

The Alpha King’s Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 55

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“You are the fire burning inside me.” Kelvin O’Ralph

If I’d had a camera or a phone nearby, I would’ve snapped a photo of the look on Griffin’s face when I told him I wanted to claim him. He looked like I’d just told him I was secretly an alien or lived on the moon ~ or some other impossible thing. 7

With his jaw hanging open, Griffin finally managed to speak. “Claim me?” he said. “Like with a bite?”

I knew the idea sounded ridiculous. I wasn’t a wolf. I didn’t have fangs that could magically leave scars. But I did have teeth and canines. Maybe they weren’t as sharp, but they could still sink into somebody’s neck. They could leave scars too. [”]

That thought - of me sinking my teeth into the pulse of Griffin’s neck ~ sent the blood rushing through my veins.

Has the mate bond messed me up so much that biting into somebody’s neck like a vampire turns me on? (2)

Well, not just anybody — Griffin. My mate.

“I hate to state the obvious here,” Griffin said, “But as much as I may call you my little fox, you’re still human. You won’t be able to leave a claiming bite.” (1)

“Why not?” I snapped back, and I tried not to sound like I was pouting. “I have teeth too. Some of them are sharper than they look.”

“I’m sure they are,” Griffin said, sounding amused. “But I have supernatural healing abilities. Unless your teeth are made of silver, the mark will just fade. Probably within seconds.”

Logically, I knew he was right. Werewolves healed much more quickly than humans. They weren’t even capable of getting scars, not unless they were made through silver blades or weapons.

Still, that didn’t stop the possessive thought from running through my mind. If Griffin was going to leave his mark on me, was it so crazy that I wanted to leave mine on him?

“You know what I’ve come to realize about you, little fox?” Griffin said, breaking me from my train of thought. I looked up at him and his eyes were shining with admiration. “You’re more wolf-like than you realize.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you may be human,” Griffin continued, and I felt one of his hands stroking through my hair, “But there’s no mistaking the Alpha blood in you. You might not be able to shift or turn into a wolf, but that Alpha blood finds other ways of expressing itself.”

“My Alpha blood?” I asked, eyebrows raised. “Are you just saying that because I wanted to mark you? Who says that has anything to do with my Alpha blood? Maybe I’m just weird.”

Griffin rolled his eyes but a teasing smirk played on his lips. “It’s not just that,” he said, “It’s everything about you. Had I been mated to any other wolf, things would’ve gone completely differently. Any female wolf would’ve accepted the bond immediately and let me claim them.”

Irritation sparked in me. I could tell that Griffin was trying to make a bigger point, but it almost sounded like he was unhappy with how things turned out. Like he would’ve preferred some completely submissive girl, ready to do all of his bidding.

“Well, I’m sorry I didn’t immediately fall at your feet,” I rolled my eyes. I turned my face away from him, but Griffin immediately grabbed my chin with his hand and pulled me back.

“Don’t look away and roll your eyes at me, little fox,” he said, and his tone had an edge to it now, “Do that again and I’ll take you over my knee. I wasn’t trying to say I was unhappy with you or that I wanted something else. All I meant is that you weren’t what I expected.”

Knowing that Griffin would probably make good on his threat, I tried to shove down some of my attitude and let him properly explain. “I expected the mate bond to be easy. But then I found you — and we both know that you were far from easy. You were challenging me from the moment we made eye-contact. You ran from me the first chance you got. You fought back, you stood your ground.” (*

He paused and that same awed look came over his face again. “You were nothing like I thought. You were so much stronger than I ever expected a human to be ~ than I ever expected my mate to be. I’ve spent most of my life around people who would’ve done anything to be mated to somebody in my position. I’ve gotten a lot things in my life through my birthright, I know that. But you, little fox? You’re the first thing that has ever truly challenged me. You forced me to prove myself to you as a mate, you made me feel like I had to earn it.”

As I stared into Griffin’s eyes, there was a hungry look in them that made my chest feel tight.

“That kind of strength,” he continued, “That’s the strength of an Alpha. As human as you may be, it’s so plain to see how deep your Alpha blood

runs.”

Was Griffin right? Was it possible that my Alpha blood could express itself even if I wasn’t a wolf?

“You make me sound a lot stronger than I actually feel,” I told him, and I tried to keep my voice from wavering. It was hard to keep my tone steady when he looked like he wanted to devour me. “I’ve never gotten the appeal of a soul mate, you know. I didn’t want someone to care about me because some cosmic universal force was pushing us together. I wanted someone to care about me because they understand me. Because they’ve chosen me. And with you, I needed you to prove that you actually wanted me and not just the idea of a soul mate.” _)

I paused. “Maybe it was the Alpha blood in me, but I guess you’re right.

I did need you to earn it.” Something glimmered in his eyes. “And? Have I earned it, little fox?” I swallowed down a lump in my throat. “Yes.”

Before I could register it, Griffin’s lips were on mine, ravishing me. It was like he couldn’t get enough of me and it was all I could do to keep up with him, His hands tangled in my hair, to the point where I could feel him pulling it.

This went on for several seconds — just his warm lips on mine, his soft tongue exploring my mouth. Just when I was starting to feel a familiar knot in my lower belly, he pulled again with wild eyes. “Clark,” he growled. His voice was lower than I’d ever heard it before, like he was barely controlling himself. “I’m going to mark you now.”

Someone notifying me that they wanted to stick their canines into my neck probably should’ve sent me running, but I didn’t feel an ounce of hesitation. I knew there was no turning back now. Taking Griffin’s mark meant we’d be connected forever. That thought would’ve floored me a couple of days ago, but I had more clarity than ever now. I knew this was my path.

So, I nodded. That was all the permission that Griffin needed.

With a firm grip on my hair, he nudged my face to the side with his nose and buried himself in my exposed neck. And then I felt his fangs.

I expected the claiming bite to be a lot more painful than it actually was. The sharp pain only lasted for a second and then it just ached, like he’d bitten into a sore muscle.

Pulling his canines out my neck, Griffin growled and pulled me close. “Mine.”

That triggered something in me, something primal. I didn’t think about what I did next — it was just instinct. With fresh blood oozing from the claiming bite, I leaned forward and sunk my teeth into Griffin’s neck.

“Mine.”