+10 Bonus

Pleasure In The Bathtub

It was almost a two-hour drive back to LA. I remain on Reagan's lap all through and he doesn't seem like he's ready to let go of me either. He's been a bit clingy since we left the forest, always holding me to him and keeping me from any other prying eyes.

Being in his presence was calming, though, and I don't mind his possessive nature.

I can't believe I was away from him for almost a whole day. I swear the thought of being away from him even for a second drives me nuts right now. So I cherish the moment of being in his arms until we got to our penthouse.

He doesn't let me walk but still carries me in his arms towards our personal elevator. It's a good thing the underground parking lot is deserted since we still have only blankets on.

Adrian doesn't follow us and remains in the car while we go up. He doesn't stay in the penthouse with us, but I've seen him lurking around the building almost all the time. So he must have a room here.

I keep my head buried in Reagan's chest as we ride up the elevator. My body is tingling with anticipation of what's to come when we get to our apartment. Since we've marked each other and I've accepted Reagan equally, nothing is stopping us from sealing the deed with a big bang, if you know what I mean.

The elevator dings and he steps out before walking into our apartment. It's dark, but he quickly navigates the light switch and flips it on. I notice how tidy it is with no

+10 Bonus

evidence of the struggle that had happened this morning with the rogues. Room service must have cleaned it up while we were gone.

My mate walks with me to the bathroom and sets me down on the toilet seat before walking over to the bathtub. I watch as he silently turns on the faucet and fills the tub with water, adjusting the temperature so it would be just right. I take the time to walk over to the mirror and inspect myself.

Shifting the blanket off my shoulder, I stare at my neck where my mate had marked me earlier. There's no sign that his canines sank into the area as it seems flawless. But when I bring my palm up to touch it, a zap of electricity flows from the spot to round my body, startling me a bit.

My heart's beat accelerates, along with my pulse quickening. I can't see the mark on my neck, but I can feel it underneath the skin, pulsing with life and ownership. Just then, I sense Reagan's presence behind me, and I gaze into the mirror to see his eyes fixed on mine.

His gaze then trails to my neck while he leans down before tilting his head sideways to place a kiss on the back of my neck. My body shivers in response, and his hand comes up to slowly glide the blanket off my body completely. He lays another kiss on my skin, but this time directly on his mark, and my body elicits the same response as earlier, only that it burns more this time because it's his touch.

I bite my lip to stop a moan from coming out while rolling my head to fall on his shoulder. I realize that he is just as naked as I am when my body leans further into his. I look back into the mirror to see his gaze now focused on my exposed body while he peppers kisses on my shoulder. A sigh of content escapes my lips, and I bare my neck open for him, giving him more access.

+10 Bonus

"You're so f*****g beautiful. God, I missed you." He whispers into my ear with a groan before moving back. I hate the loss of contact immediately. It takes a while for me to compose myself and turn around to meet his lust-filled gaze.

He reaches for my hand before leading me to the tub filled with steamy water. He gets in first and then settles me between his legs. I can feel his raging boner poking at my butt cheek and his tense body behind me of hard, granite muscles.

His hand comes up to slowly massage my arm and wash the dirt and blood from my body in a soothing manner. I relax further into him, sighing in delight as he takes good care of me.

"We'll be leaving for Canada in a few days." He suddenly announces, and my body goes rigid almost immediately. He senses this, and his hands move under my arm to massage the sides of my breasts. And my core clenches in response. But I don't give in so easily.

"So soon?" I swerved my head a bit to the side and asked. I know we would leave for Canada, but I hadn't thought it would be this quick. I haven't gathered enough of the courage that I need to face the Lycan population as Reagan's mate.

"Yes. Personally, Canada is the last place I wanna be, but I still have duties over there to perform as the Second Prince." He narrates while flicking his thumb over my right n****e. I let out a low gasp as he gently kneads my t**s from behind, clouding my senses with lust.

"Plus, since you're now marked by me, you need to be officially crowned as a Princess back at the palace."

"Oh," is all I can say as his hands work magic on my breasts. My toes curl in the water as his smooth palm

+10 Bonus

glides further down over my abdomen, washing me clean before making way to my thighs. His lips on my neck are driving me wild with lust, and his hands exploring my body is enough to completely take my sense away.

His fingers softly trail on the inside of my thigh, and I voluntarily part them open for him. I can feel his smug smirk against my skin at my actions, but I don't feel too embarrassed, just shamelessly in need of him.

His fingers, however, only dance further up to my core before moving back down and repeating the cycle in a sensuous manner. How cruel of him.

"Reagan!" My voice is thick with both lust and warning for him to stop teasing me. I'm already so hot with need from our earlier marking in the forest, and I can't wait any longer.

A deep chuckle resonates from his chest, and he pauses his movements on my thighs.

A long finger easily glides into my hole since it was already wet from all his earlier teasing. I moan out loud and he begins to thrusts his finger into me at a fast pace, bringing me, fast, closer to my climax. The water from the tub splatters to the floor from my squirming about. But I'm too gone to care. He bites down hard on my earlobe, causing me to let out a loud cry before he soothes it with his mouth.

"Oh, yes..." I'm moaning in delight while he works my cunt like an expert. So close. I keep chanting in my head as stars begin to burst behind my eyelids.

"c*m for me, little wolf." He coaxes while curling his finger inside me and twisting my n****e with his other hand, and I do what he asks me to do, bursting on his fingers with sparks flying around us. My climax felt so intense, unlike the others I had before we had marked

each other.

"Good girl." He praises, kissing me on my temple this time while I drop back down to earth.

I let out a light chuckle at his words, "I'm not little, nor am I a wolf anymore." I said, remembering his earlier statement.

"You'll always be my little wolf." He states besides my ear before leaning forward to unplug the drain and let the water flow out.

I'm still shivering from the aftermath of my climax with my mind foggy as hell as he rinses me clean before taking me out and towels me dry.

After also cleaning the droplets of water off from his skin, his eyes go back to scanning my naked body with heat evident in them. I shiver from his hot gaze, wrapping my arms around my body to hide from him. My cheeks burn pink while I bite down hard on my lips from nervousness.

I feel his thumb on my bottom lip with my gaze still on the floor. He gently pries it away from my teeth and smoothly trails his finger over it.

"Tell me, where did she hurt you?" His deep velvety voice resonates, and I can hear the fury in them. I look up to see his eyes flashing dangerously. I don't need him to elaborate for me to know what he's talking about.

Janet might have beaten up pretty badly, but all of the wounds are gone. In fact, I don't think there's a scar. My head feels fine even after being banged into the floor a couple of times, and my shoulder, where she had passed a stick, looks good as new.

"I'm fine," I assure him with a small smile. "I don't feel any pain."

Reagan doesn't seem like he believes me with his

+10 Bonus

sharp eyes still scanning my body.

"I'll make her pay." He vows with his eyes on me. I frown at his words with my eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"She's still alive?!" I meant to sound calm, but it came out as a hiss, instead, with my body slightly shaking in anger. I had thought she was dead after I had rammed her head repeatedly into the ground until she was covered in thick blood.

