

## Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 2

I'm still twitched in pain as I saw motion in the corner of my vision. Next, I'm hauled to my feet. Whoever was touching me causes the electricity to return at a much lower intensity. It's still enough that I gasp and dig my nails into the person to keep myself steady.

A low chuckle cooled all the heat radiating across my skin. I whipped around in the person's arms and looked into the face of a god.

The man who was holding me is tall with shiny gold eyes. It shouldn't have surprised me as I was standing on the foot of the admissions building for an Alpha Academy. However, they were so much different in person. They truly sparkled like a full moon.

His shoulders were broad, tan and rippling with muscle. So much so that it was pulling his skin taught. He had a scar on his upper lip that curved up to his cheek bone. Below that was a single dimple, accentuated by the smirk on his face. His hair was cropped short to his head and was a deep black.

He was nothing short of gorgeous.

"Hello, darling," he said. He had the same accent of everyone in Victoria's castle. The one of aristocracy. "Pardon me," he continued. "You seemed to have gotten in the way of my morning run."

I scoffed. "Do you usually run with your dog?" I shoved back on his chest a little, causing his arms to release me. "He barreled into me at full speed!"

The man chuckled again. "That was me, darling."

I suddenly felt out of place. I was at a werewolf academy. There were no dogs. The people were the dogs.

So much for keeping a low cover, I thought to myself. I awkwardly chuckled and rubbed the back of my neck.

"Sorry," I said, swallowing thickly. "It was just so small – I thought it was a dog!"

The man's eyes turned dark. His smirk deepened. "Trust me, love," he said, deep enough to rumble through my bones. "Nothing about me is small."

My jaw opened and closed a few times as I tried to process the blatant innuendo. Before I could speak, the man started talking again.

"You must be new." He said. All teasing, provocative tone was gone. He was cold and hard. "Did you not have an Alpha in your pack?"

Pack? I was immediately confused. Instead, I just shook my head silently.

The man nodded. “Makes sense,” he said. “Just know that Alphas are about two to three times the size of a normal wolf. Everyone around here could barrel you over without a second thought.”

“Thanks for the advice,” I mumbled rubbing my neck again. The man’s face was set in a hard line. I could’ve sworn his lip twitched.

“You know,” he said voice barely above a whisper. “I didn’t know that they let humans into the school.”

I stilled. He’d caught me.

“I’m not a human,” I snapped back, on the defensive.

The man hummed. “Your smell says otherwise,” he turned and began to walk away. “Stay out of my way, human.” He snarled the last word like it was a slur.

I was shocked. How had this man turned on me so quickly? I immediately got angry and stood up straight. I wasn’t about to be walked all over on my first day.

“An apology would be nice,” I said firmly.

The man stopped. He turned back around and pinned me with the anger in his gold eyes. “The weak—” another snarl. “—don’t belong at alpha academy.”

He left me slack jawed staring at his back. Quickly, the man shifted into the same black wolf that had run me over and sprinted away.

For some reason, his words shocked me. I was so out of my reach. I was at a school with a bunch of supernatural beasts. Each stronger than I’d ever been. I was alone once again. I huffed and set my shoulders back. Not that being alone had ever stopped me. I grabbed my bags and marched into the Admissions Hall.

The Director gave me my schedule, course books and the key to my dormitory. I don’t think she knew I was Victoria’s daughter, but she definitely had questions. She eyed my fiery red hair multiple times and seemed to linger on my eyes, still a hazel and not yet the Alpha gold.

I walked out of the building and across campus to my dorm building. The whole time, I was on red alert for any fuzzy masses running across the lawn. Luckily, I had no more instances as I reached my room.

I pushed the ornate gold key into the lock and twisted the handle. The old wood creaked as it flipped open. The room inside was full of the same color of wood. One side had empty furniture. The other looked like pink vomited all over it.

Every bit of it was covered in frilly, girly pink. From the bedspread to the rug to the cushion on the desk chair. It was slightly disturbing.

I dragged my bags into the room and let the door shut behind me. I stared at the emptiness of my side for a while before I heaved a sigh.

“Might as well get comfortable,” I mumbled under my breath.

I threw my suitcases open and started unpacking. One was full of the stuff I’d brought from my old life. A few old tee shirts that I’d loved, some well-worn jeans and the blanket I grew up with. The blanket was a quilt that my first foster mom had made me. It was seventy different pieces of fabric, slightly fraying at the edges but it felt like home. I put the under sheets on the bed then draped the quilt on top.

The second suitcase was full of stuff from my new life. It was the few articles of royal attire that Victoria had given me over my past six months. On top of it was a note which I knew was penned in Victoria’s hand. I gingerly opened it.

Zora,

Goodluck at Alpha Academy. I know we didn’t have much time together, but I do want to state how truly proud of you I am. You have grown into a beautiful, independent woman. It is everything I could’ve wished for you.

With love,

Queen Victoria

I scoffed and chucked the letter into the back of a drawer of my desk. “With love,” I mocked as I grabbed the rest of the royal attire and threw it in a heap in the back of the closet on my side of the room.

“With love my ass,” I hissed to no one in particular.

It took me about an hour to unpack and then I was alone again. Classes didn’t start until the following morning. I threw myself onto the bed, utterly exhausted from the travel and the day.

I slowly let my body fall asleep.

The next morning, my roommate was still missing. I sighed in exhaustion. So much for getting any sort of help getting to class. I got dressed and left the sanctuary of my roommate-less dorm room for the big, open campus.

I walked across campus to my first class, Wolf Basics. I hoped it was going to answer some of the questions I had. I swallowed with anxiety as we got to the doors of what looked like a giant gym.

A bunch of wolves were shaking out of their wolf form near me. All of them were gorgeous with shiny tan skin and shiny hair and shiny gold eyes. It made me feel like an ant among giants. My brow furrowed as I watched them enter the gym and not a classroom.

I thought this was Basics? I thought to myself

Yeah, werewolf basics, Zora, my inner voice chided me. Where they teach you to fight and run and all the good stuff they want werewolves to do.

Anxiety washed over me. Here I was thinking this was going to be a class I could study for. Not war tactics for teens. I was not prepared for this one. A super tall woman with long black hair walked by us and scoffed me.

“First day?” she drawled.

“Yeah, actually,” I said back. This was good. Making friends was good!

“Good luck,” she snarled before bumping shoulders with me and pushing into the locker room for the gym.

I followed after her, sheepishly. I accepted pair of shorts, a t-shirt and trainers from one of the coaches. I slicked my hair up on my head the best I could before walking into the gym.

It was massive. There were at least twenty sparring dummies lying around, a whole bunch of weights and a red track that looked to be a half mile around. Part of me sighed in relief. I had done track in high school as an escape. I hadn't trained since realizing I was a wolf, but I was confident I could still bang out a mile in a killer six minutes.

I scanned the gym again. My eyes lingered on the weights. A familiar set of tanned shoulders was spotting someone on the bench press. The man doing the reps was drenched in sweat as he tried to push out one last rep. The tanned man pulled it the rest of the way with an ease that scared me.

When he turned around, I couldn't help but gasp. It was the same black-haired man who'd nearly barreled me over yesterday. His smile turned sour as he glared at me, gold eyes beaming.

“You,” he snarled.