

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

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“From the neck up is where you win or lose a battle.” Anthony Joshua

Although I spent most of the remaining party hiding in the pantry or trying to fade into the wallpaper, the pit in my stomach never went away. Aria eventually took me back to my cell after several hours, but I never relaxed. Whether that was because I was too anxious or the sundress did little to provide me with warmth, I'm not sure.

Whatever it was, I didn't sleep.

With no natural light or even a clock to go by, there was no reliable way for me to keep track of time in the cell. Seconds might as well have been minutes and minutes might as well have been hours.)

If anything, my stomach was the closest thing I had to a watch. I'd gorged myself on finger foods at Liam's party when nobody had been looking, which must've been hours ago. The growl of my stomach was plenty of confirmation that some time had passed.

Liam must be planning to carry out his schemes sometime soon.

Unless he plans to just keep me down here indefinitely, like a bargaining chip he can dust off when it suits him. Chapter 92

And just when I was beginning to wonder if I'd end up rotting down here before I got an opportunity to escape, all hell broke loose.

You know when you're sitting outside on a cloudless summer day, and then out of nowhere, you feel the storm brewing? The sky is still blue, but you can feel the electricity in the air, the wind picking up right before the clouds roll in and the thunder cracks.

That's exactly what I felt as I sat down in the dungeon. The storm brewing.

All of the sudden, I was hit with a cocktail of emotions that didn't quite feel like they belonged to me ~ sadness, guilt, and anger. So much anger. Really, that wasn't even the right word ~ it was pure, unadulterated rage that called for blood.

Griffin. These are Griffin's emotions.

This is the first time I've felt his emotions like this, so he must be close. He must be here.

Immediately, I was on my feet with fresh adrenaline pumping through my veins. There was still no way for me to get out of the cell without someone opening the door on the other side, but I was ready. >)

For a minute or so, all I did was wait.

And wait. Chapter 92

Was I wrong?

Maybe I'm going crazy. Being stuck in a cell for days and humiliated surely can't be good for your mental health.

Gotta admit that I thought I'd hold out a little longer than this though. Then abruptly, I heard the distant sounds of shouts and screams. Well, there's no way I'm imagining that.

It sounds like a battle out there.

And if there's a battle, that means Griffin really is here. He's come for me.)

For the first time in days, hope swelled in my chest.

Heavy footsteps were the next thing I heard and my breath hitched as I pressed myself against the wall.

Please be Griffin. Please be Griffin.

The heavy silver door swung open with a loud bang and my heart plummeted when I made out the silhouette standing in the doorway.

It wasn't Griffin who stood before me, but Ezra.

And he was enraged. Chapter 92

“You,” he growled. He crossed the room, and the next thing I knew, I was unable to breathe.

Ezra had grabbed my throat, crushing my windpipe beneath his fingers like it was nothing more than flimsy paper. All I could do was choke and gasp under the painful pressure, my hands clawing at his.

“This is your fault,” he growled.

“1-1 don't ~” I could barely make the words out beneath Ezra's crushing grip, and to my surprise, he actually loosened his hold on my neck.

I took in mouthfuls of air as he began to speak. “He wasn't supposed to come here,” Ezra said, his tone frantic, “He was supposed to be an ocean away, distracted by my army. Not here!” (“)

Although I was still recovering from the way he'd just choked me, I realized three things at that moment. One, that Liam had probably never intended to use me as active bait. Ezra had said it himself. They had intended to trick Griffin, and kill him off with some army without risking their own lives.

Secondly, using the bond had worked just as well as I'd hoped if Griffin was here. |!

And

third?

It wasn't just anger I was seeing on Ezra's face but panic. He was terrified. °) Chapter 92

Perhaps it was the oxygen loss but what I did next surprised me as much as it surprised Ezra.

I burst out laughing. (=

Ezra was so startled that he actually dropped me, and I fell to the floor, laughing so hard that it left me gasping for air again.

“You know, I see it now,” I managed to say between bouts of laughter, “You're not some evil mastermind capable of taking over the world. You're just an idiot. A complete and utter mor ~” My throat was in Ezra's grasp again, and I began to see stars in my peripheral vision.

“You're human,” he growled, “You should never have been able to ruin our plans like that!”

Whatever I wanted to say to that came out in nothing but choked squeaks.

Beneath the anger and panic, a sadistic smile curled on his lips. “Well, our plans aren't lost yet,” he said, “They just need to be changed. If I kill you here, you might take that mate of yours with you into the afterlife.”

The pressure on my throat increased until my head began to pound. My nails clawed at his fingers, but it was futile. He simply pressed down harder, and the pressure mounted until I worried that my head just Chapter 92

might explode.

The edges of my vision became darkness.

God, is this it?

Am I going to die like this?

Is Ezra's smug face really going to be the last thing I see?

I could feel it ~ my own life draining away under his grip. Even the panic and the fear that I'd felt was fading too, draining into nothingness.

I expected to see my life flash before my eyes, but I didn't. There was nothing but Ezra's sneer.

My fingers became too heavy to hold up, too heavy to work and my hands fell to my side.

Oh,

God. This is it. I'm going to die.

And just as I could feel that darkness closing in, a single memory flashed through my head.

Really, it was a voice, Ivan's voice. .)

Strong people don't win fights, desperate people do, he'd told me at our first training session. Chapter 92

As if someone had pumped a syringe full of adrenaline into my veins, I suddenly regained the use of my arms.

My fingers wrapped around the silver comb sitting in my sundress pocket.

And then I embedded that comb into Ezra's throat with as much force as I could muster.

Surprise flashed through his eyes as he let out a strangled gurgle. I fell to the floor, free of his grip and panting for air.

He collapsed in front of me, more blood pouring out his neck than I'd ever seen.

As red gushed onto the floor, he weakly reached up to pull the comb from his neck but he never got the chance. |

My fingers reached the comb first, digging it harder and deeper until I felt the crunch of bone.

Strong people don't win fights, desperate people do.

I could feel warm, hot blood on my hands, but I never took my eyes off his.

Ezra choked helplessly.

“For the record,” I said, my voice raspy and weak, “I'm not just human. Chapter 92

Pve got some wolf in me too.” His eyes went glassy and he stopped gasping for air.

It wasn't until I was sure he'd taken his last breath that I pulled the blood-covered silver comb from his neck.

And still panting for breath, I ran.