

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 56

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"actions speak louder than words." *) Aleksandra Layland

I could hear Griffin growl in surprise as I bit into his skin ~ he hadn't been expecting it. Still, I kept my teeth latched onto his warm skin, digging into the flesh.

It was only when he unlatched his teeth from my neck and I could no longer feel his teeth embedded in his skin that I stopped biting him.

Surprisingly, I could feel very little pain from the claiming bite. There was a dull ache and I registered something hot and warm running down my shoulder ~ blood? ~ but that was it. It certainly didn't feel like someone had just sunk their fangs into me.

"What a little wild fox you are," Griffin whispered, his eyes still wide in surprise. There was something else there too - amusement. "Biting me like that. | didn't think you'd really do it." As if to prove it was really there, Griffin reached up to touch the mark I'd left on his skin.

Although it was less than a minute old, I could already see the mark fading on his bronze skin. The swollen indent of my teeth was beginning to fade to purple. It would be completely gone within minutes. Chapter 56

I can't say I didn't know what would happen. I'm not sure why I expected it to stay or why I'm so disappointed it won't.

While | stared at the fading mark, Griffin leaned down and began licking at my own claiming bite. I wasn't prepared for the wave of pleasure that rocked through me as soon as his hot tongue met the mark, It went straight to my core — like he'd set every nerve ending on fire.

"My God," I moaned, my head falling back to give him better access.

I felt Griffin grin against my neck. "Oh, I didn't tell you? There are a few...side-effects that come with a claiming bite."

"No, you did not," I hissed. "Nobody did." It was hard to stay mad when every touch against the mark left me a tingly mess.

How did werewolf sex education manage to leave this part out? They didn't think it was important to tell us that touching the mark literally turns you on?

"My poor little fox," Griffin's tone was mocking. By the way he continued to drag his tongue across the mark, I could tell he wasn't sorry at all.

"Does it...does it feel like this every time someone touches the mark?" I asked, and I had to strain to get the words out. It was hard to focus on anything but the sensations Griffin's touch was bringing out in me. Chapter 56

Griffin growled and I felt him nip at the mark ~ just enough to make me gasp. "No," he growled, "Only I can make you feel this way when I touch my mark. If someone else so much as tries to touch you here - or touch you at all - 'll kill them, little fox."

That statement might've rattled me a little bit more, but as he continued to nip and lick at my neck, I could feel my eyelids grow heavy. My limbs started to feel like lead weights and I slumped over, letting Griffin support my weight. We were practically chest to chest.

As I did so, I felt Griffin's tongue leave my skin.

"God, why do I feel so... Tired, I wanted to say.

The exhaustion was hitting me like a freight train. My brain was jumbled, unable to coherently form sentences.

"It's okay, little fox," Griffin whispered, cradling my head against his chest. It could've been my exhausted brain imagining things, but I could've sworn his touch felt more magnetic than before. "This is another side-effect of the claiming bite. It makes you tired. Your body is accepting the bite, it's normal."

I couldn't force my brain to try and remember if that was covered in werewolf sex-ed, but it sounded right. As fatigued as I was, it felt right too. Chapter 56

"Go to sleep, little fox. I'm right here."

As my eyelids began to droop, one of my fingers reached up to touch the spot where I'd bitten Griffin. I felt him tense under my touch as I traced the non-existent bite mark. It was completely gone now ~ just smooth, healed skin.

"It's gone," I mumbled. That was the last thing I managed to say out loud before my eyes got too heavy and sleep claimed me.

When I woke up, I could feel the sun on my face and the emptiness of the bed. I was alone in the suite and Griffin was nowhere to be found. The curtains were drawn on one of the windows that overlooked the snowy forest and I could see the sun shining.

I must've slept through the night.

Man, I was so tired after last night - after the claiming.

Wait, the bite!

My fingers reached up to feel the spot where Griffin had marked me. There was no soreness in my neck and it didn't feel like an open wound. Although my limbs felt a little stiff from sleeping for so long, I

managed to drag myself out of bed and into the lavish bathroom.

I turned the light on and gasped when I caught sight of the claiming Chapter 56

bite. It was completely healed and it looked nothing like I'd expected.

