

Read Novel Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 9

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 9-Prince Mason

Watching Ashlyn kick Henry's a*ss was the highlight of the class. She was indeed a skilled fighter, and she was pretty flawless in her execution. Henry was a sore loser, and if he didn't change his attitude, he would never make it into the army. The recruits have to win against Brandon, Liam or myself before they are considered.

When we were just about to leave, Ashlyn received a call. From the increase in her heart rate, I knew it was her ex-mate. I remember her telling my father and me she had a new phone and number. How did he get his hands on it? I could hear the sadness in her voice as she spoke to him. I looked over at Brandon and Liam. They both looked concerned as well.

What if he convinces her to go back to him? The thought had my stomach in knots. I don't know why, but the thought of her being with someone else infuriated me. I was a little surprised at what she said before she hung up.

"Don't call me unless you are accepting my rejection."

It made me smile until she turned around and walked towards us. Her eyes were red from unshed tears. I noticed a few had even fallen. It broke me to see a frown on her beautiful face.

When we walked over to the parking lot, I suggested we drive over to the pack house so I could get Ashlyn settled into her room. It was about a 10 minute drive from the campus and offices. Liam volunteered to go with Ashlyn, and to my surprise, she let him drive her car. He will never let us forget that. A*ssh0le.

I hopped into the passenger side of Brandon's truck and Brandon pulled out of the parking lot, with Ashlyn and Liam following.

"So, what do you think of Ashlyn?" Brandon asked with curiosity.

"Yeah, she's okay." I shrugged. I didn't know how to explain that I felt a pull towards her. Even with my best friend, I am not ready to share that.

"Uh-huh." He answered, clearly not believing me.

He probably knew something was up, but he didn't push the topic of Ashlyn. Brandon knows me better than anyone. We've known each other since we were toddlers.

I thought about the BBQ my father and Ashlyn were talking about, and I'm pretty sure I remember her. We were down by the lake playing. They had a dock that went out pretty far into the lake. She was in a pink, sparkly swimsuit and her hair was in a braid. She was adorable, with her freckled nose. And she grew into a beautiful woman.

We pulled up to the pack house and parked out front. It was more of a hotel than a house. We had the kitchen, dinner area, library, movie room, and game room on the main floor. Out back, we had a separate building with a pool and a gym. We also had a smaller pack house that housed the non-mated members of our pack. The second floor had some offices, including my own. The third and fourth floors are staff living. And the fifth to the eighth floors were dorms for the students.

The ninth floor was for the gammas, the tenth was for the betas, and I had the eleventh floor with Brandon and Liam. And my father had the 12th floor. They made all the private floors up, with a few condos on each floor. They all had balconies that looked out onto the forest and mountain range behind the house. You also needed a special code to enter each private floor so the students couldn't enter our areas.

Brandon and I exited his truck and walked over to where Liam had parked Ashlyn's car. They both hopped out.

"Wow. This is a hotel, not a house!" She exclaimed.

Liam leaned into her. "This is where the students and the uppers live. There's another pack house behind this one that houses the single pack member." She just looked at him, stunned. I walked to the front entrance.

"Hey, what about my stuff?" She called to me.

"The staff will park your car in our garage and take your things up." I told her, turning around to face her.

"Oh, okay." She shyly responded.

I'm assuming she was used to doing everything herself. After walking in, I told Brandon and Liam to give her a tour of the main floor and I'd go tell the staff to move the vehicles and bring her bags up to our floor. Brandon threw me his keys.

"Ashlyn, key?" I held out my hand. She was looking around the foyer.

"I'm sorry?" She looked at me, confused.

"I need your key for your car." I stood her, my hand still extended.

"Oh, right? Duh. Sorry." She searched in her purse and handed me her car fob. When her hand brushed my, I couldn't help the goosebumps that formed on my arm and the shiver that went up my spine. What the hell was that? Ashlyn didn't seem to have the same reaction as me. She just smiled at me and walked away with the guys.

I walked over to the front desk. I guess it is like a hotel. Linda was there, doing whatever she did. She turned her attention to me, smiling, and pushed her cleavage up by resting her elbows on the counter. Before, I might have flirted a little, but after meeting Ashlyn again, I had no interest in this woman in front of me.

"Linda." I greeted her.

"Yes, your majesty?" She asked, while biting her lower lip.

"I need someone to park the truck and car out front in the private garage. There are also bags in the car that will have to be brought up. And I also need a new code for floor eleven, under the name Ashlyn Knight." I told her.

"Oh, of course, your majesty." Her eyes clouded. She was mindlinking the staff. Then, she started typing on her computer.

"Did one of the guys find their mate?" She asked while typing away.

"No, she is my guest." I told her, not that it really mattered. She wrote the code and handed me the small piece of paper.

