

The Lycan 141

Chapter 141

I crown her entrance once more and push in as carefully as I can, she bites her lips to stop herself from screaming.

“Don’t hold it in, Ashanti. Scream if you must and don’t be afraid to tell me to stop if the pain becomes unbearable. Is that understood?”

“Yes.” She agrees with a nod. I go back to what I’m doing. She starts writhing beneath me when I push in the tip of my c**k into her tight little p**y. I can see it stretching to accommodate it. She squeezes my hand and clutches my side, breath hitching. I pull out and she lets out a sigh of relief as she looks down.

“It’s so big.” She cries.

“I know, baby. I know.” I push just the tip of my d**k in again and lower myself on her body. Look at me.” I try to distract her. “How does it feel?”

“Like nothing I’ve ever felt before.” I kiss her lips. I plant soft kisses all over face before kissing her lips again whilst trying to go deeper.

“Ahhh...” She moans in my mouth. I close my eyes and give one deep thrust, breaking through her barrier and all hell breaks loose. Her body wriths underneath mine and I have to wrap my arms around her to hold her still.

“I... I can’t. It’s too much.” I stay still in her as I plant more kisses on her face.

“You’re doing great, baby, just relax. Relax.” My words work like magic. She stops fighting me and stays still. I pull out and thrust into her again. I feel every inch of her slick inner walls as they glide around my shaft. That friction sent waves of pleasure through him, all of which wound tight and low in my belly.

It takes all my willpower to stop myself from thrusting into her too quickly. I want to savour this moment. The feeling of her body taking me inch by inch, of her c**t stretching around me, so wet, so tight, so hot. I want to relish the look of pleasure upon her face. I want to revel in her every reaction. The tiny twitches of her body, the sensual whimpers from the back of her throat, the fluttering of her lashes, the parting of her lips with her shallow breaths..

She is perfect.

And she is mine..

Tension grips my limbs as my pleasure builds to a new, impossible height. My self-control is bound only by a fraying twine, and those sensations slice through each thread, one by one, until the restraints finally break.

With a growl, I snap my hips forward, burying myself in her fully.

Ashanti gasps and arches her back, brushing her hard nipples against my chest. I wrestle back my control, if only barely, and pause. Her p**y pulses around me; I can feel every tremor, no matter how small, every quiver, feel even the beating of her heart. She fits around me perfectly. Her body welcomes me, beckons me, begs me for more and offers everything in return.

All the desire roaring in my soul like a ravenous beast, all the need, cannot not prevent me from appreciating this moment, this intimacy. Cannot prevent me from appreciating Ashanti. All I have to do now is sink my canines into her neck and mark her and we'll be one. But I won't.

"You are mine alone." I rasp, dipping my head to brush my lips across her forehead. Even that small movement causes enough friction to shake me to my core and quicken my heart. Raising her knees, Ashanti tips her head back and trails kisses along my jaw toward my ear, where she whispers;

"Please don't stop." I draw back my hips and lift my head. Staring into her eyes, I thrust again. This time, a shudder wracks us both.

"Oh G o d, I can feel those inches." Ashanti lifts a hand to my face and strokes it before slipping her fingers into my hair. Despite the overwhelming sensations flooding me, I am stricken with pride. The corner of my mouth quirks as I push into her again. "My c c k pleases you?"

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"Very much," She says with a moan. Her p**y clenches around my shaft upon my next withdrawal. That moan urges me on, and I continue pumping into my mate with slow, measured thrusts, each deeper than the last. She moves with me, flows with me, in complete unison.

Our fingers remained tightly laced, neither of us willing to sever the connection.

An inferno blazes through my veins, severe and agonising, blissful and thrilling, incomparable. The flames burn hotter with each movement Ashanti and I share. I welcome the heat, embrace it, crave it. That fire glows in her blue eyes as well, not merely a reflection but an exact match, a kindred flame just as fierce, just as consuming.

Why did I wait for so long to do this?

This isn't merely the coming together of our bodies, driven by loneliness and desperation. I can feel her soul, her lifeforce, already tinged with my own, dancing with mine, twining together irrevocably. I can feel the mate-bond sealing us into something unbreakable.

“My Ashanti.” I rasp, my rhythm growing more urgent. She spreads her thighs wider and meets me thrust for thrust, welcoming me ever deeper. Her brows furrow, and her grip on my hand tightens. Her voice is strained, aching, and raw when she says, “I, I need you.”

“You have me.”

I drop my head and capture her mouth with mine as she tenses around me. She cries out, and I take that cry into myself eagerly. Her nails scrape my scalp, and her p**y contracts around my c***e is my undoing.

My muscles* seize, making my rhythm falter, and my breath catches in my throat. The pressure at my core swells, suddenly too great for me to bear, and each tiny movement of Ashanti’s body only intensifies the sensation. My thoughts are fractured. Everything I want. Everything I see and do, everything I experience and suffer, all of it breaks apart into meaningless shreds but for one thing....

