

## The Lycan 81

### Chapter 81

ASHANTI'S POV.

I had a long night.

A very long night. I kept pondering what Alpha Reagan when he said he just wants me around.

Could Tessa be right about him having feelings for me? That has got to be the case because why on earth will he tell me a thing like that?

'Get over yourself, Ashanti.' My subconscious whispers, crushing my hope into dust. I clear my throat and come back to my senses.

He could never like me. I should getting ahead of myself.

But what the f\*\*k was that statement for?

"Ashanti, watch out!"

Baam!

Hot, searing pain courses through my forehead as it collides with an extreme hard surface in front of me. My vision goes blurry for a split second before it adjusts and I notice that I just walked straight into a balcony.

"Ouch!" I since in pain, taking a step back from the hard concrete and massaging the stinging spot with my fingers.

"Are you alright, Ashanti?" Tessa asks, greatly concerned and I simply nod my head.

"Yes... I just got distracted. That's all." I step away from the balcony and lead the way into the cafeteria. My fingers are still on the aching spot, massaging it. There are a few bleeding bruises which are no cause for alarm and I'm sure there's going to be bump on the spot as well.

The pain makes so angry.

"You've been distracted all morning." Tessa finally speaks once we take our food and head to a nearby table where we sit on it to eat. I heave out a heavy sigh and look at her. I'm tempted to tell her about the time I spent with Alpha Reagan in his office and the statement he made about wanting me around him, but I decide not to share that détail with her.

Right now my mind is already jumbled up enough. I don't want her analysing his actions and words and feeding me more reasons why I should believe Alpha Reagan has feelings for me. So I gently shrug my shoulders.

"I just have a lot on my mind."

“Want to share?” I quickly shake my head.

“No. It’s fine. Thanks for your concern though.” I flash her a tight smile and dig into my food. Just then, a group of girls start chanting as a girl walks into the cafeteria, smiling from molar to molar.

“Look who we have hear.” I look at the girl with creased brows, trying to understand why her friends are cheering her up. She gives them a lousy greeting and heads to their table. I sigh, shake my head and focus on my food.

I don’t...

“I’m dying to hear how your night with the Alpha went.”

That statement causes blood dry to dry up in my veins. I pause on my meal and throw my eyes in their direction. The girl in question is grinning like an idiot, tilting her head from side to side while flipping her hair.

She looks very excited.

She spent the night with Alpha Reagan.

Why?

“Oh, you have no idea.” The girl gushes and I tighten my grip on the fork in my hand. I want to shoot my head in her direction and stab her with my gaze so she’d just die and stop talking

nonsense. “I had such a splendid night with him. That man can \*\*!” I choke on my saliva.

The f\*\*k did she just say?

Chapter 82

ASHANTI’S POV.

“Tell me more!” Her friends squeals in excitement and I fight my urge to rise from my seat and go snap their necks one by one.

He f\*\*d her?

He sent me home after telling me he wanted to be with me only to invite another girl over and f\*\*k her?

F\*\*k him!

“Ashanti.” Tessa calls and I give her a stern look. “Whoa! Why do you look so p\*\*d?” Her eyes drops. to my plate. “And stop stabbing the poor fries.” My gaze drops down and that’s when I notice I’m indeed stabbing my food. I quietly let go of the fork and grind my teeth hard, curling my fingers into a fist. Indignation is burning in me like wildfire.

He didn’t f\*\*k me when we spent the night together, but he f\*\*d another girl.

Why?

Am I not attractive enough? Did I not seduce him enough?

“Are you alright?” Tessa’s question comes through. I ignore it and calmly push my seat behind and rise to my feet.

“See you later.” Then I leave the cafeteria, fuming with rage and fury.

F\*\*k him!

F\*\*k, f\*\*k, F\*\*k him!

He is nice to me. He makes me spend time in his office while he works. He gives me his ipad. He tells me he wants me around him. Then he f\*\*ks another girl.

What’s that supposed to mean?

There are a thousand more questions swimming in my head as I walk to the arena. By the time I arrive, I am tired and even more angry. Dissapointment adds to the combo when I don’t see him anywhere around the arena.

“Nelly.” I call, trying to force a smile as I approach her. The moment she sees me, her face lights up and she stretches her arms out for a hug.

She loves hugs. Lots and lots of them.

Despite the fact that I’m not in the mood to get touchy with anyone this morning, I give her a hug because I do not want to disappoint her.

