

# **The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti)**

## **#Chapter 0351 - Read The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti) Chapter 0351**

Chapter 0351

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Ryan, what are you doing here so early in the morning?" I ask Ryan when I step out of the bathroom after freshening up. He's standing by my door with a perplexed look on his face.

"Did Alpha Reagan say anything about sending servants over?"

"No." My brows crease.

"Did you hire a chef already?"

"Uh... no. Why am I undergoing an interrogation from you at seven am in the morning?" I ask, frowning. He points at the closed door behind him.

"There's a girl cooking in our kitchen downstairs."

"What girl?"

"I do not know, that's why I was asking you those questions. She's not wearing a maid's uniform, neither is she wearing the white cloaks chefs always put on. She has on regular clothes and she's cooking in our kitchen."

My silly attempt to hold in my laughter fails woefully! I throw my head back as the fat laughter bubble in my throat tears out of my lips and my entire frame shakes as my loud voice fills the entire room. Ryan doesn't look amused at all.

"Excuse me, did I say something funny?" He's frowning as he poses that question. A few drops of tears leak down out of my eyes as I stare at him, still dying in fits of laughter.

"Sorry..." I wheeze. "I... I... I'm so sorry, I just..." I try to control the laughter by pressing my lips in a thin line and holding my palms against my mouth, but the next magma of laughter boiling in my chest is stronger than the first and it erupts out of my mouth, forcing my hand off my lips.

"Right!" Ryan exclaims, throwing his hands in the air in irritation. "Thank you for being so helpful." I rush over to him and hold his hand so he doesn't walk out of my bedroom.

"I'm sorry." I take in three deep breaths to calm my nerves and my shaky body. "It's over. I'm not going to laugh again."

"What the hell did I even say that was so funny."

"Chef do not wear white cloaks, dummy! You could have just said chef uniform. You had to crack my ribs by making me imagine a sixty-year old woman dragging a white cloak around the kitchen as she cooks." I purse my lips tight and look up at the ceiling as I try to control and prevent myself from bursting into another fit of laughter that's going to further enrage him.

"You are an idiot. A very big idiot."

"I know." I look back at him and breathe out shakily. "And I'm sorry. About the girl, I have a question."

"As long as it's not a stupid one."

"Is she still cooking downstairs?"

"Yes."

"What?" Now all the laughter has gone back into my stomach and my entire body is alarmed. "You found some random girl cooking in our kitchen and you didn't confront her, you just left her there?"

"Uh... yeah."

"What if she's a spy that was sent to cook us food with poison and force us both to eat it, or worse still hypnotise us into eating the poisoned food. Ryan, I have a lot of enemies in this pack."

"Trust me, she's not here to do that. She looks too pretty and hot to be a killer." I fold my arms over my breasts and shoot him a furious glare. "You've got to be kidding me."

"No I'm not. You've got to see this girl. She's hot! And she has this bad girl vibe going on... I'll take her number before she leaves."

"You know what?..." I push him away

from the door. "I'm gonna go see for

et

myself" I turn back to face him and point my index finger at him while wearing a serious look. "And you better not be lying!" I start marching along the hallway and he follows me

still dishing out compliments about the girl cooking in the kitchen. My anxiety levels peak with each step intake towards the staircase that leads to downstairs.

I descend the flight of stairs at the speed of light and take the hallway on my right before the foyer that introduces the living room. I pass by the dining and soon I'm at the

kitchen door, ready to fire et

at the girl, but the moment Set my eyes on her, I freeze in my tracks and so does Ryan.

She's pretty, alright? Just like Ryan had described, but that doesn't surprise me because I've known that for years now. She seems to have e sensed my presence because she stops chopping the ingredients on

the chopping board and tur

to

face me. My heart lurches when her

face breaks into a wide smile.

"I told you her beauty is out of this world, but you didn't believe me, now you are completely mesmerised." Ryan whispers in my ears and I roll my eyes internally.

It's not the beauty of the girl that has got me speechless.

It's the girl herself.

She's Tessa. The only true friend I had when I was still a Harem girl at the castle. My best friend whom I abandoned two years ago.

"Tessa..." I whisper, broken.

This is not how I had imagined we'd meet again.

Chapter 0352

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Tessa." I call again, shocked to the bone. It takes milliseconds for tears to well up in my eyes. I stay frozen on my spot, unable to process the thoughts and emotions swimming through me. I open my mouth to speak again, but words fail. My mind has gone completely blank and my voice is nowhere to be found.

Tessa. In my kitchen. Cooking.

This is unbelievable!

"Ashanti." She finally calls my name and starts walking towards me. My heart bursts with emotions when she pulls me into a warm sisterly hug... The same hug we used to share when we were still roommates.

