

## The Lycan 171

### Chapter 171

“Don’t!” I warn when she tries to take off the robe. “Don’t do that. Keep your clothes on.” She stops and looks at me, still smiling. “Who let you in here?” I ask coldly. She scoffs.

“As if there’s someone out there who has the balls to stop me from making my way up here.”

“What do you want?”

“I think you know.” She steps forward, but I step back to maintain the distance between us.

I don’t want our bodies to touch in anyway. She’s like a poisonous plant that holds you down and chokes you to death if you let her touch you.

“I’m not interested. You can leave.”

“Yes, you are. You’re always interested in...”. She gestures to her body. “This. You can’t resist it.” I don’t say anything to her. She looks around, taking inventory of the bedroom before training her eyes on me again.

“This room is different. It’s not the room we always spend nights in together. Right?” I don’t say anything. “Is it your real bedroom? Is this where you spend nights with Aahanti?”

“That’s none of your business.”

“She must be really special then.”

You have no idea how special she is to me.

I almost tell her that.

“Alina. You need to leave.”

“No. I won’t.”

“I will call security on you.” I warn sternly, but she doesn’t look the least frightened by my words.

“I heard about the meeting with the elders.” She takes one step closer. “I was told you didn’t give any response when they asked to know if Ashanti was the chosen one. That can only mean one thing.” Another step forward. “You’re not sure she’s the one.”

“I’m not going to discuss that with you. Leave.”

“I don’t know why you keep trying to deny it, Alpha Reagan. Why do keep turning a blind eye to your feelings for me?” I squint at her. She nods. “Yes. A few days ago I seduced you in your office and you fell. You d me on you office table. You touched me again. If you didn’t have feelings for me, you wouldn’t have done that.” I look into her eyes and notice she’s serious.

Her observation is so blatantly false that I start to laugh.

I laugh for a short while before looking back at her.

“Your quest for power and status has made you delusional.”

“This isn’t a quest for power and status. It’s a quest for your love. For all of you!”

“I’m not in the mood to talk poetry with you, Alina. Please leave while I’m still asking nicely.”

#15 BONUS

“Ashanti will never make a good Luna...” She rants on. “..but I will. I’m strong and brave and I’ve got pure Lycan blood flowing in my veins. There’s no one else in this pack who’s fit to be your queen like I am. You need me!”

“I don’t remember asking anyone to drop a resumé for the post of Luna in this pack. Stop talking gibberish and let me sleep.” She doesn’t bulge. She stays on her spot, looking deep into my eyes like she’s trying to bewitch me.

Even if Alina bewitches me, I will never bring myself to make her my Luna. Yes, she’s a fierce warrior, but that’s the least of qualities a Luna needs to possess.

She’s whining half of the time and let’s not talk about how entitled she is.

She’s the most self-centred person I have ever encountered in my life and I’ve seen how she treats people who are not in her class. Like they were trash.

Alina will only be my queen over my dead body.

“If you’re thinking of choosing Ashanti, just know that the elders and the citizens will never approve of her. She’s an ordinary werewolf. The people would rather burn themselves to death than let a lowlife werewolfe rule over them!”

“That’s it. Your time here is up.” I grab her arm in a firm grip and start pulling her towards the door. She tries to resist, but fails woefully.

“Alpha Reagan, I’m the best candidate you can think of. I’m the only one who can...” I don’t let her finish her statement. I shove her out of my bedroom and shut the door behind her, making sure to lock it. She stands banging her fists against the door, screaming incoherent words at the top of her voice.

She has lost it. Completely.

I then proceed to mindlink my guards to get rid of her because if I listen to a single thing she says again, I might lose my brain cells.

Choose her as my Luna.

Never!

The only person who’s fit to be and who is going to be my Luna is no one else but my mate,

Ashanti.

Chapter 172

ASHANTI’S POV.

My eyes keep flickering to the wall clock. The time reads seven pm. I have not been summoned by Alpha Reagan which means I'll be spending the night here today. I don't know how I feel about that.

Last night, sex with him was emotionless and almost brutal. I don't ever want to have that kind of sex with him again. But then I miss being around him. Being with him. I've gotten so used sleeping on his bed that sleeping on another now makes me sad.

I don't want to go to him and let him f c k me brutally again, that's why I'm happy that he hasn't summoned me, but the thought of spending the night on a bed that's not his makes me sad. In the end, I don't know how I feel.

"It seems we'll be spending the night together today." Tessa says, emerging from the closet. with a scary face mask on. She has been obsessed with skincare routines these days.

I let out a heavy sigh when she sits by my side.

"Yeah. Yeah." I reply gloomily.

"You don't look too happy about that.

"I don't know how I feel."

