

The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti)

#Chapter 0321 - Read The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti) Chapter 0321

Chapter 0321

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Ugh! Finally!" Sheila grunts in the most frustrated tone as she gets out of the car, slamming the door behind her. I flinch on my seat at the loud sound caused by that action of hers. My head veers to the left and my eyes fall on Ryan who's shaking his head in disapproval.

Me too, brother. Me too.

Sighing heavily, I unbuckle my seatbelt and get out of the car as well, but making sure not to repeat Sheila's action. This car is far too precious and expensive to be rough handled as such.

As I walk towards the main door, the gentle breeze blowing in the environment fans my face and my hair strands do not miss that opportunity to menace every one of facial features, especially my lips. It takes several attempts before I finally succeed to tuck the loose strands behind my ear. The guards are carrying our luggage into the house while we make our way to the front porch. My eyes keep hovering all over the place, drowning myself in the beauty and magnificence of the building and its surroundings. It's huge and there are a lot of servants around tending to the gardens and lawns and everything else that needs tending.

All I ever wanted was to find my mother. I never thought of her living condition because I never cared about it. Even if she were dirt poor, I'd have had absolutely no problem staying with her. I'm just really impressed and happy to see that she has been living a good life all this while. holds © this.

"You kids are here." Her joyous voice comes through and I look straight ahead to see her walking out of the main door of the house. Sheila, who's already close to her, ducks under her outstretched right arm and storms into the house. I can bet she was rolling her eyes as she ducked. She just ignored our mother like she wasn't in the way.

How rude!

Mum, who doesn't seem the least bothered by Sheila's reaction, smiles even wider at Ryan who simply gives her a peck on her jaw and walks into the house.

Then comes me.

My face almost split on two halves when I see that her arms are still widely stretched for me to hug her. I crash into them. I hug her with all my might, inhaling her sweet smell and smiling like a fool.

God, I love this! I'm never going to get used to my mother's presence.

"Welcome back home." She says once we're out of each other's arms.

"Thank you mum."

"Let's go inside. We have so much to discuss." She holds my arms, leading me in a swivel that turns us towards the door and we both head into the building. Once in the living room, we settle on a couch and she keeps staring at me with her glowing eyes. I almost get shy. "Did the twins give you a hard time?" She asks, flinching a little because she thinks they did. My first instinct is to nod and say yes, but then that won't be true.

"Uh... not really." Her brows furrow.

"Not really?" Her eyes tell me she wants me to expatiate.

"Well..." I adjust myself on the couch. "Ryan didn't give me a hard time. On the contrary, he showed concern."

"He did?" She asked, surprised and I nod, smiling brightly.

"Yeah. He asked me a few questions and uh... told Sheila to give me a break after the phonecall we had the other night that got her so upset." A gentle laugh follows.

"Did he?" Mother asks yet again, joining me in my laughter. "Oh my God! Isn't he full of surprises?"

"He's so sweet."

"He likes you. He likes you very much, trust me. God for you!" She playfully pushes my arms and I fall back on the couch, laughing heartily and reminiscing about all the one word conversations I had with Ryan.

Mother is right. He likes me.

"He sure does." I agree to her statement."

"And for Sheila, you shouldn't let her walk all over you. Once in a while, be the big sister and put her in her place. Like Ryan correctly said, it was about time she gave you a break!"

Ah!

Just the exact words I wanted to hear.

Permission granted.

Now I'm ready for Sheila and her tantrums.

“Got it.”

“Good. Now that this is settled and Alpha Reagan has no reason to come sniffing around here anymore, you have to think of what you wanna do from now on and there are a million things out there for you to choose from. You are free now and you can finally live that life you've always dreamed of.” I let out a deep sigh of relief.

This is it.

This is finally it!

I'm free to live my life the way I want.

“Well... I haven't really thought of what I want to do yet. I still need some time.”

“Of course. Take all the time you need. I just want you to know that you need not hesitate to tell me whatever you need. Michael and I are here to support you very step of the way. Okay?” Her words cause tears to burn at the back of my eyelids. I suck in a deep breath and swallow the painful knot in my throat and blinking fast so tears don't escape from my eyes. I don't want to ruin such a sweet moment with tears.

This is like a dream come true.

Me, with my mother, living a life where I can make my own decisions.

I love it.

“Thank you very much mum. You are the best mother in the world.” We share another warm hug before she starts urging me to rise up.

“You should go and freshen up. Lunch will ready anytime soon. I can't wait to have lunch with all of you.”

“Me too mum. See you later.” I give her one last peg before heading for the staircase. There's a big smile on my face as I ascend the flight of stairs.

This second chance of life that has been given to me, I'm going to live it to the fullest!

Chapter 0322

REAGAN'S POV.

ONE WEEK LATER.

All the search parties we dispatched have returned with still no news of Ashanti's whereabouts. No one they spoke have seen or smelled or even heard about Ashanti and I'm beginning to get worried. Even if she was in hiding somewhere, someone could have seen her, but that doesn't seem to be the case. I'm starting to lose my brain cells.

