

The Lycaon Palace

The place where our royal leaders live is known as the Lycaon Palace. It was named after the first owner, which was also the first Lycan king centuries ago.

King Lycaon had been a vicious beast who craved power and wealth. He had conquered many werewolf packs by challenging their Alphas to duels and ending their lives. He took so many territories under his name and built a large army behind him, making him the most feared beast. He had also enslaved many werewolves under him and destroyed packs that wouldn't submit.

His son, Ellias Lycaon, had been the one to put an end to his reign when he noticed how far his father had gone. It had been a brutal fight between father and son, and some had even feared Ellias wouldn't make it. But he emerged victorious with his father's head in his hand.

To make sure no one as selfish as Lycaon ever tries what he did, Ellias was voted to be the Lycan King of all beasts. This way, the packs would remain united under one leader and be safe too.

But it took a while for werewolves of different packs to start accepting each other. This had even led to war when werewolves became more territorial and were hostile to nonpack members intruding into their land. Another bloodshed it had been. But Reagan's father, King Aldrich, had stopped all that.

Now, it may come as a shock that the Palace was named after an unloved ruler. But in a way, Lycaon had united us all. If he hadn't forcefully taken packs, maybe we would all still be separated and hostile to one another.

I've never seen the Palace directly before, so I'm a bit excited and curious. The airport we landed in was heavily guarded, and numerous cars were already waiting for us. I think it's a bit too much, but then again, we have the royal family here!

The drive was a long one until we started getting into private stinky rich properties. Green forests surround the area, but it only added to the beauty of the place. I would love to stay in places like this when I eventually grow old. The peace and quiet here are much appreciated.

From afar, amidst all the trees, I could see a large building standing tall and extravagant in the distance. I didn't need anyone telling me before I knew it was the Lycaon palace. We passed through several gates and tight securities on our way.

Reagan kept me close all the way with his head in my neck as he breathed in my scent. It seems as if he wasn't happy either and needed the closeness to calm down. But when we got to the entrance to the Palace, we were separated.

Another Lycan had immediately come and told him his father was waiting for him in his office. His jaw clenched, and his grip on my hand tightened before letting me go. He turns to cup both my cheeks before placing a peck on my forehead. The public display of affection made me blush red because of the eyes focused on us. I even heard Danny cough behind us before getting elbowed by Lexi.

He stares into my eyes, "Don't leave your room. I'll be back." Your? Does that mean I won't be sharing the same room with him? I pout in protest but he was already gone along with the Lycan.

A maid welcomes me with a bright smile and I could

smell from her scent that she was a werewolf. She leads the rest of us inside while a handful of servants in uniforms rush to take our luggage in the car trunks. I'm surprised to see the boxes upon boxes being unloaded from Danny's and Lexi's vehicle, and I stared at them with an eyebrow arched. They both shrug guiltily before smiling mischievously, while I roll my eyes at them.

Instead of taking the spiral staircase that goes on forever, we took the elevator before I parted ways with the twins. They already knew their rooms and didn't need to be guided, but the maid led me to mine.

For a bedroom meant for one person, it was enormous and a bit too much. The king-sized bed was opposite a flat-screen TV over a fireplace. And gold was the color used most to decorate the room with a crystal chandelier hanging in the middle.

My luggage had been brought up, and I'm surprised to see the maids help me set up my clothes in the wardrobe and take of the rest. They even helped run me a bath and brought in delicious butter tarts that I'm currently eating while in the bathtub. They taste so good that I wonder why I haven't ever had them before. The vanilla caramel flavor was enough to leave me moaning after each bite.

I could get used to this.

I sigh, leaning further into the water. Even the bath feels more relaxing than the ones I took in LA. It smells of rose, and the bubbles keep bouncing into the air. I giggle as I try to pop some of them with my worries gone. I would have loved to sleep in my bath, but I didn't want to drown in my sleep, so I finally stand up and rinse myself.

I climb into bed in a pink robe to take a nap when I feel my chest grow hot. I have been feeling it for a long

time, but it was faint and I didn't give it much thought until now. I'm not sure what it is, but I'm guessing it has something to do with my mate. He was pissed, I know.

I know Reagan isn't hurt, but rather, it was his emotions I was feeling. I want to go to him and help him relax, but he had specifically told me not to leave the room. And even if I do leave, I doubt I'll be able to find him easily in this large palace. And who knows who I'll run into, I haven't met anyone yet.

So I'm left squirming, tossing and turning in bed. I'm uncomfortable and can't sit straight. If Reagan is angry, then it has something to do with his father since he's the one he went to meet, and that is a very bad sign for me. I wonder what is going on with them.

I try watching the TV to reduce my stress, and I don't know for how long I stare, bored, at the flat screen before finally succumbing to sleep. It's in the late afternoon when I feel someone's arms wrap around me, bringing me closer into a masculine chest that smells good. I smile in content at finally having my mate with me before looking up at him.

His intense gaze is already fixed on me with an unreadable expression on his face.

"What's wrong?" I ask, worried about him.

His lips tilt up in a smile that seemed forced before he shifts to settle me better in his arms.

"Nothing you should worry yourself about." I wanted to protest for him to talk to me, but he pecked my lips to keep me shut. "Get some rest. Dinner is in a few hours, and you'll be meeting everybody."

Fear seizes my heart, but I quickly brush it away and focus my mind on other things.

"How did you even get in here?" I ask, shifting to take



a better look at him. "I remember locking the door immediately as the maids left."

He c***s an eyebrow before a playful smirk appears on his lips. "I've lived here for a long time. I think I know how to get into locked rooms." He comments, looking smug.

"You know," I begin, playing with the buttons in his shirt. "You never really told me how old you are."

He sighs, "Even I sometimes forget my age. I just wake up to see my mum wishing me a hundred and seventy-third birthday." It takes me a second for his words to register, and my eyes widen into saucer.

"You're a hundred and seventy-three years old?!" I gasp in disbelief, and he nods a yes.

"Eww." I scrunch my nose in fake disgust, slapping at his chest. "You're way too old for me." And too hot for your age, but I didn't tell him that.

He arches an eyebrow at me before his smirk widens. "You're right. I should look for someone almost my age to spend the rest of my life with. Janet is available and almost a century old. I'm sure she would love to..."

"Complete that statement and get ready to sleep with one eye open." I threaten with a growl resonating from my chest. All trace of playfulness gone from my tone with my face set in a scowl. Him saying her name alone was enough to give me murderous thoughts.

He smiles at my expression before leaning in to give me a deep, breathtaking kiss. And just like that, my frown was gone with my heart fluttering once more in love.

"Get some rest, my love." He sighs before closing his eyes. I decide to leave a him to rest while I watch him sleep. I'm not even so sleepy anymore. He looks even more beautiful while sleeping, with an expression serenity

on his face. A smile graces my lip as I snuggle deeper into him.



SKY ANGEL Writer

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The Lycan Prince's Huntress is now available on my profile with two chapters. Go ahead and check it

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Father And Son

Prince Reagan

During arrival at the Palace.

Leaving my mate behind in this building that is so foreign to her is harder for me than she will realize. I hate every moment I'm away from her, and if I had the privilege, I would glue her to me so we would never be separated.

But my father seems in a hurry to see me since he didn't even give me the leisure of relaxing before summoning me to his office. What a good and loving father he is.

I walk down the long hallway that seems to go on forever in short, composed strides just to keep my father waiting a bit longer. The guard he had sent to fetch me was walking a step behind, making sure I do make it to my dad's office. I know the direction by heart and find my way there without being guided.

I get to the door leading into his office, twist the doorknob open without hesitation and waltz in. Right in the middle of the room sat my father, the mighty King of all beasts, behind his desk filled with numerous paperwork, neatly stacked.

We didn't have much resemblance since I took most of my looks from mum while my older brother, Logan, had most from him. He was much more muscular than I am with his broad chest and bulging biceps. And for an old man, he looked healthy and strong. He had walked on this earth for centuries and was already losing his young looks with his dark hair turning grey.

His sharp jawline accentuates his stoic features, and his piercing blue eyes are enough to make any man cower in fear. His chin is unshaven as he always likes it to be, and his face is set in a blank mask that makes it hard to read him. I'm not sure if he is displeased or happy to see me.

Without being told, I take a seat opposite him, earning a scowl of disapproval. I ignore him as I make myself comfortable while flashing him a smug smile. I've always been the rebellious son while Logan is a bit more compliant, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have his way whenever he wants to. In fact, he is more determined than I am when he wants something.

Logan just does his own covertly while I'm more than happy to let everyone know my true nature. That's why my dad always grabs any opportunity to send me far away where I'm not constantly giving him a headache.

He could have had anyone else deal with the rogue situation in LA, but he had me do it as a way to get rid of me for the time being. I'm not bothered because I would love to be anywhere other than this palace, filled with unending rules. I grew up groomed to be the perfect son and Prince of my father and only got wiser when I grew up. It wasn't difficult for me to see my dad's selfish nature and realize that everyone was a puppet to him, including my mum.

They weren't bonded by the moon but arranged like most noble couples for political reasons. Her father was the head council then, and my dad marrying her added to his immunity. She was just another spawn he used to retain his power. Some noble Lycan will be happy to take my dad's position from him, so he claims he's doing all he can to prevent that.

