

The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti)

#Chapter 0331 - Read The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti) Chapter 0331

Chapter 0331

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Thank you Kain." I thank the driver who just opened my car seat door with a big smile on my face. We just arrived at the Castle of the Luna Crescent Pack... Alpha Reagan's lair. A strange feeling comes to life in my gut when I step out of the car, on Lunar Crescent soil and let my eyes roam around the familiar environment. It's been two years, but I remember this place all too well. The well cut lawns are in tact as always, the beautiful flowers, the clean pavements and above all, the magnificent buildings at various points of the premises.

The last time I was here, I came as a Harem girl who was obliged to serve the Lycan men with as much as her body. The girls I arrived with hated me at first sight. The only person who stood by my side was Tessa.

Speaking of Tessa... I don't know how I'm going to start apologising to her when we meet, but I'll cross that bridge when I get there. I'm sure she's going to understand my reason for leaving the way I did. She always understands.

"Impressive!" A voice speaks by my side. A smile forms on my face when I turn I see Ryan. I was so lost in thought that I didn't realise he had joined exclusive content.

me.

"I know, right?"

"I can't believe you said no to all of this."

"Ryan. Please don't tell me you're taking Sheila's side now." He chuckles lightly and shakes it head.

"I'm just saying it would have been nice to have a sister who's the queen of all this... you know. Have unlimited access to this place."

"You're never cease to amaze me, Ryan." I shake my head and follow the guards who are leading the way into a hall which I know to be the banquet hall. It's the same hall we were taken taken into when we first arrived here as Harem girls. The entire premises is filled with cars and people whom I presume to be other designers who have come for the competition.

As we draw closer to the banquet hall, my heart rate increases and I feel like I'm going to faint by the time we get to the door. I'm not nervous about the competition. I'm not nervous about the numerous people I see in this hall we are walking into. I'm nervous about the fact that in a few minutes time, Alpha Reagan will come here to address us.

I'm going to see him.

He's going to see me.

I'm so eager to see his reaction when that happens, I feel like I'm going to faint. I came here for a single purpose. That is to participate in this competition and win it. I want no business with Alpha Reagan.

But then, if he ignores me today, I will be heartbroken.

If he doesn't come up to me and say we need to talk, I will ball my eyes out when I get to my apartment.

Yes. I'm confused. I know.

At least I know that I'm confused.

"Isn't that Ashanti Anderson, the Chief Designer of TTC?" A curious voice snaps me out of my thoughts. I turn to my left where the voice came from and see a group of flamboyantly dressed women, staring at me as they whisper to each other.

Sometimes I wonder if people forget that we have heightened hearing abilities. As a Werewolf or a Lycan, it's useless gossiping about someone with whom you are in the same room because that person will hear no matter how hushed your tone is.

"Yes, she is. She's also Alpha Reagan's mate. The one who disappeared two years ago."

"Wow! Isn't she amazing. Just take a look at how she's walking down the red carpet as though she owns the entire place."

"Well... technically she does. Her mate owns this place."

"I am so jealous of her."

"I'm proud of what she has become. She's so inspiring. I love her. I cannot wait to interact with her when this competition commences."

"Me too!"

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time in my life to hear ladies in a gathering talking something positive, inspiring and beautiful about me. I am smiling like an idiot as I take a seat at the table the guards have led us to.

"You seem to have a lot of fans already." Ryan remarks, smiling. He overheard the conversation as well.

"It feels refreshing to know I've garnered fans and not haters. It's not something I'm used to."

"Well, get used to it, because that's what's going to be happening from now on." He gives me a gentle tap on my hand before leaning on his chair and putting on his airpods.

He needs to recharge before having another conversation with me.

My eyes keep hovering around hall.

The last time I was seated in here, I did so as a Harem girl, but today, that's not the case.

I'm seated here today as a contestant for the biggest Fashion Competition in the entire werewolf world. How things have changed.

Everyone is going to see me differently.

Alpha Reagan is going to see me in a different light and I look forward to that.

Suddenly, the rowdy hall falls into graveyard silence. Everyone takes their seats with their gazes towards the main entrance door. I turn to look as well and my heart drops into my abdomen when I see who they are all looking at.

