

Read Novel Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 31

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 31-Ashlyn

I woke up in the middle of the bed, alone. What time was it and where did he go? I sat up slowly, hissing with every movement I made. Ugh. I wish my body would just heal already. I reached for a bottle of water on the nightstand and took a drink.

The bottle was empty before I realized how thirsty I was. I stood up from the edge of the bed, breathing through the pain.

I wobbled over to the first door that was the closest to me. It was a closet. I grabbed a shirt to cover up my body. They bandaged me up and you couldn't see my breasts, but I still didn't feel comfortable walking around without wearing something. The shirt was pretty big on me and it smelled like Derek. Hopefully, he was okay with me stealing his clothes.

The next door was a bathroom, which I was thankful for. I really needed to pee. I did my business as quickly as I could and I was out of breath just from the amount of work it was to pee.

You really don't realize how many muscles you use for something so simple until every muscle in your body hurts.

Now that I was out of the bathroom and breathing like I had just run a marathon, I finally made it to the last door. I opened it to find that it led to a hallway. I could hear people talking, so I headed in that direction. And of course, it led me to stairs.

The whole way down, I was swearing and hissing. I must have broken some of my ribs and by the time I got down the stairs, I had ten dragons watching me. I was trying to slow my breathing, so I didn't look too pathetic, but I knew I looked terrible.

"Ashlyn, you're up? Coffee?" Derek asked while coming over to help me.

"I stole a shirt. I hope you don't mind," I confessed. And he chuckled.

"I was going to bring you some clothes when I came up to wake you. We should start traveling soon." He told me while he helped me sit at a table.

One of the other dragons handed me a coffee, and honestly, I was in heaven. They could take me out back and end me and I would be so happy with this coffee being my last drink. I didn't realize I closed my eyes and let out a little moan until I heard some snickering. I opened my eyes to all of them staring at me, clearing my throat.

"Sorry, it's been a while, and this is fantastic." I shrugged.

"I'm glad you like it. We should probably feed you before we head out" Derek said.

"Could I shower before we leave, or at least try to get clean?" I asked.

"Yeah, of course, but you at least need to eat something beforehand, and that will give the water time to warm up." Derek told me while passing me a muffin. And I moaned again after taking a bite.

"How long has it been since you ate anything?"

Derek asked me.

"Honestly, I do not know. I was in the dark the whole time, so I don't know how many days actually went by." I told him between mouthfuls of blueberry muffin.

"When did you get taken?" Derek asked.

"Early December, why? What day is it now?" I asked.

"It's almost January now." He answered, and I was stunned. How could I have lasted that long? I had maybe a bottle of water every few days and some bread even less often. Derek, placing his hand on mine, pulled me from my thoughts. I could feel some tears falling down my cheeks and I was quick to wipe them away. I noticed it was just Derek and me sitting at the table now.

"I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm so emotional."

He was still holding my hand when I told him.

"You don't need to apologize or feel embarrassed. You went through something traumatic and it will take some time for you to process everything that happened." He whispered, while I tried to hold back my tears.

“Come, I promise I’ll get you more muffins after we get you cleaned up.” Derek stood up from the table and I followed him to the stairs. When we got there, I groaned at the stairs. I wasn’t looking forward to climbing them, but to my surprise, Derek picked me up bridal style and I squealed.

“Derek, what are you doing? I can walk.” I gasped.

“We don’t have all day for you to walk up the stairs.” He chuckled. I let out a breathy laugh since his arm was digging into my back and the pressure was causing me pain. He placed me down when we got to the top of the stairs.

“You okay?” He asked. I was out of breath but trying to breathe through the pain. He helped me back to his room after I nodded. I was feeling kind a nervous about showering. I knew I needed his help, but now I would be naked in front of him.

We walked into his bathroom, and he started the shower. I was nervously playing with my lips, trying to come up with the best way to ask this stranger to help me wash.

“Um, Derek?” I whispered. This is awkward.

“Ashlyn?” He asked.

“I know this is weird, but could you help me, please?” I asked him. He nodded and helped me undress. When all the clothes were off, he removed the bandage around my torso. I was staring at myself in the mirror above the sink. My face was still purple, and a bit swollen. My neck had finger bruises from being choked. And my collarbones and shoulders had deep bite marks, and it was one enormous bruise with different shades of purple. My hair was a rat’s nest and I don’t think I’ve ever felt so unattractive in my entire life. Also, I’m pretty useless, can’t even shower by myself.