"What do you mean?" There's concern in her voice, as usual. I sigh heavily and tell her. everything that's going on, From the meeting with the elders to how cold Alpha Reagan has been treating me lately and the emotionless sex we had last night. By the time I'm done, she looks just as confused as I am about the situation.

"Wow!" She exclaims, scratching the back of her head. "That's... that's really not cool. I can. only imagine how heartbroken you feel right now."

"You have no idea!" I tell her in dismay.

"Hey..." She shifts closer to me. "I know you're going through a tough time right now, but it's going to be alright, eventually.

"I doubt it. It's just a matter of time before they ship us back to the normal H a r m quarters." "They won't and even if they do, it's okay. Have you ever thought of discussing this with Alpha Reagan?"

"I have." I look at her with teary eyes. "But I'm too scared to bring it up. He hasn't been very friendly to me these days. He seems mad at me and I don't want to do anything to further provoke his anger." Tessa lets out a heavy sigh and gently places her hands on mine.

"Look. It's true that he's the Lycan King, but that doesn't mean you can't bring up your worries to him especially when he's the sole author of those worries. For me, I think you should talk to him. He needs to know what you're going through."

"I'm scared."

"Until when?"

My shoulders sag in dismay.

13

● 15 BONUS

She's right.

If I want things to get better or if I want to understand what is going on, I have to talk to Alpha Reagan just like she has said.

"Fine. I'm try to talk to him."

"You should. It's better than sulking here all day and feeling bad for yourself." She goes to her bed, leaving me alone with my thoughts. It's true that I have to talk to Alpha Reagan and I intend to do that, but how am I going to bring up the conversation and worse of all, how am I going to handle the situation if he gets very upset?

A knock on the door interrupts my thoughts. The door opens and one of the elderly of the Harem step into the room.

"Ashanti." She calls my name and Tessa turns to look at me. My heart starts hammering in my chest when I understand the reason why the s r v a t is here. It's past seven pm. Why has Alpha Reagan summoned me at this time?

"Ma'am Edna." I call, rising to my feet.

"Delta Kyle is here to see you." A wave of shock s c a t t e s down my spine as her words reach my ears. That was not the name I was expecting to hear.

Delta Kyle?

Why the hell is he here to see me at this time?

"Delta Kyle?" I ask in surprise and the s e r v a n t nods.

"Yes. He's waiting for you downstairs. Come now." She instructs and I look down at myself. I'm in my pajamas.

"But I... I have on just my pyjamas."

"That's not a problem. He just wants a quick word with you."

"Oh... ok." I follow her out of the bedroom. My teeth are biting my lips as I go downstairs to meet Alpha Kyle. I try to think of all the possible reasons why he could be here to see me, but my mind is blank. I can't think of any reason why.

The chilly wind blowing whips my face and makes my hair fly in different directions. I wrap my arms over my chest as the cold breeze caresses them. I should've brought a pullover with me.

My heart starts racing when I arrive at his car. The passenger seat door is already open and I can see him seated in the driver's seat. I smile nervously as I approach him."

“Delta Kyle.” I call, coming to a halt in front of the car. “Good evening Sir.” I greet respectfully. I even bow.

“No need to be so formal with me, Ashanti. Hop in.” He invites me in and gladly complies. Warmth kisses every part of my body when I get into the car and close the door. It feels bougie in here.

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“Hi.” I greet again. He chuckles.

“Hello. I apologize for getting you out at this time.”

“I must confess that I was shocked when the servant told me you wanted to see me. For a moment I got scared. I thought I had done something wrong. Have I, though?”

“No, you haven’t.” I sigh in relief.

“That’s good then.”

“You must be wondering why I called.” I look at him abruptly.

“Oh... I’m dying to know!” He chuckles lightly before training his eyes on me again.

“Well, I just want to know how you’re fairing amidst everything that’s going on. I mean with Alpha Reagan and his latest mood swings.”

“Well...” My head drops and I shyly play with my fingers. “These past days have been difficult because he’s being so cold and distant and I have no idea what I can do to remedy the situation. I feel useless.”

“You shouldn’t.” He turns to face me and when I look up at him, our eyes meet. He nods.

“I’m pretty sure he’s being a real jerk to you right now. He’s giving you a really hard time and I shouldn’t be saying this, but I have to.”

“What do you have to say?”

“Don’t give “Don’t give up on him.” He says calmly. My head rattles with confusion.

“Huh?”

“Ashanti.” He takes my left hand in his. “You might not know this, but Alpha Reagan is going through a really hard time right now. I’d love to fill you in on the details, but it’s not my place. to do that. Only him has the right to tell you those things. All I can say is that you are the solution to all the problems he’s facing. The key to all the locks holding him down. If you give up on him, he will never be able to make it as a man or as the Lycan King. That’s why you mustn’t give up on him.”