My dad dismisses the Lycan who brought me with a



wave of his hand and orders him to close the door behind him.

For minutes, my dad and I have a staredown with none of us wanting to back down so easily. But then I feel his powerful aura fill the room as he forces me to submit - something he always did to display his authority. As long as I can remember, I've never been able to defeat him. He is, after all, the King for a reason.

I try to hold on for a bit longer before I slowly look down to the floor and sit up straight in my chair.

"Your Highness." I spit the name with venom in my tongue, but he seems hardly bothered, feeling smug because of my defeat.

"Son." He nods with a smile, "I heard about your success in catching those pesky rogues, although you took your sweet time." He adds the last part with disapproval clear in his tone, and I stare up to see his face in a slight frown.

"Nonetheless, you did alright." He sighs, closing his laptop shut before taking off his reading glasses. He clasps his hands on the table between us, leaning down a bit with his broad shoulders hunched.

"It was such a shame to hear Janet involved herself in such disgusting acts. I already had such big plans for her when you two eventually mated. But not to worry, other qualified and highly respected ladies of noble status will gladly mate you. Countess Juliana, for example..."

A low deep rumble emanates from my chest with my eyes flashing gold as I glare at my dad opposite me. Ever since he mentioned Janet's name, I could feel my beast's anger combine with mine, and his words kept fueling it. I hated that b***h's name, who had tried to separate me from my mate. I could still remember the traces of blood

I saw on Ellie's face when I went to rescue her from the warehouse. And I was a hundred percent sure Janet had been the cause.

I would gladly love to end her life and be done with it, but she wasn't a common person I could dispose of. Her father would turn the world upside down to find her killer, and even though he might not be able to do much to me considering my status, the council might take serious action against me. And hiring someone to do it might also be risky as I would be caught if he does a sloppy job and gets caught.

I have the urge to destroy everything in this room due to my helplessness. It isn't fair that I can't take care of my mate and protect her dearly by putting an end to her abductor's life. I hate it. And my dad suggesting I mate with another lady fuels my wolf anger, and I can feel it ignite in my chest.

"I already have a mate," I growl the words out at him, meeting his hard gaze head-on. I am sure he knew that already considering I hadn't been subtle in letting everyone know Ellie was mine. And as a Prince, word would have traveled far enough for everyone to hear.

"Ah, yes. I heard about the she-wolf." He announces with his lips curled in displeasure.

He sighs, "Son, you're royalty and should only mix yourself with noble ladies of high status. Your brother has disappointed me enough to publicly mark and mate that werewolf hunter, don't make the same mistake. Now, he needs all the support he can get to successfully take this throne or it's going to be snatched from his paws. He needs you right now. You can have your fun with the she-wolf on the sidelines as being with her would make your beast stronger, but you have to publicly accept a better female who would elevate you..."

"Enough!" I yell, abruptly standing up with my voice booming around the room. I glare down at him, holding my beast back from attacking him as he sat without even an ounce of guilt in his eyes after his words. I feel so disgusted by him that he would even suggest that. And he only stares back at me blankly as if he hadn't said anything wrong.

I know Logan, and I doubt he needed my help to be King someday. My dad is soon going to drop the crown for him, and at the same time, some would want to use that opportunity to challenge Logan for the title. But me marrying a noble lady wouldn't change much the outcome of it all.

"Ellie is the only lady I'm mating, and no one else. So, you can either be happy with my decision or f*****g go to hell!"

"Watch your tongue, boy!" He stands up also and towers over me with his large frame.

"You both should watch it!"

My mum's stern voice sounds behind me as she walks in. The sound of her heels clicking on the marble floor resonates around the room as my father and I both look away to her. She's as regal and beautiful as I remember, having an air of authority surrounding her, but at the same time, she seemed approachable. Right now, she has her crown sitting proudly on her blond hair, and her sharp brown eyes are glaring at us both in disapproval. Her floor-length tortilla colored dress shimmers under the light and complements her peachy skin tone.

"Mum." I lean in to place a kiss on her cheek as she comes to stand beside me. I have a tremendous amount of respect for her, unlike my dad, who annoys me all the time. She wasn't weak and took her duties as a Queen



seriously. One would think that my father would have turned her into his personal puppet and control her just as he's trying to do with me, but surprisingly, she's the one who he fears. If it wasn't for her being around, I think my father would have succeeded in manipulating both my brother and me to do his biddings.

"What's going on here?" She asks, turning to my father this time in question. "Why hasn't my son been allowed proper rest after his long trip?"

"Because, just like his brother, he doesn't care about his responsibilities. Talk some sense into your son to mark a suitable lady for himself and not some lowly she-wolf with no status!" He gestures to me in anger before huffing in exasperation.

My mum's eyebrows furrow in confusion as she tries to comprehend what he meant. Just then, her eyes focus on me, and she leans in to sniff my scent. I try to hide the smirk forming on my lips when her eyes suddenly widen in surprise.

"Uh...I think it's already too late for that." She comments, eyeing me like I was an unknown creature she had never seen before. My dad stares at her in confusion, c*****g an eyebrow as her eyes drifts to him.

She rolls her eyes at him, "Have you even taken a proper good look at him since he arrived? Does he look or smell like an unmated beast to you?"

His eyes snap back to mine, and I can see the realization begin to dawn on his face. My smirk widens at the comic expression on him, and I feel smug all of a sudden. He hadn't noticed right from the start that I was already mated and couldn't mark another lady anymore. And I hadn't taken the energy to explain that to him either. And seeing the look on his face made it all worth

it.

Gritting his teeth, he bangs his fist on the table before slumping into his chair in defeat. I watch as a shadow looms over his face with his blue eyes swirling with a mixture of gold. He just realized that not only was he unable to get Logan married to a lady of his choice, but he had also lost in doing the same to me. And he looks about to explode with veins popping out of his forehead and neck.

"You should go get some rest, Reagan." My mum advises, also noticing the steam blowing out of my dad's ear. "We'll see at the dinner table later on." She adds with a smile.

And with a nod, I venture out of the room, confidently and slightly relaxed. But my beast was still letting out low growls, sickened from my dad's earlier words; the thought of us even being with another woman apart from Ellie disgusts us both.

"This is all your fault!" I hear my father's loud voice behind me as he accuses my mum, but I'm not worried as I am sure she could take proper care of herself.

Both their voices drown out as I close the door shut behind me. But when I turn to leave down the hallway, I'm met with my brother leisurely leaning against the wall opposite me. His eyes are pinned on me already with his face set in a scowl. His black hair falls over his face, almost covering his eyes and giving him a daunting look like that of the devil.

"Logan," I smirk at him, but he doesn't return the warm greeting, and I know why.

"Why can't I smell her here?" His gruff voice demands without his eyes blinking once.

I shrug, "Because she isn't here."

A low growl rumbles from his chest, and he pushes himself up from the wall.

"I thought I told you to drag her ass back here!" He keeps his voice low, but it had already taken a threatening tone. I don't back away, not feeling one bit intimidated by him.

"You know I can't do that. She would kick me in the nuts and curse me to hell."

He huffs in annoyance before whipping around to storm down the hallway. A smile stretches my lips as I watch him leave. If there's one thing my sister-in-law was good at, it was driving Logan crazy.

Shaking my head, I decide to go look for my mate and lean into her arms.



SKY ANGEL Writer

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Thanks for reading! Don't forget the second book is

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Mr. Billionaire's Substitute Mis...

Elk Entertainment

Katie walked towards him obediently. Seeing how stiff and wooden she moved, Nate was displeased. "What?..."



Royal Dinner

Ellie

I'm awoken to an empty bed and a room full of servants ready to doll me up for dinner. I was forced into a beautiful peach long-sleeved evening dress with an upper sheer lace design that is also included on the sleeves. My hair is done in a loose updo and held by a thin silver headband with silver earrings also dangling from my ear. They also helped with my make-up before declaring me ready to meet the royal family.

On our way out, I meet Reagan, and I couldn't be any happier seeing him and knowing he would be with me every step. Plus, he looks yummy in a suit. I rarely see him dress so formal and can't help ogle him a bit.

The dining table is ruled by silence and tension thick on the air, you could cut it with a chainsaw. The stares I'm receiving are enough to make me cower in fear, but I keep my head up and my expression blank. Me clutching Reagan's hand is also one of the reasons I can keep sitting and not run for the hills.

At the head of the dining table is Reagan's father, King Aldrich, sitting regally like the ruler he is with his crown fixed on his short dark hair. His poised appearance doesn't give much about his thoughts, but his cold eyes tell a lot. For the king of all beasts, though, I feel intimidated but not as much as I thought I would. I remember when I was a werewolf, I couldn't stand beside Alpha Benson without cowering in fear due to his powerful aura. Maybe it's because of my wolf's transformation to a Lycan, but I'm alright, even though

sitting so close to The King.

And on his right is his mate, Queen Alissa, in an elegant maroon floral embroidered dress and her shiny blond hair is curled in a loose updo. I notice she's the one Reagan got most of his features from. And just like her son, her beauty is radiant. Unlike her mate, she wasn't staring at me through her nose but offers me a smile every once in a while.

