

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 60

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“all work and no pay makes a housewife.” Evan Esar

By the time Griffin had carried me back into our bedroom, he was still seething. Even as he deposited me on the bed, the rage continued to roll off him in waves.

There was nothing but tense silence between us. I didn't dare make a sound ~ Thad a feeling I'd already gotten into enough trouble with him. Instead, I crossed my arms and watched him pace across the room.

Griffin looked like he was barely restraining himself, and after several tense moments, he finally turned to me with blazing eyes. “What the hell were you thinking, little fox?” He hissed, crossing his arms.

“Well, uh, I —”

“Actually, I don't want to hear it,” he cut me off, “I knew you were a stubborn little thing, but agreeing to a fight? With one of my lead trainers? What possible explanation could you have for acting so irresponsible with your own safety? I don't even understand why you were venturing around the castle at all - you were perfectly safe in this room.” Chapter 60

Safe? I wasn't safe in this room, I was just cooped up for his own peace of mind!)

With anger simmering in my gut, I narrowed my eyes at Griffin. “I'll admit that agreeing to that fight wasn't my smartest move,” I said, “But I just wanted to take a stroll around the castle. It's not like I was walking into a war zone.”

“You walked into a literal fight.”

“Okay, yes,” I said, “But Zeke told you what Instructor Ivan was saying — he was trash-talking humans! Maybe a physical fight wasn't the best way to prove him wrong, but what should I have? Just let him insult my entire species?”)

Griffin's eyes flashed. “You should have told me. I would've handled it for you. Ideally, you should have never left this room at all.”

The frustration from being cooped up for three days felt like it was finally boiling over. “I'm sorry,” I snapped, “But you can't just lock me up in a bedroom for days on end and expect me to be content. I'm not a pet ~ I need more than food and water to thrive. I need fresh air. I need social interaction. If I were a house plant, I'd be wilting right now.” (7

Griffin growled, his dark eyes locked on mine. That intense stare might've intimidated me any other time, but right now? I was too frustrated to be intimidated. He could take all his dominance and his threats of punishment and shove them. Chapter 60

“I know you're not a pet,” Griffin said, “But you are human. Even this castle can be dangerous for you - today is proof of it. Look what kind of trouble you got in without me. You need me to protect you.” (7

I desperately wanted to roll my eyes at that, but somehow, I managed to restrain myself. I had a feeling that wouldn't go over well.

“A Queen, especially a human one, is vulnerable,” Griffin continued. “If I have to be worried about you getting into trouble all day, I won't be able to focus on my responsibilities.”

“and as Queen, what are my responsibilities? What does a Queen of wolves do exactly?” I asked, my tone biting.

“A Queen handles domestic duties. It's what my mother did and her mother before her,” Griffin explained. “You'll arrange dinner parties when important guests come to visit and oversee party planning. You can direct the castle if you want, and make renovations. But more importantly, you'll be the mother of our children. You'll be helping me raise the next generation of royals.” A soft smile crossed his face.”

My stomach dropped at Griffin's explanation of my “domestic duties.” It felt like someone had dropped a lead weight on me in the form of a terrifying realization.

God, he's just like all the others.

Thad known how possessive Griffin was. Hell, he'd chased me into another country. I had known how overprotective he was, how stubborn Chapter 60

he was about my safety. Today was proof of that.

What I hadn't known - or maybe I'd just been in denial about it — was that he bought into the same patriarchal bullshit that every other werewolf did. He was just like every other Alpha I'd ever met. He might've liked my defiance in private, but ultimately, he still wanted the demure trophy wife that raised his kids and greeted him with a smile after a long day.

How stupid of me to think he was any different.

How stupid of me to think that some sweet words and a tattoo on his neck meant our mate bond would be any different.

I could feel my chest tightening. A series of images flashed through my brain — Luna Grace greeting my dad with hot dinner and a clean house when he returned from pack duties or how she'd “entertain” the women and children while my dad talked business with the pack warriors. I'd watched the submissive housewife routine most of my life. I certainly didn't want to reenact it.

If Griffin thinks I'll be another meek little mate who busies myself with “domestic duties” while he does the real work, he's got another thing coming.

“So, in other words,” I said, “You want a trophy mate. Or Queen, I guess.”

Griffin's face looked pinched and irritated. “You wouldn't be a trophy.” Chapter 60 he said, “You'd be doing what every other Queen of wolves has done.” “Well, it doesn't sound like they did much. I mean, most of those ‘domestic duties’ you just listed off could be handed off to an assistant

or something. When you told me I was going to be your Queen, I thought that meant I'd get to rule this world beside you.”

“You will be ruling beside me.”

“No, not from your explanation,” I snapped, “You get to do the real

work, I'm delegated to party planning duties.” “Did you miss the part about raising our children?”

“Trust me, I didn't,” I muttered, “First of all, there's no way we're even having this conversation for a couple more years. I'm only eighteen... I'm not even halfway ready for kids. But when that does happen, you'll be raising them alongside me.”

“[never said I wouldn't be,” Griffin bristled.

“Look, if this is going to work, our mate bond has to be different,” I said.

“Different how?”

“Different as in...equal,” I replied. “I don't want to sit here twiddling my thumbs and planning parties while you make the important decisions. I want to be your equal in every way. That's the only way this is going to Chapter 60

work.”

“You are my equal, little fox,” Griffin said, “But I can't allow you to get hurt. If anything happened to you, I'd never recover. I'm not even sure I'd be able to live with myself.”

“I'm not asking you to throw me out on the battlefield. I'm just asking to be in on some of the meetings,” I sighed, “I mean, you disappear for most of the day and I have no idea where you even go.” (”)

Griffin was silent as he processed my words. He looked tense and uncomfortable, and while I knew he didn't love the idea, I wasn't going to back down. Even though I'd accepted the mate bond, I still needed to do things my way. If Griffin wanted a timid Luna who'd plan his parties and make menus for his dinner parties, well — he could take that up with fate.)

Griffin finally sighed, drawing close to me. “As if I'd ever let you on a

battlefield,” he grumbled, kissing my forehead, “But if you need to be

more involved, fine. You can go to meetings with me. Just don't blame me when most of them put you to sleep.”