“Delta Kyle. I don’t have the least idea what you mean by all that. The only thing I can make out of those sentences you just spoke is the fact that Alpha Reagan somehow needs my help with something.” Kyle nods his head in agreement.

“You got that right.”

“How on earth am I supposed to help him when he keeps pushing me away and treating me like something he’s used and is about to dump in the trash?” My chest contracts as I utter those words.

It hurts to address myself as trash, but that’s exactly how Alpha Reagan is treating me these days. Like trash.

“No... you got it wrong.

“No, I haven’t.” I counter firmly. “He doesn’t talk to me, he makes snide remarks about everything I do, he no longer does any of the nice things he used to do to me. He... he fucks me brutally!” The tears in my eyes break loose and spill uncontrollably down my cheeks. “If he really needed my help with something, he would have asked me instead of treating me like that.”

“The problem is, he doesn’t even know he needs your help.”

“What the hell do you mean by that?” I look at him with teary eyes. He lets out a small sigh and pulls me into his arms.

“Come here.” I shamelessly rest my head on his broad chest and bawl my eyes out. “I’ll talk to him. I’ll make he stops treating you cruelly.”

“He’s the Alpha King. You can’t possibly tell him what to do!”

“I have more influence over Alpha Reagan than you can ever imagine.” I lift my head from his chest and look at his face. He nods proudly. From the look in his eyes, he’s not bluffing.” We’re close. I’m his best pal and he loves me more than he’ll ever like to admit. He trusts me. He takes every advice I give him into consideration, so you need to trust me when I say I’ll talk to him and try to get him to change how he treats you. I promise.”

“And in return?” I ask with creased brows. He chuckles lightly.

“That was direct. I need you to understand that I’m doing this for the two of you. I don’t have just one person’s interest at heart. I swear.”

“You swear?”

“On my honor.

“So, what do you want in return?”

“For you not to give up on him. For you not to hate him.”

Hate Alpha Reagan?

That's something I don't think can ever happen.

I could be mad at him like I am now, but I could never hate him.

"Fine. I'll take your word and try my best not to give up on him."

"Thank you.

"Thank you too." A moment of silence goes by. I keep my eyes glued on my side of the window because I have nothing else to say to him.

"Wanna go for a night drive?"

"I'd love to, but look at what I have on." His eyes take inventory of my outfit. His body shakes. with laughter as he looks back at my face.

"Pyjamas. Cute." He averts his gaze from me to the road ahead of him and ignites the car engine. My mind goes into a frenzy when the car roars to life.

"What are you doing? I can't go for a drive in my PJs!"

"Says whom?" The car starts moving.

The audacity of this man!

Chapter 174

REAGAN'S POV.



“Good morning, Alpha Reagan.” Kyle greets me with a bow the moment I step out of the car. I just arrived at my office and I’m surprised to see him standing here with the guards, waiting for me. We usually just meet inside.

“Kyle. Good morning.” I arrange my suit and two guards lead the way into the building while Kyle and I follow suit with a few more guards behind us.

“You have guests waiting for you in your office.” I look at him with furrowed brows, slowing my footsteps.

“What guests? I’m not expecting anybody.”

“I know.”

“Who are they?”

“Elder Malcom and John.”

“Pack elders for that matter.” I say, surprised. “What are they doing here so early in the morning?”

“They wouldn’t say anything to me. But I guess it’s urgent because they’ve been waiting for over one hour now.” He explains and I raise my left hand to check the time on my wrist watch. It’s quarter past eight am. Meaning they’ve been here since seven.

Wow.

This has got to be very important then.

“I see...”

“You’re going to see them, won’t you?” We both step into my private elevator with just one guard while the others go back outside. There are a few more stationed at my office floor. Kyle presses the number ten and the elevator door closes. Once it starts moving, I turn to him to answer his question.

“I don’t want to, but I have to. I don’t want the Moon goddess striking me dead because I refused to see my pack elders.” That earns me a small chuckle from Kyle.

“Wise choice.” The rest of the ride goes on in comfortable silence. A few minutes later, we are in front of my office door.

“Alert me if you need anything. Good luck.”

door

“Thank you.” He gives me a gentle tap on my shoulder and leaves. One of the guards at the

opens it up. I step into the office and behold, there sits two of my Pack elders, Malcolm and John, at the sitting area, waiting for me. The moment the men see me, they rise to their feet and bow while offering me a chorus greeting. I return their greeting and gesture to them to take their seats.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of this early morning visit from my highly respected elders?” It ask sitting on the couch across from them and keeping a very straight face. Elder Malcom

clears his throat and shifts further In Front of his seat to address me.

“Alpha Reagan, we have something very important to discuss with you.” He deciphers with at serious tone. I relax on the sofa, training my eyes on him.

“I’m all ears, Elder Malcolm.”