I let the tears in my eyes break loose and freefall down my face. My nostrils are clogged with mucus threatening to leak down, tears have blinded my vision and I'm sobbing in her arms like an unhappy child. But these aren't tears of pain, but tears of joy.

Joy that I've met Tessa again. Joy that she doesn't seem to be upset with me. Joy that she's hugging me again despite the fact that I deserted her two years ago.

"Wow. I am so confused right now." That's Ryan. "Can someone tell me what's going on here? Do you two know each other?"

Tessa and I disengage from our hug and shoot him furious glares.

"Isn't it obvious?" I ask, irritated.

"Oh..."

"Yes and perish any idea you have about taking her number. Unless you want to have scores to settle with Delta Kyle." "Oh shit!"

"Yes. Shit!"

"Awww... the cute guy wants to take my number." Tessa coos in a tiny voice that grates on my nerves.

"Tess. Don't start." I roll my eyes.

"But he's cute!" She insists.

"Is he cuter than Delta Kyle?"

"Well... no..... but he's cute." She looks back at Ryan who's staring at us as though we've gone crazy. "Who's he?" "My younger brother."

"Younger brother?" Her brows furrow in surprise. "I didn't know you had a brother."

"I didn't know until two years ago."

"Oh... what a pleasant surprise."

"Tessa... enough about my brother. What are you doing here?" Her face goes dark and I immediately understand why.

She's here to comfort me. Delta Kyle must have told her about Selena's sudden reappearance.

"Kyle told me what happened. I came to check on you. How are you holding up?"

"Right... I don't like the melancholy flying in the atmosphere right now. I'll leave you girls." Says Ryan as he turns on his heels and exits the kitchen. I look back at Tessa Trying to keep a straight look on.

"Tess, I'm not going to lie, I'm not happy about the news, but what can I do?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why would the Moon goddess send Selena if not to make me understand I have no place in Alpha Reagan's life?"

"No. No... Oh my God you are so wrong. It's nothing like that. You have a place in Alpha Reagan's life You are his wife and soulmate. You two belong to each other. Don't just give up on him because Selena has shown up."

"But I want to."

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"Tessa, I'm sick and tired of all these troubles. Ever since Reagan and I

met it has been from one problem to another We never had a peaceful relationship, Tessa. Trouble, trouble and nothing but trouble. It's exhausting! I'm tired."

"I understand you. I completely understand, but..."

"Ugh! There's always a but..." My eyes flicker to the entrance of the kitchen and a loud gasp escapes my chest when I see him standing at the door. Alpha Reagan!" I call, agkast and he just stands, staring at me with the most sorry look on his face.

Drat!

This is not how I wanted my morning to go.

Chapter 0353

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Alpha Reagan." My voice comes out as a miserable whisper. Tears well up in my eyes as I turn to face him fully.

He's here.

It's seven am in the morning and he's here.

"Ashanti." His voice is almost inaudible. He looks so sad, so broken. The devastation in his tone is almost palpable. Just the sight of him has triggered my tearglands to start producing tears. exclusive content.

God, I hate that he has the power to make me so emotional.

"Good morning, Alpha Reagan." Tessa's quiet greeting breaks the awkward silence in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Tessa." He returns her greetings.

Tessa bows to him before turning to face me again.

"I'll give you two some privacy." I start shaking my head and holding her back.

"No." I whisper with a shaky voice. "I don't want to be left in here alone with him. Please don't go."

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"I have to." She gives a gentle pat on my hands. "You two have to talk. I'll be right outside." I try to hold her back, but she peels my hands off her arm and walks out of the kitchen, leaving just Alpha Reagan, me and my ragged breaths.

I don't know why I'm so nervous, but God I'm nervous. I run haphazard fingers through my hair. It's useless. I'm standing there like a lump of nonsense. I flush a glance at him. I'd like to die a little. My heart jumps in my chest when he darts towards me. Soon, we are standing barely inches apart, facing each other. My heart is pounding in my ears. My knees are about to break.

"Ashanti." His baritone voice utters the letters of my name again. I feel oddly warm and numb at the same time.

This is a man I know inside out. I have slept with him. Spent good times with him. We've had our ups and downs in our past relationships. The last thing he is to me is a stranger and I should not be feeling all these things I'm feeling now, but I am anyway.

I clear my throat. Give him a stern look and pray in my heart for my facial muscles not to betray me and keep that serious look.

"What are you doing here?" I try but fail to keep my voice firm and serious. It comes out like a nervous, pathetic sound that mocks my efforts to keep it stern with this man standing before me.

"I came to see you..." His voice is low. His usual powerful and domineering demeanour is nowhere to be found. He looks broken... devastated and there is something lurking in his deep brown eyes. Some emotion I cannot even begin to identify. "To know how you're faring."