Reagan nods, "Unfortunately. She is a Lycan and can recuperate even from more injuries. But don't worry, she's safely being kept and locked in a place that best suits someone like her. She isn't the one I'm worried about right now." He pulls me by my hips towards him, smashing my boobs against his chest.

I'm still not satisfied knowing she's alive somewhere. My beast craves to end her with her life force dripping from our claws. I can already envision cutting her guts out with them.

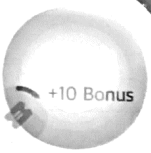
But, I didn't want her to spoil my moment with my mate once more. She has done that enough in the past, and today is not the day to let my anger for her stop me from having a wonderful night.

I sigh, wrapping my arms around my mate's neck. "Yes, she isn't the one I wanna think about right now."

I lean to place a peck on his muscular chest, and I watch the muscles contract under my touch. I look up to see his dark eyes pinned on me with his jaw clenching as his grip on my hips tighten.

I lift myself up on my tippy toes to whisper sensuously into his ear.

"I need you."



The Mating Night

My back hits the soft bed with my lips locked in a heated battle with my mate's hot, soft ones. My wrists are held down by his much stronger hands, and my legs are wrapped tightly around his waist. When he moves to focus his lips on my jaw and neck, I take the opportunity to free my wrists as his grip loosens and run them over his muscular back.

It's what I've been wishing to do ever since I saw him, butt naked, in the forest. His features alone leave me drooling like a high school girl over her crush. And his lips, god, his lips on my neck are amazing, coaxing gasps of pleasure to leave my lips! He pays special attention to where his mark is, licking at the spot like a hungry beast. I guess he is one, to an extent.

Both his hands cup my breasts at the same time and pinch my n*****s. They pucker instantly up at him like two obedient soldiers, both craving for attention. My nails dig into his back when his pink tongue peeks out to swirl itself around a hard bud before taking it into his moist mouth.

"Ah!" I'm startled when he bites down hard on a bud, pulling it before going back to sucking on it.

Using my Lycan speed and strength, I twist us around until I'm on top. I know if he wanted to, he wouldn't have let me overpower him, I can't compete with his strength. I look up to see his eyes curiously watching me adjust on his lap and lean down slowly.

I don't break eye contact with him until my mouth attacks his neck. I use my teeth to gently nip at the skin

+10 Bonus

before sucking at it, mimicking what I've felt him do to me lots of times. My palm trails over his chest, abdomen, and six-packs, with my lips moving lower. I don't hesitate to swirl my tongue around his n****e before sucking on it. This elicits a strong reaction from his and his body grows tense with his fingers coming up to dig into my hair at the nape of my neck.

"Ellie." His groans sound sexy in my ears, and I feel powerful for being the cause of them. I'm not even sure what I'm doing, considering I've never indulged in anything s****l before. But what I do know is that I wanted him to feel exactly the way I felt, exactly what he does to me. To make him squirm as I do beneath him and to hear him moan my name. I wanted more, and my lips trailing further down made that clear to him.

Unfortunately, he stops me by spinning us so that I'm back underneath him.

I pout at him, "No fair. I wanna be on top." He chuckles at my childish expression, brushing the strands of my hair away from my face to get a better look at me.

"You will. Later on." He adds and pulls my bottom lip between his teeth before letting go. His hands explore my body with his fingers and lips, worshipping every inch of me till I'm a panting mess. He inches his finger into my wet s*x, which was still a bit sensitive from my earlier orgasm. I clench around it while he pumps, gently, till I create a puddle beneath us. I'm a bit ashamed at how wet I am down there, but at the same time, too aroused to care.

"You ready for me, my love?" Reagan softly whispers the question into my ear with his finger still turning me mush down there.

"Please." I breathe out between my moans. He leans

+10 Bonus

back up, and I take the opportunity to look at him down there.

Whenever I see him butt naked, I always look away from that specific area, acting like a shy virgin because technically, I am. I know he's huge down there, but I'm still left stupefied even now as I stare at him. And him, getting extremely hard, seems to make him grow bigger. I doubt I can wrap my hand around that thing with its wide girth, and I don't think I can take his full length either. I'm amazed by its sight but at the same time scared of it, causing me to sink my teeth into my bottom lip with my eyes glued to my mate's shaft.

"Scared?" I hear Reagan's taunting voice above me. I glance up to see a teasing smirk on his face, with his eyes glinting in mischief.

"I...I am not!" I stutter out, glancing between his face and his manhood that's bobbing a bit.

"Then touch it." He coaxes, a smile pulling his lips further up. I can feel a lump form in my throat, making it hard for me to swallow smoothly. My tongue darts out too moist, my suddenly dry lips and I bring my hand forwards, reaching for his c**k.

"That's it, sweet girl." He flashes his set of pearly whites teeth. "It won't bite." I glare at him then as he's obviously mocking me and enjoying seeing me squirm. So I do something to shut him up and wipe that smug look off his face. I grab and squeeze him, with my eyes still locked with his.

His smile does fall off, and I could see him gritting his fine teeth with his facial expression turning stone cold. His eyes flash dangerously, with me stroking his c**k. I was right about one thing though, my hand is too small for him.

"f**k!" He curses and tries to move back, but I follow him and keep on stroking him. I couldn't help it. It's my first time boldy touching a man without the influence of something else, and I'm fascinated by the reactions I get from him just from a few strokes. He's twitching in my palm with his body rigid and taunt, similarly to the pose a panther takes when he is about to pounce.

His chest resonates a deep warning growl as his eyes flash dangerously and his jaw clenches. "Ellie...that's enough!" And when I still don't listen, he grabs my wrist and halts me before gently pushing me back down. It was then I notice the change in his demeanor to that of a menacing one. He wasn't so smug anymore, nor was he playful. The seriousness is evident in his eyes, and he looks like a wild beast just unleashed and about to devour his first meal.

"It seems you're so eager to please me." His lips pull up in a cold smile that sends chills down my spine.

I contemplate running away and hiding from those lust-filled eyes, but he wraps his hands around my ankles and separates them apart, leaving my smooth s*x open for him. Good thing I shaved this morning before I was kidnapped.

He leans down for his face to directly be in front of my dripping cunt, and out of embarrassment, I try to lock them back close, but his grip on my ankle doesn't waver and only tightens in a warning. He inhales deeply at my s*x with a deep growl reverberating from his chest as his eyes droop close in satisfaction. By now, my face is red all over, and I look away for a while before staring back down at him to see his eyes back open.

His brown eyes are swirling with desire and feral need as they stare up at me from below my belly. I watch as he gently separates my lips and blows air onto my hard

+10 Bonus

clit. I clench over, wishing for something else to occupy the empty spot.

My cheeks are bright red at this point, and he doesn't break eye contact. I can see the clear warning in his eyes for me not to either. He takes the nub into his hot mouth, and I swear I almost burst just with that alone.

"Reagan, please." I plead in a tiny voice that I don't recognize as mine. And it seems to have snapped something in him as he swiftly leans over me and lines his c**k to my entrance.