Opposite The Queen is an empty seat where The First Prince is supposed to be, but we've been waiting for him for a while now, and he still isn't here. It's a bit rude, I would say since even his father is already here. And because of this, we haven't started our meal yet. Beside the empty seat is Reagan and then me. We had almost been separated by the Royal Butler, but he had received a growl from Reagan and scurried off in a second.

Danny is sitting opposite us, beside his aunt, Her majesty, and his twin sister, Lexi, follows beside him. There are other guests at the dining table also staring curiously at me, but as soon as Reagan's eyes met theirs, they glanced away without a second thought. I stare up at him in thanks, and he returns it with a smile before going back to his cold demeanor.

A while later, the Butler approaches His Highness to whisper into his ear. And me, being the nosy girl I was, listened in with my enhanced hearing. And I'm sure I'm not the only one doing that as the table is filled with Lycans.

"...He appears to no longer be in the Palace, Your Highness. We have a reason to believe he's gone to Los Angeles where his mate currently is."

It didn't take me long to realize they were talking about the First Prince. And His Highness doesn't seem too happy about the news. His beast's anger fills the room,

and I notice the guests squirming in their seats. I also felt intimidated and shifted closer Reagan, who still remains composed.

Queen Alissa reduces the tension in the room by urging us to start eating and making light conversations. It was a bit stiff, with the guests looking nervous and ready to bolt out of here if given the chance. And the hostility I could sense also between my mate beside his father and me wasn't helping. It was like they were also having their silent war as they kept making eye contact.

Sighs of relief fill the room immediately dinner is declared over. And just as I had suspected, most almost ran out of the room.

Danny and Lexi don't seem bothered as they mostly look bored and remained seated. We were the ones remaining in the room as everyone else left, and my grip on Reagan's hand tightened with King's Aldrich eyes focuses on us.

After a few seconds of silence, he finally orders, "You both can leave."

At first, I thought he was talking to us until his eyes drift to Lexi and Danny without him moving another muscle. They seem reluctant to leave but after a warning growl from their uncle, they sigh in defeat. After a nod of encouragement towards me, they both waltzed out of the dining room.

And we're back to the receiving end of King's Aldrich stern gaze. His sharp eyes take in our every move without once blinking. Regan meets his stare head-on without once flinching away before His Majesty finally sighs.

"And what did you say your name was again?" His voice is just as cold as his stare.

"Ellie..." I pause, "Your Highness."

"And are you in any way of noble birth?"

I had been expecting this question, so I'm not too taken off guard by it.

"No, Your Highness. But..."

"So, in other words, you were more than happy to seduce a Prince, my son, since it would attain you a status you desire." I blink in shock at his statement while Reagan growls in response.

"Father!" But King Aldrich ignores him and keeps his eyes on me. I don't even get what made His Highness assume such a thing about me without even getting to know me! I know he doesn't think I'm good enough for Reagan because of my status, but as a King, shouldn't he be fair to his subjects before making such accusations?

Reagan beside me is boiling with anger to the extent that I could feel him shaking beside me. My chest also burns with his anger, but I didn't want him getting mad with his father because of me. So I thought to sort it out. After all, His Highness is just a worried parent. I would be too if my child was in the same position as Reagan, where most people's reason for getting close to him is just to leech off what they could from him.

"Your Highness." I begin, causing his attention to divert back to me. Taking in a deep breath, I try to gather as much courage as I could as I had already planned for this moment for a long time.

"Reagan and I are soulmates, bonded by the moon and not by our choices. I hadn't realized this early because I was going through a rough patch. But now that I do, I can't see myself living without him, nor do I want to. He's everything I could ever ask for, and I feel blessed by the moon for giving him to me." I'm speaking more to Reagan, my eyes connected with his while ignoring the other two



Royal Dinner

Royal leaders in the room. I pour my heart to him like I should have done a long time ago, and I'm glad to see the elated look in his eyes even though he tries to keep his cool facade on.

"And," I turned back to King Aldrich, who hasn't stopped staring at us. "I'm not with him because of his status as a Prince. I'm with him because he's my better half. Without him, I wouldn't last a second."

I think I surprised him with my speech since he still remains silent. Queen Alissa beside him sends a sweet smile my way and a nod. Reagan sighs beside me and turns back to his father.

"And we also need to discuss when her crowning ceremony is going to be." Reagan comments, sending a challenging stare towards King Aldrich.

King Aldrich scoffs before leaning back into his chair. "If she wants the title of a Princess, then she needs to prove that she is worthy of it. I do not dish out titles to strangers."

"She doesn't need to prove anything to you!" Reagan abruptly stands to his feet, almost knocking down the chair behind him. I follow him, placing a soothing hand on his shoulder to calm him down as he seethes in fury.

"Then mate with someone else who doesn't need to prove herself and is already born with such privilege. There are other eligible ladies out there who are better for you than her." That was enough for me to burst out.

My beast lets out a snarl at His Majesty before I could stop her, stunning him as he flinches back. He recovers quickly and glowers at me in a warning. But I don't back away so easily. Not only was I furious, but I can also feel my mate's fury burning deep in my chest and fusing with mine.

How dare he suggest my mate leave me for another! No matter who he was, he has no right to separate me from Reagan. His aura is filling the room, trying to make me submit, but Reagan beside me blocks me from him.

"Enough!" Queen Alissa stands to her feet, her warning glare directed at the two Alpha males in the room. With a huff, His Highness stands to his feet and squares his shoulder in determination.

"I won't crown someone like her, who lacks respect, as a Princess." He states before storming out. Queen Alissa sighs before also following her mate out, leaving Reagan and me alone in the room.

He pulls me into his warm arms and places a kiss on my forehead. I slump into him with my anger washing away just by his touch. I suddenly regretted snarling at His Highness, but Reagan doesn't seem to mind, and his eyes are even gleaming with pride. But that doesn't change the fact that I acted a bit rude.

What a wonderful way to meet the family, Ellie.



SKY ANGEL Writer

"He y'all. Sorry for the late update. Just been a bit

other chapters are locked back apart from these, let
me know on my Instagram or f*****k so we can

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Birthday

You know that feeling of floating before you're drawn back to earth on your bed, and your eyes flip open with a start? Yeah, well, that's what happened to me on this fine morning. But what brought me back to earth was the delicious mouth watery scent of sausage, pancake, and eggs.

I take in a deep breath, sigh in content and turn around. The space on the bed beside me is empty, but the sheets are crumpled - a sign my mate was once beside me.

I look around the spacious room with my eyes darting about just to get a glimpse of Reagan. He's the only one I wish to see first in the morning, I can't have a good day without that. I love starting my day with him.

After his father made it clear he hates my guts and would rather crown a sheep than me, Reagan had me moved into his personal royal quarters. It's located at another section of the palace grounds, it isn't as large as the palace itself, but it was massive on its own. A mansion's got nothing on it. We have more privacy as the staff aren't as many as those in the main palace, and even those available make themselves as scarce as possible. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would end up in a palace someday. It was both shocking and fascinating.

Sometimes, it gets boring whenever Reagan is busy with his duties, but the times I spend with him are always precious. True to his word, he had lots of time for me and always tries to keep me around him. But even I don't want to be a huge source of distraction to him, so I learn

Birthday

to give him some space even though it's hard for me. I'm sometimes scared of how much I crave him.

Then there's also the trial going on with the rogues and Janet. My mate also had to be present at every proceeding, and I'm always with him. It doesn't look like Janet will get any lesser punishment, even with her parents trying all they can to help her out. She just has too much evidence on her, or rather, eyewitnesses incriminating her. The rogues were ready to throw her under the bus when they were promised lesser punishment. And I'm suspicious Reagan also is secretly doing all he can to make sure she faces severe sentences. He isn't too happy with her.

I'm ready to go search for him when the door to the bedroom clicks open, and in walks my mate in all his glory. His shiny blond hair is in a sexy disarray and falling around his face, his torso bare as he has no shirt on with his six-packs on display, and his grey sweat pants are riding dangerously low on his hips. A yummy sight it is in the morning, especially since he has a tray of breakfast in his hand.

My mouth waters and I'm not sure if it is because of the dishes he is holding or because of him! Either way, I wanna munch on something. He walks closer to me as I drool over him and watch as he lays the tray on the nightstand beside me, a smug grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

"Happy birthday, little wolf."

I'm pulled out of my dangerous thoughts by his words with my face a mask of confusion. My eyes widen when realization suddenly dawns on me, and I remember what day it is. Even I forgot!

I gasp in surprise as he takes a seat, causing the bed

Birthday

to dip beside me. He takes the tray and brings it to me, but by then, I had already jumped on him and was splaying kisses all over his face. With all the drama going on in my life, I had forgotten I even had a birthday.

"Thank you!" I repeated while peppering kisses on his face.

