

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 99

The Alpha King's Human Mate Epilogue - Part I Epilogue - Part I

"I've spent enough time without you and I will not let anything else keep us apart."

Griffin Bardot (") 3 Years Later "Madame, here's that cocktail you ordered."

I took the light-colored cocktail from the bartender without hesitation and took a sip. The crisp, citrus flavor hid the alcohol more than I expected. 7

"You like it?" he asked, his French accent thick. He must've been mid-thirties with a thick mustache and bright eyes. He'd been the only one working as long as I'd been sitting at the bar, but he flitted from customer to customer with ease, even going out of his way to make me a cocktail he thought I'd like.

"I do," I replied, taking another sip, "What did you call this again?"

"French 75," he answered, "It's what I make for all the American tourists who look like it's their first time in Paris."

I smiled sheepishly. "How did you know? Was it the accent that gave me Epilogue - Part 1 away?"

He nodded. "That and you've got that wide-eyed look about you that I see on all the tourists...let me guess, you're fresh out college...maybe twenty-two, wanting to travel on your own for the first time. Paris has

always been on the bucket list and now you're here." I chuckled. "Something like that. I just turned twenty-one though."

The bartender smiled, draping his arm across the bar. "I've got an eye

for picking out the doe-eyed tourists."

"Or maybe you just use that same line on everyone who walks in here with an American accent," I shot back.

"Just the pretty ones," he smiled. In the dim light of the bar, his blue eyes were unusually bright. "Let me guess. You've already seen the Eiffel tower or you're planning to?"

"It's on the agenda."

"Everyone always wants to see the Eiffel tower," he rolled his eyes, "But the view isn't even that great. You want the best view in Paris? Go up the steps of the Sacre Coeur. A bit of a workout but the beauty of the city is worth it"

"I'll have to add it to the list," I said.

He leaned forward slightly. "Perhaps I could show you. You shouldn't Epilogue - Part | enjoy the beauty of Paris alone ~" "She won't be."

The bartender paled immediately as soon as he saw who'd just cut him off, but I didn't even blink as a tanned hand found its way around my waist. Instead, I leaned into the warmth and smiled when his full lips pecked me on the cheek.

"I missed you, little fox," he murmured into my ear, and I pulled back to look at him.

Three years later, Griffin was just as handsome as the day I'd met him - dark hair that he'd been growing out, and perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed as if he'd only gotten bulkier throughout the years. (5

His signature smirk and his nickname for me had never changed.

Griffin's dark eyes assessed me for a moment before he turned to the bartender. "What was the place you mentioned? The Sacre Coeur?"

The flirty expression on the bartender's face had vanished, leaving only unease and fear. I couldn't really blame him. He might not have known he was talking to the king of werewolves, but even as a human, I was sure he could still sense Griffin's natural power.

"Y-yes," the bartender stuttered out. Epilogue - Part |

"Well, we'll have to check it out," Griffin said, completely unbothered,

"after all, she shouldn't be enjoying the beauty of the city alone, right?" )

Even from the other side of the bar, I could see the way he swallowed

nervously as he nodded.

"Thank you for the suggestion," Griffin added, and just when I thought he might be ready to leave, he gave the bartender a scathing glare and growled out, "But if I ever catch you flirting with my wife again, it'll be the last time you use that tongue." Even in the dim lighting, I caught the flash of Griffin's fangs as he spoke.

I didn't think it was possible for the bartender to get paler, but somehow, he managed. "Wife?" he stammered. His eyes flickered to mine. "She's not wearing a wedding ring and -"

"Iv's our one-year wedding anniversary, it's why we're on this trip," Griffin cut him off with narrowed eyes, "I'm replacing her ring with a bigger one."

"But you said you were fresh out of college," the bartender said, glancing at me again, "Here as a tourist."

"No, that's what you said," I told him with a smile, "And I am fresh out of college." Of course, I left out the part about how I'd graduated college. There was no point in explaining that I hadn't actually lived in a dorm room or attended lecture halls filled to the brim. That's what everyone expected when they heard you went to college. Epilogue - Part!