"As you can see, I'm doing alright. You can leave now."

"I am not going to leave, Ashanti."

"But you should. Go be with Selena. She surely needs you." At the mention of the name Selena, he exhales so hard I feel his breath fan my face. "Ashanti..."

"Don't you see..." My pitch rises and so do my shoulders. "This is a sign."

"There is no sign. We're still carrying out an investigation on the issue."

"I'm not fit to be your Luna. I have caused you nothing but problems, I even left you at a very crucial time. I went out of sight for two good years. That certainly angered the Moon goddess. It got her to understand that I was not a good match for you, that's why she brought back your first mate. You have to go back to Selena. She's the one for you."

"Ashanti no. You're wrong. That's not how this whole mate thing works... I..." His words are interrupted by the sound of his ringtone. He shoots a glance at his jacket where the sound is coming from and waves and looks away, ignoring it.

"That's not important."

"You don't know that. Answer it."

"Ashanti it's not..."

"I said answer the fucking call!" My lungs nearly collapse from that scream. The poor guy quickly retrieves the phone from his pocket and answers the call. I know I

shouldn't pay attention to

but I do

and my mood turns even more sour when I hear the person on the line say; Content belongs to

"Selena is awake and she's crying again. Nothing we do or say to her has succeeded in getting her to calm down. You need to come over right away. We are out of options."

Alpha Reagan quickly ends the call and looks at me. His expression is like someone who's about to burst into tears.

"She needs you." Those words slice my heart in two halves as they burrow their way out of my chest.

She needs you.

That sounds ridiculous!

"I don't want to go and see her!"

'I don't want you to either, Sir!'

"But you have to. She's your mate and you have obligations towards her. Go fulfil them, lest you anger the Moon goddess."

"Ashanti please..."

"Leave." I don't dare to meet his gaze as I say that word. I couldn't. It hurts too much to say that to him.

"That's not what you want."

"What I want isn't important right now. Just go. Please." My eyes are filling with tears and I'm blinking them back and I'm feeling the burn in my throat and everything hurts.

Stupid heart. Stupid tears. Stupid Selena!

Stupid life!

"Alright then..." His deep voice breaks the miserable silence. My heart lurches. I look at him without meaning to. "I'll go, but I'll be back. Soon."

"I'd rather you don't come back here." I lie.

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"We both know that's a lie, Ashanti." His voice is dangerously husky. His words tingle on my skin. "You me to come back and I will." My entire body goes stiff when he takes two steps closer. Now, our bodies are almost touching. I stare up at his face. Content belongs to

His handsome, perfectly sculpted face.

His deep, charming brown eyes are staring down at me and oh, how I want to reach out with my fingers and trace the perfectly sculpted lines of his face that's nothing but muscle.

Perfect.

That's what he is.

He leans forward, his face inching closer and closer to mine, his lips aiming for my forehead where they leave a gentle kiss on it. A kiss that drugs me into a delirium I never want to escape.

"You are my life, Ashanti. Telling me to give up on you is like asking me to give up on my life. I can never do that. I promise to make this work."

And with

that he swivels and makes

a majestic exit from the kitchen. I stand there, perplexed,

dumbfounded with my heart racing

through my blood and spinning

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everything into a cyclone of intensity.

What the hell was that?

And why does it make me so happy?

Chapter 0354

REAGAN'S POV.

"Thank the goddess you're here." Ronald breathes with relief the moment he sees me step out of the car in the private underground parking lot. I'm using this entrance into the hospital because I don't want people seeing me walk in and out of this hospital. They are going to start cooking up speculations and it's only a matter of time before an absurd rumour is spread about why I've been frequenting the hospital.

I know my Pack subjects and the stories they are capable of coming up with when it comes to me.

"She still hasn't calmed down?" I ask, catching up with him at the private elevator that'll lead us to the private wing of the hospital where Selena has been admitted.

"Well... the intense sobbing and refusing to see anyone but you had stopped. Now, tears just keep leaking down her eyes as she stares blankly at the walls of the room and she flinches everytime someone opens the doors. I think she has developed some sort of PTSD."

"PTSD?" I ask in shock as we both step into the elevator. Ronald pressed the floor number of our destination. The door closes before he turns to me.

"Yes. She mostly keeps to herself. She only wants you to be around her.. as in, she only feels safe around you that's why she cries whenever you go away from her for too long and finally, the tiniest of sounds and slightest body movements make her flinch with fear. She has been through some terrible shit and we need to know what it is." He declares, giving me a serious look that makes me nod my head in agreement to his words. Sighing deeply, I shove my left hand into my trouser pockets while massaging my forehead with the fingers of my left.

