

# Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 121

After my deliberate insubordination, Thorne left quickly.

The rest of the room followed quickly after. Kairos was helped to his feet by Petyr and was taken to the infirmary.

Maximus was helped up by Meg. He left with his arm slung over her shoulder, also on the way to the infirmary.

He barely looked at me as he went.

Then, I was alone again.

This time, I rejoiced in it. As the final door to the gym slammed shut, the silence consumed me. I slumped down to the mat, where I'd been glued since my statement against the Queen. My mother, the queen.

The chaos swirling around me was becoming too much.

My body was having a physical, visceral reaction to it. As I stared at the floor, I expected tears but none came. I wanted to sob but found I couldn't.

I was exhausted.

My body couldn't bring itself to shed a tear.

There was a low whine in the back of my mind that I knew was Mona. She sensed how much I'd given up. She knew it was over.

There may be another way, she said, softly.

How? I said back. You read the toms on multiple mates just as I did. It's either I break all the bonds or I go insane. Mona hummed. I wasn't talking about the bonds, She corrected. I was talking about your powers. Alpha Blythwitch breaking the bond awoke me from inside you.

What if breaking the bonds woke up the rest of you?

I frowned. I hadn't considered it. But maybe – just maybe I could make it work. I couldn't have my mates, but I could also keep the rest of the wolves from succumbing to whatever the vampires had planned for us.

My life may have been in shambles but I would not let the rest of the people in my life would have a fighting fucking chance. Loren and Meg and Max. They all had been with me since the start. They deserved a sliver of happiness.

I slowly got up. My decision had been made. I'd break all my bonds.

I left the gym in a haze and stumbled my way across campus. The entire time, my head kept cycling through the faces of Maximus and Kairos, covered in blood. Then their faces, looking away from me. Their pain and disappointment were palpable. It surged me further and the next time I recognized my surroundings, I was in front of Valentin's office.

I raised my shaky hand and gently rapt it against the grain of the wood door. The sound sounded like rocks crashing in my brain. The door opened and Valentin's gold eyes were boring into mine.

"Miss Smith," he said, warily. His eyes darted over my head and scanned the hall before looking back at me. "I Was expecting you to still be in the gym."

My eyes bulged in my head. "You heard about that? Why didn't you do anything?!"

"What could I do?" he stepped aside and ushered me into his office. I stared at him in awe the whole time. He merely shrugged. "Werewolf law is werewolf law."

"So you just let two students try and kill each other?" I snapped..

Another shrug. "Only one was going to die."

I shook my head and walked further into Valentin's office.

He followed me before leaning back on his desk. His arms crossed over his chest. He raised an eyebrow at me.

"Did you come here to talk about people fighting for your love?"

The bitterness in his tone made my blood boil. I pierced him with a look. He seemed unphased so I dropped the bomb.

"I'm breaking all my bonds."

His face stayed neutral except for the clench of his jaw.

His words sounded forced when he spoke next.

"And what made you decide that?"

“When I broke my bond with Thorne,” I continued. “My wolf, she woke up. I think the prophecy isn’t giving us the full story. I think not only can my bonds give me powers, but breaking them can as well.”

Valentin swallowed thickly. “You think so?”

“I know so,” I nodded. “My wolf came out when my bond broke. She is the start of the power that I have.”

Valentin’s tongue darted out and swiped over his bottom lip. He unfolded his arms and braced them back on his desk.

“And if you’re wrong?” he challenged.

“Then we’ll take it from there,” I said, shrugged as he had just moments before.

Then, Valentin scoffed. “The fate of the wolves is in your hands and you’re just leaving it to chance?” he shook his head.

“There isn’t much of another choice,” I grit out.

“Try harder!” he threw back.

I could tell his emotion on the matter shocked him. He immediately tried to compose himself but his façade was slipping. He didn’t want me to break the bonds.

“Do you have so little hope in me?” I yelled back at him.

“I have nothing but hope for you!” He cried. “All of my hope is in you – a girl who spent her entire life in the human world.” I threw my hands up. “Because of you!”

“And yet!” Valentin continued. “You’re supposed to save our world. You can’t even command four fated mates!

How are you supposed to command the vampires!”

“I’m tired!” I cried. Tears were welling up in the corners of my eyes. I threw my hands up in defeat.

“I’m tired,” I repeated. “I’ve been fighting my entire life. I fought as a kid to stay alive in a world where I thought I was unwanted. A world where I didn’t belong. I fought my entire first semester at this school. To prove I was worthy.

To prove that this was my home. A home that felt less like a home than the orphanage. Then, I fought with all my fated mates. To get them to want me. To get them to know that I needed them-”

“YOU THINK I DIDN’T FIGHT?!” Valentin roared, cutting my off. We stared at one another for a beat, our chests rising and falling heavily. “You think,” Valentin continued. “That after fighting for my freedom, fighting for my happiness, that I want to fight anymore?!”

“I-”

“I am tired of fighting, Zora,” Valentin said. His voice was shaky as he locked eyes with me. “I am tired of fighting.”

I stepped closer to him, eyes still locked on his gold ones.” So, stop.”

“Zora,” he warned. He stepped back towards his desk but I stepped closer again. Our hearts were pounding in the same rhythm.

Lub-dub, lub-dub, lub-dub -.

“T’IL hurt you,” Valentin whispered.

“No,” I shook my head. “You can’t hurt me anymore than you hurt me by pushing me away.”

Another second passed. It felt like my entire lifetime passed in that single second. Then, I finally got relief from the turmoil I’d felt since I laid eyes on Valentin Lunerly.

He surged forwards and kissed me.

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Valentin

There had been only a few moments in his life where Valentin Lunerly had felt peace. The first was when he’d discovered that Zahara was his fated mated. The second was when Victoria had locked Renault away.

The third was when he kissed Zora Luna.

The violent urge he’d been fighting since he laid his eyes on her had finally been quenched. He’d given up on fighting against it. He was relieved as his lips pressed Zora. But all that relief was quickly shoved down his throat in place of the most voracious desire he’d felt in his life.

Immediately, his tongue was prying Zora’s mouth open and licking inside it. His hands dug into her hips and dragged them together. He whirled Zora around so her ass was pressed to the wood of his desk. Then he ground their hips back together so she could feel how much he needed her.

Her gasp was almost instantaneous. She wrenched her face away from him to pant. He took the opportunity to smother her neck in kisses so rough, he was sure they'd bloom into bruises in the hour.

"Valentin," Zora moaned. He continued his assault on her neck then dragged his lips back to meet hers. He pushed her further back into the desk and she sat on it, giving him a new angle to attack her mouth at. His hands held onto her jaw, locking her lips with his.