“Hey, don’t cry.” Derek pulled me from my thoughts. I could see him behind me in the mirror. I had tears in my eyes again.

“Let’s get you in the shower.” He whispered in my ear, causing goosebumps to erupt all over my body. Derek checked the water temperature and then helped me step into the shower. The warm water felt amazing on my achy muscles until it hit my back and I screamed out. I turned my body so my back was away from the water.

“Lean your head forward and I’ll wash your hair away from your back.” Derek told me. And I did what he instructed. He was standing outside the shower and I’m sure everything was getting wet, including him.

The shower took a lot of energy. I don’t think it’s just because I’m in rough shape, but from the lack of food. I’ve had to use all my energy just to stay alive, and doing anything extra is exhausting.

“Your wounds are looking better today. Even some stitches have fallen out” he said. I had to move to my hands and knees as standing was taking too much out of me.

“I’m sorry Derek.” I told him, sobbing. Unable to hold back my emotions any longer. Everything was just too much for me to deal with.

“Hey, everything will be okay.” He said, rubbing my arm, since that was the only thing not covered in open wounds. I was seeing all the blood that covered my body change the water to pink and brown. My hair and body were now clean, and the water was cooling, but I didn’t want to move. Derek shut the water off and gently placed a towel over my back. He then kneeled in front of me again. It hurt so badly to cry, but I couldn’t stop.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He whispered to me. And I just thought for a moment. There was no harm in telling him about some of my worries. I sat back on my heels and wrapped the towel around my torso. I was looking at Derek, now soaked, but he was looking at me with so much concern it actually hurt me to see him looking so worried.

“Before they took me, I was heading to the airport. I was leaving, and I wasn’t sure where I was going. My ex-mate cheated on me, then I rejected him and then it turned out it was a fake bond from a love potion. And then the mate that was real rejected me because he felt my ex-mate kissing me. He didn’t even give me a chance to explain what happened. I didn’t kiss him, he kissed me.” I took a few breaths because even remembering Mason walking away from me was worse than any physical pain I’d ever endured.

There was a bang on the door, and I jumped.

“Boss, we should probably get going.” One of his men yelled through the door.

“We’ll be down in 10,” Derek called back. He stood up and helped me to stand up. What he did next surprised me. He wrapped his arms around my neck and

pulled me into his now wet chest. I wrapped my arms around his waist and enjoyed his scent of crisp morning air on a chilly day.

“If your mate rejects you, he’s a bigger dumba*ss than the fake one that cheated on you.”

He whispered into my ear and I couldn’t help but sob, giggle.

“Now, let’s get you dressed and grab some muffins for the drive. Okay?” He asked, and I nodded into his chest. I didn’t want to leave his arms or Derek. I was walking into the unknown, and I wasn’t sure I’d be strong enough to face them.

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 32-Ashlyn

We are about an hour out of Blue Moon now. I was in a black oversized hoodie, some black Sweatpants, and some wool socks. The smallest boots they had were size 12 men and I’m a size 7 man, so too big for me. Derek carried me from the cabin to the truck we were taking. I was riding shotgun while Derek drove, and then Matt, a warrior/ medic, took the back seat.

They didn’t even have a hairbrush or hair ties, so when we passed a gas station, Matt ran in to find them. No brush, but he found a couple of hair ties.

We are in the middle of nowhere, after all. I could at least pull my hair back into a messy bun, so I looked a little better.

The closer we got to the pack border, the more anxious I became. My body was shaking, and I was trying hard not to throw up. You would think that after everything I went through, I would be excited to go home and to be free, but I feel even more trapped. Now, I had to explain to my aunt that the woman who helped raise her was alive and evil.

And then there’s Mason. I couldn’t figure out what was worse, him being there or him not even bothering to show up.

We were just outside the pack border when my panic turned into an attack. I was gasping and shaking and I couldn’t stop. Derek pulled the truck over to the side of the road and he took my cheeks in his hands so that I would look at him.

“Ashlyn, I need you to breathe. Look at me and breathe with me. In and out. That’s it, babygirl.” He coached me.

“I don’t think I can do this.” I told him through shallow breaths.

“You can. Matt and I will be right beside you and we won’t leave until you ask us to, Okay?” He leaned over and placed his forehead on mine. I closed my eyes and tried to focus on my breathing.

I gave him a nod. Derek sat back in his seat and buckled back up and after putting the truck in drive, he took my hand in his.