In order for us to know where to start, I have to get Selena to start talking about where she was and what she has been up to for the past five years. However, I don't know if she's ready to have that conversation yet. She always looks so frail and terrified, like the least thing I ask about her past will make her cry.

"What about Kyle?" The question explodes out of my lips as I look at him.

"Kyle." His body shakes with light laughter. "Between the three of us, he's the least enthusiastic about Selena's return. He still has his doubts about her identity and we both know he won't warm up to her until he's one hundred percent sure she's not an imposter or she isn't here with ulterior motives. Plus, he's team Ashanti." That last statement forces a chuckle out of my lips.

Team Ashanti.

Team Selena.

Since when did we have teams on this issue?

"Just let him be, then. We'll handle Selena by ourselves."

"Sure."

The elevator door opens and we both step out of it into the deserted hallway of the private section of the hospital. From here, I can locate Selena's ward so I signal Ronald to wait for me out here while I go in to speak with her.

In her ward, I meet her lying on the bed. The second she sees me, she quickly sits upright and keeps her gaze planted on me as I draw closer to her bedside as if she's scared that I'll disappear if she takes her eyes off of me.

"Alpha Reagan." She calls, somewhat shocked by my presence.

"Selena." I force a smile and take a stand before her bed. "How are you feeling?" My eyes are hovering all over her body as I ask that question, inspecting her skin and taking inventory of the fact that the bruises on her arms and face have all healed and she now looks unscathed. The only thing that hasn't changed are her sunken eyes that are filled with nothing but fear and her frail nature.

Other than that, she looks fine.

"You said you'd return, but you didn't." Guilt stabs my heart like a two edged dagger. Slowly, I perch myself on the side of her bed and face her. "Where did you go?"  
exclusive content.

"I uh... I..." Memories of how I spent the night and this morning burn in my mind. After I left here yesterday, I went to get some air, then went home to rest.

At home, by night, I got information about Ashanti's whereabouts.

A club.

A fucking club.

I couldn't help not going to meet her. To take her away from there which I did and we had a really great time bantering with each other throughout and the night ended so bad, with me telling her about Selena's return.

I didn't sleep all night and went back to Ashanti's place first thing this morning. Now, I'm here and I will not tell Selena all these details even with a gun pointed to my head.

Chapter 0355

"I had some pack business to settle. It took up all my time, that's why I couldn't come back to you." I lie smoothly and she buys it.

"Oh my God... I hope I'm not distracting you from your work. You surely came here because Beta Ronald called to tell you about my crying state this morning. I'm so sorry if you had to leave your work and come here to see me." She laments in a regretful voice, staring at me with those very sad eyes of hers. Another wave of guilt cracks my heart in two halves, making it bleed dry.

Now, I'm lying and making her feel guilty for asking for my time.

Way to go, Reagan!

"No." I calmly deny it. "No. Of course not. You are not bothering me. I should be the one apologising for neglecting you. I should have come back to you yesterday. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I completely understand." Her voice is less than a whisper. If I needed signs to confirm that this girl seated before me is Selena, this is it right here.

This very understanding nature of hers.

She has always been like this.

Five years ago, when we just met each other, I wasn't as powerful as I am today so I was always very busy. Solving one pack issue to another. My duties took up all my time and I hardly had any to spend with her, but she didn't mind. She never complained. She only encouraged and supported my plans. One of the reasons why I was so devastated when I thought I'd lost her. I blamed myself for not giving her enough attention and I swore to do right by her if the Moon goddess would just give her back to me.

Now, she's here and I'm back to default.

"Alpha Reagan." Her gentle voice snaps me back to attention. I look at her.

"Yes, Selena."

"Since my wounds have healed and I feel fine now, can I be discharged? I really don't want to spend another night in this hospital."

"I'll discuss it with the doctor and..." My words are interrupted by the sound of a knock on the door. What follows next is the creaking sound of the door handle and soon, the door is opened. The familiar doctor, dressed in a white overall, walks into the room and the moment he sees me, he stops and bows.

"Good morning, Alpha Reagan."

"Good morning doctor." I greet in a grim tone. NôveID(ram)a.ôrg owns this content.

"I'm happy to see you here. I came in to announce to Selena that she can be discharged today."

"She can?"

"Yes. We've run the final tests on her and everything looks good. She can now leave the hospital." Selena's face beams up with a radiant smile.

Even the smile, it's the same, but it has no effect on me like it did before. It doesn't make my heart skip. It's not contagious enough to make me smile as well. It's like an ordinary girl smiling.

"Thank you for the information Doctor. We'll leave soon."

"Good. That will be all for now. I'll leave you too." He leaves the room.

