

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 67

The Alpha King's Human Mate

Chapter 67

Chapter 67

"In this life, to earn your place you have to fight for it." Shakira

The hesitant, submissive man in front of us looked nothing like the scowling instructor who had trash-talked humans and challenged me to a fight. That man had been full of arrogance. This man looked like he was a few growls or glares away from groveling on his knees.

I guess he's still freaked out by what happened after our sparring session.)

"What is it, Ivan?" Griffin asked. His tone was cold ~ Instructor Ivan must not have been the only one to remember the fight.

"Your Majesties," Ivan started, his eyes flickering between us, "Our previous encounter has been weighing on me. I disrespected my Queen to a grave degree, and you spared my life out of kindness. I've realized that it's not enough just to ask your forgiveness - I'd like to earn it."

For once, I was glad to be partially hidden by Griffin's hulking frame. Otherwise, Ivan might've seen the dumbfounded look on my face.

Earn our forgiveness?

I'm not sure what this guy is trying to suggest, but if he keeps Chapter 67

reminding Griffin that he kicked my ass in a fight, I'm not sure there will be any life left to spare.

"My Queen," Ivan addressed me in that European accent of his, "I'd like to give you private self-defense lessons. Our encounter proved that you have potential, and with the right training, I believe you could be a fierce combatant. Not that I suspect you'd ever be in a position where you'd need to physically protect yourself."

He wants to train me? To fight?

My mind flashed back to the warrior training classes I'd taken with my dad's pack, and I almost felt like cringing. Although Kara had made the class bearable, I spent most of that class getting my ass handed to me. Watching the other students cast me pity looks as they passed me in the field or groan when they got paired with me as a sparring partner.

Griffin immediately growled. "No. Absolutely not."

Ivan lowered his head in submission immediately. "I understand, Your Majesty."

Before Ivan could dismiss himself, I butted in. "Wait!"

Both Ivan and Griffin turned to look at me. Ivan looked surprised that I'd spoken at all and Griffin just looked annoyed.

I was almost as surprised as Ivan. I hadn't even planned on speaking or opening my mouth. Chapter 67

If anything, I should feel relieved I don't have to train with wolves anymore.

But private lessons with one instructor would be nothing like those old classes, This is a chance for me to do something on my own, rely on myself for a change.

"{ don't think you should dismiss this idea so easily," | told Griffin. It's not as if I'd had tons of time to think about it, but I did know two things: one, Ivan's offer was genuine. There was real regret in his eyes. I had no doubt that he felt bad about what happened, and since he was a fight instructor, maybe he felt like this was the only real way for him to atone.

Secondly, he had a point. Despite taking years of warrior classes, none of that training had actually helped when I went toe-to-toe against Ivan. That wasn't surprising - those classes were meant for wolf-on- wolf combat.

I didn't expect to become some fierce warrior, but learning a little self- defense against werewolves? That could be useful.

"It's a ridiculous idea," Griffin countered, crossing his arms and looking at Ivan. "Do you think so little of me that I can't protect my own mate?"

Ivan's eyes widened and he began floundering. "No, Your Majesty! Of course no -" Chapter 67 "Griffin," I said, cutting off Ivan's string of apologies. "Nobody is saying you can't protect me. But wouldn't it at least be good for me to learn

how to protect myself? In case you're not around to do the protecting."

"I always be around to protect you."

"You don't know that for sure," I said. I moved closer to him, grabbing his hands. "Think of it like an insurance policy. Just in case."

"I don't want you alone with another man," Griffin said, "Even a mated

one."

"Fine, I'll train with a female instructor," I replied, and then I paused.

"Oh, wait. You don't have any." Griffin's eyes narrowed.

"Little fox."

That was a warning, but I still couldn't stop the amused smile from

tugging at my lips. He knew I was right.

"What's the harm in at least learning?" I said, "Obviously, we got off to

a rocky start. He wants to make up for it." "If you want to learn to fight so badly, I can train you."

"With what time? You spend most of your days in meetings," I retorted,

"Are you going to pencil me in at 2AM?" Chapter 67

Something flickered through Griffin's eyes. "I suppose not. I'd rather be doing other things with you at 2AM." =

Why should I be surprised that he isn't afraid to make innuendos in public?

As inappropriate as it was, Griffin's response only supported my argument. "Maybe we could just try one or two lessons," I said, "If I don't like it, then that'll be it."

Griffin's face looked pinched, like he was trying to find a good excuse to say no.

"Please, Griffin." His face softened and he sighed.

"I can't say no when you beg like that, little fox," Griffin said, and I felt my cheeks heating up. Ivan wasn't that far away - definitely within earshot.

"Fine," Griffin continued, turning toward Ivan. The softness on his face vanished, replaced by a stern expression. "I'm willing to allow you to teach my mate self-defense only. Nothing dangerous or too physically exhausting. You'll give me detailed reports after every session."

Ivan's face was blank but I could see the surprise in his eyes. He bowed his head. "Of course, Your Majesty." Chapter 67

"I am trusting you with my mate, Ivan. If she comes back with the slightest injury at all By the way that Ivan's eyes flickered nervously to mine, he understood the threat, 7)

Griffin didn't even need to finish his sentence.

I did too.

"Of course, Your Majesty. If the Queen is not busy, I'm able to begin lessons with her within the week." Ivan bowed again before making his exit.

"I still don't like this," Griffin grumbled beside me, "The thought of another man touching or interacting with you makes me want to claw his eyes out.")

Well, that's violent. "If you claw his eyes out, how's he going to teach me to fight?" 7)

There were no guarantees that learning from Ivan wouldn't end in disaster, but the thought of being able to do something besides sit in a bedroom or follow Griffin around like a lost puppy was exciting. This

was something for me, something I could learn and utilize on my own.)

I never thought the idea of physical exercise would actually excite me, but it did. This time, I wouldn't have to worry about an entire class of students casting me pity glances as they ran laps around me.

The only person I'd be embarrassing myself in front of was Ivan, and Chapter 67

after Griffin's threat, I had a feeling he wouldn't dare make fun of me. Not if he wanted to keep his eyes.

Author's Note: I've seen some comments asking about a chapter in Griffin's POY, and I just wanted to tell you guys that it's coming! I'm just saving Griffin's POV for a specific moment in the story. Thank you all for continuing to read and support this story! :)*