

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 95

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“Congratulations. You have survived the war. Now live with the trauma.”

Unknown

Thad seen plenty of werewolves shift into their wolf forms in the years Pd lived at my father's pack, usually in training. However, I'd never seen one quite this large. Griffin's wolf form was massive and rippling with muscles underneath his dark fur.

Of course, I only got a moment to take in his shifted form.

One second our eyes had locked ~ my jaw slack and Griffin still clutching what used to be Liam's throat in his mouth ~ and the next, Griffin had shifted into his human form and was crushing me in his arms. In the process, Aria was pushed to the side.

His face nuzzled into the crook of my neck as my arms automatically wrapped around him.

“Mate,” he growled into my neck, “Mate. Mate. Mine. My little fox.” It felt like deja vu - the last time I'd heard Griffin sound like a wind-up toy, it'd been the first time we met.

But this time, there was no fear as he cradled me into his chest, Chapter 95

breathing in my scent.

AIL felt was safe.

We were both safe, and the threat was gone.

I'm not sure how long I stayed like that, wrapped up in Griffin's arms until he pulled away to look at me. His eyes were as intense as I'd ever seen them, shining with something dark and wild.

As soon as he pulled away, I craved the warmth of his arms but I let him look at me, let his eyes roam over my body. “Are you hurt?” he asked, his voice barely above a growl.

“Ym fine,” I rasped, but from the way his eyes lingered on my neck, I knew it was already too late for that lie.

His fingers brushed against my throat, but as light as his touch was, I still flinched.

“You're not fine,” he growled with narrowed eyes. “Who did this to you?”

“His name was Ezra,” I said. His eyes widened just a fraction. “Was?” “Was,” I repeated.

Understanding dawned on his face, and perhaps it was my imagination, Chapter 95

but I could've sworn I saw something else in his expression ~ respect.

“Don't speak,” he said, “I don't want you to aggravate the injury anymore, not until a healer has looked at it. We can talk about it after that.” He paused before adding, “If you want.”

I nodded, ignoring the sting of pain as I did so.

Griffin rose from the floor of the pack house, using one of his hands to pull me up and envelop me in his arms again.

This is when I realized something I hadn't before: Griffin was completely naked.

I suppose it shouldn't have shocked me. Wolves were always naked whenever they shifted back to their human forms, and any clothes they'd been wearing before were usually torn to shreds. For this reason, most packs kept extra sets of clothing in the woods.

Griffin didn't seem bothered by his nakedness, not even when one of his warriors burst through the door.

The warrior immediately averted his eyes from us, bowing his head. “Your Majesties,” he said, “We've rounded up the enemies as you instructed, My King. We're just waiting for you.”

I spotted the bundle of clothes in his arms as he handed them to Griffin, and I expected him to pull away to change, but he kept me as close as he could while slipping on the shirt, pants, and jacket. Chapter 95

“We'll be out in a second, wait for me outside,” Griffin commanded. The warrior bowed again and left. Griffin turned to me, his eyes full of intensity as he cupped my face.

“You don't need to see this next part,” he told me softly, “You can wait

here, I'll leave some warrio ~ “No,” I cut him off hoarsely. “I'll go with you.”

I expected some sort of pushback from him, but to my surprise, Griffin only nodded. There was that understanding expression on his face again.

Without another word, he pulled the jacket off his shoulders to cover me.

He looked over me one last time before his eyes strayed to the only other person in the house ~ Aria.

She was still pushed against the wall, her eyes wide like Griffin might take her head off the second he realized she wasn't actually part of the wallpaper. When his eyes met hers, she whimpered.

“Were you with Liam?” Griffin asked her.

After a pause, she nodded and sputtered, “Yes, but I didn't hurt anyone. I promise!”

“But you were complicit,” he shot back, “You did nothing while they Chapter 95

kept my mate captive.” ) Instead of responding, Aria just began crying.

Beneath all the numbness and the exhaustion I felt, a twinge of sympathy tugged at my heart. Like me, she was a prisoner in her own way, but only one of us had known our true situation. She wasn't some mastermind — she'd only been doing what she was told.

She didn't deserve to die for that.

Griffin went to take a step towards her, but I placed my hand on his arm.

He looked at me with raised eyebrows.

“It's okay,” I said, “She's on our side now...isn't she?” I looked pointedly at Aria and she began nodding furiously through the tears.

Griffin assessed her silently before nodding. “Alright.” He didn't spare her another glance as he threaded his fingers through

mine and pulled me through the open door of the pack house, but I still heard her footsteps behind her. \*

Outside, I was immediately hit with the glare of the sun but once my eyes adjusted, I took in my surroundings with wide eyes. The warrior hadn't been lying when he said they'd “rounded them up.”

Lined up like prisoners on their knees were several men - Liam's allies Chapter 95

~ in the clearing in front of the pack house. I recognized many of their faces from the night before when they'd laughed at me as I served them drinks.

They weren't laughing now.

Many of them were bloody and bruised and the look in their eyes was unmistakable — defeat. They knew they'd lost, that Liam was dead. Beyond the clearing, I could see where bodies littered the ground leading into the forest.