"King." I call in the most frustrated tone ever with my eyes closed. "I'm beginning to get scared. This isn't normal."

"If she were dead, we could have felt it. The sadness, the depression, the snapping of the mate-bond like we felt with Selene, but we haven't and that means she's still out there. Somewhere. Probably alone. We have to keep searching." King encourages and that touches my soul.

She's out there, alone.

Ashanti's a tough girl. She has impeccable fighting skills and needs absolutely no one to protect her. Any rogue who comes her way will be dead before they draw in their second breathe. But I'm worried. She's alone. I'm not saying she needs me to protect her, but I want to be the one protecting her.

She's my mate. She was fated to me. The Moon goddess made me her guardian...

Speaking of the moon goddess... could this really be her way of punishing me?

Oh sweet mother, if that's the case, have mercy on me. I have learned my lesson.

"Have you?" King chimes in again.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Do you have any idea how much I'm holding myself back from berating you for putting us in this situation?"

"Why hold yourself back. Just do it."

"It's not worth it. We've already lost her."

"No, we haven't!"

“Well is she here then?”

“Oh drat! Go lie down in a corner!” I shut him out and lean back against my chair, groaning.

This is getting out of hand.

“Alpha Reagan.” A voice cuts through the atmosphere. I look up to see Ronald walking up to me with a gloomy look on his face.

“Yes Ronald.”

“The men are ready. All we need are your others to have them dispatched.” He reports calmly. My gaze drops to the table and another sigh escapes my chest.

“Ronald.”

“My Lord.”

“Do whatever you please.”

“Please don’t tell me you’re losing hope.”

I look up at him and shake my head.

“I could never.”

“Good. We’ll dispatch the men immediately and keep you updated.”

“Thank you.” He nods and exits the

office and I proceed to drown myself in my thoughts again. I need Ashanti back in my life.

I swear I’ll lose it if I don’t find her.

“You should have thought of that when you hesitated to claim her!” King chimes in again and I hastily rise to my feet, growling like an angry bear.

“Right, thank you, King. Thank you very much for the constant reminder.”

“I’m happy you’ve learned your lesson. When next you see her, you’ll treat her better!”

I shut my mouth and stay still because he has said nothing but the truth.

After this experience, I'm going to treat Ashanti like the queen she is when next I set my eyes on her!

Chapter 0323

TWO YEARS LATER.

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Mum, I'm sorry, but your makeup was taking too much time so Ryan and I had to leave first." I cry over the phone and my mother snorts in derision on the other end.

"You children will never give me a break!"

"See you at the conference hall Ma. Bye bye." I hang up and throw the phone into my purse, letting out a heavy sigh.

As she gets older, her love for make-up grows stronger and that frustrates everyone at home, including my step-father, Michael.

I look through the window and notice that we just arrived at the building premises. The driver drives towards the main entrance of the building and the moment he parks, a guard dressed in a black suit opens the car door for me and I step out elegantly with my purse in my left hand. My eyes rake up along the length of the tall building standing before me and a smile spreads on my face.

I did it!

Two years ago, my mother asked me what I'd love to do since I was free to live my life the way I wanted and I chose to take up fashion and design. With the help of my mother and Michael and even my uncle, the Alpha of this Pack, I was able to receive the training I needed without my identity being revealed. After my training, My mother and I started a Fashion and Design company called Thread Treasure Creations, normally called TTC which has grown to become the biggest and most successful fashion and design company in the pack. I'm the Chief Designer of the company

while my mother is the CEO. However, only a few key designers who signed iron-clad NDAs in the presence of the Alpha of the Pack, know me.

The rest of the workers and pack members do not know who the nameless and faceless Chief Designer is. There have been speculations about who the person may be and a few people have even claimed to be me, but have been exposed. I work in private with my designers and the only thing the public gets to see from me are my final designs which are always the talk of the town.

These two years have been the best years of my life. I live with a family that loves me to bits and treats me well. I'm doing what I enjoy, what I'm good at doing at my own pace. There's no one to give me orders. There are no slanders or hardships. I'm just living life the way I had always wished, but right now, I feel like all of that is about to end because today is the day I reveal my identity to the public.

"This way, Miss." One of the guards I left home with says he starts leading the way in the building.

"I don't want you to escort me. I'll go by myself." The three guards give me shocked gazes and I give them a curt nod.

"But Ma'am.. we were told to..."

"There's no need, Luke. I'll be revealing my identity today anyway. Besides, I have on make-up, people won't recognize me just yet. Let me do this. Please." They all reluctantly nod their heads and step aside, giving me way to make my grand entrance into the building.

This will be the first time in two years I'm using this entrance.

Whenever I came here, I would be driven to the underground parking lot where I'd take the private elevator straight to the floor I'm meant to be working at.

My confidence starts dwindling as I walk closer to the revolving door that leads into the clothing store lobby. I don't miss the strange looks I'm getting from passers by and even when I step into the lobby, everyone seems to stop what they are doing and look at me. My knees have won the right to tremble.

I should have gone with mum's idea of me using the underground parking lot and then the private elevator. The looks I'm getting from these people are scary. I should not have asked the guards to stay behind.

