

# The Alpha King’s Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 93

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“Violence is never the answer until it’s the only answer.”

Derek Landy

I only made it a few steps out of the cell and away from Ezra’s dead body before I keeled over, gasping for air. No amount of adrenaline could hide that I’d almost just been choked to death, and each deep breath only hurt worse than the last.

Somewhere, deep in my oxygen-deprived brain, I registered the fact that I’d just killed a man. I’d just taken a life.

No, you can’t fixate on this right now.)

You have to get out of here. There’s no guarantee that someone won’t wander in and finish what Ezra tried to do.

It was only the sound of another distant scream that spurred me into action.

Griffin was here and I needed to find him.

With several more painful deep breaths, I stumbled my way up the stairs I’d followed Aria up yesterday, the silver comb still clutched in my Chapter 93 fingers. I tried not to think about the slick liquid it was coated with. As I emerged at the top of the stairs, I realized that the pack house was

empty. There wasn’t a soul in sight, but the shrieking and screaming only got louder and I saw that the front door was wide open.

That’s when I got my first glimpse of the battle happening outside.

There were wolves battling everywhere — some in human form, some in wolf form. There were wolves tearing out other wolves’ throats, and others tearing off legs and body parts. I recognized some of Liam’s men falling like dominos in the chaos.

It wasn’t just a battle - this was a massacre.

Neither Griffin nor Liam were anywhere to be seen.

Most of them were moving too fast for me to recognize them, and coupled with the exhaustion I was already feeling, just looking at the carnage made me dizzy.

I’ve got to find Griffin.

They might as well have been lead weights but I forced my feet to move.

I wobbled my way to the front door, but just as I made my way to the entrance, I heard soft whimpering. It was coming from the entry-way closet, and I’d already opened the door before I thought about the fact Chapter 93 that whoever might be inside might not be on my side.

If it hadn’t hurt my throat so much to do it, I might’ve gasped when I saw who was curled up in that closet.

Aria. (J

She peered up at me with wide, fearful eyes and her gaze darted to the blood-covered comb in my hands.

“Please,” she whimpered, “Don’t hurt me. Please. I don’t want to die.”

The irony of the situation was that, as far as I could tell, she posed more of a threat than I did at the moment. Besides looking terrified, she appeared unharmed and she had supernatural strength on her side.

I was currently missing both of those advantages.

Clutching the comb tightly, I asked, “Where is Liam?” As I spoke, I turned to the side so that I could keep an eye on that open door. The last thing I needed was to be taken by surprise by one of Liam’s minions.

She shook her head, and I spotted tears running down her face in the darkness, “I don’t know,” she cried, “I really don’t, I promise. I’d tell you if I did.”

Had I been in better condition, I might’ve found the situation a little funny. Just last night, Aria had been delivering meals to me in a prison Chapter 93

cell and referring to Liam as a king. Today, she would’ve given up without a second thought.

And as I looked at her tear-stained face, I couldn’t even bring myself to muster up any anger. It was clear that she was nothing but a terrified

girl, one who’d never wanted any of this in the first place. “Have you seen Griffin?” I asked.

When she shot me a confused look, I tried to clarify. “Uh, super tall guy, dark hair, dark eyes, probably looks very, very angry.”

She shook her head again.

Before I could ask her anything else, I spotted a man scramble through the entrance of the house from the corner of my eye. Instinctively, I wielded the comb like a blade, brandishing it out in front of me.

I prepared to make a hit or a strike, but he stopped a few feet in front of me, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Clark! I mean, Your Majesty! Sorry, force of habit,” he said, and that’s when I got my first look at him.

I relaxed immediately ~ I recognized him.

He was one of the warriors in my father’s pack. I couldn’t put a name to his face, but I knew he was one of my father’s men. I’d seen him at plenty of pack meetings. Chapter 93

I didn’t have to think about how my father’s men got here, I was just thankful they were.)

I let the hand holding the comb fall to my side.

“Thank God you’re alive,” he sighed, “Are you alright, Your Majesty?” His eyes swept over my form, checking me for injuries. His eyes lingered on my neck, the very spot where Ezra had attempted to drain the life out of me.

“I’m fine,” I said, and I swallowed back a wince. Every breath, every word hurt.

“We need to find the King immediately,” he said, holding his hand out for me to take, “Please follow me. I’ll keep you safe.”

I stepped forward to take his hand, but just as I did, I remembered we weren’t alone in this house.

I turned to look at Aria, and now that the warrior had arrived, she had cowered even further into the closet. Could I really just leave her here? If another one of Griffin or my father’s men entered the home and saw her, there was a good chance they’d just kill her. They’d know she was a part of Liam’s pack.

Forcing back another wince as I began to talk, I looked at Aria. “You need to make a choice now,” I said. “Either you can walk out this alive and on the right side or you can take your chances in that closet. It’s up to you.” Chapter 93

I expected a little hesitation or even a flat-out refusal, but Aria just clamored out of the closet. “I’ll go with you,” she said, “Please don’t leave me behind.”

I nodded. “Okay, I’m glad —”

A strangled cry cut me off, and I whipped my head around to find that the very warrior who’d just offered his help...was now missing a heart. )

My stomach dropped and I let out some sort of raspy gasp. Aria latched onto my arm, her nails digging into my arm as she cried.

It wasn’t the sizable hole in the warrior’s chest or his glassy eyes that I was staring at.

It was the person holding the heart in his hands.

Liam.