

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 62

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"Diplomacy is the art of saying 'nice doggie' until you can find a rock.")

Will Rogers

After several minutes of cuddling, a quick shower, and some lotion for my burning ass, it was finally time for Griffin's meeting. After my shower, I changed into nice jeans and a pretty purple blouse. I still felt underdressed, but Griffin assured me that the dress code was casual.

Well, what he'd actually said was, You're my Queen. Nobody cares what you wear, and if they look at you too long, I'll kill them.

I figured that was basically the same thing. (2 At least he was dressed just as casually as I was.

"So, what's the meeting about? Do you know?" I asked as we walked toward the meeting room. Griffin's long stride was almost impossible to keep up with, and with his hand in mine, it felt like he was almost dragging me along.

"One Alpha has become aggressive towards his neighboring pack," Griffin told me, "He's been getting bold. The council wants to discuss possible methods for dealing with him." Griffin seemed to notice that Chapter 62

he was practically dragging me and slowed down.

Griffin hadn't told me a lot, but according to him, he spent of these meetings with his council. The council was made up of a small group of experienced wolves that provided Griffin with information about disputes of the werewolf world. They also used their experience to advise him on possible solutions to these disputes. (7)

While my dad's pack didn't have a council, it did have elders - and Griffin's council sounded similar.

Griffin's pace slowed down even more as we approached a large mahogany door.

Griffin turned to me, cupping my face with one of his large hands. "Are you sure you really want to sit through a boring meeting?" he asked, "These aren't always brief."

"The subject matter doesn't sound very boring," I said, "Besides, it can't be more boring than waiting for you in an empty bedroom."

"If you say so, little fox." When Griffin removed his hand from my face to open the door, I could actually feel the loss of heat.

God, am I that addicted to his touch?

I didn't have too much time to ponder that - Griffin pushed the door open, and my breath caught in my throat. Chapter 62

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It wasn't because there were several middle-aged men sitting around the large conference room. It wasn't because all of those middle-aged men look very confused about my presence.

No, it was because I recognized this meeting room.

It was the same room I'd seen Griffin kill his father in. The memory flashed through my brain — how the king's head rolled at my feet, his eyes still open wide.

How does he look so unbothered by this?

This is the room he killed his father in.

While I could hardly hide the shock on my face, Griffin's expression was blank as he tugged me into the room.

This probably isn't the first time he's been in here since his father's death. He's probably been taking all his meetings in here.

My eyes wandered to a specific spot on the marble flooring. It looked spotless as always - not at all bloodsoaked like it had been that day.

Twonder how long it took them to pick the King's body off the floor. That very thought sent a chill down my spine.

As we entered, I watched the councilors stand up and bow to Griffin and I Chapter 62

"Your Majesties," one of the councilors spoke, keeping his head bowed. I'm not sure I'll ever get used to all this bowing.

Griffin nodded at him, and the wolves took that as a sign to rise. Griffin barely spared them a passing glance as he tugged me to our seats. \)

His was at the head of the table and mine was positioned on his right. He pulled out my chair for me, and I wordlessly sat down. I almost felt crazy for having a reaction ~ nobody, not Griffin or the other wolves,

seemed perturbed about the room we were sitting in. When Griffin took his own seat, I felt my gut churn again. He's sitting in his father's chair.

Obviously, the seat was meant for the King, but did it really not bother Griffin to sit in the same place he'd decapitated his father?

I must've been staring at Griffin too hard because he leaned over, pulling my hand into his. "There's no need to be nervous, little fox," he whispered.

Twouldn't exactly say I'm nervous. There was no way I was going to bring this subject up in the middle of a meeting, so instead, I just nodded my head. That seemed to placate

him and he turned to address the other wolves in the room.

Since I wanted to focus on anything besides my last visit to this room, I Chapter 62

turned to look at the other wolves too.

They were all men, looking anywhere from their thirties to forties. They also all shared the same stern expression on their face, gazes fixed on Griffin. I noticed that none of them stared at me ~ I had a feeling it wasn't out of rudeness, but to avoid Griffin's possessive wrath.

"Your Highness," a man at the end of the table spoke with a grave expression, "The situation has escalated since our last meeting."

"How so, Councilor Johnathan?" Griffin asked, leaning back in his chair. His entire posture went rigid, like he'd suddenly donned the mask of a ruler.

"alpha Liam has launched a full-fledged attack on Alpha Abel," the man, Councilor Johnathan, continued. "We're still waiting on updated reports, but his forces are strong...I'm not sure that Alpha Abel will be able to hold him off."

Wait a second. Alpha Liam, Alpha Abel ~ I recognize those names.

When I came to the castle with Lily and Seb, it was to witness the dispute between Alpha Liam and Alpha Abel.

