

## Leondre's Sister

Arya's pov

I got out of the car, looking at the pathetic packhouse. It's not as big as any of ours. I go into the packhouse. I realize the males and females are gawking at me. Of course, they will. I'm a Lycan Princess. Lycans are superior to wolves. We are stronger, more sophisticated, and graceful, even more beautiful than other supernatural beings.

I look at the picture of my brother's mate and ask a snotty wolf where I can find her. She commented something nasty, and I slapped her, leaving her screaming at me, but I don't care about her. How dare she call Anaiah a slut. Do these people know she's a future Queen of the realm? Once she is crowned, she can order them to be wiped out without consequences. I find another girl who points me to her, but what I found made my blood boil. A woman was about to slap her.

I hold her hand and tighten it. Her face contort in pain. I glare at the woman as tears swell in her eyes.

"Don't fucking dare, or you're dead,"

I push her against the wall, she lunges at me, but I kick her again, making sure she stays down. She is livid, her eyes wide in shock. Whoever she is must be of high status. Her wolf growls at me, but I ignore her, turning to my sister-in-

law.

"Hi, Anaiah," I greeted her with a smile. Anaiah is indeed a rare beauty with long curls, blue eyes, and flawless golden skin. She squints her eyes, but I extend my hand to greet her.

"I'm Arya, Leondre's sister," I introduce myself.

"I'm- I'm Ana," She says and closes her eyes momentarily.

"I know," I chuckle softly. The wolf on the floor lunges at me again, but I turn quickly, holding her neck and cutting her air supply.

"How dare you come at me, wolf," I grit my teeth. Her face is losing color. She struggles, but it's futile.

I release her and drop her back to the ground. "Don't dare come at me or Ana again. Am I clear?"

She nods her head violently and cries. I approach her stealthily, while she tries to get away from me. My aura is scaring her, and her body is shaking.

I grab Ana's hand, but she doesn't follow.

"Let's go out," She opens her mouth to speak, but no sounds come out. "Ana, I mean no harm,"

She nods but indicates her bag. Oh, she must have come back from the hospital. I follow my brother's scent to his bedroom. I open the door, and Ana walks in. I see her hide a smile when she inhales his scent. She puts her bag on the

floor and follows me outside.

"Let's go eat. I saw a diner on my way here," I say as I start the car. Anaiah doesn't talk much so, I do all the talking in this case.

"So, Are you in high school?" I ask.

"No, I dropped out in my sophomore year," She says, looking out the window. She looks like she's enjoying the drive, so I use the long route to the diner.

I keep asking her about her life, but her response is vague and hesitant. I close my eyes as I look at the green scenery, both of us in comfortable silence.

"I'm glad you're mated to my brother," I say. She has a kind and calm aura. It is very rare for wolves as our supernatural inner beings are strong and always fight for control.

"Do you have a mate?"

I stiffen at that, and she immediately notices, her soft hand touches my shoulder.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude," She apologized. I find a parking spot and park my car before turning to her.

"No, love, you said nothing wrong," I say gently knowing she's worried she might have upset me.

"I don't have one yet,"

I swallow, not wanting to tell her the sick bastard rejected

me. We get out of the car and head to the restaurant. Some guys whistle and make some comments, but I decide to ignore them. A waiter takes us to a table, and we order one of everything since Ana couldn't pick. I can tell she doesn't go out as many things keep catching her attention.

Her eyes widen when she sees so much food, and I gesture for her to dig in. Anaiah eats slowly, making sure she savors the taste of the food.

'You're here,' My brother's mind links me.

'Yes, I'm with your mate,' I inform him.

'I thought so. I went looking for her, and was told; ' Ana went out

with a blonde bombshell,'


I chuckle. My brother and I have always been close. He took care of and protected me like a baby even though we are close in age.

'I'll bring her back soon,'

'Can you take her shopping? I notice she doesn't have enough clothes,'

'Done,'

We finally finished our food and ordered dessert. We have it eagerly then leave the restaurant to go shopping. We go to the mall.

 +5 BONUS

Ana follows me quietly as I pick out her dresses. I make her try them on despite her protests. Everything she tries suits her well. Anaiah is a little underweight, but she's mesmerizingly beautiful.

"I'm tired," She complains when I pass her a pair of skinny jeans. She goes to the changing closet and comes back minutes later. The jean is a little loose on her, we both shake our head, and she changes right in front of me, making the girl assisting us blush and look away.

" I want to go, Arya," She says. My inner Lycan was taken aback by the authority in her tone.

"Okay, Luna," I raise my hand with a smile.

"That smile ..."

"We are making one last stop,"

" Whatever," She groans with a roll of her eyes. Brother will love this one.

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