

THE LYCAN KING'S SECOND CHANCE MATE

#Chapter 0381 - Read THE LYCAN KING'S SECOND CHANCE MATE Chapter 0381

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"But we can't just sit back and watch them insult you."

"I can handle them on my own. I promise."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes I am. I promise."

"Okay." She says, shrugging. "If you say so."

I can feel the disappointment in her tone. If it were up to her, we should go drag the girls out of their apartments right now and give them the beating of their lives.

We spend the rest of the day talking and doing random stuff. Even Kyle who came back a few hours later, couldn't keep with our random activities so he retired to his study. When it's time for me to go home, he offers to take me home, but I'm beyond when I go outside and see Alpha Reagan standing before this car in the driveway.

I'm not even surprised anymore.

I shoot Kyle a scowl. He pulled this off. It could only be him. The guilty man shrugs his shoulders and looks away from me so I don't see the guilt swimming in his eyes.

"Traitor!"

"I would still be a traitor if I didn't tell him you were here. It is what it is."

"I don't blame you at all."

I turn to Tessa and give her a good bye hug. Once we're done wishing each other good night, I head over to the already opened car door and hop into the backseat. Alpha Reagan does the same and once we're both settled in, the driver kicks off. I keep my eyes glued to my side of the mirror, staring

at the lights and trees and buildings even though all my organs and senses are screaming for me to turn and face him.

"Is this how it's going to be?" He asks calmly and his smooth baritone voice is my undoing. I turn and shoot him a scowl.

"You just won't stop coming after me, will you?"

"I won't. I can't."

"What exactly do you want from me?" I ask tightly.

"I think you know the answer to that question already." "No, I don't!"

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"I want you back in my life Ashanti. I'm not going to say I want us to us to have the relationship we had two years ago before you left because that was a shitty relationship. I want more than that. I want something better with you." He firmly expatiates. My breath hitches chest as I stare at his serious face. I'm sure he can hear the sound of palpable heart beats. I could faint anytime soon. "I want to be in a proper relationship with you. I want to be able to call you mine. To present you to the entire world as my mate and future Luna. I want to marry you, Ash. Spend the rest of my life with you."

"What about Selena?" I ask out of nowhere. He pauses for a split

second, staring at me in pure

shock.

I nod my head. "Yes. She's your

mate. You can't ignore her

"I know... but....."

"So you are confused."

"I'm not!"

"Yes, you are!"

"Ashanti, I'm not!"

"And I said you are!"

"Look.. the only reason why I go to see her is because I want to be sure..."

"Sure about what?" I rudely cut him off. He sighs and swallows hard before looking back at me.

"Sure about why the Moon goddess sent her to me."

"So your attention is divided then."

Silence.

Excruciating silence.

He's staring at me with glassy eyes, like he's about to cry.

"Alpha Reagan. If you want to be with me, then you have to choose me and let her go. If it's not in your capacity to do that, then let me be with a man who only needs One woman in his life."

I look away from him and never look back until we reach my destination.

He has to make a choice.

Chapter 0382

KYLE'S POV.

On the day of coronation as Delta of this pack, I swore an oath to protect my Alpha till my very last breath and I do not intend to break that oath or fail in my duty anytime. Anyone who's out to deceive or destroy my Alpha in any way will face my wrath and I proved that with my own sister, Alina, kept causing trouble for him and his mate.

Now, it's Selena.

Everything about her return sounds very fishy to me and I will not rest until I clear the air about this issue.

Sighing heavily, I stretch my hand towards the doorknob and open the door before me. The private lounge comes into view. There's a young girl seated on a couch in the sitting area and the moment she sees me, she rises to her feet and greets, with her head bowed down.

"Good day to you too." I respond, stepping into the lounge and closing the door behind me. "You're Catherine Ford."

"Yes, Delta. I am."

"You may sit." I gesture to the couch.

"Thank you." She lowers herself on the couch.

I take long strides over to the sitting area and sit on the couch across hers, my eyes glued on her. She looks so stiff and uncomfortable. Like she'd break into pieces if I raise my voice any higher than it already is.

"You must be wondering why I invited you here."

"I...." She starts to talk but her voice catches. She stops and clears her throat before looking at me again. "Your invitation came as a shock to me, Delta. Till now, I have not been able to figure out what I could have possibly done to warrant this meeting with you."

"I called you here so we could discuss something very important."

Something flashes in her eyes.

Fear.

Her fingers intertwine with each other and I watch her throat bubble up and down as she swallows hard.

