

Chapter 61 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

UNKNOWN POV

Stepping out took every ounce of courage I had today. And when I do, I find myself looking at two burly men in camo, both holding bows in their hands.

“Who are you?” One of them asks. I don’t say anything, Instead look away.

“Why are you on our pack territory?” He asks.

“I didn’t realize I was. Im sorry, I’ll leave. Just let me go.” I beg. I fall to my knees, tears flowing soaking the gown I’m wearing as they roll down my face.

“No, we will take you to our alpha. From there, you will tell us what you’re doing here, hiding on our land, sneaking around.” He says. He grabs my arm as the other grabs the deer and throws it over his shoulder. I pull away and try to run but it’s no use, his grip on me is solid and there’s no escaping.

We walk for about 10 minutes before reaching a big White House in the middle of a field, surrounded by other smaller buildings. There’s children running around playing and people eating, enjoying the sun while it shines bright in the sky. Though I can tell they’re not human.

“This way.” He says pulling me inside, the other man left with the deer. He walks me down a hall and knocks on the door.

“Come in.” A man says behind the door.

The woman holding me opens the door and pushes me inside the room.

“Found her hidden under some tree brush in the forest.” He said. He turned to walk out the room and shut the door behind him.

“I knew I felt someone. Why are you here?” He asks. He sniffs the room and squints his eyes at me.

“Human? Hmm.” He ponders.

“I didn’t mean to trespass. I was just trying to get through. Trying to-“ he cut me off.

“Trying to what? You look like you’ve been running. And from your smell, I’d say someone is looking for you. Seeing as you’re a pet.” He says. He runs his fingers through his light blonde hair. Then he leaned forward and yanked on the chain of my collar making me wince.

“I-I uh yes.” I say.

“You can’t stay. Where are you from? Who’s your master?” He asks.

“No! Please. I can’t go back. They’re making me watch.” I fall to the floor and cry.

“Watch what?” He asks.

“I watch him hurt them and kill them.” I look at him through blurry, tear filled eyes.

“What do you mean? Your master?” He asks.

“No. There’s another man. He brings girls, he hurts them. Then he’ll kill them in front of me. He says he dumps them around like trash when he’s done.” I say.

“How many?”

“Like 4 different girls.” I say.

“Come with me.” He says. I stand up and follow him out of the room and down the stairs. We go outside and into another building. The room smells funny and is white, with bright lights and silver square doors lining an entire wall.

“Does this girl look familiar?” He asks, he opens one of the squares and pulls a white cloth down and reveals a woman’s face. The same woman that he killed the other day.

I make a loud gasp and backed away, falling over my own feet and hitting the hard floor.

“So have you seen her?” He asks and I nod to him.

“I’m going to call someone.” He said. He pulled something out of his pocket and pressed it to his ear.

“Hey Mark, nice to hear from you again. Yeah, so I uh got this girl here.. she recognizes the girl we found the other day, says she’s seen the killer. Uhuh, yep. Well she was held captive there. So she has the best information you could get. I’m going to have my beta bring her to you. I can’t keep her here. Alright man, yep see ya later.” He says then he presses something and puts it back into his pocket.

“I’m sending you to the king. He was supposed to have some people come here, but I guess being a king keeps you busy and makes you forget things. I’ll have someone come get you.” He said.

“The king? No! No please! I’d rather die. Please I don’t want to go to the vampire king.” I beg.

“Not the vampire king. You’re not in vampire territory. You’re in Lycan territory. Right now, you’re in a wolf pack.” He said. I blinked at him, relief washing over me and he turned on his heel and left the room.

I paced around before finally deciding to go outside. When I do I’m met by a dark skinned handsome man, with muscles so big he could crush me within a second.

“Are you the girl I’m taking to the king?” He asks. I nod my head and he c*cks his head at me.

“What do you know about the girls?” He asked.

“I watched them.” Is all I said as he led to to a vehicle. He follows me to the back seat and I freak out, getting too close.. scared that he wants to hurt me. I jump away from him when he reaches for the car handle.

“I won’t hurt you.” He said. He pulled on the handle and opened the door. When I got in I watched as he walked around the car and got in the front.

“Buckle up.” He said. I looked at him confused through the mirror on the ceiling of the car.

“This.” He said as he reached at me. I flinched again and starting shaking.

“Calm down. We only just got in the car and your fear has filled up the car. I’m just showing you.” He says. He grabs the dark grey strap beside me and pulls it up and over my chest and lap, before clicking it in and pulling it tight.

“Seatbelt.” He said pointing to it.

“Yeah I got that.” I said. The drive wasn’t very long, we just crossed the bridge and before I knew it we were driving through the gate of this humongous castle. It’s so beautiful and elegant, looks like it could be centuries old.

I’ve got to remember, I’m seeing a king. Most royalty are horrible monsters, like the vampire king. Master brought me with him once and the king did bad things. I hope this king isn’t like that either. I need to be cautious. I need to find a way to escape without being caught.

When we pull up to the front, I see 3 massive men standing side by side waiting. One has dirty blonde hair and tattoos running along his arms. He’s the biggest one with muscles on his muscles. He looks terrifying but still really good looking.

One of the others has brown shaggy hair and he’s pretty muscular too, but he’s shorter than the others. The last one, I found oddly attractive. With his red curly hair that flows to his shoulders. He’s tall and muscular

and for some reason I want to run to him. To run my fingers through his hair. Gods, you haven't even gotten out of the car yet Lanie.

