

The Lycan Princess's Silent Mate

3 - She cannot touch us!

Parasite “Get the meat from the oven and plate it, and do not fuck up, or you’ll be sorry!” Norma, the head of kitchen staff, tells me with a roll of her eyes. “You wouldn’t want the Alpha to break any more bones today, would you?” I shake my head. That’s the last thing I want. I already have cracked ribs that won’t heal until maybe tomorrow if I’m lucky. I cannot afford to have Alpha Jack break my arm or leg. I would be in agony for days! Because, let’s face it, he wouldn’t let me see the pack doctor. I wouldn’t be able to get help with the break, and I would just have to suffer. That’s why I do everything I can to please these people. Not that it ever gets me anywhere, but I try. “Fuckin.g pathetic waste of space! That’s all you are, Parasite, and you will never be anything more.” So she tells me every day. “You disgust me. Why Alpha Jack even keeps you around is beyond me. He should have killed you the day Luna died. But no, he had to bring you back to the packhouse and let you live. You killed our Luna, and I pray to the Moon Goddess that you pay!” As if I don’t pay for what they think I did every day of my life! I didn’t kill my mother. It wasn’t my fault that we were attacked. Mother was protecting me from danger like any good mother who loved her child would. I wish more than anything I could turn back the clock and take Mom’s place. But I can’t, and I suffer every day for something that was out of my control. Norma hates me as much as everyone else here. I don’t bite back when she says things like she just did. Although, it hurts when anyone mentions my mother and how she died because of me. This nasty bitch loves nothing more than getting me in trouble with Alpha Jack. She’s ever the voice in his ear, goading him to beat me almost to death. Norma thinks she can control him because she sometimes warms the Alpha’s bed. She has no clue that she’s nothing more than a body for him to empty himself into now and again. Alpha Jack cares as much for

this woman as he does for all the others he beds down with – nothing. I had no longer than an hour to sort myself out after Alpha Jack's latest attack before Norma came knocking. She threw a waiter's outfit at me, along with black shoes in my size, and told me to shower, change, and look presentable. Norma told me I would be serving dinner with a handful of other Omegas, and I needed to look more than the pathetic Omega I am. If I didn't tie my hair up and out of my face, she would make sure someone held me down while she shaved it off. That hasn't happened since I was fourteen, and I would rather not go there again. I didn't question it because there would have been no point. If I pissed Norma off in any way, she would follow through with her threat. She's done it before, and it was awful. Norma told Alpha Jack that I had refused to help out in the gardens picking herbs – which was not true, by the way – and he beat me into a two-week coma. When I woke up, he had shaved my head. I loved my hair; it was the only thing about me that I liked, but Alpha Jack took it from me. It pleased him to see me upset because my humiliation gave him joy. It took months to grow back, and every time anyone threatens to take it from me, I become pathetic and do as they want for fear of losing it again. It's ridiculous because it's only hair. Most would tell me to grow up, and perhaps I should. But my hair is my identity; that's all I have. I have no name, no one who cares about me, and I don't even have a real home. I wish I did because then I wouldn't have to put up with the hell I go through on a daily basis in this dump. I did as Norma asked and plated the roast beef. I added the garnish and made my way to the dining hall. I kept my eyes downcast as I followed three other Omegas into the dining hall. I knew better than to look anyone in the eye. It won't matter that Alpha Jack had guests; he would find me later and make me pay. 'Can you smell that?' Nyko mumbles. 'No.' I can't smell anything. There's dry blood in my nose. I couldn't get it all out before my hour was up. 'Flowers, strawberries, and snow.' 'All the scents we like.' 'Mate!' Nyko yells inside my head. My heart starts to hammer, and my mouth becomes dry. I want to look up so Nyko can point our mate out to me, but I dare not. Lifting my eyes means punishment, and I could do without that tonight. If whoever the person is knows I'm their mate, they say nothing. It figures because they will no doubt want to reject me. Not that I could blame them; I wouldn't be much of

a mate. What could I offer anyone? I couldn't even speak to them or protect them from danger. Goddess, I can't even imagine the rejection coming my way. I can't let anything slip, not even a look. If Alpha Jack notices anything, he'll kill me. As I said, it won't matter that he has guests. He'll make up some excuse or another to deal with me. I can't allow that; we have Royals here, for Goddess's sake! I keep my head down as I serve the dinner. I'm scared because usually, Alpha Jack makes sure he is served first, which I suppose is his right as Alpha. But we have Royal visitors, whom I'm sure I should serve before anyone else. Alpha Jack wouldn't want me to make him look rude, would he? 'Just remember, ladies first.' 'Right.' I serve the female at the table on the left. I don't know what she looks like, but I can feel the heat of her body pressing against mine when I place her plate in front of her. I can hear her breathing in my ear. She seems to be struggling, and I see her fingers twitch through the corner of my eye. She's fighting not to touch me! 'She's our mate!' 'I don't care, Nyko! She cannot touch us.' 'But she's ours...' 'Enough!' I don't mean to be harsh with my Lycan, but this cannot happen. If she touches me, the mate bond will activate, making it even harder to accept the rejection she will no doubt hand me. When she finds me later, because she will, I won't fight the rejection. I'll accept it as best I can. I won't cause a scene, and I will walk away like she wants me to. I don't speak, so I won't be able to verbally accept, but I'll think of something. I managed to serve everyone without mishaps, though my hands shook. I rushed from the room when Alpha Jack mind linked me to, and I quote, 'Fuc.k off!' At least he wasn't mad about me serving the Royals before him. I'm not sent to the dining hall again tonight. I've never been more grateful for anything in my life. But as I take the trash out, I can't help wondering what it would have been like to look at my mate's face just once. Would she have looked upon me with disgust? Or would she have smiled at me just once? What is the color of her hair? Her eyes? Would she have full, kissable lips? I've never kissed anyone in my life, and I doubt I ever will. But thinking about kissing her makes my lips tingle. Goddess, I wish I could have breathed in her scent! She would be beautiful; I know that already. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, or so the saying goes. I'm not into looks because personality is everything. Though no one I've ever met has had a decent personality.

A person can be beautiful on the outside but ugly on the inside. I've seen that more times than I care to remember. But I could tell my mate was beautiful outside and inside, and I hadn't even looked at her or spoken to her. I shouldn't want to know her name, but I will learn it when she rejects me. The thing is, I know it will be a name I will never forget. It will be imprinted onto my brain for all eternity. 'She might want you.' I roll my eyes while washing my hands in the utility room. I'm not allowed to return to my room to clean myself after taking out the trash. Norma would love it if I made that mistake because she could run straight to Alpha Jack and have me punished. I wouldn't give the bitch the satisfaction. 'She won't want me, Nyko. Why would a Princess want someone like me? Don't answer that; I don't have time to chat.' Nyko huffs inside my head, and I sense him lying down and closing his eyes. I am so tired, and I'm not sure I'll last much longer before fatigue overtakes me. It's been days since I had any real sleep, and I'm surviving on fumes. I wash my face with cold water and finally manage to get that dried blood out of my nose. I can finally breathe through my nose. But the only trouble with that is I can smell my mate, and her scent is everything Nyko said it was. 'She's here!' 'What? Where?' 'Kitchen! Go to her.' I don't want to go to her, but I can't hide in here forever. My mate has come looking; now, I must accept her rejection.