“Alpha Reagan, John and I are here to discuss with you something that has gone to do with the rumours flying around.”

“What rumours?” Lask with creased brows.

Rumours about Ashanti being the girl you’re chosen to be your Second mate,”

“Oh... that. What about it?” I ask curiously. I thought this was going to be a boring meeting, but now I think it’d be a rather interesting one.

“My Lord. In our humble opinion, we think that if you have to choose a girl to be your mate, a girl who’s going to be the Luna of this pack, that girl should be a Lycan girl, not an ordinary werewolf girl.” Malcolm carefully divulges, making me sit upright on the sofa. I shoot him a piercing gaze.

“Yes, Alpha Reagan...” John chimes in. “We all know that Lycans are superior to werewolves. If you choose an ordinary werewolf girl as your mate, the pack subjects might not respect her enough. They might even retaliate. Werewolves females are weak and have no sense of leadership, especially over us Lycans who are superior to them. That’s why Malcolm and I thought it wise to bring this issue up to you, so you can ponder upon it and make a wiser decision. Ashanti will not make a good Luna. There are Lycan girls out there who will be better candidates for that position.”

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The room goes quiet again.

I look from Malcolm to John with irritation bubbling in my chest.

The just called my mate incompetent. They just told me she’s not fit to be their leader because she’s not a Lycan. That’s not something I’m going to take lightly.

After staring at them for a long time, I finally decide to talk.

“I think I might have... uh.. misunderstood the purpose of the Concordant Ritual.” I say, looking at their faces. “The H a r e m will be dissolved right away. All the girls will be sent home to their various packs and all you elders in my council will be punished for not properly explaining to me why the H a e m was created in the first place.” Their eyes widen in shock as horror spreads across their face.

“Alpha Reagan.” Malcom calls in disbelief. “What do you mean by that?”

I make myself more comfortable on my seat, my eyes never leaving their faces.

“What was the main purpose of the Concordant Ritual?” I ask calmly, quietly, leaning on the backrest of the sofa. The two men exchange confused looks before settling their gazes on me again.

“Uh... Alpha Reagan. The main purpose of the Concordant Ritual was to pick out girls from various werewolves for our H a e m who will serve our Lycan men in any way.” Malcolm replies.

“And what was special about the Ritual this year?”

“You could choose a mate from the girls.” That’s John.

I let out a heavy sigh and intertwined my fingers, giving them hostile glares. I can already see the fear creeping on their faces. They know I’m about to disagree with what they just told me.

“I remember I was reluctant to host this Ritual in the first place, but you all insisted I should. I ended up complying because you are my elders and I have to listen to your advice if I want to be a good King. Now, the girls have arrived and I’ve taken interest in one of them like you had hoped, but here you are telling me I shouldn’t consider choosing her because she’s a werewolf and not a Lycan. What exactly do you elders want from me?” I ask, annoyed and their fear

grows.

“Alpha Reagan. I completely understand what you mean, but we simply thought it’d be better if a girl of our kind was to become our Luna. Lycan women are strong and brave. They have a good sense of leadership, unlike werewolves who are first of all inferior to us...

“One more degrading word about werewolves and I’ll chop your head up and hang it on a s i k e at the entrance to your house so your entire family can see.” My threat drains all the c a i s e my voice any higher, he’ll evaporate from his seat. “Look at me, both of you.” I order a n d they both drag their gazes to meet mine. “I will choose whoever I want to be my mate, Lycan or werewolf. Anyone. You will accept her, you will respect her and she will rule over all of you. You have no say in who I chose as my bride. This meeting is over.” The both shoot up from their seats and scamper out of my office like scared rodents.

I close my eyes and let out a deep breath as I lean against the sofa again.

Choose a Lycan girl my a s s!

Ashanti is their future Luna and there’s nothing any of them can do about that. Anyone who doesn’t want to be ruled by a werewolf Luna should feel free to jump into the ocean.

Chapter 176

ASHANTI’S POV.

I’m pretty sure there’s a laundry room at the Premium quarters, but I prefer coming here to the normal H e m quarters to do my laundry because I’m used to the environment and the people around here. The girls at the Premium Residence are mean and snobbish. I try to avoid having any sort of encounter with them as much as possible.

With my basket filled with dirty clothes in hand, I walk into the laundry room and I’m not even surprised to see many girls doing their laundry as well. It’s the weekend.

When I just got here, I used to do laundry only on weekdays when there were fewer people because of how the girls used to tease me whenever I showed in their presence. But now that they've been acting more civil towards me, I'm no longer terrified of doing laundry with them on weekends.

"Hello guys." I greet cheerfully the moment I step into the room. They all stop what they are doing for a brief moment and look at me. Some reply with smiles on their faces while a good number of them roll their eyes and look away.

Strange.