I open the door and take a step out and I get the smell of key lime pie. I've only ever had it once when master first bought me and it is forever my favorite.

I look at the handsome redhead and I see him sniff something. His eyes dart to mine and he tilts his head to the side.

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Mathew POV

I woke up this morning feeling something was going to happen. I brushed my teeth and showered, I shaved and decided today that I wouldn't pull my hair into its usual bun.

I had a hangover but I had already visited the pack doctor who had a potion for it, and by the time I had finished the last drop, I was already feeling better.

Here lately I haven't been feeling myself. When Mark got his mate I was a slight bit upset, cause I'm the only one who hasn't found his mate. Now I'm constantly surrounded by couples drooling over each other and it just makes me want to drink.

I talked a little with Genevieve about it today, she seems to be the only one I feel comfortable talking about these things with. Not sure why, but I'm beginning to think it might be her gifts. Or the pull I feel to her. All she told me was I needed to be with Hunter and Mark when they go outside today, so that's what I did.

When Hunter, Mark, and I all stepped outside to meet the girl they talked about.. The last thing I expected was for her to be my mate. She looked at me with low timid eyes and when I said mate.. she looked even more afraid.

I have been waiting my entire life to find my mate. Mates for Lycans are hard to come by since we only get one. I was surprised when I smelled the air only to find her to be human.

“You’re human?” I asked her. She looked around terrified before nodding her head.

“Come inside. You look like you would probably enjoy a nice hot meal, a shower, and clean clothes?” Hunter asked. She looked at him and you could smell the fear just pouring out of the poor girl.

“He won’t hurt you,” I said to her. I took a step closer to her and she immediately jumped back. I let out a sad sigh.

“Mate doesn’t want anything to do with us,” Robin whined. He’s been urging me to mark her, which I would never do unless she gave consent.

“Not yet. But she’s not going anywhere so we don’t need to worry. We will win her over.” I assured him.

“I hope so. We’ve waited so long.”

“Yes, we have. Our mate will be ours.”

Just then a very happy Genevieve burst out of the front door. I know it’s her by her smell, though it has changed quite a bit here recently. I wonder why.

“What’s going on guys?” She asks as she grabs Hunter's hand. I flinch a little at the sight because I feel some sort of pull to her, but nothing compared to my mate. Especially with my mate, the pull has lessened.

“Oh nothing, just trying to convince Mathew’s little mate here we mean her no harm,” Mark said with a smile. I rolled my eyes and Genevieve looked at me with happiness in her hazel eyes.

“Your mate?” She asks. She looks directly at my little human and grins from ear to ear.

“Oh, my goddess. It’s about time. You’re going to love him! He’s the sweetest. Oh wait, you’re human?” Genevieve was shocked. She walked up to the girl and grabbed her hand, the girl looks at Gen with wide eyes. Genevieve jumps back and I see a sad look in her eye as she looks at me and I see a tear slip from her eye.

What just happened? Did something happen? Did Genevieve see something?

“Are you okay?” Hunter asked her with visible worry on his face.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Uh, it’s just.. never minds, not for me to talk about.” She says. She rubs the arm and shudders.

“Let’s get inside, it’s getting dark,” Hunter said.

“Thank you from bringing her Beta Rodney. We will have this mess sorted out. Tell Johnson I’ll keep in touch.” Hunter continued.

“Yes my king. Thank you. Have a good night.” The beta said. He hopped into his car and drove off.

We all walked inside and I followed dangerously behind my mate. Her incredibly beautiful long blonde hair, terrified blue eyes, skin, and bones, covered in scars.. a collar around her neck.. my little mate. She looks no better than Genevieve did when we found hers

“Riley show her to a room, please,” Hunter said to the little servant standing by the stairs silently.

“You take a shower, I’ll have one of the girls bring you some clothes. Dinner will be at 6. Don’t be late.” Hunter continued.

The girl looks around frantically before taking off after Riley.

“Well, she’s quite the talker,” Mark said.

“She looks like she’s a slave. I mean she’s wearing a collar.” I said.

“She is a slave. When I touched her.. I saw things. Things I went through and worse.” Genevieve said with a pitiful look on her face.

“Mate is no longer a slave. She’s ours, we’ll die for her freedom.” Robin growled.

“Not a single soul will touch a hair on her head, to take her from us without dying,” I said.

I look towards the stairs where my mate just left. I need to be with her. I need to feel her skin against mine, to be open with her completely. I need my other half. I need my mate.

There’s nothing worse than the longing for a mate who’s scared of you. There’s absolutely nothing you can do about it besides give the other person time. And frankly, I don’t know how long I can go without being with her. I’ve waited so long. So, so very long.

“I’m going to go find her,” I said. I hesitated slightly, fighting the urge to run up the stairs and sniff her out. No wonder Hunter was so weird when it came to being near Gen. The mate bond is no joke.

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Mathews POV

I have never wanted someone so much in my entire life, but here I am drooling over this girl, not more than an hour after she has arrived. The mouth-watering smell of orange cream and cinnamon. An odd combination, but too good.

She looks at me with big weary eyes. Like I'm some monster who's going to snatch her up and devour her. I do want to devour her, most definitely.. But I need her to want me to.

I waited in the foyer for her to come downstairs, my heart aching for her touch. I would be content just to look at her. But touching? Oh, Goddess, I don't think I'd ever let her go.

When she finally came downstairs, her long wet matted hair brushed out as best as anyone could try. You could tell she wasn't allowed much. Slaves rarely ever are, they're just used for sex, blood, or other things.

