

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 11

“At a dinner party, one should eat wisely but not too well, and talk well but not too wisely.”

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### 1. Somerset Maugham

As we stood in front of the door that led into the dining room, all I could think about were how clammy my palms were. What if the Alpha King wanted to shake my hand? Was I supposed to give him my clammy hands? Werewolves had heightened senses, there's no way he wouldn't notice if my hands were clammy.

Pull yourself together, Clark. The last thing you needed to be worried about is sweaty palms.

I wiped my hands on the light blue dress I was wearing for the thirtieth time since we'd left the room. The dress wasn't anything elaborate, but I hoped it would be appropriate for a dinner party. When Lily saw what I'd brought in my backpack, she'd declared all of it unfit for the dinner party and handed me this dress instead.

I had to admit Lily's taste in clothes was top-notch. The dress was form-fitting, with spaghetti straps and it stopped just above my knees. It looked good. Beside me, Lily and Sebastian were also dressed to the nines. She wore an above-the-knee velvet black dress with straps below the shoulders and Sebastian wore black dress pants with a blue button-down that matched his eyes.

“You all look marvelous,” Esther said as she approached the dining-room door, “There's no reason to be nervous. It appears nobody else has arrived yet, you're the first guests.” To prove her point, she threw open the large, intricate wooden door and disappeared inside the empty room.

We trailed in after her and I nearly stopped walking when I saw how elaborate the

dining room was. The ceiling stretched more than twenty feet high and the floor was all white and gold marble. Corinthian columns lined each door into the room and there was even a fireplace. A large portrait of Queen Cate, who looked just as young as she had in

the other painting, hung above the mantle. The entire room. reminded me of something you'd find in an art museum or the Sistine chapel – but then again, we were in a castle. At a certain point, I'd probably have to get used to all the over-the-top decorating. O

In the middle of the room, there was a large mahogany table with matching chairs and fine china. The place settings were already there and Esther directed us to our seats. She explained the Alpha King would sit at the head of the table surprises there- and Sebastian would be placed on his right. Then, I was beside Sebastian and Lily was beside me.

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“Go on,” Esther urged, “Take your seats. I imagine the other Alpha children will be showing up any minute now. The King will likely be last, he loves to be fashionably late.”

We did as she asked and I was surprised at just how comfortable the chair was. Even though it was wood, there was a plush cushion on every seat.

“Would you three like anything to drink?” Esther asked, “The kitchen staff will provide water for everyone but I'm sure I could put in a request for wine or another beverage.”

I guess werewolves don't have any qualms about offering alcohol to underage teenagers.

“No, that's okay,” Sebastian said, “We're fine.”

Esther nodded and left the room.

“Excuse you?” Lily hissed, leaning over to glare at Sebastian, “Way to talk for the entire table, Seb. Maybe I wanted some red wine.”

Sebastian glared back. “We're about to have dinner with the Alpha King, Lily. We should all be as clear-headed as possible.”

Lily scoffed. “Whatever. We're werewolves, you know? It's not like we're going to get drunk on a couple of glasses of wine.”

Sebastian sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose as if he was trying to calm himself down. I didn't see Seb lose his temper often, but when he did, it was usually the same culprit. “Look,” he ground out, “Just not tonight, okay? You can ask for all the wine you want on the plane ride back home.”

Lily huffed but she didn't protest.

Before my siblings could continue their banter, the wooden door opened again and three new faces approached. I could tell immediately that they were the other. Alpha kids: there were three boys and one girl. They all looked like teenagers, close to Seb, Lily, and I's ages. ( )

"Well, hello. We were not expecting anyone else to be here yet," one of the guys, a lanky Indian boy with curly hair and an accent spoke first. "I'm Aakesh, son of Rayaana and from the Vrka pack in South India." He extended his hand for Sebastian to shake and smiled at Lily and me.

"And I'm Ezra," the next boy interjected. He was just a hair taller than Aakesh with chestnut brown hair and green eyes, but the most noticeable thing about him. was his British accent. "I'm from the Lock Heart Pack in England." He didn't bother to shake anyone's hands but he shot a charming smile at Lily. a

Beside me, I heard Lily exhale and it sounded like relief.

The last guest was a tiny slip of a girl. She looked around my age, but she was tiny. She didn't look any taller than five-feet and her platinum blonde hair was styled into braids.

While Ezra and Aakesh didn't hesitate to introduce themselves or take their seats, the girl hung back by the door and avoided looking at anyone.

"That's Angel," Ezra piped up, "Don't mind her. She's painfully shy. Come on, Angel. Looks like you're supposed to sit next to me."

Even from my spot at the table, I could see Angel's face flush completely red as she scurried to her seat. She reminded me of a house mouse or a kitten who was

startled by loud noises.

"It's nice to meet you all," Sebastian said, "I'm Sebastian. These are my sisters, Lily and Clark. I heard there were four other guests. Is someone else coming?"

Aakesh shook his head. "Yes, her name is Alessia. She was supposed to come, but I guess she wasn't feeling well after her flight, so she passed on the dinner invitation." Q

Sebastian nodded.

I looked over and as soon as Ezra locked eyes with me, his eyes widened in delight and his grin grew positively wolfish. "Clark," he rolled my name on his tongue, "I can smell it, you're the human one. I heard there would be a human here but I

didn't believe it."

Instantly, I found myself wanting to shy away from his predatory gaze but I did my best to hold eye contact. “Yes, that’s me. The human one,” I said, and my tone came out a little more sarcastic than I intended it to.

you,” he

Ezra’s grin only grew. “This must be such an overwhelming experience for said, “Humans are so fragile. You must feel like the little mouse caught in the wolf den.” His tone was mocking, and I knew he was trying to intimidate me.

Not likely, asshole.

His voice made my skin crawl and I narrowed my eyes at him, but before I could respond, Sebastian stepped in. “I’d appreciate it if you didn’t speak to my sister that way,” he said, his voice low and hard, “If you’ve got a question, you can direct

it to me.” 5

In any other circumstance, I might’ve been annoyed with Sebastian’s.

overprotective older brother routine. But for once, I was grateful to have him there to back me up. I was out of my depth here, and Ezra was only the first reminder of how some of the wolves would see me here!

as prey.

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“Of course, I hope I didn’t offend you,” Ezra apologized but there was nothing genuine about his words. Sebastian narrowed his eyes.

“Angel,” I said, trying to change the subject before Sebastian ended up in a brawl, “I love your dress. Where did you get it?” It was a lame misdirect but it worked. Angel, who had been staring at her lap since she’d sat down, finally looked up. When I caught sight of her face, I understood her name with big, green doe-eyes and lips shaped into a cupid’s bow, she definitely looked angelic.

“F-from my closet,” she stuttered out and her cheeks flushed red again. Her voice was light and tinkly, like a fairy. 4

I heard Lily quietly scoff beside me, but she didn’t comment.

“Well, uh, it’s very pretty,” I said. I wasn’t sure what else to say but at least I  
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wasn’t lying. Her white sundress was cute, and if anything, it only completed her  
heavenly vibe. @

There was a pause of awkward silence, but it didn’t last long. The door on the other  
side of the room opened and an older woman in a maid’s uniform stepped through. “I  
am now announcing the arrival of Alpha King Alaric II and Beta William.”

I heard heavy footsteps stamping on the smooth marble, and then a man entered  
the room.

My breath caught in my throat.

It was the Alpha King.