

Read Novel Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 20

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 20-Ashlyn

My uncle called a few days after the hospital incident. He asked me to come visit. He told me my aunt wasn't doing very well with what happened.

I decided to go hear her out. She is my aunt and I love her. I texted Ian to ask if I could stay at the pack house just in case, though. I already had a room there, as I spent a lot of time there even before Ian and I became an item. Ian's mom, Luna, was like a second mom to me. And I'd spend weekends there with them when my aunt and uncle needed time away.

Mason, Brandon and Liam had to stay behind for training and end-of-semester stuff. Mason wasn't happy about me going alone, but he really didn't have a choice.

He had crap to do, and I had to work things out with my aunt. I think he was worried about me being around Ian. I understand, but then again, he should trust me. We are mates but we can't claim each other. It's a weird relationship. We shared one kiss but we really haven't had anytime to talk about anything. The day after I came home, they were stuck in meetings and dealing with students.

I think this trip will be good for me though, just my music and the open road. It's nice to just get away for a bit. I left early this morning and I should be there in about an hour now. It's hard to believe that I've only been away for a week. I can't decide if this week has gone really fast or really slow.

Finally, I pull up to the gates of the pack. A warrior waved me in. I'm sure Ian let them know of my arrival. I was going to go to the pack house first and then surprise my aunt at dinner. Hopefully, she's in a better mood.

I pulled up to the pack house, and I noticed Ian and Alex waiting on the steps for me. I also noticed that a lot of the people around the pack house were staring as well. Hopefully, they were staring at the car and not me. I sent a quick text to Mason to let him know I had arrived and then went out to greet Ian and Alex.

Alex pulled my small suitcase out of the boot and we headed inside. I had my old room on the alpha floor close to his. I had a couple of hours until I was due

at my aunt's, so I took a shower and then I got ready. Ian and Alex had a couple of patrol meetings, so they left me to myself.

My room had a kingsize bed, and the room was done in white and light purple. It had a flat-screen TV on the wall, a dresser and a walk-in. It also had an ensuite.

There was a shower with glass panels and everything in darker marble. The room was warm and inviting and I've stayed in this room often. It still had a lot of my things in it.

I was ready just in time to walk over to my aunts. I was really dragging my feet, and I was playing on my phone. Mason hadn't texted back, so I'm sure he was busy. I started the 10-minute walk with my earbuds in, listening to some music. I was feeling nervous about seeing my aunt again after how we had left things.

Taking a deep breath, I walked up to the door and knocked. I could hear them shuffling inside, and then my uncle opened the door. He gave me a big hug and kissed my cheek. He led me into the living room and my aunt called from the kitchen.

"Brad, who was that?" she asked him while she walked into the living room. She looked surprised when she saw me.

"Ashlyn?" She gasped. She ran over to me and wrapped me in a hug.

"I'm so sorry, Ashlyn. I was out of line and under so much stress. And then I was worried about you. You were gone only a few days, and that call from Donny scared me to death. And it always seems to be the men in your life causing you so many problems." She rushed out in all one breath. "And we have something to tell you!" She squealed. "I'm pregnant." I looked at her, stunned.

No wonder she was being such a b***h. She was hormonal.

"Oh, my goddess! That's wonderful news," I exclaimed. We were both hugging and crying and then my uncle joined in the hug. When we finally pulled apart, she took my cheeks in her hands.

"I am so sorry, Ashlyn." She cried.

“Me too. And I’ll explain everything over dinner.” I told her. Dinner was amazing, and I was able to explain everything to her. The fake bond and how Mason is my mate, but we can’t claim each other. And all the crap in between. To say they were both shocked would have been an understatement. I guess she’s right about the men in my life, though.

My Aunt didn’t know about my mother’s powers or my grandmother’s power. She knew my parents were good friends with the king, but she never thought that Prince Mason was that king’s son. I’m assuming she has baby brain already.

It was such a great visit, and I was so happy that they were finally having a pup. I felt so much better after speaking to them both about what happened. I trusted these two people the most, and it felt good to tell them the entire story, not just bits and pieces.

We eventually said goodnight, and I walked back to the pack house. I didn’t see Alex or Ian anywhere, so I decided to just go to bed. Pulling out my phone, Mason still hadn’t texted me. I just put it away. He asked me to text him and then he didn’t even bother to respond. I didn’t even know our relationship status. Sure, we are mates, but our wolves can’t claim each other, so does that mean our human side should?

It’s hard to understand our relationship when we haven’t had time to talk about it. It’s weird. I feel detached from him. Like we’ve been together for years, but now we kind of lost each other. I’m probably over thinking things, but it’s hard when you can’t talk about it to the one person who has the answers.

After getting ready, I climbed into bed. Exhausted from my drive and all the excitement at my aunt’s. I’m so glad they’re having a pup. I can’t wait to meet them.

Closing my eyes, I wondered what it would be like to have a pup of my own.

The next morning, I met Ian and Alex in the kitchen for breakfast. They were coming back from morning training. We all ate breakfast, and I followed Ian up to his room. It wasn’t unusual for us. He’d get ready, and I’d lay on his bed, watching TV until he was done. I was enjoying having my friend back. We were joking and laughing and everything seemed natural with him again.

He went to have a shower, and I jumped on his bed to watch TV. I looked everywhere for the remote but couldn’t find it. I opened his bedside table to

see if he had stuck it in there. Honestly, I think he has a problem with putting the remote back in the same spot.

“Finally!” I exclaimed to myself. It was in the side table drawer, but there was a blue velvet box beside the remote. I pulled it out to look at it. It was a ring box. I opened it to find a beautiful rose gold diamond ring.

What was Ian doing with a diamond ring? I was confused, and I didn’t have to wait long for an answer because just then he came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He was staring at me holding the ring box and I was staring at him, confused.

He came over to snatch the box away from me.

“What the hell are you doing?” He growled.

“I was just looking for the TV remote,” I said innocently. He threw it back into the side table drawer and glared at me. I crossed my arms across my chest.

“Ian, I wasn’t snooping. I was just looking for the remote, I swear.” I tried to reassure him. But without saying a word, he walked into his closet to get dressed and I sat on the edge of his bed.

“Ian?” I called to him. I was nervous about asking him about the ring.

“What, Ashlyn?” He answered, annoyed. He walked back into his room fully dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt. I stood up from his bed, feeling awkward.

“Who’s the ring for?” I whispered. He ran his hand through his still damp hair while taking a deep breath.

“I bought it for you.” He said bitterly.

“Why?” I whispered. I walked closer to him and was now standing right in front of him.

“Because I love you, Ashlyn,” he said. Grabbing my waist, he pushed me up against the wall, his body flush with mine. Before I could react, he crushed his lips to mine. When my brain finally caught up with my body, I turned my head. Ian let out a sigh, resting his forehead against mine.

“Please, don’t” I whispered. Guilt turned my stomach into knots.

“Ashlyn, please give me another chance” he pleaded. Placing my hands on his chest, I pushed him just enough that I was no longer pinned to the wall by his body.

should go.” I told him, rushing out of his room.

“Ashlyn, I’m sorry.”