His touch was calming. I could breathe again, and we crossed the border. Derek slammed on the brakes when a big grey wolf came on to the road. It was River, my uncle’s wolf. I rolled down the window and waved my arm out at him. There was no way my body could lean out of the damn window.

River walked over to my side of the truck and placed his paws on the open window frame. I patted him on the head and he howled at the sky.

Many more wolves stepped out from the dense forest on either side of the road. River jumped down and walked towards the pack house. This road isn’t really used to enter or exit our pack. There’s not much in the direction that we were coming from. He turned back to look at us.

“He wants us to follow,” I told Derek: He started driving slowly, but soon River picked up his pace. I could see the wolves running parallel to our vehicle.

“Do you know the grey wolf?” Derek asked me.

“That’s my Uncle’s wolf, River.” I told them. “He’s a warrior.”

The pack house came into view and it surprised me at who I saw. I could see the Alpha’s and Alex, but Liam, Brandon and Mason were all standing with them. Donny was also there with a bunch of his warrior buddies, whom I knew, and my aunt was also there.

“Hey Boss, the Alpha King sent his son.” Matt pointed out.

“He’s my mate.” I whispered, and Derek squeezed my hand that he was still holding. Derek pulled the truck up in front of the pack house. The truck’s

windows are darkly tinted, so we could see them but they couldn't see us. Derek put the truck in park, shutting it off, and turned in his seat to look at me.

"You ready, babygirl?" He asked me. I looked into his sea-green eyes and I didn't want to leave him. I felt safe with him. There was no bullsh!t, nothing to explain, and he expected nothing. But I took a deep breath, and I nodded to him.

Derek opened his door and hopped out of the truck. Matt also exited the back, but he came out on my side so he could help me out of the lifted truck, which I was thankful for. It's still going to take a few days or even a week for me to fully heal. The food and rest definitely helped, but I'm still in rough shape.

Matt helped me walk around the truck to where everyone was waiting. I overheard Derek greeting Mason. And Mason addressed Derek as Prince Derek.

"I'm sorry, Prince Derek?" I asked, and before could even get an answer, my Aunt Grace wrapped me in a hug. She wrapped her arms around my neck and not around my waist, which I was grateful.

She was sobbing.

"Ashlyn, thank the goddess! Are you okay?"

"Where the hell have you been?!?" She was asking so many questions at once between her sobs. She finally pulled away, and I led her away from the crowd so I could speak to her. I needed to tell her about Susan McNeal, aka my grandmother. I mindlinked her, so I knew no one could hear our conversation.

"Aunt Grace, I have to tell you something?"

"Oh my goddess, they rapped you?!?"

"No, not that."

"Oh, thank the goddess."

"But this isn't good news either."

"Ashlyn, just tell me."

"Susan McNeal is the one responsible."

Smack I felt a hard blow on my cheek, forcing my head to the side. My eyes instinctively closed, and I shut the mindlink with my aunt. Everyone was silent around us except for a loud growl. It would have terrified me if I didn't know it was Thor.

"Why the fvck would you say that? Your grandmother is dead. Is this some kind of sick joke?" She screamed at me. I turned my head back to look at her. She was furious. Noticing Mason walking towards us, I put my hand up to stop him. I honestly was speechless. I turned away from her and started walking into the pack house.

"Where the fvck are you going? I want explanation now, Ashlyn! You can't accuse a dead woman and then walk away!" She yelled.

I walked through the pack house and into the backyard. I walked until I was far enough away that I wouldn't hurt anyone. The pressure in my chest was building, and I wasn't exactly sure what was going to happen when I released it.

I had so many emotions running through me, but the most prominent one was anger. When did my aunt become such a bltch? Was she always like this and I never noticed? What the hell is actually happening in my life right now? I felt lost and alone.

"At least mate is here." Tundra purred in my head. I forgot all about everyone else. Mason was ere, but I still didn't know if he was here because the Alpha King ordered him or if he was here for me.

My life was so complicated and I just have had enough.

I closed my eyes and let my emotions build up in my chest. When it became too much for me to handle, I felt the winds pick up around me. Letting it out with a scream. I fell onto my hands and knees and just let the sobs take me over. I couldn't even focus on the physical pain I was feeling. My heart was breaking, and I didn't know how to make it stop.

I could hear movement around me, but I didn't care. Honestly, if people were here to kill me, I would welcome it. If I were dead, that would solve all these problems. Susan wouldn't be able to start a war and my aunt would never have had to raise me. Everyone would have been better off without me alive.