"Look at her trying to act like she isn't losing her touch." One of the girls say to her group of friends who all burst into laughter. Fear makes my body shake as I stay planted on my spot.

What is going on?

"I heard Alpha Reagan has been very mean and cold to her these days and he's not been calling her to his chambers very often. It seems he's about to do to her the same thing he did to Alina. Use and dump. The poor thing." The girl seals her statement with a soft, evil laugh. A buzz that starts from my chest spreads throughout my body like a bushfire. I snap my head in the girl's direction and our gazes meet. She has a wild look in her eyes. My chest tightens and I look away to avoid her

gaze.

That's the same girl who was nice to me just a few days ago. She even offered to get me my lunch at the cafeteria, but now, here she is, grinding my name with her friends like I'm not even in the room to hear it.

When things are fine between me and the Alpha, they pretend to be my friend. But when things get sour, they turn against me. No shame!

"She is losing her hold on him. I'm sure she's very anxious. It's just a matter of time before he stops interacting with her at all and sends her packing from the Premium Residence." a red haired girl adds. There's a dark smile on her face.

"Oh... that will be fun to watch. Ashanti, back in the normal H a r e m quarters with us. If

something like that ever happens to me, I'll just jump into the ocean and die because I won't be able to bear the humiliation."

"Oh... poor Ashanti." As if planned, they all look in my direction with fake sorrowful expressions on their faces and shake their heads.

"All you'll have left is memories of the good times you had with Alpha Reagan."

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I cry out angrily.

"Yeah, I'd be in a very bad spot if that were to happen to me Getting my hopes up like that will definitely mess me up, but you have to move on. If at all that's the case though."

"What do you mean by if at all?"

"I don't know either. I'm just trying to make you feel better."

"Well, you're doing a terrible job at it!" She laughs lightly, shaking her head.

'Right. I'm

sorry." She starts sorting the clothes. White from brightly coloured and brightly coloured from darker ones. I smile at her. "You know.... just yesterday they were talking trash about your sister as well."

"Rhea?" She looks at me and nods, then goes back to sorting

"Yeah."

"What did they say about her?"

I am truly eager to know what trash they are speaking about Rhea. These H\*\*m girls will never cease to amaze me.

"You no longer live here with us, that's why you haven't heard."

"Heard what?" Now, I'm impatient. She throws the last white tank top with the pile of other white clothes and focuses her gaze on me. "Rumour. well... I won't really call it a rumor

she because it's true. Rhea has been sleeping around with numerous Lycan men. They say doesn't even have a class she chooses from. She just sleeps with anyone. Soldier, Rich, poor, ugly, handsome... she's in their beds. All of them. She's usually the topic of discussion when two of three Lycan men meet. They talk about their sexual experience with her. I overheard a few talking about the size of her... you know... that thing." She points to the space between my legs and my face turns red. "The size, the feel of it... it was terrible! The men call her Booty call." A small gasp escapes my lips.

This is not good at all!

"Oh Rhea. What has she done!

"She has tarnished her reputation with her own hands. If you'd ask me, I'd say it serves her right. That's her Karma for telling all those lies against you and teaming with Aline to make your life miserable in this H\*\*m."

"Kelly."

"What? Am I wrong?"

She's not, but I won't tell her that.

"How about we just focus on..."

"Ashanti!"

I thought this moment would never come.

Someone showing up out of the blue and screaming my name.

“Rhea.” Someone calls and the girls in the room burst into laughter. I even hear one of them whisper “Booty Call”, referring to Rhea, but she ignores them and makes her way over to me with a dark smile plastered at the side of her lips.

“You don’t look as miserable as I thought you would.” Her dark smile spreads all over face. I roll my eyes, hard.

“What do you want?”

“To let you know your days in that Premium Residence are numbered. Soon, you and that ugly friend of yours called Tessa will be sent back to this H\*\*m quarters. I hope you know that.”

“Rhea, don’t you have anything else to do with your time?” I ask, completely amazed by how much she’s invested in my life.

She came all the way from wherever she was just to tell me this?

Interesting.

“Yeah...” Says Kelly, strong forward. “Don’t you have Lycan men waiting to f\*\*k you? I’m sure you have a terrible itch in your p\*\*y right now, go get it scratched already and stop talking nonsense already!”

“Kelly!” I warn. She gives me a naughty frown and steps aside. Rhea’s face has gone totally red and the rest of the girls are laughing at her.

“Rhea, how about you leave right now before they embarrass you even more?”

“You, you...” She points to me and then to the rest of the girls in the r  
pay for this!” She cries and storms away.

The laughter continues.

room. ...all of you will

I can see Kelly trying hard to hold hers in so as not to offend me. But what she doesn’t know is that I’m at the verge of laughing too.

Rhea has no idea the mess she just put herself

Chapter 178

ASHANTI’S POV.