"Something important?" Her voice is a croaked whisper. I calmly nod my head and adjust myself on the couch, taking a more comfortable posture. "Yes. Your friendship with Selena." Her brows furrow as she stares at me, completely dumbfounded.

"My friendship with Selena?"

"Yes. Alpha Reagan's ex-mate. The one who died five years ago. I asked around and was told you two were best friends. Is that true?" "Y... ye..." She stutters nervously. "Yes. That's true."

"Meaning you know a lot about her past life, from childhood."

"I do." She nods.

"Can you tell me about it?"

"Delta. If I may be bold, can I ask why you're..."

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"No, you may not." I calmly cut her off, my eyes staring straight into hers. She quickly nods in agreement. "Just tell me what I've asked." My eyes flick to her hands which are placed on her lap and I notice that she's digging her nails into her palm out of nervousness. It seems I'm going to give the poor girl a heart attack.

"I don't know where to start." Her voice is low and shaky. "Maybe if you ask questions, I'll have an idea what you want to know."

There are a few things I found out during my research. Like the fact that Selena was an Orphaned child who grew up with her Paternal Aunt, but was

kicked out of the house at the age of fifteen because she grew too recalcitrant and the elders were no longer able to deal with her.

"Catherine. I need you to tell me the truth about why Selena's aunt sent her packing from her house at such a young age." I support my elbows on my thighs and lean forward, A gesture to make her understand the importance of this conversation we are about to her. "And I need you to tell me the truth."

"Selena was kicked out because she was dating. Her aunt didn't like the fact that she had a boyfriend at fifteen. She asked Selena time and again to break up with her boyfriend and focus on her studies, but Selena refused to listen. That's why she was sent packing by her aunt." She calmly explains, her eyes roaming all over my face.

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I can see the confusion swimming in her eyes. Her zeal to ask me why I'm asking all this even though Selena is dead and gone. "So... she was dating, huh?"

"Yeah."

"And what was the guy's name?"

"Zachary Wright. We called him Zach."

"Where's he now?" She quickly purses her lips and looks away.

I take it that she doesn't want to respond.

Fishy.

"Catherine." I call in a low, gruff voice that compels her to look my way again. "Where is Zachary Wright?"

"He's not here."

"Where's he?"

"He disappeared on the day of the ambush."

"What do you mean he disappeared?"

"His uncle was the Alpha who planned the ambush that took Selena's life five years ago. No one ever saw Zach after that so we assumed he got scared for his life and ran away."

I pause and stare at her, blinking slowly as I take in her shocking revelation.

Several moments go by before I snap out of my trance and regain my voice.

"Tell me about their relationship. Were they close?"

"Yes. They were each other's first love."

"Were they still together by the time found out she was mated to Alpha Reagan?"

"Yes. They were."

"What was her reaction?"

"She wasn't very happy. She wanted to reject him and be with Zach, but I convinced her not to."

"Why did you do that?"

She blinks in surprise. I nod my head.

"Yeah. Why?"

"Because Alpha Regan was her mate and I knew she'd be miserable if she rejected him." She explains, giving me a firm look.

"I see." I clear my throat and sit upright. "So how did Zach react when she cut him off?"

"Uh... cut him off?"

"Or she didn't. Did they continue dating even after she had accepted Alpha Reagan as her mate?"

"No,

S didn't!" She firmly denies,

but

eyes never meet mine. She's

at the wall, biting her lips and she is lying. Content Belongs

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"Catherine. I said I wanted the truth and nothing but the truth from you. Did Selena break up with Zach or not?"

"She did!"

"The look in your eyes tells me you're lying." She whips her head in ky direction and plasters her fierce gaze on me.

"Looks can be deceiving." She firmly decipheres.

I fight my urge to chuckle.

Nice one!

"Yes, they can. But that fear and guilt I see swimming in your aqueous humor tells me I'm not being deceived by what I'm seeing Your

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words are untrue."

"Selena is dead and gone! What does it matter if she was cheating on the Lycan King five years ago?"

"Answer the question."

"Else what?" She dares. I chuckle lightly.

"Meaning she was cheating." I assume.

"You're making assumptions."

"She didn't love Alpha Reagan. She only accepted to be with him because of his wealth and status."

"Did you miss the part where I said I was the one who convinced her not to accept Alpha Reagan? She didn't care about his wealth or power. She was ready to forfeit all of that and be with Zach, the man she loved!"

"But she didn't."

"Because I asked her not to!"

"And she cheated on the Lycan King."

"You have no right to judge."

"As a matter of fact I do! It's my duty to judge those who do wrong against my Alpha and bring them to justice. It's my sworn duty."

