

## Chapter 0015

### REAGAN'S POV.

The dual I witnessed between Ashanti and Kyle this morning has been replaying in my mind all day. Never in a thousand years did I think Ashanti was interested in combat or had fighting skills. I was shocked out of my skin.

She's quite a handful to deal with. She's not only a curious girl who lets her intrusive thoughts win most of the time, but she's a fighter. A very good fighter.

A knock on the door snaps me out of my thoughts and when I signal whoever it is to come in, the door opens, revealing one of the female servants who are in charge of picking the girls I get to spend the night with.

"Alpha Reagan." She bows respectfully. "The girls are ready." I sit upright from the chair and Ashanti's image flashes in my mind. Guilt stabs my heart like a thousand daggers.

She's my mate. I'm supposed to be loyal to her.

I clear my throat and look at the servant who still has her head bowed down.

"I won't be having any girl tonight." She instantly snaps her up and looks at me with her eyes wide open, but says nothing.

She must be shocked, but she knows better than to question my decision so she stays quiet.

She's shocked because this is the first time in years I'm refusing to spend the night with a girl.

But hold up!

If I'm refusing to spend the night with another girl, it means I'm admitting the fact that Ashanti is starting to have an effect on me. It means she's growing on me which is not true.

I don't care about her.

I don't want a mate and she has nothing on me.

I will sleep with any girl I want because she means nothing to me.

"If that's the case then, I'll just send the girls away. Have a good night, Alpha." She turns on her heels and starts walking out of the bedroom.

"Wait!" I call out. She freezes in her tracks and swivels around to face me once more. "Send them in."

I've changed my mind.

She looks at me, but immediately tears her gaze away when her eyes meet mine.

"Yes, Alpha." Is all she says as she exits the room, closing

the door behind her. I shut my eyes and groan in frustration.

I have sex with different girls almost every night all because of my wolf, King. I am doing of his to satisfy him. His sexual appetite is out of this world.

Shortly, the servant comes in again and this time around, there's a trail of five girls following her into the bedroom. My eyes lurk from one girl to the next, drinking in their beautiful figures with a blank expression on my face.

There's no excitement. No anticipation like before. I'm literally forcing myself to do this.

"Here they are." She tells me their names and steps aside for me to examine them and choose the lucky girl.

"Come closer." I instruct with a hand gesture and the girls walk closer to me in an organised manner. They all have on black see-through night dresses that expose their bare breasts and red thongs. They are sexy girls that would get any man hard just by looking at their firm breasts, but none of that is happening to me right now, virtue of Ashanti's face that keeps flashing in my mind.

I am doomed.

I lean against the chair, close my eyes and massage my brows with my thumb and index finger, sighing for the umpteenth time that night. I am in a very tight spot.

"Third girl to my left." I say with my eyes still closed. I don't

even know what she looks like. I just said anything that came to mind. The next thing I hear is footsteps retreating and the door closing. By the time I open my eyes again, the girl standing before me is stark naked. The night dress and underwear have been discarded on the floor and she's beaming at me like a light ray.

God, she's beautiful.

I should feel enticed. I should have the urge to touch her, fuck her like I always do with the others, but there's nothing.

No urge. No spark. I don't even know what to do with myself right now.

"Alpha Reagan." She slurs and seductively lowers herself to the couch I'm occupying. My breath hitches in my throat when she touches my cheek with her slender fingers. "How do you want me to serve you?" Her lips graze my ear, planting feathery kisses down to my neck as her hands work their way down my torso into my pants.

Shit!

I grab her hand and take it out, giving her a stern look.

"The bed." I say tightly. "Get on the bed." She instantly rises from the couch and heads to the bed as instructed. I rise to my feet, locking every thought and smell and image of Ashanti at the back of my mind as I take off my clothes.

She will not control my thoughts and feelings. She will not



control my decisions. She will not tell me how to live my life.

I head to the bed.

"On all fours." I instruct. The girl quickly obeys and I get on the bed, kneeling behind her butt and fisting my erect cock with my hand. I place my free hand on the small of her back and press it down lower so her stomach touches the bed.

Perfect.

With the guidance of my hand, I find her slit my cock and she lets out a loud gasp as I rub my cock to and fro her pussy to lubricate it. She's already moaning and twisting the sheets with her hands when I haven't even thrust in yet. She lets a sharp moan when I finally penetrate her pussy and settle in it.

See?

I'm fucking another girl.  
Ashanti has got nothing on me!