

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 69

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"If we act like prey, they'll act like predators!" Alyxandra Harvey

By the time my first training session with Ivan was over, my muscles felt like jelly and my knuckles were swollen. Ivan had wrapped them in bandages before he taught me to use the punching bag, but they were still bruised.

I didn't realize how weak your human healing capabilities were, Ivan had told me. He hadn't even meant it an insult. If anything, he looked a little uneasy when he examined my reddened fists ~ like the slight bruising might bring Griffin's wrath down upon him, He'd even insisted Lice them for several minutes.

It wasn't until I'd ensured Ivan several times that I'd be fine (and ice

them for the rest of the evening) that he ended our training session.

Thad no idea what time it was but judging by the moonlight filtering through the castle windows, it was well into the evening.

Ivan had mind-linked one of the guards to bring me back to my rooms, and by the time I got back to the suite, I was more than ready for a nap.

Well, maybe some food first and then a nap. Chapter 69

I closed the bedroom door behind me, thanking the retreating guard for escorting me as I did so.

"How was your training session, little fox?"

I whipped my head around to catch sight of Griffin sprawled out on the bed. Judging by the untucked dress shirt he wore, he hadn't been here long.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "You've been busy this entire week.

You usually don't make it back until I'm half-asleep."

Griffin smiled lazily. "My meetings ended early," he said, "I'll tell you about it later. For now, I want to hear about this training session. How did it go?"

I tried to be careful as I described the training session to Griffin. The last thing I wanted him to do was assume that Ivan was being too mean or too hard on me, and cancel the self-defense lessons. Or do something worse.

"It was informative," I said, plopping down on the edge of the bed. "He showed me some moves that might help me take down a stronger opponent in a fight. You know, like a werewolf!"

Griffin raised an eyebrow at me, and I could see a teasing smile tugging at his lips. "Oh, really? Perhaps I should be wary of making you mad then, little fox. Now that you're a trained fighter, I wouldn't want to invoke your wrath." Chapter 69

"Yeah, I think you're right," I said, rolling my eyes "Maybe you should be

wary. I know how to take you down now."

"Is that so?" he said. Griffin spread his arms across the top of the bed like he was inviting me to come close. "Well, what are you waiting for then?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You said you know how to take me down now," he grinned, "So, show

me these moves. Take me down."

"You want me to fight you?" I asked with wide eyes. Was this some kind of trick? Was he trying to goad me into a punishment?

Not that ending up over his lap again would be the worst thing, some small voice inside of me whispered. *

But Griffin didn't seem mad or disappointed. There was amusement dancing in his eyes ~ and something else too, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Think of it like an opportunity," he shrugged, spreading his arms wider, "You've learned these moves, and now you can see if they work."

"What if I hurt you?" I countered. Griffin seemed completely at ease with the idea of me fighting him, but would he feel the same way after a punch to the throat or the kidneys? Chapter 69

Griffin chuckled. "That's cute, little fox," he said, "But you don't need to worry about hurting me."

I could feel my competitive spirit flare to life. He doesn't think I'm actually capable of inflicting any damage.

You know what? Screw being cautious about hurting him - maybe he does need a good punch to the throat.

"I wouldn't be so sure," I snapped back, "I told you - I learned how to incapacitate a stronger opponent. I mean, you guys heal quickly but I don't think you want me to "take you down."

Something flashed through Griffin's eyes as he leaned forward. "Is that a challenge, little fox?"

Clark, you've had one self-defense lesson and he's the strongest werewolf in the world, There's no way this ends well. (2

"You bet it is." I didn't wait for Griffin to respond. I merely pounced.

Despite acting quickly, my movement wasn't thoughtless. I remembered what Ivan told me. I couldn't pretend like we were at equal strengths, I needed to fight dirty. Desperate.

So, I aimed my fist upwards and under his ribcage — right for his kidney like Ivan had shown me. Chapter 69

Griffin was quicker.

Before I could land the hit, Griffin's larger hand wrapped around mine. He didn't even bother to duck out of the way. He just pulled me closer until I was straddling his lap and our faces were inches apart.

