

# Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 12

“So how I do I find one of these magical ‘fated’ mates?” I rolled my eyes. This was a crock of horse shit.

“There’s several signs,” Victoria went on. “Sometimes it’s an intense draw to someone. Sometimes a fated mate has the ability to soothe one another that other do not. Then, I’ve heard tales of fated mates being so intensely attracted to one another that a certain electricity erupts between them.”

I paused. I remembered my first day when Maximus ran me over outside of the admissions building. Then I remembered when he stormed over to my room and grabbed me. Both times, there was this burning, warm sensation that shocked me to my core.

Electricity.

I felt the color drain from my face. He couldn’t be, could he?

I refused to entertain that thought.

“Zora?” my mother said into the phone. “Did you feel anything like that?”

“No,” I said quickly. “Sorry. I was just trying to remember if anything like that happened with anyone. It didn’t.”

“Okay,” Victoria sounded like she knew I was lying. “Well just remember the four candidates I presented to you. There’s a high likelihood one of them could be your fated mate.”

I swallowed thickly. This wasn’t helping.

“Right,” I said. “Well I think romance is the last thing on my list right now. I need someone to catch me up to speed.”

“What do you mean?” Victoria said through the phone. I sighed. “These people have been wolves for years,” I said. “I’ve known.”

I was a wolf for six months. I need to be caught up on combat, lore, all of it.”

“I see,” Victoria said. “And Mr. Wolfham isn’t a good option for this?”

I fidgeting and saw Lunerly eyeing me down from next to me. I refused to meet his gaze. “No,” I said softly into the phone.

Victoria hummed. “Hand the phone back the Valentin please,”

I handed it back without a word. Lunerly put the phone back to his ear. "Yes?" he said. I could hear Victoria talking through the line. But it was far too muffled for me to understand it. Lunerly hummed a few times before saying goodbye and pocketing his phone.

He stood up and began to check on the dressings around my arms. He slowly peeled them off and sighed.

"These should be healed already," he said softly, poking at the angry red lines on my arm. I hissed when he did. His eyes snapped up to mine with a worry in them. He jerked back down and continued redressing my wounds.

"You're far too fragile to be this reckless," he whispered. I tried to ignore the tender way he was wrapping the bandages around my arm.

When he finally moved to the cut on my cheek, I found my voice again.

"So teach me," I said under my breath. I knew he heard it when his hands stilled. Then he gently removed the bandage and replaced it with a new one. The whole time I watched him.

His hands were long and delicate, his nails perfectly manicured. His nose was long and prominent, a gently rolling slope built into his perfectly shaped face. His hair was swept off his shoulders and wrapped in a bun at the nape of his neck. It looked so soft that I ached to run my fingers through it. In my entire life, I'd never seen someone so stunning. It froze me as Lunerly fixed all my wounds. He stood up straight when he was done.

"Can you meet me? Tomorrow? Before classes." he said.

I blinked at him. "I suppose," I said, tentatively. "Why?"

"Your mother has requested I train you," he replied. "And I've decided to go through with it."

I stared at him, stunned. "Y-you'll train me?" I sputtered. "Aren't you busy like teaching classes and like - being the Headmaster and shit?"

Lunerly laughed at me. "am," he said. "But something about you-" he cocked his head to the side. "-I feel like I need to do this."

"Well, I appreciate it," I said gently.

"Of course," Lunerly said. "I'll meet you inside the gym tomorrow around six in the morning? Is that okay?"

"Of course, Professor," I replied.

“Valentin,” he corrected with a soft smile. “Please call me, Valentin.”

“Valentin,” I repeated with a soft smile.

The professor nodded at me before starting towards the door. “Oh!” I said, suddenly remembering something my mother said. “Who is the fourth person? The last candidate for my fiancé?”

Valentin stilled immediately. He slowly turned around from his place in the door frame. “What?” he whispered. I shifted uncomfortably. Maybe Victoria hadn’t told him. “Like the guys she’s picked out for me?” I mumbled. “The ones who could be my fated mate?”

Valentin looked towards the floor. He ran his tongue over his bottom lip before pulling the door further. He looked back at me.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Princess,” he said. With that, the door slammed shut behind him and I was alone again.

Sighed and threw my head back on the bed. So much for getting more information. I couldn’t help but wonder why Valentin didn’t tell me who my final fiancé was. I was just trying to avoid these assholes for fuck’s sake!

I started picking at my bandages. Curiously, I peeled the one on my chest back. I gasped when I saw what was underneath.

I had no clue why Valentin said I was healing slowly. My wound was basically gone. There was a jagged pink line where a tree branch had impaled my skin. Sure, it wasn’t completely gone but it was gone faster than any of my other wounds had ever healed.

For once, since I’d been dumped on this campus, I finally felt like I may truly be a wolf.

It was exhilarating.

On that note, I thought to finally get some rest. I was safe, tucked in the back corner of the infirmary, away from all the nonsense.

The next morning, I woke up and checked in with the head nurse. My wounds had all healed and I felt like nothing had even happened to me. I was energized as I left the infirmary and marched across campus.

The day before, several of the wolves Kairos sent after me had stalked Loren and I as she walked me to shifting. But today, I found no snarling faces in the bushes. It seemed like I was completely alone on my walk. to the gym.

When I finally reached the giant metal doors of the gym, I felt slightly nervous. Last time I'd been here, I'd not only failed the run, but I'd made enemies with Maximus. I wondered if this stint in the gym would result in the same failure as the previous time.

Shoved that thought in the back corner of my mind as I saw Valentin.

He was dressed in training clothes: dark grey sweats and training shoes with a light grey long sleeved top. The sleeves were pushed up to reveal his forearms. They rippled with muscle.

I swallowed thickly, a wave of attraction washing over me. Valentin caught my gaze and smiled softly. "Good morning,"

"Good morning," I said. "Nurse cleared me for classes today. I'm good to ' train.

"That's good," Valentin said. "Let's start with some light stretches. I'll recite some of the history to you and you can ask questions. Let's start with a lap around the track to warm up."

I nodded and took off in a light jog. To my surprise, Valentin took off with me. I tried not to get lost in the site of him as we went. About a hundred yards into the lap, Valentin started to speak.

"So I'm sure you read the handbook," he said. "And should know about some of the history of our kind." I nodded. Valentin continued. "Right, so the war lasted for ten years. Prior to that, we'd been enslaved by the vampires for hundreds of years.

"It wasn't until your mother rose to power that someone actually did something about it. She fought against the vampires in every aspect, organizing secretly behind their backs until we had an army big enough to break free of their grasps." "You fought with her?" I said.

Valentin nodded. "She's been my closest friend since we were young. I knew everything about her," he said.

Her heart is pure, whether you

believe that or not. And she truly does everything because she cares for you."

I snorted then furrowed my brows. We were rounding to the end of the lap. "Wait, if you're my mother's childhood friend then how old are you?"

Valentin and I reached the end of the lap. He stopped with a coy smirk and I followed, brows still furrowed. He brushed his hair back off his face. I felt my heart stutter in my chest.

