

## The Lycan 37

Chapter 0037

ASHANTI'S POV.

"You will do no such thing."

Those words still send chills down my spine every time they replay in my mind. Those were the words Alpha Reagan said when Kyle offered to walk me home from training. He openly objected and the silence that spread throughout the hall when he said that almost made me melt.

Everyone looked at us in confusion and Alpha Reagan was frowning like an angry bear.

I have no idea what his problem is.

Sighing for the umpteenth time that day, I clutch the straps of my backpack against my shoulders and make my way into the building. I don't even bother greeting the girls whom I bypass because I know they won't return my greeting, but make fun of me as usual.

The elevator takes me to the floor where my room is situated and the moment I step out of it, I'm greeted with Ma'am Lisa's judgemental eyes.

"Good afternoon Ma'am Lisa." I greet her respectfully. She doesn't spare me a response, or even a smile. There's a scorn on her face. Ever since our encounter with Alpha Reagan where she had to kneel and beg for forgiveness, she has been giving scornful looks everytime we meet.

"Get ready. Your name's on the list of girl who have to serve the Lycan men tonight." The announcement jars in my ears like the sound of a huge church bell. My brows furrow. Eyes widen as the expression on my face darkens.

"I just served men a few nights ago. isn't today too soon?"

"Do you have a problem with that?"

"No... not really."

"So?" She asks with raised brows. I can see her jaws ticking. She's irritated by my mere presence. I have no idea what I did to make this woman hate me as much as she does.

"I... I..." I nervously scratch the back of my neck. "I thought I would have to go a few weeks before I'm called up again." She scoffs and steels her spine, giving me a very hard glare.

"Well, you thought wrong. The higher ups will call you up anytime they see fit and you have no right to object."

I highly doubt if the higher ups have anything to do with this. She hates me, that's why she's pulling strings to make sure I face my worse nightmare in this m ,

"Understood." I say between my teeth and she gives me a stiff nod.

“Good. And since this will be your second time, you won’t need anymore training. Get ready and join the girls in the dressing room at eight pm on the

dot. Late coming won’t be permitted.” She turns around and saunters away with a triumphant look on her face. The girls passing by giggle mockingly and I barge into my bedroom, fuming with rage.

“I hate them all!” I slam the door behind me and scream at the top of my voice, throwing my backpack on the ground. Tessa who was lying on her bed jumps up in fright and a pang of guilt hits my chest.

I just woke her up from her nap in the rudest.

manner.

“Ashanti, what happened?” she asks, concerned as she walks over to me. Tears sting at the back of my eyelids as I look at her.

“Why do they hate me so much?” My voice is an angry mess.

“Tell me what happened, Ashanti.” She stops a few metres away from me and I let out a loud, exasperated sigh. There’s a painful lump in my throat that’s making it hard for me to voice out my thoughts to her at the moment, but she’s patient. She doesn’t rush me. She waits for me to swallow the bullets in my throat and pull myself together before I tell her what happened.

“My name is on the list of girls who have to serve men tonight.”

“Again?” She asks aghast.

“Yes, again!”

“But that’s too soon. You did that... was it, three nights ago?”

“Lisa apparently hates me with all her heart. That’s why she’s making me do this. In fact, I need some I turn around and barge out of the bedroom, walking along the hallway with my eyes blurred with tears. I can’t believe this is happening. With my gaze glued to the floor, I’m marching down the hall away until I feel my body crash into another soft body and the next thing I hear is a harsh scream as someone drops in the floor. I r f r a while before I gain my balance and look in the direction the scream came from.

“Can’t you watch where you’re going?” My mood gets even worse when I see Rhea sitting on the floor.

She’s the one I bumped into.

“I could ask you the same question, Rhea!” I fire back at her. Mortification spreads over her face as she looks at me total disbelief. She can’t accept the fact that I just spoke back at her.

“What is going on here?”

“Ashanti...” Rhea’s points at me accusingly. Ashanti pushed me to the ground even though I did nothing to her!” Rhea’s lies smoothly, still pointing at me. My eyes snap wide open as I turn to look at Ma’am Lisa, shaking my head.

“She’s lying. I didn’t push her. We both bumped into each other because we were both not looking at where we were going!”

“Liar! She’s lying!” Rhea insists, still sitting on the floor like she’s the victim in this situation..

Ma’am Lisa flashes me a wicked grin.

“You just can’t stop getting yourself in trouble, can you?”

“I... I didn’t do anything?”