My mate.

A snarl rips out of my throat as c**m erupts from me. My free hand darts to her hip, pinning her in place. I continue pumping my hips forcefully, erratically, resisting the oblivion

omised by my climax for as long as possible.

Wrapping her arm around my neck, Ashanti holds me tight as her body quivers.

She squeezes her eyes shut and presses her forehead to mine. Our breaths came in short pants, mingling with my low groans and her soft moans. Curving my body over her, sheltering her, protecting her, I thrust into her one final time, burying my c**k deep, and holding myself there while pleasurable shocks echo through us.

Basking in the aftermath of our joining, we slowly ease. Our soft breaths, our heat, our mating scents. Our hearts beating in tandem. I lift my head to look down at her.

Ashanti is radiant.

I brush the back of my fingers down her cheek, and she looks up at me with a content smile. My heart clenches.

“That was awesome!” She cries.

“Was it?” She nods.

Cupping her cheek, I wipe away one of her escaped tears with my thumb. I press my lips gently to her forehead, letting my eyelids fall shut, letting myself relish our closeness, our warmth, our bond.

It is more than I have ever dared to hope.

She is more than I have ever dared to dream.

When I lift my head again, I say the only words my ragged voice is able to produce.

“Thank you.”

Unwilling to withdraw from her and relinquish the rapturous heat of her body, unwilling to sever our connection, I slip my arm behind her shoulders and roll onto my back, drawing her atop me. I wrap my arms around her, cocooning her in my embrace.

I will never let you go, my mate.

I could not bear it.

Chapter 143

ASHANTI'S POV.

Blink.

Blink.

Blink again. My eyes flutter open and the huge chandelier on the ceiling above comes into view. There's only one bedroom I sleep in that has got a chandelier hanging from its ceiling. Alpha Reagan's bedroom.

I'm in Alpha Reagan's bedroom. Sleeping on his bed.

How cool is that?

My head bangs with pain as I struggle to sit upright on the bed, but that pain is soon surpassed by a searing sensation between my thighs—that makes me wince painfully. My eyes drop down to my body under the comforter and a current of energy washes through me when I see that I'm naked. That's when everything replays in my mind.

The kiss. Alpha Reagan eating me up while I sat on his face. Sex.

We had sex last night. I gasp in awe, covering my mouth with my hands.

It finally happened.

“Good morning, Ashanti.” A voice greets me unexpectedly and I tremble on the spot and gasp again, loudly.

‘Alpha Reagan. You scared me!’ I cry. He chuckles and sets the newspaper he’s holding down on the table before rising from the sofa. He’s dressed in a white dressing robe and a pair of indoor sliders. He’s smiling brightly as he comes to meet me on the bed.

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to scare you.” He sits by my side on the bed and I look away. My cheeks are burning with embarrassment and I can’t bring myself to look at his face.

We had sex last night.

“And why are you avoiding my gaze?”

“I’m not.” I lie. He chuckles.

“Did you have a good night’s sleep?” His voice is calm. I nod my head.

“Yes, I did,” I reply, still not looking at me.

“Ashanti, look at me.” He instructs, but I don’t obey.

How am I supposed to look at him after everything we did last night? He ate me out in a position I never thought was possible. He made love to me like we were a regular couple in love. He took my innocence.

I know I was eager for this to happen, but no one gave me a forewarning of how to behave the morning after. I don’t even know what to do with myself right now.

“Ashanti.” He calls my name again and I know that’s not a good sign. He’s a Lycan King and I know better than to make him repeat himself, so, swallowing the little pride I have left, I tear my eyes off the wall and plaster them on his face. That makes him smile.

“Your face is totally flushed right now. Are you shy to be in my presence because of what happened between us last night?” He asks with a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

I want the ground to open up and swallow me right now. My neck heats and anxiety bubbles inside of me as I stare at him, unable to give him a response to his question.

Why even give him a verbal response when my face already says it all?

Chapter 144

ASHANTI'S POV.

Alpha Reagan made me blush throughout breakfast and I thanked the Moon goddess in my heart when it was finally time for me to leave. As much as I enjoyed spending time with him, I wanted to leave because he was being too cheesy and my poor heart couldn't take it anymore.

The servants changed the sheets as he had said and that reality sends chills down my spine. I can only imagine the look on the poor maid's face when she saw the blood stains. She understood that I was a virgin and that Alpha Reagan and I had just had sex for the first time. If I'm unlucky, she will tell her colleagues who will in turn tell other people and in less than no time, the news will spread throughout the castle like wildfire and I will be the centre of attention again.

“Ts...” I heave out an exasperated sigh.

It's never going to be well with me in the castle.

My stomach turns sour when I walk into the bedroom and meet Tessa. She's getting ready to leave for her training. I don't greet her. I simply ignore her and head to the closet where I change my clothes and by the time I return to the bedroom, she's nowhere to be found. She left.