I made a prayer of thanks in my heart to the moon goddess when I walked into the arena and saw no sign of Alpha Reagan. I want to be as far from him as possible until I learn to face his mean and cold behavior towards me without bawling my eyes afterward.



Training with Delta Kyle was amazing as always even though there was Alina who tried to make my life miserable.

Nelly and I are still not on good footing. I also noticed she has grown quite close to Alina these days. They are like finger and nail here in the arena.

Good for her! (Note the sarcasm.)

“Everyone, gather around me. There’s an important announcement to be made.” Kyle

announces after the last duel for the day and everyone starts grumbling.

Training today has been very rigorous and I’m sure everyone is exhausted. For me, I just want

home, shower, and sleep for the rest of the day.

to go

Groaning, I pick up my backpack and go to join the others who have surrounded Delta Kyle to listen to what he has to say. Because I’m too tired, I squeeze my way through a group of guys and sit on the floor before Kyle. He looks down at me and laughs.

“This won’t take long, I promise.” I simply smile and nod my head. “Right...” He says,

rubbing his palms together, his gaze drifting to each and everyone’s faces. “The higher-ups have decided to host a competition among fighters in the pack.

“A competition?” A guy called Shawn, asks and Kyle nods at him.

“Yes Shawn, a competition.”

“What kind of competition?” That’s me, craning my head up so I can have a better look at Kyle’s handsome face.

“Well... the competition is mainly for entertainment.”

“Entertainment?” Alina scoffs. “As in fun?”

“Yes, Alina. Entertainment as in fun. The higher-ups have seen how hard you all have been. training these past months to improve your combat skills and they want to organize an event where you guys can have fun and win amazing prizes.”

“We are Lycans, we don’t do things just for the fun of it. Only werewolves do that. That’s why they are weak and pathetic.” She fires rudely and the entire hall goes dead silent. I heard her from behind me so I turn my head in her direction and shoot her a piercing gaze. She sniggers

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at me. “That one hurt deep in your heart, didn’t it, Ashanti?” I open my mouth to shut her up

but close it.

It’s not worth it.

I simply shake my head and look away, hoping Kyle will fight this battle for me.

“That’s enough, Alina. You can make your point without insulting werewolves.” Kyle calmly. tells her. I can hear her rolling her eyes behind me.

“I’m just trying to say organizing a competition for fun among fighters is a child’s play.”

“Unfortunately for you, your opinion on this issue is like adding a drop of water to the ocean. Irrelevant. So, keep quiet and listen. Unless you want me to send you to the highest-ups. I’m sure they’d be thrilled to hear you disregard their idea of organizing a fun competition for their warriors.” My head drops as I chuckle lightly.

Kyle never misses the opportunity to put her in her place.

“So, as I was saying. The competition. It’ll be in two categories. The male and female. categories and only fighters from eighteen and above are allowed to participate. It’s not compulsory.” He’s looking right past me and I know that point is for Alina. “If you don’t want to be part of it, you are free to stand by and be a spectator. What do you guys think?” He asks and there’s an outburst of confirmatory words from the men around.

They all like the idea.

“Good.” Kyle continues. “The competition only involves duels between two people until there’s a winner in each category. The higher-ups will be responsible for pairing you with your duel partners and the best three fighters in each category will receive handsome rewards. So, anticipate something big.”

“Sounds cool.”

“Yeah. Also, there’ll be two important guests present for the occasion. Alpha Morgan of the Creek Bay pack and Alpha Rowan of the Blue Diamond Pack. They’ll be present to watch.”

“But those are enemy Alphas. They hate our Alpha Reagan, why invite them over?” Leonard asks unamused. Kyle simply shrugs his shoulders.

“I have no idea. But don’t concern yourself with that. The higher-ups definitely know what they are doing. The competition will take place this weekend, so, throughout the week, there’ll be no normal training sessions. You’re to come here and train for the competition instead. You have till the end of today to decide if you want to be part of this or not. When we meet here tomorrow morning, I’ll be getting the list of those who want to compete. The same will be done in the other training arenas and

from there, the organizers will decide your duel partners and the list will be pasted here so you can see who your duel partners are and get to prepare better. More information about the competition will be divulged to you in the days ahead." He

stops talking and the men start murmuring again. "If you have any questions, don't hesitate to reach out to me and ask. This session is over." The crowd around him disperses in little groups. I look around me, regretting why chose to sit down.

I can't seem to find a way to rise from here. I'm too tired.

"Need help?" I look and see an outstretched palm. The smiling face of Delta Kyle is what comes next when I look a bit higher up. I smile.

"Thank you.

" I place my palm in his and he circles my fingers, pulling me up to my feet like I weigh less than nothing. I sling my backpack over my shoulder and smile even wider as I look at his face. "Thanks again."