I get so angry at the thought of my fragile little mate being someone's slave. I'll kill her owner, you better believe that's in my future. I just need to find things out from her first.

She steps on the last step about 5 feet away from me. Our eyes meet but she looks away just as fast. Her poor little heart sounds like it's about to jump right out of her chest and explode right before our very eyes.

"Was your shower nice? Did you enjoy yourself? Uh, dinner should be ready here shortly. Everyone's waiting in the dining room if you're ready to join them." I nervously mumbled out. I'm not used to being so awkward.

"It was nice. Thank you. And yes. I'm ready." She said. Not once did she look away from the floor, as it is clearly her best friend.

"Alright, just follow me," I said. I motioned towards the dining room door and opened it for her.

"Go ahead." I nodded. She looked stunned that I would even think to hold the door open for her. But she is a lady. My lady. My mate. I will open many doors for her.

I watch as she slowly walks in and looks around the room. Everyone suddenly stops talking and all eyes land on us. Her body tenses at the sudden attention.

"Guys could you not like, stare at us? She's uncomfortable. I don't want to scare her off." I opened a mind link with everyone I could. They all stopped staring and went back to their chatting.

“I left two seats for you guys,” Gen said happily as she pointed to two empty seats sitting next to each other.

I placed my hand on her lower back and she jumped.

“Sorry. Uh, just follow me.” I said. I walked her to one of the empty chairs and went to pull one back when she ran up to me and grabbed it instead. She wanted to. I shook my head and pulled the chair back for her and just stood there.

She looked up at me confused as ever.

“Sit. This is your seat.” I said. She tilted her head at me but sat down anyway. I pulled my chair back and sat down.

The whole time I couldn’t keep my eyes off of her. Her pale skin begs for me to touch it. I just want to touch it..

Everyone talked about what’s been going on recently, of course leaving out all the details about Genevieve and her gift.

She didn’t spare me one look. And I had to tell her twice that she was allowed to eat. I do hate that she’s a slave. Was. Was a slave. She’s my mate, so she’s no longer a slave.

When she finally caved in and ate, I swear.. I blinked and it was gone. So I made her eat more. She happily did and I could see the look of relief on her face now that she’s had not one but two plates of a hot home-cooked meal.

“I’ll let you get a good night's sleep and tomorrow we will talk about everything,” Hunter said when we stepped into the foyer.

“Anyway girl, you never did tell any of us your name. We won’t hurt you, you don’t have to fear us.” Dakota said to her.

“I’m sorry. I realize this kingdom is nothing like the vampire kingdom.” She said.

“Most definitely not. We’re definitely not those nasty vampires.” Dakota said. I saw a small flash of sadness in Genevieve’s eyes, but it disappeared so fast and was replaced with a smile.

“Thank the gods. And my name is Lanie.” She said. Lanie. So beautiful.

“Lanie.” Robin drools.

“Most beautiful name ever.”

She turns around and looks my way.

“I’m sorry if I’ve been a little.. off. I did not intend to offend you if that’s what I have done.” She said.

“No offense my lady,” I said. She talked to me. She talked to me. What a glorious day it is.

Her lips curl into a small smile and she nods tenderly.

“I guess I must be off to bed now. Thank you all for dinner, and for being so kind. I’ve never met anyone as nice as any of you.” She said. She gave a small bow and walked up the stairs.

“Follow her. Follow her!” Robbin growled at me.

“We will only scare her!” I said.

“No, we won’t. Just go. She’s our mate, the least she could do is talk to us.”

“Yeah, but isn’t that selfish? Why don’t we just wait?” I ask.

“FOLLOW HER.” Robin pushed forward trying to take control and chase after her.

“Fine. But I want control.”

“Fine.” He went to the back of my mind as I turned to everyone else who was staring at me curiously.

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Lanies POV

Dinner was honestly really pleasant. I wasn't forced to roll my head over and offer my neck to anyone. I wasn't hit when I spoke out of turn. I was treated like a person.

I felt myself gravitating towards the redheaded man. It was unintentional, but I just feel this pull to him. I don't even want to think about what he first said when he saw me. "Mate." I think to myself. As if.

He does smell really nice, and that hair of his.. Gods. All I want is to run my fingers through it. Why must I be plagued with these thoughts when I'm on the run? They will surely find my master and let him know they have me. I won't last much longer here. I know they said they're nothing like the vampires but.. I don't know. How do I know who to trust?

Honestly, I don't get any feelings of them being anything more than they show me, though I can feel the power radiating off of that one girl.

When she touched me after I arrived it was like I rewatched every memory I have in the blink of an eye. Every bad thing I've ever gone through, where I come from. She gave me a sad smile and I knew she knew. I don't know how, but she did. And for some reason that terrified me.

Walking to the room they've placed me in for the night my nose fills with the scent of him. Ugh! Why does he smell so good? Rude. I feel that I'm no longer alone, so I turn around and bare my neck.

"You do not need to do that." He said. He reached to place his hand on my shoulder but I flinched. He quickly pulled back and my eyes dart to his. Everything in my body tells me to stay right here with him, but my mind begs me to run.

“Why are you afraid of me? I’m not going to hurt you. Ever.” He said flatly. The expression on his face changed from worry to blank in a matter of seconds.

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to offend.” I said. Master would kill me if I let another touch me without his permission. I know I’ve run, but what if they give me back?

“You didn’t. It’s okay. I’m sorry. Would you like to join me in the gardens for a walk?” He asked. That’s odd. It’s already dark outside.

