

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 45

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“Buy the ticket, take the ride.” Hunter S. Thompson

It took a few seconds for the sheer embarrassment of what had just happened to settle over me. Not only had this man just spanked me over his knee like a disobedient child, but some twisted part of me had actually liked it. Had been turned on by it. And he knew it.

Griffin continued to stroke my hair and comfort me ~as if that was supposed to make up for “punishing” me.

How dare he?

He might've been sad I ran away from him, but he drugged me and spanked me ~ he's the twisted one here, not me.

With red on my cheeks ~ both sets, I was sure - I shoved him away forcefully. Griffin must've been surprised by my movement because he actually moved with my push, and I scooted back on the bed.

Of course, with a stinging ass, trying to scoot back on my butt was not my smartest move. I swallowed a hiss of pain. I didn't want Griffin to see that his punishment had actually caused me pain, but I couldn't lie to myself ~ the spanking had hurt. Unfortunately, I must not have done a very good job of schooling my expression because Griffin saw right through me.

“Are you hurting, little fox?” he said. His tone was full of mock sympathy and he was smirking - the bastard actually had the audacity to smirk. “Tell me what's causing you pain. I'll kiss it better.”

As if he doesn't know exactly what body part is aching right now.

“Fuck you,” I growled, moving further away on the bed. I was careful not to put any weight on my actual ass, I didn't need a reminder of what had just happened.

“Oh, I have every intention of fucking you,” Griffin said and his voice was husky and low again. “But not today. We'll wait until your ass is a little less sore.” (2)

“Do you think this is fucking funny?” I snapped at him. All I could feel was embarrassment, rage, and a stinging ass. “You hunted me down like an animal, took me from my mother. I was happy without you. Then you drug me, bring me back here, and ‘punish’ me for it. In what world does that make sense to you?”

Griffin's eyes actually darkened (which I didn't think was even possible). He lost his smirk and I could tell I'd pissed him off. Good.

He shifted closer to me on the bed and I felt very much like a prey caught under her predator. With gleaming eyes and arms caging me in, he certainly looked like one. “You want to talk about common sense?” he whispered. His voice was low and dark but controlled. Yeah, he was definitely pissed.

I could feel my own heart drumming in my chest. I wanted to look away from his intense eyes, but it felt like he had trapped me with his gaze.

“Let's talk about how little sense your escape attempt made,” he said, “You've been around mated pairs most of your life, little fox. You know what they're like, what they mean to each other. You may not feel the bond as I do, but you do feel some of it. More importantly, you know what it looks like. You know that mates don't move on from each other ~ they never leave each other. And if one of them does die or leave, they never recover. Yet you still thought you could run from me, from your destiny. What did you think was going to happen to me?”

He was silent, waiting for my answer. I swallowed. I knew he was right and my feeble explanation felt ridiculous. “I thought maybe you would move on eventually,” I told him, my voice barely above a whisper.

“How could you possibly think that?” He asked, eyebrows furrowed. “Mates are forever. There is nobody else for me. I could never want anyone else.”

The answer came to me before I'd even really thought about it. “That's not true.”

“What's not true?” “That you'd never want someone else, You can't possibly know you'd never want anyone else.”

“Yes, I can.”

Griffin's confident, instantenous reply only angered me more. It triggered something in me, like this entire conversation was digging up something I didn't even know I had.

“No, you don't,” I snapped back. I didn't even know why I was so insistent to prove him wrong, to make him see that he wasn't being truthful - but I couldn't stop myself now.

“And why do you think I don't know that?” He asked. His eyes were narrowed and I could tell even he was confused as to why I was pressing so hard.

“Because I've seen it!” I said, “I'm the literal result of someone who decided they wanted someone else other than their mate - even if it was only for one night.”

The confusion on Griffin's face suddenly cleared and I felt my face go red - again, It felt like I'd just stumbled on some sort of epiphany. Was I reluctant to believe Griffin's dedication to me because of my dad? Because he'd had an affair with my mom?)

God, did my trust issues really just boil down to daddy issues?

Griffin was silent for a moment but there was a new look in his eyes. Understanding.

When he did finally speak, his tone was gentle and soft. “Clark,” he said, “I need you to understand something. I would never do that to you. Never. Not for anyone in the world and certainly not just for a quick fuck. Do you understand that?”

When I didn't reply, he continued to press forward. “I've told you this before, little fox, but I'm going to continue to say it until it gets through that thick skull of yours. You are mine. You'll be mine until you take your last breath and even beyond that. And just as you are mine, I will always be yours. My body belongs to you as yours does to me. You are it for me, little fox. It doesn't matter if you fight for me for the next fifty years, if you try to escape again - I will never give up on you. And more importantly, I would never betray you like that.”

All I could do was sit in stunned silence, my breath caught in my throat. Griffin was never shy about sharing his dedication to me, but this...this was next level. I could tell he meant every word of it, and his commitment was so real that it almost felt suffocating.

“And I know that you'd never betray me like that either,” he continued, and I saw the predatory gleam return to his eye, “Because if you ever tried to be with another, whether it was one night or more...I'd fucking kill him. I'd kill him and I'd make you watch. And then I'd fuck you until the only word you could remember was my name.”

I could feel every word he spoke and there was no doubt in my mind that he was telling the truth.