“Good morning.” She greets cheerfully.

“Good morning. There’s no sign of Alpha Reagan.” I’m looking around as I make that statement. She nods.

“Yeah. And if by now he isn’t here already, then we shouldn’t expect him.” I bite my lips hard and curse him within me.

Heartless jerk!

“I see.” I’m looking at everywhere else but her face so she doesn’t notice my dissapointment.

He won’t come for training today.

He’s probably still in bed, sleeping because of how exhausted he is after f\*\*g that girl all night.

Holy Lycans. Ashanti stop!

Why am I even thinking of that?

“And the moon goddess decides to punish us today.” Nelly murmurs, looking at the door.

“What you mean...”

Oh s\*\*t!

It's her.

I swallow hard and tear my gaze from her intimidating figure that walks into the room. Nimbus clouds are hanging above our heads right now. Everywhere feels chilly and I can bet my life that the moment she utters a word, thunder and lightning will strike us all in this room.

"I wish she didn't have to come today."

"You and I share that wish." I focus on lacing up my shoes and Nelly does the same.

"You girls seem close." I stop what I'm doing and look at her face.

"Good morning Alina." I greet since it's obvious she has no manners

When you meet people, you ought to greet them before saying whatever it is you have to say to them.

She chuckles and folds her arms over her breasts.

"Are you subtly calling me mannerless?" My gaze drops back to my shoes as I finish up what I'm doing while saying:

"When you say it like that, one would think I'm too scared to say it to your face." Then I look at her. "Get over yourself. It was a harmless greeting, stop trying to dig deep into it." I flash her a tight smile. She scoffs, shakes her head, looks from Nelly to me.

"You two seem to be close."

"Yeah you said that better. Got a problem with that?"

I ask with raised brows. She scoffs, shakes her head and whisks away much to my relief.

And Ladies and Gentlemen, challenging her like that was a big mistake on my part because she had me mercilessly trashed during our duel.

Today has been the worst day of my life since I arrived in this H a r e m.

Chapter 83

ASHANTI'S POV.

The laundry room in this Harem on weekends is the last place I want to be, that's why I'm going to do my laundry today, which is Wednesday. Mid week. because the majority of the other girls do not even trespass here.

The first day I tried to do laundry on a Saturday with the other girls, I was bullied and teased and finished the last person, at midnight, because everytime I put my clothes in the machine and turned it on, someone would turn it off and take them out, just to put hers and I couldn't do

anything to defend myself because they would all gang up on me.

After that terrible experience, I made up my mind never to go in there to do laundry on a weekend. I scheduled my laundry for weekday evenings, when the place will be almost empty.

I'm humming a hip-hop song as I walk into the room, but halt in my tracks when I see someone sorting out clothes in front of the machine she

intends to use. I want to assume it's one of those terrible girls, but after taking a close look at her, I recognize who she is.

"Hayley?" I ask, to make sure she's the one. She looks up at me and all my doubts are confirmed. She's the one. The girl who greeted me and tried to talk to me but our conversation was intercepted by

Rhea the day we arrived here at the Harem.

The sweet girl.

"Hi." I greet calmly as I approach her.

"Hello Ashanti." She reciprocates my smile and that warms my heart.

She's not going to bash me.

Since the day

we ser

we have never had an

encounter ever again. I set my laundry basket filled with my dirty clothes in front of the machine next to hers.

It's a good thing she's just starting as well. I could really use some company during this time.

Non-toxic company, I mean.

"Isn't it crazy that we've never even seen each other since that day we spoke?"

"It definitely is." She chuckles nervously.

Why does she seem to be so nervous?

"Are you okay?" I ask, concerned. She nods her head.

"Yeah, I'm good. Why do you ask?"

"You just seem... a bit... you know what, nevermind. I must be overthinking." I give a dismissive wave and proceed with taking out my clothes from the laundry basket to sort them out like she's doing.

I don't know why, but I keep stealing glances at her every now and then. I'm not the type to initiate small talk with people and she looks like she isn't the type either.

In fact, she seems to be a lot more reserved than I am, so I guess I'll be the one doing the...

"Hayley!" A powerful voice shouts her name and the next thing I hear is heavy footsteps walking into the room. I turn to look and my heart falls into my abdomen when I see Rhea marching into the laundry room with a laundry basket in her hand, fuming with rage. "Hayley." She calls yet again, approaching us and immediately, Hayley rises to her feet and bows down to her. My body goes rock solid with shock.