I'm done trying to find out what the problem is between us. If she wants us to become strangers, we will.

Sighing lightly, I slum on my bed and look around the bedroom. I'm bored to death. I shouldn't have said no when Alpha Reagan asked me to spend the day in his chambers. I couldn't do otherwise, he was impossible to deal with so I had to leave.

I rise from my bed and head to the door, making up my mind to go for a walk around the castle.

Once outside, I head towards the field where I normally go, but as I'm about to cross the road, a car honks and stops in front of me. I take two steps back as the driver winds down the dark window glasses. My eyes shoot open in surprise when I see that it's Alpha Kyle.

“Hola!” He greets me cheerfully and I break into a smile as I wave at him.

“Delta Kyle. Hi.”

"I can see you s k e d training today as well." My cheeks heat up as the reason for that flashes. in iny mind. I quickly push it away and focus on the guy in the car.

"A girl has to rest sometimes." He nods.

"Yeah. That's true.'

"Are you heading somewhere?"

"Yeah. I uh... I have something to pick up in the city. Are you busy right now? Do you mind coming with me?"

"You want me to come with you?" I ask in surprise and my surprise surprises me because I don't know why I get surprised whenever Delta Kyle makes king gestures towards me.

He's a nice, sweet Lycan guy who has been nothing but nice to me since the first day we met "That's if you don't mind." He says, shrugging.

As much as the offer sounds very appealing, I can't concur to it.

I had sex with Alpha Reagan last night and even though that doesn't mean we're in any sort of relationship, I feel like there's something new and different going on between us and going out with another man right after having sex with him counts as cheating.

Call me s t u p i , but I can't help but feel that way.

"I'm sorry I can't." I calmly decline his offer. His face falls.

"Why not?"

"I have other things to do." I lie smoothly.

I have nothing to do today. My conscience won't let me go anywhere with him.

I don't see Kyle as anything more than a friend.

After all the sexual adventures with Alpha Reagan, I expected a change in his behavior towards me, but none of that has happened. He still treats me like an ordinary H r e m girl even though I feel like there should be something more between us right now. I want something more at this point.

Something like a real relationship with him.

That isn't too much to ask, is it?

"You're lying to me, Ashanti." Kyle's voice brings me back to earth. I look at him in the car and the next thing I hear is the sound of the door clicking. "Get in right now or I'll come out and shove you in myself."

"I could simply run away." I dare. He starts to chuckle.

"Good luck with that. Now, get in!"

It's more of a command than a request.

I look left and right nervously, praying in my heart for Alpha Reagan not to show up and see me getting into this car even though I know he won't give a t even if he does.

He feels nothing for me. I'm just a H e m girl who pleasures him in bed. There's nothing cial about me. He would never care.

With a bleeding heart, I open the car door and get in. The fresh smell of the car's air freshener mixed with his sweet cologne feels my nostrils as I strap on my seat belt.

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This is going to be a great ride.

"Thank you for letting me come with you," I tell him once I'm settled. My hands are stationed on my lap, with my fingers intertwined.

"Oh, it's nothing. I should be the one thanking you for accepting to keep me company." I spot his cute dimple when he smiles again. He ignites the car engine and kicks off when the car roars to life. "You look beautiful this morning.

Oh, shoot!

Another man to make me blush my life away again.

"Thank you.

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"I don't think you understand. You have a certain glow on your face today like something really exciting happened to you." He shoots me a glance before looking at the road. Nervousness coils in my stomach as horror skates through me.

Something exciting.

Is it that obvious?

I chuckle awkwardly to ease the tension rising in my chest.

"Nothing exciting happened." I lie. "I'm just you know... glowing for nothing."

"I highly doubt that, but okay. I'll take your word for it."

"Thank you."

"But your eyes though. They are sad. Is something bothering you?"

Is this man a psychic?

"Uh no." I lie again. "I'm cool."

"That's a lie. Tell me what's bothering you. I won't stop asking until you tell me what I need to hear."

And I know he's serious about that. I let out a sigh and trained my eyes on him.

“My friends are avoiding me. Nelly and Tessa, just woke up one day and decided to stop talking to me.”

“Did you do anything to offend them?”

“I don’t think so. No matter how much I think, I can’t recall anything I did to upset them.”

“So why would they just stop talking to you?” He shoots me a brief glance.

“I feel like they are being influenced by someone. Because I know Tessa all too well. If I had offended her, she would have told me that same moment. She’s not the type to store things and hold grudges. For Nelly, I don’t know her too well, but I think she would do the same. That’s why I think someone has a role to play in their sudden cold attitudes towards me.”

“Do you have anyone in mind?”

“Well...” I slur. My heart rate picks up. How am I supposed to call his sister’s name? “I do. But I have no proof, so I’d rather not call out the names.”

“Smart.” He says, nodding. “I’ll see what I can do about that. Okay?”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I don’t know yet, but I’ll try my best to get to the root of the issue. How does that sound?”