"Okay, have a great day, your majesty. The code should be working." She said with a smile.

"Thanks Linda." I nodded to her and took the small piece of paper.

I waited by the elevator for the guys and Ashlyn to finish the tour. I was just going to stroll through my emails, seeing what needed to be handled. It didn't take long before they met up with me. I reached over to press the button to call the elevator. We all stood there waiting. This was our elevator. It only went to our floor, but you still needed a code.

"So, what do you think of this place?" I asked her.

"This place is wonderful. I can't wait to hit the pool." She said, grinning. I couldn't help but smirk. The elevator dinged, and the doors opened. We entered, and I passed Ashlyn her code for the elevator.

"What's this?" She asked.

"This is your code, it's so we know who entered the floor. We all have a different one. This is the elevator that only goes to our floor. We can enter other floors, but you need the code. Just punch in your code and then the "11". She punched in her code and hit the "11".

"So I guess she's staying with us?" Brandon mindlinked me and I didn't answer. I'll explain everything later. Ashlyn was concentrating on the panel and the code in her hand.

"Love." She muttered.

"What?" Liam asked.

"Oh sorry, my code spells out "love". It's just an easier way for me to remember numbers. I put them into words. And this one is "love". "5683". I'm thinking the universe hates me." She sighed.

Finally, we reached our floor; doors opened up into our living room, kitchen, and dining area. The living room had a few leather couches, a huge flat screen TV, a fireplace and all the gaming consoles. The kitchen was modern in white. And we had a 6 person dark oak table with chairs in the dining area attached to the kitchen. The floor was all dark hardwood, and the walls were all in different greys. We all stepped out, and the doors closed behind us.

"As you can see, this is the living room, kitchen, and dining area. Follow me and I'll show you your room." I instructed her to follow me.

"Are you all roomies?" She asked.

“We are and now you are too!” Liam exclaimed while wrapping his arm around her shoulders and giving her a squeeze.

“I could just take one of the student rooms. I wouldn’t want to impose on any of you.” She said shyly.

“Are you kidding? We are going to have so much fun.” Liam told her while squeezing her shoulders again. How can he be so natural with her? I really didn’t want him or anyone to touch her, but I couldn’t tell them because I didn’t understand why.

“So these two rooms are Liam’s and Brandon’s.” I pointed down the hallway to the left of our common area. “And your room is this way, the door on the right and each room has an ensuite.” I pointed down the hall to the right of the common area.

She walked down the hallway and stopped at her new bedroom door. She turned and pointed to my bedroom door.

“And I take it this is yours, Prince Mason?” She asked me.

“It is, and it’s Mason,” I told her.

She nodded, opened her door, and walked in. The guys and I stayed in the living room.

“This is going to be so much fun!” Liam exclaimed while walking into the kitchen.

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 10-Ashlyn

Honestly, walking into my room felt like a fairy tale. Everything in the room was white, except for the floors and the furniture. The furniture and floor were a dark grey, almost black, and this whole place was gorgeous. It definitely had a man’s touch, but it was simple and warm.

I haven’t seen my things yet. Someone must still be bringing them up. I only had two suitcases, because Aunt Grace just kept shopping for me. And I had my gym bag. I brought my purse with me.

I put my purse on the bed and walked over to the first door. It was next to the bed. I found it was the closet, and someone had already put away my things. Whomever it was, was incredibly fast. Wow!

I closed the door and opened the next door. It was a little further down from the closet door. I walked past a dresser and a TV hung on the wall above it. It opened into a grand bathroom. It had a soaker tub and a shower with glass doors with a rain shower head. Everything was in white and grey marble. It was beautiful. I found they had already put all my toiletries in their places.

There was a long curtain beside my bed. I assume it's a window. I opened them to find a sliding door to a balcony. It was beautiful. The sun was setting behind the mountain range. Everything here was just beautiful and perfect.

"Even Prince Mason," Tundra purred.

"Yes, Tundra. Mason is a very handsome man. Tundra, why do I feel weird when I'm around Mason? I can kinda feel a tingle when we have touched. He smells fantastic, but you haven't said mate. Can we even get a second chance-mate with our ex-mate still holding on to the bond?"

"I don't know, Ashlyn. I feel like I need him, but I'm not sure why either. He is important to us. I'm just not sure how yet."

Just then, there was a knock at my door.

"Come in," I yelled.

Mason opened the door. He stood in the door frame, not fully stepping into my room.

"How is everything?" He asked me.

"Everything is perfect, thank you," I told him with a smile. "But..." I rolled my bottom lip with my teeth.

"But what?" He furrowed his eyebrows.

"I think this is all too much. If you are so determined that I stay, I need to repay you, you and your father."