“I uh..” I stammer out. I don’t really know what to do here.

“Just join me. Please?” He asks. He studied my face trying to figure me out but then closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to. I just want to talk. To get to know you. I won’t ever hurt you or let anyone hurt you. Ever. You’re safe with me.” He said. He’s trying to smooth talk me into it. I wiped my sweaty palms on my jeans and nodded.

“I suppose a walk is fine,” I say. His lips curl into a small smile of victory. Why would he ever want to be near me? I’m a slave. A pet. I’m not good company.

He leads me back down the stairs and out towards the back of the palace. Master never really let me outside unless we were leaving. So the feeling of the breeze and the warm summer air was quite amazing. I feel at peace when I’m outside.

We walk to an area with all sorts of flowers. He carried a lantern with us so we could see, thank the gods he did, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to see a thing. The moon isn’t so bright tonight, but you can still see her watching.

As we walk under the trees and around the flowers he doesn’t say a word. I thought that’s what he wanted? I look at him puzzled but he just keeps the silence.

He leads me to an area under a tree and snatched something from one of the branches.

“Apple?” He asks holding the bright green apple towards me. I nod and quickly grab it from him and his thumb brushes my index finger. I pull back quickly and look at the ground.

He sits on the grass against the tree and pats the ground next to him.

“Sit.” He says. I follow instructions and sit next to him, but farther away than he asked. He looks at me and I see a sad look cross his face, but he nods and leans back against the tree and closes his eyes.

“So you were a slave?” He asks.

“Yes,” I say. I hate this. Being a slave is humiliating enough, but to get out and it follow me? I hate it.

“How long?” He asks. I honestly don’t remember the day exactly. I know the day of my 16th birthday my master bought me. He had been waiting since he first saw me in the shop when I was 12. It’s probably been about 15 years since?

“About 15 or so years,” I said. I feel so ashamed of who I am. I pet. Why did I have to be born a human?

“What’s the name of your master?” He opened his eyes and looked at me. A muscle in his jaw moves as he clenches it. I feel rage start to blanket me and I suddenly feel claustrophobic.

I stand up quickly and walk away, my breathing erratic.

“Are you okay?” He asks. I hadn’t even realized he’d followed me. He looks at me with worried eyes.

“I couldn’t breathe for a second. I’m fine.” I said. I lowered my head and just stood there.

“We can go back inside or we could go back to the spot. Whatever you want.” He says.

“Let’s go inside,” I say. I love it out here but I’m getting tired.

We walk inside and he leads me into a room on the second floor. Looking around I notice it’s just a sitting area. Two recliners and a small bookshelf full of books in the middle. He motioned towards one of the chairs and I sat down.

“Who was your master?” He asked as he sat in the other chair. He grabbed his hair and pulled it into a bun on the back of his head. Ugh, why does he have to look so good?

“His name is Lord Gregory Vladimir. He’s the vampire king's slave supplier. He goes around and gathers the best slaves for the king and his men. Though he did break protocol and kept me instead of giving me to the king like he was supposed to.”

“How old were you when you were bought?” He asked. His expression was cold and deadly, but for some reason, I found myself unable to hide anything from him. I’m not afraid of him like I should be.

“He first found me when I was 12. But the shop owner said no, that I wasn’t old enough for the kind of slave he was asking for. So he came back every year to try and buy me again. Eventually, on my 16th birthday, Mr. Russell caved in and sold me to him. According to master, he paid a pretty penny for me.” I say.

“I’ll kill them.” Is all he said. His fists were clenched so tight his knuckles were white. I could feel the atmosphere change as he grew angrier. Am I making him angry?

“Why would you do that?” I ask completely shocked at his statement.

“No one will ever touch you again. You’re not a slave anymore. I should’ve already taken that damned collar off of you. The king said not to bother about it yet but the more you talk about being a slave and the more I see that f*cking collar the angrier I get.” He growls. Red fur starts shooting out of his skin but I can see he’s fighting it.

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Lanies POV

I ran as fast as I could up the stairs and into my room before he could completely shift. He was screaming and his bones were snapping. He was fighting it but it was no use. I have no idea why he reacted that way.

Stepping away from the door and slowly making my way across the room, I hear a monstrous growl and a loud crashing noise down the hallway. I sit beside my bed on the floor trying to hold my breath, trying to just get a good listen. I hear him getting closer, and as he does my heartbeat quickens and thuds louder in my ears.

I couldn't hold in the whimper as there was a sudden silence, but I could feel him near the door.

"Mathew no! Stop. Shift back." The king commands him. I hear him whimpering, trying to fight the command, but his anger was too much. He growled and then I heard the door crash to the floor.

I shoot up off the ground, my face soaked in tears and fear filling up my throat, making it almost impossible to breathe.

"Pl-please. D-don't.. don't h-hurt me." I whimpered so quietly that I almost thought they couldn't hear me.

This huge Lycan lunged at me and snarled. I fell to the floor as his humongous furry body stood over me, sharp teeth are the only thing I can even focus on at this moment.

He leans into me and I see his claws coming towards my throat and a cry escapes my lips. This is it. He's going to kill me. At least I got to be free before I died.

I feel his claws tighten around the sides of my collar and a yank in opposing directions and I hear a clink of metal. He threw the collar to the

floor and got closer to my face. He lets out a loud growl when I hear a scuffle on the other side of the room.

I look over and see her, Jess I believe that is what they said. She looks at Mathew and scowls.

“Mathew. Stop. You’re scaring her. Shift back.”

