

# The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

## Chapter 91

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"It's not the pain and the wounds that are the worst. The worst is the humiliation."

Pascal Mercier

I could tell almost immediately by the soft footsteps that echoed down the hallway that it was Aria who'd come to visit me, not Liam or anyone else. That was only confirmed when she ducked into the cell looking as nervous as always.

But any relief I might've had about not dealing with Liam became trepidation when I saw that Aria wasn't holding food in her hands, but a stack of clothes.

"What's going on?" I asked. "You brought...clothes?"

Aria looked even less enthusiastic than I did, and I didn't move from an accomplishment these days. Then again, our last conversation hadn't gone well, and most of that was my fault. I'd been too forceful about getting her to see she wasn't being treated right. I'd pushed too hard.

Aria could hardly meet my eyes. "Alpha Liam has requested for you to change and join his party," she murmured.

If there was any sentence that could make my stomach drop, it was Chapter 91

that one. "His party?" I asked suspiciously.

"Yes," Aria said, keeping her eyes on the floor, "Alpha is throwing a party in honor of his allies. He likes the girls to serve drinks and food at these events, and...he asked for you to serve too."

"Why does he want me? He hasn't asked for my presence once since I've been here."

"It's not my position to question his commands," Aria told me, thrusting the pile of clothes into my arms, "But you'll need to follow me upstairs so you can clean up. Alpha Liam said he'd like you to look pretty."

A lump made its way into my throat, and I didn't move from my spot on the floor. I wasn't sure what Liam's "parties" entailed, but I could only assume this was a humiliation tactic. If he was asking me to serve food and drinks, it wasn't because he was short-staffed — it was because he and whoever else in attendance wanted to laugh at me. They wanted to watch the human Queen debase herself in front of them.

Or worse. I didn't want to think about what worse might be.

"You need to follow me," Aria said, her voice a little firmer this time, "I don't want to force you, but I will if I have to." Chapter 91

For a brief moment, I considered resisting. I considered pushing Aria against that heavy silver door and making a run for it. But just as soon as I thought about it, I realized it was impractical.

Maybe I could overpower Aria, but I had no idea what awaited me beyond this cell. If Liam was throwing a party with all of his allies, then this place was probably packed full of wolves who would love to sink their teeth into the human on the run.

Escaping was a nice thought, but it wasn't time. Yet.

Instead, I grabbed the clothes and heaved myself off the floor, following Aria out the door. After several days in the dark, the lit hallway was almost blinding. It took me a minute to adjust to the light, and Aria said nothing as she waited for me.

Once I was no longer blinded, I got a full look at my surroundings for the first time.

This place really is a dungeon built hundreds of years ago.

The hall had the same dirty stone floor, and despite the brightness, the only source of light was the torches lining the wall. Down the hallway, I could see several silver doors that looked identical to mine, and most likely, they led to cells identical to mine too.

I didn't get a ton of time to study the dungeon before Aria was urging me on. "Let's go," she said quietly and gestured to a steep stairwell I hadn't seen before. Following her lead, I began to ascend the stairs. Chapter 91

As we walked, the muscles in my legs were already burning and I realized that sitting on a dungeon floor for days had done me no favors. I'd likely lost a chunk of the muscle mass I'd built in the self-defense

lessons with Ivan. ☹️) Just another reason why making my escape now isn't the best choice.

When we reached the top, Aria glanced back to make sure I was still with her. She led down another hallway, but this one didn't look like it belonged to a dungeon — it had hardwood floors and real lamps.

We're in a pack house, I realized.

They've been keeping me in a pack house this whole time. Liam's pack house, I assume.

It didn't look quite the same as the one at my father's pack, but it was similar enough for me to recognize the structure.

T almost made a snarky comment about Liam having a medieval dungeon in his basement, but I managed to hold my tongue. I had a

feeling Aria wouldn't appreciate any backtalk about her Alpha.

There were several doors in the hallway, all of them closed, but Aria stopped in front of one. This one just looked like a regular door, not like the heavy silver ones in the basement.