It's no one else but Alpha Reagan. He's making a majestic entrance into the banquet hall and everyone in the room rises to their feet and bows. I rise, but I don't bow, not out of disrespect, but because I'm so caught up in the moment that my senses have flown out of my brain. He's well dressed as always. Look pristine and elegant and his entourage walking behind him gives him an invisible aura.

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Nothing about him has changed. He's the same man I left two years ago and he still has the ability to make my heart beat out control without saying a word. My eyes are glued to his face as he draws closer to the front where I'm seated. His eyes are scanning the entire hall like he's searching for something. My breath hitches my throat. Content

belongs to

That's the same thing he did the last time we were in here for a gathering like this.

He searched and searched and when he finally found what he was looking for, he glued his gaze on it...

Like he has done right now.

His eyes are like a ma, pulling me towards him. Making it hard for me to look away. He has stopped walking and we are both staring deep into each other's eyes...

gel.

which is ironical because for days

dumbfounded... flabbergast

now, we have both known we will be meeting here.

Lena, my wolf, comes to life again and this time around, she's howling and screaming and urging to do the unthinkable.

My feelings for this man have not dropped a single percentage.

Damn this mate-bond.

Chapter 0332

ASHANTI'S POV.

My heart is bubbling in my throat as I watch Alpha Reagan give his speech from the dais. The dry smile which formed at the side of his lips during our Intense eye contact a while ago awakened something in me. Flowers bloomed in my stomach, their soft, delicate petals tickling my organs and making me feel the things I used to feel two years ago when we were together.

I am dissapointed in myself for feeling this way. This man hurt me. He treated me like his subordinate instead of his equal given the fact that we were mates. I left him because of all that, but here I am, staring at him, marveling at the ease with which he addresses the people gathered in here. This is what he was born to do. To address people, to lead them, to rule over them and he does it so well, it amazes me.

A shiver runs down my spine when I feel a warm palm graze over my hands that on my lap. I quickly look down to see a familiar, masculine hand covering mine and follow the arm up and meet Ryan giving me a concerned look.

"You're going to rip that dress apart if that grip on it gets any tighter." He cautions and I look down at our hands. Indeed, I have the poor fabric in a tight grip that could ruin it any time soon. I quickly let go of the dress and shot Ryan a tired smile. He takes my hands in his and the gentle feeling of his thumb dusting over the back of my hand soothes me. I lean back against my seat and exhale heavily. The speech Alpha Reagan is giving from up there is like a distant echo in my mind right now. I can't even make out any word he's saying because of the fog of worry and nervousness clogging my mind. "Calm down."

"I can't."

"In a few minutes you two will have a conversation."

"Exactly." I whisper as I turn to face him again. "What if he doesn't come to talk to me after this. What if he just just leaves and pretends as though he hasn't seen me?"

"Then that's where you do the chasing if speaking with him again is that important to you."

"You know I can't do that. It'll make me look desperate!"

"Well, aren't you?" He asks with raised brows and I pause in shock. His question makes the bile in my stomach churn. I shoot him a scowl. "I'm not desperate, I'm just nervous." I flatly deny it.

"If you say so." He looks away from

me, focusing his attention on Alpha Reagan who's still talking to the crowd, but his hands never leave

mine and his thumb never stops stroking the back of my hands. 1

take quiet deep breaths in an

attempt to calm my raging

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heartbeats and put my mind at ease.

I need to calm down.

I need to relax.

Alpha Reagan is definitely going to talk to me after this meeting. I need to look confident when that happens. He cannot know I'm eager to see him.

Relax Ashanti... relax.

"... Ladies and Gentlemen, before I end my speech, I want to once more welcome you to the Lunar Crescent Pack. I hope you have a memorable stay here and to the contestants, I wish you all good luck. Let the best designer win." S

et

The hall erupts with cheers from the people as they all rise to their feet and so do I even though I'm clapping like someone who has blisters all over their palm. My eyes never leave his face. He's smiling at the people and my heart is melting and my bones are dissolving and I want to get the fuck out of here, but I can't. At least not until he has made his way out with his entourage.

That happens in less than no time. The other designers start greeting and conversing with each other but I signal my guards to lead the way out before anyone can approach me.

