

Who Am I To You, Lycan Prince?

Alexander

I lay in my opulent, royal bedroom, tossing and turning as I tried in vain to find some semblance of sleep. My eyes wandered around the room, taking in the exquisite ivory furnishings, the plush and inviting furniture, the beautiful silk curtains, and the intricate carvings on the walls and ceilings. Despite all the lavishness, the room felt suffocating, and even the state-of-the-art auto air conditioning system couldn't provide me with solace. I stood up and started walking back and forth in the room, hoping to find the reason for my restlessness.

I couldn't believe I almost lost control and was about to kill Arthur for talking to my mate.

My mate!

Fuck this word.

The situation was becoming increasingly complicated, and I didn't know how much longer I could feign normalcy. Nothing was normal, and the restlessness in my heart was proof of it. Whenever a male approached her or spoke to her, I felt like setting the entire world ablaze. The burning sensation in my chest turned me into a possessive caveman, wanting to lock her away where no one could see or touch her.

Fuck!

I growled, running a frantic hand through my hair in frustration.

"Our mate deserves to be with us in this room. She's not an omega. She's my Queen," Xylon roared angrily.

He wanted to take over me, to eliminate anyone who regarded Tiara as anything less than the Queen and our mate.

"Xylon, this isn't the time to provoke me. I'm just as upset as you are," I scowled.

He had been grilling my brain since dinner ended and Tiara shifted to the Omega quarter.

"Upset?!" he scoffed, and I had to restrain myself from lashing out at him. "You would be much happier because you wouldn't have to see her," he snapped.

"Really, Xylon?! You want to fight with me now?!" I retorted, my teeth clenched in frustration.

"You're a coward, X," he sneered, trying to provoke me.

I knew he wanted me to act on impulse, ignoring the consequences, but I couldn't be reckless like him, knowing deep down that exposing Tiara's real status could lead to disastrous consequences.

I threw my hands in frustration as I huffed, "Don't ever instigate me like that. I won't tolerate it."

I couldn't bring myself to harm my people, my community, for selfish reasons. I had brought her here because her life was in danger in the human world. One group wanted her dead, while another sought to exploit and sell her. I believed that by concealing her identity here, I could keep her safe. However, it seemed to be a bad decision because witnessing her suffering before my very eyes made it incredibly difficult for me to maintain composure.

"You're an asshole, X," Xylon snarled before falling silent in my mind, making me groan in frustration.

I gazed at the cozy and inviting bed in front of me and let out a deep exhale. I knew my restless heart wouldn't find solace anytime soon, so I decided to go for a run. I shifted and ran for hours, but still, I didn't get relief from my restlessness. I returned to the palace, not knowing what I would do now. My legs moved on their own, and I began making my way toward the Omega quarters.

Before I knew it, I found myself standing before Tiara's door. I hesitated for a moment, contemplating if it was right to disturb her at this hour. However, my restlessness got the better of me, and I knocked twice.

Tiara

I was lying in the room, and for the first time, I had a bed to sleep on. But my mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Dad. I hoped he had had dinner and taken his medicine. Of course, he would have taken his medicine and eaten his meal in time. After all, he was in a very good hospital. However, it was my natural habit to worry about him all the time, and maybe it wouldn't go away easily.

A knock on the door shattered my trance. Who could it be at this hour? I slowly rose from my bed, opened the door, and was surprised to find X standing outside my room.

Before I could ask anything, he quickly stepped inside, locking the door behind him.

"What happened, X?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"I couldn't sleep," he shrugged, his cold green eyes showing mixed emotions for the first time.

"Why?" I inquired, blinking at him.

"Umm!" he hesitated and didn't reply.

Instead, his eyes roamed around the small room. I followed his gaze as it lingered on the worn-out curtains, and the faded walls spoke of years of history within these palace walls. Then his attention was drawn to the small bed in the corner. A small window adorned the adjacent wall, through which the gentle moonlight filtered, illuminating a corner of the room.

"Tiara, I know you might be upset that you have to live here in this..." he paused, glancing around, "...in this room."

"No, I am actually grateful for having my own room," I responded, smiling softly.

