcase in her hand, but I assumed it was

probably just luggage from her flight

Griffin must've booked her a red-eye flight to California

We're only here for three days, and he can't stay away from his mistress

He even booked them a hotel together

He opened the big glass door for her, and the pair disappeared inside, leaving me to only imagine what they'd do next

Tears welled up in my eyes

"Well...I guess I have my answer," I muttered. I didn't want to lose it in front of the driver

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"Tf it makes you feel any better, you're far more beautiful than she is," the driver said

I chuckled without humor. "You really think so?" "Well...I still want that tip." As heartbroken as I was, I could admire that kind of work ethic

A few minutes later, I climbed out of the cab and he drove off with an extra two grand in his pocket

I debated on waiting outside the hotel, but the air had a chill to it, so I headed for the lobby instead

The hotel truly was beautiful and certainly the kind of place Griffin would choose to wine and dine someone he was interested in. My sneakers squeaked across the glossy marble floors, and though the woman waiting at the front desk eyed me oddly, but didn't say anything when I plopped down on one of the plush couches in the lobby

I was prepared to wait and I did

For three hours

With the tick of the clock and the fading sun streaking across the horizon, I could feel my anxiety rise

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I pictured what they were doing in that room, and when that made me sick to my stomach, I pictured what I'd say to him when he finally emerged. He wasn't going to be able to lie himself out booking a hotel room with another woman. Finally, just as I was sure the woman at the front desk was going to ask me to leave, the elevator dinged- and out stepped my mate with his mystery woman right behind him.

Griffin's eyes met mine, confusion written all over

I stood on trembling legs

"Little fox?" He asked. I waited for the guilt to show on his face but it didn't

"Don't call me that," I said, and I hoped my voice didn't come out as shaky as I felt

He paused before his eyes darted between me and the mystery woman, and I could see the realization strike him. His eyes went wide, the confusion morphing into shock. "No, little fox, it's not -"

"I told you not to call me that!" I cut him off sharply, my raised voice drawing a few stares from other staff and hotel guests. "I heard you on the phone last night. I heard everything...and I also heard you lie about it"

He took a step toward me, as if to pull me into his arms, but I stepped

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back just as quickly. "Don't touch me."

"Excuse me." The woman from the front desk looked very uncomfortable to be interrupting our conversation. "I don't mean to intrude, but there are some raised voices over here and -"

"Here." Griffin pulled out a black card and shoved it at her. "Comp all their rooms on this card, and don't disturb us again."

Her mouth dropped open but she took his card and scurried away without any complaint

"I've spent all day, wondering if there must be some misunderstanding," I said

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"There is a misunderstanding," he said firmly, "If you would just let me explain."

"You told someone her, I'm guessing - all about how you needed her and she occupies your every single thought. And then I waited for three hours for you to finish what it is people do in hotel rooms. So I don't see any room for an explanation here."

Griffin face-palmed and growled in frustration. "God, this is going so much worse than I ever could've imagined it. You weren't supposed to hear that phone call."

"I'm sure I wasn't," I scoffed

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The woman, who'd been watching us with nothing but wide eyes, finally stepped forward and placed a manicured hand on Griffin's shoulder. "Our business is concluded," she said softly, "Perhaps I should let you two sort this out..."

I wasn't sure if it was the hand on his shoulder or the audacity of her to say that their "business was concluded," but something in me snapped

Before I'd even made the conscious decision to do so, I was lunging for her

"He's mine, get your fucking hands off him!"

The woman stumbled back just as Griffin's arms wrapped around me, tugging me away. I fought against his grip, but no matter how much of Ivan's training I might've had, I was still no match for an Alpha King

Eventually, I ceased my fighting and slumped in his arms

"How could you do this to me?" My voice was quiet, absent of the fire I'd had a few moments ago. "After all this time, I really thought...you let me believe" I could hardly choke out the words

Griffin spun me around, his dark, intense eyes boring into mine. "Listen to me," he said, and there was an edge of desperation to his voice. "I have not and would never cheat on you, little fox. Please just let me explain." I tried to pull away, but his large hands cupped my face just firmly enough to hold me in place

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"What possible explanation could you have for this?" I shot back, and pointed toward his mistress, who'd stepped back to give us space

Or avoid another attack

"Is she the only one? Are there more?" God, I wanted to hurl all over his expensive shoes

He muttered something under his breath that sounded like a string of curse words. "Shit, this is not how I wanted to do this."

Do what? End things with me? "Don't bother," I said coldly. "I'll leave right now and-"

A low growl rumbled in Griffin's chest and I felt his grip on my face tighten. "You are not going anywhere. Over my dead fucking body."