"My Princess deserves the best." He states, staring intently at me. Even though his father is denying me the right of being crowned a Princess, Reagan believes I'm one already since I'm his mate. I know he still quarrels with his father almost daily because of his attitude towards me. I sometimes overhear their arguments, which never ends nicely with Reagan almost attacking his father. I hope it won't lead to that someday as it won't be a good sight. I'm happy being the way I am and a title of nobility won't make me feel better about myself. I really wish he would just let it go. But he's my mate. And he promised my parents he will always make me happy and give me the respect I deserve. I guess he's just fighting for me.

Unlike his father, his mother is more jovial towards me. She sometimes invites me to the main palace for coffee and we've gotten a bit closer. She doesn't express her emotions much and sometimes I feel like she's scrutinizing me with her gaze, trying to understand the kind of person I am. But either way, I think she likes me more than her mate does.

At some point of bombarding Reagan's face with kisses, I lean in to capture his lips, and our tongues end up battling as I savor his delicious taste. But we're interrupted as the door bursts open.

"Ugh...get a room."

"We are in our room!" Reagan retorts at Lexi who

stands at the doorway. She rolls her eyes at him before they settle on me, and a glint of excitement appears in them.

"There's the birthday girl." She squeals, walking towards my side of the bed and engulfs me in a hug. Reagan takes the liberty of helping me hold the tray of food, so none of it would spill.

I giggle as Lexi doesn't release her hold on me and proceeds to drag me out of the bed. A growl of protest elicits from Reagan, but she pokes her tongue out at him and pull me out of the room.

"Where are we going?" I ask, letting her lead me down the hallway till we get to the flight of stairs going down.

"Your birthday surprise!" She only says, leaving me all the more curious. Lexi is one of the reasons I'm not dead with boredom and loneliness here, but that is when she isn't at school. She is only at the palace for a few more days before going back to school, as her break will be over. Then it will be back to only me once more. Although Danny is around sometimes also, but he is as busy as any Prince in this Palace. His playful side rarely shows now that he is surrounded by duty.

A familiar scent hits my nose, and I knew who it was even before we reached the last landing of the stairs leading into a large foyer. I halt in my steps as a look of surprise crosses my face before a big grin takes over. A lady in a long royal blue dress, standing elegantly in the middle of the room has her back towards me and her black hair still short at her neck in a pixie cut.

"Lana!" I squeal, dashing towards her at the same time she turned around to me. A smile also graces her lips, and she hugs me back with the same warmth.

She looks prettier than I remember, with her skin more radiant and her brown eyes bright and sparkling. But then again, the last time I had seen her, she resembled a sick ghost because of her being away from her mate.

"Happy birthday, Princess." She comments as we part with a splitting grin on her face that I was sure mine mirrored. I probably look ridiculous with how much I was smiling.

I move back to study her, "Wow. You look amazing. I didn't know you were coming."

"Look who's talking." She laughs. "Anyway, Lexi thought I should surprise you for your birthday. I was told someone is really worried about me." She jokes with a teasing smile. I stare back at Lexi, who flashes me a smile also. And I whisper a 'thank you' to her.

I had been so worried about Lana lately. After Jace took her away, I tried to keep in touch with her, but something seemed off.

Although Lana had left willingly with Jace, I wasn't sure how she was doing all by herself at Red Moon Pack when she knows no one there. I had asked my aunt to keep an eye on her for me and tell me if anything went wrong. I know spying on friends isn't cool. But I'm just trying to look out for her. Lana's style of living is distinct than how Red Moon Pack members lived. I wasn't sure if she would fit in so easily or rather give in so easily. Let's just say Red Moon isn't a fan of modern lifestyles.

Though I check up on Lana several times through phone calls, I believe she isn't as okay as she claims to be every time. I feel like she's hiding something from me and only puts on a facade for me. I asked my aunt if she was fitting in perfectly, and I was told everything was alright.

And my aunt couldn't possibly be lying to me. So I have all cause to believe that whatever is going on with Lana was something secret between her and her mate.

I had thought about visiting her a couple of times, but with Reagan busy at the Palace, he doesn't have time for traveling right now. And he has already made it clear that there's no way he's letting me travel anywhere without him. So I'm really grateful to Lexi for making this happen.

I stare behind Lana, "Isn't Jace with you?" I ask with furrowed eyebrows as I knew how possessive those Alpha males could be. I mean, look at mine.

For a fraction of a second, the smile on her face seems to vanish before she replaces it back. I almost thought it was a figment of my imagination.

"He...uh, he doesn't exactly know..." She doesn't quickly complete her statement, but I already knew what she meant.

"You didn't tell him you were coming here!"

She cringes back at my sudden outburst, and a sheepish look crosses over her face. I turn to Lexi and see her shrug while raising her hands up in a defensive manner.

"Don't look at me. She's the one who brought up that idea." She points an accusing finger back at Lana.

"Why?"

"Because," Lana's shoulders slump, "he wouldn't have let me come here. Just as he doesn't allow me to go anywhere or even do anything." She grumbles the last part with both her hands balled into fists beside her. Like I said, Red Moon isn't a fan of modern lifestyles.

"That reminds me." She quickly adds, lifting her head back up. "We only have an hour before I head back."

I facepalmed myself before rubbing my temple with

Birthday

my fingers. I didn't even want to think about the search team Jace would mobilize when he realizes his mate is gone. And not to talk about the deep s**t Lana would be in when he catches her.

Just now, when she talked about him, I could see in her eyes that all isn't well. She doesn't seem too happy about her mate like I am with Reagan. There was love, yes, but lesser joy. She didn't have to tell me.

And in the one hour we get to spend together, I learned to appreciate what I have. Finding a mate for us beasts might not be an easy task, and worse for Lycans, but being able to find common ground with them was harder. The mate bond brings together two people of different mindsets and beliefs and forces them to be together. And it was up to us to make it work. Reagan and I hadn't had an easy journey with all the denials and heartaches, but we had finally learned to accept one another and try to adjust for the other. He had reduced his caveman lifestyle for me, and I had learned to trust him. We haven't even ended our journey to happiness as we still had a lot to fight together. They were still some who would be happy to separate us.

Now it's time for Lana to also pass through those same challenges or even more. I can only wish her the best.

After she leaves with Lexi making sure she got back home safely, I went back upstairs, hoping to still be able to spend the day with my mate. He is a busy man and probably already is back to work. But I'm surprised to see him still on our bed as he packs up the tray of food. He seems ready to leave the room, though.

"You're still here?"

He turns to me then, "Of course, I am. It's my mate's

Birthday

birthday. I'm not letting any work stop me from spending it with her. I just wanna go heat up the food." He gestures to the tray in his hand.

Between him and the tray of food, I wasn't sure which I wanted to eat first. Both look yummy. One hot and the other cold. Oh, what the heck. Food can wait. Besides, I hate cold eggs.

With a seductive grin, I proceed to jump on my unsuspecting mate.



SKY ANGEL Writer

" There will be bonus chapters coming right up! Want this book in paperback?! Help by clicking on the gift box below and rewarding this story to win the Story's contest. This way, we could get published! "

Bonus Chapter 1

The hall of justice is more crowded than usual today. Murmurs and whispers fill the large hall as everyone tries to predict the outcome of today's gathering. The long bench at the front, which has a raised desk, is filled with the six council officials exchanging papers and whispering into each other's ears. Behind them is the great seal of jurisdiction for the beast kingdom, which is of a Lycanthrope howling with both his arms splayed apart.

I'm sitting with Reagan at the front of the spectator seating, and as the royal family, we are the only ones allowed those seats. Other audiences sat two seats behind us on long benches while we sit on single customized armchairs meant for the royal family. As I said before, we are the only ones sitting here accompanied by royal guards standing rigidly at corners of the hall. Most royal family members try to keep away from courtroom meetings so as not to interfere in their matters.

The council is a separate arm from His Highness. They didn't always exist before, giving the King absolute authority to make laws, implement them, and interpret them. And with such great power, he couldn't be found guilty no matter what he did. But His Highness's grandfather had formed the council as the task became too heavy for him. Now, they have the power to investigate anyone, including a ruler, put him under trial, and dish out his sentence to him. They own the decision of interpreting the law, leaving the implementation to the King. But a King couldn't make laws without consulting the councils.

Reagan and I could have also skipped these court meetings, but this particular case had been dragging us here. We wanted to see for ourselves, especially Reagan, the sentence Janet would be given and make sure it was what she deserved. Her father, General Alphonso, had been doing a lot to wipe away every dirt on her name even though we're trying to expose her true colors.

We, however, lost when General Alphonso asked for his daughter to be trialed separately from the rogues. And since they couldn't find any evidence of her partaking in the trade of she-wolves, she was trialed separately. The rogues had denied her participating in their illegal business, and we think it's because General Alphonso got to them. And the she-wolves interrogated also claimed to not have seen her except the day of my kidnap. She must have hidden from them. So she is only being trialed for my kidnap and nothing else.

I had testified against her, recalling all she had told me in the warehouse about already discovering the hideout of the rogues weeks ago but not reporting it and instead, joined forces with them. So this is supposed to make her an accomplice to the trafficking, but she denied it all. And worst of all, she denied it while accepting that she had planned my kidnap. According to her, she had only contacted someone 'anonymously' to abduct me a day before she was caught, not knowing it was the same rogues abducting she-wolves. So she was oblivious to the trafficking and even pleaded guilty about my abduction to the council with crocodile tears falling down her cheeks.