“Yes you did. You laid your hands forcefully on another H a e m girl. You hurt her and that is tantamount to punishment!” I turn to look at Rhea who has a smirk on her face. Panic fills my heart, but I bundle it up and push it out when something crosses my mind. I turn to the unjust elderly

“Do you remember the last encounter we both had with Alpha Reagan. Can you recall what he said about false incrimination and passing of the verdict?” I ask calmly, carefully. Lisa swallows dryly as she takes a step back. I take that as a yes.

She can remember.

I look at around the ceiling corners and a smile tugs on my lips when I spot a camera.

“Why don’t you check the CCTV footage and see for yourself what truly happened. If we bumped into each other or if I pushed her intentionally as she claims. If you don’t and insist on punishing me instead, I’ll report you to the higher ups.” The other girls standing around gasp in shock as I challenge the elderly s e r v a n t who is now shooting daggers at me with her furious glare.

She follows my hand in the direction of the camera that’s facing us and once she spots it, she turns her head away and clears her throat.

“You all are dismissed!” She orders and the other girls scamper away, including Rhea who has the most dissappointed look on her face. Once it’s just the two of us left in that hallway, she inches closer to me.

“You might have won this round, but beware. I’ve got my eyes on you.” She whispers between clenched teeth.

“Your breath is fanning my face and it’s disgusting! I’d appreciate it if you dismiss me now, Ma’am.”

“Leave.” She sneers.

“Gladly.” I walk past her and head towards the elevator with a victorious grin on my face.

One thing for sure is that I’ve stepped on a crocodile’s tail and if I’m not careful, I’ll find myself in it’s stomach.

In pieces.

Chapter 0038

ASHANTI’S POV.

Today I'm not wearing an offshoulder sparkling gown that reveals too much cleavage than it should. The part of my body that's unnecessarily being exposed is my stomach and more than three quarters of my thighs because I'm putting on a crop top that's barely hanging over my breasts and a pair of shorts.

That's the dressing code for tonight. It makes me want to tear my skin from my body and die. The make up on my face makes me look like a clown and these five inch heels are already killing me.

As usual, the girls around me are excited to go in and see the Lycan men. Others are wishing to meet a man of high authority like the Alpha, Beta or Delta. Watching them all fantasize about all these, things make me sick! I wish someone would get me out of here right now.

"Alright girls, I can see we are all set to go in. Get in a straight line like always and follow my lead." The girls throttle forward to form a line behind the s e an t who just spoke and I lifelessly join them.

I'm the last on the line.

As we exit the dressing room and head to the lounge, my heart starts beating faster than it should. Memories of what happened last time flood my mind and I find myself panicking.

What if I go in there and a man tries to molest me again? There will be no Delta Kyle to save me. I don't have the kind of luck that will make it

possible for me to be saved for the second time.

What if one of these Lycan men actually succeed in taking me to their bed today?

Sweet Moon goddess, please save me from this. predicament.

The moment we enter the buzzing lounge that's filled with men and the smell of cigarettes and alcohol and toxic masculinity, the girls s c a t r around to start serving the men who call them over and I hang at a corner like a bat, scanning the surrounding and contemplating if I should just turn around and run away or stay.

"Ashanti!" A shrill voice calls my name and I turn to look. It's one of the girls. "Get to work, will you?" She scolds as brushes past me. I don't say anything to her, I keep taking in the surrounding, trying to spot a man whose being unattended to and wishing I could read his intentions on his face. before walking over to him so that what happened last time doesn't repeat itself again.

I start looking from my right, but all the men seem to already have company, until my eyes fall on... Him..

My breath catches in my throat as a small gasp escapes my lips. He's looking at me and my lungs. are failing to expand. I'm a ragged breath of excitement.

I almost melt with happiness when he calls me over with a handshow. At the speed of light, I grab a glass of wine from the table and saunter over to him, but to my greatest dismay, a girl beats me to it. She lowers herself on his lap, offering him a glass of wine and I freeze in my tracks. The world starts spinning. I will myself to stay standing. Not to trip because that will cause a scene.

The aching spot in my heart suddenly disappears when the girl rises from his feet and stomps away. I almost sing with joy when he calls me again. I head over to him, this time around, uninterrupted.

“Delta Kyle.” I call with my brightest smile, handing him a glass of wine.

“Ashanti.” He takes the wine and sets it on the table before us. My face heats up when he backs away from me and rakes his eyes over my body for a while before shaking his head. “Another ridiculous outfit.” He darts, shaking his head and all I can do is smile. His breath is cool and fresh. I can’t see his face clearly because of the changing light colors of the room, but he looks just as handsome as always.