

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 83

The Alpha King's Human Mate Chapter 83 Chapter 83

"Bad things happen whether you're scared or not, so you might as well not bother being scared. It's a waste of time."

Louise Rozett |* It was the pounding in my head that finally woke me.

For a moment, that pain was all that I registered as my blurry eyes blinked away foggy unconsciousness.

Where am I? What happened?

The next thing I noticed was the feel of an icy stone floor beneath me ~ colder than anything I'd ever felt at the castle.

I'm not at the castle.

That thought circling in my brain was what finally gave me the push to open my eyes and find - darkness? Just darkness.

I blinked a few more times until the darkness gave way to murky shapes and my stomach dropped. Chapter 83 Twas ina cell.

It was still too dark to make out most of the room's furnishings (or lack thereof), but it was obvious this was a prison cell.

The only source of light in the room was an open slot in the door, just barely big enough for me to stick my hand through. The door itself was tinged with rust but it looked silver and heavy. There was also no bench or chairs, just the cold stone floor covered in thick layers of dirt and grime.)

Why am I here?

My brain felt like a hazy mess pounding against my skull. The last several hours were a blur. I remembered the coronation. Griffin crowning me Queen, the reception party where I confronted my parents, going to get some fresh air and —

I gasped aloud, the sound echoing through the dingy cell. Oh God.

Ezra.

That man cornered me, drugged me, and...brought me here?

My heart began beating rapidly in my chest. This wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. I was alone and away from the castle, from Griffin, from anyone who could possibly help me. Chapter 83

My brain swam with questions. Where was here? And what did Ezra - or whoever he worked for - intend to do with me? Were they going to kill me? Or use me as bait for Griffin?

A lump settled in my throat at that last thought. To think I'd be used to lure Griffin out and possibly harm him — no, I won't let that happen.

I've got to get away. I don't know how but I will.

Before I could spiral any further, the click of the lock on the heavy metal door sounded throughout the room.

My breath caught, looking for something to protect myself with but there was nothing. Not even a stick or a piece of debris I could wield.

So, I did the next best thing, scrambling to stand and putting as much distance between myself and the door. The wall was just as cold and dirty as the floor, but with my eyes locked on the opening door, I barely registered it.

After another click, the door swung open and the open light from the hallway nearly blinded me. I forced myself to keep my eyes open, and slowly, a large, looming figure walked through the door.

It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the light enough to make out more than a silhouette, but once I did, my stomach twisted into knots. Chapter 83

There was no mistaking the familiar sharp, angled face. Alpha Liam.

His mouth was stretched into a sadistic smile, and he looked like a man who'd just conquered the world, Nothing about that made me feel better about my current situation.

"By the look on your face, I'm guessing you know who I am," he said, his voice low and raspy. His eyes raked over my form. I could only guess how disheveled I looked.

I was still wearing the dress I'd been in crowned in, but it was wrinkled and covered in grime, completely ruined. I might've cared about the state of the dress had my current conditions been different. If anything, it was a relief. Being in the same, dirt-covered dress meant that nobody had tried to change me while I was unconscious.

The elegant updo I'd had at my coronation was also falling apart with dirty clumps of my hair stuck to my face. My crown was missing too, and I could only suspect that Liam or maybe Ezra had taken it.

"[know who you are," I said, keeping my voice firm. As terrified as I was, I didn't want to give Liam the satisfaction of cowering in front of him.

Liam's twisted grin only widened and he stepped closer. I got a much better look at him now that he wasn't cloaked in the bright light of the hallway. Just like the day I'd first caught sight of him in the diplomatic Chapter 83

meeting, his cheekbones and jawline were sharp enough to cut glass.

He was young too - or at least younger than you'd expect a megalomaniac werewolf to be. He couldn't have been much older than his mid to late twenties, but there was nothing soft or youthful about him. His eyes were the worst part though. They were dark enough to remind me of Griffin's, but unlike Griffin, Liam's eyes only glimmered with bloodlust.

He looked like a man drunk on power and that was nothing but dangerous for me.

"Do you know why I've brought you here?" Liam asked.

"No, but given my living conditions here, I'm guessing you don't want to be friends." .*

Liam's eyes danced with dark amusement. "Well, don't be so hasty now," he chided, "There's no reason we can't develop a friendship...of sorts."

My breath hitched but I let him continue talking. "And you'll have to forgive me for the poor living conditions," he said, and his eyes swept over the dingy cell, "But you're a bit of a security risk right now, and this is the most secure place I have. This prison was built centuries ago on my pack's land to hold rogues, but you can take solace in knowing

you're the only prisoner down here."

Knowing that did not give give me solace. Chapter 83

"Let's just cut to the chase here," I said, "What do you plan to do with me? Are you trying to kill me? Are you planning to use me to lure Griffin out?"

Liam chuckled. "What makes you think that?"

My eyes narrowed, and beneath the terror, I felt anger swelling in my gut at Liam's nonchalant attitude.

"Well, you kidnapped me from my home," I bit out, "And from everything I've heard about you, you're not the biggest fan of humans. Which means you've either taken me to kill me or as some sort of bargaining chip against my mate."

