

8. Fiancé

Soa's POV

This cannot be happening!

The pleasurable tingling continues as Mateo swipes the back of my hand with his thumb and my breath gets caught in my throat.

Mate! Solana squeals. Mateo is our mate!

I don't realize I'm staring while still holding his hand until Mateo tries to pull away.

"Uh, Princess?" He asks, a hint of smirk lingering on his perfect lips.

Flustered, I quickly let go of his hand as if it were made of hot metal.

"Sorry," I mutter.

How is he so calm? Does he not feel the sparks?

"Your Highness, it's so nice to see you again," his sister chirps.

Goddess, what was her name again? Wait, what is my name? This boy really had my brain all up in ames.

Valentina, Solana replies, coming to my rescue.

"It's nice to see you too, Valentina," I reply, forcing myself to not look at her older brother who's watching me with curiosity.

Alpha Manuel offers an introduction. "These are my kids, my eldest son, Mateo and the twins, Valentina and Emiliano."

Still avoiding the eldest wolf, my gaze settles on the shy boy standing beside Valentina. "Oh, so you must be the healer."

A blush reddens his handsome little brown face all the way up to his ears. "Y-yes your highness," he says, shifting his weight nervously.

"Well you must be a very special wolf for Moon Goddess to bestow such a gift to you," I say.

The boy's blush deepens and he stares at his feet to hide it, bringing a smile to my face.

"He is," Mateo replies coldly. "But they both are. Valentina is not a healer but her gift allows her to be in multiple places at once to help those she can. She's equally as powerful and gifted as her brother," he says defensively, taking his sister's hand.

I hadn't notice how Valentina's smile had faltered a little when I called her twin special and I now felt terrible. Nevertheless, the young girl looks up at Mateo in admiration and I admit, while he was an ass most of the time, he was a good older brother from what I'd seen. I'd never had siblings but I'd always wished to have someone to turn to like they did.

"Of course! I didn't mean!"

Mateo rolls his eyes at me as I stumble through my words.

Why am I always at a loss of words when I'm around him? I feel like an i***t!

Alpha Manuel clears his throat and I look up to see him glaring at the eldest Altamirano sibling.

"I sorry for my son's lack of decorum," the Alpha says, his voice pleasant for me.

"Mateo's gift is super cool too," Valentina interrupts tugging on her brother's tux. "Show them what you can do!"

He stares at her and it seems they have a private conversation between them before he nally sighs and gives in to her request.

He focuses on a small black box I didn't notice Valentina held in her hands and much to my amazement, it starts to levitate. It oats effortlessly in the air before landing in the palm of my hand.

I stare at the box like an i***t and Valentina's giggles.

"It's your birthday present, your Highness," Luna Valeria says. "We hope it suits your taste."

I carefully open the box and nd a beautiful gold diamond bracelet with a large stone in the center inside.

"It's lovely," I say, brushing my ngers over the gorgeous chain.

"Allow me," Mateo offers, focusing on the bracelet.

It rises in the air, un-clasping itself before wrapping around my wrist and re-clasping into place.

A part of me is disappointed that he didn't put it on me physically. I ached for his ngers to brush up against my skin and to feel those tingles again, if only brieley.

Get it together, I scold myself. He might be our mate but in just 4 months, I'm getting married to Julian.

Solana snarls at me and I quickly smile at the Silver wolves, once again thanking them for their gift.

Mate! Solana whines. You must tell him!

I can't, I snap. It's better if he doesn't know.

My father's voice brings me back to reality.

"Shall we?" He says, gesturing to the center of the dance oor for the father daughter dance.

I'm not much of a dancer, but it was my birthday and who am I to deny the King a dance? Besides, I really needed to get away from Mateo before my wolf got out of control. Gathering my bearings, I excuse myself from the Altamirano's and walk out with my father.

A slow dance begins and we step into a comfortable rhythm.

My father twirls me around, the subject of Mateo lingering in the back of my mind. Julian taps on my fathers shoulder before bowing graciously and asking for the next dance.

The King steps aside for the Prince to take my hand and he pulls me close to his body. The music changes to a salsa and several wolves join in. The room soon lls with swaying dresses and the sounds of clicking heels.

As I dance with the Prince, I nd myself looking for a certain grumpy silver wolf amongst the crowd and quickly nd him dancing with his sister, spinning her around as she giggles.

I chuckle to myself as I watch how he moves freely to the beat. He could care less that several girls our age were standing at the edge of the dance oor, seemingly eager to dance with him. His attention was solely on his sister. I, however, felt my temperature rising in anger as I watch how they looked at him with lust, practically undressing him with their eyes.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've got a thing for that mutt," Julian snarls in my ear.

I force my gaze back to him. "No, I can't stand him."

"Oh?" He laughs. "Someone you hate more than me?" he smirks, burying his face in my neck. "Careful, Babe. I don't like sharing"

"Julian, enough," I snap, attempting to push him off.

He lifts his face and brings it closer to mine so that our noses almost touch. "You are my future wife," he growls. "I have every right to touch you as I please!"

"I'm not your wife yet," I retort, my eyes roaming to the handsome wolf dancing behind him.