I'm almost trembling. My thoughts are too jumbled for me to fake smile or have a conversation I do not want to have with anyone. It's winter but I'm hot and sweating in this blazer I have on.

Chapter 0333

When we step out of the hall into the premises where cars are lined up, cold air whips my face mercilessly and I take in a sharp inhale, but what makes chills run down my spine is not the cold out here, it's the sight of Alpha Reagan.

Holy goddess he's standing by my car.

How the hell did he know that was the car I came in?

"There you go." Ryan whispers to me. "The long awaited moment."

"Shut up!" I say between my teeth. I turn to the guards. "Wait here." They all nod and I look at Ryan who has a stubborn look on his face. "That applies to you too."

"Yeah. Whatever."

"Tss." I scoff with an eyeroll. I look back at the man staring straight at me and release a shaky breath.

My organs are doing a Yippy jump in my body right now. Warmth pools in my belly and my heart starts doing backflips in my chest as I take slow, confident strides over to him.

He waited.

He wants to to talk me.

He did not ignore me.

Goddess!

I shouldn't be excited about this.

"Ashanti."

That voice.

That smooth baritone voice hums my name in the most enticing way. He says the name like it excites him, pleasures him, amuses him. I want to smile.

Sweet goddess I want to smile so badly right now, but I keep the serious look on my face.

"Alpha Reagan." My voice is a soft whisper.

"I am at a lose for words, Ashanti."

"Start anywhere."

"You look gorgeous." He states and my lips betray me. They curve into a wide smile that stretches from one molar to the other. A blush that starts from my neck spreads up to my face and it's just a matter of seconds before my face turns tomato red.

My mate just told me I'm gorgeous.

"Thank you. And you too. You don't bad yourself."

"Your mother deceived me."

My heart lurches.

"I went to her house to look for you. My gut kept telling me you were there but she told me you weren't and I was foolish enough to believe her."

"She lied because I asked her to. It's not her fault."

"Mmmm." He mumbles, nodding his head.

He doesn't sound happy, but he doesn't look angry. The look he has on is neutral, but there's this glow in his eyes that sets my mind and my heart at ease. Even the look in his eyes is unreadable. I have no idea what's running through his mind or what he's feeling right now, but I'm very much aware of what I'm feeling right now.

Pure, adulterated excitement.

"It's been..." He suddenly stops on his words and closes his eyes.

It seems someone just mind linked him.

A few moments fly by before he finally opens his eyes again.

"I am happy to see you walk around with guards. At least I know you are safe." My brows crease in confusion.

What the hell is he talking about?

"Kyle will go with you and your men." He continues.

Further confusion for me.

"You will not be staying in the

apartment prepared for contestants. You will Preside in the house I've prepared for you. Kyle will take you there."

"What... what the hell are you talking about?" I am confused.

"There's an emergency I have to attend to. This conversation isn't over. I'll see you soon. For now, take care." And with that, he turns on his heels and walks away, leaving me absolutely confused and exclusive content.

dumbfounded.

No regular apartment for me.

He has prepared a house for me to live in.

Our conversation isn't over.

Every single word and action of his depicts dominance. It runs in his blood. He was born to change the dynamics of everything around him.

I was starting to forget the kind of person he is, but this has served as a wake up call.

I do look forward to what lies ahead for me in this pack.

Chapter 0334

REAGAN'S POV.

I've been called over to my chambers for an emergency, but that's not what's ringing in my mind right now as I'm being driven there. All I can think about is Ashanti and the fact that she is here, in this pack, with me. I had refused to believe all of this was reality until I set my eyes on her. Even after seeing all the pictures and posts on social media platforms and on the news, a part of me was still in complete shock and disbelief until we met in person.

Ashanti has always caught my attention as a beautiful woman, but what I saw a few minutes ago was beyond beauty. I cannot find the right words to describe it. I was astonished and only the Moon goddess knows how much I held myself back from pulling her into my arms and engulfing her in a bone crushing hug, never to let go again. All my senses were screaming for me to kiss her. To mark her right there. Claim her as mine.

I've missed her.

Goodness, I've missed her so much that what I want to do right now is order Ronald to reverse this car so I can go see her again. Maybe bundle her up and bring her with me to my chambers, but I know that would be a stupid and selfish move to make.