"Stop being a wussy!" Lena snaps. "They are looking at you because they want to harm you. Look around. They are all admiring your outfit and maybe the purse you're holding." She points out and I do some self checking out before staring back at the onlookers and indeed, they seem to be admiring me, not glaring at me. It seems they haven't recognized me either?

How could they?

They've never seen me physically. When Alpha Reagan was still on a hot search for me, lyohotis were all over the news, but that's pTpV. I'm sure they've all forgotten about that incident anyway.

With my new found confidence, I wear a very bright smile on my face and head to the clothing section of the lobby to check out some clothes I see on display. My smile widens as I admire my very own designs being gushed at and admired by onlookers and potential buyers.

“Whoever that Chief designer is, she's amazing and I cannot wait for the announcement so I can finally know who she is!” A girl narrates to her group of friends and I linger around, pretending to check out a few clothes just so I can listen to the rest of their conversation.

For the first time ever, I'm listening to girls praising me and it feels so good.

I cannot wait to finally reveal myself.

Chapter 0324

ASHANTI'S POV.

With time, the people around stop looking at me and resume their activities so I decide to linger around some more. I'm in the section of the lobby where various clothes have been put on display on mannequins, in shelves and on hangers and there are people, mostly women in each aisle, checking out one or two outfits. I cannot help but smile proudly each time someone compliments a dress design, a fabric or the colour combination. It took a lot of time and effort and hardwork to get here.

As I walk along the aisle, the sight of a red, shimmering dress, sloughed between other dresses of different designs, grabs my attention. With creased brows, I hasten my footsteps towards the dress to check it out. When I arrive at the spot, I stretch my hand towards the row to the hanger on which the dress is hanging from and gently take out the dress from it. I hold the dress up, admiring it when suddenly, a hand appears from nowhere behind me and snatches the dress. Quickly, I whip my head behind to see who it is and I'm greeted with a heavily baked face which belongs to a woman who seems to be in her forties. There's a wide shallow smile on her face that screams trouble.

“I got it first.” The smile has disappeared. Now she's frowning as though daring me to call her a liar. I take the dare.

“That's a lie. You snatched the dress from my hand.” I tell her flatly and her gaze grows darker.

“No, I did not!” Her voice is higher than it should be by the time she says the last word. That attracts stares from the other clients and even a sales girl who calmly approaches us.

“Is everything alright here?” She asks in the sweetest tone.

"I got this dress first, but this girl seized it from me and now she's trying to gaslight me!" The woman firmly accuses, still using her loud tone. More people swarm by to watch the drama unfolding.

"Ma'am..." The Sales girl calls. "If she seized the dress like you claim, why is it in your possession and not hers?" Content held by .

Brilliant question!

The woman looks from me, to the girl and back to me, completely speechless.

"Are you calling me a liar?" She suddenly bursts out. "Your manager! Where is the Manager of this store? I need to see your manager!" She starts screaming and other salespersons rush towards us to see what's going on. "I am a VIP client here. I should be able to get whatever I want!" She's still yelling and it's grating on my nerves.

"Ma'am, you have to calm down. Your loud tone is distracting others."

I don't like the attention were getting right now. No one has recognized me yet but it's just a matter of time before someone does and blows off my cover. I mean to reveal myself today, but not like this.

"She can have the dress." I tell the sales girl who's trying to settle our problem. "I'll get something else. She can have that one."

"Are you sure Miss?" She asks kindly and I flash her a gentle smile as I nod my head.

"I promise it's fine. Just let her have it." With that, I walk past the women and start heading for the elevator. My cell phone starts ringing in my bag and I come to a halt to fish it out.

It's my mother again.

"Hello mother." I call, pressing the phone against my ear after swiping the answer icon.

"Where are you?"

"In the building, why?"

"I just arrived."

Now I'm standing Infront of the elevator door, waiting for it to arrive.

"Alright. I'm going up." My heart starts hammering in my chest when I end the call. The elevator arrives a few minutes later and I step it, thanking my stars there's no one here

with me. I press the floor number I'm heading to as the door closes and drown myself in my thoughts when the ride begins.

Things are going to take a drastic turn when I reveal myself. People will be shocked and amazed and confused. Some will be infuriated. After I mysteriously disappeared from Reagan's pack, there was an intense search for me that lasted almost an entire year, but because I was kept hidden in my mother's house, I was never found by his men.

Apart from my family and a few other people whom I work with or who work for me, like guards and servants, no one else knows my whereabouts and there have been many speculations about that. Many theories of my disappearance have been formulated. Some say I mysteriously found my way to the human world and now I live there with humans. Others say I might have done surgery to change my looks so I will never be identified. Others are convinced that I'm dead.

These stories and many others will resurface when the announcement is made today and it's making me scared.

Mother was the one who convinced me to do this. I was okay with working in the background till the end of time, but she wasn't satisfied with the idea.

When we finally meet in her office, she first goes to the conference room to address the staff member of the company while I stay behind, waiting for her to signal me to join them.

As I wait, my thoughts travel back to Alpha Reagan.

