

## Chapter 0009

ASHANTI'S POV.

Alpha Reagan finally broke the intense eye contact and walked on, but I still couldn't breathe because, throughout his speech, I had girls shooting daggers at me with their glares, probably wondering why the Lycan King stopped in front of me in the first place.

I do not know why either...

Wait...

Could it be because of what Lena says in my head whenever I see him?

Is it true that we are mates?

No. I don't think so because if that was the case, he would have said something when he looked at me a while ago, but he didn't. He just stared at me like I was something new...

"Oh my God!" I gasp in horror as I cover my mouth with my hands. Tessa gives me a concerned look.

"What's wrong?" She asks calmly.

"I think I figured out why Alpha Reagan stopped to look at me?"

"Why did he stop?" She gives me her undivided attention.

"It's because of what I did yesterday. I walked in on him having a good time with Alina. He recognized me. Oh my God, I'm going to get punished again. I'm doomed." I carry my head in my hands and lament in agony. The death stares I'm getting from the girls around are not making things any better for me.

Alpha Reagan just exited the hall and it's now back to being rowdy and I can hear the other girls gossiping about me. It seems everyone is talking ill about me.

Why do they hate me so much?

"Stop assuming things." She rises to her feet and gestures to me to do the same. "Let's get out of here before you melt from all the heated glares you are getting from these girls." I groan in frustration and do as told. Tessa leads the way out of the hall and I follow with my head bowed down because of the deadly stares I'm getting from the girls.

"Tessa, I honestly am very worried. In less than two days I have managed to make everyone hate me. How am I going to survive in this Harem if all these girls stand against me? My life will be miserable."

"You'll survive." Is all she says as she takes a bend that leads to another hallway.

Hallway.

The last time I trespassed in a hallway, I got into trouble. I

hasten my steps to catch up with her.

"Tessa," I whisper harshly. She stops and turns to look at me. "What's this place? I hope we are not trespassing." I try to caution her. She laughs at me.

"Once beaten, twice shy I guess."

"It's not funny!" I sneer. "I don't want to get into any more trouble."

"I'm not going to get you into trouble. This is not a forbidden zone. I want to show you the various facilities in this Harem so you can familiarise yourself with them and maybe choose your main activity."

"I don't understand what you mean by that."

"Just follow me." She starts walking again and I follow her, even though my soul is not doing the same. It has taken the other direction.

She has indeed been nice to me since the moment we met, but that doesn't mean I already trust her. I'm still walking on eggshells around her.

"There are facilities in the Harem where all the girls, including you and I can engage in some beauty treatments like hot springs, massages, and fitness training. There are also classes where we can learn to increase our feminine charm by dancing, sewing, and cooking. There's also combat training, but very few girls engage in that because

we do not need to bear the responsibility of fighting for the pack. That's the duty of the soldiers and most importantly, combat training is the least charming thing to do as a woman on that list, so most girls shy away from it." I stop in my tracks and look at her.

"That's what I want to do." She raises her brows and chuckles hard.

"Are you sure?" I hastily nod my head.

"Yes, I am. I've been training since I was little. I'll be happy if I can continue with my training here in the Harem."

"Alright then." Her shoulders rise and fall. "Let me take you to the training center so you can begin as soon as possible."

The walk to the training center is not as long as expected. My jaw drops as I take in the size and beauty of the entire training area. It's like a small settlement with open green fields and various buildings at strategic points.

She shows me around the various training arenas and I'm thrilled.

The Lycans have rigorous training activities for soldiers. No doubt their army is so strong and stays undefeated. I'm already excited to start with the combat training.

She leads the way back to the residential quarters of the Harem. All the walking we've done has got me exhausted. I need to rest.

When we arrive at the building, we are surprised to see that the entire premises has been deserted. There is not a single soul walking around, which is very strange. Instead, there are four cars parked in a line with guards standing around all the cars.

Tessa and I exchange confused glances but say nothing to each other. Just then, one of the cars opens up and I almost vanish into thin air when the Lycan King steps out of the car.

"Stop walking and bow down!" Tessa firmly instructs and I obey. I release a shaky breath when I hear footsteps approaching us. My heart feels like a war drum against my chest.

The sound of footsteps stops. I close my eyes and suck in a deep breath.

"Look at me." His deep baritone voice commands. We obey. I look at his face. Our eyes lock and something passes between us. My anxiety grows with each second that passes because he's staring at me like a puzzle he can't solve.

"You..." He points to me. I die within. "Stay." He looks at Tessa. "Excuse us." Tessa gladly scampers away.

Good for her!

When he looks back at me, my stomach rolls. The weight of his stare pressed against my chest like an anvil, making each inhale progressively more difficult.

"What's your name?" He asks in a calm but authoritative tone.

"Ashanti Anderson." I croak.

"Where are you from?" I breathe. Swallow, dryly. Clear my throat. Try to keep my voice from breaking.

"The Mystic Diamond Pack."

"Are you the daughter of Alpha Anderson of the Mystic Diamond Pack?"

"Yes, I am."

Lena wants to say that crazy word – mate – again, but I quickly shut her out. Now is not the time for silly jokes.

"Hmmm." He mumbles and doesn't say anything else. I want to look at him again. At his handsome face, but I'm scared of the torrent of butterflies that might take flight in my stomach if I look at him for longer than ten seconds.

"That's all I wanted to know. You can go inside."

I run!

I run for my dear life.

Two encounters in a single day. What the hell is going on?