I lost her for two years and now she's back. The last thing I want is to push her away. Or make her hate me. As it is now, our relationship is already strained enough. I have so much to do in order to win her back and I cannot do that by starting on a bad foot. I have to tread cautiously else I'll lose her.

She's no longer the naive Harem girl whom I knew two years ago. She's a full grown woman with a successful career and a powerful mindset. She's my equal and I have to learn to treat her as one.

"I swear to the goddess Reagan, if you fuck things up again, I'm going go dormant and you know what you will go through if I go dormant." King threatens in my mind and his words cut deep into my heart. I pinch the bridge of my nose, letting out a heavy breath.

Yes. I know.

"King." I call within. "That's not going to happen. I made mistakes in the past and I've learned my lesson. There's no way I'm letting Ashanti slip out of my hands again. I

promise you I'll do everything to win her back. It's just a matter of time and we'll be with our mate. Just stay calm and let me handle this."

"I'll take your word for it."

"Thank you."

I look out through the window when I feel the car come to a halt. Ronald unbuckles his seatbelt and steps out of the car and immediately, my side of the car is opened by a guard. It's until I step out into the castle premises that I recall the reason why I'm here.

An emergency.

"What's going on?" I ask the guard who has a frightened look on my face. He bows again.

"My Lord. I... I cannot say it with my mouth. Please, come inside and see for yourself." The fear in his voice is palpable. I turn to Ronald who looks just as confused as I am about what's going on.

I don't feel good about this.

"Why don't you lead the way in?"

"At once, my Lord." He says with yet another bow before taking the lead. Ronald and I follow his lead and the closer we get to the main entrance door, the higher my anxiety levels get. The last time any guard of mine looked so alarmed when speaking to me was when Ashanti disappeared from her dungeon cell. I felt every kind of emotion within a single second.

When we arrive at the door, we step into the foyer that leads to the living room and immediately, a soft, familiar scent hits my nostrils.

All the hair on my body stands erect and shivers run down my spine as my eyes start searching around.

That smell.

I know I have perceived it before.

From someone.

It's the smell of a shewolf's pheromone. A pheromone I'm quite familiar with.

How on earth is that possible?

The only pheromone I'm capable of perceiving right now is Ashanti's and

el

she is nowhere near this castle at the moment. Besides, the smell I'm getting isn't Ashanti's pheromone. I could never mistake Ashanti's smell for anything else.

We finally step into the living room and my eyes are still hovering around. They finally fall on the on something... someone.

It's a young girl, sitting on a couch a few meters away from me with her head bowed down. Her disheveled hair is scattered all over her face so can't recognize her. I turn to Ronald and he gives me the same confused stare he gave me a while ago. When I look back at the girl, she's staring right back at me and all the bones in my body dissolve when I recognize her.

Selena Morgan. exclusive content.

My ex-mate.

"What the fuck!" Ronald exclaims in shock behind me.

My limbs grow weak and I stagger before regaining my balance. It's almost impossible for me to hold myself upright. My heart is beating in nostrils and my entire body feels like I'm on fire.

I am stunned and speechless and

confused and scared as I stare at the haggard girl sitting on the couch in front of me. Tears are pouring down her cheeks like

waterfall. She looks so frail and my her

eyes don't miss the fact that my

entire body and face is covered in bruises. She's hurt. Content belongs

to

She's badly hurt.

"Alpha Reagan." She chokes my name in a small voice that's almost inaudible. Dynamites explode in my brain.

"Selena." I call back in shock. I want to take a step forward but my feet are not cooperating with my brain. They are glued to the floor. "What is going on?" I whisper in utter confusion.

She bursts into tears.

"I... I..." I stutter, stepping closer to her. "I thought you were dead. We found a body which we thought to be yours. What's... what's going on? How are you still alive?"

There are sirens spinning in my head as I try to understand what the fuck is going on right now.

I remember the ambush. There were many rogues. They got her. They killed her. We buried her deformed body...

Her deformed body...

Shit!

We buried someone else thinking it was Selena.

"It's... it's a long story. Right now I can't say anything because of my current state. I..."

"Let's get you to the hospital!" I turn to the guard. "Carry her. We're taking her to the hospital right now."