I stared into Griffin's dark eyes, practically dizzy from how quickly he'd moved.

"Sorry, was that supposed to be one of these great moves intended to incapacitate me?" he asked sarcastically. The mocking smile lit a spark inside me.

Does he really think I'd just give in after one failed hit?

I didn't bother responding out loud to him. Instead, I used my free hand to swing for his throat.

Griffin snagged my hand before I even made it close to his throat. He didn't even look like he had to try. Like fending me off or dodging my hits was no more taxing than a cat batting at a mouse. For him, it

probably was.

Now, with both of my hands in his grip, Griffin's teasing smile got bigger. "Your eyes give you away, little fox," Griffin told me, leaning in until I could feel his cool breath on my lips. "Right before you strike, your eyes flicker to your target."

"Wait —" Chapter 69

I didn't get the chance to finish my sentence. Griffin's lips were on mine and he was pressing me into the bed, his hands still pinning mine above my head. He moved so fast that it made my head spin even as he pulled back to look at me. "See? You can't let your opponent know your next move," he teased. There was a victorious smile on his face — he knew he'd won.

"You gave it a good effort, little fox," he continued, that same mocking smile on his face, "But you never really stood a chance."

I might've been willing to forgo the play fight had he not said that last part, Something about those words had my competitive spirit rearing back to life.

"Maybe you're right," I said. Griffin opened his mouth - probably to tease me more ~ but he didn't get the chance to speak.

I lifted my knee quickly, catching him in the shin as hard as I could.

I saw the surprise flash across his face briefly. He didn't flinch or release his hold on me, but from the growl that rumbled in his chest, I knew it must've hurt.

"Sorry, what was that about not letting your opponent know your next

move?"

Griffin narrowed his eyes but the smile never left his face. If anything, it only got bigger. More predatory. Chapter 69

He released his grip on one of my hands and brushed his fingers across my cheek. "You really are a little wild thing," he said, and my breath caught as those same fingers suddenly wrapped around my throat.

He wasn't choking me or applying any pressure, just letting the weight of his long fingers rest over my windpipe. "Since you like to aim for the throat so much," he murmured. "I guess I'll just have to keep my hand on yours.")

I wasn't sure if it was our little fight, Griffin's hand wrapped around my throat like a necklace, or even just being in his presence but I could feel myself getting turned on. There was a fluttery warmth gathering in my belly, but more than that, I knew I was getting wet.

Please tell me he's not able to tell.

Griffin's nose twitched and I knew it was too late — we were too close and his senses were too good for him to miss the scent of my arousal.

The satisfied look in his eyes sent a pleasant chill up my spine.

Right now, he looked every bit like the predator who had caught his prey.

And as he leaned down to steal my lips in another kiss, I realized he didn't just look like a predator — he was one. And he'd always be one, no matter how many self-defense moves or tactics Ivan taught me.

Griffin's mouth moved hungrily against mine, his hand still wrapped around my neck. I did my best to keep up with the passionate pace he'd Chapter 69

set, and I used my free hand to tug at his shirt. I need to feel his skin on mine.

As if he could read my mind, Griffin leaned back just long enough to pull his shirt over his head. There was barely enough time for me to admire his toned chest before his mouth was back on mine.

After a few moments, Griffin released my other hand to tangle his in my hair. I took advantage of that freedom, sliding my hands across the expanse of his bare chest.

"It's hardly fair that you're still wearing a shirt," Griffin mumbled against my lips. I heard the tear of my shirt before I felt it. I looked down and gasped.

The tip of Griffin's finger had transformed into a long, dark claw. That claw had torn through my shirt (and my sports bra) like tissue paper, leaving me bare for him to see. !)

"Look at you," Griffin rasped, and his eyes took in my bare chest like a starving man. "You're so beautiful, little fox." I watched his claw recede back into his skin until it was just his regular human fingertip.

I'd never seen that kind of transformation so closely before, but Griffin's mouth was on mine before I could think about it anymore. And as if my kiss wasn't consuming enough, his hand ~ the same one that had a claw protruding from it moments ago — was now trailing down my chest. (= Chapter 69

His touch left tingles everywhere he touched and I wanted to return the favor. I wanted him to feel just as consumed by me as I felt by him.

