

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 8

"A person often meets his destiny on the road he took to avoid it." (14)

Jean de La Fontaine

You know that old saying about how time speeds up when you're dreading the future?

Yeah, there's definitely some truth to that.

The final week before Seb, Lily, and I's trip seemed to slip through my fingers until it was the morning of our flight and I was trying to zip up my overloaded backpack.

Maybe I should've just caved and used an actual suitcase instead.

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We were only supposed to be gone for three days today was the day we were flying out, tomorrow would be the meeting, and then we'd come back the next morning. Easy. Simple. Just three days and then I'd be back home and able to resume my life, free of warring Alphas and mateless Princes. Q@

"Clark!"

I turned at the sound of Lily's voice. She was standing in my doorway, clutching two sundresses in her hands. "Which one looks more appropriate for an Alpha meeting?" She asked.

"Are you really asking me about werewolf dress code at a diplomatic meeting?"

"Hm, good point."

"I like the blue one though," I said, "It brings out your eyes."

"

She smirked as if she'd been expecting the compliment and folded the dress over her arms. "What did you pack? What are you going to wear to this shin-dig?"

"Nothing too crazy, I'm dressing comfy. We are going to Canada after all."

“Whatever,” Lily rolled her eyes, “Please tell me you have an outfit for this meeting. You should wear that mint green romper you have, it goes with your

skin.” 2

“Oh, I hadn’t picked anything specific” I scratched the back of my head, “I kinda just figured I’d sort through my options when I got there.”

“You are so unprepared, Clark,” she scoffed, “Just because you don’t know what the dress code is doesn’t mean there won’t be one.” Before I could drum up a reply, she

turned on her heel and stomped out of the room.

I knew she was right. I didn’t have to pack alone. I could’ve asked for help from Lily, Grace, or even my dad. But the thought of Grace or my dad sorting through my clothes, lecturing me on which items would make me look like a presentable Alpha daughter it made me cringe.

Trying to look the part wouldn’t change the fact that I wouldn’t belong, and the minute I walked into the room, every wolf would know it. They’d be able to smell.

the fact that I was only human.

Look at you getting all angsty again, a voice in my head (which sounded suspiciously like Lily) piped up. (17)

I walked over to my dresser. With a final sigh, I pulled out the mint green romper and shoved it into my backpack.

1

“Lily! Clark! You’re going to be late for the plane if you don’t get your asses in gear,” Dad shouted from downstairs. Almost immediately, I heard Grace’s soft voice scold him for his language.

“Coming!” I shouted back, heaving my backpack over my shoulder. Given that we were only traveling today, I had kept my attire simple: a plain pair of jeans, a faded band t-shirt, and a thick green army jacket. 4

Although the leaves were only starting to change here, I didn’t doubt that the weather would be much colder in Canada. That was where the Alpha King and his pack lived – southern Canada. According to Lily, the King, his family, and their

pack lived in some sort of fancy castle or palace in the mountains.

The whole thing seemed ridiculous at first, but then again, the guy was a literal

monarch. Why wouldn't he have his own palace to rule from? Alphas did love power, and nothing symbolized power more than a throne.

I adjusted my backpack on my shoulders a final time and stepped out into the hallway. Lily was positioned at the top of the stairs, trying to manage all three of her suitcases. "Come help me," she hissed.

I wrangled one of the suitcases out of her hands, but not without grinning.

"Where's all that crazy wolf strength when you need it, huh?" I teased her.

She glared at me, and her blue eyes could've cut glass. "It's not that I can't lift them, they're just too large to carry at once."

"We're only going for three days, why all the luggage?"

"I need options. Not all of us can fit our entire lives in fanny pack."?

"It's a backpack, not a fanny pack."

"Well, it looks just as ridiculous. At least I look like I'm going on a trip, you look like you're packed for a hike."

I rolled my eyes but didn't retaliate. @

We descended the stairs together, and as soon as they saw us, Sebastian and dad took Lily's suitcases off our hands.

"Everyone ready?" Dad asked, his expression just as stern as ever.

All three of us nodded.

"Oh, look at you guys," Grace piped up from beside my dad, and I could see tears forming in her eyes, "You look so grown up."

"Mom, do we have to

—

Whatever Sebastian was about to say was immediately silenced by one of my dad's icy glares..

“I’m sorry, I know it’s cheesy,” she said, wiping away a tear. She turned to Sebastian. “It feels like just yesterday I was teaching you to walk, and now you’re an adult. You’ve grown into such a strong young man. I know you’ll look out for your sisters while you’re gone, Sebastian.” Grace gave him a hug, and although Sebastian looked mildly uncomfortable with the emotional display, he certainly

didn’t protest.

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“Of course, mom.”

Grace embraced Lily next. “Oh, honey, you look so beautiful. I remember the day you were born, what it was like to hold you in my arms for the first time. You had such bright blue eyes, just like your father. I knew you were going to be the light of my life and you still are.”

Watching Grace’s emotional goodbyes to Lily and Sebastian almost made me want to avert my eyes – like I was intruding in on a private family moment that I had no business being apart of. (2)

In some ways, I guess I was.

Grace hugged me last. It was brief and she didn’t cling to me like she had with Seb and Lily. “Clark,” she said, “I know you didn’t want to go, but this will be a good experience for you. You’ll see.” 12

“Yeah, I’m sure it will be.”

Grace retreated back into my dad’s arms, and he gave us all a small smile. “I want you three to make me proud,” he commanded but there was no hard edge to his voice, “I’ll see you kids in three days.”

*Just three days.

72 hours.

4,320 minutes.

259,200 seconds.”

Three days is nothing. I’ll be home in three days. (1)

I repeated that mantra all the way to the airport, and even when I boarded the plane and buckled myself into the seat.

At the time, knowing I'd be home and sleeping back my bed within three days soothed some of the anxiety. 3

Unfortunately, it ended up being an empty comfort. I didn't realize it then, but I wouldn't be home in three days. In fact, I wouldn't be coming home for a very long time.

If I had known then what actually awaited me at the Alpha King's palace, I know I wouldn't have come. I would've done something – anything – to get me out of the trip. Maybe I would've faked being sick or snuck off for a couple of days, I'm not sure.

It doesn't matter anymore.

I didn't realize it then, but my destiny was sealed the moment I placed my feet on Canadian soil. The second that I stepped into his world, there was no longer anywhere I could run. Nowhere I could hide. He would find me and drag me back, kicking and screaming.

As I sat on the plane, contemplating which movie I wanted to watch, I was completely unaware just how much my life was about to change.