"I love it when you beg." He groans and swiftly invades my entrance with one thrust but slows down when he gets to my hymen. I bite down on my lip when he looks to me for confirmation, and I nod for him to proceed. He shoves in deeper, taking my virginity with him as he slowly glides in. The pain is sharp, but short, however, as I quickly recover. Benefits of being a beast. If I was a human, that would have hurt like a b***h considering Reagan's size.

And damn, he was big. I'm stuffed full with my hole trying to stretch and accommodate him. I can already feel the pleasure begin to build as he peppers my face with kisses.

He moves his hips back and takes his c**k with him till only his bulbous head remains in me, before he rams back in, to the hilt. I let out a gasp at the sudden thrust, and I can hear his grunt of pleasure in my ear. His rod is rubbing places inside me and hitting sweet spots that are enough to make me spasm. My nails are digging into his forearms as I try to meet his thrusts by moving my hips along with his. It was pure instincts, even though I'm inexperienced in this field.

I don't know if I'm giving him the same pleasure as he

is to me, but his facial expression lets me know he's enjoying it too. The room is filled with nothing but our moans and grunts and the wet sound of his shaft penetrating my hole. I feel I'm about to burst and shatter into a thousand pieces, so I lean up to lock my lips with his as the sensation explodes within me.

His mouth swallows up my screams with his hips still thrusting his huge length inside me at a fast speed. He rides out my orgasm, not giving me much time to recover as the second one is about to hit me, hard. I clench on his c**k, my toes curling as I anticipate the next wave.

"f**k, Ellie!" He hisses, with his face contorted in pain and pleasure as he moves above me. I can feel his muscles begin to go tense with his c**k growing bigger inside me. The sparks around us fly about as we both chase our climax. His nails on my hips dig into the skin while I scratch his back, writhing and moaning out loud. The sound of my name also leaving his lips drives me closer to the edge, quickly, for me to fall off.

I explode once more around his length just as I feel his seeds spurt deep into my womb as he pushes in inside me to the hilt. Good thing I'm on the pill.

His lips collide with mine in a soft sensuous kiss, sending tingles everywhere. Our breaths are both labored, with us remaining entangled in each other's arms. I can feel our bond strengthening with my heart beating at the same pace as his. Our eyes remain locked as we part from the kiss, and I can see the love and desire swirling in his brown orbs. They slowly turn golden with his beast coming out to stare at me.

I know what to do next without being told. So I bring my beast forward also and move to a corner of my mind to let them start their own bonding process. Unlike how Reagan and I marked each other, it seems it's different for

+10 Bonus

our beasts. They don't need to sink their canines into their neck to mark themselves. It was different.

With them staring at each other, the connection between our beasts begins to grow as they telepathically place a mark on each other. I can feel my beast go giddy with joy at finally bonding with her mate before she throws me back front and goes to bask in excitement at the back. That's it. We're have officially completed the mating ceremony.

I blink to see Reagan's eyes also had turned back to their swirly caramel color. And they're staring at me with so many emotions that leave me a bit flushed. Possessiveness, protection, adoration, love...these are all he's showing me through his eyes. And I know without a doubt in my heart that I feel the same way.

"I love you, Reagan." I finally say, after so many weeks of letting him wait while I try to find my true self and overcoming my fears. I don't even need for him to say it back because I know he feels the same way.

His eyelids blink down at me in shock before I see the joy burst through them. He brings his palm forward to cup my cheek and leans further down until our lips are almost touching. I don't even mind if he's crushing me a bit with his weight. I just want to stay like this for a long time.

"I love you, my sweet little wolf." A smile graces my lips, and I pull my bottom lip in to sink my teeth into it. His eyes follow my movement, turning dark, and at the same time, I feel him twitch inside me. Oh, that's right. He hasn't pulled out yet.

"Oh." I'm surprised to feel him grow inside me within seconds while a smirk stretches his lip.

"Don't tell me you're already tired, my little wolf." He

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c***s an eyebrow at me in a mocking gesture. I glare at him, meeting his challenging eyes.

"I never said that." I raise my chin up at him in determination.

His smirk increases, and he swiftly twists us around once more for me to be on top now and him underneath me.

"Good. Then I'm sure you can fulfill your earlier wishes of riding me." He grins up at me cheekily.

I may have had three orgasms this night from him, but I still had enough strength. However, later that night, when I begin to find out that my Prince was insatiable in bed, I realize I don't really have that much strength.

+10 Bonus

The Morning After

I feel sore all over, but I'm not talking about the bad kind of sore. It's the delicious, sensational kind that makes one's body continue to hum from the passionate lovemaking and raw hard s*x of last night.

Reagan might be a beast, but he sure knows how to worship a lady's body. My whole skin, starting from my neck downwards, is covered with red dots from all his nipping and biting. One would think I have skin rashes or something bad. And he didn't even let me sleep until the wee hours of the morning. Maybe I shouldn't have accepted his challenge and should have given up quickly. But either way, it's not as if I didn't like it. In fact, I loved it.

I stare at my reflection through the mirror in the bathroom, admiring Reagan's work on my body last night. My hair is disheveled and looks like a bird nest, my naked skin is flushed with heat and glowing with joy, my eyes are glinting with happiness, and a smile of content is stretched on my lips.

It hadn't been easy to get out of bed with his ironclad grip on my waist, but I had been quick enough and replaced myself with a pillow that had my scent from me sleeping on it. It's late in the morning already, but he's still asleep. I can't blame him. He must be exhausted from exerting all his energy on giving me pleasures all night.

For a beast, one would think he was rough in bed, but he was actually sweet at times, trying to find my pleasure while ignoring his. I am going to return the favor, however, as soon as he wakes up. I haven't done it

before, but I'm sure I can pull it off and make him happy.

After brushing my teeth, I head for the showers to bask in the warm water spraying in my flushed skin. With my eyes closed, I hear the soft sound of the door opening and closing, before light footsteps making their way to me. A smile graces my lips when I feel strong arms wrap around me, engulfing me in their masculine scent and sending tingles all over my body. My better half is here, holding on to me from behind as he pepper kisses on my naked shoulder.

I can feel his hardness poking against my butt cheek as he pushes up against me, and my core clenches as I remember how deep inside me it was yesterday.

"Morning, my love." His husky voice is enough to make me shiver in delight.

"Morning." I can only sigh when he nips at another spot. I'm going to have to wear a turtle neck to cover all his marks. "I thought you'd be exhausted since I tired you out." I tease, leaning further into him as the water sprays over both of us.

I feel his smirk on my shoulder before he places another kiss on my skin. "Last I remember, you were the one screaming all night." He spins me around to face him while my cheeks begin to turn pink. I can also see red dots on his chest from where I had nipped at him. And I'm proud I placed my marks on him too. He has never looked more beautiful to me than with them.

His lips attack my neck as he buries his face in it, and I dig my fingers into his silky, wet hair.

"Hmm, you're right." I moan out loud. "I was the one enjoying the most. So let me please you."

