

The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 12 - Tips

Alejandro's POV

I roared out when Dr. Stark told me that my mate had the mark of betrayal, and that it basically completely covered her entire midsection. How could anyone hurt someone as sweet and gentle looking as my mate did. I didn't even know her name and I was already head over heels for her. Even Archer seemed like a big old teddy bear when we thought of how beautiful our mate would look without the dirt and blood all over her pretty face.

"Young beta." Dr. Stark called out to me. I looked down where she was still sitting on the floor. "You will have to go slow with this girl and show her that you care for her. I am certain it will take time for her to warm up to you being her mate and for her to share her life story." She said. All I could do was nod my head. "Was there anything else?" I asked.

Dr. Stark looked down a bit. "There is a concern I have with the silver collar around her neck. It seems to be locked somehow and I do not have the proper tools to remove it without harming her, but that is about as far as I can guess until she wakes up and talks to us." She said in a sad voice.

I nodded my head in understanding. "She seems to have a strong but a very broken soul. Please take great care when you are with your mate, young beta." She advised me. I nodded once again and looked at the destroyed desk. "I am sorry about the desk." I said, lowering my eyes. A little bit embarrassed I lost my composure like that. I should have more control over my emotions.

Dr. Stark just smiled and waved her hand in dismissal. "It is completely understandable young beta. I am more than accustomed to male lycans and werewolves losing their cool over something being wrong with their mates." She said.

"Plus with all the blanks that we don't know about your mate as of right now, so there is more room to be worried on top of what we can guess." She added as she stood up. She walked over to the door and opened it for us.

"You are welcome to stay by her side until she wakes up, young beta. I will be responsible for her care personally until she wakes up. She is in room 325" Dr. Stark said. I nodded and headed straight for her room.

Walking into my mate's room, her jasmine and sweet pea scent filled my lungs. Calming both me and Archer. I walked over to her bedside and sat down in the chair. Her wrist was bandaged up and her leg was in a cast. Archer whimpered as she looked to be in pain as she slept.

I gently took her left hand in mine. Feeling the sparks of the mate bond run through my body. I looked at her long black hair and for some reason I was remembering Iris. Miguel and I only got to see Iris once when she was born, but that was more than enough for me back then.

I was starting to be confused a bit. Why was I thinking about Iris now when my goddess given mate was right in front of me. Though at the same time it felt right to think of her. I was so confused. I laid my head on the edge of her bed, just watching her and rubbing my thumb on the back of her tiny hands. 'I will make everything better for you, baby... I promise.' I said in my head, as I watched my mate sleeping in her hospital bed.

Raya's POV

I felt sore, but also like I was actually safe. My eyelids still felt heavy, but I was able to slowly open them. I squinted and squeezed my eyes closed again as I was hit with bright lights.

I blinked a few times, trying to look around me. From the bright lights and the clean smell around me, I was not in the basement. Once I could finally get my eyes fully opened, I saw that I was in a clean white room, with monitors next to me. They were beeping steadily. I looked around and my eyes fell onto a big figure on my left side.

It was a man I had never seen before. He was sleeping with his head on the bed and his big hands were wrapped around my left hand. I felt sparks through our joint hands. I felt a sort of comfort from them. I lifted my right hand and saw that it was wrapped.

It was a bit tender, but I have felt worse before. I used my right hand to gently run my fingers through this mystery man's curly blonde hair. It was soft and silky to the touch and I could not resist playing with it some more.

After a few minutes, this mystery man started to wake up. I went to move my hand away from his soft hair, but he grabbed my arm gently. I looked down and saw some soft baby blue eyes looking up at me. I was lost in them that I didn't make out what he was saying to me. "Huh?" I asked.

He chuckled and then sat up. I could see his whole good looking features as he kept looking into my eyes. "I said that you don't have to stop. My body belongs to you, my love. You are free to touch and look at me as much as you wish." He said in a deep baritone voice that sent a shiver down my spine.

I looked him up and down. He was drop dead gorgeous. Like if Hugo was hot and good looking, this man was pure godlike perfection. His soft golden curls slightly covered his forehead. His eyes reminded me of the sky on a clear summer day. His nose was straight except for a tiny crook in the bridge of it.

'I would guess he is a warrior or something.' I thought to myself. His arms were thick with golden tan skin stretched over tight muscles. He was wearing a dark green button down shirt that had no sleeves. His shirt was stretched tight across his chest so that I could make out some abs hiding underneath, but I could not tell if he had a six pack or an eight pack.

'Wait a minute... did he just call me love?' I looked back up to his eyes. "Love?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. He smiled sweetly and nodded. "Yes. You are my mate and I am yours." He said softly, flashing his pearly white teeth at me again.

"I already had a mate." I answered in a dull tone. His eyes flickered to yellow as he growled out. I remained unfazed at his growl, since I was used to Frederick and Hugo always growling at me. Though there was something different with his growl. It made me happy that he was upset at the mention of my first mate.

"You are mine now." He said in a deeper animalistic tone. With bright yellow eyes shining at me, I could only guess that he was a lycan and his lycan was now talking to me through his human's body. "You are mine to love, mine to protect, and mine to fuck and have pups with." He growled out.

He trailed feather light kisses up my left arm. Landing his soft lips on my skin with each thing he declared to me. He stuffed his nose into the crook of my neck and inhaled deeply. With him being so close I could finally pick up his scent. He smells like fresh air after a rainfall mixed with wild lilies. I sniffed him, which made him purr at me. "Mate?" I asked in a soft and quiet voice.

He beamed with a smile, his eyes back to their normal blue color, but my mate frowned when I wasn't smiling with him. "Are you disappointed in me, dear?" He asked in a tone that I could feel breaking my heart, but my body and face could not express it. "No. You are perfect, but I am a wolfless half blooded

rogue... Are you sure you want me as a mate?" I asked in a tone with no emotion.

My mate roared as he quickly and gently lifted me off the bed and into his lap. Being careful of the needle and tube in my arm, he stuck his face into my neck once again. I laid my hands on his strong broad chest as he breathed deeply and inhaled my scent as if it was the air he needed to breathe and live on. His heart was racing fast. "You are mine and I love you no matter what you are or what your rank is." He said, his face still in my neck. I felt the collar shift on my neck. I sucked in a short breath as the silver irritated my neck. My mate pulled back and looked me over.

"The doctor doesn't know how to remove the collar, but we will figure something out, my love. Don't worry. My father and uncle are already looking into different solutions." He said, then he placed a gentle kiss on my cheek. I looked over into the eyes of the mate that calls himself my new mate. I am filled with the need to know everything about him. "What is your name?" I asked him.