Wanna know why this was bad? Listen up. Accepting she had planned my abduction and pleading guilty made the councils' attention divert from her being an accomplice to the traffickings. And she would get a lesser sentence and soon be out. And since everyone here

knows what a 'saint' she used to be before this incident, they were quick to believe her, unlike me, who was a she-wolf that just newly turned to a Lycanthrope and joined the community. No one knew me here like her except for Reagan, Lexi, and Danny. They would support theirs first, of course. And since the King had refused to crown me a Princess even though I was Reagan's mate, everyone wondered why and what had made him make such a decision. Some thought I did something really bad, and that His Highness thought me unworthy. Although, I could care less what they thought about me.

No matter how bias the council wants to be, they just couldn't ignore some things.

I know I always have Reagan's support, and he particularly is pissed to see Janet win slowly. He's doing his best to help me, but royal families aren't allowed to interfere in court proceedings except for urgent or special issues.

So, after weeks of trialing the suspects found with kidnapped she-wolves, it was time to give a verdict. It's also the same day Janet will be given her sentence after gathering up all the information they had, and I was particularly sure she would serve very little. As for the human she had attacked in the forest late at night, with Danny being the only eyewitness, it was also hard to prove that.

Danny hadn't mentioned he was there during the crime as that would make him an accomplice for keeping his mouth shut all this while, so finding evidence to incriminate her was hard. Even though he was also a Prince, he could get into serious trouble for hiding such information.

All in all, Janet was one lucky b***h. And the secret smirk she kept showcasing to me whenever she passed by

in her spelled handcuffs seriously irked me. Because of the strength we Lycans possess, the council has witches placing spells on any restraints used.

I feel the light brush of lips on the back of my palm and turn to find my mate's burning eyes fixed on me. Every day, it seems my love for him keeps on expanding. I can't even express how intense my desire for him is. It's unnatural. The sight of his blond hair always makes my heart jump, and his warm eyes are enough to turn up my mood anytime. Since we've been at the palace, he had grown more muscles in his biceps with his shoulders broadening due to his constant visits to the training grounds with his brother or one of the royal warriors. Watching him move swiftly and skillfully is my favorite duty of the day - that and our late-night sessions in bed.

"You seem distracted." Reagan's gruff voice fills my ear even with the loud noise in the hall.

"Do I?" I comment, turning to stare around at the massive hall before turning back to him.

"I've already told you not to worry about yourself." He sighed, leaning towards me to place a kiss on my forehead. He looked down then, to stare straight into my eyes, not caring that we are surrounded by curious prying eyes.

"Anyone who dares touching what's mine will suffer dire consequences. And no one, not even Janet, can escape that." He promises with a stern look. I'm surprised how confident he sounds when everything seems as if it's going downhill. Does he know something I don't?

Silence filled the hall then, as the large double doors leading into the justice hall is pushed open, and in walks two royal guards, dragging an exhausted Jack Brigham. Cells here seem worst compared to that of my former

pack. Jack, in the short time that he has been here, seems to have lost about ten pounds. His hair is longer and unkempt, his eyes are always looking droopy with bags underneath them, and his chin bushy with an overgrown beard. He does, however, have a clean set of khaki pants and shirt on, but it was all a show for his court meetings. I am sure that immediately as he is locked back up, the neat cloth would be exchanged for some tattered, dirty rags. Call us barbaric.

His eyes meet mine for a brief moment as he was dragged by, to the dock. He could barely even stand on his own, but no one showed him any sign of pity, only glares of hatred. He is standing as the leader of the rogues who had trafficked the she-wolves, and whatever punishment is given to him, the others will also have. Only Janet had escaped that.

As Bella had promised, Gina had already been sent to a small pack in South Korea where she would serve thirteen years in a cell. She won't be treated too poorly, and a chance to be part of the pack will be given to her when she comes out. But it was up to her if she wanted it or not. So she wasn't going to face the same fate as her father.

"Your Highness! Lycans!" The head council had already stood up to address us. He is a short, stout Lycanthrope, aged with grey hair all over but still looking stern. "Alphas! Lunas! Betas! Warriors! And werewolves." Like I said, the hall was filled up. Jack and his team of rogues had infiltrated a lot of packs in California. And they had all traveled here to witness today's judgment. All were pissed and craved for the criminals' blood as they had abducted daughters, sisters, friends and sold them off with no means to trace or find them.

The black market, just like any other, was difficult to

find. Jack hadn't ever met his buyer but only contacted them through phone calls. They usually delivered the girls to another warehouse and bound them up, leaving them alone till their buyers arrived. The next day, he would get his money wired to him as the she-wolves had already been collected. So he never had direct contact with his buyers.

"We are all gathered here today to witness judgment being bestowed on those deserving it. I, just as you all, am shocked by the actions of these werewolves, found guilty, to us." His sharp eyes direct to Jack this time just like everyone else, and he is at the mercies of the glare thrown his way. Many wanted him dead along with his rogues. Let's not forget they also attacked pack members and killed some of them, especially their warriors trying to defend their packs.

The head council's sigh fills the hall, and everyone reluctantly peels their eyes away from Jack back to him.

"But regardless, we can't dish out justice in anger and malice as that wouldn't make us any better. They may have taken out precious family members from us all for some worldly possessions, but they won't escape justice now. And with all these, my council members and I have collected all evidence and found this man, along with his team of rogues, guilty! Guilty of the murder of innocent pack members trying to protect their homes, ambushing unsuspecting packs and their homes, destruction of homes and other properties, abducting she-wolves from their packs both underaged and adults, enslavement..." The list went on and on with everyone listening on, in satisfaction. Jack had his head bent low with no emotion shown on his face as he listened to the judgment passed on him. It was a good thing he got his daughter a better deal than what he's about to face.

After a long list of their crimes, the head council cleared his throat, and everyone waited in baited silence for his next words.

"For all this, Jack Brigham, along with the other criminals, will be sentenced to life imprisonment and transported to Night Walker's Pack in Colorado to serve their sentence with maximum security. Twelve hours of labor will be given to them every day except on Sundays, which they will be entitled to rest. No visits by family members will be granted to them until after serving ten years minimum of their sentence. They aren't entitled to parole either and will never see outside the walls of Night Walker. This court is adjourned till the next proceedings, which will be in a few minutes."

The judgment hall had already erupted with sounds of protests even before he finished and went back to his seat. Jack was already being taken out with guards surrounding him as many wanted to push through and cause him harm. Life imprisonment might not seem fair after all their crimes, but death was also too easy a way out. Many might not understand, but suffering all your life was worse than a quick death. And Jack didn't deserve a quick death. No, he deserved to be punished all his life for his sins. And werewolves live longer than humans.

I stare back at the six council members at the front, whispering into each other's ears once more, probably about the next proceedings, which was of Janet. Now, that one I'm eager to see.



SKY ANGEL Writer

"Sorry about the late update, guys. I'm also slowly



editing this book. Might take a year for me to finish ?.Anyway,Thanks for reading!

Oh, and just saw the reads and follows on this book?.Thank you so much guys?! Don't forget to

”

Bonus Chapter 2

"I need to use the restroom," I whisper into Reagan's ear before standing up. He follows after and straightens his blazer.

"I'm coming with you." He states with a knowing smirk, causing me to roll my eyes at him, already knowing his reason for tagging along. But it wasn't as if I was against it. The proceedings wouldn't happen till almost an hour later, so that's enough time for us to 'exercise.'

The murmurings had already reduced in the hall as some had left after Jack's proceedings. Most had been here for him, and those remaining for the next one would most likely be Lycans who knew Janet. Even I don't have the desire to wait for her's anymore as I dread the outcome. I will commit murder if she is let off with only a slap on the wrist. Since Lycans live much longer than humans and werewolves put together, a few years in a cell wouldn't be that much to her, especially since she's still very young.

The hall of justice is a building not too far from the palace, a ten minute drive, actually. And for a court, it was massive. I sometimes wonder what the other available rooms are for. The hallway to the bathroom isn't exactly empty as we pass by a couple of Lycans from time to time, a few of which stare at us a bit because Reagan can't keep his hands off of me. His arm remained around my waist, with his nose always finding its way to bury itself in my neck. And even when I try to wiggle away, he follows. Our giddy mood, however, dies down when we come across General Alphonso along the way.

With a slightly surprised expression and a smile, he acknowledges Reagan beside me with a bow. "Your Highness. Always a pleasure to see you."

"Wish I could say the same," Reagan remarks with a scowl, showcasing his displeasure. The smile on the general's face fell for a second before bringing it back up.

He is a high ranking officer among the royal Lycanthrope warriors and has the body to show for it; well built and sturdy for a man centuries old. He doesn't look old, though, more like a man in his thirties with his hair a light brown. His facial expression always turns stone-cold whenever directed to me, and at those moments, I see the military man in him. But whenever he is grinning at my mate like a desperate dog hungry for a belly rub, he looks different, more approachable.

"Please don't be like that, Prince Reagan." He awkwardly laughs but receives only a glare in return. "Janet has admitted to her crime and feels really sorry about her terrible behavior. Please forgive the silly girl as she is reflecting on her actions."