Another glance back at me before Aria turned the doorknob, revealing a small bare bedroom. There wasn't anything decorative about it — just a Chapter 91

twin bed with white sheets and a vanity on the other side of the room.

"Is this your bedroom?" I asked. She'd begun pulling out all sorts of makeup products and laying them out on the vanity table.

"Sort of," she murmured, "It's not just mine - a couple of girls share it"

I gestured towards the twin bed. "Doesn't that get a little cramped?"

"We don't sleep here very often," she confessed, "And when we do, it's usually one at a time."

I was about to ask where she did sleep when I realized I didn't need to — she'd already told me. She slept with Liam. I assumed the other girls must've too or maybe with someone close to his status.

Aria walked to another door I hadn't seen in the room, one that led to a bathroom. "You can take a shower in here," she explained, "There is some shampoo and conditioner in the shower. Please make it quick though. I'll be right outside."

The bathroom was just as bare as the bedroom. Just a small shower, sink, and toilet with white tile floors. Not even a mirror to look at yourself in. However, as Aria shut the door behind me, I realized it was the first opportunity I'd had to clean myself in days.

The last time I'd showered or even changed my outfit had been right before the coronation. The dingy cell I'd been sitting in hadn't been Chapter 91

much either. Dirt and grime clung to my skin like a second layer, and my hair was so knotted that I was afraid it might permanently stay that way.

A small part of me knew this was only happening so that I could look presentable enough to humiliate at Liam's party, but I wasn't about to turn down my first opportunity for a shower in days.

Still, I kept it as quick as I could to appease Aria. I scrubbed at my skin until it rubbed red, and tackled the rat's nest that had become my hair.

The hot water was heavenly on my bare skin, but not even a locked bathroom door and a shower curtain could make me feel secure. I was still at Liam's pack house, and he ~ or anyone else - could tear off the lock and walk in whenever they wanted. I doubted Aria would do much to stop them.

That thought alone had me finishing the shower much sooner than I would've liked. I toweled myself off quickly and turned to assess the pile of clothes that I'd gotten from Aria: a plain pair of panties, a bra, and a sundress that looked way too short.

When I pulled the sundress on, that was confirmed - the dress dipped low enough to show off plenty of cleavage and the hem barely reached the top of my thighs. It wasn't as form-fitting as I thought it would be, and the bottom even flared out. It wasn't the kind of dress you'd wear to a club, but something you'd dress your 1950s housewife up in. Really, the most impressive part of the dress was that it contained pockets. Chapter 91

It wasn't my style by any means, but I also didn't want to complain. Who knew what they'd give me if I caused a fuss?

So, with a sigh, I tugged the dress down as far as it would go and opened the bathroom door. Aria was sitting at the vanity, dressed in a similar sundress and doing her makeup. "How do you like the dress?" she asked, and her eyes swept over my outfit.

"It's...fine," I replied, "I guess this is the uniform for parties?"

Aria nodded. She'd said Liam wanted his girls to "look pretty," and I guess this was his interpretation of that. The outfit was more feminine than anything else ~ definitely the kind of taste I'd expect from a sexist megalomaniac.

"You can give me your old outfit," Aria said, gesturing to the dirty coronation dress I held in my arms. "I'll throw it out for you."

"What? No!" Instantly, my hands clutched the fabric tightly. She looked at me with wide eyes.

Thadn't even meant to react that way, but I wasn't going to give this dress up. Maybe it was dirty and ruined, but it was also the only thing I had left of my status as Queen. I'd worn this on what was supposed to be one of the best days of my life. I wasn't going to let anyone just toss it away, especially not my captors.

"The dress is ruined anyway," Aria told me, "And you know...you're not Chapter 91

Queen anymore." I glared at Aria.

"You've agreed to Liam's deal," she told me softly, "You know it's true. Besides, women like you and me ~ we're not meant to hold those kinds

of positions."

I swallowed down the anger that threatened to bubble up.

Don't engage, Clark. It won't change anything.