She throws her head back and laughs hysterically.

"Judge? How can you judge someone who's already dead?"

Calmly, I rise from my seat, feeling everything at once.

I'm happy that I got to find out all these details and I'm at the same time, infuriated by the things I've found out.

Just another reason for me to dislike and distrust Selena.

Now, what I need to confirm is if Selena was kidnapped like she claims, or if she faked her death and eloped with her lover.

Chapter 0384

ASHANTI'S POV.

It's another competition day and I'm trying to hold my organs from falling out of my body. The first session went smoothly. I came second best after the almighty Leonard and that really boosted my confidence, but after hearing one of the judges call a design an eyesore, my confidence plummeted.

I never want to be in a position where any of my designs will be labeled an eyesore. That would destroy me.

"You look confident today." Ryan remarks as we make our way into the hall. I shoot him a brief glance and a small despite my raging nerves.

"You think?"

"The aura of confidence hovering around you is palpable. It makes me happy to see you like this."

"Why? Thank you. Aren't you just the sweetest?"

"I know. You cannot do without me." He brags and before I can say anything to object to his statement, he hastens his steps to get farther away from

me.

Typical Ryan!

"Look who has arrived." A voice speaks from the front. I look ahead and notice the three girls, who seem to abhor my existence in this competition, walking towards me with smirks plastered on their faces. I stop in my tracks and wait for them to approach me.

"Ashanti Anderson." All three of them stop before me and cross their arms over chests. The blonde haired girl is raking her eyes all over my body as if searching for something. The brte girl staring right into my eyes like she is trying to fish out a secret from them.

Sometimes I wonder if I have a bully-ma on my body. Everywhere I go, I have to deal with a group of girls who want nothing but my downfall. "Can I help you?" I ask calmly, carefully even though my mind is screaming for me to do the exact opposite. What I really want to do right now is beat them up mercilessly and get them out of my way, but we all know where that would lead me.

Disqualification.

I cannot give them the satisfaction of getting me disqualified from this competition. They will see me soar to the top.

"The confidence I see swimming in your eyes must be as a result of your rank during the first round of the competition. You came second. That's why you're so over the moon."

"Why?" I ask, chuckling lightly. "Am I not allowed to feel happy when I emerge victorious during a competition?"

"Emerge victorious?" The blonde haired girl asks and scoffs. "Is that what you tell yourself? You really think you did anything exceptional to get that position?"

"Are you calling the judges lame and incompetent for ranking a mediocre design second position out of thirty?"

"I'm saying we both know the only reason why you got that position is because of your connection with Alpha Reagan. You are his mate!"

"So?" I ask with raised brows, looking from one girl to another. "So what if I'm mated to the Lycan King?" I ask yet again, but there's still no response.

I can see them thinking hard. I know what's on their mind. What they believe is that Alpha Reagan has pulled strings for me in this competition, but they don't have the audacity to voice it out because they have no evidence to back the claim.

Levying such a vile accusation against the Alpha without concrete evidence to back it up is nothing but a suicide mission. They know better than to embark on such a mission.

"Your beach wear designs were atrocious! You and your entire team did not deserve second position. There were others who did better than you?" That's the brte haired girl.

I never seem to recall their names.

"For example, you?" I chuckle lightly. "You whose design was labeled an eyesore by Mr. James? You've got to be kidding me!" My eyes never leave her face as I smile at her. She quickly looks away from me, frowning like an angry bear and balling her hands into fists by her side

Oh, how I wish she would attempt to punch me, she'd lose some of her body parts from the trashing I'll give her in here.

"If you don't stop doing irrelevant things and focus on improving your designing skills during this round of the competition, I guarantee you that you'll be going home with more tears today. Now, If you'd excuse me, I need to meet my team members."

The three girls are standing before me, blocking the way but that doesn't stop me from stepping forward. nearly move forward with the intention of pushing anyone mean in my path, but they are lucky enough to split up and give me a passage before I get too close to them. That's also when I noticed the silent nature of the hall. Apparently, everyone was watching our interaction.

I'm not even surprised. It used to happen all the time at the Harem.

I keep walking forward with my head held up high with pride and confidence. I like how bold I've become. I will never fail to stand up to anyone who tries to intimidate me.

The judges soon come in and announce the next designs we'll be working on which happen to be night wears. Just like before, we are asked to create three different designs and have them displayed on mansions within three hours.

"Do you think this competition is a joke?" In a calm, but scary voice. My breath hitches in my throat and the entire hall goes dead silent again we all watch him inspect her

designs with the most disgusel.ng

look on his face. When he faces her again, my heart drops into my belly on her behalf.

