

## The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 25 - Tips

I gulped down the food that was in my mouth as everyone, except for the little boy that was still sitting on my lap. I chewed on my bottom lip a bit. I had no issue telling them. As my mate and family they had the right to know the truth about how that pack runs, and what those wolves have done to me over the years...

But little Juakin didn't need to hear any of the bad things. He is still too young and innocent. 'Tell him to sleep.' I heard Violet say, but for some reason her soft voice carried a stronger presence.

I leaned my face down towards Juakin's ear and gently whispered into his ear. "Sleep" My voice was just as soft as Violet's and I felt the same presence in my own voice.

I peeked over his shoulder and watched as Juakin's eyes first went slightly wide and then they slowly closed. His head leaned backwards onto my chest as he snuggled into my body for warmth and comfort. I smiled and stroked his hair as I lifted my head to look at my brother again.

Though everyone was staring at me with open mouths and wide eyes. "How on earth did you just do that?" Carlos asked, not taking his eyes off the little boy sleeping on my lap now. "Um... I am not 100% sure, but I think it is one of my wolf's powers." I answered honestly.

"I was just thinking how to spare Juakin about knowing the truth at what happened to me in that pack, and then I heard my wolf, Violet, tell me to tell him to sleep." I added, still gently running my fingers through Juakin's soft hair.

"Wow, that is some power. I never seen a royal with a gift like that." Mother said in amazement as father and everyone else nodded. 'We have the gift of heart and mind. We can ease someone's pain or increase with our feelings, or we can make them see what we want them to see. The stronger the feelings and the connection we have with that person, the more effective our gifts is.' Violet explained.

'Really? That seems kind of cool.' I said back to her before turning to mother. "Vi said that we have powers over the mind and heart of a person. It is controlled through our feelings and connection with that individual." I told them. "That seems like both a blessing and a curse to me." Miguel said.

"How come?" I asked. "Well if it goes off your feelings, then if someone was to upset you would you accidentally lash out at them. Like for example... what if you and Alejandro had a fight over something stupid and you hurt him with your powers?" Miguel said.

I felt my body stiffen, as I tried to keep my face void of emotions. I understand the unsettling nature of my powers, but to automatically think that I would hurt someone just because they upset me. It kind of hurt to be honest. I want to be open with my new family, but I don't want them to fear me or think the worst.

I sit up straighter and look my brother in the eyes. "I am not sure, but I have pretty good control over my emotions. After all I was abused and turned into a slave for ten years." I said with no emotion in my voice. There was a mixture of gasps and growls through out the dining room. "How could that woman let that happened to you?" Miguel growled.

Making Esme and me turn to him. I stood up with Juakin still in my arms protectively. The chair sliding and falling over from the force of my quick action. "DON'T YOU EVER BLAME MY MOM FOR ANYTHING THOSE BASTARDS DID TO ME!" I yelled. Juakin jumped a bit in my arms but did not wake. I held him closer to calm myself down.

Once I had my bearings again, I glared at Miguel, I continued. "Future King or not, you should learn to listen to the whole story before you make judgmental comments like that." I growled at him before storming out of the dining room, taking the sleeping pup with me. 'First his comment about my powers and then about how mom 'let' me be abused.' I growled in my head.

I went up a few floors. I opened a door and found a giant library inside. I quickly looked through the books and found one that was one of my favorite stories to read when I was back at the Nightshade pack. It was a book of tall tales. I found it comforting to read tall tales like Paul Bunyan and John Henry. I set Juakin on the floor with his head on my lap as I opened the book.

I held the book in one hand as my other hand ran through Juakin's hair again, as I began to read the tall tales in the book out loud to the sleeping pup.

### Miguel's POV

I mentally smacked myself as I watch my little sister, that I had just gotten back into my life, storm out with a sleeping Juakin in her arms. I sighed in frustration then I felt someone actually smack the back of my head.

“Oww! What the he-” I was cut off by a growl from my mate and luna that was glaring hard at me. I audibly gulped because if looks could kill, then I would have been ashes maybe 20 feet down in my grave.

“What did I tell you about being considerate for Raya’s feelings, especially when it came to Kit?!” She screamed at me. If I was in my lycan form right now, my ears would be down and my tail between my legs. Aztec was not happy that I not only upset our little sister, but our mate as well.

My eyes went around the table and everyone was glaring at me. “Dude we even said that we were going to talk to her about keeping her true identity a secret until she was stronger. She needs to know that she can trust us and that she has our support. You should not have questioned her like she didn’t have any control what so ever.” Alejandro scolded me.

I wish I could just sink into my chair, or better yet redo this breakfast and keep my mouth shut. “You better think long and hard about what you are going make this up to your sister, young man.” Father said as he stood up with mother.

“It may be true that we don’t like how she bonded with Kit and all, but I will not lose my daughter again. So if I have to share the mother title with Kit, where ever she right now.” Mother said. That statement made me realize right there that my parents didn’t know that Kit is dead. Alejandro and I only know because Esmeralda told us.

It wasn’t long before I was all alone in the dining room with my thoughts. Even Aztec blocked me out. ‘shit I really got to think of something to make it up to Iris.’ I thought to myself. I was already off to a lousy start for a big brother and a future king.

Then an idea popped into my head. I jumped up and ran out of the dining room and out into the old green house. ‘I am pretty sure Iris will love it, and even if she doesn’t she will appreciate the gift and the effort... I hope.’ I thought to myself as I got to work.