"Please, Tiara, you don't have to say this to make me happy," he frowned as he looked into my eyes.

I saw annoyance and worry in them. But his gaze softened as it locked with mine. His mesmerizing eyes seemed to cast a spell, and I couldn't look away, as if I were hypnotized.

Gathering all my strength, I broke eye contact and turned toward the window.

Gazing out at the starry night, I spoke softly, "I am honestly thanking you, X. You know? When I came here, I thought..." I paused, lowering my gaze with embarrassment. "I thought I had to live my whole life as your... mistress," I whispered almost inaudibly. "But this is far better than that. Being an Omega, I can work and earn some money. Maybe in the future, I can return your money and be free," I confessed, turning to face him with hope in my eyes.

"You're not my mistress, Tiara. You can live here freely, and no one will force you to do anything," his jaw clenched as he spoke. "And you are not indebted. You never have to return that money," he added authoritatively.

I was confused. He paid for my dad's debt and his treatment, and it was a huge amount, yet he didn't want anything in return, not even his money. Why?!

"Then who am I to you, X?" I asked shyly, biting my lips.

He sighed heavily and his eyes swirled in his beautiful green eyes as he looked at me intently. To my disappointment, he again avoided answering me and turned toward the bed, his frown intensifying.

"Tiara, I'll take care of changing the bed and ensuring that everything you need is provided in this room. You don't have to sleep in this uncomfortable bed," he declared.

"No need. This bed is good and really very comfortable," I replied, nodding.

"How can you find this dirty bed comfortable?" he furrowed his brow, looking puzzled.

"I am used to sleeping on the cold floor, X," I shrugged. "This bed is the most comfortable bed I have ever slept on."

He stared at me... with pain in his eyes?!

Was I hallucinating?

Before I could contemplate, his eyes turned cold again. He moved swiftly closer, standing just an inch away. His heady scent made my head dizzy, and I felt hypnotized under his enchanting green gaze.

What was this Lycan prince doing to me?

Suddenly, I noticed his aura change, as if he was annoyed again. He clenched his jaw, but his eyes never left mine.

"I think I should leave," he whispered, almost unconsciously.

I nodded, biting my lip, unsure whether I wanted him to leave or not. I was definitely losing my mind.

"Good night, angel," he murmured softly, taking a step back toward the door, his eyes fixed on me as if he didn't want to spend a moment without looking at me.

"Good night, X," I whispered, barely audible, as I sighed when he abruptly turned and closed my door behind him. I walked slowly to lock the door, feeling as if he were still standing outside. However, I couldn't dare open the door to confirm my suspicion.

I heard him pacing outside my room as if he wasn't ready to leave. Then, after some time, the footsteps stopped, and I felt him lean against my door. I couldn't understand what I should do, so I quietly went to my bed and lay down. Feeling him outside my door made me feel safe, and my heart warmed, making me yawn as my eyes grew heavy.

I closed my eyes and quickly drifted into dreamland.

Anonymous POV.

"Have you found that girl?!" I asked urgently as my voice grew impatient.

"I am trying my best to find the girl for you," he replied, a hint of frustration evident in his voice. "I was very close to locating her, but something unexpected happened, and she vanished. I tried to track her through her father, but even he was unaware of her whereabouts; it seems she provided us with a fake address."

"Then where the hell could she have gone?!" I bawled, breathing heavily as my anxiety escalated.

"Do not worry. I am personally invested in this task, and I will not rest until she is found," he assured, his voice steady and determined.

"You can't afford to fail. King Nathaniel had taken this task from me and I had paid as much as the money he demanded at that time. Now you have to find that girl soon and bring her to me because they are also searching for her," I reminded him of our deal.

"Don't worry. I am committed to fulfilling all of the promises made by King Nathaniel and I will not rest until any unfinished tasks he left behind are completed with the utmost diligence and care," he assured me.

"Then, find her before they do," I ordered as my tone laced with desperation.

He nodded sternly before leaving to resume his search. Left alone, I turned to look outside, my eyes fixed on the evening sunlight that bathed the world in its golden glow. But no matter how beautiful the scenery was, all I could feel was the overwhelming hatred and disdain I had for that girl.