"You are disqualified!"

Three words and all the bones in my bones have dissolved and sipped out through the pores of my skin. My scalp starts itching.

Just like that?

Chapter 0385

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Enjoy your meal." The waiter who just served our meals and drinks says with a gentle smile and small nod.

"Thank you." Both Leonard and I reply in unison before he takes off. Smiling, I look down at the meals served on the table and my intestines start grumbling. A sign for me to dig in already. I shoot a brief glance at Leonard and heat like oil splatters all over my face when our eyes connect.

He's looking at me!

"What?" I ask, chuckling shyly and he shakes his head.

"Nothing. I'm just happy to be sharing a meal with you again. That's all." He shrugs and picks up his cutlery to start eating. My intestines give me another warning by grumbling loudly again and I pick my cutlery and start eating the food on my plate.

"I hope I won't be doing too much by congratulating you again for taking first position in the round of the competition." Smiling, I take my time to chew the piece of beef I just put in my and swallow, before saying...

"I'm going get ahead ahead of myself if you keep making this such a big deal."

"It is."

"I know... but it's not very serious. We're not even in the knockout stages yet. I'll appreciate all your congratulations when I can still secure a spot in the top three during the most crucial staged of the competition."

"That's not going to stop me from congratulating you anytime to have a big win."

I groan and roll my eyes in frustration.

He's just like Alpha Reagan. Stubborn and never listens to what I say!

"Anyway..." I look at him just in time to see him turning his head to look in the direction of the door we came in through. This is the second time he's doing that since we sat down. When he looks at me again, I smile."Text

"You were going to say something?" He asks gently.

"Uh..." I clear my throat and focus on my words even though my mouth itches to ask him why he keeps looking at the door. "I'm still shaken by Laura's sudden disqualification. I didn't think they could send anyone packing at this stage."

"They can, if your designs are as atrocious as Laura's." He says in a such a nonchalant manner that makes me want to laugh, but I manage to hold my laughter in and keep a straight face.

I cannot bring myself to mock her even though she was an ass to me.

"This morning, when you walked into the hall, I noticed Laura, Wilma and Kerby approach you. They blocked your way and I overheard them saying some really mean things to you. I can sense the feud brewing between you girls. What might be the cause?"

"Well..." I drop my fork and pick up

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the glass of wine next to my plate. The sip I take washes down the food in my mouth to my stomach and clear my throat before looking at Leonard again. "They think Alpha Reagan pulled strings for me to get into this competition and that he's going to do the same for me to win."

"That's preposterous!"

"I know, right?" I pick up my fork again. "And I can sense the rivalry growing as the days go by. But that's not something strange to me. I'm used to having other girls detest me wherever I go."

"Ashanti you have to be careful." He cautions in a low, serious tone. My brows rise as I look at him.

"Hmmm?" I mumble.

"It's never a good thing to have bad blood with your fellow contestant during a competition because the rivalry won't just end with you exchanging bitter words. They can go as far as sabotaging your chances of winning this

competition." My knees

weak

with fear the moment those words hit my ears.

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I know exactly what he's talking about. I have experienced it before. Late Alina and her crew, which including my step-sister, Rhea, teamed up against me during the Combat competition organised by Alpha Reagan and that got me into big trouble. I was accused of poisoning my fellow contestants and attempting to murder two guest Alphas. The entire experience plays fresh in my mind like it happened just yesterday even though it was over two years ago.

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"Oh my God!" I whisper with a shaky voice. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"You have to be careful, Ash. I experienced something similar the year I won Fashion King. A group of male and female designers ganged up against me and swore to get me disqualified from the competition. They messed up with my equipment, tried to implicate me during competitions. I almost got disqualified, but the Moon goddess saved me because she knew I was innocent. As it is now, people see you as a threat and they'll do anything to send you packing in order to increase their chances of winning."

"Why's that? Why do they even do that? This is just a competition? They are all good designers, why can't they just compete fairly?"

"I've asked myself the same question many times, but I've still gotten no response. It makes no sense to me why someone would ruin another person's chance of winning just to create a chance for his or herself. It's lame, but what can we do?" He asked shrugging and I let out a tired sigh. From now on, I won't just be anxious about the competition, but also about people who will try to get me disqualified.

Just great!

"Thank you very much for the heads up, Leonard. I'll watch my back more carefully from now on."

"You should." He says and throws another look at the door behind him and I cannot take it anymore.

"I noticed you keep looking at the door. Are you expecting anyone?" His pupils dilate. He looks surprised by my observation.