"Valentin," Zora moaned again. "Stop."

Valentin growled and pulled back from Zora. Their noses touched with the lack of space between them. It was just enough that Zora could speak. So, she could tell him why the fuck she was depriving him of something for any longer.

"We can't," she squeaked.

"Why not?" Valentin growled.

His hand splayed across her chest and gently kneaded her breast. She keened up against him and their lips collided again. He dug his hands back into her jaw and sucked into her lips again. When she pulled back again, he couldn't escape the growl from reverberating through his chest.

"We can't," Zora repeated, barely above a whisper.

Valentin dropped his hand from its bruising grasp on her jaw. He reared back slightly. The look in Zora's eyes almost shattered his heart in two. Then, he reminded himself that she was the one stopping him.

"What?" he asked, as gently as one could with a raging hard on.

Zora tugged her bottom lip between her teeth. The action made Valentin even harder in his trousers. His hand gently went up and pulled her lip out from her teeth. "Tell me what's wrong," he murmured. "Before I pin you to this desk and make you scream my name out of spite."

Zora's eyes flashed gold from their usual hazel. She pressed one hand against Valentin's chest.

"Your wedding," she said slowly. "It's - it's still on, isn't it?"

Valentin took a step back. He gently dropped his eyes from Zora's. He could've sworn he could hear her heart rate quicken under her breasts. His eyes scanned the floor, trying to come up with the words to describe his situation. He finally lifted his eyes to lock them with Zora's once again.

No.

“No?” Zora balked. “What do you mean ‘no?’”

“I mean ‘no, it’s not on’” Valentin clarified. He his gently went up and cupped Zora’s cheek. His thumb stroked gently across the high point of her cheek. “I ended it.”

“-,” Zóra stuttered. Her face twisted as if it were going through a thousand emotions at once. “I don’t understand.”

“Since i laid eyes on you,” Valentin murmured, hand still on Zora’s cheek. “I have had no thoughts other than you.

You have worked your way through all of the deepest layers of shields I’ve put up. You are resilient. You are powerful. You are mine.”

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Zora sucked in a sharp breath of air. Valentin though about smothering her with mouth. Instead, he continued.

“I would be the stupidest man in the world,” he said. “If I let you slip away from me. I called off the wedding last night. I was planning on calling you into my office to tell you. Luckily for me, you showed up.”

Zora’s jaw unhinged slightly. The two stared at each other for a moment. Finally, Zora reached out and slapped Valentin lightly on the arm.

“You were going to let me sever our bond!” she exclaimed.

Valentin couldn’t help but chuckle. It was a low, rumbling sound that had Zora arching her back to further push her chest into him.

“I wasn’t going to let you do anything,” he whispered. “I was going to allow you to do something if it made you happy.”

“This makes me happier,” Zora ran her hands up Valentin’s torso. He growled again. Zora smirked. “Much, much, happier.”

With that, Valentin surged forwards again and captured her lips in his own. He settled himself between her legs before he pressed forwards again, all the while he was nipping and sucking and prying at Zora’s mouth with his own. He pressed far enough that Zora leaned back to fully lay across his desk.

He swiped all of his desk supplies off of the wood top so he could fully splay out his fated mated. Then he kneed up against the desk and loomed over her, slamming their bodies together as much as possible.

After his mention of his failed nupitals, Zora came at him harder. Her nails dug into his ass. Her mouth nipped with more ferocity. She was throwing herself at him with the same amount of desire he was throwing at her.

He pushed her shirt off her shoulders so he could suck welts under her collarbone. She writhed under him, jerking her hips up towards his with a want that he could taste. He kept pushing her shirt lower and lower until the cup of her bra was between his teeth. He was two seconds away from ripping it in half, when there was a knock at the door.

Both Valentin and Zora froze.

They shared a glance before both scrambling away from one another. Zora yanked her shirt back into place as Valentin adjusted himself in his trousers. His hair was falling out of it's bun so much that he yanked it out and hastily redid it. Zora smoothed out the back of her hair.

When the two finished, they shared one more glance before Valentin went to open the door. When he threw it open, Zora couldn't help but gasp.

Thorne was standing in the doorway to Valentin's office. How much had he heard?

"Mr. Blythwitch," Valentin said before clearing his throat.

How cant help you?"

Thorne's eyes immediately narrowed in on Zora. "What is she doing here?" he snapped

"Miss Smith and I were discussing her supptemental training," Valentin said, trying to keep himself as composed as possible.

"Not that it's of any of your concern."

"It is, actually," Thorne snapped. "I need to speak to Queen Luna."

Valentin blinked. "About Zora?"

Thorne nodded. They both turned to look at Zora. Valentin couldn't help but noticed she still looked slightly disheveled. Part of him was proud that he'd riled her up so much. The other part hoped that Thorne didn't notice.

Zora nodded curtly, glancing at Valentin one more time before silently leaving the room. The door slammed behind her and Valentin sighed. He shoved a lock of hair out of his face before sitting at the chair behind his desk.

“What can I help you with, Blythwitch?”

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Zora

Despite almost fucking Valentin on his desk the afternoon before, I wasn't nervous at all to train with him the next morning. In fact, going to the gym, I felt more at peace than I had in months.

Sure, my other two fated mates were in the hospital after fighting one another.

Sure, the vampires were still a threat. Sure, I had no powers capable of killing a vampire resurgence. But Valentin had chosen me. Not fucking Bella. I had won him over.

I changed quickly into my training gear and left the locker room for the gym. The sun was starting to rise a little earlier than it had in the deep winter. As a result, gold light was flowing into gym and illuminating it. None of the fluorescent lights had been turned on that morning.

The light was coming through the windows in a precise way that lit up the sparring mat. It was hitting directly in the middle, exactly where Valentin was standing.

He wasn't paying attention to me as I walked in. His eyes were cast on the clipboard in his hand. A stray lock of ashy brown hair had escaped from his bun and was falling in front of him. The way the sunlight hit him, he looked like a God. He was illuminated in the halo of the sun. It made my heart ache even more than usual.

I padded gently across the floor of the gym, trying not to disturb him. When I pushed myself up to the raised sparring mat his eyes jerked towards me. I gave him a soft smile before standing up on my feet.

“Hi,” I said.

“Hi,” he replied with the same soft smile. “How did you sleep?”

I shrugged. “Okay,”

If by okay you mean the very naughty dreams, then yes, it was okay, Mona chimed in.

I blushed despite myself. Valentin noticed and frowned. I offered him a weak smile as I addressed Mona deep in my mind.

Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

You know I'm right, Mona answered as she licked her paws.

"It's just us today," Valentin sighed. I prayed to the Gods above in thanks for the change of topic. He put the clipboard down and then turned to me. His hands bracketed his hips.

He looked so handsome.

"Okay," I squeaked. I cleared my throat, trying to refocus." How are...the others."

"Moonraiser and Wolfham?" Valentin raised an eyebrow."

They're okay. Still in the infirmary. The nurse has cleared them to return to classes next Monday."• "Right," I nodded. "So, what's the plan?"

"Usual," Valentin said. "Start with a warmup then we'll get into sparring."

I nodded and took off towards the track for my warmup routine. The rest of training went pretty...normal. There were only a few moments when I was stuck staring at Valentin for too long. jo\_bn\_ib-c-o-m Or when he'd let his hands linger on my waist for a beat too long. The real issue occurred when I was going to leave.

The damn piece of ashy brown hair had been falling in Valentin's face the entire session. We'd finished our final spar and were standing up. As we stood, I noticed the stray piece of hair. It was right across his left eye, shielding it from me. My fingers twitched and I was dying to move it.

So, I did.

I pushed it off his face and folded it behind his ear. My hand lingered near his cheek. His eyes were darting from mine to my hand and back. Then, as if he was suddenly overcome with intense lust, he moved and bent down to kiss me.

Fire bloomed within my chest and exploded. I didn't even realize I was moving my hands until they wound up tangled in Valentin's hair. I opened my mouth and allowed him to explore the inside of me. His hands immediately cupped my ass and I jumped into his arms. My lips never left his. He spun us around to press against the back wall of the gym. His mouth was savage as it attacked mine, nipping and sucking and licking me. I ground my lower half against his, moaning as soon as I felt his length against my cunt. He grunted against my mouth and ground back against me.

I keened off the wall. My body felt like it was on fire. Every thread of me was yearning for Valentin in a way I'd never experienced. Something about him was in my bones and in my soul all at once.

I was hot and bothered and beyond needy. I was almost about to fuck another man in the gym, when there was a violent bang.

I gasped and pushed Valentin away from me. My feet thudded against the floor. I jerked my head around Valentin's broad shoulders and was met with the smoldering glare of Maximus.

His eyes were rimmed with bruises, his nose set in a cast after being broken by Kairos. The rest of his face was pale beside for the bright red slash through his left eyebrow.

His nostrils were flared as he seethed at me. He turned and stalked out of the gym.

I immediately darted around Valentin and ran after him. I sprinting across the gym and into the locker room where he'd disappeared. My feet slapped violently against the tile. I skittered around the corner and "oof"d as I ran into something hard. I stumbled back and realized I'd ran into Maximus himself. He turned and glared down at me.

"Don't even try and explain," he snapped before I could speak. "Tsee you've made your choice."

"Max, wait!" I screamed before I grabbed him. He shook his arm out of my grasp.

"There is no wait," he seethed. "Besides the fact you're chasing after someone who will never want you, you couldn't even bother to tell me."

"Max-"

"Don't," he snarled and turned back to storm away from me.

"Max, listen!" I yelled. He stopped and spun back around to look at me. His expression was still hard and angry. I threw my hands up in frustration.

"Just listen," I begged.

"I am," he gritted out. "So, speak."

"He accepted me!" I sputtered out. "He accepted me and - and now we can be together."

Max turned around slowly and looked me dead in the eyes. My heart slammed in my chest as I waited for his reply.

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“He did,” Maximus said slowly. I nodded. Maximus hummed in return. My heart hammered in my chest like a ticking time bomb.

“You’d have us both?” Maximus asked. I nodded fervently then sighed.

“Please, I begged.

Maximus nodded slowly. He took a step back towards me and my breath caught in my throat. I was frozen in place as he reached out and cupped my cheek. My eyes were locked on his gold ones, even brighter in contrast to the dark purple circles under them.

“Lunerly knows,” he murmured. I nodded. Maximus’s eyes wandered down to my lips. He nodded slowly. I wished he’d just kiss me.

“He’s okay to share?” Maximus continued, still barely above a whisper. I nodded again. Maximus hummed.

“Could be fun, right?”

I snorted a laugh of relief. “Yeah, real fun,” I said. My eyes welled with tears. Maximus caught one with his thumb and swiped it away,

“Okay,” he said, softly.

“Okay?” I asked. My voice sounded so small yet so incredulous. Maximus nodded. “Okay.”

I couldn’t help myself. I lunged at him and wrapped my arms around his neck, yanking him down so I could nuzzle my face into his neck. He laughed as he wrapped his arms around my waist and tugged us together. His cheek rested on top my head.

For a moment, we just stayed there and breathed, holding each other and relishing in the fact that we were allowed to be together. After a while, Maximus untwined himself from me. His eyebrow was furrowed. It immediately made me frown.

“Kairos,” Maximus explained. “He’s not going to like this.”

I frowned further. “Probably not,” I murmured. “But we don’t have to talk about that now. Let’s just... live in the happiness we have for now.”

Maximus nodded. Then, his hand came up and cupped my cheek again as he had done moments before. Unlike the previous time, on this time he dipped down and pressed his lips to mine. I immediately leaned into it, sighing into his mouth with the breath I didn’t know I was holding.

My hand went to the back of his neck to allow him to angle himself into my mouth more. His hands slid up my ass and settled on my lower ribs. He pulled me to him and we touched like a lightning striking the ground.

Immediately, his lips were hungrier and wilder than they were before. His light hands turned into hungry claws that dug into my ass. His pushed his entire body into mine, curling us around each other. Meanwhile, my lips were ravaged by his. His teeth grazed slightly my bottom lip and I moaned as more electricity surged from his lips.

Maximus took that as a sign to further the kiss. His hand knitted at the base of my ponytail. He pulled, not hard enough to break my red curls, but enough to tip my head back and allow me to look up as Maximus drove back into my mouth.

Then, all of a sudden, his hands were everywhere, everywhere, everywhere and yet somehow, I couldn't get enough. My body was dying for something – anything – to touch me in the place I so desperately needed to be touched.

“Please,” I begged as I got a half a second to utter those words in the minimal space between us. I watched as Maximus's pupils blew out. He looked like he was about to devour me.

And I was ready for it.

Then someone cleared their throat. Maximus and I jerked our heads to look at who'd interrupted us. I don't know who I expected to be there, but it certainly wasn't Valentin. He gave both of us a small smile.

“Am I interrupting?”