I would be lying if I said a single day has passed without me thinking about him. He has been on my mind every single day and there were times when I had to hold myself back from shape shifting and running all the way to his pack, to his castle in my wolf form.

I miss him.

I miss him so much that it hurts and a huge part of me still loves him. Still yearns for him. Still pesters me everyday about dropping everything and going to meet him, but I can't do that.

I will not!

“Let's see if you keep up with that mentality when we get to the Lunar Crescent Pack for the Fashion King Competition.” Lena chimes in from nowhere and I roll my eyes, exhaling heavily.

The Fashion King Competition.

That's the main reason why Mother succeeded in convincing me to reveal myself to the public.

It's a competition whereby famous designers from various packs all meet at the Lunar Crescent Pack and engage in a Fashion and Design competition which lasts six months and the winner of that show gets to be crowned Fashion King of the season. The competition is hosted every five years and I cannot begin to explain the benefits that come with the title of Fashion King. It's a title people are willing to do anything to get.

I didn't want to join, but mother convinced me to and now, I have to reveal my identity because I cannot compete as an anonymous designer.

If I go in for this competition and win this show, it will take my brand to a whole new level. I know I'll have to deal with Alpha Reagan. I'll cross that bridge when I get there, for now, I...

A knock interrupts my thoughts. The door opens, revealing Ryan, who stands in the doorway with his usual poker face.

"It's time." His tone is so chill, it makes me smile despite the nervousness bubbling in my chest.

This is it.

Chapter 0325

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the founder and chief designer of Thread Treasure Creations, Ashanti Anderson." Mother announces proudly as I make way into the spacious conference room with the brightest, yet most nervous smile planted on my face.

I don't know why I'm so nervous, but God, I'm nervous.

All eyes are on me as I make my way to the empty head seat at the other end of the table with legs that feel like jelly. When I get there, I stay standing and as I take inventory of the room, I notice that most of them seem terrified to see me and I quite understand the reason for that.

They have recognized me.

"Oh my Goodness!" A woman, who can't hold it in anymore exclaims with a loud gasp, her hands cupping her mouth to probably prevent the scream in her chest from flying out. They all exchange confused looks while others stare intensely at my mother who keeps smiling and nodding at them.

“Isn't she Ashanti?” A man questions. “Alpha Reagan's true mate who disappeared to years ago?” He asks aghast and I give him a small nod that makes his brain explode in his mind.

“What in the seven hells is going on here?” Another terrified looking man chimes in. “You mean to tell me Ashanti here has been the one creating all those hit designs? She's the chief Designer we've all been longing to meet?” There's a look of complete disbelief on his face.

If I were butter, I would have melted under the heated gazes they are all shooting my way at this moment.

“Yes, it's me.” I reply to the man with a cheerful smile. “I won't go into the details of why I made the decision to stay hidden and anonymous these past years. It's not important. Also, I know the

moment this information leaves this room, the entire werewolf world is going to be on fire, but I want to assure you all that nothing changes.”

“Oh, I highly doubt that.” It's a woman and she's smiling so brightly. “Don't you get it? You are the Lycan King's mate. You are the Lycan Luna of this world. The moment Alpha Reagan knows your whereabouts, he will come for you!”

“I'm not oblivious to that speculation.” I reciprocate her smile. “Let me be the one to worry about and handle that issue when it comes knocking. For now...” I gently pull out the chair and sit down, hyper aware of the intense gazes I'm getting from each and everyone of them.

I can't blame them. I would be flabbergasted as well if I were in their shoes and this kind of revelation was done. What I'm happy about is the fact that they do not seem to be angry or disappointed in the fact that I'm the Chief Designer. All I see as I look at their faces is pure wonder, a bit of confusion and then amusement.

I love it.

“I just want to let you all know that it has been a pleasure working for you this entire time. You all have been amazing and the Designers have some great talent too. It's with your talent, dedication and hardwork that TTC has reached this height and I hope that this revelation doesn't change anything. We are all colleagues and my greatest wish is for us to keep working together to reach higher heights. Forget about the Lycan King or my supposed position in this Lycan world. I want nothing to do with all that, that's why I left and stayed hidden all this time. This... What we do is the life I've chosen to live. Let's keep up with the good work.”

By the time I'm done with my speech, they are all nodding their heads in approval and the impressed looks I see on some of their faces almost makes my heart burst with pride.

I didn't expect this to go so well. I've been so used to people rejecting me. Both at my father's and Alpha Reagan's pack, all people ever did was hate and reject me at first glance, but it's different here. Content held by .

It feels surreal.

“Well, Miss Anderson...” And elderly woman who hasn't said anything since I got in finally speaks. “We've all been waiting for this day to come and now that it's here, personally, I'm impressed to see that the Chief Designer is a girl as young as you and I'm happy you followed your heart. I don't know about the others, but seeing you now has only further fueled my determination to work harder in this company.”

Tears burn at the back of my eyelids as I listen to the woman say all those sweet words about me. I blink multiple times to prevent them from escaping my eyes. This is such a feel-good moment and I don't want to ruin it by crying.