I don't know if the man is a good actor or just blind to his daughter's misdeeds. His mate, Janet's mother, rarely showed up at her proceedings, and I wonder if maybe she wasn't too happy with her daughter's and mate's behavior. They were trying to cover up a crime that she had obviously committed but wouldn't admit to.

"If she is really sorry, then she should start talking before it's too late," Reagan stated before pulling my wrist so I can follow after him. The last thing I see before facing front is Alphonso's smile falling off with a glare directed at me. I think he really hates me because I'm with Reagan and wishes for his daughter to have my position. Such a shame that is never going to happen.

I don't even have time to breathe when I walk into the bathroom as my lips are assaulted by a pair of hungry ones wishing to devour me. My back is against the bathroom sink with Reagan's body holding me trapped between it and him. I moan into his mouth at the ferocity of the kiss that messes up my lipstick and bruises my lips. His hands are already bunching up my dress and caressing up my thigh, causing goosebumps to appear on the skin.

"Reagan..." I sigh as his lips move across my cheeks. "This isn't...the right place..." I managed to breathe out with my body heating up already. But he doesn't stop his torment with his lips gliding across my skin. I fear for the sink behind me as I lean further against it.

"But I need you." He sighs and finally stops, resting his jaw on my shoulder. I can't see his eyes this way, but I bet they are burning with hunger. My fingers rise up to comb through his silky soft blond hair, enjoying the feel of it between my fingertips.

"Why don't we go home and continue from where we left off," I suggest while nibbling on my poor bruised lips. He moves back at my words to stare at me incredulously - one eyebrow c****d upward before shaking his head.

"Janet's last proceedings is also today. Don't you want to be there?"

I let out a sigh, "It's not as if she would be given much punishment since we have little against her. She already won." I turn to the bathroom mirror in despair before starting to reapply my lipstick.

He comes up behind me, which I see through the mirror, before placing both his hands on my shoulders. "I never lose, darling." He states, kissing my cheek from behind. I furrow my eyebrows at his statement and c**k

my head in question at him. "I'll be in the hall of justice while you reapply your makeup."

He leaves before I could even ask what he meant by his previous statement, leaving me confused. Did he perhaps know something I don't? I shake my head before returning to reapplying my makeup and fluffing my hair, which Reagan had also messed up.

A few seconds later, the door to the bathroom opens, but I didn't bother to check who it was.

"You've got five minutes." I hear the order and freeze when I smell a familiar, irritating scent that makes my wolf go crazy with fury. I only have to stare up at the bathroom mirror before seeing the female guard shove Janet into the bathroom and close the door shut behind her.

Unlike Jack, who had no one, Janet had been treated like a Princess. She wasn't in a cell with a poor living condition but a bedroom, although not too big, still too kind for a prisoner. And she wasn't given tattered clothes or left ungroomed. Instead, she dresses like she was a free being, having access to new clothes every day. Her hair is shiny and looks healthy, her skin hasn't lost its color, and it even seems like she had added weight from sitting, eating, and doing nothing all day. No, she definitely wasn't in prison. Her father really goes overboard for her.

I haven't spoken to her since the last time I left her in Lunar's pack cell to rot. And I only see her at the proceedings here when she is brought in, but we haven't talked to each other.

Right now, she has high heeled ankle boots on her feet, tight black pants, and a pretty pink top. Her hands are bound with spelled cuffs so she won't break free, and a stupid smirk is painted on her face when she notices

me. I'm pissed she is getting away like this and even seems smug about it. Taking in a deep breath, I fix my last touches to my makeup and whirl around to head out without acknowledging her. But her mouth is too big to let me do so.

"Oh, look what we have here. Princess Ellie. Oh, wait." She pauses and acts like she was deep in her thoughts. "You haven't been crowned a Princess, so you still are unwanted...just like always. His Highness must have seen through your exterior and realized just where you belong - beneath our feet."

Her voice alone irks me to no end. I really don't care that His Highness didn't crown me a Princess. But being spoken to like this really hurts my ego. And I wasn't going to keep quiet.

"You may think you're winning right now, but know that even though you might get out of this one today, you will still serve your punishment someday as I won't rest till justice is served," I vowed before storming past her and bumping into her shoulder. But she stopped me before I opened the door.

"When I get out, your little tongue is what I will first cut out before forcing it down your throat and then making marks on your body with my claws. And when I'm done to my satisfaction, I will slowly rip out your head with my bare hands," I pause to slowly turn to her as the description she painted seemed familiar. And she also took the liberty to meet my stare before her smirk widens,

"Just as I had done to that human bitch." She spun then to disappear into one of the bathroom stalls. I remain in my position for a while, shell shocked by her words. I wasn't scared she would do that to me but stunned she had done that to someone else without so

much as remorse. And someone like that would be allowed to roam free in this world in a few years?

Gaining back my senses, I shook my head and walked outside back to the hall of justice. I'm still in a state of shock when I sit down, and Reagan notices immediately.

"Everything alright, my love?" He asks while staring above my shoulder to find the cause of my worry.

"I'm fine." I force a smile at him and lean back into my chair. He obviously doesn't believe me, but he doesn't pester me either. My mind is chaotic, even as the council members come in and climb their benches once more. Janet is accompanied a few minutes later with her head held high by the female guard, and her attorney follows after. Her father is sitting not too far behind us, and I can already see the triumphant smirk on his face.

The Head council, after a few minutes, stands once more to address us. I tune out all the formalities until he got to Janet's list of crimes.

"... based on illegal trafficking of she-wolves, Janet Alphonso has been found innocent as no valid proof has been shown..."

"Wait!" The double doors burst open as two figures storm through with another man behind and a guard running after them.

I recognize the two figures in front immediately to be Bella and Danny and then Adrian behind, holding two laptops in his large hands. Bella has some documents in her hand too, and they all make way to the councils' bench.

Everyone has their eyebrows furrowed in question as it wasn't acceptable to barge in or interrupt a proceeding after the councils had taken their seats.

"I tried to stop them, my lord," The guard behind

them puffed, looking out of breath.

"We have new evidence to present to the council." Bella declared without adding any formalities or even bowing. Unlike me, she had been crowned a Princess and was even learning the ropes of being a queen since our present rulers would soon step down. It was inevitable, and His Highness had no choice but to crown her. Logan had marked her, and if she wasn't crowned a Princess, it meant she wouldn't be a Queen. Many might take this opportunity and try to challenge for the Crown, thinking the royal family to be undecided on who to crown next. After all, what is a king without a Queen? And since His Highness didn't want to lose the Crown to another, he just had to give in and name Bella a Princess.

"My lords, this is outrageous." Janet's attorney abruptly stood to his feet. "My client is already being given her sentence, and all the time for evidence to be shown has passed..." He became tongue-tied, however, when Bella, Danny, Adrian, and even Reagan shot him death glares. He took his seat immediately and brought out his handkerchief to wipe the sweat off his brow.

Bella turned back to the stunned council members, "I apologize for this rude interruption, but it is all in the name of justice to be served. We wouldn't want to let a criminal free, nor do we want to send an innocent victim to jail now, do we?"

The council members seem disrupted about this new development and shared looks. Finally, after a while, the Head council sighed, putting on his reading glasses.

"This is improper for us to do, but we will accept just this once. Present your evidence, Princess." He urges before waving the royal guard away.



SKY ANGEL

Writer

" Most of you wanted to know what happened to Janet. Well, we're getting there now. As for Lana and Jace, they're a different couple and shouldn't be discussed much in this story so as not to divert from our main couple. Any question about Bella will be answered in my second book, The Lycan Prince's Huntress. Is there any question left unanswered in this book? Let me know in the comment section. Do you have special scenes request? Let me know in the comment section.

"

Bonus Chapter 3

Murmurings began once more to fill the hall of justice as everyone became puzzled by the new development. I turn slightly to Reagan, just as lost as everyone else. But he doesn't seem surprised at what is going on. And he even relaxed further into his chair with a confident smirk playing at the corner of his lips. He notices my stare and turns to meet my gaze with a c****d eyebrow.

My gaze drifts between him and Bella before settling back on him. "Do you know what's going on?" But before he could answer, I feel someone take the seat beside me with a sigh.

"Hey, Princess." Danny smiles at me while shifting in his seat to a more comfortable position. I divert my attention to him and furrow my eyebrows at him in question. "You seem stressed." He joked with amusement dancing in his eyes even though he had a serious expression on. "Loosen up, will you." He pats my shoulder before facing back front.

Of course, I'm stressed because of the possibility that Janet might go free. And how the hell am I supposed to loosen up when they just interrupted her final proceedings in the name of 'new evidence,' that may either put her in more deep s**t or get her a 'get out of jail free card!'

"What is..."

"Shhh. The show's about to start." Danny shushes me, pointing towards the councils, and at the same time, I feel Reagan intertwine both our fingers together and rest them on his lap. I gaze at him to see him smile in

reassurance before also staring to the front.