"Uh... yes. I am."

"Who are you expecting?"

"Alpha Reagan."

The name jars in my ear like loud music.

"Who?" I ask again to be sure I heard the name right.

"Alpha Reagan." He repeats the name and my stupid heart starts doing backflips in my chest.

The sound of his name excites me, but the fact that he's going to be joining us infuriates me!

"I... I don't understand. Why will he be joining us?" Text

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"What I'm trying to say is that, if like Alpha Reagan will burst in anytime and take you away... you know... like he did the other night when I took you out."

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Guilt pours like a bucket of water all over my head, down to my face and entire body, soaking me to my underwear. I cover my face with my palms in embarrassment.

Alpha Reagan will be the end of me.

"I'm so sorry, Leonard." I apologise fervently as I drop my hands from my face and look at him.

"It's okay." His smile is so bright, it makes me feel even more guilty. "I don't mind."

"You should. Alpha Reagan has been downright disrespectful to you and it's irritating. He's such a jerk."

"No he's not. He's a man in love and he's only trying to keep what's his?"

"Keep what's his?" I can feel annoyance making its way to the forefront of my consciousness. "I'm not some property or title he's trying to keep. By the way he can't keep what he didn't have in the first place."

"Ash, you know what I mean." I stop fuming and relax. The man is still smiling while I'm breathing so hard, it's almost embarrassing.

Since when did I get so easily offended?

"There's nothing going on between Alpha Reagan and me. I promise."

"I know. But with the way he's acting, it won't be long before you two become something."

"That's not going to happen."

Calmly, he stretches out his right arm towards me with his palm facing upward.

"Wanna bet?"

I freeze.

This is not how I wanted this afternoon to go!

Chapter 0387

REAGAN'S POV.

"Ronald." I call, leaning back against my chair when he steps into my office. He gives me a curt greeting before proceeding to majestically walk over to my office table, looking calm and composed as always.

"Kyle isn't here yet?" His low voice chimes and I shoot him a curious look.

"No. Is he supposed to be here?"

"He mind liked me a few minutes ago, asking me to come over here because he has something to say to us."

"I see." I say, nodding slowly.

"Did he tell you what it'll be about?"

"No." He sighs lightly. "He only said it was urgent and important."

"If that's the case then he should be on his way he..." The last word is cut short by the sound of a knock on my office door. Before I can give the signal for whoever it is to come in, the doorknob creaks and the door is pushed open, revealing Kyle who looks very agitated. The guard closes the door the moment Kyle steps in and he takes long hasty steps over to where Ronald and me are seated.

There's a dark frown on his face. All his facial features are tense and he had both hands clenched by his side. Even the pose he takes when he finally stops walking depicts his overall foul state.

I do not like dealing with this version of Kyle.

Ronald and I exchange confused looks and I urge him with my eyes to take the reins and ask Kyle what's going on. He calmly rises and faces Kyle who seems to be fuming about something.

"You called this meeting." Ronald breaks the silence.

"I did." Kyle replies with a nod. Sighing heavily, he starts pacing and that prompts Ronald and I to share another look of confusion. Slowly, I rise to my feet, my eyes following the furious looking man as he pacing to and fro. I leave my chair and go over to the table where I lean with my butt at the edge of it and cross my legs at my ankles and my arms over my chest as I keep my eyes focused on Kyle, who seems to be thinking of a way to divulge the information he has for us.

After a few means of wordless silence, the pacing man finally stops pacing and looks at Ronald and I.

"I uncovered a few things during my investigation."

"And are you going to make us die of anxiety before you tell us what it is that you found?" I reply coldly, matching his frown.

He takes two steps towards Ronald and I. My facial features nearly combust when he plants his scorching gaze on them. I don't like that look. Why is he staring at me as though I've committed a crime?

"Did you know Selena had a boyfriend before she found out she was mated to you?"

The question hits my brain like a bowling ball hitting a set of bowling pins. My brain scatters all over the place, leaving me confused.

"Huh?"

"Did she tell you she had a boyfriend?"

I shake my head.

"No. If anything, Selena always denied having a boyfriend whenever I asked. She said she never had one before me." His light chuckle throws my mind into an even deeper state of confusion.

"So, she said she never had a boyfriend before you?"

"Yes." I reply with a firm nod. He takes another step towards me.

"Alpha Reagan, this will lead me to ask a very private question which could get you offended, but I hope you can forgive me, but before that, I hope you can answer the question."

"What question?"

"When you and Selena first had sex, was she a virgin?"

"Kyle don't..." Ronald starts to warn him, but I stretch my hand in his direction, stopping him from protesting.