“Thank you so much, Mrs James. I'm honored to receive such great words of admiration from you. Thank you.” I turn to the others. “And I talk you all as well for the work you've been putting in for TTC to soar to this great level. From now on, there will be no anonymity and I'll be here on a daily basis, just like you all so we can work together to create even better designs. Thank you.”

“We look forward to working with you too, Miss Anderson.”

Miss Anderson.

Mrs James addressed me as that, but it didn't hit as hard as it just did now.

I have never been addressed as such. It's always just been Ashanti or some swear word used by Rhea or the Harem girls.

I like the new change. It makes me feel like I have an identity. Like I am my father's daughter.

Speaking of my father. I miss him. Now that I'm no longer in hiding, I'm going to find time to pay him a visit.

“Thank you all very much.” I say, looking at each and everyone of their faces and nodding my head. “With that settled, let's talk about Fashion King. After much persuading from my mother, I have finally given in. We are going for the competition!”

"Yes!" A triumphant squeal comes from the other end and I look to see a young guy whom I know as Caleb, driving his right fist through the air over and over again as he does his little celebration. It makes me chuckle. "I hope everyone is as excited about the news as Caleb is." I'm looking around and everyone is nodding their heads as they unanimously express their relief for the fact that I finally agreed to let the company partake in the competition. "As we all know, there's not much time left. All contestants are supposed to be at the Lunar Crescent Pack by Saturday, which is in three days. So, let's all pack our bags and everything else we need and go show those judges what we've got."

A round of applause erupts throughout the entire room and I join them in the clapping. From my peripheral view, I can see my mother smiling proud at me and my heart swells with pride. It's going to burst soon and I'm going to start crying if this moment doesn't end already.

It's overwhelming.

I cannot believe I've worked hard to become a successful Designer.

I can't wait to get to the Lunar Crescent Pack for this competition. I'm so ready to show them all what I've got.

Them... including Alpha Reagan.

Chapter 0326

REAGAN'S POV.

"Alpha Reagan!" An anxious voice calls my name and the next second, my office door comes flying open and two men are rushing into my office and over to me with ipads in their hands as though they are being chased.

Kyle and Ronald.

The moment I see them and the state they are in, I immediately understand what has got them running into my office in such a frantic manner.

"Alpha Reagan." Ronald calls yet again and they both come to a halt in front of me, breathing hard.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Have you seen this?" Kyle asks, holding the screen of his iPad to my face and my thoughts are confirmed when I read the title of the article displayed on the lit iPad screen.

'THE LYCAN LUNA RETURNS.'

I nod.

"Yeah. It's the same article I was reading before you two barged in here like hooligans." Kyle drops the iPad on the table and plants both hands on his waist, still breathing fast. "Two years. Two good years we've been searching for her, but nothing! And all of a sudden this?' What in the banana cake is going on here?" He asks, greatly agitated and Ronald who doesn't seem to know what to do or say, starts pacing. Calmly, I rise from the chair I'm sitting on and go around the table to meet Kyle.

"Well..." My raspy voice croaks as I lean against the edge of the table, facing Kyle who's still standing in his akimbo posture and sighing in complete disbelief every now and then.

It's funny.

Both of their reactions to the

situation are funny. Kyle's

blabbering, Ronald's

tongue-tightness and

unnecessary pacing... they are

et

totally

hilarious but I don't have it in me to

laugh at this moment because I'm thinking everything at once and I don't know what or how to feel about this situation.

You cannot imagine the shock I felt when this article suddenly popped on my screen as I was checking a few things online. Pictures of Ashanti plastered all over the internet. Pictures of her looking just amazing and write ups about her successful Fashion and Design Company.

She fucking owns Thread Treasure Creations. One of the fastest growing Fashion and Design Companies in this werewolf world.

I'm happy for her. I'm fucking proud of all that she has achieved, but a part of me weeps.

I weep for myself.

She wasn't bluffing when she told me didn't want to be with anymore two years ago. She was serious when she said she was going to leave me. She did and she successfully hid from me for two good years whilst building herself to become the successful woman she is today.

I asked the goddess for a mate and she gave me a fighter.

Nice one.

"Well what?" Kyle's impatient voice interrupts my thoughts and I stare at him again. The look on his face almost sends me in stitches. That's when I realize I did not complete my sentence. I shrug, cross my arms over my chest and then my right foot over the left to make myself more comfortable.

"We should be happy she's alive and doing pretty well for herself." I say carefully and the horrified expression on Kyle's face worsens. I nearly laugh. Content rights by .

"That's it? That's all you have to say? Alpha Reagan you just found you mate and all you have to say is you're happy she's alive and going well for herself? This is someone you've been searching for... we've all been searching for for two years now!"

"What would you have me do, Kyle?"

me

Give out orders for men to storm the Blue Diamond pack, bundle her and bring her to me against her will?" ask with creased brows and the agitating man relaxes. His shoulders sag His face falls and one hand

leaves his waist and scratches the back of his head.

Chapter 0327

"Well..." he takes two steps back. Exhales heavily. "Well..."

