

Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 4

He can't, I said. Unless he was getting information from someone else outside Alpha Academy. No one here knew who I was.

“Okay, damn – you kids and your chatting!” Coach shouted. “Do you even want to spar?”

There was some shouts, whoops and hollers around the group. Personally, I wished to crawl in a hole and die. Sparring?

“Smith!” Coach’s voice brought me out of my daydream. Loren shook me gently. I realized my face was set in a grimace, so I gave her a soft smile.

“Andddd....” Couch peered down at his clipboard. “Wolfham.”

Great.

Just great.

Now Maximus was about to kick my ass and gloat about it for all of eternity. I looked across the sparring mat to find him waiting for me. He wiggled his fingers tauntingly and I felt my grimace return. I stomped over to the mat and took my defensive stance in front of him.

“Let’s get this over with,” I sighed.

Maximus grinned like a cat. “Gladly.”

He threw the first punch and I managed to block it with my forearm. It stung like hell and caused me to hiss in pain. As I was adjusting, he leg swept out and I was on my ass. I groaned and rolled back onto my feet. It felt like a mental bar had been taken to my ankle.

I looked at him as I retook my stance. His nose was wrinkled.

“You reek of human,” he hissed. “Have you ever even been around a wolf before?”

“Yes,” I threw back quickly as I threw the first punch this time. “Well, no.” I corrected myself. I was worried about giving myself away.

“Yes or no?” Maximus said leisurely. He threw a double cross that landed into my forearm twice. I grunted as I accepting the force.

“No,” I grit out as I threw another punch. He blocked the first at his ribs then used it to counter and landed one in my gut. I was back on my ass again. I huffed and blew a stray piece of hair out of my face. “I grew up with humans,” I managed to get out as I tried to hook my foot around the back of his calve and bring him down.

He barely moved.

I cried out in frustration before rolling over and getting back on my feet. He came at me harder this time. But his words sounded just as lazy as they were before.

“Raised by humans?” he questioned. He threw a hook. I barely blocked it. I was getting sloppy. “No wonder you don’t have any respect for the Higher packs—” Another hook, just barely missing my cheek. “—Though what wolf would abandon their daughter?—” Another punch, landing in my arm and causing my to cry out.

“—Clearly you were a massive disappointment—”

Punch. Punch. Block. Miss. I staggered back.

“—I mean what wolf is wolfless at your big age?—”

A kick to my thigh. My knee hit the ground.

“—Just face it, you’re nothing. Not even your parents wanted you.”

Another punch. This time, making contact with my cheek.

The rage ignited within me. I felt a fire wash over my with a tenacity that I had never felt before. I cried out as I threw my arm back towards Maximus. I swiped my nails across his bicep and he staggered back.

Slowly I watched as a trickle of blood pooled in a line then dripped down his inner arm. Maximus looked shocked. He ran his pointer finger over the cut, smudging the blood. He hummed and looked off in the distance.

I turned to see everyone looking at us in shock. No one had expected me to hurt Maximus. I slowly stood up and looked Maximus in the eye.

“I will prove to you that I belong here,” I said slowly. “And when I do, I expect that f*****g apology.”

With that, I turned and walked off the sparring mat and into the locker room.

I showered quickly before everyone else came in. The blonde girl who had spoken with me earlier ran into me on the way out. She grabbed my hand and yanked me out of the locker room.

“I can’t believe you did that!” she whisper yelled. “No one’s ever made Maximus bleed. Let alone a wolfless!”

“Yeah,” I half laughed. “Me either. Something just came over me.”

“I’m Loren, by the way,” she said. She gave me a soft smile. “It seems like you need a friend.”

“I do,” I mumbled. I was so out of my element. I could feel eyes on me and I had no idea why. On that thought, my stomach grumbled loudly. I paused and looked at Loren.

“Um, do we get lunch?”

Loren laughed. “Of course,” she said. “You wanna hit the cafeteria?”

“Please,” I said back.

Loren led me to the cafeteria next to the gym. She told me there were several places across campus that I could eat at. There was even a steakhouse. I shook my head in awe. I didn’t think I’d ever been to a steakhouse. It certainly wasn’t my first choice when I had no money in the orphanage.

We walked inside the big cafeteria next to the gym and I was immediately overwhelmed. There was every type of cuisine I’d ever heard of and some I hadn’t. Everything was luscious and bright and covered in vegetation. Loren darted off towards something called the “sushi station” while I sauntered towards the sandwich station.

I got myself the usual, turkey on white with mustard, and a thing of water. I was incredibly dehydrated and exhausted after Basics that morning and contemplating getting some of the sushi Loren was walking around with as well. God knew my body could use the calories.

Instead, I stuck with my sandwich and walked up to the cashier. I tried to fish around my person for cash but the cashier said I was okay. He handed me my receipt with my balance on it and I felt my face fall.

Victoria had placed more than enough money in my account. Maybe I could’ve had the sushi? Instead, I waited for Loren to pay and then walked around with her to find an open table.

As we looked, the doors to the cafeteria swung open and Maximus strolled in. He was followed in by two other men. Both were equally as hulking. The man on his right had a permanent scowl on his face. His hair was a dark brown and he had slightly paler skin than Maximus. It was dotted with freckles. It was an odd juxtaposition to his demeanor.

The second I recognized immediately. His name was Thorne Blythwitch. He had been around the castle when I was there. Victoria told me he’d be my knight one day. I shrugged it off at the time but now he was here.

And he had no clue who I was.

His hair was shaved on the bottom, a light brown. The top part was dyed blonde, pulled into a small ponytail, back off his face. He had a sharp jaw and a bit of facial hair above and below his

lips. His face was neutral until he saw me. He paused and watched me walk by, eyes locked together.

I held his gaze as I kept going. I knocked into something and my sandwich flew off my tray leaving a smear of mustard in its path. The sandwich smacked against something and I cringed in response, eyes snapping shut.

When I slowly pried them open, Maximus was looking down at me, with murder in his eyes and mustard all over his white shirt.

“Oh she’s done for,” I heard over my shoulder.

I wanted to turn and glare at whomever said that but my eyes were locked on Maximus. He slowly ran a hand down the front of his shirt and some of the mustard sloshed to the ground. The rest coated his hand. He looked at me and pierced me with his golden eyes. I opened my mouth to speak and was cut off.

“f*****g hell!” Someone close screamed. I jerked my gaze. It was the man with freckles and dark brown hair. His scowl had somehow gotten worse.

“Watch where your f*****g going!” He snapped. “I’ve never seen such a clueless person before.”

Maximus hummed, glancing down at his mustard covered hand. “Maybe if she wasn’t eyeing Thorne up and down, she would’ve paid better attention,” he said. Then he looked back up at me. “Though, I should’ve expected this kind of behavior from a wolfless human.”

That damn word again.

“Oh, I see,” the freckled man hissed. “This is the i****t who chose to scar you in Basics?”

Scar? Had I really cut him that deep? I was too busy musing my own strength to realize that the freckled man had stepped in closer to me. He was so tall, taller than Maximus. His entire being engulfed mine in a shadow and it showed what I really was.

An ant amongst giants.

Angry giants.

“Listen to me, girl,” the man snapped.

“Kairos,” Thorne warned. Though it had no actual warning. If anything he sounded bored.

Kairos.

I knew that name too.

Holy s**t, were all three of these men supposed to be my potential husbands?