

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 65

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“Morning without you is a dwindled dawn.” Emily Dickinson

The next morning, I woke to Griffin's lips pressed to my neck, and his limbs tangled with mine. As he spooned me from behind, I could see the sun rays filtering in through the window, the snowy Canadian terrain lying just beyond the window.

“Good morning, little fox,” Griffin whispered to me, his morning voice husky and deep.

Half-asleep, I registered two things: one, I'd had sex with Griffin last night - and for the first time ever.

Secondly, this was the first morning I'd woken up in a bed that wasn't empty. For as long as I'd been at the castle, Griffin had never been able to spend the mornings with me. He'd disappear to do kingly business before the sun had come up.

Scratch that, this might be the first morning ever that I'm waking up in a bed with someone else.

It's not as if I was regularly sleeping around before Griffin. Chapter 65,

“Good morning,” I replied groggily. I managed to free one of my hands from Griffin's snug grip to rub my eyes. “I'm surprised you're still in bed with me”

Pressed against me, Griffin rubbed circles on my back. “Oh, did you think this was a one-night-stand kind of deal, little fox?” He teased.

“Oh, definitely,” I replied, “I'm just waiting for you to turn your back so I can grab my clothes and sneak out.” (7

At that remark, Griffin growled playfully and attached his lips to the claiming bite. I couldn't stop the moan that escaped my mouth as tingly pleasure rocked through me.

“Careful,” Griffin growled, but I could still hear the teasing tone in his voice, “I chased you down once. I don't mind doing it again, but I can't promise I'll let you get as far as last time ~ or that the punishment will be as nice.”

Nice? I wouldn't call being pulled over someone's lap and spanked “nice.”

Of course, with the way he was sucking and lapping at the claiming bite, I wasn't able to actually form that thought. Anything snarky or sarcastic that I wanted to say was lost in the translation of the pleasure rolling through my body.

It was almost unfair how much pleasure I got from just Griffin barely touching the bite. It's as if the bite was a direct line to the nerve ending in my clit. Part of me wondered if, given enough time and stimulation, Chapter 65

Griffin could make me orgasm just from touching the mark.

With a few more licks of his tongue, Griffin pulled away from the bite, his body still wrapped around me. “Once you passed out last night,” Griffin said, and I could practically hear the smile in his voice, “I canceled my meetings for the morning. I didn't want you to wake up without me. I was worried you might be sore from last night.”

Even though Griffin had been inside of me just hours ago, I still blushed at his response. No matter how comfortable we got with each other, he could still fluster me just as well as the first time I'd met him.

And once Griffin mentioned soreness, I realized he was right ~ I was sore, It wasn't unbearable, but whenever I shifted, I could feel a sharp ache between my legs.

Griffin must've seen the wince on my face because he said, “Let me draw you a bath, little fox. It'll help you feel better.” With a kiss on my forehead, he untangled himself from me and headed into the bathroom.

I snuggled deeper into the blankets, feeling some of the heat loss from Griffin's absence.

I just had sex for the first time. And it was nothing like I ever expected it to be.

If you had asked me a couple of months ago what my first time was going to look like, I would've told you that I'd probably lose my Chapter 65,

virginity at college. I'd wait until I met someone I liked and trusted enough to consider my boyfriend, and then I would've just let it happen naturally.

But here I was, and that prediction couldn't have been further from the truth. I wasn't at college and I wasn't with some human boyfriend. In the span of a month, my entire life had done a 360-degree turn. The life path I thought I was on before - the one that led to an easy, human life — was a lie. My path didn't lead to a simple human life, it never had. 7

All paths led to Griffin. I can't even bring myself to be upset about it either.

Part of me balked at the idea that I'd given into Griffin and this new life so easily. I'd taken irreversible steps with him — letting him claim me, letting him take my virginity. Yet, when I thought about doing those things with him, it only left a fuzzy, pleasant feeling in my chest.

He's starting to feel like home. (2

“The bath is ready for you, little fox,” Griffin's voice interrupted my train of thought. I looked up to see him at the foot of the bed, bathed in the morning light. With an easy smile on his face and as naked as he was last night, he looked more serene than I'd ever seen him.

“What are you looking at, little fox?” Griffin asked, his head cocked to the side. Chapter 65,

“Just you,” I murmured back.

Griffin raised an eyebrow, and I could see a smirk beginning to form on his face. “Well, if you keep looking at me like this, I might have to make you a little sorer than you already are.”