"Kyle." I cut him off. "You were right when you said there's a possibility that we weren't able to find Ashanti because she did not want us to find her. This is proof. What matters now is that she has shown herself to us again. What's even sweeter is the fact she's coming here for the Fashion King Competition in a few days."

"Is she?"

"You didn't even read till the end of the article, did you?"

"Read till the end? Are you kidding me right now?... My mind exploded like a bomb when I saw her picture pop up on my screen!"

A small chuckle escapes my lips, but I'm quick to stop myself from chuckling too much before I further provoke him and receive a hard punch. "Look Kyle." I give a gentle pat on his shoulder. "Don't see me looking and acting so calm and think I'm not as agitated as you are. As a matter of fact I'm holding myself from going over the Blue Diamond Pack right now to see Ashanti. I've had to shut my wolf out completely so he can stop threatening to take over me and run all the way there by himself. I'm feeling everything at once, but I know I have stay calm and act rationally." "The only rational way to act right now is for you to go over to that Pack and bring our Luna back home!" He says firmly. I shake my head in denial. "No. On the contrary, that's the most stupid, selfish and most inconsiderate decision I can take right now. She's going to hate me even more if I dare to do. It's only going to make things more difficult for me."

"So what do you intend to do?"

Ronald has joined us again and he looks very eager to hear my response to that question.

I take a deep inhale. Try to gather my bearings and arrange my thoughts so that when I spill them out, they can make sense to these two, anxious men standing before me. Because if it were left to them, we should all leave for the Blue Diamond Pack right now so we can meet Ashanti, bundle her and bring us back home with her.

A strategy even my ancestors will strike me dead for trying to use.

It's just dump.

"You two remember the circumstances that led to her disappearance in the first place, don't you?"

"Yeah..."

"Yeah... we do

"Great. She was constantly being accused of crimes she did not commit. The pack subjects hated her. There was Alina who had sworn to make her life miserable and then the pregnancy issue. I also did some terrible things that got her really

upset with me. All of this madee

choose to leave and I've spent the last two years berating and cursing myself for not preventing these things from happening and above all, for not treating her right in the first place. Now that I've found her, do you honestly think I want to walk down that path again? I don't want her to feel like I'm trying to exert dominance over her again. She's

my mate and that means she's my equal and I have to learn to treat her as such. It's going to be hard trying to get her back, but I won't give up."

"We don't intend to let you do that by the way." Ronald makes clear and I raise my hands, surrendering to him. Content rights by .

"Yes Sir. So, what we're going to do

is wait for her to arrive for the competition and from there, I'll do things the way a gentleman should. I'll woo her again and I'll make things right between us like I should have done from the beginning. Trust me."

I mean every word I just said.

Chapter 0328

ASHANTI'S POV.

The entire pack is buzzing with my name. My pictures are all over social platforms and even on the news. The news spread like wildfire and people are completely bombed by the fact that I'll be attending the Fashion King competition. It was a hassle having to leave the building after the announcement was made. All entrances were crowded with reporters. The guards had a hard time clearing the way for me to pass through. Even when we got home, there were some reporters flocking around the compound premises but they were immediately sent away by Michael when he arrived. I swear I never expected things to take such a drastic turn. I had suspected that revealing myself after all this time would cause some commotion, but not to this level. The attention I'm getting makes me feel like I'm some important person in the society whereas I'm not!

"Ashanti." Mother calls as she descends the staircase with her cell phone in her hand.

"Yes mother." I look up at her.

"Have you tried reaching Sheila?" She comes to meet Ryan and I in the living room. She has on that worried look she always wears when one of us is not back home at a certain hour.

"No. I haven't."

"What about you, Ryan?"

"I haven't." Content rights by .

"Where on earth could this girl be." She laments in a worried tone. She dials a number on her phone and presses it against her ear. After listening for a while, the phone drops

from her ear and she groans in frustration. "It's almost midnight. She's supposed to be home by now."

"Mum. I'm sure Sheila is fine. She went out with friends, remember."

"Why is her phone switched off?"

"Apparently..." Ryan chimes in. "She switched it off to avoid this..." He looks at mum. "Your constant check ups. I would have done the same." He turns back to face the TV screen. I seal my lips together to hide my smile.

He's right.

Sheila definitely switched off her phone to avoid mum's multiple incoming calls to ask her whereabouts. I've done that a few times as well. "Young man. Don't you dare use that tone on me. And remember we are not done discussing the issue of you wanting to take a gap year!" "What do you mean?" Ryan asks, turning to look at her again. A little crease forms between his brows as he frowns his cute face.

"You are not taking a gap year!"

Ugh!

Here we go again.

They've been on this for past one month and everytime she brings it up, Ryana gets upset. He calmly rises from his seat.

"I'm done fighting over this issue with you."

"For goodness sake Ryan, you are so smart. You have an excellent CGPA. There's enough money to pay for any university you want to attend. Why do you keep insisting on staying home for an entire year."

"I'm not just going to stay at home for an entire doing nothing. I need time to decide if I want to get into the medical or engineering field. Also, I'm going with Ashanti to the Lunar Crescent Park for the Fashion King Competition. That's six months of intense training in the craft of Fashion and Design."

"God, you are driving me crazy!"