“It sounds awesome. Thank you.” I’m beaming like a light ray.

“You’re welcome.” A moment of silence goes by. “Would you like to listen to some music?” He breaks the silence.

“Ah... yea. I would very much love that.”

“Cool. Pick up my phone.” He points to the console box which contains his phone, two watches, and other items. I pick up the phone and he presses a button on the music system area. “Turn on my Bluetooth and connect with the car. Name is Kyle.” I do as told and soon, it’s connected. “Now you’re free to play any song you want.”

“Thank you.” I smile as I go to the music app on the phone and choose a song to play.

Throughout the ride, none of us say anything to each other. He has his eyes on the road while I quietly listen to the music playing.

This is why I like this man. He always lets me have my way when I’m with him.

“We’re here.” He stops in front of a tall building and I pause the music.

“Should I get out?”

“There’s no need for that.” He opens his window and soon, a man shows up.

“Good day, Delta Kyle. The documents you asked for.” The man hands him a brown envelope which he opens and goes through its contents. When he’s done, he looks at the man again.

“Thank you, Cole. That will be all. You are dismissed.”

Thank you, Delta.” The man bows curtly and leaves. Kyle closes the window. The file goes straight to the backseat and my mouth keeps itching for me to ask what it is, but I know better than to do that.

Ashanti. Do you have any prior engagements for the day?” He asks with raised brows. I shake my head.

“Not really.”

“Great! So we’ll be spending the day together!”

“Spending the day together?” I am confused.

“Yeah.” He starts the car and drives away. “We’ll start by visiting a seafood restaurant. How does that sound?”

“Uh... yummy!”

“I know, right?” He drives on and I lean against the backrest of my chair with my head spinning like a rollercoaster and my heart threatening to hop out of my chest.

I will be spending the entire day with the Delta.

That sounds terrifying!

Chapter 146

REAGAN’S POV.

Now that I’ve had sex with Ashanti. Now that I’ve been inside of her, tasted, and known how she feels like, her image has been tattooed in my mind and I can’t get it off.

I have been thinking about her all day. I have not been able to focus on anything else. Her soft moaning voice, her gentle cries, her delicate body pressing against mine. The feeling of her tight pussy clamping around my dick as I thrust in and out of her. Her lips taste like strawberries. I can’t get any of that off my mind.

She has bewitched me.

Right now I'm heading to the Royal monument to pay a visit to my late father's grave and I had succeeded in getting Ashanti off my mind as I focused on thinking about but the moment we pass by the Premium Residence building, my parents fall off a cliff and

my late parents, Ashanti returns to torture me.

My heart skips a few beats when I see her getting out of a black jeep with shopping bags in both hands. I watch in horror as my Delta, Kyle, comes out of the car and hugs her and she's all smiles as she looks at him after breaking the hug. She then proceeds to wave at him with the many bags in her hand before going into the building. The car I'm seated in drives past the building and they both go out of my view.

"Fuck!"

I mutter under my breath when something comes to mind.

I have never bought anything for Ashanti. So far, I've treated her the same way I used to treat the other Harem girls even though she's my mate.

"Fuck!"

I curse under my breath and lean against the chair.

Kyle is always ten steps ahead with his gestures. He took her out. Probably got her lunch from a very classy restaurant around town, showed her places, and took her shopping.

"Fuck!"

pha Reagan. Is everything alright?" My driver asks from the front and I look at him.

He can hear me.

Shit!

“Everything is fine!” I reply grumpily. “King, I can’t believe you just let me act like an ass all this while.”

“You said you didn’t want to make it obvious to her that you had feelings for her, that’s why I didn’t propose anything.” King defends himself.

“I’m supposed to buy her things. Good things. Expensive things. I’m supposed to take her places. I have to spoil her! All these years of shutting people out have made my romantic skills rusty. Damn it!”

“Does that mean you no longer care if she realizes your feelings for her?”

“If she hasn’t already realized that I have feelings for her by now, then she must be terribly naive when it comes to these things. I’ve been a homeless romantic towards her lately. I do things that make me feel ashamed sometimes, but I can’t help it.

“That sounds refreshing. You’re finally coming to your senses.

“That’s not the point, King. I might lose her at this rate. Did you see the smile on her face when Kyle hugged her? Kyle fucking hugged her! I’m going to kill him!” I lament.

“No, you won’t! It’s not his fault he knows how to be charming towards ladies and besides, you love the guy, even though you never show it!”

“You know why I can’t let Kyle know how much I love him!”

“Yeah, yeah, you don’t want him to become lax and not perform his duties as he should.”

“King, you keep missing the point of this conversation. This isn’t about Kyle. Focus on Ashanti. Another man is spoiling her with gifts and he’s not just any man. He’s Kyle, the Delta! He can become a strong competitor. I have to step up.