Did Hayley just bow down to Rhea?

Why the f\*\*k will she do that?

My eyes almost leave my sockets as I witness what happens.

Rhea dumps the laundry basket filled with dirty clothes in front of Rhea and takes a killer pose with her hands folded over her breasts.

“You think I wouldn’t find out you had come to do your laundry without taking mine? You were trying to play smart, weren’t you?”

“No, Rhea. That’s not what happened.” Hayley is panicking as she talks and I am dying of shock as stand here. My mouth is wide open as I look at what’s transpiring before me, “Your clothes weren’t sorted out yet that’s why I took just mine.”

“And you didn’t bother to look for me so I could sort them for you before you came here?”

“I’m sorry Rhea. It won’t happen again.”

“It had better not.”

My jaw is sitting on my kneecaps as I watch Rhea empty the laundry basket in front of Hayley who still has her head bowed down.

What sorcery is this?

“You will never be able to outsmart me, Hayley. You tried to escape doing my laundry, but I caught you. So now, wash them and make sure to wash them. properly. Is that understood?” Rhea sneers. Hayley hastily nods her head in agreement.

I have had enough.

“Rhea you can’t order her to wash your clothes. That’s wrong!” I tell Rhea who’s gaze darkens with anger. She drags her eyes from Hayley and plants them on my face. The heat of her scowl almost burns my facial features to ash.

“How about you mind your business, Ashanti?”

“Mind my business?” I chuckle in frustration. “How can I mind my business after witnessing such an abhorrent act? How dare you turn a fellow

Harem girl into your laundry girl? You have no right to do that!”

“I guess you haven’t heard the statement that the strong prey on the weak in this Harem. She’s a weakling, that’s why I have every right to treat her any way I please.”

“A weakling?”

“You heard me right.”

“Are you even serious?”

“I don’t care what you think, Ashanti. Like I said, mind your own damn business. Don’t get involved. in this.” She turns back to look at Hayley who... STILL HAS HER HEAD BOWED DOWN!

What the actual f\*\*\*k!

“And you, when you’re done washing and ironing and folding and packing, get me something to eat. If in two hours I haven’t had anything to eat, you will be punished and you know how excruciating my punishments for you can be.” Then she swivels and sashays out of the laundry room.

She must be very proud of the so-called power she thinks she has.

“Hayley.” I call in shock as I turn to look at her. “For how long has this been going on?”

“Since the first night we arrived here.”

“What?” I ask in a harsh whisper. I cannot believe what my ears are hearing.

That long?

“And have you reported her to the elderly s?” h e shakes her head in denial.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because if I do, she’ll make my life even more miserable.”

“What makes you think that?”

“She walks with Alina, the Lycan warrior. They are close. If I disobey her or rat her out, she’s going to get Alina involved and you know what Alina is capable of doing to weaklings like me.”

My heart shatters into a thousand pieces as I listen to her talk.

Some crazy s h i t is going on in this castle.

I look at the clothes Rhea just dumped and stare at her. She’s sorting them with tears in her eyes.

And I thought I was having a rough time here?

Chapter 84

REAGAN’S POV.

In my dreams, I see Ashanti.

When I wake up in the morning, the first thought that crosses my mind is about her.

At work, her voice is in my head, distracting me from doing anything.

She is destroying me without even trying!

“She’s your mate. It’s only normal that she drives you crazy and it won’t be this bad if you’d just tell her and accept her.”

And there goes King again. Adding salt to my wounds.

“King, please can you slip into something more comfortable? Like a comma?”

“You very well know you won’t survive being at Lycan King if I were to slip into a coma.

“You are supposed to comfort me, not berate me like this.”

“I will only cease to berate you when you finally do the right thing.”

“And that’s as much whining as I can take from you tonight. Leave me alone.” I block him out and heave out a heavy sigh of exasperation.

King is right though.

Everything I’m going through right now is nothing out my Karma. My body, my mind and my spirit is punishing me for not wanting to do the right thing. But like I said before, I have my reasons.

Groaning, I lean forward, towards the table to pick up the remote control, but pause halfway when I see my cell phone on the table as well.

All I have to do is pick up that phone, make one phone call and Ashanti will be here in the next twenty minutes, but I won’t.

I almost lost my shit the other night she was here. I need one more night away from her to come back to my senses.