Maximus let out a low growl. I pressed my hand to his chest and felt his muscle lose all the tension he'd built up' in them. I turned and looked up at him. We exchanged a glance before I turned towards Valentin.

I replicated his smile. “A bit.”

Valentin chuckled but continued to walk into the locker room. “I suppose we're all on the same side now?”

“Zora's side, you mean?” Maximus said, with a bit of bite in his tone. I pressed my hand to his chest and shushed him but Valentin paid his tone no mind.

“Precisely,” he said as he stood to stand next to us. He glanced sideways at me. “The only team there is, is her's.

As long as that's clear-”

“Crystal,” Maximus snapped.

“Stop that!” I chided. “Valentin’s right, the only team....”

My head started to feel like it was being filled with water.

I blinked at Valentin. It looked like there was two of him.

“Teammmm..”

My voice sounded like it was under water too. Everything about me felt like it was underwater. My legs and arms felt like they were floating all of a sudden. The world was spinning around me. Then, it slipped out from under me.

Then I was falling, falling, falling down away from where Valentin and Maximus were looking at me. Just as I was about to hit the ground, I was caught by a pair of arms.

“Dizzy,” I murmured. “I know,” a hazy voice said above me. “Wolfham get her some water.”

“Mmm, Max,” I reached my hands-towards where the outline of Max was. He froze and I frowned. Why wasn’t he running to me? Why wasn’t I wrapped in his arms?

“Here,” came the voice holding me. A glass of water was shoved into my hand and I sucked it down.

“Thank you, Max,” I murmured. No one said anything but my vision did start to come back to me. I blinked a few times then everything starting ging back to normal.

Unfortunately, I realized that Maximus wasn’t standing in front of me. He was holding me. Even more terrifying,

Valentin was no where to be found. My throat felt thick. I pointed around me.

“Where’s...?”

As if on cue, Valentin came from the doorway that led into the gym. He looked terrified.

“What happened?” he barked.

“She started to babble nonsense about you,” Maximus said quickly. “Then she fell over. I caught her before her head hit the ground.”

“He was ... here,” I choked out. Had I just dreamed my entire interaction with them? What was happening? I looked at Valentin for help on the matter. His face was as pale as a ghost. My stomach immediately sunk. • “The madness,” he murmured. “Its started.”

“Madness?” Max jerked back. Then his face also fell. We were all thinking the same thing-  
My bonds. They had begun to consume me.

“What do I do?” I croaked.

“You need to complete them,” Valentin replied. “And fast.”

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Given my “episode”, it was decided that I needed to consummate my bond with Valentin as soon as possible.

He deduced that just accepting the bond was enough that my body was sent into a frenzy when it realized the bond wasn’t complete. Part of me was embarrassed but part of me was terrified. If that was only the start of the insanity, what did full insanity look like?

Thus, that evening, I marched my way across campus in my snow boots and nicest dress to meet my Headmaster to sleep with him.

What in the fuck was my life?

The life of a princess, obviously, Mona chimed in. She’d been smug all afternoon. Something about her being right? I don’t know. I ignored her huffs and puff and “I-told - you-so”s.

This doesn’t seem so luxurious, I replied. My boots crunched against the dried up snow. It’d been unseasonably warm that day. A layer of ice had coated the tops of the snow around campus. Still, I kept my jacket wrapped tight around me to hide from the whipping wind.

I realized, as I passed the Admissions building, that the only space of Valentin’s I’d seen was his office. A lump formed in my throat as I came to terms with the fact that I was going to his house. Where he slept.

And probably fucked Bella...Mona growled in the back of my mind. That trollop is gone, she hissed. Don’t waste your thoughts on her.

I nodded to myself. She was right. Bella was gone and I was Valentin’s fated mate. Just being there was going to be better than anything she’d given him. Right?

My thoughts were cut off as I stepped into view of the headmaster’s home. It was a quaint cottage built of brick with dark wood siding. Piles of snow were still on the roof making it look like a place elves lived. If they existed, that was.

The probably did.

Smoke was fluming from the chimney. A dull, warm light came from the windows. Everything about Valentin's house seemed homely. It was a far cry from his clinical office covered in papers.

Standing outside was the man himself. As I got closer, I realized Valentin had shoved a cigarette between his lips and was erratically smoking it. His hair was out of its normal bun and curled behind his ears. He'd clean shaven his beard and looked fresh and new despite the dark circles under his eyes.

He caught me walking in his direction and quickly sucked down the rest of the cig before stomping it under his boot.

He waved a hand around his face and the smell of smoke immediately dissipated. He gave me a soft smile.

"Sorry," he said, sheepish. "Nervous habit." "It's okay," I shrugged. "I don't mind. The caretakers at the orphanage used to smoke a lot. I got used to it."

Valentin nodded curtly. He stood up straight and walked to the door. He propped it open then gestured me inside. I slunk by him with another half-smile and then I was in his house. It took every bit of me not to gasp audibly.

Valentin Lunerly's house was stunning.

The walls were deep woods with rich red wallpaper.

Ornate gold chandeliers hung from the ceilings that loomed over us. They had to be at least ten feet tall, if not taller. The beams on the ceilings were the same deep brown color as the wood on the walls.

There was a plethora of display cases, littered amongst the plush leather chairs and couches. They held swords and weapons as well as more gold than I'd ever seen.

Between all of them, were low burning candles, lit up and flickering around the room.

I turned back to Valentin and gave him a smile. "Your house is beautiful."

"S'fine," he chuckled. "It's nothing compared to the way your mother had the Luna castle redone."

"I haven't seen much of the castle," I admitted. "I was confined to one section. For my 'safety', apparently."

Valentin frowned. I couldn't believe how little he knew about how my mother had kept me. Weren't they supposed to be best friends?

"Your coat?"

Valentin put a hand out. I blinked at him before shrugging off my winter parka. He seemed to avoid touching me at all costs as he grabbed my coat and put it in the closet behind us.

He slowly walked around me and gestured for me to follow him with the jerk of his head. His dress shoes clicked on the wooden floor. I didn't even bother to ask before toeing off my salt-stained boots. I padded behind him in my tights-covered feet.

Valentin led us into a room even more ornate than the entry way. There was a large table that looked about a hundred years old. Behind the head seat there was fire that crackled and spit into the heavy, silent air.

"Wow," I breathed. Valentin didn't react. He simply pulled out the chair to the right of the head. I sunk into it, still marveling at the room as I went.

"I hope you like beef," He said as he sat in his own chair.

He waved a hand, and two plates soared into the room then slowed down as they approached the table. It gingerly fell into place between the cutlery in front of me.

