

The Lycan Princess's Silent Mate

4 - Disrespect!

Ivy Goddess, my life sucks! A third chance mate? I've never heard of such a thing! I thought I was supposed to find Death, and we would be together? 'Perhaps our mate is Death.' Freya tells me. 'Oh, yeah, sure, Freya.' I roll my eyes sarcastically. 'What? Think about it. Hel, Hades, and even Lucifer said Death was lost, and we're the ones to find him and return him to his brother.' 'Yes, Lucifer. But I doubt Death would be parading around like an Omega Wolf.' 'Unless he doesn't know who he is?' 'Yeah, I guess. But it still doesn't make any sense, Freya.' 'Fine. Maybe Selene has given us this mate, and he'll help us find Death. It doesn't mean we'll be mated to Death as well.' 'Hel said Death would love us. I don't know, Freya. I am so confused right now.' 'We'll work it out, Ivy.' 'I hope so.' I don't know what I'm supposed to do now. I don't care about the guy's rank or that he works at the packhouse. But I do care that he didn't acknowledge me. He served dinner, didn't once look up, and then left like he felt nothing. All the while, I was trying to keep my composure and not freak out. But it wasn't easy, especially as I didn't look at my mate's face. I was too worried about what I would do if I did. Adam noticed, but I couldn't say anything. I couldn't wait to speak to my mate. I needed to know if whoever that man was wanted to reject me. If he did, then I wanted it over with immediately. If he rejects me, I don't know what to do. But I'm becoming numb to the pain. This crap is becoming a habit I wish I could break. I excused myself from after-dinner drinks, faking that I needed to use the bathroom. I have to get this over with because I cannot leave this place without knowing. The mate bond would keep drawing me back to this pack until my mate either accepted or rejected me. I can't have that, so I need to find him. I follow the scent of sadness and desperation, the scent of my third chance mate. I have a bad feeling about this. Something feels off, but I can't put my finger on what. The scent is stronger toward the kitchen, so I head that way. I'm nervous beyond

compare, and my heart is pounding. I don't want to be rejected again, but I know I will be. "You can't be in here." I raise my eyebrows at the woman staring daggers at me. Now, I don't use the whole 'I'm a Princess' thing to get my way. That's not who I am, but I won't be disrespected by a maid when everyone knows I'm a visitor here and Royal! "I beg your pardon?" The woman bows. "I'm sorry, Princess. I meant no offense." I refrain from rolling my eyes. This woman isn't sorry at all. "I'm looking for someone. A man, tall, choppy dark hair, wearing black trousers, a white shirt, and a black apron tied around his waist." "Erm," The woman looks incredibly uncomfortable. "Princess, no one is permitted to talk to..." Nervously, she stops talking. What the hell is going on here? "Who? Give me his name." "I, erm..." I'm getting impatient! But my mate's scent hits me full force as he exits what I assume is the utility room. I swallow hard while looking into the eyes of the most beautiful man I have ever seen. He looks startled, and his eyes are darting from side to side. "It's you," I whisper, shocked that I'm looking at the man from my vision – the beaten and broken man from the basement. I don't know this man's story, but it's obviously not a good one. Seeing an Alpha's son, working as a servant for visiting Royals is shocking. Every Alpha I know adores their son or sons. Males carry on the family name, take over the pack, and become even greater Alphas than the ones before. But here I am, looking at this beautifully broken man, wondering why anyone would want to harm him. The bruises may have faded, but they aren't gone, and it makes me murderous! His father treats him awfully, and it hurts my heart. "What's your name?" I ask. But my mate doesn't answer; he merely stares at me. He seems nervous or scared, and I know what's coming. "You want to reject me," I whisper while closing my eyes momentarily. I don't want to go through this again, but it looks like I will. Can I at least know your name?" "Princess Ivy," I sigh and look at the woman gawping at me with wide eyes. "Erm, he cannot speak." I look at my mate, still staring at me. So that's why he hasn't answered me; he can't. I look back at the woman. "Is he deaf?" It's rare but not impossible for a Lycan to lose their hearing, though it's not usual for one to be born deaf. "No, he's not deaf. He can hear you. Can't you?" I narrow my eyes when she sneers at my mate. My mate nods. His dark eyes are so sad it hurts my heart further. "Tell me his