A knock sounds on my door. I flick my eyes to it, wondering who it could be. Most definitely one of my servants who’s here to ask me for the one. millionth time tonight if I need anything.

“Come in.” I say out loud. Immediately, the door, creaks open while I pick up the remote control and turn on the TV. Whoever it is closes the door and the next thing I hear is footsteps approaching me. My eyes are still glued to the screen as I search for channels.

“Alpha Reagan.” I hear my name and the voice

echoes in my head over and over again until I match it with its owner’s face.

F\*\*k no!

I whip my head to my right, only to see Alina, standing before me. My mouth drops when she shrugs off the blazer covering of her body, letting it drop to the ground and revealing her completely naked body. My eyes brows trip to my hairline as I look at her, completely dumbfounded.

What’s going on here?

“Alina. What’s the meaning of this?” She doesn’t respond to me. Instead, walks in front of me and tries to strap over my thighs, but I stop her by holding her right arm and pushing her away.



“Alpha Reagan.” She calls in pure shock. Staggering. She cannot believe I just pushed her away.

“Stop.” I warn through my teeth. She’s looking at me in awe. Like she cannot believe I just pushed her away.

Which wasn’t the case until Ashanti showed up.

“Why? Why do you want me to stop? You never ask me to stop.” Her voice is a broken mess as she talks. I suck in a deep breath and adjust on my seat.

She’s completely naked before me, but just like the other girls, she has nothing on me.

This is what I mean when I say Ashanti is

destroying me. Before she came, Alina used to be my best girl. I’d summon her at least three times every week and I used to have my best night with her. Just looking at her naked body would get me aroused, but all that has changed.

Looking at Alina’s body right now makes me feel the same way a teenager feels when looking at dirty dishes packed in a sink.

Annoyed.

Maybe even disgusted.

I want to be nowhere close to her.

“I owe you no explanation, Alina. When I say I do not want to be with you, you ought to respect that and stay clear of my path.”

“What if I can’t?” A ridge forms between my brows as I furrow them, giving her a surprised look.

“What?”

“We had something special, Alpha Reagan.”

“We had sex.”

“Special sex.”

Chapter 85

“I’m tired Alina. Leave before I disrespect you by calling security to come drag you out of here.”

“You can’t be serious.” She tries to touch my face but I dodge by turning in the other direction. I cast her a serious glare that makes her understand that I’m truly p\*\*d.

Slowly, quietly, she picks up her blazer from the floor and covers her body before heading out of my bedroom. In tears.

I don’t feel even an iota of guilt.

I told her from the onset. I made her understand that what we'll have will be nothing but casual sex, but since she's the stubborn and entitled brat she is, she went ahead and put in her emotions, thinking she could force them on me later on and force me into having something serious with her. Now's even worse because I've found my mate.

Alina and I will never be a thing. Not in this life. Not in my next life. Not ever!

Sighing heavily, I lean back on the sofa and close my eyes.

I'd rather have Ashanti raid my mind all night than think for another moment about the encounter I just had with Alina.

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ASHANTI'S POV.

"I would have gauged my eyes out if I had come in here and seen mashed potatoes on the menu." I chuckle at Tessa's words.

"Why? You don't like mashed potatoes?"

"I abhor mashed potatoes. I'd rather starve to death than eat them." She almost bangs her tray on the table before pulling out a seat for herself.

"Well then good for you." I take my seat as well and dig into my food. I need to eat well and pack enough energy this morning before going for training in case Alina beats me up again in the name of having a duel with me.

"Ashanti." A familiar voice calls my name from my left side. I look up and raise my brows in surprise when I see Hayley standing beside me with her tray of food in her hand.

"Hayley?" I ask in surprise.

"Good morning, Ashanti. Please can I sit here with you and have breakfast? The other tables are occupied and I don't want to sit with the other girls who will make fun of me." She explains calmly and my eyes do a quick scan of the room.

All the tables are indeed occupied. I look back at her and nod.

"Yeah. Sure. Join us."

"Thank you." She sits down and greets Tessa who replies to her with a small smile.

“Did you think about what I told you last night?”

“You mean reporting Rhea’s bullying to authorities?” She asks and I nod my head.

“Yeah.”

“What? Is she being bullied as well?” That’s Tessa. I drop my fork and take in a deep breath, preparing myself to tell her what I witnessed. By the time I’m done, Tessa is shaking her head and smiling.

