

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 49

Chapter 49 "It is not love that is blind, but jealousy." |

Lawrence Durrell

By the time that Griffin arrived at the suite to pick me up, decked out in a dark blue shirt and dress pants, I tried to swallow down my jealousy. This was supposed to be a fresh start for us, and I didn't want to start it with conflict. Especially with something that I knew wasn't actually his fault but my own irrational feelings. Whatever Griffin had done in the past was his business, not mine. (1)

Not that he was considerate when he grilled me about my past sexual experiences.

It took a few deep breaths to shove the thought from my mind, but eventually, I was able to plaster a smile on my face and look excited to see him.

"You look gorgeous, little fox," he said, dark eyes roving over me. There was a hungry look in his eyes, like he wanted to eat me alive.

"as do you," I replied. He did look good; I couldn't deny that. The blue of his shirt matched my dress, and for a moment, I wondered if Mary's opinion about the blue dress hadn't been planned. Griffin matching me couldn't have been a coincidence.

Griffin didn't outwardly acknowledge my praise but I could tell it pleased him by the way his posture straightened and his face relaxed.

God, is it that easy for me to read him? Is it just because of the mate bond that it feels like I can tell what he's thinking or because I've spent so much time in confined spaces with him?

"Come, little fox," he said, "I've had one of the dining rooms prepared for us. I don't suppose you're hungry?"

At the mention of food, my stomach grumbled and Griffin smirked. "Well, that answers my question."

It took almost all of my self-control not to bite back that being drugged hadn't exactly given me time to eat.

Fresh start. Remember, Clark? You're trying to accept the mate bond here.

So, instead, I just said, "Food sounds delicious."

We walked to the dining room in comfortable silence and I tried not to let the elaborate twists and turns disorient me. I suppose I'd have to learn this place sooner or later, but not right now.

When we did finally make it to the dining room, the elaborate marble and gold decorative fixtures hardly surprised me. I'd been in enough rooms at the castle to know that most, if not all of them, were too extravagant.

Griffin pulled my chair out for me and I smiled. This wooden table was much smaller than anything I'd sat at before. Instead of Griffin sitting across from me, he was beside me. Close enough to touch. Close enough that I could feel his warmth.

No sooner than we'd sat down did another door to the room open, two young girls carrying serving dishes. Even in kitchen uniforms, they were just as stunningly beautiful as Mary had been. Big, doe eyes, shiny hair, and long legs.

For a moment, I wondered if Griffin had ever given these girls a "night of attention," to use Mary's phrase. They were certainly beautiful and young enough to catch anyone's eye, maybe even Griffin's.

"Your Majesties," the first girl spoke, her voice soft and tinkly, "The chef has prepared chicken pot pie as instructed." She set down two plates in front of us, revealing steaming, large pot pies.

"Comfort food isn't what the castle is used to preparing," Griffin said, looking at me, "But I figured you'd like something a little more filling and less showy."

I smiled at him, my grumbling stomach begging me to take a bite. "Well, you guessed right. I'm definitely a comfort food kind of girl."

As I looked over at Griffin, my smile immediately dropped. One of the girls who'd brought our food was still leaning over him, big eyes looking up at him. Her uniform wasn't indecent by any means, but the way she leaned over and pressed her arms together definitely accentuated her chest.

"Do you need anything else, Your Majesty?" she asked, her soft voice low and sultry. (=

Is she really doing this in front of me right now? I know he's the king but I'm literally right here and she's still trying to catch his attention.

Before Griffin could even reply, I couldn't stop myself from answering for him. "No, he definitely doesn't need anything from you," I told her. I tried to keep the venom out of my voice, but by the surprised look on the girl's face, I don't think I'd done a very good job.

My hostile tone was enough to get her to back off, straightening up and giving him some space. Good.

"Q-of course," she stammered, and I noticed that her cheeks flushed, "Just call if you need anything."

She, along with the other girl, scampered back into the kitchen and I let out a breath. The heavy lead weight of jealousy had reappeared in my stomach, weighing me down again. So much so for leaving the past in the past. Griffin hadn't even done anything, but it was clear that being mated wasn't going to deter everyone. 2)

Maybe the chicken pot pie will help me feel a little less grouchy. "What was that?" Griffin asked with raised eyebrows. I dug into my first bite and swallowed it down before I answered.

"What was that?"

"That little...display there," Griffin said. His eyes were narrowed but his tone was teasing, The bastard was amused.

"Display?" I echoed. "You mean when that girl practically threw herself on you and was trying to give you "fuck me' eyes?"

Griffin chuckled. "Is that jealousy I hear, little fox?"

He was right. I was jealous and I hated it. I hated the anger simmering in my gut, the way that I wanted to throw myself on top of him and hiss that he was mine.)

Geez, Clark. You sound like the possessive werewolf right now. (2

"It wasn't jealousy," I told him, "I was just answering her question."

"sure," Griffin smirked, "It's okay, you know. I know I'm quite handsome but you have nothing to worry about." His mocking tone only infuriated me more. Of course, this was a joke to him, but was it a joke when he interrogated me about my past sexual encounters? Questioned me about Aiden? He hadn't been laughing then.

"Right," I rolled my eyes.

The door opened again and just as I prepared myself for another encounter with the doe-eyed girl, a curly-haired boy about my age stepped through. He had a glass pitcher of water in his hands.

He walked over silently, filling our water glasses. As he reached mine, I noticed that his eyes strayed down to my form-fitting dress—particularly to my chest. His gaze only lasted a second before he returned his attention to the water pitcher, but he couldn't hide the blush on his cheeks. He'd been checking me out. (*

Before I could give myself some sort of mental ego boost, my eyes

strayed over to Griffin. His smirk was gone and his dark eyes were narrowed on the boy. His teeth gleamed in the light, he was enraged.

Okay, that's not good.