"It's fine." I drop my hand and look back at Kyle with creased brows. "No, she wasn't. Why do you ask?" I ask slowly.

"What did she tell you when you asked?"

"Before we did it, she told me she was raped when she was sixteen. I didn't bother finding out if that was true because her background check showed she had a very difficult past. I didn't put a lot of thought into it and so I let it go."

"Uh... yes... the fact that she had a difficult childhood is true. My research proved the same. However, I do not believe she lost her virginity through rape. And I do not believe she had been touched by a man just once before she found you," He firmly deciphers and I can feel blood heating up in my veins, soon, it'll start boiling.

I don't love Selena anymore. Everything I felt for her as a mate has dissipated, but listening to everything Kyle is saying makes me mad. I be very upset if I find out that everything she told me about her sex life in the past was nothing but a lie.

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"I did a thorough research and I found from a reliable source that Selena had a boyfriend before she found you. In fact, she started dating the guy when she was fifteen years old and he was the reason why her aunt sent her packing from her house. He turned Selena into a recalcitrant child who had no respect for the elders at home so they sent her packing when they got sick of her. They were close and I was told they had very interesting sexual escapades." I suck in a deep breath and exhale heavily, rubbing my eyelids with my fingers. "She lied to you." He adds and I drop my hands from my eyes. I take another sharp inhale and cross my hands over my chest, staring blankly at the black marble tiled floor below.

Chapter 0388

REAGAN'S POV

The scene where Selena told me about her rape experience replays in my mind. We were in my bedroom, on my bed. We had been kissing deeply prior to that moment and she understood I intended to do more than kissing that night so she stopped and started crying. She told me about the experience in tears and I felt so bad for her and couldn't bring myself to touch her that night.

It took me almost two months to bring myself to initiate sex with her again and still recall how much I had to apologize to her afterwards because of how much she was crying.

Was she just pretending all that time?

"So..." I croak, my eyes still on the floor. "You mean to tell me Selena had a boyfriend who possibly took her virginity when she was fifteen. That she wasn't raped like she claimed."

"That's what I'm saying."

I ball my hands in a fist and picture what I could do to Selena if she was brought to me right now. I don't think anyone would be able to stop me from strangling her to death.

"The next revelation is going to get you a million times more upset than you are right now."

"What revelation could possibly be worse than what you just told me?"

"The fact that her boyfriend was the nephew of Logan Wright, former Alpha of the Black Night Pack. The Alpha who ambushed the pack five years ago and caused the biggest tragedy you've ever recorded in your reign."

"No, he's not."

"I said the same thing when I was told."

"And Selena knew about this?"

"She was well aware. She kept seeing this guy even after she had accepted you as her mate. She was cheating on you with the scumbag!"

I heave myself off the table and start pacing. My heart is racing. My nerves are raging. I can feel anger making its way to the forefront of my consciousness.

I can't take it anymore!

"And where's this boyfriend? Do you know where he is?"

"I was hoping you'd ask me that question."

I shoot him a perplexed look. Something like a smile curves at the side of his lips as he comes closer to me.

"On the day of the ambush, he disappeared. Just like his uncle... just like Selena."

"Please don't tell me the point you're trying to make is that Selena eloped with her boyfriend and his uncle during the ambush." That's Ronald. My eyes widen in shock as I watch Kyle give him a proud nod, agreeing to his statement.

My knees turn jelly. My entire being is a raging mass of hormones. I feel like the sky just dropped on my head. That cannot be true. All that I just heard right now cannot be true!

"That's preposterous! Why would Selena choose him over me? That doesn't make any sense!" I counter in complete disbelief.

"Alpha Reagan. These aren't confirmed facts. They are simply possibilities my investigation has led to. I know right now you're confused..." "Confused?" I ask, furious. "I'm not confused. I'm furious!"

"I know you are, but you need to calm down?"

"Calm down? Do you honestly think I can calm down after everything I just heard? just found out there's a possibility that the girl I used to love with all my heart did nothing but lie to me everytime she opened her mouth. You honestly think can be cam?"

"Lije I said, these aren't proven facts. They are just speculations. Solid ones though and we both know that we need to be sure of our facts before making any decision on the issue, so I urge you to stay calm."

I shoot him a frown because I know he's right.

"Yes Alpha. Kyle is right. If we want to find out who Selena really is, we have to play it cool because she's the only one who can prove to us her true colors. As of now we have no idea what she's up to or what she's capable of doing, so just like Kyle, I suggest we stay calm and act oblivious."

