

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 52

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“A gentleman holds my hand. A man pulls my hair. A soulmate will do both”)

Alessandra Torre

Td seen werewolf speed in action before. In class, in training, and even in my home. But I'd never actually felt how fast they were — how the wind whips through your hair or the dizzy spell you get when they set you down.

At least until now, that is.

One minute, I was sitting in his lap in the dining room and the next, we were back in his suite. I had hardly felt the movement, the running, but I certainly felt the wave of dizziness when he set me down on the silk sheets.

I barely had time to recover before Griffin was on top of me, his mouth moving in sync with mine. The way his tongue explored every inch of my mouth was impossible to keep up with, but I had a feeling he liked it that way.

Suddenly, Griffin pulled back, his dark eyes gleaming.

“God, you have no idea how long I've thought about this,” he

whispered. His eyes raked over my face like he was trying to memorize every line, every wrinkle.

“Thought about what?”

“How you'd feel beneath me. How your lips would feel against mine. How your hair would feel in my hands,” he said, his fingers tangling into my long, red hair. “How you'd taste.” At that last remark, I felt one of his hands travel down to the bottom of my dress, resting on my thigh. That same hand began to gently rub the sensitive skin of my inner thigh, but never going beyond that. ()

I could tell what he was thinking, what he was waiting for. He didn't directly say it, but I could tell he was asking for permission to go down on me. To make sure I was okay with it. (°)

My heart was pounding in my chest — out of excitement or nervousness — I wasn't sure. I'd never thought too much about having someone touch me like that, but now that Griffin was resting on top of me, I desperately wanted him to.

I wasn't sure I could actually say it out loud, so instead, I just nodded my head.

Griffin got the message loud and clear. He flashed me a predatory smile before diving in and capturing my lips again. His mouth molded to mine but only for a moment before he was moving on, running his warm lips down my neck.

I'd forgotten how sensitive the neck could be, especially under someone as expert as Griffin. He sucked at the sensitive curve of my neck, and while I couldn't actually see for myself, I could feel him leaving a mark.

“You're mine, little fox,” he rasped, hot breath on my neck. “For as long as I live - as long as we live. I will never let you go.” His mouth continued to work expertly ~ like he'd done this a thousand times before. He knew every spot that would elicit a moan, every sensitive

little expanse of my neck. Maybe he has done this a thousand times before.

Suddenly, the conversation with Mary flew through my head. How Griffin had been with girls in the castle and visiting female werewolves. A spark of rage and jealousy flickered in my stomach. How could I ever be okay with being his if I wasn't sure he'd be mine? I would not be another docile little wife, oblivious to what her husband does and just

happy to follow orders.

“You're thinking,” Griffin said, dark eyes boring into mine. He still hovered over me, his lips only inches away from my neck. “What are you thinking so hard about, little fox?”

“I'm thinking about you,” I said, and my voice came out a lot stronger than I thought it would, “How you always say I'm yours, that I belong to you. But do you belong to me?” (°)

I could see Griffin's eyes widen, He hadn't expected me to say that.

If I'm going to accept this mate bond, it has to be equal. He has to belong to me as much as I belong to him.

I'm not sure what overcame me at the moment, but while he was caught off-guard, I managed to shove Griffin down onto the other side of the bed. Now, our positions were reversed - me on top, him lying beneath me. He didn't fight me or try to shove me back down. Instead, he merely watched me with surprised, curious eyes.

I knew that he could overpower me at any moment, but he just watched me, waiting to see what I'd do next. Frankly, I wasn't sure what I was going to do next. All I knew is that I felt this innate desire to show him that I could be just as possessive as he was. There would never be another castle girl, never another display of flirting as long as I was his mate.

“If you want me to be yours,” I told him, “Then you have to be mine. Every inch of you. You'll belong to me as much as I belong to you.” Griffin went to move his head, and almost instinctively, my hand reached out to settle around his throat. Not choking, just holding him in place.)

Griffin's eyes widened and I could see a pleased smile pulling at his lips. “My little fox,” he said, “I will always belong to you.”

“Is that so?” I said, “Then you'll never give another castle girl ‘attention’? You'll never let another kitchen girl flirt with you? You're so possessive of me, even about things that happened before you. I can be just as territorial as you.” As I pictured the events in my head, my hand tightened around his throat.

“No,” Griffin said, smiling wider. Despite my tightening hand, he didn't look the least bit uncomfortable or phased. He looked pleased. Satisfied. “I'm yours, Clark Bellevue. I can't change my past - the things that I did to try and fill the void of being mateless - but I can promise you this. For as long as I live, you will be the only person to ever have my attention. You are everything to me, there is nothing for me in this life without you. I will never disrespect you nor will I let anyone else disrespect my Queen.”

I could feel electricity buzzing in my veins. I stared at him for a moment — just brown eyes clashing against brown eyes. And then I leaned down, using my hold on his throat to pull him into a kiss. His lips melded back to mine, feeling just as warm and soft as ever.

“You are mine,” I whispered against his lips, and he made some sort of noise of agreement. “Say it”

“I'm yours,” he growled.

Then, before I could register what he was actually doing, Griffin's hand clasped around the hand holding his throat. “And I will always be yours, little fox,” he said, pulling back, “But I will also always be in control.”

In one movement, he flipped me back over. It happened so fast that I could feel another dizzy spell but it only lasted a moment.

Griffin's lips traveled down my body, leaving warm kisses across every

inch of exposed skin. When his mouth reached my inner thigh, he paused and looked up at me. There was a dark smile on his face, one that almost looked sadistic.

“Now, where was I?” he said, and there was a teasing note to his voice, “I think I said I'd have you begging by the end of the night.”