name.” “He doesn’t have a name.” The woman mumbles. “What? How can he not have a name? Everyone has a name!” “Princess, he does not have a name. Everyone calls him...” “Parasite,” I mumble as sadness flows through me. This beautifully broken man doesn’t even have a name because his own father didn’t deem him worthy of one. “I’m so sorry,” I mumble while taking his hand in mine. His eyes widen because he can feel the sparks of our mate bond as much as I can. I never touched James or Joe, so this is the first time I have ever felt the mate bond, and I like it. “My name is Ivy. I know what they call you, but I never will because you are not what they say.” His thumb strokes back and forth over the back of my hand, and I smile. He wouldn’t be holding onto me like this if he wanted to reject me. Would he?

“Princess, please step away from him. The Alpha would be angry if he saw you both like this.” “I don’t give a damn about your Alpha! Never tell me to walk away from my mate.” “Mate? This cannot be. Princess, you do not want someone like him as a mate.” My mate pulls his hand away from mine and looks at the floor. Hell, no! I know his life here has been anything but good, but he has me now, and unless he tells me to go, I will not leave him. “You hold your damn tongue!” The woman bows slightly. I look at my mate. “Do you want to reject me?” I whisper so only he can hear me. “I know what happens to you here,” He narrows his eyes in confusion. “I will explain how later. But I want you to know that should you accept me, we’ll be leaving this place tonight. I am Princess Ivy of Lykos. The Lycan King is my uncle, and he will stop what is happening within this pack. You are not alone because I am here now. You’re safe, no matter what you decide. I promise. Trusting me might be hard because I doubt you’ve ever been able to trust anyone. But I swear you can trust me. So, I’ll ask you again. Do you want to reject me?” I watch with curiosity as he takes a small notebook and pencil from his apron pocket. He quickly writes something before handing it to me. Why would you want someone like me? You’re so beautiful and perfect, but I am nothing. I have nothing to offer you. My heart breaks reading his words. “You are not nothing. You’re my mate, and I want you. If you believe nothing else, please believe that. I will never lie to you because that’s not what I’m about. I’m scared, too, because I have been rejected twice before. Those men never touched me or said much to me because they rejected me as

soon as they met me. There will be a lot for us to talk about when we leave this place. You might not like some of it, but it would be only right to tell you. If you want to reject me, then I will go on living. But I hope you'll give me a chance." I don't want to reject you. I'm not much, but I am yours. I read what he wrote, then close my eyes and smile. He wants me, and I could scream with happiness. His hand on my face has me opening my eyes. I lean into his timid touch and lay my hand on his chest. "Yes, you are." He smiles at me, but he's suddenly ripped away from me and literally thrown through the back door. "No!" I scream and try to get to my mate, but someone holds me back. "I don't think so, Princess," Eric whispers in my ear. "That bastard had no right to touch you. Now, he'll finally get what's coming to him." "Nothing is coming to him, you pig. Let go of me right now!" How dare he think he can lay hands on me!? "No can do. But you can watch while my father finally kills that useless piece of crap." A tear falls from my eyes as the Alpha and his sons mercilessly beat my mate. They drag him deeper into the garden, push him to his knees, tie his hands to the wooden stake in front of him, and tear his shirt from his body. No. Just no! How dare they do this in front of me? Fine, they don't know that the man they torture is my mate. But I am a princess, and this is the utmost in disrespect! Where the hell is my uncle? Freya is going crazy inside my head, and I'm seconds away from letting her kill these fuckers! 'Uncle Theo! Come to the garden, quick. The Alpha is trying to kill me!' Lies, but I don't care! Uncle Theo will come running, and hopefully, I can save my mate before it's too late. 'Freya?' I call my Lycan. She growls inside my head. 'Kill!' 'As you wish.'