

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 82

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"There's always a calm before the storm..." Heather Graham

If there was one thing I'd learned, it's that there was no better way to recharge than by breathing in a little bit of the brisk Canadian air.

With nothing but empty hallways and moonlight to guide me, I somehow found my way back to the balcony - the one I'd found the very first night I slept here. The one I'd met Alessia on.

It was the same as I remembered it, and even with the chilly air nipping at my bare skin, it was the quietest it had been all night. Out here, I was far enough away from the party that I couldn't hear any of the chatter.

Thank God I didn't run into Grace or dad on the way here...that would've

been embarrassing.

Wherever my dad and Grace had run off to, it wasn't this part of the castle.

I'm sure he's consoling her about all the lies he's been feeding her for years. I don't doubt that Grace will forgive him. If she can overlook the initial affair, she can probably overlook this too.) Chapter 82

Part of me was relieved that I'd gotten to confront him ~ even if he didn't seem to understand what he'd done wrong. Maybe he never would realize what he'd done wrong, not as long as he held onto that Alpha pride so tightly.

At least I tried. I can move on with my life knowing that I tried.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps snapped me out of my thoughts. I whirled around just as the glass doors to the balcony opened, revealing a tall boy.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, staring at me with wide eyes, "I didn't realize anybody was out here. Especially the Queen. I just wanted a little alone time away from the fuss. I'm not disturbing you, am I?" Even as he said it, the door slid shut behind him. He had a British accent, no doubt one of the guests for the coronation.)

He looked to be about my age with rich brown hair and green eyes, and the longer I looked at him, the more familiar he seemed. I couldn't put a name to his face, but I swore I'd met him somewhere.

"No, you're not disturbing me," I said, and then I glimpsed the two glasses of champagne in his hands. "I thought you said you wanted alone time. You're holding two drinks?"

He smiled sheepishly and held one of the glasses out for me. "I suppose you caught me. I saw you disappear from the party all alone, and I was a little curious. Figured you might want some company." Chapter 82

"From a stranger?"

Thadn't meant it to come out in a rude way, but my tone was harsh enough to make him cringe.

"This was a stupid idea, wasn't it?" He said. "Here - keep the drink. I'll

leave you be." He started to turn away but I called out, "No, no...it's fine. You can stay if you want. I'm not going to be out here long anyway, I only wanted a

few minutes of fresh air." +

And also Griffin may kill you if he finds us out here alone, I added silently. }

The smile returned to his face, and once again, I was struck by how familiar he was.

Who is he? I know I've met him before. "Here," he said, handing me the second glass in his hand. I took it but placed the drink on the edge of the balcony.

Silence fell over us, and then he said, "You don't recognize me, do you?"

"You look familiar, but I can't remember your name. So, we've met before?" I asked. Chapter 82

He nodded, the smile on his face getting bigger. I hadn't even taken a sip of the drink yet, and already, I could feel my stomach twisting in knots.

"We met when you visited for the diplomatic meeting. I even sat next

to you the day you met your mate," he said, "I'm Ezra." The puzzle pieces clicked in my brain — Ezra. I did remember him. I remembered meeting him the night of the dinner party with the former Alpha King. He'd been another one of the visiting Alpha kids. I also remembered disliking him immediately. He'd made a snide comment about me being human.

With narrowed eyes, I replied, "Right. I remember now."

Ezra chuckled, taking a sip of his drink. "Judging from the tone of your voice, I didn't make a good first impression, did I? I was a bit of an ass. Sorry 'bout that." Despite the apology, there was no sincerity in his tone.

Annoyance sparked in me. "Not really," I said, "I'm feeling a bit chilly. I think I may head in."

I went to move but Ezra moved quicker, draping his suit jacket over my

shoulders. "Please don't leave on my account," he sai

The weight of Ezra's jacket felt foreign on my shoulders, but I didn't want to be rude and remove it. Something about the gesture felt so off Chapter 82

to me. Something about Ezra just felt off to me, but I couldn't put my

finger on what. """) Give it another five minutes and I'm definitely going inside.

I took a long gulp of the drink Ezra had given me as he spoke. "You're very different from the first time I met you," he said.

"Oh, and how's that?"

Ezra grinned and I could see the moonlight reflecting off his sharp, gleaming canines. The sight only twisted my stomach up even more, but I tried not to let the unease show on my face.

"The night I met you at the dinner party," he started, something unknown flashing through his eyes, "You were nothing but a scared little thing, practically shaking as the Alpha King interrogated you."

My eyes narrowed and I resisted the urge to step back. I didn't want him to think he was intimidating me.