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 33-Prince Mason

I was anxiously waiting for the dragons to arrive with Ashlyn. I expected them here in the morning, but they didn't arrive until midafternoon.

At the crack of dawn, I had to go for a run around the territory. I had so many built-up emotions I had to work out or I was going to explode.

We still didn't know if Ashlyn was conscious yet, as we didn't have a number to contact Prince Derek. Being a Prince myself and a future council member, I've met all the kings and their heirs. I've met Prince Dereka few times over the last couple of years and I wasn't a fan of his. And I really didn't want him near my mate. He was a massive player and a prick. I am grateful that he helped her, but he would have started a war if he didn't, so who knows why he actually helped her?

After I came back from my run, I went up to my room to shower and get dressed. The others were sitting at the front table chatting and eating breakfast as I walked into the dining area. I was being eye fr**d by all the unmated female warriors that were also present. I'm not sure why all the she-wolves think that I'll just magically choose them. If you're not my fated mate, you're not ending up in my bed.

I grabbed some breakfast and made my way over to sit with Alpha Ian, Beta Alex, and my guys. I sat between Brandon and Liam. They all greeted me and went back to their conversations while I picked at my food. I was feeling anxious and my stomach was in knots from waiting. This day was going agonizingly slow and what the hell was I going to do to make the time pass by faster?

They pulled me from my thoughts when Brandon patted me on the back. I then noticed that the table was now quiet, and they were all looking at me.

"Mason, you alright?" Brandon asked.

"Yeah, what's up?" I asked him.

"Alpha King called my father this morning after he received a call from the Dragon King. Ashlyn is awake." Alpha Ian explained.

"What?!" I exclaimed. I pulled my phone out of my pocket to see a few missed calls and messages from my father. I must have switched it to silent mode.

“Prince Derek informed his father that Ashlyn is still in rough shape and is healing slowly.” Alpha Ian continued to explain.

“That’s probably what is taking them so long to get here. They probably have to take their time getting Ashlyn ready for transport.” Liam chimed in. I pushed my chair out and stood up from the table.

“Where are you going?” Liam asked me.

“I’m going to my room. Call me when Ashlyn crosses the border.” I told them.

The guilt I was feeling was overwhelming.

She’s hurt, and it was all my fault. I didn’t know the extent of her injuries, but it had to be bad if the dragons thought moving her to the nearest pack was necessary.

I was lying in bed, just thinking about what I was going to do and how I was going to make it up to Ashlyn. I must have fallen asleep. It startled me awake when there was pounding on my door.

“Mason, get up! Ashlyn is crossing the border now!” Brandon yelled through the door. I was up, opening the door in seconds. We both ran down the stairs and out the front door. There was a crowd outside waiting for their arrival. I could hear some howls in the distance. My stomach was in knots waiting for the vehicle to make its way to the pack house.

The truck finally pulled up, but the windows were all darkly tinted so I couldn’t see inside.

Finally, Prince Derek hopped out. He came over to shake my hand and introduced himself to the others. I heard Ashlyn before I saw her. The other dragon was blocking her from my view.

“Prince Derek?” She asked, confused. She didn’t even get an answer or to see me before her aunt wrapped her in a hug. When her aunt pulled away, Ashlyn led her away from the crowd. Both their eyes clouded, and I knew they were mindlinking. Ashlyn looked heavily bruised and her face was a little swollen.

Prince Derek handed me a folder with a report on what they found and how they found her. They included photos of her injuries. It was going to be a hard

report to get through. Handing the folder to Brandon for safe keeping. I need to worry about Ashlyn right now. I was thanking Prince Derek for bringing her back to us when we all heard a slap.

Thor let out a loud growl. I turned to see Ashlyn's head turned away from me and a handprint mark forming on her cheek. What the actual fvck? I may actually kill this woman.

Grace started yelling at Ashlyn, while Ashlyn is just watching her and you could see the tears forming in her eyes. I tried to walk towards her, but Ashlyn held out her hand to stop me. A few moments later, Ashlyn walked into the pack house without looking back or saying a word.

Brad was now in his mate's face. He wasn't happy about what had just happened. No one here was happy about what Gace just did. What the hell was that about?

"Grace, what the hell was that?" He yelled at her.

"She's trying to accuse my mother of what happened to her! She's dead Brad. Dead. And she thinks she can just accuse her, throw her name in the fucken mud!" she yelled back to him.

"Ashlyn has been through hell. Maybe she remembered things wrong but maybe she has an explanation but instead of listening, you overreacted again! I know you're pregnant, but this sh!t is getting out of hand. You better figure your sh!t out or we are done!" He yelled back at her. She didn't say another word. She just turned and walked away from the pack house.