He turned to her and a thunderous growl roared from him. I looked away from her and back to him.

“Shift.” She commanded. I could feel the rush of her power and her status. Surely if I was able to shift I would have. Who is this girl?

He couldn’t even fight it for a second before he was completely transformed back. I look away from him quickly at the fact that he’s butt naked.

“I’m sorry. Robin wouldn’t let me take back control. He wanted that collar off. She’s no longer a slave.” He said. He looked at me with apologizing eyes and walked right out of the room. He bared his neck to the king and he walked out of view.

“What the hell?” Hunter asked.

“We were talking about me being a slave. Then he got angry, and the room got hot and I could feel his anger as my own. Then he started shifting and told me to run.” I said. He shakes his head and looks at Jess.

“I’m glad your command works on him.” He says. She gives him a smile and nods.

“We will leave you to get some rest. Tomorrow you can fill us in on what you know. This is your room until you’re ready to move to Mathe-“ the king cuts off when Jess elbows him in the stomach.

“Get some sleep. We’ll see you in the morning.” Jess said. She smiled at me and I gave her a nod.

“Goodnight. Thank you, guys.” I said.

“Not a problem,” Jess said. And with that, they shut the door and I was finally alone. I took the most amazing shower ever earlier, my master used to make me bathe with a rag and a bucket so this is heaven compared to that. So you know what I’m going to do? I’m going to take another shower, that’s what.

It honestly took me a bit to figure out the shower, but with the help of one of the servants named Riley, I got down the basics. I turned on the water and stepped in, feeling the heat wrap around me like a blanket. Soothing and just out of this world amazing.

After I washed I stepped out and wrapped the towel around me. I walked to the bathroom door and when I opened it I saw the face of a guilty man.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you.” Mathew said. He’s sitting on my bed staring at me.

“It’s okay. I was scared, but honestly, I wasn’t at the same time. I don’t know why but that’s how I felt.” I said. I stood in the bathroom doorway awkwardly, uncertain of what to do. I’m standing here in a towel.

“Robin, my lycan.. he’s just very protective. Seeing that collar on you was making him so angry. You went through hell while we’ve been here doing nothing but being stupid.” He said.

“It’s not your fault, it’s not like you knew,” I said. I decided to use a tiny bit of courage and walk to him.

“I’m still sorry.” He says.

I reach my hand out to him out of nowhere and he looks at it like it’ll kill him.

“You don’t have to do all that.”

“I don’t know why I am but I am. So take it.” I said. He grabbed my hand and the minute we touched, electricity shot throughout my body. My heart raced in my chest and I felt a sense of love and belonging.

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Genevieve's POV

I feel Mathew's rage as if it were my own, that's how angry he is. Hunter grabbed my wrist as I went to go to them, shaking his head.

"You're pregnant. No way you're going in there. Go to the room. Now. Connor is already on his way to get you." Hunter mind linked me.

"He can't fight my command. And with my other parts being awoken, I'm stronger. I'll be fine." I said.

"We will be fine. Don't worry." Ophelia said.

"I hope you're right."

He glared at me but nodded anyways. I slowly crept into the room and watched as Mathew ripped off that poor girl's collar. She was pale and shaking, sweating and crying.. the list goes on.

I looked at Hunter and he gave me a nod so I commanded Mathew. It hurt me, but he wasn't listening to anyone else. And this girl is terrified.

Apparently he fought off Hunter's command, which should be nearly impossible because Hunter is his king. But I guess he was blind with rage. Whatever it was, I had to stop him.

Whenever we left the room Mathew was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm going to go find him. Connor is going to take you to the room. He's going to be in there until I get back." Hunter said. He pulled me in for a kiss and fell to his knees.

"I love you and your beautiful mommy." He said. My eyes stung as tears threatened to pour down my cheeks.

“We love you.” I said. I rubbed the back of his head as he rests his forehead against my belly. It hasn’t been very long so obviously I don’t have a bump yet. But here soon I will, since pregnancies in lycans last only 4 months.

He kisses my belly then comes back up and kisses me.

“I’ll be back soon.” He said with a smile. Goddess I love that smile of his.

“Okay. We’ll be waiting. But I can’t promise I’ll be awake.” I laughed. His grin got even bigger and he friend and walked away.

“My queen.” Connor steps in front of me and bows. I smack his arm and he raises his brows.

“What was that for?” He asked.

“What did I tell you to call me? Oh except for around the new girl. Hunter doesn’t want her knowing my real name.” I said.

“Old news. I know that already. The king told everyone who knows your name to never use it around strangers. We must protect our queen.” He says. He bows again but I smack his arm.

“Épicé” he said. His black leather eyepatch moved as he smirked.

“Spicy?” I asked.

“Yeah you’re spicy. Now come on, the king asked me to escort you to your chambers and keep watch. Especially since last time you were burgled right from inside the room. Thankfully we have reinforced the windows so they can no longer be penetrated from the outside.” He said. I popped out my arm for him to wrap around his.

“Let’s go. But I want food ordered to the room. I really want cake.” I said. He nodded and we walked to my room.

“You guys really need a tv in here.” Connor says.

“Why need a tv? I have other entertainment.” I snickered. He looked at me with wide eyes.

“My lady please I shouldn’t know such things.” His face turned a bright shade of pink, the long scar on his face turning a dark shade of purple.

“Anyways I don’t want a tv in here. Otherwise I’d never leave. I could have my food delivered and just lay in bed all day long.” I said.

“That would be tragic. You know you never could!” Ophelia laughs.

