

**EIGHTEEN**

ESMERAY

I can't get over the fact that I'm in Prince Draven's personal space. His sweet, powerful scent floated through the air, and I felt powerful for the first time in my life. I closed my eyes and took a deep breathe to calm my overly excited wolf. My wolf, Ximena is a very quiet wolf. She didn't speak a lot, and I wouldn't blame her for her lack of interest after what our mate did to us.

Mena is my other half, and she'd been excited to meet me just as I was excited to meet her the first time. When Zayden didn't reject us immediately, she had hopes that he'll come to love us one day. But days passed and Mena started to hate Zayden. He tortured us too much by making us watch while he fucked other women. All our hopes died, and in its place was hatred for Zayden Vaughn. She'd grown really quiet after that, and whenever I had my usual headaches that's accompanied by that foreign voice, she'd go totally out of reach.

I knew I needed to see a doctor. That wasn't a privilege I had in Silver Moon pack, and I knew it was only a matter of time before things got out of hand. Hopefully, I learn to control it.

Luxurious was too little a word to describe the Prince's suite. There were paintings on different angles on the wall, each painting having its own significance, but the largest of them was a portrait of Prince Draven adorned in his princely robe, seated on a throne and a Trident in his left hand. I moved closer to the portrait, my hands tracing the frame. He looked like a god, an angry one ready to breathe down fire.

Beside it was a small door which I pushed open out of curiosity. Neatly arranged in several rows and columns rested various medals, plaques and awards. I gasped at how much they were. They clustered round the whole



room, giving it a unique beauty. I was intruding, but I have not felt Mena this excited in a long time and I was pleased to have her out of her shell.

There was also a large dining that spread beyond the parlor. The heavy table was lined with gold, with magnificent chairs arranged around it. I traced my hands on the expensive furniture, my heart warming as I continued to explore. I'd never be able to see all of it before the Prince arrives, but I was curious. Mirrors lined the walls on the right from ground to ceiling and all of a sudden, I find myself wishing I had a camera to take pictures of all of it, so I'd have something to hold on to when all this is over.

To the north is the kitchen. I peeked in and another gasp escaped my throat. It was more than four times the size of the kitchen in the pack house at Silver Moon pack. Everything in it was expensive, but this kitchen didn't look like it had been used in a long time. Everything was in position, without even a spoon out of place.

I felt a chill then, a sudden change in the atmosphere as a powerful being entered. I froze, my legs glued to the floor and my joy replaced with fear. He was here, I felt his presence stronger than before.

"You are trespassing, Omega," his tone was bland, his voice carrying a dangerous calm that surprised and alarmed me. I stood rooted to the spot, not daring to turn around. "Show me your face," he commanded.

I whirled around slowly, my eyes resting on the floor rather than his face. His eyes were doing an appraisal of me, and for a minute, I thought he was going to change his mind and order me out of his suite, but he didn't.

"Look at me," As an omega, it was a crime to look a higher rank in the face. In Silver Moon pack, alpha Thane would have designed my back with his whip if I made the simple mistake of looking him in the eye. I was thought to hide and not be seen in the midst of higher ranks. But the



most powerful of our kind wanted me to look at him in the face.

"I – can't," I stuttered.

"You can, and you will," he hissed. He hated that I was weak, it was all evident in his tone, yet he'd chosen me to act as his mate. I forced myself to look at him, and my knees started to buckle beneath me. He was perfect, too perfect.

"When I tell you to do something, you do so without hesitation, Omega," That cool, yet deadly voice made my throat dry. I nodded "To the bedroom," he commanded. I followed after him, my mind wandering. Oh goddess, I hope its not what I'm thinking. This pretense was for the public right? Did it involve any form of physical intimacy? My wolf purred in my head, excited at the thought. But I was frightened. I wrapped my arms around me as a shudder passed through me. Did he find me sexually appealing? I didn't have big boobs like the other girls in the palace, I wasn't half as beautiful or even as tall as they were. The Lycans were generally taller than normal werewolves, whether in their beast or human form, and it applies to the ladies. I was one of the short ones around here, but that hadn't been the case at Silver Moon or Silent Moon.

The bedroom had a king-sized bed at the middle with a brocade décor of Silver and Gold. The bed was neatly arranged with several pillows on it. There were four doors in the room, one leading to a veranda, another to a walk-in closet, a third door down a small passage that leads to the bathroom, and a last door which we'd just come in through, the exit door. There were three long mirrors next to the closet. A couch, two single cushion chairs, one on each side of a small table at the far end of the room, adjacent a fireplace. Above it on the wall is another portrait of Prince Draven. It's smaller than the one I'd seen in the living room, and definitely older.



"Take off your robe," He commanded, his voice pulling my attention to him.

"What?" I asked.

"Do you have a hearing problem?" he snapped. I shook my head.

"Listen, Omega, If you are going to be my mate, then we need to be clear on a few things," I nodded again "First, you need to stop being slow,"

Slow. He thought I was slow. My heart dipped with sadness. No one ever called me slow. I didn't have as much education as he did obviously, but I was never a dull student. Amongst my mates, I was the smartest, and I'd been insulted in Silver Moon, called several names, but his choice of words hurt me more than they should have. I wanted to defend myself, but didn't he just warn me minutes ago?

"Take off your robe," he repeated his command, and my hands shook as I unfastened the belt. The nightwear underneath only covered my privates. It was easy to see through the other parts of my body. I have never been as cautious of my body as I was now, and it didn't help that my wolf wouldn't stop purring in my head.

My cheeks reddened in embarrassment as the robe fell to the ground, leaving me in a state of semi-nakedness, but Prince Draven's eyes did not leave my face, his eyes did not stray downward. He just stared at me with a closed off expression while I shifted my weight from one foot to another uncomfortably.

"Lay on the bed," he commanded again and the redness on my cheeks deepened, my hands flew to cover my body.

"I've not done it before," I blurted out, biting my lips as soon as the words came out.



His brows creased, "You have not done what before?" he asked.

I'm an idiot, I believe alpha Thane and Zayden now more than ever.

Prince Draven had the most confused expression on his face, patiently waiting for an answer.

"I've not had sex before," I whispered and I watched the lines gradually fade from his face and realization settled there. I want to hit myself right now.

"You must understand that I didn't ask you to pretend as my mate because I'm attracted to you. You are not my type, Omega. I'd break you with just a single thrust," he says lazily.

Tears welled up my eyes and for a minute I felt dazed, but if he noticed, it didn't stop him from saying more words to make me feel more embarrassed.

"But there'd be days you'll beg to feel me inside you, Omega. And I'd remind you of this moment," with that, he turned his back and walked majestically towards the bathroom. "Go to bed, omega,"

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