Just then, a rush of wind came over the house, and it was eerily silent until we heard Ashlyn let out a painful scream from the back of the house. I was in and through the house and onto the back porch before I even knew what was happening. Ashlyn was on her hands and knees in a massive circle of cleared snow. The trees and everything around the area had also dumped their snow.

I tried to run up to her, but hit an invisible wall of some sort. I was following it around to get her attention. Blood covered her back as I noticed she was wearing a white dress. Also, she was crying and her tears were causing flowers to grow under where her head was leaning forward.

I was panicking because the blood was soaking further down her dress. I didn't realize Prince Derek was beside me until he spoke.

“She’s an elemental,” he whispered to himself.

“A what?” I yelled at him.

“Boss, we need to go. There’s an emergency at the cabin!” His warrior yelled to him.

“Go! I’ll catch up!” He yelled back. He then turned to face me.

“We need to shift. That’s the only way we are getting through.” He told me.

“How do you know that?” I asked him, but he was already shifting into a giant golden dragon.

Thor forced me to shift without question. He wanted to get to our mate, and he didn’t care about the details.

Prince Derek could walk through the invisible wall as a dragon. He walked right up to Ashlyn and gently nudged her. The action pulled her out of her thoughts, and she looked up at him. Thor walked through and around to the other side of her.

She was watching Prince Derek’s dragon in awe, and I had to admit that he was impressive. I watched as she reached out her hand to touch his snout and his dragon leaned into her touch. I think he was talking to her because she was talking, but what she was saying made little sense.

“It’s okay, Derek. I understand, but please be safe.” She whispered to him and he nudged her cheek. His massive dragon took to the sky with a whoosh. Thor moved to sit in front of Ashlyn now.

“Mason, I’m so sorry.” She sobbed while throwing her arms around Thor’s neck. Thor placed a paw on her back in a hug and she hissed in pain. I mindlinked Brandon to bring me some sweatpants so I could shift back. I noticed that, when she was focusing on something else, that the invisible wall surrounding her was gone.

She let go of Thor, but he licked her cheek and she let out a small giggle in between her cries. Thor walked behind her and I shifted back. Brandon threw me some sweatpants and I pulled them on.

Liam then threw me a blanket so I could wrap it around Ashlyn.

I turned around to see that she had sat back on her heels. The back of her white dress was now dark red, but where did she get the dress from? I wondered. I walked back to her and wrapped the blanket around her back.

“Are you okay to stand?” She nodded after I whispered to her. I helped her up, but she was hissing and gasping at the movements. I’m not sure what happened or what she did, but I can tell that it only made her condition worse.

“Ashlyn, we need to get you to the hospital.”

Alpha Ian told her, but she shook her head.

“I just want to go to my room.” She whispered.

“Ashlyn, you are bleeding,” I told her.

“I don’t care.” She snapped. She started walking by herself back to the pack house. I was looking around at the group and we were all confused by her actions.

“What the hell was that?” Liam gasped.

“I do not know,” I told him.

“This explains her wolf,” Brad said, but I think it was more to himself.

“What does that mean?” I asked him.

“Tundra is white with gold tips.”

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 34-Ashlyn

After what had just happened, I just wanted to be alone. I didn’t care that I was bleeding, and I didn’t want to go to the hospital. I wanted to go to my room and forget this day had ever happened. The pain in my body was bad, but the pain in my heart was unbelievable.

I couldn’t control the buildup in my chest or my emotions. I just needed to get to my room and cry out my sadness. Right now, I am over everyone. Everyone always seems to hurt me and I’m always forgiving and understanding. I’m too nice for this cruel world and these cruel people.

I went up to my room, and I went straight into the bathroom to get myself cleaned up. I was emotionally, physically and mentally exhausted from not only today. And I just wanted to crawl into bed. I'd worry about my plan for where I was going tomorrow.

I turned the shower on and was looking at my reflection in the mirror. When did I get a white dress?

When I notice I wasn't dressed the same as before.

Whatever, I guess it doesn't matter, anyway. I found a brush and brushed out my hair. When I was done, I stripped the dress off and hopped into the shower.

The hot water felt great on my achy body. Even my back didn't hurt as badly as earlier. Standing under the water until it was no longer red or pink. I had to drag myself out of the shower, as it was too much work to actually get myself organized. I just wanted to flop on my bed and go to sleep. Being asleep was better than having to deal with all this crap.

