

## TWELVE

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The ruthless Lycan Prince. A vicious murderer. The blood thirsty conqueror. The devil himself. I was seated in the same vehicle with the devil and we were breathing the same air. The Royal Lycan Prince. First out of the three Royal Prince's and heir to the throne. And I tried to kill him. A cold chill ran down my spine as the realization of what I just did hit me.

This same man that slaughters without remorse, a man that would walk the ends of the earth to get what he wants, and kill anyone that stands in his way. No one ever got on his bad side and lived to tell the story. How did I get here?

Vadirr has to be his best friend. I read stories about him too and how loyal he was to the first Lycan Prince. He was a faithful follower, a man who would give his life for his dear friend. The books didn't do justice in their description of Prince Draven or his beloved friend. Especially the prince Draven.

Rather than continue gawking at them or feeling pity for myself for the obvious trouble I have gotten myself into, I knew I needed to find a way out of this mess. I promised Aila I wouldn't get caught. And I wouldn't die. Whether at the hands of Alpha Thane or by any other.

"Are – you-" The words stuck in my throat. I didn't need to ask because I knew who they were already, but I sucked in a shaky breath and tried again "Are you Prince – Draven ?" I swallowed loudly that I was so sure they heard the sound of my saliva hitting the back of my throat.

My question was directed at the Lycan Prince but it was Vadirr who cast me an amused look, muttered something incoherent and shook his head. I must sound stupid,

## TWELVE

because I am indeed stupid. I always told myself that I'd recognize a Lycan when I saw one. But I'd tried to kill the first one I saw, and he wasn't just any Lycan but a Royal, and the next werewolf ruler.

The vehicle suddenly felt too small, the power around me made me shudder continuously while my mind continued to wander in various directions. The two didn't speak to each other, but their silence spoke volumes. For every second that passed, it felt like hours. Long, scary hours.

I have known fear all my life since I was eight, but this type of fear was nothing compared to what I felt at Silent Moon or at Silver Moon. This fear was just – different. I sealed my fate the moment I tried to kill the Lycan Prince. Tears welled up in my eyes and my left hand flew to cover my mouth, stifling a gasp.

Neither of the men turned or even showed the slightest awareness of my presence as I swallowed a lump in my throat. Everyone in Silver Moon was right after all. I was cursed, and this curse will follow me everywhere I go. There was no escaping it. No matter how hard I tried to run from karma, it'll always come to haunt me. I had traitor's blood running through my veins, and I was a fool to have ever thought I'd be able to live a normal life someday.

My mind thought of ways I could escape from the confines of this vehicle, but with the doors locked, my chances are slim. I had to think of something. If they were taking me to the palace, then it will take days to arrive there. But why was the almighty Prince Draven travelling by road? And without an entourage?

People said he was a loner, a rebellious child. Rather than grow up to be what his father wanted, he rebelled. No Royal Lycan would travel alone, let alone the first Lycan Prince. But it didn't look like this was the first time for him.



## TWELVE

He was still angry, raving mad, and even though he managed to keep a calm exterior, the air was packed with tension. Even his best friend Vadirr didn't try to speak to him in this mood.

'There's no such thing as forgiveness in my dictionary,' he'd said, but why didn't he slaughter me on the spot? What type of punishment did he have for me? Just like Alpha Thane, he'd want me to die a slow, painful death and I don't blame him. What I did was punishable by death.

"I need to pee," I blurted out before I lost the courage I had to speak. It was a miracle that my tongue still worked, a surprise that my brain could still come up with something I hoped would help me escape.

Vadirr glanced at me through the rearview mirror again, but if Prince Draven heard me, he didn't act like it. The silence continued. Vadirr didn't stop or say anything, his eyes were back on the road, and the prince didn't even spare me a backward glance.

"You have to stop, or I'll pee in my pants," I pushed. The silence continued "In your car," I added. More silence.

I bit my tongue to prevent me from saying any more rubbish. What the fuck is wrong with me? I should be begging for mercy, crying and proclaiming my undying loyalty to the Lycan Prince. I should be saying my last wishes, but all I could think of was ways to escape from these men. And I was making my situation worse because I felt the air grow even more tense.

"Pull over," Prince Draven instructed Vadirr after many minutes passed. Just like it happened the first time I heard his voice, goosebumps sprouted on various areas of my arms, and I clutched the handle of my backpack even tighter. I didn't realize I still had it strapped across my shoulders until then.

## TWELVE

The car stopped, Vadirr unlocked the door and without hesitating, I pushed the door open and started to climb out.

"Drop it," Prince Draven's icy tone made me still my movements.

"What?" I asked, not meeting his gaze.

"Your bag. Drop it," He hissed, climbing out of the vehicle as soon as he gave his command. I didn't need any coercing, I pulled the bag from my shoulder and dropped it on the car seats. I could still escape without it anyway, but what I didn't bargain for was the Prince following me as I made my way into the woods. He followed at a close distance behind but I could still feel my legs shake with every step I took.

He only stopped when I stopped, and slowly, I started to unbutton my pants, but I could feel him watching. I could feel his eyes on me with my every move, and when I whirled around and my eyes met his, I swayed. I swayed so hard I almost fell, and it took me many seconds to get my balance back. I'd forgotten about my unbuttoned pants till his eye drifted below my waist and my hands reached to clutch the area protectively.

"Privacy," I muttered. I didn't think he heard me because even I could barely hear myself, but his hardened gaze told me that he did.

"Are you crazy?" his tone was quiet. It was a simple question but I wasn't surprised that he asked. I must look crazy, I was acting crazy. "You are wasting my time, Omega. Get on with it, we have a long journey ahead," he hissed, displeasure laced with his every word.

"So- so - you- are- goi-ng to stand there and- and watch?" I stuttered. I didn't think I had a speech defect until I met



## TWELVE

the Lycan Prince. Turns out I have more problems than I was aware of.

He quirked a brow, looked me from head to toe, and I was so sure he was about to say something but he sighed and started to turn his back slowly.

"One minute. You have one minute," he hissed, putting more gap between us as he started to walk away.

One minute is enough, I thought to myself, taking many steps back with my eyes still glued to his back as he continued to walk. Then he stopped. Now was my time.

I ran.

I don't think I'm a very good runner. In fact, I would never be able to outrun the least warrior in Silver Moon, but I was surprised at how fast my legs carried me as I ran. I moved in no particular direction and without looking over my shoulder. I had to get away. I owed Aila that much. She risked everything for me. I needed to get to somewhere safe, another pack that'd take me in, maybe. And then I'll call Aila and tell her the story of how I met the Lycan Prince, tried to kill him and escaped from him. She'd be proud. We'll have a good laugh about it.

I'm not sure how long I had been running, but what I was sure of was that my one minute had elapsed. I bumped into a wall, and fell on my butt, but a loud gasp escaped my lips when my eyes met cold, icy ones. That was no wall. It was the Prince Draven.

He grabbed me roughly by the arms "What do I do with you?" his eyes narrowed, his lips thinned and his grip around my arms felt like fire burning my flesh.