"I know I've accepted the deal," I said, "But... want to keep it. Just as a token. Haven't you ever wanted to hold onto something from a previous life?"

When Aria didn't immediately reply, I added,\* "Please.\*\*

She sighed. "Alright...but you can't tell anyone I let you keep it. Alpha Liam would probably be furious with me."

I bit back the comment I wanted to make about Alpha Liam. I'd gotten to keep the dress ~ that's all that mattered right now.

"/'m about finished with the vanity," Aria said, "You can come do your makeup. Nothing crazy. Women should look modest but not indecent." Her eyes trailed over the frizzy, knotted mess of my hair, "But perhaps, you should put your hair up."

Not indecent? What does that even mean? I wasn't aware that makeup c Chapter 91

ould make a woman look "indecent."

Still, I took a seat at the vanity and began applying natural makeup. As Aria instructed, I didn't apply much but just enough to enhance my features. With each stroke of the mascara brush or the lipstick tube, my stomach turned to knots. I wanted to take this mascara brush and shove it into Liam's eye.

I worked on my hair next, and as I did, Aria fiddled with something in the closet. There wasn't much hope for brushing it out, so I searched the vanity table for some bobby pins and a scrunchie.

My fingers swept through the products, and then I froze. My breath hitched. Is that what I think it is?

I glanced back at the closet to make sure Aria was still occupied before pulling it out for examination.

That's exactly what I think it is.

It had been stuffed into the vanity table like something long forgotten, but as I held it in my fingers, there was no mistaking what it was: a solid silver comb.

It had a few fake rhinestones on it, but the actual comb was all silver.

Well, I know that silver hurts werewolves. Chapter 91

Tcould use this as a weapon.

The bristles weren't knives by any means, but if I stuck someone hard enough, I might be able to impale them.

"are you finished with your makeup?"

At the sound of Aria's voice drifting behind me, I moved quickly, shoving the comb into the pocket of my dress as inconspicuously as possible. And as she walked over, she didn't appear to have seen my

movements.

"Yep, just about done," I told her. I grabbed a couple of bobby pins and pulled my hair up.

Aria smiled at me softly. "You look good. Are you ready to serve?"

I fingered the silver comb in my pocket as I nodded.

The drunken, boisterous laughter of Liam and his allies carried down the hallway, and it was a familiar sound.

It wasn't unusual for the men, especially the warriors, to get a little drunk and have a good time after pack meetings. But I'd never felt uncomfortable around them, not for a moment. More often than not, I blended in with the wallpaper, but I'd never feared for my safety.

Liam's men sounded nothing like the men from my father's pack after Chapter 91

they'd had a six pack. What Liam's men sounded like were my mother's drunk or high ex boyfriends, who looked at me a little too long when I wore a tanktop or touched my hair and told me I was starting to look all grown up.

And as I stood in the kitchen with Aria and several other girls dressed in similar outfits, I tried not to focus on the familiarity of the sound. I needed to mentally prepare myself for whatever I was about to walk into. Liam wanted me here too, no doubt, humiliate or embarrass me in front of these men.

Liam still needed me alive as "bait," but there was no guarantee he planned to leave me unscathed. |]

It's going to be okay. No matter what happens, it's going to be okay. It's just one night.

You've dealt with plenty of embarrassment in your life, and their opinion

does not matter. Nothing they say or do matters.

That's what I told myself as I tried not to let the bundle of nerves in my stomach overwhelm me. I just needed to get through a couple of hours, maybe less — that was it.

"Here, take these drinks," an unfamiliar girl said, shoving a tray of beer into my hands. Most of the girls here looked quite young, my age or Chapter 91

only slightly older. She looked to be the oldest of the bunch ~ maybe her late twenties — so it made sense why she was in charge.

None of the girls paid me much mind either. They didn't seem to notice (or care) that Liam had pulled a prisoner out of the cells to work the party with them.

The woman handed out more trays to Aria and two other girls. "Take those out to the men," she instructed us.

With a deep breath that didn't seem to do much to calm my nerves, I followed the other girls through the door into the main room.