“Right. Sorry. Our precious mate, Ashanti. I think you should remedy this situation by buying her gifts as well. Jewellery, shoes, clothes. Gifts that are way more than what Kyle got for her!”

“Oh, King. You and me. We are both very pathetic for thinking this right now, but it has to be done.” I snap my eyes open.

“Ward, take me to the best jewelry shop in the pack.” The confused driver shoots me a brief, shocked look and I nod. “Yes. Jewellery.”

“But I thought we were going to the monument.”

“That can wait. Change of plans. Jewellery shop. Now. The best one.”

“Yes, My Lord!”

I lean against the chair and smirk.

I know what Kyle is playing at, but I won’t let him win!

Ashanti is mine alone.

nha Reagan, I know this will upset you but I called back up. Some are right behind us right while some are heading to the shop to make sure it’s clear and safe for your arrival. I can’t risk taking you to the city without a convoy.” I turn behind to look and indeed there’s a line of cars following us and I don’t even know when some of them overtook us and are now in front.

“Damn you, Ward!”

“Your safety is my utmost priority, My Lord.” I roll my eyes and cross my arms over my chest, leaning on the chair’s backrest once more.

By the time we arrive at the shop, the entire entrance is stacked with Men in black. I’m sure they must have vacated everyone from the shop because I have to go in.

This is the one thing I have been unable to change. Tight security. These guys would rather I punish them than let me be on my own in public.

It’s sad.

A guard soon opens my seat door. I shoot Ward a murderous glare before stepping out of the car. The idiot is smiling at me.

A good number of the men accompany me into the shop where all the sales agents are lined up at a corner with their heads bowed down.

“Good day, My Lord.” I sigh lightly and return their greetings. An elderly woman dressed in a corporate outfit with her hair tied in a neat bun approaches me with a wide smile. She must be the manager.

“My name is...”

“I don’t care to know your name.” I cut her off. “Show me the best jewelry you have here. From necklaces to bracelets to earrings. All of them.” I head to a nearby couch and make myself comfortable. The entire store gets busy with the girls running around to find various jewelry to bring to me.

The next hour goes by with them showing me several pieces of beautiful jewelry. I finally decide to go for simple designs since it was my first time buying Ashanti jewelry. Also, she seems like a simple girl, so I’ll go for the very simple designs.

After jewelry shopping, I go back to my car where I call Charlotte to ring a supermarket for ladies and have their staff bring all kinds of clothes to my chambers.

“If they can transfer their supermarket to my chambers today, let them do it. And remember, ladies’ clothes only.” I tell her over the phone.

“Your message will be delivered, My Lord.”

“Good. And also, send word to Ashanti. Let her know she’ll be spending the night with me today.”

“That will be done with immediately effect.”

“Good.” I end the call and look at my reflection in the rear mirror ahead. A satisfied smile forms on my face.

Ashanti has no idea what is coming her way today.

Chapter 147

KYLE’S POV.

I’m smiling like an idiot as I drive into my father’s compound and park in the driveway. Today has been a joyful day for me. I intentionally passed by the Premium H a e m quarters this morning, hoping I would get a glimpse of Ashanti, but I got way more than that. I took her out and spent a good number of hours with her. There’s a party going on in my heart right now. If only I could spend that much time with her everyday. But I wouldn’t dare because Alpha Reagan would forget that I’m his Delta and deal with me squarely.

A soft chuckle tumbles out of my lips as I head to the main entrance door.

pray he doesn’t let her go. I pray he chooses her as his Luna because Ashanti has those qualities. However, If he fails to make her his, I will make her mine.

“Good day, Delta Kyle and welcome home.” The butler greets cheerfully the moment I step into the living room. I returned his smile.

“Thank you, Oliver. Is my sister at home?”

“Yes, Sir. She’s in her bedroom.”

“Tell her I’m here to see her.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Thank you.” The moment he leaves, two female s e r s approach me.

“Delta Kyle. You are welcome home. How can we be of service to you?”

"I'm famished." I simply tell them.

"The table will be set for you. Sir."

"Thank you."

"Will that be all?"

"For now, yes. You may leave." They bow curtly and walk away. I head over to the wine bar where I pour myself a glass of wine and myself comfortable on one of the stools. My eyes scan the entire living room and a familiar warmth pools in my stomach.

talgia.

I miss living here, in my father's house even though it wasn't fun. Father was always very strict with me because he wanted me to grow up to be a great Delta like himself. The day of my induction as Delta of the Lunar Crescent Pack was the best day of his life. It was the only day I saw my father genuinely smile at me. The only day he told me how proud he was of me.

I cried.

It was definitely difficult growing up knowing I had to live up to his expectations as a Delta when I became one, but now that I'm here, it's not that hard. I'm just grateful he didn't go easy on me. I would've definitely become a spoiled brat like my sister, Alina.

Speaking of Alina.