Another memory flashed through my mind. This time, it was of Alpha Liam's sharp, disgruntled face as the previous Alpha King ordered him to stop invading Alpha Abel's lands. Alpha Liam hadn't looked happy

about the verdict then, but he had agreed to the Alpha King's decision. Chapter 62

"He's becoming bold, Your Majesty," Councilor Johnathan said, "You need to strike him down quickly."

"Yes, he certainly is getting bold," Griffin scoffed. His hand was still resting in mine under the table and I felt his grip tighten. "This is direct disobedience of my father's order. The question is why."

"If I may speak freely, Your Majesties?" Another man piped up, his voice soft. I couldn't tell if that was just his voice or if he was just that nervous addressing Griffin.

"You may, Councilor Rodrick."

The man let out a loud breath and adjusted the large glasses on his face. "The past month has been a chaotic one for wolves everywhere," Rodrick said, "There's been much upheaval...a lot of uncertainty. I believe that Alpha Liam is using this uncertainty to his advantage." Rodrick's eyes flickered to me briefly before settling back on Griffin.

Uncertainty. Well, that's a polite way of talking about how Griffin killed his father, became King, and took a human mate in less than a month.

"Well, I don't mind giving him a reminder of what happens to Alphas that step out of line," Griffin said, and a dark smile flashed across his face. "As for the rest of the wolves, they'll simply have to adjust to this uncertainty."

"Most wolves are more than happy with the changes that this past month has brought," Rodrick said, "Your father was not a popular ruler Chapter 62

amongst most packs, and with you finding your mate, they finally have a Queen again. However, as you know, some wolves are traditionalists. The idea of a human ruling them is...not preferable."

"What's a traditionalist?" I asked. The words tumbled out of my mouth before I could stop them, but when everyone turned their attention to me, I felt like cringing. None of the men looked angry or irritated, just curious that I'd even said anything at all. I couldn't really blame them. Pd been as quiet as a mouse since the meeting started.

"Traditionalists are wolves that believe we should stick to traditional werewolf values, Your Majesty," Rodrick explained to me, his tone gentle, "They believe that women should not hold positions of power in a pack, outside of being the Luna. They also believe that humans do not hold any place in the werewolf world at all."

So, traditionalists are just the werewolf version of misogynists.

"What about human mates like me?" I asked. "They don't think we have any place?"

"No," Griffin was the one who answered this time. His voice was barely a growl. "Traditionalists believe that wolves who discover they have a human mate should kill those human mates. They even think that the moon goddess will reward them with a new strong wolf mate if they slaughter the human one." (7)

My breath caught in my throat. Chapter 62

So, in the other words, there's an entire group of werewolves who think Griffin should've slaughtered me the first time we met?

Good to know, I guess.

"They're insane," Griffin continued. His thumb was rubbing circles on my hand as if to comfort me. "But they only make up a small portion of werewolves, and most people recognize them as the radicalist nutjobs that they are. You have nothing to fear, little fox. I'd never let anything happen to you."

Griffin's eyes met mine for a brief moment, and I felt warmth in my chest.

"I cannot say for sure," Rodrick piped up, "But I suspect that Alpha Liam may be a traditionalist. I've heard reports that he's very radical and harsh, and his latest actions only add fuel to the fire."

"all the more reason to deal with him," Griffin said, "I'll send Beta Williams and some of our finest warriors to Alpha Liam's lands. If he surrenders, I'll imprison him. If he resists, I'll give Beta Williams permission to kill him."

Guess that's settled.

Councilor Johnathan cleared his throat. "Now, onto the next order of business. There have been a lot of whispers about your father's funeral. Moreso, they're wondering if you're going to hold one." Chapter 62

Griffin tensed up, his eyes narrowing. "A funeral? Why would I?"

"Well, it is standard practice, Your Majesty," Rodrick answered, "Every ruler of the werewolf world has had a lavish funeral. It's always a big affair. The last one was your mother's funeral. Almost the entire werewolf world attended to show solidarity for your father and grieve her death. It would be unusual not to acknowledge his death in some way, regardless of how that death might've happened."

The air in the room suddenly became stifling, like a weight on my chest. I'd felt this feeling before — it was from Griffin's power. It was radiating off him in waves and I could see every one of the councilors tense up. They were feeling it too, and probably ten times more intensely as I was.

Does he do this on purpose? Or is he just that powerful?

"Fuck tradition. My father doesn't deserve a lavish funeral," Griffin said, and I watched a dark grin cover his face, "He earned his death by threatening my mate. The only acknowledgement he'll get is at her coronation when I crown her as Queen."

Nobody dared voice a word of disagreement.