They weren't expecting me to tell them that my werewolf-mate-now-husband had hired some of the best professors in the world to come to our home and give me private lessons. All the individual attention had worked wonders for learning hard subjects, and I'd graduated with my bachelor's degree in a semester less than what it normally took most college students.

Three years ago, I never thought I'd get to go to college.

Now I've graduated with a degree in political science, and my husband has

whisked me away to Paris to celebrate our one-year wedding anniversary. }

College hadn't been the only change in the past three years. After the kidnapping and Alpha Liam's death, there had been peace in the werewolf world. Given the way that Griffin had cut down Liam and those allied with him, nobody had dared to try and take the throne since. That day, they'd learned he could be a ruthless ruler if he needed to be.

Although Griffin had initially tried to send me away to live a human life where I'd be safer, it'd only taken one conversation to convince him otherwise. Months later, he'd confided in me that he wasn't sure he would've been able to actually go through with sending me away.

After that conversation, things changed. Perhaps it was the kidnapping, killing a man, or just getting older, but I grew into the role I'd been born for. These days, I knew enough about werewolf politics that I could

take meetings and make decisions without Griffin's oversight. Epilogue - Part!

As for our relationship, Griffin was still overprotective as ever. I didn't think that was ever going to change, but he didn't try to make decisions for me anymore. I wasn't just his human mate in need of protecting, but his Queen ~a real one. I was his equal, and I could tell that I had his respect as a leader now.

A year after I'd been kidnapped, Griffin proposed to me. I hadn't been expecting it, mostly because werewolves rarely married. There was no need for marriage when your mate had a giant bite mark on their neck. )

Yet, to my surprise, he took me on a surprise vacation to visit my mother and proposed at dinner one evening. When I'd asked him about it, he'd told me: I've claimed you in the werewolf way. Now I want to claim you in the human way. °

And a year after that, we'd married. Perhaps we were both still a little scarred from giant parties, but we decided to elope, just the two of us.

There was no family drama to focus on, just both of us under a full

moon with a priest that Griffin paid off.

"[I really didn't know, Monsieur." The bartender's wobbly voice brought me out of my thoughts.

He was only getting more pale as Griffin's glare deepened, and I decided to cut him a little slack. He was right ~ he hadn't known I was taken. Had he known I was married — especially to someone who looked like Griffin — I had a feeling the encounter would've gone much differently. Epilogue - Part!

"Griffin," I said, "I'm starting to get hungry. Let's get something to eat." )

Griffin looked down at me. I could tell he knew what I was doing, that I was distracting him from terrorizing the poor bartender, but he still gave in. "Alright," he nodded, leaning down to pull me into a long, lingering kiss.

We didn't spare the bartender another look as we made our way out of the bar. The cobblestone road we were on was lit up by street lights that cast an orange glow on Griffin's face as he turned to look at me. "I'm hungry too," he said, leaning down until his lips were on my neck. My hands clutched at his biceps to keep myself steady as he began his assault on my neck.

"Just not for food," he whispered, his teeth grazing the claiming mark. I moaned.

"You know what I think?" he asked.

I tried to respond but my words only came out as another quiet moan.

"I think you liked seeing me jealous in there," he said, his lips on my neck, "I think you liked teasing that bartender, pretending I wasn't just outside on the phone."

"And what if I did?" I pulled back with a playful smile. "Maybe some part of me just wanted to see what you'd do." Epilogue - Part!

Griffin's eyes were dark and hungry as he looked me over. "That's a dangerous game to play, little fox," he murmured, "You don't think I would've ripped his tongue out for speaking to you like that? I resist the urge to kill men on the street whenever they look at you too long."

Suddenly, he swung me up into his arms bridal style and I nearly let out a yelp at the surprise movement.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"If I stay here any longer," he said, beginning to walk with me in his arms. "I may just go back in there and do what I threatened him with. So, I think it's about time I take you somewhere I can properly ravish you."

"Like our hotel room?"

A dark smile flashed across his face. "No, I was thinking more like the Sacre Coeur."