"Likewise you Ma. Likewise you!" He starts ascending the staircase.

Now it's just me and her left in the living room.

Just great. It's my turn to receive some nagging.

"Can you believe him?" She joins me on the sofa. "He's wasting his life away."

"No he's not. Give him a break mum. Give

We both know how smart and ambitious Ryan is. He might be just eighteen but he sure as hell knows what he's doing. Chill." I try my best to persuade her. She lets out a heavy sigh of exasperation.

"You kids are driving me crazy. Sheila now keeps late nights, Ryan wants to drop out of school and you will not accept to date anyone. I'm going to die before my time."

"I see what you did there mum. Don't try to turn to me right now."

"I'm in fact turning to you right now. Alpha Reagan must have heard the news about you. You should expect his summons anytime soon. Or maybe he's going to come here himself." I giggle in disbelief, shaking my head.

"He would never."

"What makes you say that?"

"It's been two years mum. He definitely has another girl in his life. He's not going to send for me or come all the way here for me."

"You honestly think we wouldn't know if he had another girl in his life? Have you forgotten that man is the Lycan King?"

"No I haven't."

"So what will you do if he sends for you or if he comes for you in person."

"Mum... he's not gonna come."

"What if he does?"

"Why do you keep insisting?"

"Because I wanna know if there's any tiny... you know... itty-bitty chance that you two could get back together?"

My brows furrow as I ask; "Where's this coming from?"

"Ashanti." Her tone is calm, but firm. "When you go over there, you're going to have several encounters with Alpha Reagan. Maybe he'll hell try to woo you again. I just want to know where you stand."

"Mum. I left that pack for a reason and it hasn't changed. I want nothing to do with Alpha Reagan. I'm going to the Lunar Crescent Pack for a one purpose and that's to win the Fashion King Competition. Nothing else."

"I'm happy to hear that. You know the last thing want is for you to get back together with that man. However you should also try to find love, my dear. Now that you can live freely and interact with other people, you should meet someone you can start a relationship with. If you want I can introduce you to Kol."

"Who the hell is Kol?" I am confused. She shoots me a smile that I don't like.

"He's the Beta's younger brother. A

cardiologist. He's not only good

looking, he's really smart and very successful. The two of you will make a perfect match!" She ends the description with a playful wink that makes me cringe.

I'm not comfortable discussing these things with her.

"Alright mum. I think I'll retire for the day." I kiss her cheeks and rise up from the sofa. "Good night." Her shoulders sag in dismay. The enthusiastic smile on her face fades.

"You children never listen to anything I say!"

She laments and I continue my journey towards the staircase in total silence. Thoughts of Alpha Reagan creep back into mind, raising my heartbeats to sky level.

Mum said something about the possibility of him trying to woo me when we meet.

Could that really happen?

And if it does, what will be my reaction?

Chapter 0329

ASHANTI'S POV.

Today is the day I leave for the Lunar Crescent Pack. Since I woke up this morning, my heart has been beating out of control and my stomach feels like my guts have been knotted into inseparable chords.

I'm nervous and it has nothing to do with the tough competition that lies ahead. I'm an excellent designer and I'm positive I'll make it to the final rounds of the competition. I'm confident that if I give it my all, I'm going to win and become the next Fashion King of this world.

The reason why I'm nervous is because I'm going to the Lunar Crescent Pack. The same pack where I arrived almost three years ago as a Harem girl. The pack where I had my worst life experiences. Above all, I'm nervous because I'm going to see Alpha Reagan again after two years. I know I shouldn't be, but I'm anxious and curious to see his reaction when we finally meet again.

Will he be mad at me for leaving the way I did?

Will he threaten to punish me for deceiving him?

Will he be happy to see me?

Will he try to woo me again?

I shake my head in denial, letting out a frustrated sigh.

It's not important.

None of that matters right now.

I head to the mirror to inspect myself again and once I see that my outfit is on point, I pick up my hand bag which contains all of my necessities and head out of the closet and then the bedroom. The servants already carried my boxes to the car and every other thing I packed to leave with. When I get downstairs, I meet the rest of the family already seated at the dining, about to eat breakfast.

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"Hello everyone." I greet them cheerfully.

"How come you're always the last to arrive at the table during meals?" Sheila asks, looking up at me. I chuckle lightly and go over to take my usual spot which is beside Ryan and across from her.

"I wish I had an answer to that question, Sheila. As it is now, I still can't decide if you all are just really fast or if I'm just slow." Everyone chuckles, except Ryan who's focused on his meal. He's all dressed up for our departure and it warms my heart a great deal that he's coming with me.

We've grown quite close over the years.

I'm a lot closer to him than I am with Sheila.

For Sheila, it took a while, but she finally warmed up to me and right now, even though we aren't very close, at least we no longer fight or throw scornful words at each other. She has learned to accept me as her sister and I appreciate her for that.

"Ryan looks so damn serious. One might look at him now and think he's the real Designer going in for the competition." A hysterical cackle follows that very cryptic statement. No one joins her and when she realises she has gone too far, she stops laughing and clears her throat, focusing on her food.