“I’m not even surprised. Rhea is an obnoxious brat and even if Hayley reports this issue to the elderly servants, they won’t do shit about it.”

“Exactly.” Hayley confirms and my heart bleeds for her.

“But...” Tessa says, looking at me. “You are close with Delta Kyle. He kinda likes you, why don’t you tell him.” I shake my head in denial.

“This issue concerns Alina as well and we can’t

report it to Delta Kyle who is her brother. It’s going to reach Alina’s ears and she’ll make things even more miserable for Hayley.”

“Ah... yeah. That’s true. Delta Kyle is a no go area.”

“It’s okay. I’m already used to them. I can manage. Thanks for at least sympathizing with me. That’s not something I’ve ever gotten from any of the

other girls.” She smiles and I watch her eat her food in pain.

No one deserves to go through all this bullshit. It’s unfair.

“Ashanti.”

Oh, sweet Mother of all Werewolves!

Does my name ever rest?

I whip my head in the direction of voice, ready to snap at whoever just called, but I swallow the words the moment my eyes fall on Lisa, the elderly

servant. I drop my fork in my plate and hastily rise to my feet.

“Yes, Ma’am Lisa.”

“Prepare to spend the night with the Lycan King. He has requested your services.”

My heart falls into my abdomen, pressing on my bladder and right now I want to pee.

No, he does not!

Chapter 86

ASHANTI'S POV.

"Prepare to serve the Lycans King. He has requested your services."

No he hasn't!

I am in a trance. My eyes are wide open, but I can't see anything. My head is spinning like a merry-go-round. I have mixed feelings. I'm excited about having to spend another night of princess treatment with him, but disappointed because he is not as thrilled about spending time with me as I am because he keeps inviting girls over so he can have sex with them.

"Again!" A loud cry jabs me out of my thoughts. I look around and notice that all the girls are looking at me, completely shocked. Some have their food-filled mouths hanging open. Others have paused on the food-filled spoons. It's an interesting scenario.

Frowning, I look at Ma'am Lisa and exhale heavily.

"Again?" I ask the question as well, my tone is gentle.

"Yes. Again. I have no idea what he sees in you." She eyes me from head to toe with a disgusted look on her face. "You are nothing but a troublemaker!" I don't say anything to her. "You don't need to undergo any more training since you've done this before. You can go for your combat training after breakfast."

"Okay Ma'am." I sigh in relief when she walks away from me. My heart is pounding in my chest as I take my seat.

I will be spending the night with Alpha Reagan.

The events of the last night we spent together replay in my mind like a movie and I find myself blushing and asking myself many questions.

Is he going to kiss me again? Is he going to ask me to eat with him? Run his bath? Pick out his outfit?

Oh, goddess. I'm losing my mind!

"Apart from Alina, no other girl has been

summoned two times in the same week by Alpha Reagan." I hear a girl tell a group of other girls. I'm tempted to look at them, but I know better than to do that.

"Really?"

"Yes,"

"What's so special about her?"

"I don't know, and I seriously do not care, but it makes me excited."

"Why are you excited?"

“Alina will be p i s s e d when this news reaches her and she’s going to torment Ashanti. I can’t wait for that to happen.” A wicked giggle follows that statement. Quickly, I rise up from my seat and leave the cafeteria with a pounding heart.

That girl said nothing but the truth in there. Alina will be furious when this news reaches her. I am dead!

I’m praying in my heart as I walk to the arena. My prayer is for Alina not to show up for training today because if she does, then I’m definitely not going to leave the arena in one piece.

My prayer, however, is not answered because the first

person I spot when I walk into the arena is Alina. I freeze in my tracks when our gazes meet. I melt like butter when she smirks and silently cuts her thumb through the air across her neck with her eyes glued on my face. She just made me

understand in the most subtle way that she’s going to kill me today.

The next two people I notice are Alpha Reagan and Delta Kyle.

We’ll all be around for training today.

“Good morning Alpha Reagan, Delta Kyle.” I greet the men, bowing respectfully.

“Good morning, Ashanti.” Delta Kyle responds with his usual charming smile. Alpha Reagan says nothing, but I can feel his gaze on me as I go to drop my back on the seats and take off the hoodie I have on.

“Alpha Reagan.” Alina calls and I don’t know why, but I turn to look at her. Alpha Reagan stops what he’s doing and gives her his attention. She approaches him with a bright smile on her face.

