

Lycan Prince Matteo

Twenty



Third Person

"Hmmm.." Freya moaned as she squeezed herself into Matteo, who was now smiling widely. He was woken up by her constant caresses on his chest and he couldn't help but have a hard on. He held on to her hand and stopped her from what she was doing because he didn't know how long he was able to control his beast. He wanted their mate so badly but he didn't want to make her mad at him even more if he insisted on mating and marking her.

As Freya couldn't move, she gently opened her eyes and found Matteo looking down at her. She tried to recall why he was beside her and remembered that she was sleeping alone. Her anger rose and she glared at him but he just ignored it. "Good morning, mate," he said before he claimed her mouth and kissed her. SHe was gasping for air when he left her mouth.

"We didn't eat dinner last night. You sleep like a baby and I felt a little tired too, so I decided to sleep with you." Matteo said, "This is the first time that I slept peacefully." he added,

Freya wanted to believe him because she was too, but the thought that he was not marking and claiming her bothers her so much. He wasn't telling her about whether they would announce to everyone that she was his mate. "I'll clean up first, the King invited us for breakfast." he told her and got up from bed and went straight to the bathroom. She roamed her eyes around the room and was amazed at how beautiful and royal it was.

Modern royal to be exact. She thought that after living for almost a hundred years, his room would look like some old and classic royal room. But it turned out that he is very modern and everything screams technology. A four-poster bed for a king and queen and even princes and princesses was no longer a fashion and he was very manly as well. The room was like a billionaire's room in a TV series that she happened to watch, out of boredom.

She didn't know how long she had been admiring the entire room and just heard the bathroom door open, so she looked that way. Her eyes widened when she saw Matteo coming out with only a towel wrapped around his waist as drops of water slid down his body. 'Geez.. he looks so delicious,' she thought, and her eyes widened even more when she realized what she was thinking.

"Eherm," Matteo cleared his throat and when she looked at him, she found him grinning from ear to ear. Out of shyness, her face turns red and she gets up from bed to go to the bathroom, not minding his eyes that follow her every movement. After she passed him, she sped up walking and locked the door as soon as she got in. She stayed inside for almost an hour because she forgot to bring a towel with her.

Then she heard a knock and looked at the door, "You forgot the towel." she heard Matteo say, so she slightly opened the door, just enough for her hands to fit in and get the towel from him. She wiped herself dry and went out of the bathroom after she wrapped herself in the towel. "I know that my bathroom is really amazing so I thought that you would be staying there for good," he commented as he saw her.

Matteo was already dressed and was only waiting for Freya to finish, but he wondered why she was taking so long in taking a bath. Then he realized that she had not brought a towel with her, so he thought that she was too shy to come out and ask him to get a towel for her. He was right, though. "Your clothes are in the walk-in closet," he said and led her,

"This is just a walk-in closet?" she asked. It was bigger than a normal room. Even bigger than hers, so she thought that the palace was really rich.

"Yes," he replied and pointed out a closet and found her clothes hanging there.

"It's just breakfast, so I could wear just anything, right?" she asked,

"Yeah, wear whatever makes you feel comfortable," he replied, smiling. She sighed and looked at him, she wanted to wear something similar to his but she had no clothes that could match his, so she just took a sundress. All her clothes were bought by her. Rica tried to buy something for her but she didn't like it so she decided to let her buy her own things instead.

"You look fresh in that dress."

"Thank you," she replied, they were in front of the mirror and Matteo was behind her. His breath fanned her ear when he talked to her and that brought chills down to her spine. It was making her feel like wanting him, but she had to stop herself. She would never initiate something that he should be the one doing. Well, that's what she thought.

But with Matteo, he was thinking about whether she was ready for him or not. He wanted her so much that he was worried that he might hurt her when they marked and mated each other. His s****I desire was so intense that he knew that he wouldn't be able to stop himself once he started to claim her. He closed his eyes and reminded himself, 'Not yet, not until the full moon', he thought, and inhaled deeply before he exhaled.

"Let's go, the king is waiting." he said just before he turned around. Freya, on the other hand, was feeling worried. He never tried to kiss her, so she thought that she meant nothing to him. I sighed before he followed him and caught up with him when he was about to open the door.

"You are very beautiful," King Marco said with a sincere smile.

"Thank you his highness," she replied and noticed that besides the king, Calvin and Matteo, there were two others whom she didn't know.

"You're very shy too." he added, "Anyway, I want you to meet James, the future gamma and will be the one who will be looking after you from now on. And Ronaldo, the royal financial advisor." she nodded her head and gave them an uneasy smile. She looked at Matteo and found him eating quietly, never giving her a glance.

"I can see that the prince has not marked you yet," Ronaldo said, and then looked at Matteo, who was now looking at him with a stoic face as if telling him to shut his mouth. But the royal financial advisor ignored it and continued talking. "Is it because of the mate that you were talking about 9 years ago?"

"Ronaldo!" the king said, full of authority.

"I'm sorry, his highness, I didn't know that she was not allowed to know about it. I just thought that they were very in love with each other, so things like that shouldn't bother the princess." he replied,

Freya looked at Matteo, who was now glaring at the royal financial advisor., "Don't think about it, dear." the king said, trying to take off the very visible worry on her face. Matteo looked at her but she just had her head down and continued eating.

'Fu****g Ronaldo.' Matteo thought.