After I got out of the shower, I tried to check out my back and other wounds in the mirror. Most of the open wounds were now closed up and mostly only bruises and scabs remained. Thank the goddess, I was done with stitches.

I dried my hair as much as possible and ran a brush through it. I pulled it back into a French braid, wrapped a towel around my body, and stepped into my bedroom.

Mason was sitting on the edge of the bed.

"What are you... doing here, Mason?" I asked him, annoyed. I crossed my arms across my chest.

"Ashlyn, I understand that you're upset but." He said, but I didn't give him a chance to finish.

"Upset? Really? That's what you think? You rejected me. My aunt doesn't believe me and I fought to stay alive just to deal with all this bullshit. Nothing I have ever done has been good enough." I yelled at him. I started walking to my closet to find something to wear.

Mason got up from my bed and I was hoping he was going to leave, but he wrapped his arms around my waist and rested his head in the crook of my neck. He breathed my scent in deeply, and I couldn't help but lean into him.

"I'm so sorry, Ashlyn. I was wrong to not believe you or hear you out. I took out my anger and frustration out on you and I shouldn't have done that. Please forgive me?" He whispered and kissed my neck softly. I was trying to hold back my tears. I didn't know what to say to him. What happens next time he's pissed off and I'm the one in his way?

"I've been so worried about you. I'm so sorry I wasn't there to protect you. I promise I'll never leave your side again." He whispered in between soft kisses on my neck.

Mason pulled away and turned me around to face him.

He then rested his forehead against mine.

"Please say something?" He pleaded. Wrapping my arms around his waist, I started sobbing into his chest. I didn't know what was going to happen to us, but at that moment, I didn't care. Chasing any comfort, needing someone to care about me. I had been through so much and I just couldn't take it anymore.

"Baby, it's okay now. I'm so sorry." Mason whispered to me. He wrapped his arms around my neck and was holding me tight to his chest.

"I'm so sorry, Mason." I cried out to him. He pulled away just enough to capture my cheeks in his hands so that I would look at him.

"Ashlyn, you have nothing to be sorry for. I fucked up and I'm prepared to spend every damn day of my life making it up to you. Please believe me?" He pleaded, and I nodded. He let go of my cheeks and rested his face in my neck.

"I was so worried about you. I thought we would never find you." His voice cracked and I could feel his tears running down my chest. I squeezed his waist tightly, as hard as it was for me. The unknown of not knowing would have been hard. I couldn't imagine not knowing what happened to him, if he was ever to go missing.

We stood there holding each other for a few minutes until we both could calm ourselves down. I was ready for a nap, as I was now even more exhausted from coming down from my adrenaline rush.

“Mason?” I asked.

“Hmm,” he answered.

“I need to lie down now.” I told him. He pulled away from me. I turned to walk into my closet to grab something to sleep in. Finding a pair of panties and an oversized shirt that went down to mid-thigh. I walked out to find Mason standing by the bed.

I walked over to the other side and climbed in under the blanket. I was lying on my side, turned into the bed.

Mason came over to kiss my forehead.

“You get some rest, beautiful.” He whispered. But before he could leave, I called out to him.

“Mason, would you stay?” I patted the space beside me. He shut the lights off and wandered over to the bed.

He undressed until he was only wearing his boxers and climbed in beside me. Once he was lying down on his back, I moved my head to his chest and rested my arm over his waist. I was breathing him in, and it didn't take me long until I was asleep.

Prince Mason

I followed Ashlyn up to her room after she left the backyard. Even if she didn't want medical attention, I still wanted to make sure she was okay. She had lost a lot of blood and I also needed to speak to her. When I got to her bedroom, she was already in the shower, so I sat on her bed and waited.

What did Prince Derek mean about Ashlyn being an elemental? And what the hell was she able to do? And her wolf was white? I had so many questions, but first I needed to fix our relationship. I hated being disconnected from her. Mates usually find each other, mark and mate within the first week. And here we are, almost five weeks in and we've only issued once and have barely spent time together.

She finally came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. I could see all the bruises and cuts all over her body where the towel wasn't covering her. It was hard to see the aftermath of what she went through. She looked pissed and I honestly couldn't blame her. I knew she wanted me to leave when she was walking over to the closet, but there was no way I was going to do that. I needed her to know that I'm here for her and that I'm not going anywhere.

She allowed me to hold her and explain my side of things. Even though my side was, I'm an j**t, and she is way too good for me. I'm glad that she heard me out, at least. She told me she needed to lie down, and I was disappointed, but I understood she must be tired from today.

