

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 6

*"Skill and confidence are an unconquered army."

George Herbert*

"Keep running! I want twenty more laps before class is over!"

You'd think that if being human could ever work in my favor, it would probably get me out of warrior training – the mandatory class that trained young werewolves in combat and fighting.

But you would be wrong.

Despite the fact that I could not turn into a werewolf (nor would I ever be a pack warrior), I still had to take warrior training with everyone else. I had tried to talk my dad into letting me skip the class more times than I could count, but he was resolute. He thought it would be a good way for me to feel included, to feel "strong like a wolf."

Unfortunately, it often made me feel the opposite.

For a werewolf, running twenty laps around the big, open field we practiced in was no biggie. For a human who wouldn't call herself an athlete, it was hell. My classmates continued to pass me on the track, laughing and talking like it was no more than a leisurely jog.

My legs burned and every breath felt like a lead weight in my lungs. I was more than two laps behind everyone else, but fortunately, I wasn't alone.

Right beside me, my closest friend, Kara, kept pace with me. Unlike me, she wasn't gasping for oxygen. Had she not been deliberately running at my speed, she probably would've been two laps ahead like every other wolf.

"I cannot believe you get to meet the Alpha King," she said, playfully glaring at me. Her curls bounced as she ran, and there wasn't a single drop of sweat on her dark skin. We'd been friends since freshman year, and she was one of the few people who didn't avoid me.

"Well, who knows if I'm actually going to be face-to-face with the guy," I replied, gasping for air, "It's just some diplomatic meeting."

“Yeah, but it’s a diplomatic meeting with some of the most powerful Alphas in the world.”

“Oh, I’m aware,” I laughed breathlessly, “I’m not sure that’s a good thing though. A bunch of Alphas in the same room? The whole thing is going to turn into some big dick-measuring contest.”

“Probably,” Kara laughed, “I’m still jealous. I wonder if you’ll get to meet Prince Griffin. I hear he’s super hot.”

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“Oh, yeah? My dad thinks this meeting is a cover so that the prince can look for his mate,” I told her, and Kara’s eyes widened. (@

“Really? Ugh, now I’m super jealous. Imagine the lucky girl that gets to be his mate.”

Kara continued to gush, but I stopped in my tracks.

“Wait, Griffin?”

Images of an olive-skinned arm with a large griffin tattoo flashed through my mind.

Don’t freak yourself out, Clark. It’s just a coincidence.

Kara stopped as soon as she realized I was no longer running. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” I said, “Just catching my breath. But you said his name was Griffin?”

She stared at me with raised eyebrows, but nodded. “Yeah, Prince Griffin. You didn’t know that?”

“You know me,” I grinned, “I don’t exactly keep up with all the werewolf gossip.”

“Right,” Kara rolled her eyes, “I’ve heard that he’s really hot but he still hasn’t found his mate. He’s been looking for, like, nine years. Can you imagine? It’s been

two years for me, and I already feel like I’m going stir-crazy without my mate. I can’t imagine having to spend an entire decade mateless.”

Although I had never felt the pull myself, I knew that werewolves were able to recognize their mates on sight at sixteen. Most of them found their mates within two to three years – it was rare for a wolf to go much longer than that without finding their mate.

“He must be desperate,” I said, “Especially if he’s making the King gather all the Alpha daughters in the same place.”

“Do you think it’ll work?” Kara asked, and then her eyes widened, “What if he finds his mate? Wait! What if Lily is his mate?”

“I mean -”

“It’s possible!” Kara continued, “Your sister does have Alpha blood, and so does

Prince Griffin. They’re both powerful. Your sister would be the literal queen.”

I tried to picture Lily sitting on the throne, a crown perched on her head, but the thought felt wrong to me. It left a sour taste in my mouth, although I wasn’t sure why.

“Maybe, who knows?” I shrugged, and I tried to push the image out of my head.

“Ladies! What’s with the chit-chat? You’re supposed to be running laps, not having a gossip session!” From several feet away, our teacher, Beta Jones, pointed at Kara and I. He was a middle-aged man with short, buzzed hair and a long scar running across his face. O

“Sorry, Beta!” Kara called back, “Clark was having trouble breathing, so we were just resting for a minute.”

Even from a distance, I could see the scowl on Beta Jones’ face. “I’ve been teaching you for more than three years, Clark,” he sighed, “And you’re just as out-of-shape as the first day.” O

His voice was loud, and a couple of the other students laughed.

I couldn’t stop the blush from spreading across my face, but I didn’t reply to Beta Jones.

Although nobody bullied me directly I was still the Alpha’s daughter – I knew most of my peers felt one of two ways about me: either they found it funny that my human body struggled so hard just to keep up with them or they pitied me.

I wasn’t sure which one was more embarrassing.

“Alright, everyone,” Beta Jones clapped his hands, “Find a partner, we’re going to spar.”

Several of my classmates cheered at his words, and I held back a groan beside Kara. Hand-to-hand combat might’ve been fun for werewolves, but for me, it just meant. I was going to get my ass kicked.

“Hey, partner,” Kara grinned, grabbing my arm. “You want the last mat?”

“Yes, please.”

We walked to one of the large assembled mats at the end of the field. Kara was definitely about to kick my ass, but at least the mat would break my fall.

Everyone else paired up, and Beta Jones stood in the center of the field. “Today, we’re doing to hand-to-hand combat in our human forms,” he said, “There may be times when you’re not able to shift, and it’s important to know how to defend yourself. Now, does anyone know the quickest way to kill a werewolf when they’re

in their human form?”

Kara’s hand shot up instantly.

Of course, Miss-Know-It-All has the answer, I’d expect nothing less.

“Yes, Kara?”

“You need a silver knife or sword to injure a werewolf in their human form,” she explained, “If you try to stab or hurt them with a regular knife, they’ll just heal. But silver weakens us, it’s the only thing that’ll actually kill us.”

“Yes,” Beta Jones agreed and he turned to the rest of the class. “It’s important to remember that. It doesn’t matter how good of a fighter you are. If you don’t have some sort of silver blade on you, you’re not going to be able to kill your opponent. Now, as I said, we’re focusing on hand-to-hand combat today. First one to knock your partner off their feet wins.”

I turned to Kara, who was grinning at me.

“I don’t suppose you’ll go easy on a weak, little human?” I teased, positioning myself into a fighting form.

“Sorry, Clark,” she smirked, “You know I love you, but I’m still going to kick your ass.”

My ass was flat on the mat only seconds after she finished the sentence.