

## **The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 11 - Tips**

The mark of betrayal only happens when one meets their mate, but instead of kissing, loving, or fucking\*g their mate... one does it with another. Therefore they cheat not only on their mate, but the bond set by the goddess herself.

Instead of the one that does the cheating, their poor mate, that they have not released but rejected, is the one to suffer the pain of the betrayal. A dark black and purple bruise forms and starts from the pit of a person's stomach and then spreads throughout the body. It looks more painful than it is. It only hurts and grows the more when someone cheats on their mate.

What really stinks about the whole thing is that even though those that cheat on the bond are looked down as scum. The royal family can not force someone to be faithful to their mate or force them to reject one another. The mate bond is sacred among our kind, and can only be sorted out by the two that are mated together.

The one time I have seen it in action was when my best friend from school had met her mate. She was a normal werewolf, but she was mated to a lycan warrior. The warrior tried to be honest and gentle when he said that he didn't want to be with her.

He had been in a steady relationship with a female lycan warrior, and his lycan accepted the other over his fated mate as well. It does not happen often but it sometimes can happen that way. Since our beast sides were designed to mate for life. Most go with their fated mates, but there are some that can grow to love another as well.

He tried to respectfully and properly reject her, but she kept refusing to accept his rejection. Every full moon for the first six months, he went to her and properly tried to reject her, but her answers would always be the same. Everyone from her family and his tried to convince her. He felt like he was at his end so he did the only other thing he could to convince her to reject him.

He cheated on the bond. He only did it once, because he didn't want to hurt her like that. On the following full moon he went to reject her properly again. She screamed and hit his chest as she cried. He begged her to please free them both from this and accept his rejection. She still refused. He threatened that if she continued to try and keep this hold on him, he would keep hurting her.

He had spent a little over half a year trying to get her to see reason. He saw that if she wanted to be so stubborn to refuse to accept that he didn't want her and live in denial, then he would not keep his life on hold any longer.

The mark on her body grew more and more, and even though he kept coming back to her every full moon to sever their bond and move on. After three months, the night of the full moon, my best friend slit her own throat with a silver dagger right in front of her mate. Causing the pain of the bond to transcend onto him since it was still intact when she killed herself. I only know this, because that warrior was my elder brother.

Even though my brother was nice to my best friend, he never loved her like a mate. In his eyes she was another little sister he took care of. It killed him to have to resort to hurting her, but she would not see reason. The pain my brother felt when she killed herself in front of him, broke him. I almost lost him if not for his chosen mate. She saved him from the depths of depression from the mate bond.

From then on, I have hated wolves or lycans that cheat on their mates. They should be man or woman enough to break the bond, before something like that ever happens to the other side. Rejection may hurt, but the pain goes away over time. Death is eternal.

I shook my head and started looking over the girl's whole body. The mark of betrayal covered her whole stomach and chest, so she was cheated on a lot by her mate... or ex mate. 'For her to have a mark this big she would have had to have a different mate and that the young beta was her second chance mate.' I thought to myself.

'Whoever he is, better hide. Because if the young beta doesn't kill him. I will.' Winter growled in my head. I was shocked. She was normally so peaceful.

'Not when it comes to people hurting our princess.' She snapped.

'Princess?' I asked her. Before Winter could answer me back, Jenny got my attention.

"Doctor, we need a splint for her left leg, and her right wrist is sprained pretty badly too. Should we ice it before wrapping it?" She asked.

I focused on the girl and nodded my head. "Yes, call Molly for the splint and ice her wrist. Once we get her leg set properly we can get it into a cast to allow it to heal." I told her.

"Is there anything we can do for the mark?" Jenny asked as she got the ice for the girl's wrist and some cotton balls and disinfected to clean her cuts. I gently laid the gown over her chest and stomach when Molly came in and dropped off the splint.

Molly loved to gossip and I was not going to let anyone use this mark to discredit this poor girl. I can tell she suffered enough. Jenny also learns to be careful on what kind of information she shares with Molly.