"Aren't you a lucky girl?"

"I'm favoured by the Moon goddess."

"You sure are."

The next hour goes by with me and Ronald taking her to the apartment I had asked Kyle to prepare at the castle. We even met him there. It is not in my chambers.

"Is this where I'll be staying?" She asks, looking around the spacious living room as though she cannot believe what she's seeing.

"Yes."

"But it's so big and... nice."

"You'd rather I took you to a crappy

apartment?" I ask with a smirk

ne

perched at the side of my lips. She

es and shakes her head in

denial.

"Of course not. I love this place!"

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"I'm glad you like it. Your servants and a few guards will soon arrive They'll get anything you need, s

do

not hesitate to ask he

okay?"

"Okay."

"Good. You'll admire the apartment later, for now, you need to go into the bedroom and rest."

"I don't want to?"

"Why not."

"Because you'll leave if I fall asleep Her tone is so sad, it nearly brings tears to my eyes. Her eyes are glued to her fingers which she's fidgeting with.

"I...I..." I stutter.

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"I don't want you to leave." She looks at me. "Yet."

That statement completely took me off guard.

"Oh..." Is all I manage after a long moment of silence.

"Can I ask you a question?" She asks calmly, softly.

I nod my head and say;

"Yes, you can." Even Though I feel like I'm not going to like the question she's about to ask.

"Why aren't you happy about my return?"

I said it!

## Chapter 0356

exclusive content.

### REAGAN'S POV.

Ten moments later, the entire atmosphere is still in graveyard silence. Selena staring straight into my eyes as she awaits my reply to her question and me staring right back at with a million thoughts running through my mind.

I have an answer to her question.

In fact, I have many answers to her question.

Firstly, she's excruciatingly correct about me not being excited about her return. Second, the timing. It's the worst! I already have someone else in my life. A woman whom I live with all my heart. A woman I want to spend the rest of life with. But of course I can't just spill it all out to her in this manner. It will shatter her heart into pieces.

"Selena." I finally break the silence, feigning an innocent look. "Why would you even ask that?"

"Because I know you're not happy to see me here. I want to know why?"

"And what makes you think I'm not happy to see you? Have I not treated you well since your arrival?"

"You have. In fact, you've treated me better than expected, don't get me wrong, I appreciate it. I'm sorry if I sound ungrateful, but there's just something about you that makes me feel like you're not happy about my return."

"Something like?" I ask with raised brows.

"The fact that you've been avoiding me... I know you said you had some business to take care of, but i doubt that. I know you didnt come back because you didn't want to see me."

Damn!

She's hitting those nails right on the head!

"Selena..." I try to speak but she quickly cuts me off.

"And there's something about the way you look at me. You avoid eye contact with me and you've not stared at my face for a minute continuously since I came. You don't want

to look my way. And finally your tone, your words... itself just... You don't want me here, do you?"

"Selena..." I call again and this time around, she doesn't cut me off. "It's not like I'm not happy about your return. It's just... it's been years, Selena. Five. Hood. Years. I was devastated when I lost you. I blamed myself over and over again. My wolf, King went into depression. My life was miserable without you but I had to keep living, not only for myself, but for my subjects as well. I had to find a way to get over you, it was hard but I finally did. I had already accepted my fate only for you to show up again. I'm not gonna lie to you, Selena, I have mixed feelings."

"Do you think I'm not me?"

"I know you are you! And you have no idea how much I want to know what happened to you all this time. Where you've been. What you've been up to... Who hurt you..." she squints in surprise.

"Hurt me."

"Yes Selena. I can still remember the bruises I saw on your body

yesterday. They showed the inflicted bruises. Someone hurt you. You don't have to say anything now.

Take your time. I'll listen.ou're

ready to talk, but for now, I want you to know that I care about you and I promise I'll punish whoever did this to you."

"You don't have to do that. What matters is that I'm back, alive."

"Yes, that you are back and alive matters, but those responsible won't go free. Okay?"

"Okay." She nods and I can see the hesitation in her eyes. She doesn't want me to ask questions about her past. She wants us to pick up from here but I can't do that.

I have to know everything. Every detail. What she has been up to from the day she disappeared till now.

"Can I ask you another question?"

Here we go again.

I stare at her, long and hard. She wants to throw another bomb in my face and I should avoid that by saying no, but I nod.



"Yeah. Go ahead."

"Are you in love with another woman?"

Kill. Me. Now.

Chapter 0357

REAGAN'S POV.

Another wave of excruciating silence washes through the atmosphere as I stay planted on my spot, staring at Selena, wondering if she has been possessed. This is the second tough question she's asking and her tone is different from that which she uses when we converse normally.