The room looked even more boisterous than it sounded. Liam had one of the largest living rooms I'd ever seen ~ even bigger than the one at my dad's pack house - and it was filled to the brim with men. Most of them were Liam's age or older, although I spotted a few teenage boys hanging around their fathers. These must've been his warriors.

In the midst of all this chaos was Liam. He sat at a large table playing poker with some of the other men, laughing loudly. Next to him, I spotted Ezra looking just as relaxed.

Well, definitely drunk. That's for sure.

| felt like a gazelle entering into a den of lions - or wolves, in this case. Once again, I fingered the silver comb in my pocket. That, more than anything else, felt like a safety blanket. A last resort if I had to defend myself. Chapter 91

Somehow, I forced my feet to move and followed Aria as she approached Liam's table. My heart hammered in my chest as Liam finally turned to look at us, his cheeks flushed with alcohol. Aria was the first to approach him, setting down Liam's drink first.

"Here you go, my King," she said quietly, leaning over the table.) I froze when I heard that.

King? He's already forcing his pack members to use a royal title? Thad to hold back a scoff when I heard that.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Liam leered at her, his hand venturing below her waist. Aria didn't say a word about it and just smiled at him.

Liam's gaze fell to me next and I watched his eyes light up. "Everyone," he suddenly shouted, "If I could have your attention for a moment."

As the men quieted down to pay attention to Liam, I was all too aware of the outfit I wore. I had no way to adjust it with the tray in my hands, and I couldn't look like she'd it wouldn't ride up.

"Lm not sure if you all know this," Liam's voice boomed, "But we've got a special guest with us here tonight! You wouldn't recognize her, but we've got a Queen in our company tonight!"

He laughed and most of the room followed suit, chuckling and snickering at the way I was dressed up like one of their serving girls and Chapter 91

holding a tray of beer.

All I could do was square my shoulders and keep my head high.

"Their words mean nothing. Their opinion means nothing, | told myself. "Doesn't look like much of a Queen to me," one voice shouted, and that incited another round of laughter. Liam kept his stare on me the entire

time, and I could see the sadistic glee in his eyes.

"Oh, don't let the outfit fool you," Liam shot back, "This human is an esteemed ruler of werewolves!"

"She doesn't look like she's capable of handling a dick, much less a kingdom," another voice chimed in.

I took a deep breath. Nothing. Their words mean nothing.

"Well, that's okay, I'll teach her," Ezra sneered from beside Liam. His eyes swept over my body in a way that made my skin crawl. (2

Liam chuckled. "Settle down, Ezra. Come here, Your Majesty. Serve us our beer." There was even more laughter at that.

Another deep breath.

My legs felt like lead weights as I walked, but I slowly walked over to Liam's table. I was cautious of the way I walked to ensure the dress Chapter 91

wouldn't ride up, but leaning over the table to hand out their beer? That was another problem entirely.

I managed to hand the first two men their drinks, and besides snickering at me, they didn't mess with me.

It didn't become an issue until I got to Ezra. I leaned over as little as physically possible to hand him his beer.

"You don't need to be so stiff," he smirked, "It's not as if I'm going to fuck you right here."

I didn't bother replying to that, but with a low voice, he added, "But I may have to change my answer once that mate of yours is dead and the rightful ruler is on the throne. I'm just not sure I can resist fucking you into your rightful place. Which is on your knees, by the way."

His hand brushed my hip and I stilled. It had nothing to do with his vulgar words. Ezra's hand was barely inches away from the pocket that held the silver comb. If he so much as touched the comb, he'd feel it and they'd know I had tried to sneak a weapon past them.

But just as I could feel his fingers inching further, one of the other men grabbed his attention and his hand fell away. I let out a shaky breath as I delivered the rest of the drinks and disappeared into the kitchen. (2

I passed by Aria as she was assembling another tray of drinks, and she didn't say a word when I found the kitchen pantry and locked myself in for the next hour. I could've sworn I saw pity on her face, but I couldn't Chapter 91

say for sure.