"You're welcome."

"Kyle." Alina interrupts our smiling contest. She marches towards her brother with a frown on her face. "I am not impressed with this whole competition saga."

"Alina, it's simple. Go meet the higher-ups and express your disappointment to them directly. You know who they are and I'm sure you have access to them."

"You know I can't do that!"

"Then be quiet! Sheesh... you're always nagging about something." He shakes his head and walks away. Alina averts her burning gaze to my face which heats all my facial features.

This girl is a powerhouse of terror and intimidation.

Her aura is so dark, you just have to be in her presence to feel depressed.

“And you...” She finally addresses me. I swallow dryly.

“What about me?”

“Make sure to hold out till the finals. I look forward to kicking your ass in public.” She says confidently and I’m stricken by shock and surprise.

“Wait... a while ago you just expressed utter disappointment in the higher-ups for organizing this competition. I thought you were going to pass on it.”

“And miss the chance to beat you up mercilessly in front of everyone? Never! See you at the finals.” Her usual wicked smirky-smile forms on her lips as she whips her head around and sashays towards the door.

She’s not the least interested in the competition, but she’s joining because she wants to beat me in public.

She’s obsessed with me.

Nothing can convince me otherwise.

Chapter 179

ASHANTI’S POV.

“Over there.” I point to an empty table for four at the other end of the cafeteria and we both walk to it. None of the girls forfeited their tables for us today and to be honest, I’m happy. I feel better now that they’ve stopped worshipping me. At least I can eat and go about doing my things in peace.

“Welcome ladies!” Kelly, the girl I was with at the laundry room yesterday jumps before us from nowhere and starts giggling heartily when she sees the aghast looks that formed on our faces due to her

sudden appearance. She has the most bubbly personality and being with her is always a refreshing experience.

“Kelly. Hi. How are you doing?” I greet and ask, pulling out a seat for myself and so does Tessa.

“I’m doing okay.” She waits for us to sit down before she says; “There are really cool meals on the menu today

“I can smell chicken casserole.” I say sniffing loudly and she laughs curtly.

“You have a sharp nose. It’s available.”

“That’s what I’ll get.

“What about you, Tess?” She turns to Tessa who looks at me, confused. I stare right back at her, looking just as confused as she is.

Tess?

Since when were they on nickname basis?

“Uh... well. I’ll get the same thing. Thank you.”

“I’ll be right back.” She runs towards the servers at the counter.

“She’s one of the very few who haven’t turned against me. If you’d notice, no one gushed or tried to offer us their seats when we walked in. I overheard a few girls talking about me yesterday. Said I’m beginning to lose my touch on Alpha Reagan. That he’s about to do to me the same thing he did to Alina. Use and dump.” Pain sears through my heart as I narrate my experience to her. She calmly shakes her head and sighs heavily.

“I had to shut a few up at the tech centre today. They were saying almost the same thing.” Her eyes hover around the room for a few seconds, dragging them from one girl to another with a disgusted look on her face. “They are terrible! I’ve never met a group of people so shallow and dumb. One minute they’re all over you simply because you’re in a good place, the moment you start facing difficulties, they turn against you, Who needs such so-called friends in their lives?” She asks bitterly and I lean closer to her.

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“Nobody.” I break into a wide smile, but she’s still not impressed. She’s still upset. “Anyway, let’s forget about all that drama and talk about something else.”

“Do you have anything in mind?”

“An interesting announcement was made at the combat training centre today.” Her eyes glow with sudden interest. The scowl on her face disappears and she’s now looking at me with a very bright expression.

“What was it about?”

“Well...” I clear my throat and tell her all about the competition and Alina’s objection and sudden zeal to beat me in the finals. By the time I’m done talking, she’s chuckling and shaking her head.

“Alina.” She calls the name like it entertains her. “That girl is obsessed with you.”

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“I said the exact same thing to myself at the arena after she spoke to me. One minute she was darning the idea of the competition, calling it a child’s play, but the moment she realised I’d definitely be joining the competition, she was suddenly thrilled and is now looking forward to beating me! How creepy is that?”

“It’s not creepy. It’s fascinating.”

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“What’s fascinating about someone like Alina being obsessed with me?” A frown forms on my face. “I get goosebumps just thinking about it.”

“It means you’re winning whatever battle is going on between the two of you. You’re keeping her on her toes.” I chuckle at her statement.

Chuckling is not enough. I let out a loud hysterical laughter which earns disappointed glares from the other girls around, but I care less.

Tessa has no idea what she’s talking about.

me hostile and

“What’s so funny?” She asks with an irritated look on her face. Just then, Kelly arrives with our meals and goes back to get water. We all start eating when she brings her own meal.

“Tessa, just so you know, I’m not winning...”