“You’re right. But it does sound nice on some days.”

“Yes it does. I’m sure when the pregnancy gets farther along Hunter will try to keep us in here off our feet.”

“We’d never give him the chance! No way.”

“On second thought Connor, I would definitely not like a tv. I don’t want to stay in here all day every day. That sounds so miserable.” I said. I plopped on the bed and mine and Hunters scent mixed together fills my nose. Who ever would’ve imagined the way someone smells could make you feel so good?

“Yeah it does. But a tv for every now and then. Like times like this, when I’m in here with you while the king is away. A tv would be cool.” He shrugs. I guess he’s not wrong. Maybe I could keep something in here for times like these.

I curled under my blanket and it felt like seconds before the darkness took over and I was fast asleep.

I open my eyes and I’m unfamiliar with my surroundings. I feel leaves and twigs under my bare feet, a cold breeze blowing across my neck. I see a full moon shining bright in the sky, giving just enough light to see trees.

I look around when I hear a humming. A familiar humming. My mouth drops when I realize where I’m at and I follow her tune.

There she was, sitting on the same rock as last time. Her beautiful red hair flowing freely, the wind carrying it in such a way it looks almost as if it's floating.

"My child. With your other sides awakening you must complete the trials. If not you and your child will not survive. I tell you this, only because you are family. You are already being hunted, and by someone you know from your past. Be wary, he isn't alone." She said. She stepped down from the rock and walked to me. Her golden eyes giving me a sense of calmness.

"What are the trials?" I asked.

"Death is the beginning. That's when the trials begin. The first trial, you must create an heir. At the birth of your child the goddess in you will awaken. So you need to keep yourself and that baby safe." She says and I nod.

"The next trials are more difficult. None of this will be easy." She says. She placed her hand on my cheek and smiles sadly.

"What are they?" I asked.

"The second trial is death of an enemy. Jaden. You must perform a ritual and sacrifice him. That one will unlock your witch side. The third trial is vampirism. You must drink the blood of the one who's blood runs through your veins and then kill him." She said.

Chapter 67 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Genevieve's POV

I shot straight out of bed the minute she left. There's so much to do. So much to think about. Can I really kill someone? Take someone's life?

"Do we really have a choice? We have to complete the trials or we'll die." Ophelia said.

“Kill someone so I can live?” I ask. I don’t think I can do that.

“You really want our child to grow up without a mother as you did?” Ophelia asks. No, I don’t, but I can’t take someone’s life.

“I don’t think I can do it,” I said. Ophelia growled and went to the back of my mind. I looked around the room not noticing I had woken up Hunter and he was sitting up staring at me.

“You okay?” He asks. He rubs his eyes and yawns.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just had a dream. I’ll tell you about it later, let’s go back to sleep.” I said as I crawled back into bed.

“I had just fallen asleep too. After I got done talking to Mathew, I came in and released Connor. Saw you asleep in the bed and crawled in with you.” He says. He pulls me in closer and wraps the blanket around us.

“I’m sorry. Get some sleep. I love you.” I said. He kissed my shoulder.

“I love you too.” He whispered. It wasn’t long until I was asleep and dreaming normal dreams.

The next morning everyone gathered in the main hall to discuss the new girl Lanie and have her tell us her story.

“Start with when you first saw this man,” Hunter said. He’s just wanting to get straight to it so we can figure this out.

“This man came to my master, saying something about the debt. He’s appeared on the run, so master allowed him a place to stay.” She said. She sat in the chair looking around worriedly. Waiting for her master to come out and claim her. What she doesn’t realize, is that’ll never happen.

“Do you know what the debt was over?” Hunter asked.

“I’m not really sure. Something that master had him help with years ago. I think the master had him kill someone for him. He kept telling master that he owed him for the biggest crime.” She said. Hunter seemed to think for a second before he nodded, letting her know to continue.

“Master permitted him to do whatever he wanted to me. But he told me I wasn’t his type, but that I could watch him. So when the master would leave, and I’d be in my cage.. he’d bring in girls. They all looked rather alike. And I hate to say this, but they all have a likeness to Jess. Same black hair, close features, and stature. He’d r*ape then in front of me..”

Her voice broke as she continued.

“He killed them, cut them. Bound them in chains, burnt them. Slit their throats.. he even cut one of them up in front of me. There were like 4 girls. He was going to get another, he didn’t lock the cage or the front door. So I ran for my life. I ran for hours until the sun went down. Slept under two trees, that’s when I was found by that pack.”

“Why do they look like me?” I asked. Could this be him? She did say he was on the run. Maybe it is. Is he hurting girls because of me?

“Do you know his name?” Hunter asked her. He grabbed my hand and ran his thumb along the backside of it. I’m sure he knows exactly what I’m thinking.

“No, but he did say he’s an alpha.” She said.

“Is there anything else you can think of? Anything about him? What did he look like?” He asks.

“Really big dude. Scary, muscular, dark brown hair and soul-eating blue eyes.” She said. It’s him. It’s definitely him.

“Thank you. You’ve helped immensely. You’re free to stay here, we will not ask you to leave. You’re no longer a slave you’re my gamma female. If there’s anything you need, anything at all, let Mathew know and we will have it for you. Jess, Dakota, and Sarah are all also here if you need anything.” Hunter said. And with that, he stood and pulled me up with him.

“Let’s go, you have a doctor's appointment.”

“What? It’s too early for all that!” I say. He rolls his eyes and grabs my hand.

“They still need to run tests.” He said.