"Are you saying I shouldn't confront her about any of this?"

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"Well..." that's Kyle. "You can, about the boyfriend issue, but don't make her feel like you suspect anything. Just show her you're mad that she lied to you about not having a boyfriend before she met you. If she knows we are digging deep into knows w what she has been up to these past years, she might do something to sabotage the investigation. As it is now, I'm wary of that girl. She's more cunning and dangerous than she lets on."

"Well she's going to regret trying to be cunning with me! I'll make sure of that!"

"Alpha Reagan you really have to..."

"Calm down!" I quickly cut him off. There's a stubborn look on my face. "I know. I know. You don't have to remind me." Another heavy sigh escapes my chest.

I have no idea how I'm going to hide this anger and disappointment from Selena, but what I know is that I will get to the root of this matter.

I must find out why she left and why she has returned.

Chapter 0389

REAGAN'S POV.

"You're welcome, My Lord." The maid who opens the door, greets the moment she sees me and steps away from the door. I reply to her quietly and step into the house with my teeth grinding against each other.

I'm here to see Selena.

I thought I could hold it in for a few days before confronting her about all that I just found out from Kyle, but I was wrong. It felt like my brain would explode if I didn't come over to have this talk with her.

"Where's Selena?" I ask, with my eyes scanning the living room for any sign of Selena, but there's none.

"In her bedroom, My Lord."

I want to tell her to call Selena to come meet me here, but I decide against it and stay quiet. The conversation I'm about to have with her is very sensitive and I do not want it reaching the ears of any other person. The last thing I want is for rumours to start spreading. So, I walk past the maid and take the staircase that leads to Selena's bedroom. My brain is ticking. My heart is pounding faster than normal and I'm trying to urge myself to calm down so I don't present this issue as a problem, even though it is. Text

If all what Kyle told me is true, it means she's not as innocent and naive as she claims to be and I have to deal with her carefully.

When I arrive at her door, I let out a heavy breath before knocking on it. Her signal comes seconds later. Calmly, carefully, I place my hand on the doorknob and creak the door. Letting out another heavy sigh, I push the door wide open and step into the doorway. As I raise my head to look at Selena, my eyes nearly fall from their sockets when I see her standing completely naked before me with a beaming smile on her face.

"Fuck!" I curse in shock as I tear my gaze away and back away from her naked body. "Why did you invite me in when you knew you were naked?" I snap, breathing hard in annoyance. Her gentle giggle nearly tips me off the edge.

"Are you kidding me right now? What's wrong with you seeing me naked?" She asks in a casual tone that irks me to the core. I almost turn my head to look in her direction again, but I catch myself midway.

"Everything!" I declare and she laughs even harder.

"Come on, Alpha Reagan. Please don't make me laugh. There's no part of my body you haven't seen or touch or kissed. There's no reason for you to be shy now. You can look."

"Meet me in the room next door when you're done dressing up." I instruct and bolt out of the bedroom before I lose my cool and do something I'll regret.

My head is spinning like a rollercoaster as I storm into the next room.

I just saw another woman naked. It wasn't intentional but I still feel so bad. I feel like I just cheated on Ashanti.

"Why does everything have to be so hard?" I murmur under my breath, pacing about the length of the bedroom. "Winning Ashanti back is hard. Figuring the reason for Selena's return is hard. Now, staying away from Selena's temptations is hard. Why?"

Sighing heavily, I rake my fingers through my hair and groan in exasperation. My entire body feels like it's been set on fire. My stress levels must have hit an all new highest level.

Ten minutes later, the room door is

opened and Selena walks in, wearing a smile which I very much wish she could peel off of her face right now. I'm mad at her and no amount of charming actions or crying from her will make me not address the issue I came to discuss with her, Content

belongs to

"You really didn't have to leave because I was naked." She revisits the topic, walking over to where I'm standing. She's smiling brilliantly and the old me would have completely fallen for it, but not anymore.

I know what that smile is capable of hiding.

"I had to." I assert, matching her gaze.

"I see." She stops at a distance before me, her gaze never leaving my face and her smile never faltering. "Is it because of the other girl?"

"By the other girl, do you mean Ashanti?"

"Are there others?"

"I asked you first." I snap.

"Yes, I mean Ashanti." She replies calmly and I nod my head.

"Yes. Ashanti."

"You are fiercely loyal to her."

"I love her and I don't want to do anything to soil our bond."

"I see..." She says and nods, before training her eyes on me again. "What about me though? I'm still your mate. We've been separated for five years but we still have a connection. We have a bond you are obliged to respect as well."