“Who’s the girl called Rhea in here?” A sharp, loud voice questions, gaining the attention of everyone in the room. We turn to look and I’m shocked to see a Lycan girl standing at the centre of the cafeteria with a black nylon in her hand. She’s frowning like someone just stepped on her very last nerves.

“I asked a question. Who is Rhea among you girls?” She roars at the top of voice. My heart drops in my stomach as though she’s asking for me. A Lycan girl asking for a H a r e m werewolf girl in that manner doesn’t sound like a good thing. A group of girls point to Rhea who’s sitting alone at a table that’s not very far from ours. The Lycan girl, who seems to be a rich

## Chapter 180

For the first time in years, I can see genuine fear in Rhea’s eyes. Having a Lycan girl confront you like this is not good at all.

“Are you Rhea?” Asks the girl very calmly as she approaches the table. Rhea daintily nods her head. The girl’s expression darkens. My heart is beating fast as though I’m the one in Rhea’s position.

“So, you’re the famous Rhea. The one who’s been sleeping with all the Lycan men around here. Whether mated or unmated.”

S\*\*t!

If it’s what I think it is, then Rhea is finished completely.

“I... I...” Rhea stutters nervously. “I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“Oh yeah? Then maybe I should present you some evidence.” The girl furiously opens the nylon in her hand and empties its content on the table. Thongs, bras, lingerie and see-through nightdresses drop on the table, spreading over it to the floor. The entire cafeteria is filled with gasps and laughter from the other girls. I’m just looking at that table, stunned.

“I’m sure these look familiar.” Rhea is looking at the items in complete shock.

“L... I...” Rhea stutters wordlessly.

“You what?” She’s rudely cut off by the girl. “The other girls whose mates you’ve slept with panned to come over here and give you a proper beating, but I begged them not to do so on your behalf. I’m sure you must be wondering which of the men you tried to mess with was mine.”

Oh, I’m dying to know that, okay?

Based on her looks and the aura she exudes, her mate must be a very rich man in this pack, if not a high ranking official.

“Beta Ronald.” The girl announces and a loud gasp escapes my lips. “He’s my mate.”

Beta Ronald!

She’s Beta Ronald’s mate. The same man I delivered s\*\*s to, unaware. I would be rotting in a dungeon cell by now if Alpha Reagan had not intervened.

What was Rhea thinking!

“You tried to seduce my mate. You tried to get him to sleep with you, but failed and then you thought it wise to send him all these. Are you missing a few screws in that head of yours? Don’t you know what you’re supposed to do when you approach a man and find out he’s

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taken?” She asks furiously but Rhea doesn’t say anything. She’s looking at the bougie girl like she has suddenly grown two heads. “I hear you’ve been f\*\*g all the Lycan men around here, but I’m here to tell you something.” She leans closer to Rhea. “If you try this nonsense with my man again, I’ll break your neck. Is that understood?” She asks with raised brows. Rhea still doesn’t respond. She fiercely grabs Rhea’s chin and lifts her head up so they are staring straight into each other’s eyes. “When I ask you a question, you reply to me, girl. Is that understood?” She asks in a harsh tone. Rhea nods her head.

“Yes.” Rhea blurts out in fear. “Yes, it’s understood.”



“Good.” She lets go of Rhea’s chin and stands up straight. “I’ve got my eyes on you. One wrong move and you’ll be food for the vultures.” She slams the table hard, causing almost everyone to jolt in their seats in fear. All eyes are on her as she saunters out of the cafeteria with an eternal frown masked on her face.

The Cafeteria is still quiet several seconds after she leaves.

My eyes are on Rhea. I can see her fighting her tears as she picks up her undies one by each, shoving them into the nylon.

I don’t feel sorry for her at all. Serves her right.

“That one when on a f\*\*g spree.” Tessa breaks the uncomfortable silence and everyone bursts into laughter. I shoot her a warning look.

“Tessa. Stop!”

“Please Ashanti, she got what she deserves.”

“Yes, she did!” Kelly chimes in and I shoot her a hostile glare.

“For once, talk trash about your sister when she messes up.” That’s Tessa. I roll my eyes at her and shake my head.

“What difference will it make?”

“It’ll make you feel good.” She insists and I keep shaking my head.

“Just eat your food.” I tell both of them and focus on mine. As I eat my eyes keep scratching to look at Rhea and after many seconds of trying to hold myself back from turning to look in her direction, but I finally give in.

She’s done clearing the table of her underwear. Most of the girls are laughing and pointing fingers at her. The same girls who used to adore her. Who she considered her friends are the ones mocking her right now. She must feel like trash.

With tears glistening in her eyes, she storms out of the cafeteria, leaving her food untouched. She had better get something to eat out there because if she doesn’t, hunger is going to sing hymns and lullabies to her tonight.