He slows down his assault on my neck and moves back to stare at me with an eyebrow c****d upward. But I

+10 Bonus

don't waver or take back my words. He then brings his hand up to cup and stroke my cheek.

"I enjoyed last night more than you could imagine. No sensation or feeling is better than being inside you or watching you writhe under me in pleasure." My face is flaming red right now, but I don't look away from his warm entrancing eyes. I bite the inside of my lip, moving even closer to him and wrapping my hands around his lean waist.

"I know." I lick my lips. "But I wanna do more for you." I voice out, looking down before wrapping my palm around his half-hard manhood. He lets out a low hiss through his teeth and attempts to move back, but I follow him straight away while slowly stroking him.

I drop to my knees, now staring directly at his length and watching in fascination as it turns rock hard under my touch. I swipe my thumb over the bulbous head and gaze back up at him to see his hooded eyes watching me as he supports himself with his hand outstretched on the wall beside him. I don't waste time then taking him slowly into my mouth and watch his thigh muscles flex. I take him deeper until I feel him at the back of my throat and almost gag. But even then, I still had to wrap my hand around his remaining length that I couldn't take in.

I suck hard and at the same time swirl my tongue around his member, only for his hand to dart out and fist my hair.

"Ellie." He groans out loud. I look up to see his head pulled back with his eyes closed and face contorted in pleasure. I feel all giddy inside for being the reason a powerful Prince was this way. I may have never given a head to anyone else before him, but I've read and heard a lot about it from girls around.

+10 Bonus

I start to bob my head back and forward, taking him in as much as I can and sucking him hard. I know I'm getting it right when he keeps on moaning my name and letting out grunts of satisfaction. His fist in my hair is tight, but I ignore the pain and let him guide me to fulfill his pleasure. He uses my mouth to bring himself closer to the brink but he isn't too rough at the same time.

I feel him stiffen with his member throbbing in my mouth, and I knew then that he's about to release his load. His fingers in my hair warn me by pulling me backward, but I remain in position, ready to accept him. I suck him one last time and hear him let out a loud roar, throwing his head back before cumming into my mouth. I swallow every drop before moving back to stand up.

The ecstasy is still evident in his eyes as he stares at me with adoration. I smash my lips with his, moaning into his mouth and letting him taste himself on my tongue.

"That was hot." He whispers between us, causing my face to turn flush once more. "Let me wash you." He offers, reaching for the shampoo bottle and squirt the liquid on my hair. I sigh, closing my eyes, enjoying his fingers work magic on my scalp, massaging the right spots.

"We have somewhere to go later on." He announces while I still have my eyes closed.

"Where?" I shamelessly moaned.

"I still have to interrogate the rogues to find out if there are more in hiding before they're sent to the councils." He sighs. "And as much as I would love to keep you locked away from prying eyes, I'm not letting you out of my sight, especially after yesterday's incident." I snap my eyes open to see his determined eyes fixed on me, and my lips tilt up when I see the concerned look on his face.

+10 Bonus

"I think I can take care of myself from now on."

A secret smile plays at the corner of his lips. "Yes, I saw your demonstration yesterday." He nods, referring to how I had turned Janet to a bloody pulp. Even I smile at the memory, but that is short-lived as I remembered Reagan's statement yesterday. The b***h was still alive.

After a late breakfast, we both got dressed and headed out. Adrian is already waiting for us in the driver's seat while Reagan and I hop into the backseat. We keep our fingers interlocked, not able to separate from one another. Ever since we marked and mated yesterday, the pull I have towards him got stronger and my possessiveness too.

I would prefer to spend this day at home, alone with him. But he has duties to perform, and I'm not gonna be the one to delay him. After such a long time, we've finally caught the culprits, and just in time before they also sold me.

"How did you find me?" The question popped into my mind, recalling the incident that happened yesterday.

A frown creases his eyebrows as he recalls the moment. "I felt the burning pain in my chest the moment something went wrong with you. But by the time I rushed back to the house, you were gone, with the place disorganized. I knew something horrible had happened and tried to find you with your scent immediately. It was faint, though, and hard to track. So I went back and had a 'few words' with the rogue that had been captured. He talked a little too late and almost died, but I'm sure he will make it." He said that so casually like he didn't just imply he tortured the rogue. Not that I feel bad for him or anything.

"Anyway, Danny has gone to Canada and report the

+10 Bonus

situation to the council. However, Lexi just finished her exams yesterday and found out about the situation a little too late." He explains. No wonder I hadn't seen the two of them yesterday. I hadn't thought much about it then as my mind had been preoccupied with other things.

I realize too late that we are heading towards my former pack, the Lunar pack, and we already are at the border. I furrow my eyebrows in confusion, looking up at Reagan. Had he kept the captured rogues here? It made sense considering this pack is bigger and more equipped to keep criminals without them escaping.

We, however, don't go for the packhouse but the dungeon behind that is a few minutes from it. It is designed like a cave but camouflaged expertly from the eyes of humans or any other creatures passing. Guards are hiding in trees, I can smell both Lycan and werewolves among them, and two Lycans are left at the entrance to guard it.

Reagan and I walk towards the cave, hand in hand, with Adrian a few feet behind us. Just then, a familiar brunette walks out in dark jeans and a blue top with a scowl marring her features. Her eyes land on me, and they lighten back up as she hops over to me.

"Ellie." She squeals, hugging me tightly. "I'm so glad to see you're alright. I heard too late what happened yesterday and couldn't come to see you." Lexi moves back to inspect me with her eyes scanning my body.

"I'm alright, Lexi. No need to worry about me." I assure her with a small smile. Her smile wipes off once more, with her eyes turning dark.

"If I knew that b***h was capable of doing this, I would have personally clawed out her throat the day she came into our home." She hisses, turning back to look at

+10 Bonus

the cave she just walked out of. I c**k an eyebrow at her line of sight as realization begins to dawn on me.

"She's in there?" I turn and ask Reagan, who still hasn't let go of my hand, and he nods immediately.

My eyes drift back to the cave, and I can feel my gums ache with the need to sink my teeth into Janet's throat before ripping it out. With my fists clenched at my sides, I can feel my beast craving to come out and cause a lot of harm.

"Let's go pay her a visit then," I announce without looking back and walking past the entrance of the cave. The guards, already knowing who we are, don't stop us as we all walk in.

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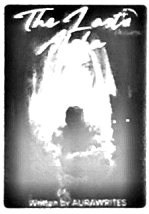

The Last Alpha

241.5K

TAGS revenge alpha love-triangle possessive

+10 Bonus

Cave

The dimly lit cave is illuminated only by torches hanging on the walls, but I don't exactly need them to see where I'm going. We walk by different cells with iron bars holding frail and weak looking werewolves that had broken the law somehow. Some cells are empty, but I don't think much about them as my focus is on something else. I make my way knowing exactly where to go, sniffing my prey from afar even with the metallic stench of blood coming from the cells.

Curious eyes watch us from their cells as we walk past them, going deeper. I think I might recognize some of the prisoners as the rogues captured yesterday, and I'm proven right when I see Gina among them, sitting on the floor and hugging herself as she whimpers out in fright.