A chuckle tumbles out of my lips before I can hold it in. Here she is, boldly urging me to respect our so-called mate bond when she defiled it by two-timing me and her lover years ago. Her audacity intrigues me.

"There's some sort of mix up in this whole issue, but that's not what I'm here to discuss with you." I clear my throat and take two steps closer to her.

The smile on her face has faded- much to my relief- and had been replaced with a serious expression. As I look at her, I'm searching my mind for the best way I can put the question so it does ring any alarms in her head.

"Selena." I call after a long pause.

"Yes, My Lord."

"When we found out we were mates five years ago, I remember asking you about three times if you had a boyfriend, but you refused all three times. Why did you lie?"

Chapter 0390

REAGAN'S POV.

I ask and watch all the color drain from her face as her brain interprets the question in her head. Her serious expression stretches into a mask of terror. She sucks in a deep breath and tries to look away from me, but I hold her gaze in mine, never letting go.

I'm not going to give her the chance to look away and cook up a lie to tell me.

She opens her mouth to speak but no words come out of it. I watch her throat bubble as she swallows dryly and her entire body grows tense.

I had a tiny shred of hope that all what I heard from Kyle was false, but after seeing her react to the question in this manner, I am fully convinced that she lied.

"I... I uh..." She stutters, her voice shaky. "I didn't."

"And you're still lying to me." I look away from her and laugh lightly before staring back. "You had a boyfriend whom you'd been dating since you were fifteen years old. Three years prior to us finding each other. Is that true or false?"

"Alpha Reagan, what are you talking about?" She asks in a suffocated whisper.

"Are you trying to feign innocence?"

"No... I'm just..."

"Then answer the question. Honestly."

"I..." She stops and lets out a defeated sigh. "Yes. I did."

"Why did you lie when I asked about it five years ago?"

"Because I thought you'd be disgusted by me if you knew I had a boyfriend."

"Were you even raped? Or was that another lie?" Her eyes turn glassy with tears. Her chest is rising and falling heavily as she lets out short, shallow breaths. Her lips are trembling.

"I'm sorry." She whimpers and the tears in her eyes break loose. She presses her fingers to her lips and sobs quietly as her tears spill down her cheeks. Every sobbing sound that leaves her mouth grates on my nerves. She's lucky she's a girl, I would have punched the living hell out of her face right now.

"So, you lied about being a victim of rape."

"I only lied because I was scared to lose you."

"Really?"

"Yes. I swear!" She insists.

"What about the fact that you kept

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seeing the guy even after you accepted me as your mate. You were cheating on me with him." spill out in fury and she recoils in horror. Her eyes grow wide in shock as she looks at me. I nod my head. "Yeah. I know that too."

She starts shaking her head.

"Don't even try to deny it. I know you were seeing Zach when we were together. And also know that Zach's uncle is Logan Wright. The Alpha who ambushed us five years ago. The ambush that led to your alleged death." I take two steps closer to her. "All of this discovery has me wondering and asking myself questions." She leaps back when I get to close. "Selena, were you even abducted like you claim?"

"Yes, I was! I swear I was."

"Right now I can't help but doubt every word that comes out of your mouth. Were you abducted like you claim? Did your kidnapper always hide his face? Were you locked up and tortured in a room for five years? Are any of these theories true?"

She bursts into tears. The tears cooking in her eyes spill down like a waterfall and soon, she's wailing and wheezing and choking and splintering into tear drops and I don't feel sorry for her. Not one bit.

Without saying a word, I place my index finger underneath her chin and gently raise her tear-drenched face so she can look at me again. Her crimson eyes are glistening with tears and she's sniffing like a child.

"Tell me the truth." I urge in a low voice.

"What I told you before was nothing but the truth. I was abducted by a man whose face I never saw. I was locked up in a cell for five years." "Then prove it."

A thunderbolt of confusion strikes in her eyes.

"Huh?"

"Prove it by tracing your movements back to where you were locked up. That's all I need from you."

"But I don't know how to find my way there."

"If that's the case then, don't expect my visits anymore. I'll only come over when you finally decide to tell me what I need to hear. Good night." "Alpha Reagan." She calls, grabbing my right arm in a firm hold and stopping me from taking a step forward. I turn

to her with a side eye that causes her to instantly let go of me and take a take a step back.

"What?"

"Please don't do this."

"Call me when you are ready to talk." And with that, I exit the bedroom, this time around, uninterrupted.

Kyle will be so mad when when he finds out I had this conversation with her. He warned me not to reveal too much about what we know, but I've done the exact opposite.

I couldn't keep any of it in.