

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 58

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Chapter 58 “Fight dirty but fight bravely.”

Chloe Gong

I could only stare at the instructor in surprise. His proposition had thrown me off guard - I hadn't expected him to actually challenge me to a fight.

“Come on, little human,” he goaded me, a smug smile on his face, “You want to prove you're not useless. I've got my entire class here. You can

teach me a lesson in front of them.” = He's just trying to get a reaction out of you, Clark.

He's a werewolf and a trained fighter. There's no way you'd stand a chance

sparring against him.

“Or perhaps you already know that it'd be pointless,” he continued, “There's no need to embarrass yourself after all.”

Although I knew he was prodding for a weak spot, his words were still hitting the mark. If I backed off now, I wouldn't just be admitting that he was right. I'd be setting an example for all the young boys watching us with eager eyes. They'd grow up thinking the same thing that so many werewolves already did ~ that humans were useless. (7) Chapter 58 You could wipe that smile off his face in another way.

Show him your mark, reveal that you're mated to the King. He'll be too afraid of Griffin to even think about fighting you. ©)

If the mark could ever come in handy, it would be now. With a little more confidence than before, I stood up straight, raising my eyebrows at the instructor. “Trust me, I wouldn't be embarrassing myself,” I said, keeping my tone cold. “You don't know who you're dealing with here.”

Slowly, I reached up to pull my shirt down and reveal Griffin's mark. My eyes bore into the instructor's and I could already imagine the way his face would drop when I revealed it. When I revealed that I wasn't some useless human, I was the mate of his King. (2)

And then I stopped.

My fingers stopped moving, although they were still gripping the material of the shirt.

Is showing off this mark really going to accomplish what I want?

Revealing the mark doesn't prove that humans are useful...it just proves that I happened to win the soulmate version of the lottery.

I could practically feel the mark pulse under my skin. As if the magic of Griffin's bite was begging me to expose it.

No, I don't need to rely on Griffin or anybody else to prove I'm useful. If t Chapter 58

his guy wants his ass handed to him so bad, then I'll happily use my own human fists.

My mind flashed back to every warrior training class I'd ever taken. I used to dread getting my ass kicked in those classes, but for once, I couldn't be more thankful my dad had made me take them. . |

I'm not a fighter by any means, but doesn't several years of training with wolves at least mean I probably won't embarrass myself too bad?

“Well?” the instructor barked. That smug smile was still on his face, but I could tell my hesitancy was starting to annoy him. “Are you up for a challenge or are you going to leave and stop taking up so much of my class time?”

I took a deep breath, my stomach slowly twisting into knots. In the

back of my mind, something whispered that Griffin would absolutely

kill me if he found out about this, but it wasn't loud enough to stop me. (2)

“Let's do this.”

The dark, wide smile that spread across his face didn't reassure me. Neither did the way the young boys cheered at my answer. I couldn't tell if they were cheering because they got to watch a fight or they were just so excited to see me end up with a bloody nose. (*

You're being generous, Clark. This guy looks like he wants to break a few bones, not just give you a bloody nose. Chapter 58

I watched the instructor walk to the end of a large, springy mat. It looked similar to the practice mats we'd have in warrior training, just much larger.

As I stepped to the other side of the mat and faced him, I tried to steady my shaking limbs. I didn't want to look like a scared little leaf. I wouldn't win this sparring match that way.

Across the mat, he turned away from me to face one of his students. “Zeke,” he barked, and I watched one of the young boys scramble to the edge of the mat. “You'll referee the match. We'll be following standard rules for practice sparring. Do you know them, human?” By the way he raised his eyebrow at me, I could tell he expected me to be clueless.

“No using fangs, claws, or transforming into wolf forms. The match is over when the first opponent taps out,” I said, rolling my eyes. Not only had I participated in countless matches like this during warrior training,

but I'd watched them too. I could list the rules in my sleep. .)

Surprise flashed through his eyes, but it only lasted a second before it was gone. “Good, I don't need to waste time explaining them to you,” he grunted in that European accent of his, “Not as if most of those rules apply to you anyway.”

I watched him lower into a fighting stance, his feet spread wide and his arms out. “Zeke,” he snapped again, but he didn't take his eyes off me. “You call the start of the match.”

“Yes, Instructor Ivan,” the boy muttered, standing off to the side. | Chapter 58

didn't dare look away from Instructor Ivan, but I knew all the attention was on us. We were the main act.

“Round 1, begin!”

There was enough adrenaline pumping through my veins to power a car. The sound of my own heartbeat was all I could hear, thumping away in my ears.

Thump.

The instructor lurched forward, preparing to tackle me.

Thump.

I managed to miss his large, bulky body by inches, barely stumbling out of the way. I heard his body hit the mat behind me.

Thump.

In the midst of sidestepping the instructor, I tripped over my own weight. The flat of my palms hit the mat but I caught myself. Instantly, I scrambled back up, whipping around to face the instructor.

Thump.

He was already back on his feet, looking like a predator ready to pounce. “You're quick on your feet,” he hissed, and I could see the surprise in his eyes. He hadn't expected me to dodge him. “Is avoiding a

hit all you know how to do?” There was that smug smile again. Chapter 58

I knew he was goading me, but in the heat of the moment, I took the bait. Anything to wipe that smile off his face.

Thump. As I moved to punch him ~ right in the mouth ~ I tucked my thumb over the middle finger of my fist. The same way I'd been taught in warrior training.

Thump.

My punch never landed.

The instructor caught my fist mid-air, twisting me and pushing me back onto the mat. I landed face-first, and the force of the mat against my chin rattled my jaw. That was going to bruise later.

Thump. “How can you expect to land a punch on a stronger opponent when you don't have a good base?” The instructor said, and I could hear every bit

of smug condescension in his tone. “Now, are you ready to tap out? You've given it a good effort—”

My leg shot out, aimed right between his legs. “Oomph!”

The instructor doubled over, clutching himself. I knew it was a dirty

move, but if he got supernatural speed and strength, didn't that entitle Chapter 58 me to a few dirty moves? Thump.

Still on the mat, I watched the instructor's face contort in anger. If I hadn't been screwed before, I was definitely screwed now.

“Why, you little - ” Whatever insult the instructor had been about to

throw at me was caught off by a loud growl rattling through the room.

It seemed to shake the walls, the floor, even the very mat we were on. ia)

Oh no.

A few of the young wolf boys whimpered at the sound.

I craned my head to find the source of the sound and my stomach dropped. I could no longer hear my heartbeat in my ears — I was pretty sure it had stopped beating altogether.

Griffin was standing at the entrance of the door, looking royally pissed. }