

The Alpha King’s Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 100

The Alpha King's Human Mate Epilogue - Part II

Epilogue - Part II

“Human, wolf, you are what you make of yourself!”

Clark Bellevue

8 Years Later

“Mommy! Mommy, did you see that? I got my first battle wound!”

A freckled boy with dark hair and eyes stared up at me with a proud smile. He presented the scratch on his arm to me like a trophy as we stood at the dining table. Griffin was in a meeting tonight, so the table was only set for three. =)

“and what’s this from?” I asked with raised eyebrows. Even as I inspected the scratch, I could see that it was already beginning to heal, his pale skin knitting itself back together again.

“Training class,” he said, “Instructor Ivan said it wasn’t a real battle wound, but daddy said it was! He said I’ll be ready to go into battle before no time!”

“Instructor Ivan is right,” I told him, “And your father is a bit of a moron if he thinks you’ll be going into battle anytime soon.”

The seven-year-old boy pouted, a look I’d seen on Griffin plenty of Epilogue - Part II

time. If it weren’t for his pale skin and freckled face, he could’ve been the spitting image of his father.

Even after seven years of pouty, puppy-dog faces, I was still a sucker for them. At least when they came from my son. I’d grown immune to Griffin’s pouty face years ago. “Look,” I sighed, “Maybe you’ll get to go into battle one day, but not today. Like when you’re king, decades from now. Now, if you’re done with your dinner, you can go play?”

That answer was enough to satisfy him, and with a quick hug, he took off running. Although he hadn’t shifted yet, he’d already begun to show early signs of being a werewolf — better strength and speed, better healing. It was only a matter of time until he shifted.

How time has passed. I ruminated on the past eight years as I finished off my own dinner.

I was already twenty-nine now. A queen, a mate, and a mother to two beautiful children. Griffin had wanted to start a family since we’d gotten married, but I’d been the one who needed more time. I wanted to graduate college first and travel together as a couple before we added a third person to the mix.

And we did.

After making our way through most of Europe on an extended vacation for our anniversary, I stopped taking birth control. Epilogue - Part II

It happened only a few months after that.

Griffin had known before I did. Even before the morning sickness and the weird cravings began, his supernatural hearing had caught onto something I hadn’t ~ a third heartbeat. ”)

He’d been overjoyed, of course. The only other time I’d ever seen him that happy was on our wedding day. To no surprise, his protective nature became a thousand times worse once he realized I was pregnant. I couldn’t leave the bedroom without at least two guards flocking me like hounds, let alone the castle. =)

It had been a suffocating nine months, but at the end of it, I’d gotten something more precious than my own life: my son. Adjusting to parenthood hadn’t been easy, but with Griffin by my side, we managed to figure it out. Together, we tried to be better parents than we’d ever had.

I smiled when the dining room door opened to reveal the person who the other place setting was for ~ my five-year-old daughter. She shared Griffin’s dark hair and tan skin, but she was just as gangly as I’d been as akid.

“Mommy?”

Theard the sniffle from across the room, and instantly, I was on alert.

“Sweetheart,” I said, “What’s wrong?” Epilogue - Part II

She didn’t hesitate to run over to me, practically collapsing into my arms and sobbing into my shirt. She began to talk, but it took at least five minutes before she’d calmed down enough to tell me whatever had made her upset.

“It’s the other kids in my training me with big brown eyes. “They made fun of me today.” Her bottom lip wobbled as she spoke.

s,” she finally said, looking up at

Inside, I was already fuming and planning to find out whose kids had made fun of my daughter and which trainer had allowed it to happen. But on the outside, I kept my cool and asked, “And why did they make fun of you?” (2)

“I can’t run as fast as them!” she said, “Or fight as good. Or do anything as good. They think it’s funny. They think I’m weak.”

I cursed Griffin inside my head for ever letting him convince me that it’d be a good idea to put her in a group training class. She’d been taking private self-defense lessons with Ivan previously, but Griffin had tried to tell me she’d do well in a group.

All the kids her age do group training, he’d said. I want my daughter to be the best.

I should’ve known what group training would lead to, having gone through it myself.

“They also said I’m not going to grow up to be like them,” she Epilogue - Part II

continued, “Is that true?”

I sighed. There was no getting around this one. “Yes, it’s true. You’re not going to grow up to be like those kids in your training class.”

“So, I’ll always be weak?” she asked, and from the way her lip continued to wobble, I knew she was on the verge of sobbing again.

“No, I didn’t say that,” I said, “Of course you’re going to grow up to be strong. You just won’t be strong in the same way your classmates are.”

“I don’t understand, mommy.”

I brushed some of the dark hair out of her eyes. “You know we live around werewolves,” I explained, “That’s what your classmates are going to be, that’s why they’re so strong. You’ve seen your dad shift and one day, your brother is going to shift too.”

“But I’m not going to be a wolf,” she sniffled. “I want to be a wolf. I want to be strong. I don’t want to be weak.” \)

“and you think being a wolf makes you strong?” I asked. “That you have to be a wolf or you’ll be weak?”

She nodded as she sniffled into my shirt and I took that as my cue that she was listening. “You’re human,” I said, “Just like me.”

Her big eyes peered up at me. “So, you don’t have a wolf? Like at all?”

I shook my head with a soft smile. “No, I don’t,” I said. “I’ve never had a Epilogue - Part II

wolf, but I grew up around them. Spent a lot of time wishing I could be strong just like them, and you know where it got me?

She shook her head.

“Tt got me nowhere. And it took me a long time to realize that I could still be strong without a wolf,” I told her. “True strength doesn’t mean you can run faster or heal more quickly...true strength is something that comes from inside you. Only you can make yourself strong. And when it counts, when you need that strength, it doesn’t matter whether you’re a werewolf or a human.” (?)

“So, I can still be strong one day? Like you?” she asked. “I want to know how you got strong.”

I nodded. “I’ll tell you the story of how I met your father and became Queen, how I made myself strong...but not today.”

She pouted. “Why not today?”

I smiled. “You’re a little young for it, but when you’re older, I’ll tell you all about it.”