

5. Disagreement

Mateo's POV

"It's time you start acting like the Alpha you are and stop messing around day dreaming about traveling the world. Metetelo en la cabeza, Mateo. Este es tu hogar. No hay nada aya afuera que te haga feliz! {Get it in your head, Mateo. This is your home. There is nothing out there that will make you happy!}," my father snaps for the hundredth time today.

He's been in a mood since he and mom returned from the meeting with King Juan Carlos and the other Alphas. We're currently having dinner and Valentina accidentally mentioned meeting the Princess at the beach. I wasn't angry though, I knew it was accident as she sulked in her chair directly across from me. Besides, I'm sure I would have pissed off my father sooner or later. I always disappointed him.

After being reprimanded for disobeying orders and supposedly risking Emiliano and Valentina's safety, we move onto my father's favorite topic, my lack of ambition to uphold the family name.

"And how would you know? You've never traveled. You don't know what's out there. You just stay here!" I snap back, tired of this back and forth.

"And who the hell is going to give a rat's ass about you out there? Huh? The human world is different than ours. They don't care about anyone or anything--"

"That's not true!"

"Oh you're talking about those silly friends of yours?" He laughs coldly. "You think they'll have your back? Abre los ojos, mijo. They are not our kind! At the rst opportunity, those humans will turn on you!"

I shake my head in disbelief at him. He tolerated humans but he did not trust them nor did he hide his contempt for them.

"Your home is right here, Teo, and its high time you start acting like one of us. From here on out, you are forbidden from associating yourself with those human friends of yours. I want you training this summer, no beach nonsense. You're going to learn how to be an Alpha and you will take your place when the time comes."

"No!" I shout, getting up from my chair. "You can't do that-"

"Mateo Salvador, te sientas ahorita {sit down now}!" he commands in his Alpha voice and despite my struggle, I obey his command. His glare turns to ice. "We all have to make sacrices for the good of our kind because we protect each other. No matter the cost. Even the Princess has made a sacrices for all of us despite your blatant disrespect for her."

"I didn't ask her to make any sacrices in my name!" I retort.

"But she makes them anyway because she understands the importance of taking your responsibilities seriously. Giving up a mate is no easy task, especially to marry a stranger like Prince Julian."

"Oh boo hoo!" I sneer. "The Princess has to marry a Prince. What a sacrifice!"

My father slams two sts on the table, knocking a few glasses off the table. The sound of the glass shattering on impact with the oor lls the room and Valentina inches in fear of my father's wrath. From my seat, I watch Emiliano hold her hand and whisper soothing words in her ear.

"Enough!" My dad growls. "I've had enough of your rebelliousness. You will uphold the family name and you will be Alpha. Understand?"

I stare at my plate, unable to face the man any longer. "I hate this family," I mutter to myself but my father hears it loud and clear.

"Be a man and speak up!" my father demands, pointing at the twins. "Say it to their faces. Tell them you hate them."

"I hate you!" I shout back at him and storm out of the dining room.

Locking myself in my room, I bury myself under my covers and focus on my breathing. Moments later, the house rattles as my father slams the front door shut and runs off into the jungle. A howl pierces through the night's silence. Despite the clear sky forecast, dark clouds start to roll over the house while thunder echoes off the roof.

Dad must have activated his powers, I groan. Drama Queen.

A second howl is heard as my mom runs off to calm my father down. Wanting to drown out the world, I grab my Walkman and crank the volume up. Maná's "Me vale" blares through my headphones and I nod my head to the beat. The song soothes my damaged pride and I nd myself getting lost in the guitar solo.

Inspired by the lyrics, a mischievous idea formulates in my head and I run to my landline, dialing an all too familiar number.

"Sup, Teo. What's good?" Gabriel's voice answers.

"Bonre. Beach. Ten minutes. Tell the guys," I reply smoothly.

"Sweet! Alright, I'll meet ya there!"

He hangs up and I quickly grab my backpack and guitar before opening the window to my room. I desperately needed to get away from werewolves for a while and Gabriel was always fun to be around. He was a human I met at a play ground when I was kid. He was selling bubble gum and tried to swindle 10 pesos from me. I liked his craftiness and we've been friends ever since. He knows what I am and I knew I could trust him with my secret.

I quickly jump out the window and make a bee line for the jungle. Within ten minutes of sprinting through the jungle and city, I nally reach the beach. About 15 minutes later, Gabriel, the guys, and a couple of other people I didn't know show up with re wood and alcohol.

We get to work setting up the bonre and before I know, our little get together is a full blown beach party. I pull out my guitar and sing the only song I felt captured my feelings at the moment.

As I'm singing my song, I see the gure of a girl in a red dress walking alone near the shoreline. Her long black hair reaches the end of waist and she holds a pair of black heels in her hands. Feeling my stare, the girl turns around and my heart nearly beats out of my chest.

Instinctively, I frantically look around the perimeter in search of her guards or her parents but the thumping in my chest calms down significantly when I realize she's alone.

Her piercing gold eyes stare back at me, amusement tugging at her brows. I return the stare and continue my song, dedicating the next lyrics to her.

