

## Chapter 7

Three Years Ago - Mars Hunt's POV

We have been sitting in this meeting room for three hours and we were no closer to solving the problem. The conversation just kept going round and round in circles. The problem was that there was no way for us to win this ght.

My father had always been ambitious. When he rst became alpha our pack was small, only a few hundred wolves. He had conquered many packs since then and now we were the third largest pack in the country. The problem is that my father had encroached too close to the borders of the largest pack. This wasn't a ght that we could win but my father was refusing to back down. He was going to get us all killed.

There was a knock on the door. Everyone stopped talking and looked. Grant, my fathers' beta, walked into the room. He had left an hour ago to call allied packs to see if any of them would support us.

"Did you have any luck?" My father asked.

"No but I heard some disturbing news. Princess Hathor Yates will be crowned as queen on the winter solstice. She hasn't found her mate yet so we will be ruled by a woman." Grant said, not even trying to hide his disdain. My father slammed his sts into the table.

"This is something we can't allow to happen." My fathers eyes had turned red, his wolf was close to surfacing. The rest of the room was silent. Nobody dared to speak when my father was like this.

"I have an idea. If this works it will solve both of our issues. I will be king and you two will be alpha's." My father said pointing at his brothers. He turned to Grant.

"Call the king and tell him that I will take him up on his offer of facilitating peace talks." My father said.

Three Years Ago - Cleo Yates' POV

My dad had set out a feast to celebrate the peace treaty that had been agreed between the Hunt and Gale packs. The representatives had arrived a few hours ago and they were already seated, waiting for us to arrive before the celebrations could begin.

My mum and dad walked into the hall followed by me and my sister. Everyone looked our way as we entered the room but I was used to that. Being a princess came with a certain amount of staring. I smelt my mate the moment I walked into the hall but I followed the rest of my family to our table so that I wouldn't create a scene.

Once I had taken my seat I started looking around the room, trying to locate my mate. I glanced over the sea of faces until my eyes locked with him. He was looking my way but he didn't seem to register that I was his mate. Or maybe he just wished that he didn't. Maybe he didn't think I was good enough or attractive enough. I looked down at my hands trying to hold back tears.

"What's wrong sweetheart?" my mom asked. I told her about my mate. I pointed him out to her and explained that he was acting indifferent towards me.

"His name is Mars and he doesn't recognise you as his mate yet because he isn't eighteen for a few months." my mom said.

"Eighteen?" I asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Yes. Only royals get their wolves when they turn sixteen. All other werewolves have to wait till they turn eighteen." She told me. I knew that royal werewolves had different colour eyes to other werewolves but I had no idea there were other differences as well. It looks as though I had a lot to learn.

"So what should I do now?" I asked.

"Your dad is about to raise a toast. Once that is out of the way you should talk to him. Even if he can't feel the bond yet he will love you." as she spoke, glasses of champagne were placed in front of everyone in the room. One was even placed in front of me but my mom quickly took it away again and replaced it with a glass of water.

My dad stood up and the room instantly fell silent.

"I will do everyone a favor and keep this brief. I am incredibly happy that the Hunt and Gale packs were able to put aside their differences to create this treaty. With this in mind I would like to make a toast to peace." He said.

My father raised his glass into the air then took a drink from it, everyone in the room followed his lead. I glanced over towards my mates table and I noticed that although they raised their glasses they didn't drink. That was odd, maybe they are not as happy with the peace treaty as they made out. I turned to my mom to mention this to her when I heard my dad cough.

He was choking. He coughed again. Blood leaked from the corner of his mouth. He fell to the oor. Why wasn't anyone helping? I looked around me. Everyone was choking. I stood up. People were falling to the oor, clutching their chests. Everyone except those sitting at Mars' table and they were smiling as the rest of the room was dying. I felt my blood run cold. It was them, they did this. I could feel tears forming in my eyes as I realised the full extent of what was happening. What they had done and what it would mean for me.

The man I assumed to be Mars' dad looked over to where I was standing. He was tall and stern looking with a scar running down the left side of his face. When he realised that I wasn't dying like the others his smile quickly disappeared and he pulled a silver dagger from his jacket pocket. Mars followed his fathers gaze, he locked eyes with me. He let out a gasp and took hold of his fathers arm.

"Please don't kill her." Mars said. His father looked confused and a bit annoyed.

"For some reason I feel drawn to her. I can't be sure but there is a chance she could be my mate." He continued. His father put the dagger back into his pocket and smiled. Although there was nothing comforting in his smile, it was more of a smirk.

"It could be quite useful having my son mated to someone with royal blood and a princess as well." He looked almost smug. He glanced behind me.

"Take her to her room till we can work out what to do with her." he said. Suddenly someone took hold of my wrists and started to pull them behind my back. I hadn't even realised there was anyone behind me. I silently cursed myself, I knew better than to let anyone sneak up on me like that. I stepped on their foot with as much force as I could manage. They let go of me and I elbowed them in the face. I ran out of the room as fast as I could.