And at the end of it all the person I hate most is being held. She looks pathetic, curled in a ball at the end of her cell with her dirty black hair falling around her face. The sound of our footsteps makes her raise her head up slowly for us to see her bloody face covered in dirt. Just one night in here, and she looks like s**t.

She's still dressed as she had been in the warehouse yesterday, but now, there's dried blood adorning her clothes along with the side of her face that I had smashed into the floor. Her eyes burn with hatred as they land on me, and she slowly stands to her feet while we stop in front of her cell. The iron bars connected from the top to the cemented floor separates us as she also walks over to us. They're made of strong metal and laced with wolf's bane. Though wolf's bane isn't so lethal to Lycans, the

bars are strong enough to hold her. Even if she managed to break through them, there are a lot of Lycans and werewolves outside, ready to stop and lock her back up.

I keep my expression cool even though I'm seething in anger and slightly satisfied because of her pathetic state. But I still preferred her six feet under for all she had done to me.

Her hands come up to clamp around the bars as her expression changes and her eyes soften. They turn watery as she turns to Reagan and pushes her bottom lip out in a pout.

"Tell me this is a joke, Reggie." I try to suppress the growl from emitting from my chest as the name I hate so much comes out of her lips.

"Why am I being locked in here. I didn't do anything wrong." I turn to see that Reagan's expression hasn't changed one bit with his head c****d to the, as he studies her with a blank expression. Yeah, she isn't going to fool him or anyone here.

Her eyes turn hard as she turns back to me, and the hatred shows forth. "If anything, she should be the one in here. You saw her try to kill me, didn't you?" She briefly glances at Reagan, but he still isn't budging. Her bottom lip trembles when she sees she's failing, and she turns back to Lexi at my other side.

"Lexi. Tell me you don't believe what they're saying about me. You know I'm not like that. I would never do anything to harm Reggie or his mate. I..."

"But you did." Lexi cuts her off with a cold voice that sends chills around the room. She walks closer to the bars until she's only just a few feet from Janet, with her angry eyes sending daggers her way. Janet even flinches back a little from the cold glare, but her hands remain on

+10 Bonus

the bars.

"We trusted you and accepted you into our home...our lives, Janet. You know how difficult it is for us to make friends other than our family, but we accepted you. And this is how you repay us?" Lexi might try to sound composed, but I could hear the hurt in her tone. She had really trusted Janet and had even defended her to me some times, asking me to also accept her.

I hear Reagan sigh beside me, "Lexi. Why don't you go wait in the other cell along with Bella." He suggests, and with one last glare at Janet, she walks away towards another cell, having a large iron door this time, before disappearing behind it.

I turn my attention back to Janet, who has a crestfallen look on her face as she looks down. "Sad, isn't it?" I taunt for her to look back up at me. "You didn't seem this guilty when you were thinking about selling me, or even killing me just to separate me from my mate." She ignores me and turns to Reagan with her eyes turning back to their innocent facade.

"Reggie, don't believe anything she says..."

"You found out weeks ago about the rogues' hideout, and instead of contacting me, you teamed up with them just to get rid of my mate." Reagan's voice turns chilly at the end, enough for Janet to know she's screwed. With her jaw set in determination, she straightens her posture and meets his glare.

"Since you've lost all faith in me, I would prefer to continue this conversation with the council and prove my innocence. Maybe then you'll see your mistake in trusting her instead of me." She briefly glances at me with spite before looking back at Reagan. She really is a good actress seeing as she isn't ready to give up even though she was

+10 Bonus

caught red-handed.

"Oh, Janet." Reagan sighs with a displeased tone as he tuts at her. "Don't you know we have witnesses, among the rogues we captured, that are ready to throw you under the bus if it would help reduce their sentences?" Her face begins to fall slightly, but she quickly composes herself. "And let's not forget about other crimes you've committed. As we speak, Danny is in Canada, reporting to the council not just about your involvement in the illegal trade of she-wolves and plotting against a Princess, but also about the human you brutally murdered in the forest in the middle of the night out of jealousy. Werewolf hunters have been notified about your heinous crime to that poor girl. You should pray the extremist among them don't take laws into their hands and attempt to kill you before you even make it to the council. So you see, you can't weave your way out of this one, Janet."

By now, Janet's eyes had widened into saucers as she takes in Reagan's words with all the color draining from her face. She looks like a ghost with her dark hair falling over her pale and horrified face. Call me a sadist, but I'm enjoying this.

She frantically shakes her head, "No. I didn't partake in the trade of she-wolves. I didn't do any of those things!"

"I hope you have a stronger defense to use in front of the council. Even your father won't be able to save you." Reagan says before turning towards me. "Come. Let's go." He tilts his head towards the cell with the large iron door.

"I'll catch up with you." I turn towards a shock-stricken Janet. "I've still got something to take care of." Although reluctant to leave me alone with her, he sighs and walks over to the other cell, also disappearing

+10 Bonus

through it.

"You must feel really smug right now, don't you?" Janet hisses from her cell, her grip on the iron bars tightening, with her knuckles turning white. I smirk at her, walking closer until only a few feet were left between us.

I sniff the air, "Smell that?" I ask, leaning down but she doesn't play my games with me. "Apart from the scent of victory, there's something more interesting in the air." I use my hands to shift my hair away from one side of my neck, leaving the other side bare as my smirk widens.

Janet seems confused for a while before realization slowly dawns on her face. She sniffs the air a bit, and her face falls with her eyes turning watery. Even though my mark isn't showing, I know she understands the meaning behind my words when I show her my neck. Reagan's scent will forever be mixed with mine, so she can smell him off me.

"So, yes. I do feel smug." I watch as her eyes dart around the room with her lips trembling while she shakes her head in denial.

"No. He loves me." She keeps repeating, making my chest begin to burn as I feel my beast's anger at her words.

"No, he doesn't." I snarl at her, and her eyes snap up then to glare at me with nothing but pure hatred. "Tell me Janet, has he ever said those words to you?" I get my answer when she remains quiet but keeps on glaring at me.

I let out a chuckle out of both relief and amusement at her naivety. "If you had just been a bit more observant and stopped throwing yourself at him, you would have realized that he never wanted you. He probably saw right through you from the start."

+10 Bonus

Her hand darts out then towards me, but I'm fast enough to hold onto her wrist before she touches my face. Her claws are already out, and if I had been a second too late, she would have clawed my eyeballs out.

Not wasting time, I twist her wrist, eliciting a crude snap and a gasp followed by a howl of pain from her. I let go of her and watch her clutch her hand toward her chest. Tears fall from her eyes as she inspects her broken wrist, careful not to touch it.

"If the council doesn't sentence you to death, I'll find you myself and do the job they are supposed to", I vow before turning around to walk towards the door where my mate and Lexi had gone through. It seems to be soundproof as I can't hear a single sound from the other side.

I hear the rattling of the iron bars behind me, with Janet shrieking at the top of her lungs.

