

The Hidden Princess At All-Boys Alpha Academy

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#Chapter 1 – Runaway Bride

"You' ll just have to get Ariel pregnant immediately. That way she' ll be chained to you forever." my fiancé's father's voice is cold, calculating.

"She knows her place." my fiancé replies. "She' ll fall in line and become a properwife in short time."

My heart sinks when I realize that they' re talking about me –and not as a soon-to-be newlywed Princess, but just as...as some kind of surrogate.

All my life I' ve been the perfect Princess – learning manners, diplomacy, and always flashing the perfect smile for the camera. Today I' m going to take the biggest step I can towards helping my nation: I' m going to marry the Prince of Gangidor to build the military alliance. For one more extra rehearsal of our immediate wedding, I snuck into the prince's private suite and overheard the conversation that shocked me.

The King, my Prince's father, chuckles darkly. "Don' t underestimate her, son. Her claws are too sharp now, you will have to nullify that part of her."

"Sharp claws or not, she's just a girl," my fiancé says, his voice thick with derision. "What' s the worst she can do? All she' s been trained for is taking pictures, buying jewelry, and decorating the house, just like mom."

"Ariel Sinclair is not like your mother, who came to me ready to kneel," his father replies. "This Princess has been over-indulged; her parents and brother have doted on her and allowed her to learn skills that women shouldn't touch. You' ll have to break her, son, and fast. The best path to that is to get her pregnant tonight."

My jaw drops open in shock, my hand covering my mouth to hold back my appalled gasp. Never – not oncehas the Prince indicated that he felt this way about women! About me

"Ariel' s a prude," my fiancé says on a disappointed sigh, and my cheeks burn with embarrassment. "She barely lets me kiss her, so I don' t think knocking her up tonight is going to happen. "

"There' s a great deal at stake in this, son," the King snaps, and I silently peek around the door' s edge to see the two men standing in the middle of the room, their arms crossed in their wedding tuxedos, casually discussing how to breakme. Rage mixes with the disgust in the pit of my stomach, turning over and over until I feel sick.

"You needthis girl under your thumb," the King continues. "Conquer her, and then all the resources of her kingdom will pass to us. If she won' t submit to you willingly tonight, you will forceher."

"She' ll scream! Her guards will come running!"

"She won' t," the king growls. "It' s in the female nature to submit - women are animals, they obey the strong. Just show her that you are her Alpha – she' ll fall to her knees soon enough."

"And if she says no? Or tries to escape?" My Prince turns considering eyes on his father now, clearly encouraged and liking this plan.

"There's no way she can escape from us," the King growls. "In our Kingdom, we have complete control over women. Even if she will one day be the Queen, Edward, she belongs to you"

Both men' s lips turn upwards in greedy smiles.

And me? I almost vomit with fear and disgust.

I' m already out of the suite and dashing down the hall, tears streaking down my cheeks as I run away from the Great Hall where I' m supposed to be married.

My mind reels with how much my world just fell apart.

Too much is tied up in this wedding – and it' s all my fault. I' m the one who pushed for it, wanted to make the political ties that would give us the extra forces we need to end this war even though my mom told me to wait for love. And I want so muchto run to her arms now – but if I do that?

Then she' s going to tell my dad – Dominic Sinclair, the most powerful Alpha in the entire world– and hewill rip that horrible Prince to shreds without thinking twice.

And thatwill start a second war –

I sob harder as I run, totally confused -And suddenly as I turn around a familiar corner, I know exactly where I' m going and where I want to be. I hurry my steps, dashing for the old brown door, shoving it open with all my might.

The door bangs hard against the wall as I stumble into the room. My brother Rafe and cousin Jesse look up at me with wide, shocked eyes, both of their jaws falling open.

"I can' t do it!" I gasp, falling back against the open door, my face a mess of tears.

"Ariel!" Rafe gasps, springing to my side and pulling me away from the door, pushing it shut. "What the hell happened!?"

Jesse stands and takes me by the hand, leading me over to the couch as I tell them everything in stuttering sobs. Jesse sits next to me, nodding and listening to every word, but Rafe stands at my side, a deep growl growing in his chest as my story progresses. By the time I finish, his whole body is tense and shaking.

"I' m going to kill him," Rafe growls, and he takes one long step towards the door, clearly meaning it. "I' m going to rip his head off – "

"Rafe!" Jesse snaps, leaning forward and grabbing Rafe' s arm before he can get any further. "Calm the hell down."

"So, you run," Rafe says, pulling his hands away from his face and staring at me. "You leave heat the altar, and the press paint him as the wounded party."

I nod. "Mom and dad can salvage the treaty this way, even without a marriage. But I...I have to disappear, or else Prince will force me into it – I have too much leverage on him now."

"But where the hell will yougo Ariel?" Rafe asks, sitting up, shaking his head. "He' s going to come afteryou! No matter where you are, he will find you!"

"Nah," I hear Jesse say, and my eyes fly open to see a wicked smirk on his face. "I never liked that guy anyway – he' s a dick. You deserve more than this. Let' s run."

"What?" I gasp, staring at my cousin. "Where?"

Jesse just continues to smirk at me. "With us. Rafe and I are enrolling tomorrow anyway – we' ll just leave tonight and take you along to Alpha Academy."

I stare at my cousin for a moment in shock, and then I let out a frantic little laugh and throw myself into his arms because – because that might actually be perfect.

This plan gets me out of the palaceand I' ll be somewhere that no one – especially not the Prince Edward – will everexpect me to go.

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