

# Their Hidden Princess – Chapter 8

Loren folded her arms around me and squeezed.

“Oh thank the Gods, you’re okay! I was so worried! | though about calling the staff and asking them to stop it but then I looked up and Professor Lunerly was there so i figured maybe someone else called him but then I felt bad and-”

“Loren!” I gently pried her from me. I locked eyes with her. “What are you doing in my room?”

She quirked her head slightly. “Wait – your room?”

I held up the key in my hand. Loren smiled brightly back at me. “Oh wow! My first roommate! I sighed in relief.

“Thank god you’re not a psycho,” I said.

“Only a little bit,” Loren said with a wink. She smiled softly then launched herself at me again, wrapping me in a hug. “Well, good!” she said. “I would’ve been so upset if I lost my new roommate.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. Over my shoulder, Loren finally noticed Maximus standing next to me.

“Oh,” she said, unwinding from me. “Hi Max. Where are you coming back from?”

I turned to look at both of them. Maximus looked entirely uncomfortable.

“That explains a lot,” Max grumbled.

“Wait, what?” I said, looking between the two of them.

“Hello, Mini Moonbeam,” Maximus said, completely ignoring me. “I was just returning her to her room.” Oh yeah! Loren bounced besides me. “I finally got a roommate! Aren’t you excited to be neighbors?”

“Neighbors?!” I blanched.

Max pointed to the door next to mine.

“This is my room.”

“No...” I breathed.

“Max is our neighbor,” Loren said. “Though I told him if he’s not nice to you I’d beat him up!”

“Like you could take me Mini Moonbeam,” Maximus snorted

Loren put her hands on her hips. “I totally could because I’d catch you off guard with how quick I am!”

Then, quick as lightning, she shifted and barreled into Max’s calves. He shifted slightly but barely moved. Loren whined slightly then tried again. It earned a deep rumble from Max’s chest.

“Good try, pup,” he said.

Loren whined again then shifted back to her human form. She grumbled as she pushed past me and into our room. I couldn’t help but stare at Maximus as he unlocked his own door. He caught me staring and raised an eyebrow.

“Can I help you?”

“My neighbor,” I said softly. “Great.”

Maximus barely paid me any mind as he opened his door. He gave me one last glance. “Just don’t be too loud, too smelly or too generally annoying and we’ll have no problems.”

With that he walked into his room. The door slammed shut behind him. I stomped my foot in frustration then stormed into my own room. My door also slammed shut and startled Loren where she was sitting on her bed.

She was doing that thing where she chewed on her lip, again. She played with the lace of her bedspread, sheepishly.

“He’s not that bad,” she said softly. “Did he tell you about his brother?”

I sighed deeply and let my eyes flutter shut. I nodded once then looked back at Loren. She gave me a half sympathetic shrug.

“I don’t blame him,” she said. “If I lost my sissy, I’d be inconsolable.”

” just doesn’t make sense,” I said, shaking my head. I walked across the room and perched myself on my own bed. “Weren’t you all wolfless at some point?”

“Yeah,” Loren turned to face me. She still was fidgeting with the lace on her bedspread. “But some for less than others. Because of what happened to Maximus’s brother, he activated his wolf very early. I’ve heard rumors that he was four when he first shifted.”

“Jesus,” I rubbed my eyes. “How old were you when you first shifted?”

“Seventeen,” Loren mumbled. She looked embarrassed and so I figured that was my cue to drop it. I sighed.

I threw myself back on my quilt. “I feel like I know nothing.”

“Well what blanks can I fill in?” Loren said from her bed. I heard her shift slightly and then turned to see she’d moved to face me. She was playing with the lace on her duvet still.

“All of them,” I sighed. “I know nothing about werewolves.”

Loren laughed. It was a deep bubbly noise. “Firstly,” She held up her pointer finger. “We call ourselves wolves not werewolves’ that’s just -” She shuddered. “Archaic.” I nodded slowly for her to continue. She held up her middle finger with her pointer finger. “So obviously you’re wolfless. How did you even learn you’re a wolf?”

I fidgeted. “Some lady picked me up from the orphanage I was at when I turned eighteen,” I said. “Then she told me what I really was.”

Loren hummed. “Interesting,” she said.

. “Usually, we find the forgotten

wolves when they shift and cause a ruckus on human land. Strange that they knew you were a wolf before you shifted.”

“I don’t know if it is or isn’t,” I said with a shrug. “I know literally nothing.”

Loren sat back on my bed and crossed her legs like I used to in preschool. She clapped her hands together. “Okay. Werewolf 101 in fifteen minutes,” she said. “Basics are this: alphas have gold eyes.

Betas, those second in line for the position of alpha, have purple eyes.

Just like me!”

I nodded. I was following. Loren continued.

“Both are at this, school because if an Alpha falls, the Beta becomes the alpha. Though people unfortunately treat us as less than the Alphas.

Se, like if my sister dies in combat or is hurt or something, then I become the alpha,” She paused to rub at her neck. “Though I’m hoping sissy doesn’t fall because I’m not exactly cut out for this job.”

I gave her a soft smile. "I think you'd be a great Alpha," I said.

"That's nice," Loren returned the smile. "But wait until you see me spar.

I'm downright awful."

Somehow, I doubted that, but I keep my mouth shut. She couldn't possibly be worse than I was. Loren waved her hand."But yeah, wolves. Everyone can shift pretty easily by the time they get here so expect to see massive wolves running around," Loren continued. She paused and yawned. "I'd tell you about the Alpha Princess but I don't think she's coming to school this year, so you don't have to worry."

A shiver rippled through my body that Loren missed through another yawn. I was the Alpha Princess. Loren stretched on her own bed then fell back into the sheets.

"So what's this hunt?" I said.

"Oh!" Loren bounced back up then immediately cringed. "Sorry," she said. "It's usually exciting, but now that you're the target, I'm not sure it is anymore."

You could say that

"But yeah, so," she drew out the last word. "Basically, you're hunted by everyone on campus until you submit. Everyone uses it as a time to prove their strength as a wolf."

I gnawed on my lip. I knew the answer to my next question but I had to ask it anyways. "What happens if I don't submit?" I said.

Loren's head snapped towards me, deep frown on her face. She shook her head. "That's never happened," she said softly. "But I'd assume they'd hunt you until you died."

I swallowed thickly. Great.