

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 50

Chapter 50

apter 50 (4 "It's amazing the clarity that comes with psychotic jealousy." (") Rupert Everett

The enraged expression on Griffin's face was one I'd seen a few times— namely, when he had forced me to talk about my romantic past with Aiden.

Sitting at the dinner table together, he looked every bit as territorial and possessive as he'd been that day. And the boy, the one who'd barely even glanced at my cleavage, was shaking in his boots—literally. He didn't dare make eye contact with Griffin or I, but his hands were shaking so bad that I thought he might spill the water. He knew he'd made a mistake.

An even smaller mistake than that kitchen girl had. If she's allowed to throw herself at Griffin and walk out of here without a scratch, so should this kid. He wasn't even intentionally hitting on me.

Just as I thought Griffin might make some sort of move, I placed my hand over his forearm. He was warm to the touch, like his jealousy had actually boiled over.

"Sweetheart," I said, trying not to cringe at the sound of the endearment out of my mouth. I wasn't practiced with the pet names.

"Are you okay?" Given my limited romantic history, I wasn't great with that sort of affection, but if there was ever a time to try, now seemed like a good choice. Maybe appealing to Griffin—and the mate bond— could help the boy walk out of the room alive.

The endearment had the intended effect. I watched Griffin's eyes immediately slide to mine, surprised. He hadn't expected it from me.

Fortunately, in the few seconds I'd managed to redirect his attention, the kitchen boy was able to slip out of the dining room, unscathed.

I let out a breath. At least he was able to get away. The last thing I wanted was to see another head roll on the floor, especially while I'm trying to eat. I could only hope that he wouldn't come back and Griffin wouldn't hunt him down later - but hopefully Griffin would forget once his initial anger vanished.

"I'm fine," Griffin practically snarled the words, entangling his hand with mine. Even though the kitchen boy was out of sight, Griffin was still on edge.

Now, this is the part where I royally fucked up.

Had I been a little more logical, I would've continued to soothe Griffin until his jealousy was sated. Touched him, reassured him that it wasn't a big deal and that I was all his. I'm pretty sure that would've been the "good mate" response. !|

That's not what I did though. |>

Instead, my brain decided that this would be the perfect opportunity to tease him—much like he'd done with me only minutes ago.

"What was that?" I asked him, trying to keep the teasing tone of out my voice.

"What was what?" He replied, saying the exact same thing I'd said to him. It felt like déjà vu in reverse.

How does it feel to be teased about your jealousy now?

"That little...display there," I said, and I could no longer keep the mockery out of my tone. It was the exact same thing he'd said to me about the kitchen girl, and by the way that Griffin narrowed his eyes at me, he knew I was poking fun at him.

"Little fox," he said, his voice barely above a growl. He was warning me, I could tell. But of what? Him? I wasn't doing or saying anything he hadn't said to me! He wasn't the only one who could have a little fun.

This should've been the point where I stopped and realized that pissing off a werewolf that's already in a possessive mood might not be a good idea.

But I didn't. Antagonizing him sent a thrill through me. There was an excited adrenaline in my veins, like prodding the bear to get a reaction.

Well, this isn't a bear. This is an angry wolf and that might be worse.

"It's okay, you know. I know I'm quite beautiful but you have nothing to worry about," I echoed his own words back to him. !|

Silence. Oh, he definitely knew I was mocking him now.

"Little fox," he said, "It's already taking everything inside me not to bend you over this table so that the entire kitchen staff can hear who you belong to...do you really want to end up over my knee again?" (>)

My face went red and there was a dark satisfactory gleam in Griffin's eyes. I couldn't tell if he was satisfied that he'd already flustered me again or if he really wanted me to keep pushing. Although the thought of having sex with him definitely made me nervous, it also left some sort of hungry curiosity too.

Is this what trying to accept the mate bond does? Just make me super horny for him? I pictured it in my mind - him bending me over the table, lifting up my blue dress, and taking me how he pleased. The sounds he'd make. How he'd feel inside me.

Almost unconsciously, I ground my thighs together and swallowed down a whimper. My eyes fluttered shut. Him on top of me, his strong hands covering every inch of my skin —

"Little fox," Griffin rasped and my eyes sprung open. His jaw was clenched and his eyes roved over me like a hungry animal. "I can smell you. It's taking every ounce of my self-control not to fuck you right

now, Clark." (1) Crack!

I watched the edge of the wooden table suddenly break under his grip, his eyes still trained on me. He was still gripping the jagged, broken edge with his fist, his veins bulging beneath his skin.

God, what would those hands feel like on me?

What would they feel like on my face?

Or my throat?)

That was the last thought in my brain before I felt myself move. I

reached over, tugging his face closer to mine and closed the gap between our lips.