“Yes, Alina.”

“I’m having a hard time tying my hair in a ponytail. Do you mind helping me to do that?” My brows crease as I watch her ask him to do something so ridiculous.

Tying one’s hair into a ponytail is no difficult thing to do. It’s quite easy. She’s lying. She only wants him to notice her.

Eww!

I cannot believe the lengths she’ll go just to get him to notice her.

My eyes ping-pong from her to Alpha Reagan. He has both hands shoved in his trouser pockets and he’s staring at her blankly.

I pray he refuses. I don’t want him to help her tie up her hair.

‘Alpha?’ She calls, smiling when moments go by without him saying anything. “Please...” All her teeth are outside. She’s trying to act cute to lure him. It’s cringey.

"I mind. Find someone else to do it for you." He says and turns to focus on what he was doing. I almost sprout out a pair of wings as I watch Alina sigh in frustration.

## Chapter 87

Serves. You. Right.

Smiling like an idiot, I check my shoelace to make sure they are well tied before rising up. I pull out the rubber band on my left wrist and bundle up my hair to tie it up, but a hand stops me by taking out the hair from my hands.

"Let me help you." A deep, baritone voice speaks from behind. I turn around abruptly to see who it is and die in the second when my eyes land on Alpha Reagan.

"Alpha Reagan." I call in pure shock.

"Now that you know it's me, can you turn around and give me the rubber band so I can get this done. I don't have all day."

"You... you want to help me tie my hair?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"But... b...but..." I stutter like an idiot, pointing at Alina who looks like she's going to explode anytime soon because of how hard she's fuming. "But you just refused to help Alina turn up her hair."

"So?"

"So..."

"Ashanti. Turn around. Now!"

That's a serious order. I obey despite the

xylophones that are playing on my knees. I am

weak and pale and lifeless as I hand him the rubber band. My heart is threatening to crash out of my chest. I'm breathing out hot air through my nostrils. All my nerves are in complete disarray in my head and my body as a whole.

I am unstable.

It takes him less than no time to tie the hair.

"All done." I turn around at the speed of light to face him. I want to say thank you, but I can't. I can't because my mind is in chaos and I cannot string letters together to make out meaning words, talk less of sentences. "I like your hair better when it's down. Why don't you let it down during training?" His voice is so calm, so sweet, I have to blink many times to make sure this is not happening in my head.

"Ashanti."

"Alpha Reagan."

He's standing right in front of me. I touch my hair, it's tied up in a ponytail. This is not my

imagination. This is real

"I asked you a question."

Yes... a question.

I swallow dryly and clear my throat.

"I... I can't leave my hair loose during training because it's going to be all over the place. It's going to... uh... disturb my movements and all."

"I see." My eyes look ahead and spot Alina. Her face has gone dark with rage. Her brother offers to tie up her hair, but she declines and does it herself and her

gaze does not leave mine throughout the process.

She's going to kill me today.

"It's time for jogging. Join the others."

"Yes Alpha." I stay planted to my spot as he walks away.

What just happened?

Alpha Reagan declined Alina's request to tie up her hair, just to come and tie mine when I didn't even ask. Is he trying to get me killed?

Why would he even do a thing like that?

Throughout the jogging session, I make sure to stay at least one mile radius away from Alina, but that doesn't help the tension she creates between us by looking at me like she wants to eat me raw.

After warming up, the next three hours go by with us learning new combat techniques from both the Alpha Delta. I still do my best to stay as far as I can from Alina.

When it's time for duels, the Alpha and Delta have the first duel of the day, followed by other soldiers. My mouth hangs open when Alina proposes a duel with Alpha Reagan.

As they fight, I notice he doesn't go easy on her like he does with me. He fights with her like he fights with his fellow Lycan Soldiers and watching Alina take him on sends chills down my spine.

Goodness, she is powerful! I need to undergo years and years of training before I'll ever be able to defeat her in a duel.

Alpha Reagan wins all ten rounds as usual and as they step out of the circle, Alina is panting like someone who's going to drop dead anytime soon. I almost p\*\* my pants when she points in my direction.

"Her."

I look left and right and even behind me to see if she's referring to someone else, but I'm the only girl standing in the direction she's pointing at.

"Ashanti." She calls my name breathlessly. "I want to have a duel with her."

A thousand sparks shoot up my spine when those words hit my ears.

She what?

