

Chapter 18 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Hunters POV:

When I step into that shower, dear goddess. It felt like my skin was melting off. How she stood under this is beyond me. I turned down the heat of the water to 110. So much better.

I wanted to shower with her, but I still believe she needs her time after that whole thing with that rat's beta. She seems fine, but I can feel deep down she's not. I want her to tell me about the scars, but I don't want to ask. I want her to do it.

I finish washing myself and I step out, wrapping a towel around my waist. I dry my hair and walk to the bathroom sink. It's been a few days since I've shaved my beard.. I probably should, but we don't need to be late for dinner. Maria will skin me alive. My sister should also be here, she was out of town for something the last day with her boyfriend. Who's definitely not her mate. I really hate that guy, but she insists on staying with him even though he's been caught cheating several times. She's a year younger than me, making her 125.

Us Lycans stop aging at 30; thank goddess. We technically are immortal, excluding when killed with silver. Like the Allaire king and queen. Their throats were slit with pure silver. Cutting off our heads, stabbing us in the hearts, or slitting our throats with silver are the only things that can kill us.

Werewolves can live about as long as 150-200 years. I've even seen some of the healthiest wolves last till 250. Only a few though. They die the same as us, except you can rip their hearts out.

I step out of the bathroom still with the towel around my waist. Jess is sitting on the bed in jeans and a dark blue short sleeve t-shirt, and her long black hair is up in a ponytail. Jess looks at me then averts her eyes with a blush on her face. She's so cute. I want to mate her so badly,

feeling the pull. But I need her to be ready. Though she shouldn't take forever, it could be deadly.

The bond makes me want to touch her nonstop. It's so hard to keep myself from pouncing on her.

"It's 5:45. We'd better hurry." She says keeping her gaze from me. Though I can feel she wants to stare.

"Okay, we have time, it's just right downstairs," I said while fishing a pair of boxers out of my drawer. I turn to look at her and catch her looking away from me quickly.

"You can look all you want, little one," I said smirking in her direction. She turns back to me and looks for a few seconds, only to turn right back around. I wish the situation wasn't so complicated.

"So.. any idea when you want to tell me your real name?" I asked. I was pulling on a black V-neck shirt.

"Ummm.. I don't know. We've only just met a few days ago. I want to trust you, but it's hard. I've never been able to trust really anyone besides William. And he doesn't even know." She said while fiddling with her fingers.

I look at her and pop a sad smile.

"It's okay. Like I said, no rush. But you can trust me. I won't ever hurt you, or let anyone hurt you." I said walking to her and sitting on the bed. I place my hand on her thigh and see her shiver.

"So why are you so interested in the Allaire killings? I mean, I know that they were Lycans, and King and Queen. I'm just curious." She asks. She bites her lips and continues with her fingers.

"Queen April was from here. She was my mom's best friend up until she died. She also helped raise my sister and me until she met Gerrick. Then my parents passed and I believe whoever killed the Allaires' killed my parents." I said. I almost want to cry. My parents were amazing. They passed a few months after Gerrick and April. Butchered on their way

home from a meeting with King Henry. Supposedly a robbery, but they knew something about the massacre.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t know.” She gripped my hand and squeezed.

“It’s okay, I’ve had my time to grieve. We should probably get downstairs. We have 5 minutes.” I said pulling her up. She looks up at me and cups my face, feeling shocks and tingles at her touch. It calms me almost instantly.

She pulls me in for a kiss and I hear her growl. More like a purr honestly, and when she realizes I feel her face heat up against mine and she pulls away. She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever laid my eyes on. Though her eyes look so familiar. I’m not sure where, but I know I’ve seen them before.

“Mate does look familiar.”

“She has a name!” I tell Marcus.

“Yeah, and we don’t know it.”

“Call her Jess until then. You can’t keep calling her mate. It’s weird.”

We walk down the stairs and into the main hall when all of the sudden my sister comes barreling toward Jess. She lunges at her for a hug and almost knocks Jess down. I laugh.

“Oh, my goddess. You’re stunning!! I can’t believe my loser brother has found his mate! It’s so nice to meet you, I’m so excited to finally have a sister. Being stuck with him for 125 years takes a toll!” Dakota screams.

Well, she definitely just outed that I’m over 100 years old. Great. I hope that doesn’t freak Jess out.

“125 years? How old are you, Hunter? Jess looks at me kind of shocked. Please don’t scare her away.

“How old do you think I am?” I asked c*cking my eyebrow at her with a grin.

“Well, I was thinking like the late 20s.” She replied.

“Add like 100 years. I’m 126.” I said. Her jaw drops to the floor. Oh, goddess. I’m an old man to her. She definitely won’t want to be my mate now.

“Wow. You don’t look it.” She said laughing.

“Okay, so now that you know that I’m an old man do you want to still be mine?” I asked with pouty lips and puppy dog eyes. She smiles at me. That makes me feel a slight bit better.

“Of course, old man.” She said nudging my arm with her shoulder. I roll my eyes and pull her hand, leading her into the dining room.

“Mate still wants us!”

“Dude.”

“Jess. Jess doesn’t care if we’re old.”

“Hey, we’re not that old!”

“We’re 126. That’s pretty old Hunter.”

“Whatever dude.”

I push Marcus back to the back of my mind when I see William who sniffs the air briefly. His face pales as he stares at the doorway. I turn and see Dakota staring right back at him.

“Mate,” William says as he stands up.