I can hear the sound of her heels clicking against the tiles as she descends the staircase. I turn to look, our eyes meet and she rolls hers. She's not thrilled to see me. She knows I'm here to scold her about something.

"What now, Kyle? Are you here to chastise me about the methods I'm using to get the man I want?" she asks, clearly annoyed. I chug my wine and place the glass on the bar table before stepping down from the bar stool. My hands go into my trouser pockets and I stand straight, feet slightly apart. There's a no-nonsense look on my face.

"Unfortunately for you, I am.

"Just get on with it already."

"A girl died!"

"She was collateral damage." She folds her arms over her breasts and rolls her eyes yet again. "She was a werewolf!"

"Exactly! A lowly being. That's what she was. I had to get rid of her because she was going to ruin things for me."

"If this gets to Alpha Reagan do you have any idea what will be done to you?"

"Of course I do! I'll be arrested with immediate effect and locked up in a cold, smelly dungeon cell..."

“A cell that has got walls coated with silver and you’ll only be put in there after getting flogged and wounded so the silver gets into your wounds and tortures you while you’re in the cell. After which you’ll be judged and sentenced to death by hanging. That’s the punishment for people who commit murder in this pack, Alina!”

Chapter 148

“I know that already!”

“But you still went ahead and killed a girl.”

“Like I said... collateral damage.”

“I could report you, you know.”

“You couldn’t!” She inches closer to me, smirking, “First you don’t have proof that I’m involved in Hayley’s death. For the second reason...” she chuckles. “You can’t do that to your only sister. Mum and dad will never forgive you. You will never be able to forgive yourself after they kill me. You’ll live a miserable life.”

“You think?”

“I know.”

Her confidence makes my blood boil.

“Then you really don’t know me.” I take out my cell phone from my trouser pocket and hold it up, making sure the screen is facing her. The smirk on her face wipes off and horror spreads across her face, eating it all up.

“You’ve been recording our conversation?” She sounds terrified. There’s a look of complete. unbelief on her face as she stares at the phone, I smile and shove the phone back into my pocket.

"I have. And I'm going to hold onto it for a long time. Just so you know, I'm in charge of investigating Hayley's murder case. I know you made those two innocent girls take the fall for you. The girls will not be hanged. I won't tell you what I've done to them, but don't bother trying to find them, you won't succeed. Everyone thinks the case is closed, but it's not. I can reopen the investigation anytime I want and that will depend on how you behave from now on." The look on her face goes from terrified to scared.

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"I will stain my honour as Delta just this once, for you. Act right from now on and I'll make sure I never bring up the issue again. Keep acting like a brat and I'll make sure your evil deeds bite you in the ass."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Yes. I am. Leave Ashanti alone. If you want to get Alpha Reagan for yourself, find other means to do so. I'm warning you if you keep making life miserable for that girl in this pack, I'll see to it that you get hanged."

"You're choosing a complete stranger over your sister!" She screams at the top of her voice. "You'll start by releasing whatever hold you have on her friends that's making them ignore her. If by the end of this week I find out that Ashanti and her friends are still not on good terms with each other, I will become your worst nightmare."

"You can't do this to me!"

"Oh yes,

I can! And I'll only stop when you cease from doing things like you were a wicked witch. That will be all for today." I walk past her and head for the dining.

"Why all this fuss for a girl you don't even intend to claim as yours? Alpha Reagan is the one who wants her. You're fighting his battles for him!" I stop in my tracks and turn to look at her once more. There's an easy look on my face.

“That’s exactly what I was born to do. That’s the purpose of my existence. To fight his battles for him! You didn’t think my duties towards him ended in the battlefield or administration, didn’t you?”

“It’s pathetic.”

“You should be happy I’m the one fighting this battle. I’m going very soft on you. If Alpha

hurt the woman he loves, you’d be with our ancestors by now. So thank your stars that I’m the one fighting this battle with you.”

“You’re a loser!”

Reagan had to see for himself the shitty things you do to very soft on you. If Alpha

“At least I don’t have the word, murderer, on my resumé.” I wink at her and head to the dining to eat.

She knows better than to not do as I’ve instructed.

Chapter 149

ASHANTI’S POV.

I’m smiling like an idiot as I look at the clothes Delta Kyle bought for me while we were out. I tried putting them in the closet a while ago, but they looked too nice, so I brought them back to my bed and I’ve been admiring them ever since.

Tank tops. Shorts. T-shirts. A Blazer.

It was this blazer that made him take me shopping.

We were passing by a shop and I saw it displayed on a mannequin. He followed my gaze and noticed me looking at the blazer and then proceeded to ask me if I wanted it.

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Of course I lied by saying no and of course he insisted on buying it for me. After about two minutes of bickering over whether to get it or not, he finally held my hand and dragged me into the shop where he not only got me the blazer, but several casual outfits I admired in the shop. It was a blissful experience.

