



NINETEEN

It was already day break before my eyes started to slowly drift close. I couldn't sleep for many reasons. For one, the bed was too comfortable, the room too cozy, which is more luxury than I'd have ever imagined in my life and it didn't help that Prince Draven's scent on the mattress had my wolf feeling giddy. How could I sleep when a scent so powerful surrounded me, suffocating me? It felt like I was committing a crime laying in his bed, I felt like an intruder. Lady Abigail had been right. I didn't deserve it.

And Prince Draven didn't make it easier either. Legend has it that he didn't sleep at night because of his demons, and they'd been right about that part. He went about the apartment, opening and slamming doors loudly, thrashing things here and there, cursing occasionally, and what not?

I pretended to be asleep for the most part, but he must have known that I was awake. Sometimes, I felt his eyes on me, watching me, making me self-conscious. I brooded on his words for a long time after he'd said it '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 told me out rightly that I wasn't his type, and it's not like I do not realize that but hearing him say it made my heart squeeze, and it made my wolf sad. For someone who has been turned down too many times, those simple words hit the wrong cord. It reminded me of all the times Zayden told me the same thing, and surprisingly, the Prince's words hurt even more. It reminded me of all the times my mate made me watch while he mated with another.

'Hurting you gives me pleasure, mate. I want to see you suffer and watch



me give to others what you'll never have' Zayden told me many times. If I dared close my eyes, he'd slap them open, and I couldn't drown out the sounds of the females screaming in ecstasy as my mate pounded on them. Mena was bruised, and many nights we stayed up, praying for a rejection, get over the pain once and for all, but the rejection never came. I could never reject a higher rank to his face else I would have done so without hesitation. But I rejected Zayden countless times at the confines of my small room in the pack basement. My rejection meant nothing if he didn't accept it.

I felt extra special that a man like Prince Draven will allow me lay in his bed. I'd bargained sleeping in another room, or maybe on the floor even, but he'd let me sleep on his bed. The bed was a large king size bed, big enough to comfortably accommodate four or five people depending on their size without their skin grazing, but he didn't join me in it. I concluded that I must disgust him, and maybe he'd have the helps clean the sheets first thing in the morning.

When I finally started to doze off by morning, the sound of voices jerked me awake and I sat upright, holding the duvet against my chest. I strained my ears to listen, and as the voice drew closer, I panicked.

"I can't believe this," A sophisticated voice shrieked. When her frame came into view following Prince Draven closely behind, I pulled the duvet even higher until it was touching my chin. "I can't believe you let an omega sleep in your bed!"

Heather Yvette Teagan. It wasn't hard to recognize her, she fits perfectly into the description of her that I'd read in books. Beautiful, voluptuous with well rounded hips and breasts poking out of her velvet v-neck cut dress and the shawl on her neck barely hiding it. She had extremely tiny waist to accentuate her figure, long legs that were made even longer with her five-inch expensive pencil heels. Her hair was packed in a neat



ponytail without a strand out of place, and she had on a simple, yet exquisite make up. She was beautiful, and perfect. The kind of woman for a prince.

"What do you want Heather?" Prince Draven asked with an unexpected calm while sorting through a drawer, searching for moon goddess knows what like he'd been doing for most of the night.

"What do you mean by what do I want?" Heather huffed "I'm the only one you ever allow in your bed!" Her eyes were shooting daggers at me, her fingers balled into hard fists, I felt she was going to hit me with it any minute.

"Not anymore Heather. I have a mate now," His voice remained cool, but his search was growing more frantic. Was he looking for something to hit me with? Should I still be lazing around in his bed by this time? Zella would have smacked me in the head if she came into my room and found me asleep by this time back at Silver Moon.

Heather glared at me, so much so that I had the urge to cringe, but Prince Draven wouldn't like that. If I showed weakness in the presence of this beauty, I knew it'd irritate him.

"She's just an omega-" Heather was still saying when a heavy growl erupted from Prince Draven's chest.

"Language, Heather," He hissed, stretching to his full height. Heather backed away, her eyes watering immediately, a shock on her face.

"I'm sorry Dray," she amended, pulling her chin up. Dray. She even had a pet name for him, one that he seemed comfortable with. The name annoyed me. "It's just that I wanted to be sure you allowed it. I mean, knowing how much you like your personal space, I didn't think you'd be comfortable allowing just anyone into your space,"



"Esme isn't just anyone," Prince Draven eyed her "She is my mate, and I hope I don't have to remind you one more time."

She nodded her head, "You wouldn't have to Dray," a fake smile spread across her cheeks, "Congratulations,"

"Wait for me in my office. We need to talk," He instructed. Heather nodded her head, looked me over one more time without making any efforts to hide the scorn in her eyes, and then she left.

"You are doing a bad job," Prince Draven hissed once she was out of the suite.

"I'm sorry, Prince-,"

"It's Draven to you," He corrected, his voice coming out annoyed.

"Draven," It sounded so wrong, but my wolf was excited. Not everyone could call the Lycan prince by his first name, but I had to do so to make the part I was acting more believable.

"You need to meet the members of the council as soon as possible, as well the members of the royal chambers and kinsmen, but you are not ready to meet anyone like this. There's a lot you need to learn," he paused, stopping his search to spare me a glance, my eyes dropped to my laps immediately. "My point exactly," he muttered under his breathe.

I averted my eyes to look into his face after realizing what he meant, but he'd turned his back to me again, his shoulders rigid as a brick. He hated my weakness. I couldn't even look him in the face, even when he demanded that I did. I'd not been able to hold his gaze for more than two seconds.

"Can you fight?" he asked. Silence. I was too ashamed to tell him I



sucked at fighting, even amidst my peers. I never trained with the others at Silver Moon, I wasn't allowed to. The only thing I was fairly good at was knife throwing from the lessons Ailana taught me whenever she could. She'd always told me it will come in handy, but the first real person I practiced my knife-throwing skills on was the mighty Lycan Prince.

"You tried to kill me, certainly you should be good in combat?" he turned back to face me. I looked away again. He sighed heavily, crossing the gap between us and with one hard pull, he yanked the duvet from underneath my chin and grabbed me roughly by my arm, pulling me out of the bed and against his chest.

I gasped at the sudden action, my cheeks heating up at the close proximity, and my nipples pressed against his chest perking up instantly. A wave of electric current passed through me and I bit my lips in embarrassment, but there was nothing I could do to hide the redness on my cheeks, it worsened with every breathe that I took, and to make matters worse, my eyes strayed and rested on his lips. Red, sexy, and perfectly carved lips. What will they feel like against mine?

"Look me in the eye," I watched his lips move to say the words, and it took four seconds later for my brain to process the information and my eyes moved upward slowly to meet his marine blue ones. Oh Moon goddess, help me, help me not to have canal thoughts towards this man, but hell, it was hard not to.

"Good," he released my hands, my gaze still holding his while my lips quivered. "Get used to it, Omega, because if you mess this up, I'll make sure to mess you up,"