We walked to the doctor and were immediately greeted by a pretty blonde-haired girl.

“My king.” She said with a bow. She came back up and looked at me, up and down then looked back to Hunter.

“Danielle.” He says with a nod.

“How can I help you today my king?” She asked.

“My mate has an appointment with your ob-gyn.” He says. She looks at me quickly with worried eyes.

“Mate?” She looks back at him, tears forming in her little blue orbs.

“Yes, Danielle. My mate. Your queen. Now sign her in.” He says. He doesn’t pay her much more attention and pulls me to a waiting area.

After about 10 minutes of waiting we get called back, and the doctor panics when he realizes the king and his mate waited.

“You know he’s the king! You should’ve bumped him up. He shouldn’t have waited!” He bickers the nurse Danielle.

“I’m sorry doctor, I didn’t realize.” She said. She turned to walk past us and gave me a sly grin. What’s her problem?

“I’m so sorry my king. That will never happen again. Let’s get this started shall we?” The doctor asks.

The doctor leads me to a bad thing and has me sit on the end.

“So what are we in for today?” The doctor asked.

“She’s pregnant, we need a checkup.”

“Oh, how do you know? When was your last heat?” The doctor asks.

“We took a test yesterday morning, and her heat ended about 5 or so days ago,” Hunter said.

The doctor nodded.

“How do you feel? Any nausea? Cramping, bleeding?” He asks.

Chapter 68 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Hunters POV

After the appointment we were told everything seemed fine so far, and that Genevieve is perfectly healthy. It made me feel a little better, but I’m still incredibly worried. She’s so powerful. And she’ll be even more powerful once her other sides are unlocked.

She’s been a little off since waking up last night. I have no idea what it was about, she still hasn’t told me anything.

“Ophelia says it has to do with Gen's other sides. Trials to complete so she can become whole.” Marcus says.

“She can’t do anything pregnant. You know that.”

“She won’t be doing them pregnant. But after she gives birth, the goddess part of her will click into place. The rest have to follow, otherwise..”

“Otherwise what?”

“Ophelia said she won’t survive. And that Genevieve doesn’t want to finish.” Marcus growled.

“No! She doesn’t have a choice. We have a child to think of. What could possibly keep her from finishing? She would never leave her child.” I refuse to believe that Genevieve would rather die and leave our child and me behind, instead of finishing these so-called trials.

I push Marcus away and open a mind link.

“Brandon, bring Gen here, please,” I said.

“Yes, my king.” He says back. I wait patiently in my office for a few minutes before finally hearing footsteps get closer to the door. The door opened and Genevieve and Brandon were standing there.

“Leave us, Brandon,” I said. He nodded and closed the door on his way out.

“Tell me about your dream last night,” I said. I was leaning back in my chair with my arms propped on the armrests.

“We can talk about it later..” she started to say before I cut her off.

“No. Tell me now.” I say. She huffs but sits down and looks at me.

“The moon goddess visited me.” She said.

“Okay, tell me more.” I want to know exactly why she doesn’t want to continue the trials.

“She told me I need to be careful. That someone from my past is out for me. And that he’s a part of these things she called trials.” I nodded and she continued.

“She said death is the beginning. The first trial is an heir. The second trial is the death of an enemy. I must perform a ceremony or ritual and sacrifice him to get my witch gifts. In the third trial, I have to drink the blood of my vampire ancestor and kill him.” She said. I honestly don’t even know what to think.

“Marcus said that Ophelia said you don’t want to continue with the trials. You do realize you will die if you don’t? Our child motherless. Myself mateless.” I say. I can feel the anger start to bubble up as I confront her about it.

“I can’t kill people. Even if it is Jaden. Or my ancestor who is a vampire and had probably taken more lives than I could count. That’s not who I am.” She said. I slammed my hand on the desk hard and spoke to her through gritted teeth.

“You will not leave us. You don’t have a choice. You’re going to finish the trials and that’s it. You and I both know what it’s like to live without your mother. Our child won’t even have memories of you if you don’t finish the trials. No. You will finish them.” I growled. I could feel Marcus pushing to take over, his anger is so much worse than mine. She went to say something but I stopped her with my hand.

“Get out,” I said. I’m not arguing about it. She wants to leave us. I won’t do it. I will kill them for her if I have to.

“You can’t. She had to do it. It has to be by her hands.” Marcus says.

“I can’t just let her quit. She’ll die.”

“We won’t let her.” He said.

She stared at me for a minute more before I feel a wave of hurt through the bond and immediately regret how I acted.

“Gen I’m so-“

“No, don’t even bother.” Is all she said. I saw tears fill her eyes but she turned away and left the room.

I didn’t have to be so mean. But also she doesn’t have to be so selfish. Those trials will be finished, whether she likes it or not.

After a few hours of sorting everything out with the murders, now that we know who it is.. all we need is to find him. I let alpha Johnson know, and added it to the bounty information.

Walking into the bedroom I sniff the air only to get a very faint scent of Genevieve. It’s late. Where is she?

“Genevieve?” I asked through the mind link.

“What?” She snaps. My heart automatically stops beating so fast at the sound of her voice. She’s okay.

“Where are you?” I asked.

“I’m staying with Dakota tonight.” She said.

“No, you’re not. Get in here now.” I say.

“No. I’m staying here. And you can’t make me leave.” She challenges.

“Yes, I can. Do not play with me.” I snapped.

“No, you can’t. I’ll just command you away. So you’d better just leave me alone.”