I exhale and decide to relax my shoulders a bit and 'watch the show,' as Danny had put it. Adrian in the front is already setting the two laptops in front of the council members while Bella waits by the side. Janet is just as confused as everyone else and stares at her attorney for help. And when she finds him useless, she turns to stare at her parents behind us. Her mother is sitting beside Janet's father today, and they both look nervous about the outcome of all this. I see her father give her a nod of reassurance before she faces back front but not before her eyes meet mine and send a small glare.

I look to the council and see their eyes fixed on the laptop screens in interest as if watching a clip. But using my enhanced hearing, I could pick no sound up, meaning the video they were watching had none.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Bella began with a poised posture while the council members' attention remains fixed on the laptop screens. "Charlotte Tremblay is a human female whose mutilated body was found almost a decade ago in the woods." Gasps fill the hall with more murmurings at Bella's narration. Charlotte was the name of the girl Janet had brutally murdered in the woods but denied the accusation. And now, I can hear her gulp when Bella spoke.

"Her murder was brushed off as a wild animal attack, and the case closed because of the several claw marks on her body. An anonymous witness claimed to have seen our dear Janet Alphonso commit the heinous crime, but she has repeatedly denied such allegations against her. Our council members here are watching a CCTV recording that tells us the true tale of that night. You see, on the 26th of March 2012, Charlotte was seen leaving her house at 10:15 p.m. for her usual night jogging by the

woods. And at 10:37, a hotel's security camera by these woods picked up Janet going for a 'late night walk' in the said woods. By 11:13, said camera recorded her leaving the woods but covered in the blood of God knows who." Bella shrugged, but everyone already knew where this was going with their whisperings getting louder.

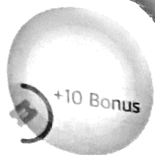
Bella sighed with a sad look, "The next day, poor Charlotte was found in an unrecognizable state with her head torn from her body."

By now, everyone's judgemental stare was directed at Janet, who looked deathly pale and frozen to her spot. The council members had already finished watching the clip on the laptop and were now glaring at her also with furrowed eyebrows and disappointed looks. The council consisted of five Lycan men, with the head council being one of them, and a female Lycan. The head council sat at the middle with the female Lycan beside him, and the rest followed.

"My Lords," Janet's attorney cleared his throat and stood to his feet while buttoning his suit with his hands slightly shaking. "I request that this footage should be disregarded as it cannot be true since my client is innocent of these charges. It is probably made up just to incriminate an innocent..."

"Are you saying your possible future queen has all the time in the world to create fake videos for fun and walk into a proceeding with it for her amusement?" The only female council member threw the question at the attorney, leaving him tongue-tied for a few seconds.

"N...no, my Lord." He regains his composure while fixing his tie - a sign of his nervousness. "But just as she had said, the incident happened nearly a decade ago. So how could she have stumbled across a recording so long ago? Most CCTV's store only months of recordings."



"As I said, it was a hotel." Bella pins her stern gaze on the attorney. "I was intrigued by this case and decided to have it checked out myself. And luckily for us, their security cameras outside are motion detectors only, taking up less storage. They also store their recordings indefinitely, and I was lucky to have found this particular one. It wasn't easy finding it as it was a long time ago. But after hours of searching, we did. We can contact them for more information if you like."

"That won't be necessary, Your Highness." The head council finally spoke after being silent for a while. By now, I'm smiling in satisfaction at the turn of events and couldn't hide it. My respect for Bella has just increased, and I can't express my joy as she uncovers the truth to everyone. And now I understood why Reagan was so smug earlier. He knew this was going to happen. He probably already had this all planned out secretly with Bella and Danny and was only waiting for it all to unfold and surprise me.

"You could have told me, you know. I wouldn't have been so worried if I knew this was gonna happen." I whisper into Reagan's ear beside me with my eyes slightly narrowing at him.

He only grinned mischievously, "I told you not to worry now, didn't I?"

I roll my eyes at him before staring back front at Bella, who stood regally like a Queen would, confident and relaxed. In the few months I've been here, we've grown a bit closer but not too much as she had been extra busy with her new duties. Sometimes, we have coffee together in the garden with Her Majesty, The Queen.

"Miss. Janet," The head council pinned her with her gaze. "Would you like to tell this honorable court what

really happened that night and why you were seen walking out of the woods with your hands tainted in blood?"

Everyone's gaze lands on Janet now, and she notices this. Her mouth opens, but no words come out for a few seconds. "I...I..." She stutters before closing her mouth back at her lame attempt to defend herself.

Her attorney immediately stands up once more, "My Lords, my client here is probably shocked by this new false allegation against her and needs time to process the information. Besides, you were about to already bestow her punishment to her before the proceeding was rudely interrupted..."

"And are you suggesting we turn a blind eye to this new evidence brought to us and let a possible cold-blooded murderer walk free?" A council member shut him down immediately.

"Do you know the severity of murdering an innocent and defenseless human and in such a manner?" Another spoke up. "If the hunters or their government get a whiff of this, they would never let it go."

"And let's not forget she might have been lying to our faces right from the start with fake tears." The female council spoke this time.

"You are absolutely right, councilwoman Josephine. We can't believe anything she had said before to be true."

"Aren't we all just jumping to conclusions now? If she was guilty, why hadn't she just admitted to her crime when she admitted to kidnapping the Prince's mate? I say she's innocent."

"I go with councilman Julius on this one."

I watch on as the council becomes divided with the different opinions being given, and the audiences aren't

even better. Everyone had been divided into two groups, some who believed Janet to be innocent and others who think something to be fishy about her. Her parents behind us are turning restless, with Janet's mother wringing her fingers and her father massaging his temple.

"This is a mess," I state the obvious, staring around and watching the chaos erupt. They had all forgotten their manners and that a Prince was here.

"Just exactly what we need it to be," Reagan smirks in content beside me, relaxing further into his chair.

"You owe me big time for this one," Bella muttered while taking a seat comfortably beside Reagan.

"Silence!" The head council's booming voice fills the hall with his powerful aura spreading about and forcing everyone beneath him to submit. But it didn't affect me. I could feel it, but it did nothing to me.

And immediately, the chattering died down, with everyone keeping quiet. You even could hear a pin drop with the silence that ensued. The Head council then sighed before standing to his feet.

"It is obvious we need to consider investigating further into this case before having the final proceedings and decide Miss. Janet's fate. This court is adjourned till the next proceeding, which is in a few minutes." He declared, and the other council members stood up with him and slowly descended.

"No." My enhanced hearing picks up the whisper, and I realize, immediately, who it was from. Janet looked like a ghost as she stared wide-eyed in horror into nothing. She knew she was screwed right now with that recording. And other proofs might be found as a thorough investigation will be made because of the severity of the case. We have stricter rules to obey as beasts, and one of



them - never to cause harm to a defenseless, innocent human without valid reasons. If a beast breaks this law, werewolf hunters are even free to do whatever they like to him or her without the interference of anyone, not even the King. And Janet, in her stupidity, had broken that law. Let's not forget that now, with the seed of doubt planted, she would also be suspected to be an accomplice to the rogues. Then there's lying to the council, which is also a crime on its own. So yeah. She was overly screwed, more than Jack Brigham. I doubt even her father can pull her out of this one.

"No, no, no." She keeps whispering. The female guard assigned to her reaches for Janet, and her eyes turn frantic as dread washes over her face. She spins to stare at her parents behind us but instead, her eyes clash with mine, and she instantly notices the smug, satisfied smirk on my face. Something flashes in her eyes then, and a look of pure hatred takes over her face. She seems mad, and a bit crazy also. It's as if she transformed into a whole new person.

"This is all your fault!" She screeches at me, gaining everyone's attention.

"Janet. What are you doing?" Her father's stern voice behind me holds warning, but she ignores him either way. I'm not even phased by her outburst but only keep my smug smirk on. And this seems to irritate her further.

"Everything was perfect between Reagan and me before you came into our lives." At least this time she says his full name. But it still doesn't stop the slow burn in my chest at her possessive words.

The female guard tries to tug her away, but she pulls back with her eyes still fixed on me. I can feel Reagan's hand tightening his grip in my fingers as he hadn't let me go ever since. But I don't break eye contact with Janet.

"No!" She suddenly shrieked once more. "If I won't have him, no one will." And with that, she lunged for me over her dock with her hands still cuffed and aiming for my neck. It was unexpected, and I'm slow to react, but Reagan is a step ahead and pulls me out of the chair to his side, putting his arms around me and shielding me.

I hear the sound of wood breaking with gasps echoing around the hall and a loud thud. The sickening sound of bone cracking fills my ear, and I turn to find Janet amid broken chairs on the floor with her neck bent to the side at an odd angle. She must have been unable to break her fall because of her cuffed wrist.

"Are you alright?" Reagan questions with his whole attention fixed on me only as he brushes my hair to the side to inspect me. I nod reassuringly, noticing the worried look on his face before turning back to Janet. She doesn't seem like she's getting up soon, and I can see blood slowly pooling around her.

"Hurry, uncuff her!" Someone finally orders, probably being the first to recover from the shock. The female guard brings out a set of keys and takes off Janet's cuff, but she still remains immobile on the floor. The spell on the handcuffs was meant to restrict her Lycan's abilities, so for her quick healing to kick in, they needed to take it off. But I think we're a bit too late.

