

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 89

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“Words are a pretext. It is the inner bond that draws one person to another, not words.”

Rumi

As it turned out, accessing the bond was not as easy as I thought it would be. I tried everything — picturing Griffin's face in my mind, thinking about us physically together, even imagining some psychic thread that tied us together.

None of it worked.

I was no closer to accessing the bond than before, and the only thing Pd gotten was a headache.

I'd never really wished to be a werewolf, but at that moment, all I

wanted was a wolf. If not for the supernatural strength that might give me a solid shot against Liam, then just so I could have a little spiritual guidance. A wolf spirit in my head telling me what to do? Yeah, that'd be very helpful right about now.

Come on, Clark. You can do this. You accessed the bond once before. You just have to figure out how to do it again.

I took another shot at picturing Griffin's face in my mind, thinking Chapter 89

about what I'd tell him if he was here. Still nothing.

Briefly, I wondered if I could access the bond without feeling it, but dismissed that idea pretty quickly. The first time I'd done this, I had definitely felt it.

What was it that Ivan had told me? That it was possible to access the bond with heightened emotions? Maybe that's what I need to do.

I had tried my hardest to stay calm these days, thinking that I needed to keep a clear head if I wanted to escape. But maybe the key wasn't burying those negative emotions, but embracing them, letting them overwhelm me.

With a deep breath, that's exactly what I tried to do.

I thought about the possibility that I'd end up rotting away in this prison cell, that Liam's plan might work and Griffin could die. And Griffin would probably only die in pursuit of saving me, of trying to rescue me from Liam. His death, and anybody else who died trying to help him, would be my fault.

My heart sped up in my chest, a knot forming in my stomach but I didn't stop.

I pictured the way this world would look after Griffin's death, no doubt a world oppressed by a bloodthirsty tyrant. Chapter 89

My stomach continued to twist into knots, and my heart had begun beating so fast that I felt like I could hardly breathe.

Oh, God. I think I'm about to have a panic attack.

I pressed on, thinking about the way I'd be stuck in this cell while it all played out, just another one of Liam's pawns.

My shallow breathing echoed throughout dark room, and as I tried to catch my breath, my skin was crawling.

Yeah, I'm definitely about to have a panic attack. I just need - And then I felt it.

The bond opened up inside my mind, covering me like a warm blanket of tranquility. My breathing immediately calmed and so did my brain ~ it was as if someone had just shot me full of sedatives.

It was even stronger than I remembered it, but as much as I just wanted to bask in the comfort, I knew I couldn't.

With closed eyes, I could feel the bond so clearly that I might as well have been physically looking at it. It was a strong, warm chord connecting us. I couldn't see Griffin, but for the first time in days, I could feel him. I could sense his presence on the other side, almost close enough for me to reach out and touch him.

There was so much I wanted to say to him, but I didn't. Chapter 89

I didn't know how long I'd be able to keep the bond open, so I had to make sure I got the important information through. The I love yous and I'm sorry I'm such an idiot who went and got kidnapped could be saved for when I saw him in person.

I wasn't even entirely sure how to communicate with Griffin either. I could feel him, but it's not as if I was on the phone with him. The mate bond hadn't come with a user manual.

So, I did the only thing I could do - I let my intuition guide me.

I saw the chord connecting us in my mind, and with hesitant fingers, I reached out to touch it. To my surprise, the chord responded immediately to my touch, rippling underneath my fingers like water. 1)

Well, that did...something.

If Griffin was on the other side of that bond, then maybe I could “send” images or thoughts his way.

No harm in trying.

This time, there was no hesitancy as I grabbed the chord with all five fingers, gripping it tight. As soon as I felt the warmth clasped in my fist, I pushed every thought I could into the bond - pictures of my surroundings, my conversations with Liam and Aria, every experience Pd had since getting kidnapped.

The bond rippled with each thought as if it was picking them up as Chapter 89

clearly as it had the touch of my fingers. When I was done, I let go of the chord,

I stared at the connection as the bond finally steadied and became still again. I waited for Griffin to send something back, but nothing came way.

I'm not even sure how long I stayed like that, but it was long enough that it felt like my concentration was slipping and the warmth of the bond had begun to fade.

Come on, Griffin. Please. Give me a sign that you saw that, felt it ~ something!

There was no answer to my silent pleas.

The warmth continued to fade and I could feel our connection waning, the bond closing.

Griffint

Had I lost my one shot to warn Griffin about Liam's plans? Had my attempt been for nothing?

The warmth was almost completely gone now, and with it, the chord Pd seen so clearly in my mind was thinning too. It had become a string, barely there.

And then I felt it - the warmth of the bond returned in one large wave Chapter 89

and the largest ripple I'd ever seen made its way down the bond.) “My little fox.”

His voice, clear as day, came through the connection.

Before I could respond, the connection was gone.

The bond closed between us with a harsh snap! and suddenly, I was back in my prison cell, the warmth all disappeared.

That should've upset me, but all I could feel was relief. If Griffin was able to send his own message, then surely, he'd heard mine. All I could hope was that my thoughts had been enough of a warning for him to decipher Liam's plans.

I basked in that relief for a few moments, but familiar footsteps echoing down the hall cut right through that comfort.

Great. What now?