

Chapter 2

KEENA

After fixing my make-up in the bathroom I hurry to my first period class. As quietly as I can I slip through the door only to be greeted with every pair of eyes in the classroom focused on me. Everyone is whispering to their neighbor and I am almost positive that it is about me.

"How nice of you to join us, Miss Lyall," the professor's voice is dripping with sarcasm.

Quickly I shuffle to my desk and get out my notebook and pencil for the day. "I am sorry," I mumble under my breath to the professor.

"What was that?" The professor says loudly. "Princesses should not mumble, or did your parents not teach you as such."

Lifting my head towards the teacher, I can feel my face heat with blush. "I said I apologize for being late, Sir," I say loudly but firmly. "I can assure you that it will not happen again."

"Very well," the professor sighs heavily and continues on with his lesson.

As I am trying to pay attention to the class and take notes, the smell of sandalwood invades my senses once again. Carefully I peek over my shoulder and I realize that I unknowingly sat down right in front of Jarek. "Shit," I grumble under my breath as I try to pay attention to the board but just knowing that he is sitting behind me causes my skin to tingle.

The professor releases the class and I quickly gather my things and rush out of the classroom. I need to be away from his scent. If I am lucky, that will be the only class that I have with him today. But as I am running out of the classroom a husky voice from behind me calls out, "hey."

I pretend like I do not know that he is trying to talk to me and continue on my way. "Hey," Jarek yells out again from behind me and this time I turn around. As I do I bump straight into his chest sending a wave of sparks through my skin.

"What do you want?" I ask in a hurry, "I have another class to get to."

"Are you really the Princess?" He asks with his hazel eyes wide open with shock.

"Does it matter?" I groan back at him. "I am still... What did you call me? Wolfless trash?"

Jarek pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration. "You won't tell your father what happened will you?" He asks with a begging tone. "I am only allowed to come to this school because he allowed it."

"Are you willing to give me a chance as your mate?" I ask hopefully. I know the conditions are not ideal but maybe if he spends some time with me he can see that me being wolfless is not a bad thing.

Jarek scoffs, "I would rather be kicked out of school than be mated to someone without a wolf, Princess or not."

Tears prickle at the corners of my eyes as I look up into his eyes. "I can't be late for another class because of you," I spit at him before I turn on my heels and leave the room.

I can hear the heavy footsteps of Jarek trying to keep up with me. "You never answered me," he says with concern in his eyes. "Are you going to tell your parents?"

"No," I groan. "I am not going to tell my parents. Your position at this school is safe."

Jarek steps forward and claps me on the back sending another wave of tingles through my body. "Thanks, kiddo."

"Kiddo?" I groan as I walk quickly to my next class.

Suddenly there is a bubbly personality chattering away next to me. I don't have to look to the side to know that it is Kayla. "Have you seen the new guy," she says with a loud whisper. "I hear that he is dreamy. I think we should invite him to your party tonight."

Letting out a mournful sigh I look at Kayla with tears spilling over my eyelids. "Yeah I have met him," is all I say as we head into our second period class.

"Oh no," Kayla says as she slides into the seat next to me. "Don't tell me that he's..."

"Yup," I say, popping the 'p.' "That's my mate."

Kayla chews on the end of her pencil for a few moments thinking to herself. "Screw it," she says with a sly smirk on her face. "I think we should invite him anyway."

"Are you crazy?" I gasp out louder than I mean to. "He rejected me this morning, without even knowing my name. Then he had the audacity to ask me not to tell my parents so he doesn't lose his position at the school. AND YOU want me to invite him to my birthday party."

Kayla hasn't stopped smiling the whole time I am rambling on about Jarek being an asshole. "You have got it bad," she laughs.

"I don't HAVE anything," if I had a wolf I would have growled. "I especially don't have it bad for my ex-mate."

"Then why didn't you accept the rejection?" Kayla won't stop smiling at me and it is pissing me off.

"Because you know how my parents feel about the mate bond," I slam my forehead against the cool wood of my desk. "They would be so disappointed in me if I gave up so easily. Dad chased mom forever."

"If anyone could understand your predicament, I would think your mother would," Kayla says knowing the story of my mother and father. "I think you should tell her."

"Nope," I say as quickly as I can. "They will just try and force him to accept me."

"Would that be such a bad thing," Kayla asks as she flips through the notebook on her desk.

I sigh again. "I want him to want me because he wants me. Not because my father is the King or because he was pushed into it." I look at Kayla and she has a confused look on her face.

"So let me get this straight," she says, trying to keep a straight face. "You want him, and you want him to want you, but not because you are the Princess, or because someone forces him to want you."

"Right," I say with my eyebrows knitted together. "I want him to want me for me."

Kayla lets out a little squeal of excitement and pulls out her phone as the second bell rings. Hiding her phone under her desk she is fiercely typing out a text message before she hits send and tucks her phone back in her purse before the teacher sees.

"What did you just do?" I whisper to her.

"I took care of it," she whispers back. "We are going to show him what he is missing."

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