I kissed him back with renewed passion, my hands twisting into his hair and jerking hard. Griffin growled in response, and his hand tightened around my throat until | let out some sort of muffled squeak.

"You're not in control here," Griffin said, and his mouth moved from my lips to my neck. I would've replied - had his tongue not immediately swept over the claiming bite and left me feeling like a tingly, jelly mess. Griffin's tongue gently sucked on the bite and I bucked my hips in response.

It's not fair how good it feels when he touches the bite.

"[need to be inside you, little fox," Griffin pulled back briefly, but I could still feel his breath on the bite. His hand inched down past my chest and under the waistband of my sweatpants. |

"You're so wet," he grinned against my neck, "Do you want me inside you?"

It was almost embarrassing how quickly I nodded, but could you blame me? The tingly warmth in my belly was beginning to transform into an ache ~a pulsing ache for release. For Griffin's cock.

"If you want me inside you," Griffin said, "You'll need to ask nicely." As he spoke, he continued to lick and kiss the bite. Chapter 69 "Ask nicely?" It was a wonder I managed to form those words at all

with the constant stream of pleasure Griffin was causing me.

Griffin hummed in response. "Ask like a good girl. You know how to do that, don't you, little fox?"

In that moment, I wasn't completely sure I knew how to do that but if it meant having Griffin inside me, I would try.

"Please, Griffin," I murmured, "I want you inside me."

"I didn't say you could address me by my name." To drive that point home, | felt his hand momentarily tighten around my throat.

"Please, Daddy."

That's all it took. In the next moment, Griffin's pants were completely off and the head of his cock was brushing against my wet folds.

Griffin started slow, but not as slow as last time. He gave me enough time to adjust to his size, and as wet as I was, it didn't take long at all. His mouth returned to the claiming bite as he began thrusting and his other hand began to toy with my clit.

I lost myself in the haze of pleasure.

The stimulation was almost too much - Griffin's mouth on my mark, his hand on my clit, and his entire length inside me. All I could do was lie back and moan, letting the sensations overwhelm me. Chapter 69

And just as I thought I might be getting used to all the stimulation, Griffin completely switched positions. In one fell swoop, he flipped us over so that I was on top, straddling his lap. The position drove him deeper inside me and I couldn't swallow the squeal that escaped my throat.

He leaned back against the headboard to look at me with his dark, wild eyes.

Had I not been overwhelmed with pleasure, I might've felt self-conscious about how I looked. But there was no time to think or ponder or worry about anything besides how full he was making me.

"You have no idea how good you feel, little fox," Griffin groaned, "How tight." His pace suddenly sped up as did his ministrations on my clit. Had it not been for his tightening fingers on my throat, I would've thrown my head back.

But Griffin didn't let me. He'd positioned his hand so that I was forced to look at him, forced to make eye contact as he made me come undone.

"[think ~" I think I'm going to come.

I knew I was close. The tingly warmth had spread into a fire, and I was dangerously close to the edge. If Griffin kept thrusting that way, kept rubbing clit like that, I would be a goner. Chapter 69

Thadn't even gotten the full sentence out, but Griffin seemed to understand what I meant. "Cum for me, little fox. I want to feel you clench around me."

The words were barely out of his mouth before my orgasm hit. I felt like I was unraveling in front of him, waves of pleasure crashing one after another.

My muscles tightened around him, and suddenly, Griffin was coming with me. His fingers only tightened around my throat, leaving me to do nothing but choke out my moans.

We both came down from our highs together too. Griffin's fingers gradually loosened and both of his hands wrapped around my torso, pulling me to him.

I suddenly felt the weight of exhaustion wash over me, almost as strong as the orgasm I'd just had. I wasn't sure if it was the sex or the long day of fighting I'd had — probably both — but all I wanted was to take a nap.

Even my own eyelids felt heavy.

Griffin must've sensed my tiredness too. He hugged me closer and tucked my chin into his chest. "Get some sleep, little fox," he whispered.

The last thing I remembered before sleep claimed me was the brush of his lips against my forehead.