I growled and threw my glass of bourbon across the room. The cup shattered against the bathroom door.

“Someone come clean this glad up,” I growled through the mind link at the servants. Within seconds Riley was in the room picking up shards of glass.

“My king, if I may.. I know your mate has been.. stressful. I heard her telling Princess Dakota that you have so much to worry about.. you’ve been drinking, and everyone’s noticed you’ve been a bit on edge.. if I may my king. Clearly the queen doesn’t satisfy you. I could take your burdens awa-“ I snatched her up by her throat and snarled in her face, my body halfway shifted.

“How dare you? How dare you speak of your queen in such a way. I should have your tongue for those words.” Marcus and I growled together.

“I-I’m sorry, my king. I just remember the old days. When you used to bring me to your bed.” She choked out. My grip on her throat tightened and her face turned a dark shade of purple.

Chapter 69 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Hunters POV

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Chapter 70 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

Hunters POV

“They’re having a sleepover?” I ask Mark who nods.

“Yes, and Sarah was adamant about bringing her duffle bag full of wine.” He says.

“I yelled at her earlier and she’s mad. So she won’t come to our bedroom, but she’ll go and have a sleepover and pretend nothing happened?”

“What did happen, if you don’t mind my asking,” Mark asks.

“So according to Genevieve’s Lycan Ophelia and.. the moons goddess. They say she’s a quadbrid. That she has to complete trials to become whole. For her other side’s to awaken. And Ophelia told Marcus that Genevieve didn’t want to complete the trials. Which means she’ll die.” I said. I rubbed my forehead with my hand. Talking about her dying is giving me a headache.

“A quadbrid? There’s never been one before. Wait this doesn’t make sense, explain.” Mark said.

I explained how she’s part goddess, and who her parents are exactly. The gifts, the trials, everything. That she’s a Lycan, vampire, witch, and a goddess.

He stood there for a second in shock, then he nodded his head.

“So she’s ignoring you because you yelled at her, telling her she had no choice but to kill two people. Genevieve, the girl who was being beaten, and many other things. The one who flinched is anyone’s touch for weeks.. to kill two people. No offense, my king. But wow, you are a d*ck.”

I glared at him but deep down I knew he was right. She wasn’t the one being selfish. I was.

“She’ll leave us.. our chi..” I stopped myself realizing I can’t let it out yet. Genevieve wanted to tell everyone.

“You what?” Mark asked. Please tell me he didn’t understand.

“Nothing I just don’t think I can do it without her. She’s my other half. You know the goddess only makes one mate for Lycans. I’ve looked for her forever, I don’t want her to go. We haven’t had enough time.” I say. I fall into the couch across from my bed.

“She doesn’t want to leave you. She loves you, I do know that much. But do you really think she has it in her to take someone’s life? Do you remember what it felt like the first time you ever killed someone? Do you

really believe she could be okay with that feeling? That feeling of emptiness, of disgust, and anger?" He asked.

"You have a point. But it's more than that." I say.

"How? How is it more than that?" He asks. Goddess, Gen is going to be so mad at me.

"She's pregnant," I said.

"She's what? She's pregnant?" He asks. A smile forms on his face at the news of an heir. An heir is a huge deal for kingdoms.

"She is. But you can't tell her I told you. She will literally kill me. That's why I've been so upset. Not only would I be losing a mate, but our child would be losing his or her mother. Because the rest of the trials won't start until after she gives birth." I said. He shook his head and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Maybe she can do it then. Maybe all she needs is to hold your baby. To touch, see and smell them. I heard that seeing your child for the first time changes things. Maybe it'll change her mind. You still have time." He said. He was trying to soothe me because when I called him in here I was angry. I was about to storm to Dakotas' room and drag Genevieve in here.

"I don't know man. We'll see. I hope she does because I can't live without her. And our child needs us both." I say. He nods his head and we sit there in silence for a bit.

"I'm gonna head for bed man, I'm exhausted. I have to go to that training thing tomorrow so I should get some sleep. Good night man. Don't stress about everything too much. It'll be alright." He says. And with that, he stands up and heads for the door.

"See you later man," I say. He nods and leaves the room.

I pace around for a bit debating on going and getting Genevieve before I decide against it and lay in bed. She needs time, and so do I. Everything

will be okay. She will complete the trials and we will raise our baby together. Our prince or princess.

I lay in bed and think for a while before the darkness consumes me and I'm deep asleep.

When I woke up the next morning I feel around the bed only for my hand to touch nothing but the sheets. She never came to bed. I guess that's what happens during sleepovers. It means you actually sleep over all night.

I sigh and sit up, my legs dragging off the bed and thumping on the floor. I didn't sleep well at all. I missed her all night long, I tossed, turned, and woke up looking for her way too many times. I even mind linked Damian who was standing guard outside Dakotas' door to make sure she was okay.

He assured me time and time again that she was fine. That she hadn't even left the room. He said they ate, talked, watched movies, and fell asleep.

"If we hadn't been a** we probably could've gotten laid," Marcus growled. He's just as angry about our sleep as I am.

"Whatever dude."

"Genevieve? What are you doing, right now?" I asked through mind link. I was met with silence.

"Hello?" I ask. My heart rate picks up and I jump off the bed frantically.

"Calm down, I'm fine. I'm just out in the gardens with Lanie. We're talking about her master." She says. A wave of relief washes over me.

"See if you can find out if she knows where her master lives. Maybe we can find this Lord Gregory." I say.

"I'll try." She says. I nod my head forgetting she can't see me.