"No, I'll kill you! You hear me, slut?! I'll tear out your lungs right where your mark is before slowly gouging your eyeballs out. Then I'll rip your limbs out one by one, and your screams will be music to my ears. Come back here, b***h!" Damn, she really was psychotic.

I ignore both her and the urge to go back and give her merciless death. She deserves to face trial first before her punishment is handed down to her.

I push through the iron door and cautiously walk in before closing it behind me. In the middle of the room is Gina's dad, bound by his wrists to a wooden chair, and the rope seems to be laced with wolf's bane as the skin is bruised with bright red marks adorning his wrist. Beads of sweat glisten on his body, and his hair also seems wet with it sticking to his face. His face looks exhausted, with his eyes droopy even as he tries to remain awake. The

stench of burning flesh fills the room along with the metallic smell of blood.

Opposite him sits the lady from yesterday with the emerald eyes, sitting on a chair while she repeatedly questions him. And when he seems reluctant to answer, Alpha Benson walks out from the shadows with gloves on to tighten the bonds on his hand, causing him to grunt out loud. The ropes laced with wolf's bane dig into his skin, making a sizzling sound like they were burning and dripping blood. I hadn't even realized Alpha Benson was here before.

Reagan is leisurely leaning on the walls at one corner but saunters over to me when he notices I walked in. Lexi and an unfamiliar-looking Lycan are the remaining ones in the room, also watching the scene of Gina's father being tortured until he speaks up.

Reagan wraps his arms around me, pulling me into his side as we both watch the emerald-eyed lady interrogate her prisoner.

"Isn't he talking?" I whisper the question to Reagan beside me.

"He has been talking for a while now, but he just isn't so eager all the time." He explains with a sigh.

"Tell me everything."

SKY ANGEL Writer

"Thanks for reading!"

+10 Bonus

Interrogation

His name is Jack Brigham. He used to be a member and warrior of the Lunar pack, but his mate died at a young age at a fatal airplane crash. He has been the one taking care of Gina all by himself ever since. He was strong enough to live healthily even with his mate gone, but that was also when he started losing his mental stability. The loss of his mate may not have affected him physically, but it had mentally. He became more aggressive in the training field and lashed out at anyone for the littlest reason.

Even now, I could begin to see the craziness behind those cold eyes as he's been questioned repeatedly, only for him to let out a burst of sinister sounding laughter as an answer.

He used to be a loyal pack member, always following the rules strictly and making sure others did the same as it was his job as a pack soldier.

But one day, he found a rogue, a female rogue, trying to snoop in and steal from the packhouse kitchen. Instead of reporting her to the Alpha, he had taken the law into his own hands, detaining the she-wolf illegally in his own basement. He tortured and abused her day and night, calling it her punishment for trying to steal from his pack. I call it pure psychotic brutality.

When she was found eventually, she had already been dead for some time, her frail body had given up easily. Bruises coated her pale and bony corpse. Alpha Benson had been shocked and should have sentenced Jack to be imprisoned, or worst still, executed, but instead, he was

+10 Bonus

banished from the pack. If other pack members had heard of his crime, they would have caused an uproar demanding a worse punishment to be given to Jack. And because Alpha Benson knew this, he made sure to hide the truth. So no one knew the real reason why Jack had been expelled from the pack, including me, until now.

Jack had tried joining other packs, but no one would receive a rogue who had committed a heinous crime as he had. You see, there are two types of rogues. Those who leave their packs willingly, and those who are banished from theirs. Rogues who leave their packs on their own free will still have a chance of joining and being accepted by others, since they haven't done anything wrong. But those who have done something wrong find it more difficult. They can't hide the truth since their records will be asked from their former Alpha upon trying to join another pack. And no pack wanted Jack.

So in the end, he had gone full rogue and started building a group of his own, made out of rogues that had been expelled from their packs just like him. Birds of the same feathers flock together. Since they couldn't venture into other pack territories without getting hostile treatment, it was hard for them to find jobs.

They got into the business of selling she-wolves when they heard about the black market willing to buy them for huge sums. They started with lone female rogues since they were alone and defenseless.

And when they got enough weapons, they started attacking packs, especially the smaller and more vulnerable ones. They had gotten the weapons from werewolf hunters who were extremists, those who don't follow the codes and instead hunt down and kill innocent werewolves for pleasure. They take things too far, but are usually penalized when caught by their fellow hunters.

+10 Bonus

"Tell us about this black market." The emerald-eyed lady with short black hair whose name, I've come to realize, is Bella, asks Jack. He's silent for a while before chuckling once more, a sound that seems eery.

He slowly lifts up his head with thin strands of wet hair covering his eyes. "And why would I keep giving you all this information for nothing. If you're going to kill me just do it already. I'm not saying s**t no more even if you keep torturing me." He spits on the floor beside him before looking back down.

Alpha Benson attempts to move forward and tighten the ropes once more, but Bella halts him. Bella shares a look with Reagan beside me before he gives her a nod. I wasn't sure what that meant until she turned back to Jack and leaned forward.

"Don't forget, Mr. Brigham, that your daughter is also in our custody. And with the charges being laid against you all, she might never get out of a cell and instead spend the rest of her youthful life there." Bella sighs. This catches the attention of Jack as he slowly raises his head back up to glare at Bella.

"But of course, that can be avoided." Bella continues, staring straight at him with a serious expression on. "Usually, she would get twelve to fifteen years for abduction, another twelve for trafficking she-wolves, and let's not forget about the murder of those werewolf warriors trying to protect their packs you ambushed..." Bella narrates with a regrettable sigh, causing a flash of fear to appear on Jack's face. He seems deep in thoughts as he listens on, and one could see the wheels already turning in his head. It's good to know he still has a soft side for Gina.

"What are you proposing?" Jack finally asks, seeming ready to cooperate. Bella shares one more look with

+10 Bonus

Reagan beside me before answering.

"We could reduce her sentence to fifteen years or less. And she won't be chained with wolf's bane nor will she be surrounded by it, which is the usual protocol for werewolves with such high offenses. She will be taken to a pack far away from where no one knows her. And when she completes her time, she will be accepted there as a member, since Lunar pack, nor any other in California, will want her. She won't have to be a rogue and will get her life back on track after a few years." Bella coaxes with a soft voice that could entice anyone. She really was good with interrogation, and I admire her composed pose.

Jack mulls over it for some time with silence filling the room as we all wait in anticipation. I can even feel Reagan's grip on my waist tighten a bit, but his eyes still remain fixed on Jack.

After a while, Jack turns back to Bella with a hard stare once more, as he lets out a dark chuckle. "I'm not stupid. Only the council or our king can change the laws guiding us and guarantee me all that, not you or anybody. You can keep your fake promises because I don't need it."

Bella c***s her head to the side, her gaze pinned on him with her face an unreadable mask.

"In case you haven't noticed, Mr. Brigham, you're in the presence of royalty. Right there is the second Lycan Prince," She gestures to Reagan, who sends him an icy glare, and he looks away quickly. "And his brother, the First Prince, is my mate and very soon to be King. So you see, all I need is a few words with the head council, and he will comply with my request." She pauses to take in Jack's reaction.