Griffin's soldiers surrounded the remainin men, watching them closely to make sure they didn't try anything sneaky. Many of the warriors stood on the sidelines too, waiting for Griffin's orders.

Griffin led me to a group of his warriors standing on the sidelines, and turned to look at me one last time. He didn't ask or say anything, but I could see the question behind his eyes: are you sure you want to watch

whatever is about to happen?

I gave a small nod, and he let go of my hand. The warriors standing beside me instantly crowded around me like my own group of human - or werewolf ~ shields. I'm not sure there was anything to protect me from at this point, but I appreciated the gesture nonetheless.

I watched as Griffin approached the rounded up men. I could see a few of them begin to cower and I held my breath.

It's not as if I didn't know how this was about to end. The air practically Chapter 95

smelled of it, but...some part of me needed to watch. I needed to know that it was over. For good.

“All of you know why you're here right now,” Griffin's voice boomed across the clearing. “You rebelled. You chose to follow an Alpha who wanted to take the throne. You gave him your armies, your packs, and your loyalty.” He paused before adding, “But you failed.”

There was no gentleness or softness in this Griffin. He was composed as he paced in front of the men, but I could see fiery rage lurking beneath the surface.

Before he could continue speaking, one of the prisoners cried out. “Please, Your Majesty! Have mercy on me. I will never go against your word or your rule again. Please don't kill me.”

Griffin regarded him with cold, dark eyes. “Your Majesty?” he chuckled, but there was no humor in his voice. “A day ago, you were plotting to overthrow me, and now you're addressing me with titles?”

“I know you're the rightful king,” the man continued frantically, “You have my loyalty, my life...anything you want. All I ask is mercy.”

“Your loyalty?” Griffin scoffed, “I have no need for the loyalty of a man so willing to give up his beliefs just because he's afraid.” He stepped closer to the man until he was towering over him.

“But your life? I will take that.” Chapter 95

In the blink of an eye, the man's head had been severed from his shoulders by Griffin's claws. I watched numbly as his head rolled onto the grass, his eyes still wide open.

If any of the men hadn't been cowering, they certainly were now.

“Is there anyone else who wants to plead for their life? Offer up their loyalty?” Griffin asked sarcastically. None of the men on their knees answered.

“Well, that's okay,” Griffin answered as he came to a stop behind the next man in line, “That was really more of a rhetorical question anyway.”

The next man's head rolled onto the grass just as quickly as the first man's.

And the third. And the fourth.

Griffin sliced through each man's neck as if they were made of paper, not flesh and bone. His soldiers watched on silently as did I.

It wasn't until he'd cut through the last man that some of the soldiers moved, coming closer to collect the bodies. Griffin didn't say anything else, not that he really needed to. The claws and the decapitated heads spoke for themselves. \) Chapter 95

It was only when he made his way toward me that he finally retracted his claws, coming up to cup my face with the hand that wasn't bloody.

“are you okay?” he asked softly, resting his forehead against mine. I nodded.

He suddenly lifted his head, his eyes roaming the crowd. “We need a healer!” he ordered, “Now.”

Oh, right. I've got a damaged throat. \*\* At least I got out of this with a throat.

The crowd parted for a middle-aged woman with a sharp face and a bag of medical supplies. She already looked frazzled, no doubt from dealing with injured soldiers. Part of me felt like protesting — surely, there were soldiers more injured and in need of medical attention than I was.

But even as I thought it, I realized there was no point. Surely there were other healers on the field, and even if they weren't, I doubted Griffin was going to wait any longer for me to have my throat looked at.

And even as the healer led me to the pack house steps to poke and prod at my throat, Griffin hung over us like a dark shadow the entire time.

“How bad is it?” he asked sharply.

I tried not to wince as she lightly touched the area, especially since

Griffin growled in displeasure each time she did. Chapter 95

“It will heal,” she said, “You're quite lucky. A little bit longer and I'm not sure we'd be having this conversation. You'll need to ice it for the next several days, and I've prepared a salve for you to put on it at night. It'll minimize swelling, but it will probably still hurt to talk for a week or so. I'll provide you with some painkillers to deal with the discomfort.”

If I could've nodded, I would've.

It took her about twenty minutes to completely examine me - although that time could've been cut in half had it not been for all of Griffin's questions. She seemed determined to understand every aspect of my treatment.)

By the time she was done, she'd provided me with a soft ice pack, plenty of salve and a dose of painkillers.

Fortunately, she did eventually make her exit, leaving Griffin and I alone. He enveloped me in his arms again as we watched the clearing. Well, I watched and Griffin buried his nose in the crook of my neck.

Now that justice had been carried out, it was time to treat the wounded. The healer who'd dealt with me as well as several others had begun moving on to treat the soldiers.

It's over.

It's really over. Chapter 95 I was positive there wasn't anything else that could surprise me today when I caught sight of a familiar face.

Sebastian?

My breath hitched at the sight of my brother, who I hadn't seen in weeks, He was standing amongst the warriors and letting one of the healers examine him, but his surprise appearance amongst the soldiers wasn't even the most surprising part.

No, what truly gave me pause was the look in his eyes. It was a familiar look, one seen plenty of times. It was the look of someone who'd just found their mate.

And the person he was staring at?

Aria.