Ryan just ignores her as always.

"So Ashanti, how are you this morning? How do you feel about going to the Lunar Crescent Pack for the competition?"

"Bloody nervous. I wish I could back out. I hate this grating feeling I have in my stomach." I cry out as I watch Ryan serve me the same meal he's eating. He loves serving my meals and I've gotten to understand over time that that's his way of telling me loves me very much. His love language is a random act of service and I really appreciate it.

"Thank you Ryan." I thank him with a smile when he puts the plate before me. He simply nods and turns his attention back to his food.

"What if Alpha Reagan tells you he wants you back when you two meet? Are you going to forgo your quest and be his Luna?" Sheila asks out of nowhere and I nearly choke on the soup in my mouth. I quickly push it down and shoot her a frown.

"And why on earth would I do that?"

"Because it's more beneficial, duh."

She sets her cutleries down and focuses her gaze on me, her fingers sliding under chin to support her head. "You are fated to be the Lycan King of the entire werewolf world: If you get back together with

Queen of this whole wide werewolf world. Imagine all that power and fame and glory. It's more glorious than any

you become the Lycan in Ed.)

Fashion King title you strive to achieve."

"It doesn't work that way, Sheila."

"Tell me how it works then."

"With everything you just said now, I already know how your brain is wired. No matter how much I explain, it won't make any sense to you, so let's just let it go."

"You're only saying that because you know I'm right. If I were you, I'd run into the arms of the Alpha and forget about everything else."

"That's a very shallow mindset there." Michael chimes in. Sheila shoots him a shocked gaze and he simply shrugs his shoulders. "Not everything is about power and influence and glory and fame. There's more to life than all that."

"I don't think there's anything greater than having the power to rule over every single werewolf and Lycan in this world. Nothing beats that!" Sheila argues firmly. I purse my lips and focus on my food like Ryan has been doing.

It's always a vain mission trying to win an argument with her.

"That's enough." Mother cautions. "Stop arguing over irrelevant things. Ashanti is going in for the Fashion

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King Competition and the last words she needs to hear from us before she leaves are words of encouragement, not arguments about stupid things." Content

belongs to

"Being powerful and influential isn't stupid!" Sheila murmurs under her breath but because of our heightened hearing abilities, we can hear her. We all stop eating and focus our gazes on her. When she notices, she throws her hands in the air and says:

"Oh please, it's not my fault you had to hear that!"

The rest of the breakfast goes on with more conversations and encouragement from the others and occasional motivations from Sheila. She keeps insisting I choose to get back together with Alpha Reagan if he tries to woo me while I'm there.

It's hilarious and absurd at the same time.

As it is now, Alpha Reagan and I are parallel lines that will never meet.

Chapter 0330

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Mum... for the one millionth time today, I'm going to be alright, I promise. Just promise me you'll visit often." I tell my mum in the most exasperated tone before she releases me from the hug she has been choked in. My eyes well up when I see the tears shimmering in hers.

These two years have been amazing and now that I'm about to leave her for a long time, it makes me sad, but I have to go.

"Take good care of yourself."

"I will miss you too. Take care." I peck her cheek and turn to Micahel who already has his arms stretched out for me. I rushed to them, letting him engulf me in a big bear hug.

"I'm going to miss you." He kisses my hair and the tears in my eyes break loose.

"I'm going to miss you too."

He pulls me out of his arms and looks at me.

"You make sure to give them your all, okay?"

I nod in tears.

"Okay."

"You are an amazing designer. I know you're going to win. All you have to do is work hard."

"Thank you very much Michael." He kisses my hair yet again before letting me go. I turn to Sheila who looks unbothered by all that's going on. "Goodbye Sheila." I say with a small smile before turning to get into the car.

"So I'm not important enough for you to hug me as well, am i?" Sheila lashes out and I chuckle hard. I turn to her, smiling from molar to molar and we both spread our arms wide and engage in a warm sisterly hug. "I'll come over to visit you every weekend."

"I'll be expecting you."

"I know you're going to win."

"Thank You Sheila." We bithe disengage from the hug. I'm still smiling widely as I look at my mum and Micahel whobare are smiling brightly at me. "Goodbye everyone."

"Good bye sweetheart." That's mum.

I finally get into the car and meet Ryan who's already comfortably seated.

I envy his ability to always evade these lengthy goodbye hugs from the parents.Content rights by .

"You have got to teach me your

ways."

os hon & say, letting out a tired sighet

He

chuckles and

head.

"You're not emotionless enough to adopt my ways."

"Indeed I'm not."

"Good."

"I'm happy you're coming with me."

He looks at me and smiles.

"Me too. I look forward to learning from the best."

"The best?"

"Yes. You are the best designer there is out there."

"Am I?"

"You don't know?"

"I don't."

his

"Okay." He simply says and puts on his headphones. That indicates the end of the conversation.

The ride continues in total silence and I keep smiling every now and then. I can't believe Ryan just called me the best designer. It feels surreal to hear those words from his mouth.

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Alpha Reagan crossed my mind again and my smile widens. I can't I wait to see the look on his face

when he sees me again after all these years.