

The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti)

#Chapter 0270 - Read The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti) Chapter 0270

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ASHANTI'S POV.

The moment Alina's father ordered for the doors to be locked, I knew something was going to go wrong, but I didn't think it was going to be this serious. I'm being accused of poisoning and concrete evidence has been found on me. If Alina loses her baby, a murder charge will be added on my list and things will get uglier for me.

After everything I've been through, it was dumb of me not to have suspected Lizzy when she kept insisting I wore the dress she brought for me. I have an entire closet of clothes at Alpha Reagan's chambers yet she chose to bring hers and I didn't see anything wrong with it.

Stupid, stupid, stupid Ashanti!

My body is cracking from the pain of sitting in this cold cell. My chest is heaving with sobs I can no longer suppress, all my hopes dissolving in my tears. Agony is ripping my skin to shreds. I close my eyes and place my head onto my knees. My throat is a tortured passage of thirst.

What have they not done to me in this pack?

I was dragged from my home and brought here to serve the men. A certain girl of power and influence felt threatened by me and did all she could to make my life miserable and she did a great job at that. I have been incriminated, ostracised and penalised for crimes I did not commit and now, if care is not taken, I will be killed for a murder I did not commit. Skin-cold sweat runs down my cheeks as I think of that.

It's over for me.

My heart leaps when I hear footsteps approaching my cell. I quickly lift my head from my knees and rise from my feet. I pray it's Alpha Reagan again, or Delta Kyle or Tessa or anyone who can assure

me that everything is going to alright because right now, the only thing that can give me strength is those words of assurance. All my hopes are shattered when a warden shows up. He doesn't say a word to me, neither do I, to him. My heart is flapping wings against

my chest as I watch him come closer to my cell door. His eyes are focused on my face and there's an unreadable expression on his face. I suddenly remember that I'm thirsty.

"Can I please have some water to drink? I'm quite thirsty." My voice is low and croaky. The warden, who happens to be a young man, lifts his chin and creases his brow.

"You're thirsty?"

I could dry a waterfall right now.

I don't say that out loud. I simply nod my head.

"Yes, I am."

He rakes his eyes from my head to my toes and back to my face.

"Then drink your own piss, murderer!" He fires sternly and I shake my head frantically.

"I didn't do it." My eyes are flooding. I squeeze them shut, pry them open and shake my head again. "I swear it wasn't me. I would never dream of doing a thing like that!" I deny with all my might, heart and soul and the next thing I hear is the sound of keys jingling in his hand.

"Oh yeah?" There's a wicked frown on his face and I don't like the way he's looking at me. He inserts the key into the lock hole and turns it. My bones begin to buckle, snapping in synchronicity with my heart beats as I watch him open the cell-door and step in to meet me.

"Can you repeat what you just said?" He asks in a dangerous tone. I stare up at him with blood red eyes. My jaw is so tight that it makes my teeth hurt. "Are you suddenly deaf? I said, repeat what you

just said." He orders in an intimidating tone.

I suck in a deep breath and match his gaze.

"I didn't do it!" I say tightly.

A heavy blow lands on my cheek the moment the last word leaves my mouth. I yelp in pain as the impact causes my teeth to sink into flesh in my mouth, wounding it. The metallic taste of blood spreads over my tongue as my head sways to the side. My hand instinctively comes to my face, holding the jaw that has been punched. I stay still for a while, my head still bent to the side with my hair covering my face as I think of what to do to him. My head is spinning with a rush of adrenaline fortifying my being.

I'm not going to let this slide.

Calmly, I raise my head up and look at him again.

The man raises the same hand to give me another punch on the same jaw, but I hold the hand mid-air and drive my knee into his balls. A sharp, painful scream tears out of his lungs as he bends forward with his hands grabbing the front of his trousers. He looks up at me, completely breathless. I ball my fists and land a head punch on his jaw, causing him to lose balance and fall stagger out of the cell before dropping on the ground. Agony incapacitates him. His face is etched with astonishment and pure adulterated fear.

I'm about to step out and give him another kick in his balls, but his colleagues save him. About five of them appear at the scene and the first thing they do is lock up my cell before turning to him.

"Logan... what's going on here?" One of the guards asks, trying to hold him, but Logan, the proud and broken, kicks at him and angrily rises to his feet.

"Nothing happened!" He says in a strained voice and seizes the keys of the cell from the guy who just locked it. "Leave." He looks at them. "All of you!"

The five men reluctantly walk away and it's until they are out of sight that he turns to look at me again. I show him my middle finger and smirk.

"I'm still thirsty."

"Like I said, drink your own piss!" His bloody mouth spits out bitterly and I purse my lips together to stop myself from laughing.

Just then, a servant arrives with a tray of food, but the bitter warden seizes it and sends her away.

"No food for you!" He sneers. "You're going to starve to death!" He puts the food aside and walks away in a funny manner.

I guess his balls are still on fire.

I slum on my butt and join my knees together, placing my head on them. The tears return to my eyes when I think of all that's going on.

I pray this will all be over soon.