When she walked out of the closet in only an oversized shirt, she was really testing me. First, a towel and now just a shirt. I didn't care that bruises and cuts covered her body. She was still the most beautiful

Woman I've ever seen.

When she asked me to stay, I was surprised, but I didn't hesitate to shut off the key light and strip down to my boxers. As soon as I laid down in bed, she snuggled into my chest and was asleep within minutes.

I snuggled into her, resting my head on hers, breathing in her scent. This moment has to be one of the happiest moments of my life. Even being interrupted by Brandon couldn't ruin it.

"Yes, Brandon." I opened the mindlink.

"How is she?" He asked.

"She's sleeping. I'm going to stay with her until she wakes." I told him. And I closed the link.

It didn't take long for my heart rate to settle and my breathing to even out. Sleep took me quickly and with a smile on my face.

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 35-Ashlyn

I woke up snuggled into Mason's chest and I couldn't help but smile. He was still asleep as I could hear him softly snoring. I started lightly tracing my fingertips over the contours of his muscles. The bond flared to life and my whole body heated. Everywhere our skin touched, my skin would tingle and

come to life. I knew when Mason finally woke, he'd be able to smell my arousal. There's no way not to be turned on by this god of a man lying barely dressed beside me.

I was wondering what time it was, since no light was trying to shine through the curtains. I don't remember what time I fell asleep, but it was the most restful sleep I think I've ever had. Sleeping beside Mason just felt right. Being around him felt right. And I loved the way our scents mixed fresh wild flower forest after the rain. Tundra was purring in my head. She was happy that she was finally with her mate.

"Good morning, Gorgeous." Mason groaned. He leaned down to kiss the top of my head.

"Good morning, Handsome." I told him playfully.

"How are you feeling?" He asked me. I sat up on my elbow to look at him. I noticed my body was no longer achy, and I had no pain when I moved. Mason moved some of my hair to check my neck, smiling at what he saw.

"I feel better," I breathed out. His touches were causing the heat to pool in my lower belly, and I could feel my *panties getting wet*.

"It looks like most of the bruises have healed." He smiled while caressing my cheek. I climbed on top of him so I was straddling him. Mason looked at me, surprised at my actions. I didn't give him a chance to say anything before I crashed my hips into his.

The kiss was hungry and needy. Mason moved his hands to my hips, and I instantly started grinding against him. I moaned into his mouth and he took that moment to thrust his tongue into my mouth, tasting every inch. We tangled our tongues in a battle for dominance, and I know he could feel my *wetness through my panties*. I was so turned on that it was painful. I needed him to give me my release.

I pulled out of the kiss and rested my forehead against his. We were both gasping for breath and our hearts were pounding in our chests. Mason started kissing my jaw, moving his way down my neck. I moaned out his name and squeezed his chest where my hands were resting.

"Mason, do you want this?" I moaned to him.

“Yes.” He whispered in between kisses on my neck.

He started sucking on the spot where my neck met my shoulder and I gasped and moaned his name again.

That’s the spot where his mark will lay and it’s very sensitive when touched by your mate, with or without their mark.

“Mason, do you want me?” I moaned. I was still grinding against him and at this point, I was ready to rip all the clothes off that were between us. But I had to make sure that this was real for him. He moved his hands to my cheeks, forcing me to look at him. We were both staring into each other’s eyes when he answered.

“Always,” he whispered. I searched his face for any hesitation or deception, but I could only see his love and affection for me. I sat up and took off my sleeping shirt.

Mason was running his hands up my sides. I leaned down into his neck, kissing and licking him. He groaned and bucked his hips into me, which just turned me on even more.

Mason flipped us so I was now underneath him. I gasped at the action. He started kissing my neck, down to my chest. He was rolling my right nipple between his thumb and index finger while taking my left nipple into his mouth. Causing me to gasp and moan at the action.

Everywhere Mason touched, it felt amazing, and I only wanted more.

I was moving my hips, trying to get some friction for my aching pussy. I needed him inside me, and I needed my release. He switched breasts, *and I was moaning his name. He finally started kissing down my stomach, but he stopped just above my panty line.*

“Ashlyn, are you sure?” He asked me.

“Please, don’t stop.” I moaned out at him.

He slid my panties off and started kissing up my inner thigh to my pussy. He was kissing and licking everywhere except the place I needed him to lick. I needed him to touch my pussy with his body, needing him to release the pleasure that was building.

