

TWENTY

His voice held a threat that I understood all too well. It'll take him a second or less to end my life if I didn't do this task right. I may not have realized the enormity of what he asked me until now, and it was too late to back down, everyone already knew the first Prince found his mate, and some of them already met me. There was no running away from it, I had to do it. How could I explain to this man that I never did anything right?

I swallowed the lump in my throat as I forced my eyes to stay glued to his as long as I could. He held my gaze in a hard glare, but there were no emotions there, just eyes as hard as a rock. Did the Lycan Prince have no emotions like I'd read? The only reaction he ever showed was anger, which was only evident in his aura, with a little trace in his voice, but never in his eyes.

"Do you understand, Omega?" he quirked a brow. I nodded slowly, my eyes still holding his in fear that he'd snap my neck if I looked away. "Speak," he whispered, his voice still carrying that dangerous edge.

"Yes, Prin—" I stopped myself when I felt his mood started to grow sour. "Dra-ven," I amended, but my voice still quivered when I spoke his name. He released my arms gently and stepped back, and I released a shaky breath. My skin was still covered in goose bumps, and my arms where he'd held tingled unexplainably.

"That's better," he gave me his back. "If you can't convince me, how can you convince others?"

I didn't know if he expected me to give him an answer so I just kept mute. It was better to stare at his back than into his face, and I'd have felt better if he maintained the position but he turned around ever so slowly to face me again.



"I'll ask you one last time, Omega. This time I expect the truth," he paused to study me again. "What pack are you from and where are your family?"

I considered lying about my pack. I didn't want any ties to Silver Moon, and I didn't want him finding out who my parents were, he already hated me, and he'd hate me more if he knew I were a traitor.

"I advise you consider your answer carefully, Omega," His words pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Silver Moon," I voiced, "My parents are dead, and so is my brother," I gripped my left arm with my right hand as pain settled at the pit of my stomach at the thought of Leander. "They died in an attack," There it was, I lied. I was too ashamed of my parents, I have suffered enough for what they did. Maybe if I lied to myself about how everything had fallen apart, I'd believe it over time and not let the guilt continue to weigh me down.

"You must tell me if you have anyone out there," I could feel his eyes studying me, as if deciding if I were telling the truth or not.

"I have no one, I'm alone." I answered.

The only person that cared about me was Ailana, she's the only one I had, and she'd be happy I got away. I wish I could see her, I wish she'd come with me. But she has a good life in Silver Moon. I know she'll make a great Alpha, and I hope she is still given a chance to prove that she deserves it and that her helping me didn't ruin her chances. My mate didn't care about me, Zayden didn't give a fuck if I died or if I lived, so I didn't have to bother if he was looking for me or not. He doesn't care, and I don't care either. Now that I was no longer at Silver Moon, he could go ahead to mark whoever it is he wanted, and I hope never to set my eyes on him again.



"I hope for your sake that you are not lying to me, because if I find out otherwise..." his voice trailed off, but I understood what he meant, so I just nodded my head.

"I'll have someone bring new dresses for you. Something befitting of your new position," he quickly changed the topic, making his way to the door.

He was going to Heather, my wolf told me and I find my face heating up. Heather said she'd been the only one he allowed in his bed. For some reason, the thought bothered me. He'd kissed her with those perfect lips of his, touched her with his long, muscular hands, and my mind refused to think of the other things they might have done together. My stomach twisted, and I didn't know when a growl escaped my lips.

He froze, his hand already on the door handle, but I realized what I did a little too late. What the heck is wrong with me? No, this is my wolf's doing. Why did she feel so bad that he'd touched another? Why did I suddenly feel entitled? Was I forgetting my place here so soon? I'm the filthy omega, and I wasn't the type of woman a prince like him will want. He told me that clearly.

Maybe seeing Heather set me off, but I was nothing like her, and I'd never be. She's royalty, she's strong, she carries herself with the natural grace of a princess, and I was just a nobody, a nonentity that was about to be punished for growling at the Lycan Prince.

He turned around slowly, "Did you just growl at me?" he quirked one brow, but his eyes remained cold.

"Yes... I mean No," I closed my eyes and face palmed. I don't blame Mena if she was already attracted to him. Despite his obvious hatred for us, despite the fact that he'd told us plainly that we'd never be able to accommodate him, I couldn't help but feel a certain way. He's an



attractive man, any woman will be attracted to him. It didn't help that I'd spent too many hours in this room with his scent flooding my nostrils.

"I'm sorry," I finally voiced "It wasn't you- I remembered something," I lied, my eyes resting on the floor. To my relief, he didn't say anything more, he turned the knob and was out in seconds.

I huffed and fell back on the bed, closing my eyes as I did.

'Foolish wolf' I muttered to my self, and Mena whimpered, putting a wall between us. It's unlike her to be like this but she'd get us in trouble with this attitude.

A few minutes later, Lady Abigail walks in, I'd been so drowned in my thoughts that I didn't hear her come in until the door closed behind her. She dropped a small bag on the bed casually, and I rose slowly to face her.

"There are a few dresses in there. Later in the day, we must go to get more. The Prince demands it," she told me, her eyes sizing me over with a look of disgust.

I nodded my head and was going to thank her when she raised a hand to silence me "You don't need to thank me," she gave me a fake smile "While some of us have to work for a place in Prince Draven's heart, some of you just get the position handed over to you without any hassle. I don't think the moon goddess is fair,"

"We can't question the goddess. She knows best," I say carefully.

Abigail looked like she was going to argue, but she just nodded her head instead and looked away "Take your bath and join the others for breakfast. You mustn't be late. Smythe will show you to the table," with that she turned around and left.



I glared at the door a few seconds after she left before going ahead to open the bag she'd brought with her. I was relieved I will not have to be 'cleaned' like yesterday, and from the look of it, the Prince hardly ever has his meals in his suite. It explained why his kitchen was so neatly arranged. I'd be joining the others at the royal table. I shuddered at the thought.

The first thing that greeted me when I opened the bag was a pair of pencil high heels. Raising it up with my left fingers, I eyed the expensive pair of shoe. I didn't know how to walk in this, and if I tried, I'd only end up disgracing myself. I checked the bag for an alternative, but found out it was the only provision made. There were only two clothes, a silk flowery deep cut gown, and another two piece. Simple, yet expensive.

I sighed and pulled myself to the bathroom, realizing as soon as I got in that I wasn't provided any shower bath and I'd have to make use the prince's items. I took a deep sniff of his masculine scent still lingering in the bathroom and gently started to peel my nightwear off.

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