He suddenly released me and stepped back till there was about an arm's length between us. His eyes were wild and frenzied, and it almost looked like he was...nervous?

What the hell is going on? And then he dropped to one knee

"Clark Bellevue," he said, and there was a slight tremble to his voice

"Would you do me the honor of becoming Clark Bardot?" He reached into his jacket pocket and produced an engagement ring with the

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largest diamond I'd ever seen in my life

My mouth dropped open. "I don't...I don't understand."

"I wasn't cheating on you," he said, and the look on his face was intense, begging me to believe him. "The whole reason I brought you on this trip was so that I could propose." He glanced around at the extravagant lobby. "Not in a hotel lobby, of course. I wanted you to be surrounded by your human family when I asked you to belong to me

The human way."

My heart lurched. "But the..."

"The phone call?" He finished for me. "Your ring, this ring -" He gestured to the massive diamond clasped in the ring holder." - had to be imported from Russia, but there was a delay and the ring didn't arrive at the castle in time...so we had to leave for California without it

What you heard on the phone was not me speaking to a lover. It was my frustration about the situation, about needing the ring here before you found out what I was planning."

"And her?" I tilted my head towards the beautiful woman carrying her briefcase. "Why did you disappear into a hotel with her for hours?"

"Carla was delivering the ring personally so it'd be here on time," he explained, "And when you're carrying a two million dollar engagement ring, you don't want to be pulling it out at a coffee shop."

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"And your hopefully soon-to-be-fiance," Carla added, "Wanted to pick a

Bonus Chapter - Clark & Griffin (3) few other pieces to go with the ring. That's why it took so long." She

gestured to her briefcase

Oh

The realization hit me like a train, and it was a wonder I didn't have whiplash from all the conflicting emotions over the past day. Anger, betrayal, confusion, and now..

Embarrassment

My head began to pound. "I..." "Say yes," Griffin told me. "Say yes, little fox. Be mine."

There was no hesitation as I nodded. "Yes. Of course. I'm already yours, you're already mine."

He was back on his feet in a flash, pulling me in for a sensual, passionate kiss that left my stomach fluttering. I hardly noticed the claps and cheers that erupted from around the lobby - we clearly had an audience

When he pulled back, Griffin slid the massive rock onto my finger and I examined it. Though there was no disguising just how big the emerald cut diamond was, it was encrusted by smaller gems, making it look surprisingly delicate

It was weighty too - I could feel each carat weighing down my ring

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finger

"Do you like it?" He asked, and I could see the vulnerability shining in his eyes

"It's beautiful," I murmured. "But if you wanted to marry me, you didn't have to be a two million dollar ring, you know that, right?"

"Just wait till you see the necklace and earrings I picked out to go with it. I want everyone to know you belong to me," he responded, his voice low and husky. "Not just werewolves - humans too. I want them to look at your finger and realize they'll never have a shot in hell with you."

My cheeks flushed. "I'm glad you still think that way. I was worried..."

"Worried that I was cheating on you with someone else?" He asked with raised eyebrows. "I can't blame you for assuming the worst. If I'd heard you on whispering on the phone to someone in the middle of the night, I'm not sure I would've been able to stop myself from tearing out that guy's throat...no matter how innocent the conversation was."

I turned around to apologize to Carla for the attempted attack, but she was nowhere in sight. "Where'd the jeweler go? I wanted to say sorry."

"You don't need to be sorry," Griffin told me, and one of his large hands gripped the slope of my jaw

"Well, I did try to fight her."

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His eyes darkened, and his grip tightened. "Don't be sorry about that," he said, "I pay Carla too much for her to care, and more than that, you had every right."

My eyebrows shot to the sky. "What do you mean?"

"I'm yours, little fox," he murmured, "Just as much as you're mine. I belong to you the werewolf way, and after today, I'll belong to you in the human way."

I pulled him in for another kiss. "Don't ever scare me like that again," I breathed. The relief that he wasn't discarding me, that history wasn't repeating itself, was staggering

His lips found their way to my neck, to the same bite mark he'd given me over a year ago. "As if you'd get rid of me so easily. You're stuck with me for life, little fox. You own me. My heart. My body. It's all yours, no matter what you choose to

do with it."

My hands wound their way around his neck. "Good."

"We should get back to your mother's house," he said, "We're going to be late."

"Late? For what?"

Asmirk curled his lips. "I told you - I wasn't planning to propose this way. There's a real proposal and celebration waiting at your mother's house."

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With that, he took my left, jeweled hand in his and led me away

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