"Yes, Alpha." The guard goes to carry her while I lead the way out of the house.

I would have done that myself, but shock and astonishment has drained all my strength.

Selena is alive.

Selena is back.

The mate I mourned for years was never dead and now I have two mates.

How on earth do I deal with this situation?

Chapter 0335

ASHANTI'S POV.

The ride to the house is a silent one. The two guards, Ryan and myself are riding in our car while Delta Kyle leads the way with his. He didn't utter a word to me and I'm guessing it's because he's mad at me. I completely understand. I left without any warning and stayed hidden from all of them for two years. I was indeed going through a

lot in this pack at the time. Incessant persecution from Alina and the pack subjects and Alpha Reagan's bipolar attitude, but Kyle was one of the few people who never treated me badly. From the first day we met, he had been nothing but kind and caring to me. He looked after me as though he had a responsibility towards me, which he didn't.

Even during the last days when things had gotten out of hand, he kept assuring me that everything was going to be okay, but I left. And I did so without any forewarning. It must have angered him a great deal, the reason why he's being so cold to me right now.

I draw in a sharp inhale and rest my head against the backrest of the chair, eyes closed. If Delta Kyle is this upset with me, it means Tessa won't even want to see me.

This is so messed up.

"We're here," Ryan announces when the car comes to a halt. I sit upright and unbuckle my seat belt and soon, my seat door is opened. My jaw drops when I step out of the car and see the house we've been brought to.

It's a whole ass mansion!

Alpha Reagan prepared a mansion for me to live in.

"Is this it?" I ask Ryan as though he would know better. He shrugs his shoulders.

"I guess it is. I love it."

My eyes start searching for Kyle and I finally spot him walking towards us. He still has that serious look on.

"Delta Kyle," I call respectfully. "Is this the house Alpha Reagan talked about?" My eyes are hovering all over the magnificent building as I pose that question. holds © this.

"Yes, it is."

"It's too much!" I cry.

"Well, not for you." I face him. My heart makes a small happy leap in my chest when I see the smile on his face. He no longer looks very serious and with the look he has on, it's hard to conclude that he's mad at me.

"I... I don't understand."

He takes calm, calculated steps toward me.

"You are Ashanti, his true-born mate whom he lost two years ago. Do you honestly think he'll do anything short of treating you right now that he has you close to him again?" His question completely throws me off guard.

I

I open my mouth to speak, but my

voice catches in my throat. The words in my head are flying about haphazardly, making it impossible for me to string them together to form meaningful sentences. I'm confused and dumbfounded.

"I..... I..." I stutter after finally finding my voice again. "This is too much. I can't accept it. The other contestants will think I'm being favored. They'll start spreading terrible rumors about me."

"The other contestants are well aware of the fact that you two are mated to each other. They know better than to talk rubbish about you." He tries to assure me, but it doesn't work.

I still feel apprehensive about this whole house issue.

No matter what, the people will talk once they find out about this house. And my greatest fear is that the

talks won't end here with the house. They'll get the competition involved. Whatever I do, whatever effort put in to win will be overlooked and they'll dwell on the mindset that I keep going far in the competition because of my connection with Alpha Reagan.

Public opinions have controlled my life before and it made me miserable. I don't want history to repeat itself.

"Kyle..." I start to protest but he cuts me off.

"No." He shakes his head. "I'm only a

messenger here." He holds out both hands in the air. "Don't kill the messenger..If you have any objections to this arrangement, you should report it to the Lycan King when next you two talk, even though we both know he won't listen. You're going to live here and that's final." His tone is calm and gentle, but firm. Nothing short of serious. And he's right. Content belongs to

No matter how much I raise my objection to this arrangement, Alpha Reagan is going to play deaf to it.

I purse my lips and let out a heavy exhale before nodding in defeat.

"Right." My eyes hover around the premises again. It's massive and well kept and I'm sure there are servants in that house, waiting to attend to our every need when we go in.

Oh, Alpha Reagan. He's so good at this.

"You left us."

Kyle's voice cuts through the atmosphere. I whip my head in his direction and notice that the smile on his face has faded. The serious look has returned. My heart starts beating fast as guilt envelopes me.