

The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 3

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The day of the ball...

Alejandro's POV

I am blowing off steam in the gym as I always do. Punching the punching bag as hard as I can, not caring that I am bleeding or fracturing my knuckles.

'18 years... 18 long years since she was taken from us.' I thought to myself.

'Iris.' My lycan, Archer, mumbled in my head.

I slammed my fist into the bag with all my might. Making the chains that held it to the ceiling snap, and sent the bag flying across the room and into the wall.

I hear some slow clapping behind me and I turn to see my best friend and future king standing there.

"Nice job wasting another punching bag, bro. How many is that now... three?" Miguel said with a sly smirk on his face and a raised eyebrow.

I huffed. "That is the fourth one today actually. Why? What is up?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Are you up for going to the mating ball this year?" He asked.

I stopped wiping my hands and face and glared at him. "The one that is being held at the Nightshade pack this year?" I asked for clarification. Miguel nodded his head.

"Hell no. I am not going there. Besides, you know what today is." I snarled at him. Miguel nodded once again.

Today was his long lost sister's 18th birthday. The big day that would have told me if she was truly mine... my mate. 'Why the hell would he even ask me about going to some party to find nothing but females trying to get in my bed. I had one true mate and she is all I ever wanted and have been looking for since I shifted.

“What if my sister wasn’t your mate?” Miguel asked.

I raised an eyebrow at him. “What are you talking about?” I asked in return.

Miguel shrugged and looked me dead in the eyes. “Just because you were drawn to Iris before she was even born, it did not guarantee that she was your mate. You could have just been acting on your instincts as the future beta. So like I asked before... What if Iris was not your mate?” He asked again.

I dropped the towel I was wiping my sweat off with and turned to face him fully. “If she was not my true mate, I would have asked her to be my chosen mate.” I answered him. “I was hers the moment she was born. The moment she was brought into this world. There is no other out there for me.” I said.

The pull I felt towards that newborn all those years ago was nothing I ever felt. It was something that I would never forget either. No other female had come close to Iris in my heart since I was six years old.

Even my lycan, Archer, agreed with me.

After I shifted, I would go to the bedroom that the king and queen designed for her just to calm him down after he saw what happened through my memories. Sure her room was still a nursery right now, but the king and queen could not bring themselves to get rid of anything they had gotten for her.

I was brought out of my thoughts when Miguel put his hand on my shoulder.

“That makes me happy to know. I will ask mom and dad to let you skip this time but don’t be surprised if you are put to work. I on the other hand am going to dance and maybe find my own mate.” Miguel said before walking off to talk to his parents.

‘I don’t care about working, but there was no way I would be able to enjoy the night chatting and dancing with other females knowing that Iris is still out there some where.’ I thought to myself as I hung up another punching bag.

I start punching the new bag as I remembered the talk I got from my parents last week. Thinking about the new law that the king and queen made after some alpha, that had not found his mate yet, tried to overthrow the king and queen just for power.

After he was put to death. Queen Ofelia made a new law stating that no young, inexperienced alpha should take the title of alpha without a mate. A luna that could help aid not only the alpha but their packs as well, and to show by example, the law goes for Miguel and me as well.

I know that Miguel tries to hide it from his parents, but he misses his baby sister as much as I do. I know he has been holding out on going to look for his mate because I have refused to give up on Iris. What best friend would he be if he was living happily with his mate while I was still miserable without my mate.

After I end up trashing another punching bag, I decided that I have worked out enough. I wiped the sweat off my face as I walked up to my room.

I opened my door and found the pack slut, Bethany, laying on my bed completely n.aked. I growled in frustration. I never once gave any female the time of day, especially this female. 'Why was she so hung up on trying to sleep with me or to get with me?' I wondered.

"Awww baby you seem stressed. Let me help you relieve it." She said in a voice that I think was supposed to be seductive, but it sounded like a dying cat to me. She always tried to sound seductive when she spoke to me or Miguel, but she failed miserably.

"Get the hell out of my room, Bethany. I am not your mate and I made it clear that I don't want you or anything to do with you." I snarled at her.

"But baby-

Archer and I cut her off with a loud growl. "GET THE fvck OUT OF MY ROOM!" We roared in unison, our voices mixing together.

She huffed and grabbed her clothes. Once she was dressed she left.

I breathed a sigh of relief when she finally left and rolled my eyes as I looked at my bed. I shivered in disgust as I mind linked Mrs. Dawson, the head omega of the castle.

'Mrs. Dawson, could you please have the sheets and bedding in my room changed when you have a free moment?' I asked.

'Of course, young master.' She replied. Short and sweet. A normal response for her.

I cut the mind link just as Miguel burst into my room.

"Hey, dude. I am heading out. Mom and dad said that you are free tonight. I would suggest hanging out with your family tonight though. I don't know if your favorite stalker is going to the ball or not." He warned.

I gr0aned in frustration. "I don't get it man. I never once looked in her direction. Why does she want me so bad?"

Miguel shrugged. "I don't know either. She has practically been with every male of mating age. There is no way in hell I would touch her." He said, sticking out his tongue and gagging as if he was going to be sick.

"Same man. Even if I was a player, which I am not, I would not have touched her n.aked body with a ten foot pole." I shuddered at the thought of her a few minutes ago.

Miguel and I both believe in saving ourselves for our mates. True or chosen. We know it is not the dark ages. If our mate had done some fooling around, then we promised not to hold it against them, as long as she was faithful to us when we met.

When Mrs. Dawson came up to change my bedding for me, I walked Miguel out to his car. He would take his bike, but he would have nowhere to hang his suit.

I went back up to my room and showered. Scrubbing my skin raw before I went to lay down. Just being in the same room as that slut made me feel dirty.

I looked at the full moon from my bed and prayed that my lost princess would come back to me soon. I closed my eyes and all I could see were those beautiful purple ones looking right back at me as I fell asleep.