

SIXTEEN

I was handed over to a middle-aged woman, the same woman who had brought me food in the cell, and everything started to happen so fast. I was bathed by two other women, an order from the Lycan Prince. It was unusual for me and I was shy at first, but these women didn't see any big deal in it. In fact, they did it with so much dedication, like it was a natural thing for them to do. They were gentle with me, taking their time to wash my voluminous hair, after which they dried and straightened it. I was adorned with expensive fragrance, the type only befitting of a princess, and they were quiet while at it, only smiling at me as they worked.

My hair is perhaps the only thing that draws attention to me. I have long, black and thick hair, just like my mom did. Most times, it was tied in an untidy bun and wrapped to form a big doughnut at the top of my head to prevent it from getting in the way while I did my chores at Silver Moon. Apart from my hair, I didn't think any other thing about me pretty. I had Emerald eyes, full lips, and a normal boob size. It wasn't big or small, nothing spectacular, and I could say the same for my backside.

I'd been called beautiful during my early years, but after what my parents did, it seemed like I lost all of it. People looked at me and saw a demon, a curse, a bad omen. With time, I started to hate my body, I lost my self esteem, and I hated looking in a mirror. Zayden made it worse. He compared me with every girl that ever graced his bed, and told me that I was nothing like them and no man will ever want me romantically. The thought of it made me sad, but I wondered why he didn't just outrightly reject me or go ahead to mark someone else.

When the women were done cleaning me up and clothing me in a nightwear, they put a robe over my shoulders, securing it with a belt around my waist. They didn't say a word to me as they worked, but they treated me with respect, and I was at the brink of tears when I looked in



the mirror.

My hair hasn't been straightened for many years, and I haven't felt this clean either or worn any fragrance so expensive before. I looked different. I felt good, and it has been forever since I felt this way.

"Prince Draven will be pleased," The middle-aged woman who'd brought me in commented from the door, a small smile playing on her lips. I'd not heard her come in, and I bowed my head, my eyes falling to the floor. She made a signal to the other women with her hands, who hurriedly exited the room, shutting the door behind them, thereby leaving me with the middle-aged woman. "You have a lot to learn..." her voice trailed off, "What is your name?" She asked.

"Esmeray," I answered awkwardly.

"I'm Abigail," she paused, waiting for me to say something, but I just nodded and looked away "I'm beginning to think the Moon goddess made a mistake," she continued. My head snapped up at her words, "You are young, too young for the position that will soon be handed over to you. Do you think you deserve it?"

I knew it was a bad idea from the start, I knew I will never be able to fool anyone. It was a mistake. I didn't deserve it, and even a blind man will see that. I could never object to the wish of Prince Draven, but I should have done better to convince him that it would never work. No one will believe it, no matter how much they cleaned me and bathed me with expensive scents. Underneath, I was still a traitor, a filthy omega.

People like me got mated to others like me. Even Zayden Vaugh confirmed that I was a mistake. I didn't deserve him, and I most likely don't deserve a man like Prince Draven.

"I don't know what you mean," I answered.



She moved closer until there was a little over an inch between our feet. "Luna," she says mockingly. "It's only a matter of time before Prince Draven rejects you, or worse still, turns you into the same thing his father did with his mother. You may be his mate, but there'll never be a place in his heart for someone like you. Have you seen the women he moves with?" she scoffed, shaking her head. "Have you seen Heather? Or Ivy? Have you seen Miranda? All powerful Lycan royals. You think you are a match for any of them?" she huffed again.

I moved one step back, but she followed. "Look, every one of us in this palace will give our lives for our beloved prince," she continued. "And I mean everyone. If you try anything funny, we'll send you to your early grave, that is if he doesn't do so first."

"Why will I try anything funny?" I asked, confused at the change of topic. Lady Abigail already made it clear that she didn't like me, and I'm okay with that. I'd have been surprised if she did because it's not unlike people to hate me before even getting to know me. No one ever gave me a chance.

"I know you tried to kill Prince Draven," she blurted out with disgust, eyeing me from head to toe. "He'd have killed any other person that did what you did, but he had to let you live because you are his mate, didn't he?"

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, I wonder how many people know what I did. They'd all hate me here if they did. Every single one of them will make life miserable for me. Hell, even I hated myself for my clumsiness, but there was no need to explain that I didn't know who he was when I threw that knife. There was no point telling them I'd been escaping from an abusive pack and I'd promised my dear friend not to get caught, and not getting caught involved me killing anyone who stood in my way. I'd never thought that I'd find the Prince Draven with his dear



friend in the woods on the same day that I managed to escape from my prison. Even I didn't understand why he'd not killed me yet. I didn't understand why he didn't punish me, and why he was asking me to do this. Nothing made sense.

"It was an accident," My flimsy excuse again.

"It had to be," she said lazily, finally moving away to stare at her perfectly manicured nails "Because what fool will attempt the life of the most important man of our kind, especially if they were her mate?" she laughed.

I was saved from answering when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in, Smythe," Abigail said in a friendly voice different from the one she'd been using minutes ago. She planted a quick smile on her face and moved beside me to rest a hand on my back.

Smythe pushed in, and I recognised the bulky man who'd been lifting me like a sack of potatoes since we met. He was obviously Prince Draven's personal guard.

"Is she ready?" he asked in a huff voice "She must be put to bed now. It's late and she must be in bed before Prince Draven gets there,"

Put in bed? What does this mean? Whatever it meant, I'm not sure why it sounded frightening, but I guess I'll soon be finding out.

"Indeed, she is," Abigail smiled into my eyes, but I read between the lines. I know what that smile meant "You can take her to the Prince's quarters, Smythe," she mouthed. My heart dipped. The prince's quarters. "Have a goodnight rest, Luna Esme," she did a mock courtesy, her warning smile still dancing on her lips.

I followed Smythe outside, and unlike the other times, he didn't try to lift



me across his shoulders. Another man was waiting for us at the other end of the door, and together with Smythe, they escorted me to Prince Draven's Chambers which occupied the whole of the top floor of the palace. All the while, my heart drummed with fear. I didn't think this through. As his mate, it only made sense that we slept in the same room to make the action believable. How did that escape me.

And beneath this robe is a flimsy night piece that made me highly uncomfortable. I know the night is more than halfway over, but still, how could I sleep in the Prince's room with what I had underneath? Maybe he had other plans, I told myself. His chamber was large enough and has more than one room. The thought didn't calm me though, I was still as frightened as a chicken about to be slaughtered.

When we finally got to his quarters, there were other men positioned here and there. None of them asked questions or spared me a weird look as they allowed me into the Prince's suite, shutting the door behind me and leaving me alone with his powerful scent surrounding me and the beauty of the place leaving me utterly mesmerized. I had sometime to admire the suite before the Prince is back.

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