"and now look at you," he said, "You get a crown and a mate and suddenly you think you're all that. Well, I can see beneath those things ~ [still see you for the cowering human you are. You're nothing special. Every single of you, every human out there, you're all the same. Weak." The smile on his face began to twist into something more sadistic. (7

I glared at him, my mind running a million miles an hour. Something was seriously wrong here. Ezra might not have liked me, but to insult Chapter 82

me so openly at my coronation?

Technically, you're not at the coronation. You're on a balcony alone with him, which is why he thinks he can talk like this.

Topened my mouth to say something - I wasn't sure what - when a realization washed over me. Like gears clicking into place, Ezra's hostile attitude suddenly made sense. Only one type of werewolf would openly insult humans like that.

"You're one of them," I said, glaring at him. "One of what?"

"The traditionalists," I said. "You're part of the group that thinks humans are too weak to be part of the werewolf world." My heart had begun pounding in my chest. Whether I was right or not, I still needed to get out of here. Could I outrun him in the empty hallways? Probably not...but it was worth a shot. (7)

Ezra's eyes lit up and he let out a breathy laugh. "Guess they've been teaching you a few things, haven't they?" He said. He took a step toward me and I took a step back. "Can't say I expected you to realize it so quickly. I didn't even get to the fun part yet - I was going to tell you that I think the King should've killed you the day he realized you were his mate. Chopped your head off instead of his father's. I mean, to kill another werewolf, let alone a ruler, over a human? And then letting that human rule beside him like she's one of us? That's insanity." Chapter 82

So, I was right. This is even worse than I thought. Be smart about this, Clark. One wrong move and he may try to just off you right here.

I needed to make an escape, get somewhere with people or guards or just someone who wasn't actively wishing for my death. I went to take another step from Ezra but my back hit the edge of the balcony.

Adrenaline should've been coursing through my veins, but if anything, my limbs just felt heavy and weighed down.

What are you doing, Clark? Run!

Ezra only walked closer, caging me in. Up close, his green eyes were practically rabid and I wondered why I hadn't seen it when he first walked out.

"You want to talk about insanity? What you believe is the real insanity," I shot back. My voice was firm and clear despite the growing lump in my throat. "It doesn't matter anyway. It doesn't change anything. I'm the Queen whether you want me to be or not. And if you stop and leave right now, this doesn't have to end badly."

"Badly?" Ezra chuckled, "I'm not the one who needs to be worried about this encounter ending badly. This little reception party...there "was no better time to corner you." .')

I inhaled sharply as Ezra continued to talk. My brain had started to turn foggy now, and I tried my best to blink it away. Chapter 82

"See, all the guards that would normally be patrolling the halls are stationed in the reception hall. The King is tied up with political affairs and negotiations, no doubt," he said, "And that just leaves you. Truthfully, I wasn't even sure how I'd get you alone...but then you came out here all on your own. It's the perfect spot too - far enough away that I could kill you before anyone comes running."

Topened my mouth to scream but Ezra's large palm slapped over it before I could. "No, no, none of that," he said, pulling me to his chest. I struggled against his grip but my limbs were so heavy they felt useless. )

The fog wasn't getting any better either, my brain was even more of a cloudy haze now.

Come on, Clark. You have to fight back. "See, I —"

Whatever he meant to say next became a pained grunt as I bit down on his palm as hard as I could.

"You little bitch!" He grunted.

I tried to scream but my tongue felt like lead in my mouth. All I could muster was a quiet groan that got carried away in the wind.

Why can't I move? Why can't I scream? >)

"You put up more of a fight than I expected," Ezra hissed, digging his Chapter 82

nails into my arms, "But you were never going to win. I drugged the drink"

Oh, God.

Tracked my brain for some self-defense tactic that would help me, but Ivan had never prepared me to fight a werewolf while drugged.

I fought to keep my eyes open but black spots danced around my vision. Had it not been for the heavy sedation, I think my heart would've been in my throat.

No, somebody has to find me. They have to know it was Ezra who tried to hurt me.

As I went slack in Ezra's arms and his grip loosened, he didn't notice as I shrugged his suit jacket off my shoulders. The garment fell to the stone floor of the balcony. It took the last ounce of strength I had, but with legs that felt like heavyweights, I kicked into the corner. Out of Ezra's line of sight.

The dark spots in my vision only got larger. I tried to blink them away, but it was no use. I slipped into foggy unconsciousness, but as I did, I could've sworn I heard Ezra mutter one

last thing.

"alpha Liam will be so happy."