

The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 4

The Lost Princess' Second Chance Chapter 4

Miguel's POV

I left my best friend at home with a heavy heart as I drove down to the Nightshade pack for the ball. I sigh in the silent car.

My best friend and future royal beta is still heartbroken about that awful day 18 years ago. Not that I don't blame him. I myself am still a bit heartbroken myself from time to time. It was after all my own baby sister that was taken from us.

I remember when we were just little kids. Mom and Auntie Carmila, the current royal beta female, they would joke and tease Alejandro about being mated to my little sister while she was still in my mother's womb.

Six year old Alejandro was happy about possibly being lucky to find his mate so soon. Some lycans never find their mate when they turn 18. We were taught from the age of five how much of a blessing mates are for our kind, since our beast can only be claim with our true mate. Some lycan's can get their beasts to settle for a chosen mate, but having pups can be harder with them then it would be with your true goddess blessed mate.

Our parents taught Alejandro and me that we should be respectful and considerate towards our mate. We wanted our mates to be absolutely happy with us, so Alejandro and I made a vow to ourselves that we would wait for our true mates.

Not that females have not tried to tempt us with their looks and seductive ways, but they all failed. Miserably.

Alejandro has never once looked at another female, and my lycan, Aztec, always growls and scares them off before I can refuse them politely.

I hear my lycan couter part whimper a bit as we park in front of the pack house of the Nightshade pack.

Aztec would normally howl into the night when we go for nightly runs on our baby sister's birthday every year, but this year we can't go out for our nightly run. The only reason we can't do it this year is because of the mating ball.

I want to find my true mate.

Then I could take over for my mom and dad as the next king of the lycans, but also so I don't have to keep going around to packs that invite Alejandro and me over to see if we are mates with their top females.

My mind has begun to wonder as an omega led me to a guest room for me to change and freshen up.

Lycan's are rarely mated to regular werewolves, but it has happened before. Honestly, father is a regular werewolf that would have been just the regular warrior in a different pack. Until he was fated to my mother, who was the princess of the Lycan Kingdom. Mother was blessed to be the next ruler of our kind over her elder brother.

Mother was born with a crescent moon on her forehead and when she marked father, his marked became the same crescent moon on the left side of his neck. I was also born with the mark. It rests on the right side of my neck, I keep it hidden with my long black hair that I always keep in a tight braid and tossed over the front of my shoulder.

My baby sister was also born with the mark. It rested on her right hip.

I was finishing up changing into my suit and started heading for the door. I opened it and stepped out only to be bumped into by a female with her head down.

She smelled of roses and had raven black hair. I also caught the scent of tears, but before I could ask what she was crying about, she ran off and was followed by another female with long golden blonde hair that smelled of something sweet, yet spicy. She was gone before I could try and sniff the scent again.

I placed a hand over my heart. Something about that black haired girl seemed familer to me for some reason. Aztec was growling in my head. He was mad that she was so sad that she was crying. I took a few deep breathes to claim my beast down before I headed to the ball room.

The ball room was lite in soft colored lights that paid respect to each of the main packs attending. The lycan family crest was also on display at the head of the table in respect to who rules over this land.

I sniff around, but I don't catch any interesting scents, so I walk around. I noticed a good friend of mine standing in the corner of the room with his younger brother.

I walked up to him with a big smile. "Hey Art! How have you been?" I greeted him with a wave and smile.

The future alpha of the Silver Lotus Flower pack, Arturo Garcia. He looked over my way and smiled back. "Hey Miguel. How has it been?" He asked back while giving me a bro h.ug.

I laughed. "I asked you first." I said with a raised eyebrow.

"Things have been good." He said with a chuckle.

"By the way this here is my little brother and future beta, Jorge Garcia." Arturo said, gesturing to the blonde man standing beside him.

"Hello, Jorge. Arturo has told me a lot about you and your sisters." I said, holding out my hand to shake his.

Jorge smiles and shakes my hand. "Yes and he has said a lot about you, Prince Miguel." Jorge said in a formal tone.

I scrunched up my face and wagged my finger in a 'no no' sign. "No formalities among friends, I always say." I told him with a wink.

Jorge smiled and nodded. "So where is this famous little sister, Esmeralda, that you have told me so much about, Arturo? Is she already up to causing trouble for others tonight?" I tease.

Jorge and Arturo both shake their heads in response. "No. She ran to help a poor she wolf that got bullied by *cough* *cough* the alpha's daughters." Arturo said. Annoyance and disgust in his voice.

I huffed and shook my head. Evelyn and Autumn Woods were the most lazy and rude she wolves I have ever met. They are dead set on getting anyone male that is beta or alpha ranked to be their mate.

'I don't think any creature would be able to put up with those two.' Aztec snorted in my head.

I chuckled a bit to myself. I hope they are given mates that can tolerate their antics or be able to change them for the better.

I spend another thirty minutes talking to Jorge and Arturo about how to get my friend back out on the market for him to look for his mate, when a sweet yet spicy scent hit my nose once more. I was able to get a good sniff of it this time, as it was getting stronger and stronger.

'MATE!' Aztec roared with delight.

I felt my heart skip a beat. I looked all around for the source of the scent and was met with deep emerald green eyes.

Her pale skin and golden blonde hair shimmered in the flashing lights. Her scent got even stronger as she moved closer to me. Oranges and tequila. That is what she smelled like. She stood in front of me. She was a tiny little thing. She came up to around my shoulder.

"Mate." I said in a soft growl. Her green eyes seemed to darken a bit when I growled.

"Mate." she purred back. Her purr made me growl again.

I wrapped my arms around this beautiful she wolf in front of me and buried my nose into her neck, breathing deeply and taking in all her scent. I heard someone clearing their throat behind me. And turned to see both Arturo and Jorge with big shit eating grins on their faces.

"So sis. You were the first one out of the three of us to find your mate. Congratulations." Arturo said with a wink.

My mate blushed a bit and snuggled closer into my embrace. "Oh, so this is the famous Esmeralda from the Silver Lotus Flower pack?" I asked in a teasing tone.

My mate's head snapped up towards me and then looked between me and her brothers. "What have you two knuckle heads said about me?" She growled out at her brothers.

Her growl was so cute that I smiled and let out a little chuckle.

"Nothing but the truth, but what happened to your friend?" Jorge asked.

I then noticed that my mate had indeed returned alone without the other girl I had bumped into.

“She said that she could smell her mate, so she went to go find him.” My mate said, but she seemed to still worry about something.

“What is on your mind, my princess?” I asked, whispering into her ear.

She shivered slightly at my touch. “Nothing much. I am just worried about Raya.” She said.

‘Raya?’ I thought to myself. I should try to find this girl before I leave. Something about her feels different to me and I want to know what it was all about, but for the entire night... none of us saw Raya again.