

## The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 5

### The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 5

Evelyn turned red with anger as she looked me up and down. "Are you wearing my dress?!" She screeched again. Autumn gasped like it was the worst crime she had seen me commit.

"Technically, it is my dress. Your mother, Luna Aurora, gave it to me yesterday as an early birthday gift. So it no longer belongs to you in any way shape or form." I said with a smirk and shrugged my shoulders.

Evelyn screamed as she reached for the dress. She got a hold of the shoulder of the dress, so when I shoved her away from me, she tore the shoulder off the dress.

"What the hell is your deal?!" I yelled, drawing the attention of some people there.

"A filthy half breed like you should not be wearing something that was so pretty." Evelyn yelled.

"Yeah, especially since it was something you stole from my big sister, mongrel." Autumn joined in.

I glared hard at the two b!tches in front of me, and I didn't notice some of their male friends coming up from behind me.

It wasn't until I felt some strong grips holding my arms at my sides. I looked from right to left and noticed it was a couple of the younger warrior boys that hung around Evelyn and Autumn. I think their names were Johnathan and Eric. I tried to pull my arms from their hold, but they just gripped tighter, digging their claws into my arms a bit.

"You know better than to touch the alpha's daughter, mutt." Johnathan said.

"Yup, now we have to punish the little half breed and teach her to respect those in charge." Eric said with a creepy smile on his face. This perv has always tried to stalk me and get pictures of me whenever I was changing.

I turned back to glare at Evelyn, just in time for her to smack me as hard as she can, cutting my lip open with her nails. I taste a bit of blood. She looked

so high and mighty and smug that she can hit me all she wants while these two are holding me. I licked my lips and spat the blood in her face.

She let out a scream like I had just cut her with silver, then the next thing I knew I was thrown to the floor and being kicked from both sides. I coughed up more blood and started to cry in frustration.

'Why do I have to be so weak?!' I thought to myself as one of the kicks tore more of the dress.

I heard three loud growls erupt through the ball room and the kicking stopped. I didn't waste any time. I scrambled to my feet as fast as I could and ran out of the ball room. I kept my head down and ran around the corner.

I bumped into someone that smelled of fresh air after the rain. A scent I found comfort in, but I wanted to be alone. I ran around the person and down the hall.

After a few minutes, I felt someone gently grab my arm to stop me. No one other than my mother had touched me with such a gentle touch. I stopped and turned around. I saw a beautiful she-wolf looking back at me with a small smile on her face. Her long blonde hair and deep green eyes shined in the light of the hallway.

"Hey there. Come with me," she said. Her voice sounded light and soft like a gentle breeze was carrying her voice. I don't know why, but the next thing I knew... I was following her. She led me to one of the guest rooms on the upper floor. Once inside, she locked the door and closed all the blinds on the windows.

She started rummaging through a bag and pulled out a baby blue one-shoulder dress. "Here you can use this dress. It may be a bit tight in the chest area, but it is better than the torn one you have on." She said with a sad smile.

"It truly was a beautiful dress before those jerks ruined it." She added.

I took the dress she held out to me. The fabric was soft and a bit stretchy. I took it to the bathroom and changed, throwing the once gorgeous dress away in the trash. I slipped the new dress on. It was a bit tight in the chest and hip areas, but not that uncomfortable. Though it only went down to my mid-thighs, showing off a bit more skin than I would like to with men around. I guessed it goes to her knees since she is a bit shorter than me.

I walked back out and the girl was sitting there with a hairbrush in her hand.

I raised an eyebrow at her with a questioning look. "Oh I had an idea for your hair." She said with a smile, holding up a couple of hair ties and the brush.

"Umm you don't need to. My hair is fine like this." I said as I ran my fingers through to unknot some of it.

"Little miss Raya, you sit down right now and let me do your hair." The girl said, leaving me with no room to argue.

I sighed and sat down in defeat. As she started brushing my hair, something clicked with me. "Hold on, how did you know my name?" I asked her. I felt the brush still for a few seconds before she started brushing it again.

"You really don't remember me, do you?" She asked.

"Um... no." I said honestly.

She stopped brushing and walked around to the front of me. She rummaged through her bag again and pulled out a worn out stuffed wolf that was missing an ear and looked like it was made out of some wearing cloth. It had the 'R.R.' stitched into its tail.

My eyes widened. This was the stuffed wolf that mother had made for me when I was around five.

"How do you..." I started to ask how she had it in her possession, until I finally remembered something. There was a time I got really sick from eating the wrong kind of berries off a bush. Mother had taken the risk of taking me to a pack to get treatment at the hospital.

I don't remember everything, but the alpha there was kind and reasonable. Not only did he let my mother into his territory and allowed me medical treatment... He had paid for my treatment and even brought his daughter to keep me company while I got better.

The stuffed wolf was the only thing I had to play with and I left it for the alpha's daughter as a 'thank you' gift.

Not much of a gift, but it was all I had on me to give. I looked from the wolf to her green eyes a few times. Earning a laugh from her.

“Esme?” I asked for clarification.

She smiled and nodded. “Yup, though my full name is Esmeralda. You gave me the nickname ‘Esme’ back then because you couldn’t say my full name.” She said, looking at the wolf as though the memory of us playing together was only yesterday.

“Wow, you look so good. Strong too.” I added.

Remembering how she would go on and on about being a strong female warrior, even if she was mated to an alpha. She didn’t want to be the typical luna that would have to be protected. She always wanted to protect others like her father and mother do for their pack.

As Esme went back to fixing my hair, we chatted about how each one of us have been doing since mother and I left their pack. I left out the part about being the pack slave here, because I knew she would tell her father and if he was still the same man I knew he was in the past, then he would wage war against this pack and innocent lives would be lost. I couldn’t live with myself if I knew innocent wolves died because of me.

She had brushed out my all my long black hair and put it into a tight braid. “There.” She said as she came around to look at me from the front.

“Damn girl. If your mate is here tonight, he is going to be dying to get you alone to mark you.” She said with a smirk and a wink.

I rolled my eyes at her, laughing as I shook my head. “We will see.” I laughed out.

As we walked back to the ballroom, I caught the scent of lemon grass. I stopped and started sniffing the air. Even without a wolf I know that this scent has to be coming from my goddess given mate.

Esme grinned as she watched me sniffing around. “Well I will leave you to it, make sure to introduce the lucky wolf to me later.” She said with a wave as she left my side.

I started following the scent. Wondering what my mate was like as I searched for him. The scent got stronger as I neared the garden. I suddenly was grabbed and slammed into the wall across the hallway from the back door of the ballroom.

Opening my eyes I came face to face with a pissed off looking Hugo. I breathed in and the scent of lemon grass was stronger than it was before.

I was not an i\*\*\*t. That ment that the Moon Goddess has paired me with him.

“Mate.” I quietly breathed out. His hand tightened around my neck.

“Mate.” He growled out in disgust.

I knew I was in for a new world of pain as the hatred and disgust filled his eyes.