Once Molly left, I turned to Jenny. "That mark will go away over time, but that only depends on the will power of the one with the mark." I said. If this girl didn't think she was worth love ever again, the mark would stay.

'The young beta will surely have his work cut out for him in earning not only her love, but her trust as well.' I thought as I dressed her in the gown and her wounds.

One hour later...

Jenny and I finally finished setting her leg and getting it into a cast to heal and wrapping her sprained wrist and cleaning out all of her cuts. She had a sizable bump on her head, but no signs of a concussion, but that may change after she wakes up. I am also worried about the silver collar around her neck. It seemed to be locked somehow and I do not have anything to remove it safely as of right now.

I clean myself and head out to speak to the young beta about his mate. He was pacing the waiting room that had now filled up with not only his family, but the royal family as well. I cleared my throat and bowed to them all once I had their attention. The young beta was right in my face as soon as he saw me.

"How is she?!" He asked, with fear in his eyes.

I took a deep breath. "Would all of you please follow me into my office? There are things I would like to inform you about your mate, but it is not something that should be broadcasted to the entire pack." I said. The king and queen both stood.

“Miguel, Alberto, Carlos, Carmela, and I will go with Alejandro to learn about his mate. Yuriria will take the younger two back to the palace and stay there.” Queen Ofelia said. Everyone nodded and once the younger ones left... The rest of them followed me to my office.

I sat behind my desk. King Alberto and Beta Carlos sat on the love seat by my bookshelf. Queen Ofelia sat on the king's lap, while Beta Carmela sat on her mate's lap. Young alpha Miguel and young beta Alejandro sat in the two chairs in front of my desk. I sighed and looked straight into the young beta's eyes.

“Now young beta, this information is not going to be easy for you to hear, but please bear in mind that I can only guess at this point. I don't even know the girl's name, so until she wakes up we can only assume what happened to her.” I spoke calmly to him. He nodded, but his grip on the chair was deadly tight.

“She seemed to have both old and new cuts and bruises. So I can only assume that she was beaten on a regular basis for one reason or another.” I stopped when I heard a monstrous growl coming from the young beta. I gave him a few minutes to calm down as his eyes flickered from yellow and blue as he tried to control his lycan. Once he was finished with his internal battle.

“She has a broken left leg and her right wrist is badly sprained. She will need a lot of bed rest and proper meals as she is also a bit underweight and malnourished for someone her age and built.” A louder growl ripped through my office, making me bear my neck.

I slowly raised my head to see that the growl had come from the young alpha. His eyes were a golden yellow as he ripped the arms off of the chair he was sitting in.

‘Well I needed some new furniture anyway.’ I thought to myself.

Queen Ofelia got up and came over to her son. Rubbing his shoulders seems to calm him enough to finish listening. Though this was going to be the hardest thing to say on top of everything else in my opinion.

“It also appears to me that the young beta might not be her first mate...” I was cut off when the young beta flung my desk out of his way and grabbed me by the throat.

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN THAT I AM NOT HER MATE?!” He roared. “I can smell her and I could feel the sparks when I held her.” He growled out, slowly squeezing my neck harder and harder.

I started gasping for air, when King Alberto called out to the young beta. “Alejandro Revira, you let that woman go this INSTANT!” He roared in his alpha tone. The young beta thankfully did what he was told to do and I dropped to the floor.

I gasped and struggled to breathe for a moment. I then looked up to see a face of regret on the young beta. “I am sorry. Archer just lost it when you said that she was not my mate.” He said.

Once I could breathe again, I cleared my throat. “I did not say that she was not your mate. I said that you may not have been her ‘FIRST’ mate.” I said again, making sure he understood me clearly this time around.

“So I am her second chance mate?” He asked to clarify. I nod.

“Yes, I believe so.” I answered him.

“How can you know that without even talking to the child?” Beta Carlos asked.

I took a deep breath once again and looked at the young beta with a little bit of pity. “When we cut off her clothes, she had the mark of betrayal all over her chest and stomach area. It is all black and purple.” I said, looking to the floor as another heartbreaking growl sounded throughout the office.