A second fell in front of Valentin.

On the plate was the heartiest looking meal I'd ever seen.

Sure, I'd grown accustomed to the bougie food in the dining hall. But this looked like the type of meal | would've killed for as a kid. Sauce coated beef over a bed of mashed potatoes that looked like they'd melt in my mouth.

I dove in without a second thought. As the food hit my mouth, I couldn't stop myself. I let out a moan that seemed to simultaneously vibrate through my body and set every hair on Valentin's arms to be standing straight up. My cheeks flushed as I realized.

"Sorry," I mumbled.

"I'm glad you like it," Valentin said tersely, as if trying to hold himself back. "It's your aunt's recipe."

Sadness flooded through me. I frowned and dropped my fork to my plate then looked at Valentin.

"What was she like?"

Valentin blinked at me and also stopped eating. If – possible, his shoulders became more tense. I shook my head and picked my fork back up.

“Sorry,” I mumbled again. “I didn’t mean to\_”

“She was a lot like you,” Valentin replied, cutting me off. I glanced back up at him. He looked to be lost in a memory.

“Kind, smart,” Valentin continued. “But your fire is all from your mother. Zahara was the easy-going sister. Victoria was the menace.”

I snorted. “I can see that,”

“Mm,” Valentin hummed. “But she also is a relentless leader. The wolves wouldn’t be free without her leadership. That’s something else I think you’ve inherited from her.” “I don’t know what I’ve led,” I said, plainly.

Valentin shook his head. “Sometimes it’s not leading a group of people,” he said. “Sometimes being a leader is inspiring change in the people. The way you stood up the Moonraiser and Wolfham? That is being a leader. Showing people that wolfless are valid people as well? Also a leadership role.”

I shoved another bite of food in my mouth as my eyebrows knit. I supposed he was right. In trying to survive, I’d managed to change the way wolves thought.

Maybe I was a leader after all.

“Don’t even get me started on what you did with Amara,” Valentin said.

“Amara’s a bitch,” I replied before I could help myself. My eyes went wide as I glanced at Valentin. In the most human show of emotions I’d ever seen from him, he snorted and smirked.

“Amara is a fucking bitch,” he agreed. “I don’t know why your mother kept her around.”

“I don’t think you can just return a kid you adopted,” I mused.

Valentin snorted a laugh again. “You’d be surprised.”

We ate our meal in comfortable silence after that. The hard shell of Valentin Lunerly was dissipating in front of me. I still had questions, I still had things to learn, but I was starting to think maybe we’d have a fruitful relationship outside whatever horny nonsense the bond sent us into.

In fact, maybe, he could be a friend.

# Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 127

The clatter of my fork against the gold rimmed plate broke the silence between us. Valentin looked up from his own plate, one hand wrapped around his glass of wine, and raised an eyebrow at me.

“Was it good?”

“Good?” I balked. “Fuck me, that might’ve been the best thing I’ve ever eaten.”

Valentin smiled between bringing his glass to his lips.

When he puts his glass back down he was still smiling. ”

Good, good.”

His pointer finger trailed gently down the stem of his glass as he licked the front of his teeth. Finally, he sighed and brought the glass back up to his lips. He shot the rest of his wine back and placed the empty glass on the table.

Despite myself, my lips parted. Slowly, I watched as Valentin pushed his chair back. He moved over to where I was seated. He put on hand on the arm of my chair. His chunky gold rings clattered as he did. Then he slowly, shoved my chair out from under the table. The chair leg scraped across the wood underneath it as my heart hammered in my chest.

Then, he ducked down so our eyes were level. His gold ones bore into mine as my heartbeat rose up into my neck I tipped my head back gently, edging him to bring his lips to mine. His head came even closer to mine. So much so that I could taste the acrid wine on his tongue. I parted my lips more, trying to drink in his taste.

He inched closer and closer to me. Close enough that I could arch up and capture his lips but I was frozen. I was frozen and begging silently for the man that I’d been pining after for almost a year. Luckily my pleads were heard as Valentin gingerly pushed forwards and captured my lips.

The relief I felt like instant. I arched up into his touch and let his lips fully capture mine. The kiss was searing and slow, a burn that I felt so low in my stomach. It worked it’s way up to my lips the more Valentin pressed into our kiss.

His teeth captured my lower lip and I arched into him. He finally let go and pressed out foreheads together.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all night,” he murmured.

“Me too,” I admitted.

Valentin pulled away from me and I whined in response.

His eyes turned even darker. I watched as he worked through three thousand different scenarios before he finally bent down and scooped me into his arms.

I yelped as I was lifted up. My legs wrapped around his hips instinctually and ground our centers together. His arousal was evident between his legs as he brought his lips back to mine. This time, there was no slow burn. It was all tenacious fire that resulted in a teeth clashing kiss.

Valentin took a moment to savor the explosion between us as did I. Then, we were moving. But our lips never separated. He brought us into the main room where I'd entered. His fingers gripped the bare skin of my ass, shoving my long dress up to settle around my waist.

We continued to stumble through the entry room. I couldn't even tell you where we were as we stumbled through it. All I knew is if I didn't keep kissing Valentin I'd probably die. I continued to nip and suck and lick in his mouth as he moved us.

It seemed like an eternity passed yet somehow not enough time passed when my back landed against something soft. I reared my head back and Valentin took that as a sign to trail his lips down my throat and nip at my exposed collar bone. I arched back into him, sounds I'd never heard coming from my throat.

"Off," He growled into my skin.

His hands came up to the front of my dress. He pulled and I heard the unmistakable rip of fabric. The air of the room hit the top of my breasts then sailed down my chest and stomach. Then, I was bare to the air.

"Fuck me," Valentin groaned. His hands went to my breasts, clad in black lace to match the black lace of my thong. He kneaded my breasts in his hands and I pushed myself further into his hands.

"Perfect," Valentin mumbled, completely lost in the lust of us. "Utterly, perfect."

"More," I begged. "Please."

Valentin took that as his sign. He pulled one breast free of the bra as he drove his fingers into my panties and circled my clit. Then he lowered his mouth and captured my nipple.

He sucked it, hard, just as his fingers entered into my cunt. I cried out and arched even further as his fingers pumped in and out of me.

The double sensation was enough to have keening and thrashing on the bed. I was almost concerned I'd fall off except for Valentin's hands pinning my hips down as he devoured

me. He finally released my breast as his fingers continued to plunge into my pussy. I was still thrashing but prayed for some relief.

... Until he captured my other nipple in his mouth.