She sounds curious and a bit offended. Like she will not let me go unless I give her an answer, but I can't.

If she's asking this question, it means she has no idea about Ashanti.

How on earth is that possible? Was she living in a cave all these years?

"Alpha Reagan." Her calm voice interrupts my thoughts, bringing me back to earth. "You still haven't answered my question."

I cannot tell her about Ashanti.

As it is now, things are already complicated. Selena knowing about Ashanti will only make them worse.

"You need to rest." I change the topic. Her face darkens with dismay.

"That's not the answer to the question."

"I'm well aware of that fact."

"Why don't you want to give me a response?" The irritation and disappointment in her voice is inevitable. She's literally frowning at me right now and I'm certain that the urge to hit me is riding her hard.

"Because it's not time yet."

"Does that mean you have a girl?"

"Selena." I call, calmly, firmly as I take two steps closer to her making sure to stop a considerable distance away from her. "It's been five years since you got missing. Five

years since I thought I had lost you. Things have changed, both for you and for me. You cannot deny that fact. There are things that have happened in your life, things you are not comfortable enough or in the right state of mind to share with me right now and I respect that. That's why I asked you a while ago to only tell me what happened to you when you are ready. Things have also happened in my life, Selena. Things I'm not ready to let you know right now. I need time before divulging these details to you. I know you're eager to know how my life has been. It's the same with me, but we have to give each other time to gather our thoughts before doing that. I don't know if I'm making any sense."

A fat tear rolls down from her left eye as she nods her head.

"I...I..." She stutters, sniffing tears and nodding her head. "I'm sorry." She croaks. The sound of her crying voice makes my heart lurch into my stomach. "I'm sorry for acting unreasonably. I just came back into your life from nowhere and now I'm acting entitled. I'm sorry. My thoughts and emotions are just all over the place."

"It's okay, Selena."

I should pull her into my arms and comfort her. That's what she needs right now, but just the thought of doing that makes King growl in disapproval. It's like I'm about to

cheat on Ashanti. Content belongs

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"I uh... I completely understand where you're coming from. But rest assured, sooner or later I will tell you everything you need to know. I promise." "Okay."

"And I need you to promise me that when the time comes, you'll tell me everything I need to know about how these past years have been for you. Can I count on you to do that?"

She mops her drenched face with the back of her palms and nods at me.

"I promise to tell you when I'm ready."

"Thank you." I take another step forward and pull her into my embrace, making sure to block King out so he doesn't start barking at me. Selene rests her head on my chest and continues sobbing while I gently stroke her soft, blonde hair.

In the past, a single contact with her would send sparks flying all over my body like I had been shocked by electric current, but now, I feel nothing. No sparks, no electricity, just the feeling of two bodies bound together.

What exactly is the Moon goddess playing at?

"I..." she withdraws from my arms. "I'm sure you have work to get back to. I should let you go now." She declares. I widen the gap between us and shove both hands in my pockets.

"Yeah. You should. The servants will

line

arrive soon. If you need anything, just tell them okay. There's no need for you to cry. You are safe here. And I'll pass by to check on you frequently, okay?" She nods, flashing me a small smile that lights up my mood.

"Okay."Content © provided by .

"Good girl. I'll take my leave now. See you around."

"Have a nice day."

"You too." I reciprocate her smile before exiting the living room.

Now, I have to get you to work with that investigation.

Chapter 0358

REAGAN'S POV.

"What's with the goofy smile on your face?" I ask, blindly strapping on my seatbelt with my gaze focused on Kyle who's behind the steering wheel. That stupid smile crept on his face the moment I stepped into this car.

"Nothing." He answers and I know he's lying. I adjust myself on my seat and shoot him a serious look. exclusive content.

"Stop playing with me."

"Fine." He raises both hands as a sign of surrender. "I'm just happy you didn't take her to your chambers."

"My chambers?" I ask, my eyebrows creasing to reflect the confused state of my mind. "What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about Selena and the fact that you asked me to prepare this apartment for her. I was relieved because at first, I thought you'd take her to your chambers and let her stay there with you."

"Take her to my chambers?" The words sound so foreign to me. That thought never crossed my mind even once.

Take Selena to live with me in my chambers? I could never do that!

"Would you believe me if I told you that thought never crossed my mind? Even for one second?" I asked with furrowed brows.

"Oh..." He exclaims in surprise. "That's hard to believe."

"But it's the truth. Thinking about it has set my mind in chaos. If I take Selena to my chambers and Ashanti finds out, things will fall apart."

"Exactly. That's why I'm happy you didn't do that." He still has that goofy smile on his face. I lean back on my seat and face him fully, my eyes giving him a critical look that bores deep into his soul. There's something he's not telling me.

