

Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 19

Maximus walked up the stairs of his house and stopped in front of Kairos's door. He contemplated knocking but the music inside was so loud, there was no way Kairos could hear him. He barged into the room.

Kairos was bench pressing on his bench in the back corner. Three, hundred pound weights were on each side of the bar. He was slowly pushing them back up the rack, his arms twitching with exertion.

“Fucking hell,” Maximus swore before rushing over to help Kairos rerack. Kairos smiled up at him. Sweat rolled down his back as he sat up on the bench. He palmed at his stereo, turning it down.

“Maxy!” he said as if he didn't just get crushed by six-hundred pounds.”

Thanks for the lift.”

“You fucking idiot,” Maximus snapped back. “You're over the safety limit for benching by two-fifty. Were you trying to kill yourself?”

Kairos wiped his face with a towel. He chuckled. “Only a little,” he joked.

“Gods, almighty,” Maximus breathed as he ran his hand over his face.

Kairos stood up and continued to towel off his face and shoulders. His brown hair was slick with sweat. He shoved it back off his face and walked over to his bed to grab his water.

“So what's up?” Kairos asked before squirting water into his mouth. He swallowed thickly. “You know this is my training hour. You never interrupt me.”

Maximus groaned and sat down on the bench. He threw his head in his hands. “It's about Mateball,” he grumbled. “I need to ask someone. I think she may be my fated mate.”

“Oh-ho-ho!” Kairos slapped Max on the back. Maximus flinched. “So tell me, what's her name? Is it the leggy blonde from World History. She was checking you out the other day.”

“She – er,” Maximus fumbled. “It's complicated.”

Kairos laughed he squatted down in front of Maximus. He met Maximus's eye. There was a haunting presense in his dark gold eyes.” Well,” he said softly, yet threateningly. “As long as it's not that fucking bitch, Zora. We won't have a problem, will we?”

Maximus froze. He had to play this right.

He shoved Kairos in the shoulder with a groan. “Don’t even fucking imply that,” he spat. “Fucking disgrace of a wolf.”

Kairos laughed before standing back up. He took another glug of water then held his palms out. “Fine, you wanna be secretive? Be secretive,” he said. “But may I remind you that you are Maximus fucking

Wolfham? Son of the High Alpha of Wolfham?” Kairos scoffed. “Who in their right mind would reject your offer to Mateball?”

Zora would, Maximus thought begrudgingly. He shoved that thought in the back of his head as he rubbed the back of his neck. “Yeah, I guess,”

“We talking about Mateball?”

Kairos and Maximus snapped their heads up to look at the door to Kairos’s room. Lounging against the door frame was Thorne. His bleach blonde hair had been freshly washed and toned. It stood out against his deep olive skin. He wore thick black rimmed glasses over his honey-gold eyes.

“Yeah,” Kairos said. “You going? You taking History of Wolves or The Last Great Queen this year?”

“Har, har,” Thorne rolled his eyes. “I’m taking no one. Unlike you two, I’m trying to not piss off the Queen.” Kairos pouted. “Baby Throne’s not trying to piss off mommy?” He reached over to try and tossle Thorne’s hair but Thorne jerked out of his reach.

“She’s not my mother,” he snapped back. “She’s my adopted mother.

Entirely different.”

“Still your mommy,” Maximus mused, causing Kairos to chuckle again.

Thorne looked downright murderous.

“Sorry I take my job fucking seriously,” he bit out. “Unlike you two idiots fucking around with girls you know you won’t end up with.”

Kairos gestured to Maximus. “Maxy said he thinks he found his fated mated.”

Thorne’s scowl immediately fell. “You do?” Max nodded. Thorne sighed and adjusted his glasses. “Still doesn’t change the fact that we’re all in line for Queen consort.”

“Oh, come on,” Kairos snorted. “We all know any princess is gonna pick Lunerly over the three of us. He’s three times our age and twice as strong. She’d be an idiot not to.”

“Only you would pick a princess you’ve never met over your fated mated, Blythwitch,” Maximus chimed in.

“Victoria did a lot for me,” Thorne replied softly. “Whether I’ve seen her or not, I owe it to Victoria to at least try and make it work. Plus, does the power not tempt you?”