Then I was panting and thrashing all over again. His fingers picked up pace and I felt my orgasm begin to course through my skin, my legs shaking as it did. I incoherently tried to tell Valentin but couldn't speak as I came all over his hand with a cry.

"Good girl," he murmured into my breast. "Come on my hands. Just like you're going to come on my cock."

His words fueled me farther down my orgasm. If possible, I thought I may have had a second on top of the first.

When I finally settled, there was only a beat before Valentin was dragging me to the end of the bed.

He flipped me over and pulled all of my undergarments off. He pressed a kiss onto my shoulder blade before he lifted my hips up. His hands roamed all over my ass as he murmured into my skin.

"So good," he mumbled over and over between kisses. "

Fucking made for me. My perfect mate."

There was a sharp crack followed by a burning pain on my ass that made me moan and throw my face into the blankets. Then, I felt Valentin's hand wrap around my neck and pull my flush to his chest.

"No, no," Valentin murmured into my ear. One hand held my chin and the other pulled my hip to him. "I want to see the look on your face when I enter you. I want to feel you breaking around my cock."

I felt his cock nudge at my entrance and let out a breathy whimper. Valentin tipped my head back more. I was completely convexed against him so our eyes met over my head. He slowly pushed into me. He was so hard and big and warm and the intrusion had me wiggling as my words escaped me.

"Shh," Valentin hushed. "Take it like a good girl!"

His words made me clench around him but I slowly dropped it to welcome him in. When he was fully situated in me. He kissed my forehead and cheeks and eyelashes.

Each kiss felt like a promise.

“Perfect,” he whispered.

“Mine”

Then he slammed into me with the force of a thousand suns. I cried out and he dropped my chin, allowing me to brace myself on the bed. Both my palms hit the mattress as Valentin took me from behind, driving into me with reckless abandon.

It wasn't long before my orgasm was building again. At the same time, something else was building within me. It felt like someone was slowly turning the key inside me, unlocking this part of me I didn't have before. All the while, the pleasure was sliding in and out of me as Valentin fucked me like he'd never fuck me again.

“I'm – I'm -” I panted.

“Come for me,” Valentin growled. “Come for me my perfect mate. Be mine.”

As his words hit my ears, I exploded. I cried out as my orgasm took over me. The locker inside me completely flew open and power surged across my skin. Valentin must've felt it too because he audibly gasped before he cried out in his own strangled orgasm.

We both collapsed on the bed in a tangle of limbs. Once our heaves for air finished, Valentin gathered me in his arms. He went about kissing every part of my body as sleep attacked me and took me into the void.

## **Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 128**

The next time my eyes slowly flutter open, it's light out.

The heat of the sun streams in through the window and warms my bare skin. I stretch out slightly and wince as some of my body screams back at me. As I do, I'm vaguely aware of the limb thrown across my waist.

I squint as I try and focus in the morning light. A muscular, male arm was wrapped around my midsection, just below my bare breasts. I followed it up to the source and was met with the sleeping face of Valentin.

Oh.

Right.

My thighs immediately clenched together as I remember the night before. I chomped on my bottom lip to keep from whining at the memory of Valentin driving his cock into me like a mad man. Gods, was that good.

I slowly brought my hand up to rub down Valentin's arm.

As I did so, a gentle hum of power sparked in the back of my mind. I vaguely remembered the opening of a lock last night. Something inside me had been awakened.

I held my hand up to look at it. Nothing physical had changed about it. I still had weird freckles in weird spots and scars in the same places. I turned over my hand and – yup. Still the same. I looked around Valentin's bedroom for something I could test my power with.

The room was fairly bare despite all of the paraphilia around his living room. He had some sort of degree posted over his old, wooden dresser. There was a small photo on top of that. The frame looked to have been hand made. Inside, the photo was of three people. Two had bright red hair, the same as mine and one was unmistakably Valentin, himself.

I sent my hand towards the photo, testing my new powers. I didn't have as much control over my magiks as Valentin did, but I figured maybe this new power would make it easier to summon things. I curled my fingers towards the bed and pulled from deep in my mind.

Turns out, I did have new power that made it easier. The photo soared across the room at light speed and flung itself at my head. I yelped and batted it away, causing it to smack Valentin in the shoulder and land in between us.

The man grumbled and tightened his hold on me, his nose rubbing into the mess of red curls around me.

“Stop destroying my room,” he grumbled in a sexy, sleepy tone.

“I didn't mean to,” I said back.

Valentin grumbled further and pulled me into his chest.

His lips pressed against my forehead. I sighed in response.

His touch still feel like lightning to me, despite the excitement of finally sleeping with him dissipating.

He pulled back and cracked his eyes open. They still held sleep in them but I thought the slightly disheveled version of him was even sexier. His hair was tangling in mine, sprung from it's normal bun after our activities the night before. He pressed forewords and kissed me gently on the lips. I couldn't help the noise that escaped my throat.

“You're insatiable, aren't you?” Valentin laughed against my lips.

“I'm young and making up for lost time,” I said back. “Keep up, grandpa.”

“Grandpa?” Valentin growled. He flipped me onto my back and settled between my legs. His lips immediately started attacking my neck, pressing hard kisses into the bruises he’d left last night. It made me head swim with lust and pain.

“I’ll show you how good this old man can fuck you,”

Valentin growled again.

His lips came back to mine and he pressed his hips forwards. Both of us grunted in half pain as something came between our hips touching. Valentin reached down and grabbed the frame I’d been trying to summon earlier.

His eyebrows knitted together as he noticed it.

He slowly fell to the side of me, eyes still locked on the frame in his hand. I watched him study it for a few moments before I reached out. I took his hand in mine and squeezed lightly before I spoke.

“I haven’t seen many pictures of them, before – you know.”

“There aren’t many,” Valentin replied. “Cameras were expensive. Most wolves couldn’t afford them under vampire rule.”

I hummed in reply and placed my chin on his shoulder so I could get a better look at the photo. It was certainly nothing fancy, water damaged in a corner and torn in another. But the three people in it were sharing looks of Love so palpable that it made me smile.

Valentin was glancing at my aunt. He had a shy, subtle smile on his face. Despite that, I could sense how much he Loved her through how he was looking at her. His hair was cropped short to his scalp, much like the way Maximus currently wore his hair. He had a clean shave, unlike his usual stubble. His clothes looked far more drab than his usual suit and tie. I assumed it was vampire-issued garb.

My aunt, Zahara, was looking at my mother from around Valentin. Her mouth was wide open in a mid laugh. She had the same shiny red hair as my mother. It almost seemed to burst through the photo. A piece was escaping from the low ponytail she had it in and partially covering her face. I frowned when I realized I couldn’t see as much of her as I wanted.