"Tell me Kyle, why do you hate Selena so much?"

"Why do I hate Selena?" The smile on his face has faded. There's confusion written in bold on his forehead as he gives me a troubled stare. "Where's that coming from?"

"Why don't you want me to take her to my chambers?"

"Because I don't like her for you. I don't trust her yet. It has nothing to do with me hating her. I don't hate her."

"Right. I'm Sorry I went too far with my thoughts."

"It's okay. I understand."

"We had a very serious conversation a while ago."

"I like the sound of that. Did she tell you anything useful?"

"She said nothing about her past, we just spoke about ourselves and..." I stop and watch him adjust on his seat so he can face me fully.

"And what?" He sounds very impatient. My mind replays the conversation I just had with Selena I'm still shaken by those two solid questions she asked me and the tone with which she spoke. I got a hint of some sense of entitlement in that tone.

She's back and she's back for me.

She definitely wants us to get together again.

"She asked me some very disturbing questions, Kyle."

"I'm all ears if you want to share."

I take in two sharp breaths before proceeding to tell him all about the conversation I had with Selena there. By the time I'm done, he's frowning like an angry bear and shaking his head disapprovingly.

"She wants in again. She definitely wants in and when she finds out about your second mate Ashnati, there will be trouble."

"Big trouble." I confirm his words.

"You know you can't keep both girls, right?"

"I do not intend to do that!"

"So you have to choose and you have to do that quickly!"

"I don't want to make any rash decisions, Kyle. The Moon goddess has a reason for letting something like this happen. I have to figure out that reason before going ahead to make any sort of decision."

"That's why we have to start

investigating Selena now. You are clean. As far as I know, Ashanti is clean as well. The only person with a shady story here is Selena and that's why we need to get her to talk. Get her to talk. She needs to tell us where has been all these years, who she has been with and what she has been up to. There's a shocking plot twist waiting for us at the end of this tunnel. And it's not a good plot twist, it's gonna be a bad one. I can feel it in my blood!"

"My goodness! Your hatred for Selena runs deep. You detest her with every fibre in your body. Don't even try to deny."

"I don't trust her. That's all."

"Fine. I promised to give her time to sort her thoughts but it's obvious we don't have the luxury of time right now. We need to iron this problem out before it swallows us. The next time come here to see her, I'll ask her to tell me what I need to know about the happenings in her life for the past five years and from there, we can start our investigation. Happy now?"

"I'm elated. Thank you!" He faces forward and ignites the car engine.

Kyle's speculation about a possible soul taking plot twist waiting for us ahead makes my organs shiver in fright.

Could it be that there's more to this situation than what meets the eyes?

Are Selena's motives for returning good or bad?

Chapter 0359

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Why do these judges look so serious?" Ryan, who's sitting by my side, whispers in my ears and I give him a curious stare.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean..." he's still whispering. "Just take a look at their dead pan looks and listen to how stiff their voices sound. They need not be so serious!"

"They are the judges for the competition, Ryan. Those people you see seated on that high table are tasked with choosing the next fashion King. You don't expect them to sit there and open their teeth with us."

"Even so!"

"Shut up, Ryan. If you're going to keep complaining about how the judges look, I won't bring you along for these meetings next time." I threaten and he seals his lips and looks ahead.

We're in a banquet hall that has been turned into a fashion and design hall and now we are receiving welcome speeches from the judges in charge and to be honest, I'm bored out of my mind. I left home this morning with high spirits, hoping we'd start some real competition today, but we're here, listening to some men talking and it's annoying.

"The competition starts tomorrow." The judge on the stage continues. "As you can already see, this hall will be your workshop from now on. Your work spaces have been allocated, you can walk around and locate your spots and also take some time to go around the hall and why not the entire building so you can be versed with it. This will be your home for the next six months. Once more, I wish you all luck in this competition. May the best designer win!"

A round of applause explodes throughout the room as the judges rise and leave the high table. Murmurs break out as the various competitors start greeting each other again. Text © .

"Can we leave now?" A very impatient Ryan asks by side. I shoot him a scowl.

"No we can't. We have to go around and greet the others so they don't see us as snobs."

"What if they see us as snobs?"

"Ryan." I call strenly, rising to my feet. "Not now."

"Fine. But you go ahead and do all the greetings, I need some air." He turns and starts walking towards the door before I can say anything else. He's never going to change!

"Ashanti!" A familiar voice calls from behind. My mouth drops to the floor when I see who it is.

Leonard Kirk.

The guy I met on my way into the restaurant the other night.

The current fashion King.

"Leonard!" I call, shocked to the core. "Hi."

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"Hello, Ashanti." His formal tone makes my cheeks flush. He looke

handsome and smells so

just

like the other time. "Hope you had a great weekend."