Our eyes meet brieley and I quickly look away.

"Well it won't be long, now Princess," Julian smirks, tucking a strand of hair behind my ears. "What do you say I get a little preview of our wedding night?"

Gross.

"Why don't we do this instead," I purr in my most seductive voice, leaning into his ear and nibbling on it. I feel him chuckle and I know I got him right where I want him. "I'm going to go grab a drink," I say, walking two ngers on his shoulder. "And why do you..... go f*k yourself?"

And with that, I quickly turn and run off the dance oor towards the drinks.

I know he's fuming as I watch him storm off to some undisclosed location and several wolves turn back to stare at me and but I don't care. He was a pig and I needed space.

I decide to take this opportunity and scan the crowd of people dancing for a certain grey eyed wolf. Much to my disappointment, I nd him dancing with a girl while his sister dances happily with her twin.

Solana is up in arms in a split second, furiously growling at the girl swaying her hips sensually against Mateo.

Who is she? She demands, growing angrier by the second.

That would be Silvia from the Media Luna pack, I respond. She's a nice girl... a little slutty but nice.

Well don't just stand there! Go claim what's ours! She snaps.

Solana's anger starts to rub off on me but I force myself to calm down. From the looks of it, Mateo was not of age and he had no idea I was his mate. Moreover, he was not mine to claim. I had a ancé

Lost in my thoughts, I almost don't notice the twins standing beside me.

"Umm, your Highness?" Valentina asks sheepishly, swaying back and forth in her heels.

"Yes?"

She ashes a bright smile at me and I chuckle to myself as Emiliano tugs on her dress nervously and shakes his head.

"Emiliano stop it!" She giggles before turning her attention back to me. "My brother was wondering if you would like to dance with him?"

I instinctively look up to see Mateo still dancing with Silvia, feeling the anger once again creep up to the surface.

Forcing a smile, I extend my hand out to the young healer beside Valentina.

"I would be honored to dance with you, Emiliano," I smile.

His face turns crimson and Valentina giggles into her hands. He scowls at her before giving me a shy smile.

I think he has a crush on you... Solana chuckles.

Emiliano takes my hand and I notice his hands are shaking a little as we walk back to the dance oor. I lean into his ear, hoping to comfort him.

"Don't be nervous," I whisper. "I saw you dancing earlier with your sister. You're an excellent dancer."

His eyes light up at the compliment. As the music morphs into a cumbia, Emiliano positions himself to take the lead. Standing at 5'5, Emiliano is just slightly taller than me with my heels on.

It's as if the music takes control of his body, the shy boy quickly disappearing and transforming into a incredible dancer. He expertly twirls me around the dance oor, spinning me around to the rhythm. We laugh and giggle at my clumsiness. I'm not much of a dancer and according to my father, I have two left feet. I always stepped on his toes when I danced with him.

Emiliano is patient with me, walking me through the steps and smiling enthusiastically when I make the correct movements.

After dancing a few songs together, the music slows down and I notice Mateo watching us from the edge of the dance oor. I don't realize I'm staring at him until Emiliano calls me back.

"You know, he's not as bad as he seems," he says quietly, still leading the dance.

"W-what?" I ask absentmindedly.

"I know you and my brother don't see eye to eye," he shrugs. "And I know he hasn't been the nicest to you, but he's a good person. The best, really. I hope to be half the wolf he is."

I smile at the young man. There is so much admiration for his older brother in his eyes, it's heartwarming.

"I'm sure you already are," I reply, glancing back at Mateo. "I'm willing to bet you're even better."

"Soa. It's time for the cake. Go get Julian so we left take a picture," my mother link-links me.

I heave a heavy sigh and Emiliano frowns at me.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing you need to worry about," I sigh, leaning forward to kiss him on the cheek. "Thank you for dancing with me. It was honor."

He turns as a red as a re engine, stuttering a quick thank you before running off to nd his sister.

Yup. Denitely has a crush on you, Solana laughs.

Well, I think it's cute. He's certainly nicer than his brother.

I get a snarl in response and I chuckle to myself.

Looking around the ballroom, I can't seem to nd Julian in the sea of people and make my way to the nearest exit. There are few guards chattering amongst themselves and they stiffen as I approach.

"Gentlemen," I smile.

"What can we do for you, your Highness?" one of them asks.

"Have you see my ancé?" I ask, trying hard not to gag.

"He went up to his suite. I believe he said he was tired," the same guards responds. "Would you like me to fetch him for you?"

I shake my head. "No, it's probably best if I do it."

I make my way to the 10th oor of the hotel where Dad assigned Julian his suite. I knock on the door and much to my annoyance, get no reply.

If this i***t thinks I'm going to wait around all night for him to come out when he pleases, then he's got another thing coming!

Using my universal access card my Dad once gave me, I let myself in. Inside, I nd a trail of discarded clothing in the living area leading to the bedroom chambers. A faint creaking sound can be heard coming from the bedroom, accompanied by mued whimpering.

I cautiously walk up to the bedroom door, the sounds growing louder and unmistakable. Anger bubbles in my chest as I burst into the bedroom and my ancé buried deep within the folds of a fake blonde, her moans ringing in my ears.