

Lycan Prince Matteo

Twelve



Matteo

Why can't she just sit there so we would be able to talk? I was still mad about the fact that she kissed another man even if she knew that she was mine. What was so great about that future beta that she was willing to take him instead of me, a prince and a future king? I was full of jealousy, especially when I learned that Clay was her first kiss. I knew it the moment I kissed her. She doesn't know how to respond even if she tries to. And that mutt, that mutt, took her first kiss away from me.

I am not perfect and have been with a female Lycan and she-wolf and even do more than just kiss. But I thought that it would feel great if I was her first kiss. The first man in her everything. I warned her to just do as I said but she still didn't listen to me. I didn't know that she was this hardheaded. She was far from the Freya I know who had her head down all the time.

"Sit, Freya." I said again,

"No," she replied,

"Why can't you just sit there?"

"I didn't want to sit on the bed where your woman was occupying just a little while ago," she replied. Are all women like her?

"I kissed you right after that mutt kissed you as well!" I yelled, "You're just going to sit there so we would be able to talk."

"I didn't ask you to kiss me, why are you bringing that up now?" she replied and I could see that she was angry as well, "You know what, I had better go home. If you want to talk, just come to me when you cool down." she added, and started to walk out of the door.

"Come back here Freya, don't make me lose my patience with you." her eyes were full of pain when she looked at me, but I tried not to console her. We needed to talk so we would be able to understand each other. I wanted to know why I can't smell her or why she doesn't have her own scent. I have to give her a cold shoulder now if I want to know everything I want to know about her.

"I hate you," she said as tears cut down her face.

"Sh*t!" I went to her and pinned her to the door, but not to hurt her. Just to make her face me, "Shh.. don't cry baby." I said as I wiped her tears. We are so close that I feel her fanning my face with her breath as she looks up to me.

"Fine, let's talk." she said after she shoved my hands and sat on the bed. I could see her face hardened, maybe still thinking about how Eunice looked like, lying on the bed earlier. "What do you want to talk about?" She's so cunning. How could she act that way now?

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked,

"If you were in my shoes and I was the princess with a man beside me, would you be able to tell me that I am yours?"

"Of course! And I am going to kill that son of a b***h for touching you!" she rolled her eyes and said,

"It's easy for you to say because you are not the one who would be denied." she said, and I get her point.

"Why did you let him kiss you?"

"I already told you that I have already given up and that you will know that I am your mate," she replied,

"Why is it so easy for you to give up on me? Do you know that lycans had a hard time finding our destined mates?"

"Yes, that's why I gave up. Because you are free to have your chosen mate. It was natural for your kind. After you are done with whatever you're doing or whatever you want to accomplish here, you will be leaving the pack and might not come back."

"That's why you had to let me know."

"I already told you the reason, and the other thing is, you are always intimate with that female lycan so more or less, you are already planning on taking her as your chosen mate."

"No,"

"Don't lie. That b***h wouldn't be acting that way if you had made it clear to her that what you only wanted for her was plain s**. You gave her hope, that's why she thinks that you're hers." I couldn't say anything. She may be right, but,

"Did you know why you are glowing?" I asked and I saw that she was confused.

"I don't get it. What do you mean?"

"You are attracting Clay and Alec, and later other males as well. You are turning."

"What do you mean?"

"Your wolf didn't tell you that there was something happening to her?"

"I can tell that even if she didn't tell me. She's the most compassionate wolf I ever met. She was always in control, but after five months of seeing you, she started to become agitated even about the smallest thing."

"Because she was starting to turn into a lycan."

"But you are not marking us yet."

"It doesn't matter. It's happening because I started to look for you."

"What do you mean looking for me?"

"The time that you called for me, that's the time that I knew that my mate was in this pack."

"I am not the one who did that, it was Pi. I would never do that if I was her." she said.

"You are hurting me, you know that?"

"I was just telling the truth."

"Why didn't you look at me? Why do you always have your head down whenever you are talking to me? I would have found you easily if you had looked at me."

"It's Pi, I'm afraid that she'd jump at you if I let her see you."

"You mean you jumped at me."

"It's Pi and not me," she insisted and I chuckled. She looked at me, raising her brow. She must be thinking that I was making fun of her.

"Baby,"

"Don't call me that, I am not that b***h."

"Come on, I want to call you that."

"Then do you want me to call you Clay?"

"Over my dead body."

"So do I," she's really hard-headed and always talks back. I was still thinking about what I should call her when she said again, "Freya,"

"What?" I asked,

"Call me Freya, that's my name, so you call me by my name."

"Come on..."

"It's final," she said and stood up. "We're done talking now, right?"

"You are not to decide," I said. I noticed that she was the one leading our conversation instead of me. She raised a brow at me again, "But, yes, we're done talking." I said and just agreed with her. I didn't want to anger her anymore in fear that she was going to reject me.

"I am going home now."

"Fine," why am I so powerless with her? This is not good, I need to do something about this. I am going to be the next king in months, and I am not going to allow her to dominate me. But what am I going to do when I was really in the palm of her hands?