My weekend was nothing close to great but nodded my head in

agreement. There's no way I cal

start telling him about my problems with Alpha Reagan.

"Well... I had enough time to rest, that's all."

"Are you alright though? I tried reaching your cell phone all day yesterday to no avail. Is everything alright?"

Guilt strikes me like a bolt of lightning.

I had my phone switched off all day because my mum kept calling. That's why your calls didn't go through.

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"Oh Leonard, I'm really sorry about that. I was trying to avoid someone, so I switched it off. I completely forgot you had to reach me. I'm so sorry." Content belongs to

"It's okay. He says with an easy smile. "That was yesterday. I'll try again today, hopefully the phone will go through."

"Oh it will. It certainly will!"

"Alright then. Expect my call."

Before I know it, he has pecked me on my cheek and he's walking towards the door just like Ryan did and I'm standing here, completely dumbfounded.

What was that about?

"Did you hear?" A sharp whisper reaches my ears.

"Hear what?"

"Alpha Reagan prepared a mansion for Ashnati. She will not be living in the apartment that was prepared for her. The favouritism has begun!"

Shit!

And here I thought I was going to live here free of any sort of gossip. This is where it begins!

Chapter 0360

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Oh..." One of the girls exclaims in amusement as she listens to her colleague trash talk me.

"I was so shocked to find out that she's the Chief Designer at TTC. I won't be surprised if she makes other people draw those designs and claim them as hers. She looks like the kind of person who would do that!" I quickly look away from them when I feel they are about to turn in my direction.

"I know, right? And I won't be surprised at all if she wins this competition. She's mated to the Lycan King. He knows what buttons to press to ensure that." Another girl adds.



I let out a quiet sigh and contemplate whether to ignore them and walk away or go over and confront them. I finally decided to do the former after thinking very hard. Text © .

Back then, when I was still a Harem girl at the Lycan Harem, one of the reasons why the other Harem girls kept cooking up and spreading absurd rumours about me was because I never confronted them whenever they did so. I let them get away with everything they did to me. I'm not going to let that happen again.

I am no longer a Harem girl with zero social status. I'm a famous designer who owns a Fashion and Designer company. I have a reputation to uphold. I fought and worked very hard to get to where I am today and I'm not going to allow a bunch of ignorant wenches ruin my reputation. I have a lot to lose if that happens.

So, with an elegant smile on my face, I take calm, graceful steps towards the girls who are so engrossed in their gossip that they do not see me approaching them.

"She doesn't deserve to be in this competition with us." The blond haired girl amongst them, adds and I look at her.

"Is that so?" I ask calmly, quietly and the three girls turn to face me. Silent gasps of shock escape their lips. Their eyes and mouths widen in shock when they see me. The smile on my face disappears and is replaced with a deadpan expression.

There's absolutely nothing to smile about right now.

"Ashanti!" One of the girls finally calls almost lifelessly.

"In flesh and blood."

"Uh... um..." She stutters, her eyes flickering to her friends, begging them to step in and help her out. I decide to end her misery by talking instead. "Do you girls have anything you'd like to say to me?"

"No. Why do you ask?" One of the other girls asks, flashing me a fake smile.

Now, I really regret coming here to confront them. They are nothing but cowards who can't say their mean words to my face. I should have ignored them..

But I'm already here so, let's get this over with.

"Because it seems to me like there's a lot of things about me that's bothering you girls. And also, I heard what you girls said about me." I watch the colour drain from their faces as they exchange shocking looks.

Why exactly are they shocked?

I was standing just a few metres away from them and they weren't even conversing in hushed tones. Their words were very loud and clear.

"You say I'm not a good designer.

That I steal people's designs and

claim them as mine, you think I can only win this competition by virtue of the fact that I'm mated to Alpha Reagan. That he'll push buttons for that to happen? Is that how low you think of your Lycan King and would you like me to tell him what you all think of him?"

Fear spreads across their faces like wildfire. I watch in amazement as they stare at each other, unable to utter a word to me.

We all engage in a heated staring competition for several moments before one of the girls finally clears her throat and says;

"I'm... I mean... we are sorry for

trash-talking you. It was just a

moment of weakness on our end. It won't happen again. Please don't tell

the Lycan King about this. Please." The other girls join her in the beginning and I simply shake my head.

I better get out of here.

These girls are not worth my time.

"You all better watch your tongues, because next time, I won't be lenient with you. Keep my name out of your dirty mouths!" With that, I turn on my heels and walk away from their intoxicating presence. I can feel their scorching gazes accompanying me témy work space where my team members are already gathered.

From now on, I won't let anyone

trash-talk me and walk away. I can also be a bitch!