

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

## **#Chapter 0361 - Read The Lycan King's Second Chance Mate (Ashanti) Chapter 0361**

Chapter 0361

ASHANTI'S POV.

"I wish they provided us with private workspaces. Working in the midst of all these designers will give me anxiety." One of my colleagues, Kelly, cries as we inspect our allocated working space.

"You know they can't do that. We need to work in an environment where we can be inspected in order to ensure that no one is cheating." Another colleague replies and she lets out a frustrated groan.

I share her frustration, but we have no choice.

"Yeah yeah. That's the kind of pressure I don't like."

"Well... you don't have a choice but to work under the pressure." Kelly sighs heavily and rides on with packing stuff into our lockers.

Some guys are setting up the machines, others are transferring the fabrics into our allocated lockers and a few of us are packing stuff in our various cubicles.

The atmosphere is rowdy as other designers are engaged in similar activities at various corners of the room. This is where we'll be creating and displaying our designs when the competition begins.

We spend the next hours parking and sorting and organising stuff. By two pm, we are one of the only groups left in the hall.

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm exhausted and need to go home now." I say, picking up my bag from a nearby cubicle and slinging around my left arm. "See you all tomorrow."

"Be safe."

"Thank you."

I turn and start heading out of the hall with the sound of my heels not failing to announce my departure as they collide with the floor below. Ryan is nowhere to be found. I guess I'm going to leave without him. He's going to cut my head off when he returns, but I'll deal with that later. For now, I have to get home first.

"Ashanti."

I pause in my tracks at the sound of my name.

That voice.

That charming, deep baritone voice. The voice that has the power to make my heart beat faster than normal. It belongs to no one else but my mate, Alpha Reagan.

My head whips in the direction of the voice and I nearly crumble into dust when I see him approaching me with a smirk planted at the side of his lips. My heart starts doing air backs in my chest. Even though I'm excited to see him, even though I have this primal urge to jump on his body right now and give him the tightest hug ever, I remain still and plaster a frown on my face.

I'm so good at this.

"What are you doing here?" I fire, the moment he takes his stand before me. He's still smiling and it's getting me upset because I cannot do the same. "I came to see you."

"Why?"

"Because I miss you. I've been here for some time now, but I know you were busy there, that's why I waited out here."

"You have to stop coming here." I say, walking past him. Two steps later, he's by my side and we are walking to a destination I do not know. I'm not even thinking anymore.

"People are already talking."

"What are they talking about?" I stop. Suck in a deep breath. Let out a deep sigh before turning to face him again with a frustrated look on my face. "Favouritism. They say I'll win this competition because of my connection with you."

"Tell me their names and I'll have them disqualified from this competition!"

"That's the exact attitude that'll make them crucify me and escalate this whole issue. You can't do that. Just stop coming around here."

"You won't let me come to your house, you won't let me come here either."

"Can you blame me for making those decisions?"

He goes mute.

Several quiet seconds fly by before we meet each other's gaze again.

"Let me drive you home." He offers. I shake my head.

"I don't want you to." I deny flatly and start walking again. By now, I don't even know where I'm heading to. I'm lost in this driveway, but I just want to get away from this man and his overwhelming presence.

"We both know how this is going to end." One minute I can hear his

footsteps behind me, the next, he's

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standing before me, both hands shoved in his pockets as he strikes a gentle pose. He's still smiling. groan, rolling my eyes so hard, they

almost get stuck at the back of my head.

We both know how this is going to end.

"You'll force me to get into the car."

"I wouldn't use the word force." He steps closer, staring straight into my eyes. "I will cajole you into letting me give you a ride." His voice is deceptively charming and smooth. An observable blush spreads from my neck up to my face and my cheeks heat up as though they've been set on fire. My body starts trembling when I notice we've started getting the attention of passers by. Some have stood in

their tracks and are looking at us,

while the others keep staring as they

pass. Content belongs to

I don't like this at all.

"Where's the damn car?" I whisper between my teeth. Harshly. A goofy smile forms on his face.

"This way, Ma Lady."

He leads the way towards his car and I follow like an obedient puppy.

He always has his way with me.

Always!

It's so annoying!

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ASHANTI'S POV.

"Why did you suddenly get so eager to get into the car?" Asks Reagan as he straps on his seatbelt. I nearly roll my eyes at him. "I know it isn't because of what I said."

"Are you blind? Didn't you see the amount of people who were already giving us weird looks? Some even stopped in their tracks to watch our banter." "And is that a bad thing?" I lean against the chair and shoot him a fierce glare.

"Are you seriously asking me that question right now?" My voice is a tone higher than it should be. The driver sitting in front, who has no interest in our banter, ignites the car engine and starts pulling out of the driveway. I'm still glaring at Alpha Reagan like he's lost his mind, while he's smiling.

He's fucking smiling as though there was anything funny in what I said.

"Nothing is funny. I don't see what's making you smile."

"This..." He points his index finger at my face and starts circling it before me. "All this drama you're creating right now is funny. And cute."

My face goes dark with a frown. I huff and fold my arms over my breast, my piercing gaze never leaving his face. He suddenly burst into a light chuckle as if my piercing gaze is caressing him instead.

It's so annoying.

"Did you bring me here to mock me?"

"Not at all! Why would I do that?"

"That's exactly what it feels like right now."

"Ashanti." His voice is smooth and low. I nearly melt when his right hand reaches out for my mine and wraps around it. My gaze, which should be on our intertwined hands below, plasters on his face instead and he captures it, never to let go.

His deep brown eyes are staring into the depth of my blue ones, searching for what I do not know. I can feel the intensity of his stare in my bones and I'm so shaken that my zeal to put up a fight with him evaporates from my body like steam.