My cheeks went red at that and I averted my eyes. I didn't have a snarky reply to that, so instead, I began sitting up. “What are you doing?” Griffin asked, immediately at my side.

“Well, you said the bath was ready,” I said, “I want to get there before the water goes cold.”

Before my feet could touch the floor, Griffin had scooped me into his arms, holding me bridal style. The movement was jarring and brought another wave of achiness between my legs.

“What are you —”

“Did you really think I'd make my sore mate walk on her own after last

night?” Griffin asked, a soft smile on his face. “Your feet aren't touching the floor today.” He began striding into the bathroom, and I reluctantly

wrapped my arms around his neck.

“That's sweet, but I don't think I'm that sore.”

“You're too sore to walk!” Chapter 65,

“Says who?”

“Your mate,” Griffin replied, a teasing smile on his face, “Regardless of what you feel, I've decided that you're too sore to walk.” (=

We entered the bathroom and he gently placed me into the large, jacuzzi-style tub. The hot water felt like instant relief on my entire body, including the sore parts. I leaned back instantly, letting out a sigh.

I peeked one eye open as Griffin climbed into the tub and positioned himself behind me. As large as Griffin was, sharing a tub would've been a cramped experience in a regular bathroom. However, this tub was

large enough that it could've accommodated three or four people easily.

“Did you use scented oils in here?” I asked. The water smelled strongly of lavender, and that alone helped relax my muscles.

Griffin answered as he encircled me in his arms from behind. “Yes,” he said, and I could've sworn there was something bashful in his tone, “The staff used to add it when they prepared baths for me as a child...I thought you might like it.”

“I do,” I hummed.

You know, Griffin is probably used to having people draw his baths, not the other way around. It's weird to think about, but I just had a literal king draw my bath for me. Chapter 65,

As I pondered that odd realization, Griffin grabbed a shampoo bottle and poured a dollop into his hands. “Lean back, little fox,” he said, “Your hair needs to be wet before I put this on.”

I did as he instructed, and when I'd soaked my hair in the water, Griffin began massaging the shampoo into the locks. There was a blush on my face the entire time — and not just because his hands in my hair felt dangerously good. (

I'd never bathed with anyone else before, and doing so with Griffin (while he washed my hair) felt incredibly intimate. He was taking care of me in such a simple way. Not to mention, we were both completely bare and I could feel just about every part of him against me.

When it was time to rinse, he doused my hair with more water. “Close your eyes,” he instructed, “I don't want you to get soap in them.”

He's even demanding and dominant in the bath.

Next was the conditioner - which followed almost exactly the same procedure. “There's something I'd like to talk to you about, little fox,” Griffin said as he worked the conditioner through my hair. To my surprise, he didn't make any blunders with the hair products — he didn't use too much shampoo or apply a bunch of conditioner to the roots.

“Now that we've completed our bond in every way that we're supposed to,” he started, “The final step is to make you my Queen - officially. With a coronation.” Chapter 65,

“Coronation?” I knew what a coronation was, and even so, I still found myself asking. I didn't know what a werewolf coronation was supposed to look like.

“Every Queen has a coronation,” he explained. “It's a huge event. Most of the werewolf world will show up, or at least every Alpha in the world who is available to attend. There's a small ceremony where I will crown you, and then the rest is just a celebration.”

“That sounds...intense.”

Griffin dipped my head back to rinse out the conditioner, his fingers working through each section of my hair. “I suppose it is,” he said, “But it would be to celebrate you, little fox. To solidify your place beside me as a ruler of this world. And this world would see that you're completely mine. Now and forever.” I felt one of his fingers brush over the claiming bite.

“I see,” I said. The thought of standing in front of a bunch of powerful Alphas - maybe some who I'd just seen a month ago ~ didn't sound appealing. But it also didn't sound like something I could just pass on either. I couldn't really involve myself in all the werewolf diplomacy and meetings if I didn't even have the title to go with it, right?

“It will also be a chance to see your family again,” Griffin said, “Your family is part of the ceremony. Your father is an Alpha, so he'd be invited either way. But you'd also get to see your mother again too.”

Putting my biological mom and dad in the same room for the first time in s Chapter 65,

ix years? That sounds like a recipe for disaster.)

The very thought of seeing my father again after what I'd learned at my mom's sent a rush of anger through me. I hadn't even talked to him since I'd met Griffin. He knew I'd run away from Griffin, and he'd even texted me while I was at my mother's, but I never replied. After the secrets he kept from me, I didn't have the energy to deal with him.

Well...I guess this will be a family reunion to remember. (=