En vez de estar fregando y molestándome así,

Dedicate a encontrar qué está mal en ti

{Instead of freaking out and bothering me like this,

Dedicate your self to nding what's wrong with you}

Her face darkens as she hears my words and her sts clench at her sides in anger. She stomps her feet as I explode into my guitar solo. Satised at having thoroughly annoyed her, I turn back to my friends, continuing my song of rebellion.

A round of applause erupts as my friends praise my performance before someone pulls out a boom box. Music erupts through the speakers and several couples get up to dance.

The Princess remains near the water's edge, sending death glares my way every once in a while, but for the most part, her eyes remain on the water.

I don't know what it is about the Princess, but I sincerely enjoy pestering her.

You have a crush on her majesty, Luis snickers.

Shut up. I can't stand her spoiled ass, I retort. I'm just bored..

Making up my mind to piss her off some more for my own amusement, I skip over to the shore, allowing the waves to soak my bare feet.

When I reach the Princess, I bend over in a low bow.

"Princess," I chirp with a grin. "Are you perhaps following me?"

Soa's POV

The nerve of this man!

"Trust me, your life is of little importance to me. You're hardly worth following," I snarl at him, hoping my less than kind words will send him a clear message: I'd like to be alone.

He feigns hurt, placing a hand over his heart.

"My word, your majesty," he says, furrowing his brows in mock pain. "Such unkind words for one of your most loyal subjects. Am I to assume the entire royal family feels this way about the people they reign over?"

I scoff but decide not to answer him. I've already dealt with my asshat of a ancé, dealing with this ape would be a cake walk.

If I just ignore him, he'll go away.

"Is it because I'm a lowly wolf that you won't speak to me?" He adds with a infuriating cheeky grin.

My head snaps in his direction.

Does he take me for an i****t?

"Don't pretend you're just a 'run of the mill wolf'. I can sense you're a silver wolf, i****t," I add that last part with my most charming smle. "So instead of pretending to be some commoner, why don't you grow up and act like a silver wolf!" I snap.

Much to my satisfaction, the smug look on his face is wiped off instantly, replaced by a look of indignation. Pleased at having hurt his pride, I turn back to the water and watch the waves crash against the cliffs in the distance.

"And what's so special about silver wolves?" he mutters to himself. "They're no different than any other wolf as far I'm concerned. The only reason we're respected so much is through no act of our own. We didn't earn our powers, we just got lucky."

Solana snarls at his contempt for ranks but I, for one, nd it refreshing.

"So what are your thoughts on the Royal family? Do you think we did not earn the power we boast."

He shrugs. "And what exactly has the Royal family done to merit their power over us?"

I narrow my eyes at him. How dare he disrespect the crown and all the hard work my parents have done to protect this kingdom?

"The royal family protects its packs. That is our sole purpose!" I snarl, frustrated I even have to spell it out for him. "Have you ever been to an Alpha meeting? It takes real leadership to get different packs with different beliefs systems to work together. It is an art and a skill to keep the peace and not many wolves have this ability."

The smirk returns to his face, his grey eyes dancing with deance. He takes a step closer, towering over me and giving me the opportunity to examine his features. Much to my embarrassment, I realize he is incredibly handsome, the moonlight casting a beautiful glow onto his youthful skin. He can't be much older than I am. Dark brown, almost black locks of hair sit on top of his head and spill over onto his forehead in a messy arrangement. He stands at 6'2 but I can tell he'll most likely be taller when he reaches maturation in a few years. And his scent... it's a delicious smell of raspberries and pine.

I blush as he looks down at my tiny gure in amusement.

"Tell me princess, was your grandfather protecting his packs when he nearly starved 300 wolves to death?" he growls. "Was King Rafael helping us when he enslaved his own people for even attempting to feed their families?" He lowers his head so that his breath tickles my nose and speaks through gritted teeth. "Nothing stops a royal family from abusing their power and therein lies the problem with you lot. Your father might be a good king now but who's to say you will be a great Queen? After all, you are related to that monst-"

Before he can speak more nonsense, for the second time today, my emotions get the best of me and I slap him on the cheek. Unlike Prince Julian, however, this jerk just caresses' his cheek and stares at the ground.

"Don't you ever compare me to my grandfather again. Ever. I am not like him."

"Just because you are not him, doesn't mean you won't become him. Like I said, you've done nothing to deserve your power. You, like every other Alpha, were born into your position and nothing stops you from abusing that power."

My mouth hangs wide open as I desperately try to come up with a rebuttal but before I do, he turns on his heel and starts to walk away.

"Enjoy your night, Princess," he calls back. "I wish you a long a happy marriage with your new prince."

"Stop! Stop right there!" I snap. "This isn't over!"

He turns around, but continues walking backwards towards the bonre. "I think it is, your highness. Besides, what are you going to do? You don't even know where I come from."

He jogs away to his party without so much as a second glance back to me. I have never in my life been treated like an after thought and for whatever reason, it hurts more coming from this complete stranger.

It's best I get over it, I tell myself. I'll probably never see him again in my life.