Sighing, she continues with a bored tone. "But of

+10 Bonus

course, if you don't think it's a good deal, we can always interrogate the other rogues in our custody, and they'll be more than happy to help with our offer. Have a good day, Mr. Brigham." She was already on her feet and turning to leave when he suddenly called out.

"Wait!"

For the first time, I finally took a good look at her. Her hair wasn't black, but a dark brown, and only when the torches on the wall shine on it was the brown visible. Her green round eyes are a unique feature that can be easily spotted on her oval face, and her high cheekbones stood proud and prominent as a smug smirk graced her lip, one I was sure she wiped off as soon as she turned back around to face Jack.

Reluctantly, he sighs, "I'll tell you what you want to know. But promise me Gina won't spend long in some underground cell, nor will her wolf be locked up with wolf's bane."

Bella takes back her seat. "I already assured you this, Mr. Brigham. But not only will you be giving us information about the black market, you will also be giving us the names of the werewolf hunters sponsoring your group with weapons. They will, of course, also face their own share of punishment from their fellow hunters. And we both know there are more rogues who are accomplices also in hiding. We will, of course, need their names and possible locations."

It took some time, but Jack started talking, grumbling to us the information we needed about the black market and treacherous werewolf hunters. Alpha Benson immediately began documenting down the information on paper while Bella used a recorder. He didn't even know much about the black market. Turns out, he was just a supplier to an anonymous buyer who purchases the she-

+10 Bonus

wolves at a different location.

I stare back at the man who had a bit of resemblance to his daughter, Gina. It was such a shame that he had dragged her into all this. But then again, she had looked willing when I met her at the warehouse. I don't get how a she-wolf would be okay selling her own kind. And only God knows how many they had abducted and sold before we caught them. Those poor girls might be in some cruel man's basement, chained up like dogs, and used in whatever way they pleased.

People like Gina, who was the cause of this, don't deserve mercy. They shouldn't be given freedom in exchange for information. It is a bit upsetting that Bella had negotiated for Gina's sentence to be reduced when they could have gotten this information from the other rogues imprisoned, with lesser promises made. They might even start talking after they're bound by their wrist with wolf's bane ropes.

I sigh, staring up at Reagan as we walk out of the cave hand in hand. It is only when I see the sun setting, that I realize how long we had stayed in there. Lexi had even left earlier, leaving us behind; I noticed she held little to no interest in things like this and didn't waste time to bolt when she got the opportunity.

"I don't get why we had to promise reducing Gina's punishment when she's just as bad as the rest." I voice out my thoughts to my mate, who stops to stare at me. "We could have just gotten the information from the other rogues after we, you know...persuading them a bit." I shrug. This is the world of the beasts, and it is different from that of humans. Humans might think torture is barbaric, but we think it to be a very efficient way to get information. Though we don't do that to suspects that are not yet proven guilty.

+10 Bonus

"It's because he's the only one having all the answers we need." I hear a feminine voice answer behind us, surprising me, and I turn to see Bella walking towards us.

"Werewolf hunters are smarter than you think." She continues as she comes to stand in front of us. "They won't be dumb enough to reveal their true identity to everyone except the leader in case of situations like this, when they get caught. And let's not forget their anonymous buyer of she-wolves. He's the one who has contacted him the most."

I'm staring at her confused, while also diverting my gaze at Reagan.

"I'm Bella. Nice to meet you." She stretches her hand out for a handshake, and I cautiously take it while forcing a smile out.

"I'm Ellie." She was beautiful and confident too, with the way she had handled Mr. Brigham back there. I envy not only her looks but her attitude, making me feel insecure with my mate being in the same vicinity as her. I shuffle closer to him even though we already are, maintaining my smile while also sending a secret message through my eyes that he's mine. Call me possessive.

An amused smile graces her lips as she studies my action. "It's nice to meet you, Ellie. I wish we could talk more, but I have some business to attend to. Maybe we can get to know each other when we get back to the Palace." She suggests before waving us goodbye.

Still holding my mate's hand, we turn to walk towards the waiting car with Adrian patiently in the driver's seat.

"Aren't you going to help with finding and investigating the black market?" I ask, guessing that's what Bella is up to now. She seems determined to get to the bottom of it all.

+10 Bonus

Reagan c*****g a perfect eyebrow at me only makes me swoon for him the more, with his blonde hair flowing with the wind. "Are you kidding me? I just marked my mate yesterday. It's a wonder I even allowed you out of bed." I try to hide my blush with his penetrating gaze fixed on me.

"Besides, my job here was to find the rogues and hand them over to the council. The black market is another huge case which I'm not in charge of. Today isn't the first day we've been trying to get a hold of them, and Brigham's information won't be able to get us anywhere. So that's not for today. Today," He sighs, cupping both my cheeks and raise my head up so I'm staring into his warm and soft eyes. "I wanna take my mate back home and show her how much I really love her."

My heart flutters in my chest, skipping a beat at my mate's touch and words. How could I have been so lucky to have someone like him?

SKY ANGEL Writer

"

Since this story is gradually coming to an end, what do you guys think about a Q&A on my Instagram for all those of you having questions about the story? Let me know your thoughts in the

"

+10 Bonus

Bye To LA

Danny came back from Canada the next day only to inform us that King Aldrich, Reagan's father, had summoned my mate back to the Palace. I wasn't sure what had prompted this sudden decision, but when Danny had swiftly glanced at me, I knew it had something to do with me.

Oh no.

I can only hope he wasn't mad that I'm with Reagan. I can't believe I'm going to meet the king of all beasts, the most feared and powerful man in the werewolf kingdom. I've always envisioned him to be this huge scary man that breaths fire from his nostrils.

Anyway, we had to leave for Canada earlier than planned. Since Danny had narrated to the council all that had happened, the trial for Janet, Mr. Brigham, and the rest of the rogues has been scheduled two months from now. I'm surprised it will be this soon considering they're usually a busy bunch having to settle disputes almost every day along with other matters. But then again, this case wasn't the usual disputes they're used to settling.

Janet and the rest were, however, transported to Canada after the interrogations and are being held over there.

I didn't want to leave so soon and found it hard to say goodbye to my parents. Dad and mum seemed genuinely happy for me, wishing me luck and all that, but I could see they were also trying to hide their true feelings. They would miss me just as much as I would miss them, but they had probably been preparing for this moment

+10 Bonus

their whole life.

There had always been a possibility that my mate wasn't going to be from my pack, and that I would have to leave to his, someday. I have so many things I want to tell my mum, so many fears I want to share with her, but I had to learn to be strong and lean on my mate only from now on.

I will be spending the rest of my life with Reagan, and I couldn't ask for more. No one will be coming between us from now on with Janet gone. I only hope they lock her in the deepest darkest cell possible if she isn't sentenced to death. She did try to kill me, a soon to be Princess. Which reminds me, is His Highness going to crown me as one if he doesn't like me?