My mother looked like the Queen she was going to become. Her smile was bright and toothy and directly facing the camera. She was grinning from ear to ear. Her unruly red curls were tied back but frizzing out about her head. I snorted as I realized that’s what mine looked like most of the time. She looked defiant and proud. All while wearing the same drab clothing as Valentin and Zahara.

“You all look happy,” I murmured to Valentin.

“We were,” he said back. “One of the other wolves our age had found the camera. We’d spent the night drinking wine that we’d stolen and taking photos. We were drunk and happy despite the world crashing around us. I think that was the night your mother finally proposed the uprising.”

“Wow,” I breathed. I looked at the photo for a moment longer before speaking again. “And now we’re free.”

“Now we’re free,” Valentin repeated. He put the photo back with a wave of his hand. I wondered when I’d be able to command magiks as effortlessly as he did.

“I brought the photo over here with my magiks,” I told him. “That’s why it hit you. I pulled too hard. But it didn’t feel hard to me.”

Valentin hummed. “Interesting,” he mused. “Do you feel more powerful?”

I stretched my limbs out again, wiggling my toes. I felt it once more, the humming behind my skin. The waiting of power wanting to explode from my fingertips. I rolled my neck back to look at Valentin. I nodded slowly.

“Good,” Valentin huffed. “That means we’re on the right track. And none of the dizziness or delusions?” I shook my head then rolled up onto my elbows. One hand traced a line across his bare chest. “Though,” I said, quietly. “I’m still in awe that this is real. That you’re here.”

“I’m here?” Valentin balked. His hand covered mine. He brought my palm to his lips and pressed a kiss to them. “This is my bed, love. I think I’m the one who should be going through shock and awe.”

I giggled slightly then pushed myself up to my knees. I hitched one over the side of Valentin’s hips. His hands immediately came up to hold mine. One slithered up to hold me at the top of my ribcage. Just below where my nipple was pebbling out of desire. I ground myself in where his cock was growing hard. He moaned slightly and gripped me harder. My name hissed from between his lips.

“Zora-”

“Want me to make it a little more clear this is entirely real?” I said back.

Valentin nodded with enthusiasm. His grip tightened again as he lifted me before settling me on his rock-hard cock. He slid into me without any effort and I threw my head back in ecstasy.

## **Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 129**

I spent pretty much the rest of my Sunday with Valentin. I was grateful for not having training that day. I didn't know how well I'd fair in front of Kairos with Valentin's scent all over me.

That wasn't to say we didn't partake in physical activity.

In fact, I think Valentin and I physical activities all over his house. In every room. Twice.

By the time I got back to my dorm room at eight in the evening, I was a noodle. It didn't stop Loren from asking fifty million questions about how it was and how big Valentin was and ooh – how was his house?

I answered half of them then found myself slowly falling asleep. Loren patted me on the head and said we'd resume tomorrow before climbing into her own bed.

When my alarm started blaring at five in the morning, I almost threw it across the room. In fact, I tossed my arm towards it and forgot about my new powers and knocked it off of my nightstand and into the void. I spent a good five minutes trying to find it and turn it off. When it was finally off, I apologies to Loren's sleeping body before darting out of my room and across campus.

I entered the gym to find all three of my mates staring at me. Valentin had slipped back into his neutral nothingness. Maximus had a smirk on and eyebrow raised.

Kairos looked as bitter as usual. I hoped, for Valentin's sake, that both he and Maximus had kept their mouths shut

"Morning," I called nervously into the gym.

"Morning," Max said back. Kairos grunted at me. Valentin gave me a soft smile.

Seemed like nothing had really changed.

"Wolfham and Moonraiser," Valentin greeted. "Happy to have you back after your... altercation."

Kairos grunted again. Maximus snorted a humorless laugh. "That's one thing to call it."

"I assume that none of it will be brought into training?"

Valentin cocked an eyebrow.

"Course not," Maximus said. "If we agree on anything, it's helping Zora."

"Yep," Kairos chimed in. He looked towards me. "For Zora." I flushed slightly in the cheeks then cleared my throat to shake it off. I couldn't believe how having men fight over

me, and fight for me, was still making me feel. I was waiting for the hot and bothered of it all to finally wear off.

“Great,” Valentin dead-panned, seemingly unamused.

We’re going to use the dummies again today. I assume you’re both cleared to spar?” “Spar,” Maximus nodded. “Not full out fight.”

“Noted,” Valentin replied. “I’ll turn down their tenacity today. The three of us will be blocking Zora from their attacks. We’ll take a triangle stance and move in battle formation. Zora, you’ll be in the center.”

I nodded, sharply. It was the same type of drill we’d always done. I took my space in the middle of the sparring mat. Kairos stepped into place at my two o’clock position.

He didn’t look at me as he did. Maximus gave me a small smile before patting me on the shoulder. He stepped into my six o’clock position. Finally, Valentin came to stand at my ten o’clock position.

He waved his hands and the bean bag dummies we’d been fighting since the beginning of the semester floated through the air and circled us. There were six of them as per usual. With another wave of his hand, they started their slow walk in towards us. All three of my mates dropped into a fighting stance and I did the same.

It was game time.

I heard Maximus grunt as he took out one of the dummies behind me, barely moving from his position. Next to be, Kairos jerked one of the dummies before coming back and slamming his heel into the dummy’s jaw. Valentin was jabbing at one from my left.

We were working like a well-oiled machine. If one of the dummies tried to attack me, one of the Alphas immediately stepped in and warded them off. Only a handful of times did they get close enough to be where I had to throw an elbow.

But I was getting bored. I had come into so much power and I wanted to use it, dammit! One of the dummies was getting back up as I decide to take charge.

I darted out of the circle and hit the dummy thrice in quick succession. On the third hit, it flew across the mat. Then I turned my eyes to the next.

“Regroup! Regroup!” Valentin called.

I knew that was signal for them to circle around me again.

Byt I was on a roll. I pinned a third dummy to the floor. My body was moving in autopilot. I would swipe anyone to the floor if I could. I swung once and heard my name called. Then I swung and heard it again but I. Couldn't.

Stop.

I needed to neutralize the threat.

I needed to save my mates.

Someone grabbed me and I shrieked before throwing my entire weight into the person. I heard them tumble to the floor besides me. Then, someone grabbed my arm. I swung under their grasp and wrapped my own hand around their forearm. I squeezed. Snapping echoed in my ears.

Violent, horrified screamed echoed through the gym.