Chapter 88

ASHANTI'S POV.

I'm on my knees. A chunk of my hair is in Alina's brutal grasp and she's pulling it behind with all her might while twisting my right arm behind my back mercilessly. My body is thrumming with pain from bruises and kicks I have gotten from her during this duel.

We are in the seventh round and I've not been able to win any. Like hell, I haven't even successfully thrown a single punch at her. She wasn't bluffing when she made me understand her plans to kill me. I try to hold in the pain for some time, hoping she'll notice I have no way to defend myself again and stop, thereby winning the round, but several seconds go by and she still does not let go of my hair or my arm. Instead, she pulls and twists harder, causing me to scream because I can't bear the pain anymore.

"Strawberry!" I shout out my safe word with a defeated voice. "Strawberry!" I cry in agony as I give up. Alina pushes my head as she lets go of my hair and releases my arm. Everyone applauds her. My

This is the eighth round she's winning.

I'm weak and exhausted. We have two more rounds to go, but I have no energy left in me. Wiping off the streaks of sweat trickling down my face, I try to rise up from my feet to prepare for the next round, but Alina does not let me gain my balance.

Unexpectedly, she pushes me from behind and staggers backwards before dropping again to the ground. Before I know it, she's on my body, punching my face and pulling my hair.

"Alina stop!" I scream as I try to block her punches on my face with my arms but she's just too strong.



“Die, bitch!” Horror overcomes me when she

spreads out her right arm and I notice her fingers have shape

-shifted to paws. Her claws are pointed and sharp. She raises her hand up in the air and brings it down, aiming for my face. I scream at the top of my lungs and close my eyes, waiting for her sharp claws to tear open my face. Suddenly, I feel her weight being lifted off of me and I hear her let out a sharp cry. I open my eyes just in time to see Alpha Reagan lifting her in the air with just a single hand and throwing her against a wall with all his might. Alina howls in agony as her back collides with the hard concrete wall before she drops to the ground.

Chapter 89

As he walks on, there's a bitter-sweet sensation pooling in my stomach and spreading throughout my entire body.

I am in Alpha Reagan's arms, inhaling his fresh, clean cologne. That's a dream come true for every girl in this pack. I'm elated to be in his arms, but at the same time, terrified, because of Alina.

The murderous glare she gives me as Alpha Reagan stepped out of the arena will live rent free in my head till I die.

I am finished.

When we finally get to the infirmary, a full body check up is carried out on me and my wounds and bruises are cleaned. They've even given me a bag of drip for energy and Alpha Reagan only stops.

insisting for a full body scan to be carried out when the doctor assures him that I have no broken bones or internal bleeding.

I keep thinking about Alina. She fought me with so much anger, that's why it was impossible for me to win a single round. She was ready to dig her claws. into my face. She was ready to hurt me for real.

Goddess!

What have I gotten myself into?

“How are you feeling? Is the pain any better?” Asks Alpha Reagan as he sits at the foot of the bed, a few feet away.

I've been transferred to a private room.

“Yes it is. And almost all my bruises have healed.”

“Good. Good.” He looks at my face and sighs heavily. “I'm sorry.”

“Huh?” I ask, confused.

"I noticed she was getting out of control, but I didn't think she would try to break the rules by attacking you the way she did. I should have stopped her sooner."

"It's okay. You don't have to apologize. I'm fine."

"Are you sure you're fine?" His voice is a low whisper. His eyes are a strange shade of brown, crystal clear, piercing yet warm. He looks worried about me.

I prop myself up against the pillow and nod my head.

"Yes. I am."

"Ashanti." My name sounds from the door. Both Alpha Reagan and I look to see who it is and I'm awestruck when I see Delta Kyle walking in, looking very worried.

"Delta Kyle."

"How are you feeling?" He walks to my bedside and stands over me.

"A lot better."

"Are you sure? No fever? No broken bones, no excessive bleeding?"

"None of those."

"Thank G o d." He breathes with relief. "Ashanti I'm very sorry for what my sister..."

"You don't have to apologize on behalf of Alina." Alpha Reagan cuts him off. The two men look at each other. "She's going to do so herself."

"Of course Alpha, she will."

"Can I go home now?" I ask, trying to ease the tension between the two of them. Alpha Reagan looks back at me and shakes his head.

"No. You cannot. Your drip isn't finished and you need enough rest." He rises from the bed and straightens his shirt. "Kyle and I will leave you to rest. When it's time for you to get discharged, a s e r t and driver will be here to take you straight to my chambers."