“Mason, please,” I begged him, running my fingers through his hair. I needed him to do something, or I was going to flip him and just take it. Feeling his warm breath on my pussy, I was desperate for him to touch me.

Finally, his tongue touched my pussy. He licked a line from my entrance to my clit and I was a moaning mess. I was moaning his name and tugging on his hair as he took my clit into his mouth.

“Baby, you’re so wet.” He groaned.

He started sucking on my clit, and I was done. I was shaking and breathless. I was grinding my hips into his face while seeing stars. Mason continued to lick and suck while I rode out my orgasm. It was the most addictive feeling I’ve ever felt, and I needed more.

While I was coming down from my high, Mason kissed his way up my body. He rested his forehead against mine while I tried to catch my breath. I wrapped my arms around his neck. I could feel his hardened length resting against my pussy, still trapped in his boxers.

“Mason, I need you,” I whispered to him. I started grinding my pussy against his cock and the heat pooled in my lower belly again. Mason climbed off the end of the bed to remove his boxers, releasing his monster of a cock.

I crawled over to where he was standing. I was looking up at him through my eyelashes while I licked off the pre-cum that escaped. He groaned and bucked his hips, urging me to take his cock into my mouth.

I swirled my tongue around the tip and his hand instantly found the back of my head. I took his cock into my mouth until the tip hit the back of my throat. Mason groaned and threw his head back. Sucking in my cheeks, and stroked his cock with my mouth. I increased my pace, and I found a good rhyme. I used my hand on the base, since I couldn’t take him all in my mouth and he dug his fingers into my scalp. He was trying to hold himself back, but I wanted him to be rough.

“Baby, I’m going to cum.” He moaned out. I increased my pace, and he shot his warm ribbons of cum into the back of my mouth with a groan. I licked him clean, as he tasted so good. He leaned down, crushing his hips to mine. I could taste myself on his lips and it was the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. He pushed me back onto the bed until he was lying on top of me again.

He was still hard, and my folds wrapped around his c0ck. He was grinding his hardness into my cl!t, building up my cl!max again. I moved my h!ps with his, chasing the friction.

“Mason, I need you.” I m0aned out, moving my h!ps so his tip was at my entrance. I was soaking we*t and my pvssy was pulsating with need, a need only he could fulfill.

“Ashlyn, are you sure?” Mason asked again. I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him down until our bodies were flushed. Mason gr0aned as his c0ck filled me up, but he felt so good.

“Yes,” I m0aned. I expected some discomfort, but I only found pleasure. Moving my h!ps, gave Mason the go-ahead to start thrusting. He would pull almost all the way out and slam back into me.

“You’re so wet, baby.” He grunted. We were both covered in sweat and panting. I was an m0aning mess. He threw one of my legs over his shoulder so he could go deeper, and I knew I was about to cvm. He hit this sp0t deep inside me where the pleasure was so intense, making me see stars.

“Mason, mark me.” I m0aned, officially wanted to be his. I knew I wanted this forever. His eyes switched to a golden yellow, and I knew Thor was on the surface. He leaned into my left side of my neck and bit down. There was a quick sharp pain, but then pure pleasure soon replaced it. My cl!max exploded, and I dug my nails into his back and arm.

I could feel the bond connecting with his emotions. I could feel his pleasure and happiness at marking me

He was still pumping into me when he pulled his teeth out and l!cked the mark close.

I could feel the pleasure building again. His mixing with mine and it felt amazing. The friction from his c0ck, the tingles and sparks from his touch. The feelings were overwhelming, but it felt too good to stop. At that moment, I didn’t care if we ever left this bed.

Mason leaned down into my neck to whisper in my ear, “mark me, baby.” He pulled away to k!ss my l!ps.

K!ssing my way down his jaw to the left side of his neck.

I was l!cking my way down his neck until I hit the stop where my mark would go. I could feel Tundra come forward and my k9's elongate and I sunk my teeth into him. As soon as my teeth pierced his skin, my org*asm ripped through me again.

His thrusts became jagged while he let out a gr0an as my pvssy pulsated around his c0ck, milking him. I pulled my teeth out and l!cked away the blood, sealing my mark. Mason stilled on top of me. He flopped over on his back and pulled me to his side. We were both panting and covered in sweat.

“Mason?” I whispered.

“Yeah, Gorgeous?” He asked.

“I’m starving now.” I panted, and he chuckled.

“Okay, let’s get you some food, Baby.” He said, k!ssing the top of my head.