Kairos shrugged and crossed his arms over his chest. Maximus raised an eyebrow at him.

“Kairos the Great isn’t tempted by power?” he said. “I’m shocked.”

“Power isn’t everything,” Kairos said. “Sometimes, I think it would be nice to just be happy.” The three boys sat in silence as they mused over it. In that moment, Maximus decided to say fuck it. Who cared if Zora was a wolfless, Kairos was was right.

It would be nice to just be happy for once.

The first weekend of my time at Alpha Academy was uneventful, shockingly.

It was a lot of studying with Loren in the library and sparring with her in the gym. By Sunday evening, I’d managed to take Loren down twice, each with increasing force. Loren was quick to remind me that she sucked at sparring, and Kairos was an expert. I didn’t care though. I couldn’t have done that a week ago.

Maybe my wolf was truly waking up.

Monday was the same as usual at Basics. Coach making me run sprints and laps to try and speed up my pace. He told me I’d be rerunning the Run at the end of the week. If I passed, I was off of supplementary and I could spar train with everyone else.

I made it my mission to pass the Run.

So, Monday night when I got a note from Valentin, I knew what I had to work on Tuesday morning. Sure, things were going to be slightly awkward after my Friday outburst, but I did think Valentin genuinely wanted to help.

I was about to walk in the gym from the locker room when I heard hushed voices. I slid behind the door and focused hard on trying to figure out what the voices were saying.

“Chose me, Valentin!”

“I would if I could, love, but the Queen has bared me from taking a mate until she determines who the Princesses fated mate is.”

“I’m tired of waiting.”

It was clearly Bella shouting at Valentin. I pressed closer to the door, trying to hear their hushed voices.”Bella, please,” Valentin pleaded. “Keep your voice down.”

“Don’t tell me to keep my voice down when you’re acting like this!”

Bella hissed. There was a pause then she spoke again. “You’re dishonoring my parents.”

“Bella,” Valentin’s tone was a warning. “I have been very forthcoming about my deal with the Queen. You’re lucky I even considered your parent’s offer after the shit they put the crown through. The dishonored their own name.”

There was another moment of silence. Then, the sharp clicking of heels against the gym floor. Bella stomped her way toward my door. I shrunk smaller behind the door. Bella approached the door and I heard it be wrenched open. Then, the clicking of her heels stopped.

I slowly turned to look at the open door. Bella glared down at me. Her gold eyes were blown wide with anger. As I slowly stood up, Bella turned over her shoulder to where I know Valentin was standing in the gym.

“Tell your pet,” She spat. “To keep her fucking mouth shut-” she turned back to me. “—and we won’t have a problem.”

With that, the door banged closed behind her as she stormed off into the locker room. Her long black ponytail whipped around at her waist.

Slowly, I pushed into the gym. Valentin was pacing on the sparring mats.

He was in a similar training get-up to the ones he wore the week prior.

However, his hair was down and curling around his ears. He was yanking on it as I finally approached the sparring mats.

“Sorry,” he said gently. “She seems to know my schedule and exactly when to corner me.”

I hummed. “I’ll say.”I thought about pushing, asking him what the hell he and Bella were arguing about. After seeing him, hair all mused with stress and the dark bags under his eyes, I decided against it. I took a deep breath before I taunched into my request.

“Coach said I’m rerunning the Run at the end of the week,” I said, softly.

“My endurance has definitely increased. I just would like to run through it start to finish once before I have to redo it. Just to give me confidence.”

Valentin turned towards me. He nodded stiffly before pulling his hair off his shoulders and securing it in a band. "Let's start with that," he said. "I'll be your pacer for the fifteen laps in the allotted time. If you beat or match me, consider it as a win."

I nodded in reply. Then, Valentin took us off on the warmup lap. I kept up with his pace for the warmup then we stood and did the preliminary stretches before I started. The whole time, I couldn't stop staring at Valentin. The way he'd pulled his hair up that morning accentuated his jaw bone and his high cheek bones. It made him look even better than he usually did. A warmth bloomed deep within my gut that I'd never felt before. I tried coughing it out but it was still there and spreading.