

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 47

Chapter 47 “Happiness can only exist in acceptance.” George Orwell

Later that evening, when Griffin returned to our rooms, I decided to put my new attitude into work. I'd already tried running away and fighting fate. For the time being, it was time to see where actual acceptance might get me.

So, when Griffin entered the room, I didn't turn away or try to argue with him like I might've done a couple of days ago. Instead, I turned to him and actually smiled. The gesture still felt forced and I could see Griffin raise his eyebrows almost immediately ~ he clearly hadn't been expecting me to look happy to see him.

“Hello, little fox,” he said, bounding across the room and taking me into his arms. “I missed you.” His embrace was warm and firm, and rather than pull away, I let myself sink into his arms and hug him back.

“Yeah, me too,” I told him. It wasn't a complete lie. Other than Dr. Inessa, Griffin had been primary human interaction for the past day. Even if he'd spent a good portion of that time “punishing me,” his presence was better than nothing.

In response, Griffin only stiffened under my touch. Was he expecting me to reject his touch?

“What's wrong?” I asked as Griffin stiffly pulled away from me, staring at me with narrowed eyes.

“What are you trying to pull?” he asked, his voice low and barely above a growl. 2)

“What do you mean?”

“That smile when I walked into the room,” he said, “Telling me you miss me too, hugging me back...what sort of game are you trying to play with me?”

I couldn't even be offended that he was so suspicious of me. After all, I had literally run away from him and constantly questioned the mate bond. If I was him, 'd certainly be suspicious about my intentions.

“I'm not trying to pull anything,” I replied. My eyes bore into his and I tried to communicate every ounce of sincerity | felt. “I can see why you might think that, but seriously, there's no ploy here. I've had pretty much the entire day to think about this. Us. The mate bond. Whatever you want to call it.”

Griffin raised his eyebrows, but I could've sworn I saw something flash in his eyes. Hope? |

“and?” he questioned. “Well, here's the thing,” I started. Suddenly, it was all I could do not to look away from him. I felt shy and vulnerable in a way that I'd rarely felt before. It was the heart pounding, sweaty-palm feeling of possible rejection.

Just days ago, I would've done everything I could to break this bond, and now I'm worried that he may try to laugh in my face if I tell him I want to give this a try.

“I know I've been pretty against this whole thing,” I said, “And while I'm definitely not thrilled about how things have gone down, I can recognize that I probably didn't handle my part too well.”

“Oh, you mean running off at the first opportunity you get?”

Defensiveness swirled in my gut. “Well, yes,” I said, and I had to grit my teeth to stop myself from stopping, “I was scared that being with you meant my entire future might end up slipping away. A human future. But I was reminded today that my path may be different than what I thought and I owe this whole thing a shot — or, at least, I owe you shot.” My face burned in embarrassment and I couldn't bear to make eye contact with him. \\*)

Griffin didn't let me shy away. Clasp my chin in his grasp, he turned my face towards his and I nearly gasped when I saw the look in his eyes.

Pure and total adoration—there was no mistaking it. I'd seen that look in mated couples a million times. Undying devotion—like I'd just told him he won the lottery or like I was proposing marriage. “T knew you would come around, little fox,” he whispered, “I knew you'd see that you belong to me eventually. There is no fighting fate. Any path you could take leads to me.”

I swallowed down the last of my vulnerability. His possessive words didn't terrify me the way they used to. I didn't know if that was because Twas trying to accept the mate bond or I'd just heard him tell me that I belonged to him too many times.

“For the record,” I clarified, “I need to take things slow. This kind of stuff...it's new to me. You can't throw me into some kind of role and expect me to roll with it. I'll just disappoint you. I need time to get used

to you, to actually get to know you as a person.”

Griffin smirked. “Oh, little fox. I highly doubt you could ever disappoint me, but if you did...well, you'd just end up over my knee like you were earlier today.”

I wanted to roll my eyes and tell him that wasn't helpful but I managed to refrain. .')

“Exactly how slow would you like to take things, little fox?” Griffin asked.

“How about we start with a date?” I asked. “I know that's not how you guys usually do things, but I'm not a wolf. I want to get to know you as a person. Not just because you're my soul mate or I'm supposed to love you. I want us to choose each other.” I hadn't meant to say that last part but it was true. If I was going to try and accept the mate bond (for now, at least) there had to be some balance. I didn't want to end up like most of the mated couples I knew—pregnant and barefoot within a year. I wanted to know everything about him. I needed to know that the connection between us wasn't just some cosmic fluke, but that we actually worked as people.

Another part of me, a small part that I'd never dare say out loud, wanted to know that Griffin was worthy of me...and that I was worthy of him.)

A large smile—not a smirk—overtook Griffin's face.

“A date it is,” he grinned. >)