The smug expression on Liam's face never wavered, and I wondered if it was just stuck there permanently.

"Well, you're almost right," Liam said, "I'm not the biggest fan of humans, you're correct about that. The werewolf world has enough issues, and we certainly don't need your weak-willed species muddying the gene pool."

I crossed my arms over my chest defensively, but I didn't respond to the insulting remark. I'd had this argument enough times with enough people, and I knew better to think that I could change Liam's mind. I was better off saving my energy for something worthwhile - like an escape.

"And as for you?" Liam said. He narrowed his eyes at me, and for a Chapter 83

moment, that smug facade dropped. I got a glimpse of the crazed rage that lay beneath his mask, but within a blink, the grin was back. "You're the worst one," he continued, "Never has a human held power in the werewolf world...until you."

He took a step closer, and had I not already pressed myself against the wall, I would've retreated. "Not just power, but a crown" he said, a hard edge to his voice. "That would've never have happened a hundred years ago — hell, it would've never happened before him." He said that last word out with enough venom to make me cringe. We both knew who the 'him' was. Griffin.

"That weak-willed boy will lead the werewolf world to its demise," he spit, "He murdered the rightful ruler of werewolves to protect a tiny slip of a human. He's done nothing but fawn over you ever since, even going so far as to put a crown on your head."

I wanted to shout that he was wrong about Griffin, that he wasn't weak-willed but the bloodlust in Liam's eyes gave me pause. If I wanted to get out of here and get back to Griffin, I needed to survive long enough to do so.

So, I barely managed to bite back a few insults of my own. "So, what? You want to take the throne from Griffin?" I asked.

"Well, I certainly can't let my kind be brainwashed by the kind of weakness that boy promotes," Liam retorted, "It's not just humans like you that are the problem — the issues run far deeper than that." Chapter 83

I didn't need to even ask what he meant because Liam barely paused in the midst of his ranting. "The werewolves of today's world are a poor excuse of what they used to be," he continued, "There was a time when everyone knew their place. Women didn't dare step foot on the battlefield. It was a man's responsibility to protect his mate." 7)

His face twisted into a frown. "And now we've got female Alphas. running around, and male wolves left at home to care for their pups," he snarled, "There is nothing natural about that."

Despite telling myself I wouldn't engage with Liam's traditionalist beliefs, I couldn't help myself. "Does it matter?" I asked. "If they can do the job, why should matter which gender leads the pack?"

"Because they can't do the job," Liam hissed, "It goes against natural instincts, and as long as today's wolves continue to deny their own biology, we'll never be as strong as we could be. We'll be vulnerable to

those that may try to infiltrate our ranks — like you." "So, you do want the throne," I said.

Liam's dark eyes assessed me. "Yes," he said, "And I will have it. Your capture will ensure it."

My heart continued to thump away like a drum inside my chest. Tam fucked.

Unless I get out of here, I'm fucked. Chapter 83

'My gut was nothing but a cocktail of anger and fear swimming together. "You're going to kill me," I said. It wasn't a question. Whether he used me as bait or ripped my throat out this very second, there was no way Liam didn't want my head.

And yet, his next comment floored me. "No, I don't plan to kill you," Liam said. (")

My eyes widened. What?

"Well, I suppose I should clarify," he told me, "Your fate is up to you."

"What do you mean?"

"TI admit that my original thought was to kill you," Liam said, "But then I did my research on you, Clark Marshall."

'The sound of my mother's last name, from the name I'd been gone by until I started living with my father, was foreign in Liam's mouth and it made every muscle in my body freeze. "From what I've been able to gather," he continued, "You never wanted this mate bond. You even tried to run from the werewolf world, to live a human life. Is that right?"

I swallowed. "Yes."

"and perhaps none of us would've ever heard your name again had it not been for that mate of yours," he said. Chapter 83

I couldn't piece together what my history with Griffin had to do with my current predicament, but I let Liam keep talking.

"Pm going to offer you a deal," he said, "Consider this a small mercy. One I'm only offering because it's clear your disdain for werewolves matches the one I have for your kind."

"A deal?"

"[will let you go," Liam told me. "I will release you into the human world and you will be free to live the boring little human life you've always wanted without worrying about werewolves hunting you down. I'd fake your death and lead your mate and family to believe that I killed you. You'd be free to live your life away from werewolves, growing old and gray and frail as long as you never returned to my world."

My breath caught in my throat. This wasn't what I'd expected. As I mulled Liam's deal over in my head, I realized a glaring flaw.

"You know how the mate bond works," I countered, "Griffin would know that I'm alive. He'd be able to feel it."

"He'd be dead," Liam shrugged, and my stomach dropped.

Of course. That was the real end game here, wasn't it? Liam wanted the crown on his head and Griffin's on a platter. I was merely a bargaining chip here, someone that Liam was willing to spare because he didn't see me as a legitimate threat. Chapter 83 "Don't answer now," Liam said, and then he began striding towards the

heavy silver door, "Think on it."

The lock clicked shut behind him, and I could've sworn it sounded like Liam sealing my fate.