My heart starts drumming when he mentions his chambers. Delta Kyle's gaze darkens and he exits the ward, leaving Alpha Reagan behind.

"But I can't go there directly from here."

"And why is that?"

"I uh... I have to shower and pack a few clothes."

"I believe I have a shower and clothes at my

chambers.”

“Yes you do, but...”

“But nothing. Don’t make a fuss when they come to take you.” My heart careens out of control when he leans in and kisses my forehead. “I’ll see you soon.” He deciphers, tucking his hands into his trouser pockets. Palpitations crash my nervous system as I watch him saunter out of the ward like the god he is. I spend an eternity staring at the door he exits, pondering in silence the meaning of everything he has done for me today.

What is going on between us?

Surni

Chapter 90

REAGAN’S POV.

“Kyle,” I call in a gruff voice the moment Kyle and I step out of the infirmary. He stops walking and faces me. I study his expressions seriously. I noticed he suddenly left the room when I was talking with Ashanti. He looked annoyed.

He truly likes her and seeing me get cosy around her makes him feel awkward.

This is interesting.

“Alpha, you called.” I clear my throat and nod my head.

“Yes, I did.” I take a step forward. “I need you to summon Alina to my office right now.”

“That will be done with immediate effect, My Lord.”

“Good.” I give him a curt nod and he bows as I make my way to the car that’s waiting to take me to my office. I’m all sweaty right now and I badly need to take a shower, but I can’t do any of that until I’ve properly reprimanded Alina for what she did to Ashanti.

She went way overboard and I need to talk some sense into her.

When I arrive at the office, it takes less than twenty minutes for her to join me and the moment I see her, bile crawls from the pit of my stomach into my mouth. I can taste the bitterness on my tongue.

“Alpha Reagan, you sent for me.” Her voice is gentle and soft and she looks a lot calmer than she did a while back at the arena, Calmly, I rise from my seat and step away from my table, my gaze plastered on her face.

I know exactly why she beat up Ashanti. Out of jealousy. What I don’t understand is why she thinks she has the right to be jealous of another girl because I’m starting to give her my attention.

“What was that about?” I ask quietly as I stand a few meters away from her. She lets out a small sigh and nervously intertwines her fingers.

“It wasn’t intentional.” She lies.

The look on her face doesn’t reflect her words. She was well aware of what she was doing. I frown.

“I highly doubt that.” Her gaze intensifies. “Does this have anything to do with the fact that a few hours ago at the arena, I chose to tie up Ashanti’s hair and not yours?” My voice is calm but deadly. She separates her fingers and drops both arms by

side. Her gaze has darkened. I can see her fighting her urge to have an outburst.

her

“No.”

“Don’t lie to me, Alina.” One step forward. My expression is as hard as granite as I look deep into her eyes. “I’m warning you.” I sneer. What she doesn’t know is that between the two of us, she’s not the only one holding herself back from having an outburst.

I am so mad at her that the only thing stopping me from punching her hard in the face at this moment is my principle of not laying my hands on a woman.

If she was a guy, I would’ve broken her neck by now. There’s a war going on within me right now.

“Yes.” She finally says the word I want to hear. “Does that make you happy now?”

“So you did that out of jealousy.”

“Yes, I did that out of jealousy!” Her eyes water. Not only did you tie her hair, but you’ve invited her to spend the night with you a few hours after I begged you to look at me again. How can you choose her over me!”

Uh... because she’s my mate? 1

“Ever since that girl arrived, you’ve been acting so cold and distant towards me. You’re not the Alpha Reagan I used to know. Please come back to your senses!” Her face is as wet as a drowned rat by the time she’s done ranting. She looks miserable and being in her presence right now irritates me.

I shake my head and walk back to my table, where I lean against the edge, and cross my ankles with my hands tucked in trouser pockets. I study her.

She’s in love with me. She wants me for herself,

that’s why she cannot bear to see me treat another woman nicely.

Poor thing.

“Alina,” I call quietly. Her gaze meets mine. “You will apologize to Ashanti for deliberately hurting her during your duel.”

“You can’t be serious! You don’t expect to say sorry to that low-life werewolf?” She cries out in total disbelief. I look at her in awe, marveling at her

audacity to think that I will let this slide. I cannot even bring myself to give her a sardonic smile.