

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 51

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“T have what it takes to claim what I want.” Robin York

Kissing Griffin was just as intoxicating as I remembered it to be. His full lips moved in sync with mine, like we were speaking our own physical language. I'd never realized that a kiss was something that could turn you on or leave you wet - I'd always considered it the preamble to the real foreplay.

But kissing Griffin was different. When his tongue licked my bottom lip and then entered my mouth, I could feel the warmth in my stomach. I had one hand pressed to the side of his face, the other resting on the table to support my weight.

It wasn't enough though. I wasn't touching enough of him.

As if he'd had the same thought, Griffin reached over and pulled me into his lap in one movement. I made some sort of noise in my throat ~

a mixture between a squeal and a moan ~ as he moved me. He'd picked me up like I was weightless.

Thrust into his lap, it was almost impossible to keep my hands off him.

I could feel so much more of him now ~ his large hands settled on my waist, his rigid abdomen pressed against mine, and my hot thighs perched on top of one of his. I'd never wanted to touch somebody like I wanted to touch Griffin right now. I wanted to feel all of him.

Griffin's tongue in my mouth was consuming. I tried to keep up with his speed, explore his mouth the way his tongue was mine, but he wouldn't let me. His tongue was simply dominating mine, and I wasn't sure if that was intentional or not.

I could feel the warmth in my belly expanding and I wanted, no needed, more. I needed friction, and before I could stop myself, I ground myself into his thigh I was sitting on.

Griffin immediately growled, moving his thigh closer so I could have better leverage and pulling back from my lips. His eyes were as dark as T'd ever seen them, pupils blown out. Still, there was a victorious smirk on his face, He didn't speak but continued to hold his thigh in place, watching me grind against him.

The hot pressure of his thigh against my core was the perfect amount of force against my core ~ I could feel it hitting my clit every time. Moaning, I closed my eyes and threw my head back. How could grinding against someone's thigh feel this good? It shouldn't feel this good, this hot.

Just as my eyes fluttered shut, Griffin grabbed my chin and tilted my head back down. “Now, now, little fox;” he teased, “Did I give you permission to get yourself off?” (7

He was still keeping his thigh in place, letting me move my hips and grind.

Permission? He's the one who moved his thigh and gave me better access!

That's what I meant to tell him, but instead, some sort of breathy whine escaped my throat instead.

God, I must look and seem like an animal right now - I'm literally getting myself off by humping his thigh!

In response to my whine, Griffin's hands gripped my hips and stilled them. “As beautiful as you look right now, getting yourself on me,” Griffin said, his voice raspy and low, “I get to decide when you please yourself. Not you.” (\*)

I should've been offended by that - or at least rolled my eyes at the notion of someone else getting to control my pleasure — but all I could feel was expanding heat in my lower stomach. It was actually turning

me on more.

“Please,” I barely recognized the quiet groan as it left my throat. I didn't say it, but I knew what I was ‘pleasing’ for - more of the friction, more of the hot pressure in just the right spot.

“Please what?” (2)

His eyes bore into mine, waiting for some sort of answer.

“Please, Griffin.” The words came out automatically.

The corner of his lips lifted into a smile but his hands stayed exactly

where they were, preventing my hips from moving. “Nice try but wrong answer.” Wrong answer? What the hell does he want me to refer to him as?

“Please, Your Majesty.” That was the next one that came to mind and I almost had to mutter it out of embarrassment.

Please tell me the literal King doesn't have a kink for being referred to as

such.

“Hm, | almost like that one,” Griffin's eyes danced with amusement,

“But still wrong.”

Seriously? He doesn't want his title and he doesn't want his name. What

could he possibly want me to call him?) And then the answer went off like a lightbulb inside my brain.

“Please, Daddy.” My voice felt small and quiet, and my cheeks flushed. Id remembered him saying it a few times in the past, but I never thought I'd actually be calling him it.

His eyes lit up.

“Good girl,” he praised me, “What are you begging me for?”

My cheeks got even redder. He knew what I was begging for ~ he was the one making me beg! For a moment, I just stared at him in defiance. He was already making me call him Daddy, making me ask permission to get myself off — did he really want me to beg too?

As if he could read my rebellious thoughts, Griffin's smirk widened. “Oh, is something wrong?” Everything about his tone was condescending and mocking.

What a jerk!

You know what? He can take his stupid hot thighs and his stupid big hands and go fuck himself. I don't need his permission for anything, I can manage just well on my own. (\*)

Pm not sure what possessed me to make my next move ~ maybe the rebellious little brat inside — but I thrust my hands into his dark hair and pulled as hard as I could.

The movement took Griffin by surprise and he growled. Automatically, his hands loosened their grip and I began grinding against him again.

My minor success only lasted a second or two. He realized what I was doing and grabbed my hips again, his grip tight.

“My little brat,” he growled, “That's what I should be calling you instead with the way you just tried to distract me like that. You think you can just get your way.”

I should've realized I was approaching the danger zone, but I couldn't help but push him one more time.

“Please,” I managed to roll my eyes even though my cheeks were bright red, “I don't need your permission for anything.”

Griffin's eyes were bright. “Oh, is that so?” he purred. There was something in his tone, something dangerous.

“Yes,” I ground out with narrowed eyes. His grip tightened on my hips even more, just shy of being painful.

“My little fox,” he said, “You're going to regret that. You'll be begging for my permission by the end of the night.”