I'd seen plenty of claiming bites in my life. They were all visible but most of them weren't obvious. If you weren't looking for the scarred indent of someone's teeth marks, you'd probably miss them. Some of them were barely visible at all, but others, like Luna Grace's mark, seemed more obvious.

She'd told me that was because my dad was an Alpha. The higher a wolf's position in the pack, the more obvious the bite. It wasn't intentional, but a more powerful wolf meant more powerful magic seeping into the bite.

Thadn't thought much of it, but now, I could see the truth of that clear on my neck. The healed claiming bite gleamed silver in the light, but no matter which way I turned, you couldn't miss it. It wasn't just his canines either — it was every tooth, every little indent. It looked every

bit like someone had put their entire mouth on me and bit down.

It was more noticeable, more eye-catching than any other claiming bite I'd seen in my life.

Well, there's no hiding this.

As big as it was, it wasn't ugly. There was something beautiful about it, like a stamped mark of Griffin's love.

I never thought I'd hear myself say that about a claiming bite. I've always thought these things were eyesores...until now. Chapter 56 Before I could poke and prod at the bite any longer, I heard the bedroom door open.

"Little fox?"

"In here!"

I heard Griffin's footsteps enter the open bathroom door but I didn't turn to look at him. I was still mesmerized by the bite.

"I can't believe it's already healed like that," I said, "You only gave it to me last night. Shouldn't it be an open wound or something?"

"Claiming bites don't work like regular wounds," Griffin said, "They're magic. When I bite you, the magic seeps into your skin, sealing my scent there forever. Besides, you were out for an entire day, so it wasn't exactly last night."

"Wait, I slept for an entire day?" I yelped, twisting around to face him. No wonder I had felt so stiff when I woke up.

Stupid wolf magic making me tired.

When I turned to look at Griffin, my eyes widened. He was wearing a fresh set of clothes and his hair was styled but that wasn't what caught my eye ~ it was the white bandage stuck to his neck with tape and

gauze. (>)

I moved before I even realized it, rushing to stand in front of him. Chapter 56

"Griffin," I said, staring at the bandage, "What happened to your neck? Are you hurt?" My eyes swept over his body, but I couldn't see any other bandages. He didn't look like he was injured or in pain, he looked fine.

"I appreciate the concern but I'm not hurt, little fox." I reached my hand up to peel off the bandage and he let me.

My breath caught in my throat when I saw what was underneath - a bite mark? No. It was a tattoo. A tattoo of a bite mark. A tattoo of my bite mark.

It was the exact outline of my teeth, the same exact spot where I'd bitten him. The tattoo looked extremely fresh, the skin was still raised and swollen around the fresh ink.

"You got...a tattoo. Of my bite?" I said. I couldn't take my eyes off the mark.

"Yes," Griffin said, and I could feel his eyes on me, "You said you wanted to mark me. Since you can't actually leave a claiming bite, this was the next best thing."

My throat felt tight and I could hardly get the words out. "But I thought werewolves could only get tattoos before they shift for the first time as teenagers. Before their full healing capabilities kick in," I said, "Otherwise they wouldn't stay." Chapter 56

Griffin grinned. "Yes, that is true," he said, "I got my other tattoo when I was fifteen." He gestured to the half-sleeve tattoo on his forearm. The same griffin tattoo I'd dreamed about before meeting him. (?)

I shook my head in confusion. "So, how did you get my mark tattooed then? How is it not healing as we speak?" It looked like any other fresh tattoo you'd spot on a human. Not a powerful werewolf with supernatural healing.

"The ink is infused with silver," Griffin explained, and he took my hands in his, "It's very unorthodox, but the artist ensured me that it would stay. The silver will prevent it from fading or healing." I peered up at his neck. The inflamed skin around the tattoo suddenly made sense. It wasn't just swollen from fresh ink — it was the silver irritating his skin.

"silver?" I echoed, looking at him. "Doesn't that hurt you? If it's

infused in the ink...doesn't that mean it'll always hurt?" *

Griffin didn't look the least bit like he was in pain. He just continued to grin at me, his dark eyes full of something intense. "It hardly hurts," he shrugged, "And the pain is worth it. It reminds me that it's there, that

you've left your mark on me."

There was a lump in my throat — yes, I'd certainly left my mark on him. Even if it wasn't directly.

Possessiveness swelled in me. Looking at the mark, at the indent of my own teeth, satisfied something primal in me.