“Have you ever wondered what shopping with Alpha Reagan would be like?” My wolf, Lena, chimes in. I smack my lips, looking up at the ceiling as I try to imagine what it’ll be like shopping with Alpha Reagan.

Me walking at the speed of a snail down the various isles, looking at clothes probably in the babies section because I got too nervous and mistook the babies section for the women’s section and I still haven’t realised it yet. Alpha Reagan grumpily walks behind me like a bodyguard. He’s the first to notice were in the babies section, so he says;

“Ashanti, I had no idea you brought me here to do baby shopping. This is a terrible way to tell me you’re pregnant.”

Then I’ll just fall down and die!

“Eshhh... Ashanti.” Lena cries. “Don’t be so pessimistic about how the experience will be. Alpha Reagan might be uh... he might be a very dense man, but he sure knows how to loosen up when he needs to. That’s a fact you can’t dispute.”

“Lena... what I’m trying to say is that shopping with Alpha Reagan will never happen!”

“A few hours ago you could’ve said the same thing about Delta Kyle, but look what happened. r say never!”

“Lena. You are me and I am you. We are one person. We are not supposed to have contrasting views about a situation. When I say shopping with Alpha Reagan is a dream that will never come true, you’re supposed to agree with me and not give me a logical explanation that will nullify my claim. You’re being too mean to me.”

“And you’re being such a cry baby..”

“Ts... you’re impossible!”

“Between Alpha Reagan and Delta Kyle, who do you think will be a better lover to you?” She fires another difficult question. I drop the t-shirt I’m holding and place my index finger at the side of my chin, looking up at the ceiling again.

Alpha Reagan. Delta Kyle.

Who will be a better lover to me?

I take in a deep breath through my mouth and exhale heavily.

“Well... Delta is um... he’s uh... he’s calm and And uh... cool. He’s sweet. He gives off the cute guy vibe. He’ll open car doors, get your flowers himself, deliver them to you himself. He’ll treat you like an egg and cherish you like you’re the most precious thing in his life. For Alpha Reagan, I think he’s a fierce lover. Very possessive. He won’t open car doors for you, his guards will. If he’s to take you somewhere, he’ll want just the two of you to be in that area, so he’ll make sure everyone else is evacuated from the building or open space. He’s gentle, but can be rough when needed.” A chuckle escapes my lips. “I think both men will be good lovers in their own way.” I conclude with a shrug.

“Wow! You really do know your men, don’t you?”

“My men? When you say it like that, it makes it seem like I have them in the palm of my hand.”

“But, you
t, you do!”

“No, I don’t!”

“Keep denying it. And if you were to choose between those two men, who would you choose? Forget about their statuses. If they were ordinary men who were asking you out, who would you choose?”

“The one my heart beats for. Duh!”

“You know what I mean.”

“Delta Kyle is really cool. Compared to Alpha Reagan, he’s closer to my ideal man, but I will choose Alpha Reagan.”

“Other than the fact that you’ve loved him since the first day you set your eyes on him, what else?”

“He’s a fierce lover. If he finally falls for me, he’s going to be a very fierce lover and I love that about him. Now, let’s talk about the fact that I’ve had feelings for that man since the first day I set my eyes on him. Why on earth do you always say the word “mate” when we’re in his presence?”

“Because that’s what I feel. The mate bond. I feel it strongly when we’re beside him.”

eel it too. But if we were mates, I’m sure he would’ve said something by now. Maybe... maybe you’re tripping!” I say and burst out laughing.

“I’m not!” She counters and shuts herself out.

She’s upset.

“You’ll be alright, love. We’ll both be alright.” I tell her, but she doesn’t respond to me. I’m about to go back to admiring my clothes when the room door opens and an elderly s**t

comes in.

She’s smiling.

Why’s she smiling?

“Hello Ashanti.”

“Hello Ma’am.” I rise to my feet.

“Alpha Reagan called, he said to tell you to get ready. The driver is coming by 3pm to pick you up.”

“3pm? But that’s early.”

know. Those were his orders.”

“I’ll... I’ll get ready then.”

“Good.” Her eyes go to the clothes on the bed. My heart starts pounding. “Did he get those for you?”

“N... no. Delta Kyle did.”

“The Delta took you out for shopping.

“Well... something like that?” I respond, shaking my head from side to side.

“You’re a lucky girl. You’ve got two powerful men giving you the princess treatment.”

“Oh no, Ma’am... it’s nothing of that sort. I swear!”

“It is and the earlier you accept it, the better. I hope you make the right choice.” She flashes me a wide smile and exits the room, leaving me dumbfounded. I open my mouth to talk but words fail me. My voice is nowhere to be found. I slump on the bed and proceed to fold the clothes.

If I ever have to make a choice between those two men, Alpha Reagan will definitely be the one.

But then, he’s the f**g Lycan King!

Could there really be a chance for me with him?

Chapter 150

ASHANTI’S POV.

“Thank you, Ward.” I say to the driver when he parks in front of the building. We just arrived at Alpha Reagan’s chamber building.

