

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 61

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“What state do you live in? Denial.” Bill Waterson

Griffin's warm lips lingered on my forehead for several seconds until he pulled back, his eyes glazed over.

Someone must be mindlinking him.

After a few moments, he blinked. “Speaking of meetings,” he sighed, “Looks like I've got another one in less than an hour. Would you like to

join me?”

“Of course,” I smiled and Griffin's eyes softened. I didn't think I'd get an opportunity to participate this soon, but I wasn't complaining. Even

if the meeting did, as Griffin joked, bore me to sleep, I just wanted to be there.

If [was going to make any kind of real impact as a Queen, I needed to embrace this role. That meant attending meetings with Griffin, no

matter how boring they might be. I needed to be in on the action, so to be speak.

Even if that action is just listening to be a bunch of stuffy werewolves ramble on about border disputes. Chapter 61

“Well, I guess I should probably get dressed in something a little more professional,” I said, glancing down at my long-sleeved shirt. After

my tussle with Instructor Ivan, it looked like it could use a good wash. “What does someone even wear to a werewolf meeting anyway? You

don't seem like you dress up.” My eyes roamed over Griffin's dark t-shirt and jeans.

No man should be able to rock a t-shirt that well.

“Jeans and a blouse should be fine. You don't need to dress up for these people,” Griffin grumbled. He reached out to pull down my shirt,

revealing the bite. “But wear something that shows this off. I want them to know I've claimed you.”

“Sure,” I rolled my eyes, sliding off the bed so I could head to the closet.

Just as my feet touched the floor, Griffin grabbed my hand and pulled me back - right onto his lap. “Not so fast, little fox.” He leaned down

and captured my lips in his.

His lips molded with mine like they were made to, but when his tongue swept over my bottom lip, I pulled back. “We only have an hour. I

think we're going to have to continue this later,” I said.

“Fine,” Griffin said, but there was an odd gleam in the eye. Something predatory that turned my stomach in knots. “But we still have

unfinished business.”

Unfinished business? Chapter 61

I tensed in his arms ~ was he really talking about what I thought he

was talking about?

“Unfinished business? Are you sure? Pretty sure we've finished everything we need to.”

Griffin raised an eyebrow. “Oh, really? There was nothing else? No punishment I promised you?”

“No, I have no recollection of you saying anything about that. Absolutely no memory of that at all.”

“Well, it's a good thing I've got a sharp memory,” Griffin said, amusement dancing in his eyes. “Because I distinctly remember telling you

that I'd be teaching you a lesson later.”

“Pve already learned my lesson,” I argued, “We talked about this earlier. You'll allow me more freedom, I won't be agreeing to any more

fight. See? Lesson learned!”

A smile tugged at the corner of his lips. “Yes, and imagine how much more that lesson will stick after I've punished you. Besides, we both

know you didn't completely hate it last time.”

As if I need to be reminded that I'd gotten turned on the last time he spanked me. This is exactly why I don't need a repeat of that!

“Don't worry,” Griffin said, “I have a feeling that you'll like it even more this time, but you're welcome to pretend you don't.” Griffin stood

up Chapter 61

and walked to the other side of the bed before he could see my jaw drop. Was he reading my thoughts?

He opened one of the nightstands and began rifling around. What is he doing?

Before I could ask, he pulled something out of the top drawer and I got my answer loud and clear. He'd grabbed a rope.

What the hell is he planning to do with that? It wasn't a lot of rope, just a couple of feet.

“Uh, what is that for?” I eyed the rope as he approached the bed. Griffin smirked. “Hold out your hands and you can find out.”

I kept my hands in my lap. “I don't remember that being part of the punishment last time.”

“This time isn't going to be like last time,” Griffin said, “Now, hold out your hands. We can do this the easy way or the hard way, little fox.”

(7)

I debated finding out what the hard way was, but I had a feeling my defiance would be pointless. Deep down, I knew Griffin would never do

anything to actually hurt me. He seemed to have a shockingly good understanding of my limits - even more than I did.

So, with a sigh, I held my hands out for him. Chapter 61

“Good girl.”

Griffin wasted no time looping the rope around my wrists and tying them together. To my surprise, the rope was incredibly soft. I had

expected it to feel coarse or rough, but it felt comfortable against my skin...even pleasing. The knot he tied was firm enough that I knew I

wouldn't be able to loosen it, but not uncomfortable.)