It snapped me out of it. I looked up and saw Kairos holding his arm. It looked to be boneless. Then I remembered the sound of crunching.

"Shit," I whispered to myself.

Kairos was writhing in pain, cursing every other word as he slunk to the ground. "- Fucking shit fucking fuck-!"

"No, no, no," I crouched down and reached for his face. Her jerked away from me. Sadness flooded me. I'd done this.

No wonder he was afraid of me.

"What the fuck!?" Kairos hissed. "I just re-healed this!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry-" I babbled. My hand reached for his face again. This time, he let me touch him, blowing huffs of air out of his nose as he tried to power through the pain. "I'll - I'll fix it -" "Zora," came Valentin's voice. "The nurse need to reset it.

Let him go-"

"No!" I threw over my shoulder. "I can do it. I can - I can fix it."

I reached for Kairos's arm with my power. As soon as contacted him, he flinched. My eyes fluttered shut as I focused. I wrapped my entire power around his arm and held it. Then, slowly, I built the shattered bone back together. Piece by piece. The whole time, I made sure Kairos felt none of it. I took his pain and neutralized it with the power I had.

When I flutter my eyes open, Kairos was staring at me with shock. I gently dropped my hands from his face and let him look at his arm. He was astonished as he turned his palm over and over again.

“What did you do?” he gasped.

“I fixed it,” I replied.

He jerked his head back to look at me. “How?!”

“Can’t everyone heal?” I shrugged.

“No,” Maximus said, blankly. “No one can. We heal ourselves but not others.”

“The power,” Valentin breathed. I turned around and looked at him. He seemed as shocked as the other too. My stomach immediately sank. He looked down at me. “The one you unlocked,” he continued. “It must’ve done this.”

“What power?” Kairos snapped. “How did she get more power?”

My face immediately heated. I didn’t dare glance up at Valentin. Besides me, Maximus snorted.

“Put two and two together, motherfucker,” he threw at Kairos.

Immediately, there was an anger in Kairos’s eyes. He scrambled to his feet, leaving me on the floor. He turned his glare to Valentin.

“You fucking touched my fated mate?” he snarled.

“She’s my fated mate as well, Moonraiser,” Valentin said. I could tell he was trying to remain neutral and failing.

“I. Don’t. Share,” Kairos gritted out from his teeth.

I got up on my own feet and tried to wedge myself between the two Alphas. Luckily, Maximus was already there. He shoved Kairos back, away from Valentin. I sighed in relief. It was quickly lost as I realized Kairos was now sizing up Maximus for a fight.

“You know multiple fated mates exist,” Maximus snapped.

“Don’t act as dumb as you look. Her power is enough of proof that being with all of us helps. Have you ever met a wolf who could heal other wolves?” “I don’t give a fuck who it ‘helps’,” Kairos snarled. “What’s mine is mine.”

“She isn’t a piece of fucking meat,” Maximus threw back.”

Have you ever considered we could share?”

Kairos looked back at me then to Maximus then to Valentin. He huffed one last time and I closed my eyes and waited for the crack of Maximus’s nose breaking with Kairos’s punch. Instead, I heard nothing. I opened my eyes and saw Kairos’s back stalking out of the gym. The locker room door slammed against the wall as he opened it.

“That could’ve gone better,” Valentin mused over my shoulder. Max snickered but I couldn’t bring myself to laugh.

Something felt like I’d just lost any chance I had with Kairos.

## Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 130

Valentin and Maximus told me not to but I completely ignored them and trudged across campus toward Kairos’s house after training. They claimed he was unstable at the moment, but I thought there was no time better. At least now, while he was all riled up, I could use his emotions against him.

At least, I hoped.

I walked up the wooden stairs to Kairos’s house. It was eerily quiet without the blasting music coming out of it. I noticed a few red cups strewn about on the patio. It seemed they still had cleaning to do after their weekend.

I brought my fist up to the door and knocked, despite the hammering in my chest. I didn’t know why these men made me so nervous. Then I thought about it. It wasn’t the men.

It was the damn house.

I flinched in the memory of my almost assault. Just as I was getting lost in my head, the door opened. Petyr stood in the doorway, slightly disheveled and shirtless. He looked at me and blinked erratically.

“Zora?” he grumbled.

“Hi,” I said quickly. “Sorry to bother you this early. It’s just is Kairos back?” “Kairos left?” Petyr said, voice scratchy with sleep.

“Um, yes,” I replied. “He trains with me in the mornings.”

“Oh,” Petyr dropped his hand. He looked like he could care less. He shrugged and stepped back to allow me in.

“Probably in his room.”

“Thank you,” I said quickly before pushing into their house. Petyr grumbled something behind me then disappeared into the house. The living room looked less ominous in the light of the early morning.

There were several tables that held empty or mostly empty red cups. They looked rickety and old. The sofas – seemed like someone had sucked the color out of them.

Truthfully, the house was bit of a dump.

I skittered around the furniture and made my way to the back of the house where the stairs to Kairos’s room were. I quickened my steps past the bathroom. I couldn’t get distracted. I had to keep my head level.

Kairos must’ve heard me on the stairs because he was standing in the doorway to his room when I got up them.

His arms were crossed over his bare chest. I tried not to linger on the freckles that splattered across his skin.

Keeping my head level meant keeping it level against all distractions.

“Hi,” I said, softly.

“If you’re here to convince me to join your little fuck-squad, I’ll save you the trouble. No.”

I frowned and took another step up towards him. “Can you just listen to what I have to say?” I tired.

“No,” Kairos repeated. “I’ve heard enough, and I’ve made it clear: I don’t share what’s mine.”

I huffed and threw my hands up before pushing past him and into his room. “What’s yours is other people’s too,” I snapped. “And furthermore, what’s yours is her own fucking person and refuses to be treated like an object!”

Kairos followed me, slamming the door shut behind him.

He did it with such force, I was half convinced it’d come off the hinges and slam on the floor. I tried to not look scared, keeping my chin tipped as he walked across his room to where I was standing.

“You have been mine,” he grit out. “From the moment you entered this earth. From the second you took your first breath, the bond linked us. In the way you learned, the way you acted, it’s all been lined up to make you fated to me.”

His hand whipped forwards to grab my chin. He pressed his finger tips into me with enough force to show who held the power, but not enough to bruise. Her lips leered over me. Anger seemed to exude off him in waves.

“You are mine, Zora,” he growled. “I’ll kill a thousand Alphas to make you and the world understand it.” “Then what are you to me?” I pressed. “Are you not mine the same way I am yours?”

Kairos growled, low in his throat. “A High Alpha is not to be had-