"Come, let's talk in the living room." He motioned me forward. He placed his hand on my lower back and led me out to the common area.

“Have a seat. Would you like something to drink?” He asked, while walking into the kitchen.

“A water please.” I answered, while taking a seat on one couch.

“Thank you. Where are Brandon and Liam?” I asked when he handed me my water. He sat on the other couch. Our knees were touching, and I had to fight the urge to reach out my hand to touch his thigh. I focused on my water instead and took a sip.

“They went to get us all dinner.” He answered.

“Oh, that was really nice. I could have done that.” I told him.

“It’s okay, Ashlyn. I wanted to speak with you.” He said cautiously. I put my bottle on the side table and looked into his eyes.

“Of course, Mason. What’s up?” I asked him.

“I remember you, from the BBQ.” He told me with a smile.

“You do?” I asked curiously.

“Yeah, you were wearing a sparkly pink bathing suit.” He chuckled.

“One sec.” I told him, holding up my index finger. I went to find the shoe box that had all the stuff my aunt gave me. Finding it on a shelf in the closet. I pulled out the photo and walked back to the living room. I handed Mason the photo before I sat down in my spot again. He looked at the photo for a few moments.

“Man, was I tiny?” He laughed.

“What? Let me see?” I asked him. I expected him to give me the photo, but he moved to sit beside me on the couch I was sitting on. He was still holding the photo, but we were both able to see it now.

“Oh my goodness, you were adorable. Little heartbreaker.” I giggled. “But look at my cheeks. I looked like a chipmunk,” I exclaimed, and he laughed.

“You were adorable, even if you could have shoved a couple hundred marshmallows in your mouth.” He chuckled. Looking at him in shock, I punched one of his biceps.

“Ow!” He rubbed where I punched him.

“That was not very nice, you j.erk!” I crossed my arms across my chest. I slumped on the couch and pouted. He leaned back towards me. We were shoulder to shoulder.

“You puff out your cheeks when you pout.” He teased. I pressed my lips in a line and looked over at him. He was staring at me with his big gold eyes, and they were hypnotizing. I started playing with my lips and my heart rate increased. It felt like everything faded away around us. But the elevator ding interrupted the moment. Mason sat up, leaning his elbows on his knees, clearing his throat. The elevator doors opened, Liam and Brandon walked out with a few take-away bags.

“Hungry?” Brandon asked me.

“Starving.” I breathed out.

“Movie night.” Liam sung out, following Brandon into the kitchen.

“We got teriyaki shrimp and chicken with rice and veggies.” Brandon called from the kitchen.

“Sounds amazing.” I called back to him.

I was still looking at Mason, and he was looking at me over his shoulder. His scent of evergreens and rain was so calming, and I wanted to live in his scent.

Liam entered the room and placed some cans of soda on the coffee table. I took the opportunity to go get changed. I excused myself and went to my room. I found some lounge shorts and a long sleeve swoop neck tee. When I was done, I returned to the living room. The guys already had plates in their hands, and they placed mine on the coffee table. It smelt amazing.

I sat beside Mason again. I crossed my legs and got comfy. Mason passed me my plate when I was ready and I thanked him. He was sitting close enough to where my knee was resting against his thigh. Brandon and Liam sat on the other couch. But they gave each other more room. Liam put his plate down to grab the remote on the coffee table.

“Movie?” He asked me.

“Sure, nothing scary.” I answered.

“Baby.” Liam teased me.

“Fine, but you are not coming into my bed when the “ghosts” come to get you.” I rolled my eyes at him. Brandon and Mason were snicking and Liam looked at me with pure shock.

“You would let the ghosts get me. I thought we were friends,” he pouted.

“Awe. But you’re still not sleeping in my bed. I’m sure Mason or Brandon would love to be your little spoon.” I smirked.

“What?!” they both yelled.

“Why are we the little spoon?” Asked Brandon.

Mason raised an eyebrow at me.

“Really?!? Oh my goddess, just pick a movie.” I said, annoyed. The food was amazing. I didn’t realize how hungry I was until I put the first fork full in my mouth.

“De-man-ding” Liam said, all smug.

“Don’t care, eating.” I told him in between chewing and pointing to my plate with my fork. I looked around at Mason and Brandon and they looked amused by our friendly banter.

Liam put on some Haunted house serial killer movie. Not that scary. When we were all done eating, Liam and Brandon cleaned up.

I didn’t realize I had fallen asleep, curled up with my head resting on the armrest. Something shifted me awake, then I felt big muscular arms pick me up. I could smell evergreens and rain. I knew it was Mason, and without thinking, I snuggled into his chest. His hand was touching my arm and thigh, sending tingles through me. But I was so tired, I couldn’t even open my eyes. I remember being placed on something soft, and then I was in a blissful sleep.