“You are welcome. Have fun.” I simply nod and get out of the car with an ox-blood turned face.

Have fun.

A decent way to say “Enjoy having sex with Alpha Reagan.”

I head straight to the door and I’m surprised to get into the house and meet Charlotte waiting for me.

“Ma’am Charlotte, hello. I hope you’re not surprised that I’m here so early. Alpha Reagan asked me to come. He even sent a driver.”

"I'm aware of that my dear. Please follow me." I blink my eyes in surprise. I find it strange that she's asking me to follow her today. For the past days, she simply let me go to the room. all by myself.

I daintily follow her up the flight of stairs and when we get to the staircase landing, she takes the hallway on the left, instead of the right which leads to Alpha Reagan's bedroom.

"Ma'am Charlotte, the bedroom is the other way." She stops in her tracks and smiles at me.

She's always smiling.

"I know, but I need to show you something first." She turns and continues to lead the way. My heart starts pounding in my chest. As we walk further in the hallway, I start hearing faint feminine voices coming from one of the rooms at a distance. We finally get to the room and Ma'am Charlotte knocks on the door. Almost immediately, the door is opened by a girl about my age and my mouth drops to the floor when I see what's going on in it.

It looks like a spacious living room that has been turned into a shopping mall and there are about five flamboyantly dressed girls organising stuff here and there.

I shoot Charlotte a confused stare.

"What's going on here?"

my

se designers and everything you see in here were sent over for you by Alpha Reagan. So in there and get anything you want." My mouth hangs open in shock. My head, my eyes,

mind is pinning as I step into the room, eyes and mouth agape.

All of this for me?

There are so many dresses and I'm confused. Am I supposed to choose one from this multitude? That would be an impossible thing to do!

I have never seen anything like this in my life.

"Miss Ashanti." One of the women calls. She has on the most beautiful outfit I have ever seen in my life and her heels are so damn high. Do her feet not hurt?

And look at her slick blonde hair, all that nicely done make-up.

Standing before this woman makes me feel so little. So insignificant. So local. I feel ashamed. I almost bow for her.

"It's an honour for me to serve you, Ashanti. My name is Cassandra and those are my colleagues, Edna, Jade, Sofia and Kelly. We are here to help you choose whatever it is you want." I swallow dryly as I look at the others. They all bow curtly as well and all I can do is smile at them. My eyes travel to the area where the clothes have been set up and I'm totally awed.

Everything screams expensive!

"One moment please." Cassandra nods and goes to meet the others. I rush back to Charlotte. "Ma'am Charlotte, I know this is not allowed, but please I need to speak with Alpha Reagan." I'm almost trembling as I speak. To my greatest shock, she takes out a phone and dials Alpha Reagan's number.

Right now I don't really care if my call is going to disturb him. I need him to tell me what's going on. He never told me anything about designers and a shopping spree let alone transferring an entire supermarket to this place.

He should have at least given me a heads up!

“He’s on the line.” Charlotte hands me the phone. I press it against my ears and rub my chest with my free hand to calm my raging heart beats.

“Alpha Reagan.” I call in a harsh whisper.

“Ashanti.”

That voice.

That deep, soft and enticing voice comes through and I close my eyes and exhale heavily to pack up the courage to talk.

“Alpha Reagan. What’s going on here?”

“Is something wrong? Should I come over?” He asks, alarmed.

“No, I mean... yes, something is up, but you don’t have to come over.”

“What’s wrong Ashanti?”

designers! The clothes.”

“Oh... they came already?”

“Yes!” I whisper harshly. “There’s five of them and I think they brought an entire mall with them. How am I supposed to choose from all these...” my breath hitches. I let out a heavy sigh of exasperation. “You never even gave me a warning!”

“I wanted to surprise you.

“You wanted to...” I stop and let out a deep sigh before finally saying; “This is too much.”

He laughs on the other end of the phone.

He fucking laughs.

“Excuse me. This is not funny. I am terribly stressed out right now.”

“Don’t be. Choose as many as you want. If you want all, take all. They are for you.”

That makes me feel even more anxious than I was before I called.

“What do you mean take all? Have you seen how many there are? And they all look so expensive. I...”

“Ashanti. Ashanti, baby girl, calm down. Breathe.” He calmly instructs and I obey. “Forget about the prices and take as many as you want. Clothes, shoes, jewellery. Take anything and if you want more, all you have to do is ask. Have fun.”

“Alpha Reagan, this is too much.”

“It’s not. Nothing is too much for you. Go ahead and choose. I’m eager to come home and see you try on what you chose.” I can hear him smiling on the other end. It makes my heart swell.

I look back at the clothes and bite my lips.

“Alright then. I’ll choose. Thank you.”

I’m definitely going to have a blast!

“Anything for you, love. Have fun.” I quickly end the call and smile so hard that my cheeks start hurting.

This

is going to be so much fun!