"Ashanti." I nearly moan out a response when his voice sounds my name again. He calls it like he means it... like there's no other word in the world he'd rather say right now than that name.

"I heard you for the first time." My rude ass replies.

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"I'm sorry if my laughter made you feel like I was mocking you. It wasn't my intention to make you feel that way. I only laughed because I'm happy you're back here with me. And I know... oh I know we're not in a good place right now, but you're here, where I can see you when I please, talk to you..." He lifts my hand to his lips and leaves a gentle kiss on the back of my palm. "I can touch you with my lips, like this. All of this gives me tremendous joy, Ash. Joy which I know you do not share with me right now, but it's there regardless and I know one day,

you will. Not long from now."

"One day?" My voice is less than a whisper. "Not long from now?" I ask again and he nods his head.

I shake mine.

"You know what. I don't want us to dive deeper into that right now." I calmly withdraw my hand from his hold and place it on my lap. It's not something I want to do. I mean, miss him as well and I like it when he touches me like this, but there's point I need to prove to this man and I'm going to prove that point.

"If you don't want to, I won't force you."

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"Hmmm." I simply mumble and look straight ahead. What vindicates me from the awkward stretch of silence that would have followed that reaction is the buzzing sound of my phone in my handbag. I quickly fetch it out to see who's calling and my teeth sink into my bottom lip when I see that it's Ryan.

I left without letting him know.

Damn it!

I calmly answer the call and hold the phone against my ear.

"Hello Ryan."

"You left." Two words.

Two dry words and a tone that tells me everything I need to know about his mood right now.

"Yeah I..." I draw in air through my joined teeth. "Ryan, I'm sorry. Something came up and I had to leave real quick."

"This is not how we planned to do things when we got here."

"I know. I know. I'm so sorry." My forehead creases, my teeth are biting my lips in regret.

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I hate doing this to him.

"We'll talk more when I get home. Goodbye."

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The line goes dead.

I turn to Alpha Reagan.

"You have to fix this."

"You can't ask me to do that. That young man sounded very pissed, there's no way I'm going ahead to resolve this issue. He's going to give me a proper scolding and I don't like getting scolded. I could cry." He blabbers and I watch him with my eyeballs stretched open to their limit. What?

What the hell did he just say?

"Excuse me, are you high?"

"I am not high!"

I sigh in disbelief, shaking my head. This man truly loses his mind when he's in my presence.

"Since you've refused to resolve this issue for fear of getting scolded, I'll do it myself. But just so you know, the next time you stand before me and try to..."

Another interruption by my cell phone again. It's still in my hand so I check the caller ID.

A heavy sigh of relief leaves my chest when I see that it isn't Ryan calling again.

"Hello." I greet after swiping the answer icon and pressing the phone against my ear.

"Ashanti?" The person on the other end of the call asks, it's a masculine voice and it sounds very familiar.

I heard that voice today and it was at the Fashion and Design hall.

Léonard Kirk.

It's no one else but him.

"Yes, it's Ashanti."

"Great. Ashanti, it's me, Leonard. How are you doing?"

"I'm doing okay, thank you. And you?"

"Never been better. I noticed you left the hall already." My face breaks into a wide smile. Alpha Reagan on the other hand, starts frowning and the look on his face tells me he wants to know who I'm speaking with.

Right now!

"Oh, yeah. I left a while ago."

"That's rather sad. I was hoping to see you again."

"Oh..."

"Anyway, that doesn't mean I can't see you again. What do you say about me taking you out for dinner tonight?" He asks sweetly and I don't know why, but my eyes flicker to Alpha Reagan and yes... he heard it.

His brows are nearly touching his hairline and he has this wild look in his eyes that would have scared me if I didn't know him too well.

He looks like he wants to set something on fire.

"Who's that?" He mouths the question. I ignore him.

"You want to take me out to dinner tonight?"

"If you'd permit me to?" Leonard answers over the phone.

Alpha Reagan starts shaking his head in denial with his eyes wide open.

"Tell him no!" He mouths yet again, this time around, accompanied with hand gestures.

"I'd love for you to take me out to dinner, Leonard."

"Great! What time is good for you?"

"Say... six pm!"

"Perfect! I'll make a reservation right now and come pick you up by five-thirty. Are you okay with that plan?"

"It's perfect. Thank you."

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"No. I should be thanking you for accepting to go out on a date with me. It's an honour." My cheeks heat up as a heated blush spreads on my cheeks.

He's sweet, okay?

And Alpha Reagan is losing his cool.

"You're too kind."

"I look forward to spending this evening with you, Ash. See you at five thirty."

"Yeah. See you."

He hangs up.

I dare not look at Alpha Reagan's face. We've arrived at my house and the car has stopped in the driveway.

"Who was that?" He asks sharply. I turn to him.

"None of your business."

He lets out a frustrated sigh.

"Why is he taking you out for dinner?"

"That's still none of your business."



put my cell phone in my bag and carry it. My hand is on the door lock as I look at him again. Content

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"He even called you "Ash". Why?"

"Because it's short for Ashanti."

"No one calls you Ash, except me." He sounds like he's about to cry and it hurts me to do this to him, but I have to.

"Don't be such a baby. Anyone can

call me Ash." I unlock the car door and push

it open. "I have to go

and

before it's time for my date."

"Ashanti you've still not told me who's ta..."

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"Thank you very much for the ride." I cut him off with a dry smile on my lips. "Have a nice day."

With that, I step out of the car and the moment I close the door behind me, a triumphant smile forms on my face.

Who got the last laugh?

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