I mean, I'm okay with that as long as it doesn't affect my bond with Reagan. He's the only one I care about and not some stupid crown. I would even prefer it if Reagan wasn't a Prince; this way, he wouldn't have many duties to attend to and we would have more time together. His duties as a Prince is one of the reasons we won't be staying in LA anymore.

I wonder if he's even going to have time for me anymore when we get to the Palace tomorrow. I won't be able to follow him everywhere, and he probably would be locked up in an office sorting some paperwork or at council meetings with his father. Just the thought of that is setting me up for a depressed mood. Are we still going to remain close like we are right now?

I know I'm overthinking it all, but I hate every second I'm away from him. Does that make me clingy?

"What's on your mind?" I hear the husky voice beside my ear that makes me smile immediately and snuggle deeper into his chest. Even though rough with sleep, his

+10 Bonus

voice still sounded sexy and enough to drive all my bad thoughts away.

I sigh as I shift and turn around on the bed towards Reagan, whose heavy-lidded eyes are fixed intently on me with worry. It's cute he's always worried about me when he notices something wrong in my mood.

It's the middle of the night with both of us entangled in the sheets, naked, might I add, except he has a pair of boxers on, and I have on just my black lace panties.

"Nothing will separate us, right?" My question takes him off guard with his eyebrows furrowed in confusion at my words. "What I mean is even though you'll be busy at the palace, you'll still think of me and have time for me, right?" Things will be different when we get there, so I needed to prepare myself for all that. We won't have time for games and all the little things that strengthen our bond.

I remember when we just met and started living together. Man, I must have been a pain in the ass with all the troubles I caused and tricks I kept pulling. But here I am now, not able to stay a single second without him.

A smile appears on his face as he brushes his thumb over my cheek, leaving behind tiny electrifying sparks.

"I can never be too busy for you, my love." He declares, and my heart skips a beat at the sincerity behind his words. "Yes, I will have work waiting for me back at home, but that doesn't mean I'll be away from you. I can't breathe right without your scent filling the air. I can't think straight without staring into your beautiful eyes. And I definitely can't stay long without you, so why would you think I won't have time for you when I'm obsessed with you?"

He leans down to kiss my forehead before moving

+10 Bonus

back. "Nothing and no one is going to come between us because I sure as hell won't let them." He promises with a straight face. I know he's talking about his father and trying to reassure me. It's funny how I'm still insecure even after we have completed the mating process, and he had understood right away what I feel. He was too perfect for me, and I realized that a bit late.

"Now," I look back up to see his smile returning and turning devilish. "Since you're the reason I'm awake from my slumber, I think I deserve compensation." He states with a suggestive tone. My cheeks begin to flame red once more as erotic images fill my mind, causing my body to flame up in desire.

Look at me, turning horny just by a few words when we made love a few hours ago.

"Oh, yeah? And what's that?" I giggle as his arms snake around my waist and bring me closer to him.

"Wrap your arms around me." He guides me until I'm huging and snuggling into him. "Yeah, just like that, and don't let go." He whispers into my neck, burying his face in there. " Now, goodnight." He states.

My smile falls off with a frown appearing on my face. That's it?

"Goodnight?" I had to ask as I had been expecting more. I can feel him smirk against my skin with his breath slightly tickling my neck.

"Yeah, goodnight." His voice sounds very deep beside my ear. "Or did you want something else?" He doesn't have to pull back for me to know he has an amused expression on his face. The cheeky bastard!

With a huff, I push him away abruptly, catching him off guard before turning around and curling myself into a ball. He had used such enticing words with me only to act

+10 Bonus

naive in the end. And my body was still warm with desire.

I hear him chuckle deeply behind me before wrapping his arms around my form and resting his jaw on my head. And I don't fight him but only sighed and curled into his chest before taking in a deep breath along with his scent. I couldn't be mad at him for long. He just smelled too damn good and irresistible.

"I'm never letting you go, either." I thought I heard him say as I drift off to sleep.

The next day, I had to wrestle with Reagan to release me from his hold. We are leaving today for the Palace, and I can feel my heartache slightly thinking of it. I really am going to miss LA, as I had stayed here all my life. I will, of course, come to visit once in a while to see my parents. Maybe they could also come to visit me at the Palace.

"Reagan! We have to get up." I announce through gritted teeth as I wiggle about in his hold while trying to peel his arm around me. Damn, he has a strong grip, but at the same time, he wasn't crushing me.

"Just five more minutes." He whispers into my ear before pulling me back into his chest.

"That's what you said the last three times!" I scowl, looking up at him as he still has his eyes closed. I keep my glare on his face, disrupting his sleep and making a frown furrow his eyebrows.

"Fine." He grumbles, letting me go finally but rolling on his other side to get back to sleep.

"No, no. We both need to get up." I emphasize while shaking him with my hands. But he doesn't budge, and it feels like I'm pushing against a wall. I sigh and flop back down on the bed before smiling as an idea pops into my mind.

+10 Bonus

"I thought we were gonna shower together, but I'm guessing you're not interested." I stand up to leave when I hear the shuffle of the bedsheets behind me.

"I'm coming." He mutters, and I turn to see his eyes already wide open with the traces of sleep gone. I giggle out loud when he grabs my hand and rushes to the bathroom with me in tow.

It took longer than expected for us to get ready and head for the airport. I keep fidgeting with my fingers all the way while Reagan sat composed and relaxed beside me without a care in the world. A white shirt stretches over his shoulder with the top buttons undone to leave his chest open. And his legs, that are clad in black pants, are set apart in a relaxed manner. He looks yummy enough to eat even though he hadn't styled his hair, leaving it messy. I was also one of the causes of that.

My cheeks turn slightly pink as I remember how I had fisted and pulled on it earlier. Looking out through the window, I let out a sigh, feeling extremely nervous. I should be ready for anything since he had already warned me earlier that his father might not be too happy with me.

"You seem nervous." He whispers behind me as I stare at the large private jet in front of us. Its steps lay open for us to walk up through with an air hostess patiently waiting at the top with a smile. Adrian had helped carrying up the little stuff we brought along, leaving Reagan and me behind.

"That obvious, uh?" I ask, letting out a shaky breath. Since when did little things scare me?

"Just remember I'm always here." He wraps an arm around my waist and urges me forward. "And I'm never leaving your side."

+10 Bonus

Danny and Lexi are already waiting for us when we get in. They both arch their eyebrows when they notice us as we sit opposite them.

"You two took your damn time getting here." Lexi accuses in a bored tone before distracting herself once more with her phone.

"I don't think that's what took their time." Danny smirks without looking up from his magazine. I kick him under the table, watching in satisfaction as he cringes. He pouts at me before covering his eyes using a pair of dark sunglasses and relaxing back.

Soon, the flight attendant gives out instructions as we're about to take off. I lean my head on my mate's shoulder, my mind filled with different insecure thoughts as I slowly close my eyes shut.

I am leaving behind my former life and embracing a new chapter as the plane begins to slowly take off into the sky.

SKY ANGEL Writer

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Thanks for reading! Book 2 about another couple is

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