After he'd finished restraining me, Griffin stood back and admired his handiwork. When his eyes finally met mine, there was something

hungry in his gaze.

“Was there a reason you needed to tie my hands up?” I asked, rolling my eyes.

“Consider it a reminder of whose in charge here,” Griffin said, and then he knelt to the floor. “I'm going to take your pants off now, little

fox.” His hands rested on my thighs, but he didn't move until I nodded.

I watched him slide my sweatpants down, his eyes raking over my bare legs. “You're so beautiful, little fox,” he said, “I'll never get tired of

looking at you.”

My face flushed red. You'd think I would've gotten used to Griffin's compliments by now, but my body seemed to react the same way every

time. My face would go red, my stomach would flutter, and my heart would go into overdrive.

It's a wonder he hasn't given me a heart attack by now. Chapter 61

After discarding my sweatpants on the floor, Griffin settled back on the bed, pulling me over his lap in one swift motion. I couldn't suppress

the tiny gasp that left my mouth - or the way that I immediately flushed when I realized I was sprawled over his lap.

This certainly feels similar.

“You wore such cute little panties, little fox,” Griffin said, his finger brushing over the black lace underwear I had on. “Were you hoping to

get punished today or was that just a coincidence?”

“Definitely a coincidence,” I scoffed, rolling my eyes. His hands stilled. “That's three.” “Three?”

“Three times you've rolled your eyes at me since we've been in this

room,” he said, “And three more slaps I've added to your punishment.”)

“Wait,” I whined, struggling to turn around and face him. On my stomach and with tied hands, it was a lot harder to move than I expected.

“You didn't say you were keeping track of my...eye movements. You can't do that!”

“Why not?” Griffin teased. “I told you - you're not in charge here.”

That sentence would've infuriated me in any other context, but

sprawled across his lap, all I felt was heat collecting in my belly. Chapter 61

“Lm going to spank you thirteen times,” Griffin continued, his hands lazily stroking my bare thighs, “You're going to count each one.” =

As if I wasn't red enough, Griffin's extra stipulations only embarrassed me more. Still, I wasn't in a position to be protesting, so I just

nodded.

He delivered a soft slap to my right cheek — not hard enough to actually hurt but enough to surprise me. “Use your words, little fox. Tell me

you understand.”

“Yes, I understand,” I muttered. I desperately wanted to hide my face in my hands, but Griffin had taken that option from me.

Another slap.

He didn't need to tell me what I'd left out this time. “Yes, I understand, Daddy.” 7)

“Good girl.”

One of his hands rubbed circles over my ass, and for a moment, I let myself enjoy the feeling of his warm skin touching mine, rubbing -

Slap! The first spank stung enough to leave me gasping. Griffin certainly wasn't messing around this time. The sting surprised me, but I still

managed to stammer out a, “One.”

“Good girl. You're already doing so well for me, little fox.” Chapter 61

As much as I wanted to pretend that those words didn't make me wet, I had a feeling that Griffin could tell. There was a rumble of approval

in his chest, something that sounded dangerously close to a putt.

Stupid wolf senses. It's not fair that he can smell whenever his words affect me. He shouldn't get the satisfaction.

The second slap was barely softer than the first. “Two,” I ground out.

I managed to take the first five slaps without making a single sound — besides the counting — but the sixth spank stung.

“Ow! You dick!” The words tumbled out before I could stop them and I froze in Griffin's grip. His hands stilled over my ass. °

“What was that, little fox?” “Uh, I mean to say, six, Daddy.” “That's what I thought.”

I didn't make that mistake again, but by the tenth slap, I'd given up on staying silent. Each hit stung worse than the last, but more than that,

they only contributed to the heat in my belly. I knew my panties were soaked, and I couldn't help but press myself into Griffin's thigh. I

wasn't shameless enough to grind into him, but the pressure certainly felt nice.

Slap! Chapter 61

“Thirteen.”

Griffin immediately tugged me into his arms, cradling me against his chest. “It's over now, little fox,” he murmured, “You did so well for me.

Pm so proud of you.”

In response, I just curled closer to him. With Griffin's body heat and his firm muscles pressed into me, I forgot about everything else -

including my sore ass and my restrained hands. (")