

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 85

The Alpha King's Human Mate

Chapter 85

Chapter 85

"I need to stop getting into situations where all my options are potentially bad."

Jack Campbell

If you had told me three months ago that I could leave the werewolf world behind forever, I would've jumped at the chance — no questions asked. Or, at least, very few questions asked.

But that was three months ago. Before I got to actually know Griffin, before I re-examined what kind of life I wanted for myself, and before I vowed to serve the werewolf world as a ruler.

And even as I sat in the filthy prison cell in my coronation dress — which was practically unrecognizable with all the dirt and grime - I didn't even consider Liam's deal for a moment.

The Clark that had wanted to live a completely human life was not the Clark I was today. I'd gotten a taste of what my life could be when I wasn't feeling sorry for myself at dad's house, and I didn't want to leave that. I didn't want to leave Griffin.

But I also need to get out of here.

If Liam's deal is legit, I could get out of here and find Griffin on my own, P Chapter 85

possibly prevent Liam from using me as leverage.

Right now, that seemed like my best shot - possibly my only shot. If I could convince Liam that I was just as unhappy with mate bond as I'd been a couple of months ago, maybe he wouldn't think twice about letting me go.)

But even as I ran through the plan in my head, it all seemed...too easy. Liam could very well be lying about all of it. Maybe he was only proposing this "deal" to lure me into a false sense of security about my circumstances.

Every possibility, every worst-case scenario I could think of, ran through my brain on an endless loop for the next several hours, Or what felt like several hours — with no real windows besides the tiny slot in the door that led into the hallway, there was no real way to tell time. It could've been an hour or it could've been five since Liam had come in

to talk to me.

My brain was still foggy from whatever Ezra had drugged me with, and eventually, I felt myself dozing off. There was nothing restful about the sleep, and every few minutes, I'd find myself jolting awake. Every shadow and every flash of light put me on high alert, and the uncomfortable stone walls didn't do much to help.

I jolted again when I heard the heavy metal door creak open, and this time, I couldn't dismiss it as a figment of my imagination. Someone was coming in. Chapter 85

Much like last time, I scrambled to stand up and press myself against the wall. I was still blinking away the remnants of my cat nap when the door opened the rest of the way, revealing a...woman?

She's even smaller than I am with dirty blonde hair and blue eyes, and even in the dim light, she looks like she could be close to my age too. She's wearing casual clothes, and in her hands, she holds a small plastic baggie.

She walked father into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Hello," I said cautiously. The woman glances at me quickly before averting her eyes — almost like she's afraid to make eye contact with me.

I waited for her to speak but after a few moments, I realized she wasn't going to.

"Is there a reason you're here?" I asked. I could only assume she was somehow involved with Liam if she was entering my cell.

It takes her a second to speak, but when she does, her voice is soft and meek. "I was tasked with bringing you something to eat," she said, and then she holds the plastic baggie up for me to take.

I took the baggie from her cautiously and examined the contents. A peanut butter and jelly sandwich. My stomach turned. It wasn't because of the sad-looking sandwich though. It was as if my stomach had just registered the idea of food for the first time in hours, and since I was Chapter 85 still recovering from the drugs, it just made me more nauseous than

anything else.

"Is this one drugged?" I asked and the question came out a little harsher than I meant it to.

The girl looked up at me with wide eyes. "What? No!"

I still wasn't completely convinced, but her tone was sincere enough that I didn't immediately hand it back. Even if the thought of food made me want to throw up right now, I didn't know when the next time I'd be fed was. (2

And if I'm going to get out of here, I'm going to need the energy for it.

The girl glanced toward the door, but before she could make her exit, I asked her, "What's your name?"

I didn't think she meant any real harm, but while she was here, I might as well learn as much as I could about where here was.

She didn't look like she wanted to answer me but she did anyway. "Aria," she replied.

"Lm Clark," I told her. "Are you working with Liam?" That question seemed to unnerve her and she glanced at the door

again. "I'm not sure I'm supposed to be...talking to you," she murmured. She reminded me of a nervous little rabbit, anxious that the wrong step Chapter 85

would be her last one.

"sorry, I don't want to get you in trouble," I said, "I've just been down here awhile with nobody to talk to. And you're the first woman I've seen."

She is silent for a moment. "I'm part of Liam's pack," she replied, "I'm working for the cause." (2

The cause? What a totally harmless name for the way Liam is trying to kill

Griffin and keep me in a prison cell.

"Can I ask why?" As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I realized I'd been too pushy.

Her eyes darted toward the exit again. "I've got to go, I can't be talking to you." She scurried out the door before I could get another word in, locking it with a heavy clang.

I slid down the wall, the plastic baggie still in my hands. My stomach turned again.

Yeah, I've really got to find a way to get out of here.