I see Adrian move forward to check her pulse before shaking his head and backing away. The wail of a woman echoes around the silent hall, and it took a lot of effort to stop Janet's mother from reaching her daughter's corpse. Her father is rigid to his spot in shock with his eyes fixed on her body only. I feel a hint of remorse at their misery but not for her death. Does that make me heartless?

"Let's get you home, my love." Reagan's grip on me doesn't loosen as he tries to lead me out. He doesn't

seem to care that a friend, or whatever Janet had been to him, that he had known for more than three decades, was lying dead on the floor. He only just wanted me home, safe, and sound. Was that normal?

My eyes remain on Janet's lifeless body one last time as I'm pulled out. The last scene of the hall I see is of Janet's corpse being surrounded with no one allowed to move too close by the royal guards, her mother screaming her lungs out while clutching her chest and tears streaming down her face, and her father still frozen to his spot.

I bury my face into Reagan's chest and breath in his scent as we step out and get flocked by guards immediately, leading us safely to our awaiting vehicle. The sense of peace that clothed me drove me deep into sleep.



SKY ANGEL

Writer

"
What next do you want me to write about in the story's bonus chapters? So sleep right now?. Thanks
"

Bonus Chapter 4

I loved everything about LA. The weather, the beautiful beaches, the amazing nightclubs...it was practically one of the best places for an energetic teenager or adult to have a good time. I never saw myself permanently leaving here until Brad had rejected me and made it unbearable to be in the same place as him. But even then, I was reluctant about the idea.

But then Reagan showed up, and many of my previous choices just seemed like a faraway dream if he wasn't part of it. But still, LA would forever be the city I love the most. And I think Reagan also likes it here. He narrated to me that before we met, he usually came here to relax, that's why he has a penthouse here in the first place. If only he had gone out more, then maybe we would have met earlier than we did.

But anyway, everything happens for a reason. I am where I am today - strong, confident, and happy because of all that I've been through. I've made both friends and enemies and got one amazing mate always by my side. Reagan never ceases to surprise me as I'm still stunned about the incident in the hall of justice. He had promised me Janet wasn't going to get out so easily, and he'd fulfilled it. It's such a shame her life ended in such a way because of her spite for me. I was in shock for a while that day, and Reagan had become too overprotective. He hardly let me out of his sight or his quarters. Even though Janet was...gone, he was still wary and a bit paranoid.

We decide to come to LA for a break after weeks of constantly attending Janet's trial. And this morning, I'm

ogling the handsome cook in our kitchen preparing breakfast. Lexi is also beside me, drooling all over the table as biscuits, dripping with gravy, are set out in front of us. The aroma alone is enough to fill my belly as I've never smelled anything as f*****g delicious as this. And I have gone to a lot of restaurants and even lived in a freaking palace, but nothing compared to this.

Lexi had made some changes while we were gone from LA. One being she fired Joanna, the former cook, without batting an eyelash. And then she replaced her with a male cook, Matthew, who is the current reason saliva pools in my mouth. He's a human but had good looks and a fit body for just a cook. He moves around the kitchen wearing a green apron, making a heavenly breakfast that I can't wait to devour and serving us as soon as each plate is ready. Still, he had made it strictly clear he didn't want us taking a bite till he everything done.

"Where did you say you found him again?" I sigh, c*****g my head to the side with my eyes still glued on Matthew. It isn't him I'm fascinated with, but the food he makes. He prepares some grape juice and places them beside our meal before serving us.

"I never found him. He found me." Lexi sighs, also having a dreamy look on her face.

Sending a breathtaking smile our way, he urges us, "You can begin, ladies." He didn't have to say it more than once before we dig in like a pair of hungry lions. Our moans come next when we bite into the soft biscuit with our eyes nearly rolling to the back of our head.

"Matthew what do you put in these? They taste so good." I had to ask even with my mouth full. His grin widens when he sees the look of pure bliss on our faces.

"It's a secret, Ellie." He winks at me, causing me to pout back at him. However, I feel a slight burning in my chest at that moment, accompanied by a sudden wave of anger. I sigh and roll my eyes, feeling the presence behind me even without turning back - damn mate bond.

"Oh, goody. Just in time, Reagan, to see your mate and dearest cousin propose to the cook." I had totally forgotten Danny was opposite us reading a playboy magazine. He flips a page, hiding his smirk behind it. I bring my foot up and hit his leg under the table, leaving him to jerk back and wince.

I notice Matthew had arched an eyebrow when Danny said the word, 'mate,' but he shrugs it off soon away. When I hear the light footsteps coming closer, I quickly think of a way to get rid of Matthew before he gets into trouble.

"Matty, why don't you hurry now and get some groceries at the store," I suggest with a smile.

"But the house is already stocked up..."

"Just go!" I urged. He seems reluctant at first before shrugging and taking off his apron. I finally breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves before turning around to meet all the hard muscles on display. Damn, why did he have to take his shirt off? Not that I hate it, though. It's just so hard to think when he only has grey sweatpants on and his hair in sexy disarray because of me gripping them...

"Get rid of him today!" Reagan turns towards Lexi and orders with a tone that gave no room for argument...except for mine. As his mate, I'm almost equal to him and can stand against him even when others cower away.

"But why?!" I interject and only got a sharp glare in return.

"Yes. Why?!" Lexi speaks up but seals her mouth shut when Reagan turns his eyes back to her. She grabs a biscuit and takes a big bite out of it to keep her mouth full. It wasn't that Reagan didn't trust me. After all, I am his mate by the moon and can have no s****l feelings for anyone else but him. But his beast tends to get a tad bit too possessive, enough to drive me crazy.

"Forget it. I'll do it myself." He grumbles and heads towards the kitchen door. I hurry after him, not ready to lose an amazing cook like Matthew. I don't think anyone else like him exists in this world. His apple pies are out of this world.

Reagan is close to the elevator when I catch up to him, but I'm too late in stopping him from pushing the button. The ding sound goes off, however, instead of an empty elevator showing up, we're met with a man in a suit and dark sunglasses. From his scent, I could tell he was a Lycan right away, and he doesn't hesitate to bow to us when he sees us.

"Your Highness. My lady. I am here to present a letter from Her Royal Majesty, Princess Belladonna Aldrich, to Lady Ellie Aldrich." He announces before whipping out an envelope from underneath his suit and presenting it to me. I'm already beside Reagan, staring at the man in confusion before looking to my mate beside me, who also seems a bit lost.

Bella and I aren't exactly close since we've only spent a little bit of time together with her busy schedule, so I'm not sure what message she had for me that she couldn't send through an email or a phone call, but a royal guard. Her's and her mate's coronation was happening in about two weeks, giving her even less time for herself. I feel a bit guilty about being in LA instead of helping her out, but at the same time, I'm not a royal member and can't help

out with royal matters. King Aldrich had finally decided to step down after ruling for almost four hundred years, along with Queen Alisa. We will be going back to Canada in a few days as a lot will need to be done.

"Thank you." I nod at the guard while accepting the envelope. He bows once more to us before going back into the elevator. I watch it shut close before looking down at the envelope, in curiosity, that had my name written on the back.

"What is it?" Reagan asks beside me, peeping over my shoulder to get a look at the letter.

I shrug, "Not sure." I begin to peel it open and bring out the neatly folded letter inside. It read,

Dear Ellie,

It is with great pleasure that I am writing this to you as I bring wonderful news. As you know, my coronation ceremony as Queen will be taking place in a few weeks, which is splendid news on its own. And my first order of business is giving you the title you deserve. So, on this note, your coronation as Princess will be on the same day as my mate's and mine. Congratulations!

Do have a splendid day.

I blink in shock at the letter in my hand and decide to check the back only to see,

P.S: I came to this conclusion as it's hard being the only lady in royalty. Help me!

I laughed out loud after reading that even though my eyes are already pooling with tears. Lexi was also a Princess, but she couldn't help out since she was at school, leaving all the work to Bella. Her desk is always full, I think it would soon break from all the work. I wonder how Queen Alisa had coped with all of it alone.

"Congrats, my little wolf." Reagan kissed the side of

my head while wrapping his arms around my waist. I lean into his chest with the letter still in hand as I take in the information. I didn't care much about the title. That was all it was to me, a stupid title, after all I wasn't born with it and had lived my life okay without it. I even had my mate with me without it, so it meant little to nothing to me. I couldn't get Reagan's father to like me, but his mum did. I hadn't even made any effort for him to like me as I owed him nothing.

But seeing this letter from Bella made me understand one thing I've been hiding from all this while. I may not care about the title, but I care about being in the same rank as my mate. I want to be beside him always, supporting him as his equal. And that title was the only way to get that. I hated waiting home like a good mate while he went out to perform his duties as a Prince. I feel useless! But I won't anymore, thanks to Bella.

The tears falling down my cheeks couldn't be helped, and I don't hide away when Reagan kissed it all away. It still all feels like a dream. How could I have a mate like Reagan and have all these wonderful things happening to me? It's like the world keeps changing to fit us. Everything keeps going our way though we face some trials to get there. But in the end, we come out on top.

"And how does my Princess wish to celebrate?" Reagan whispers the question into my ear while playfully nibbling on my ear. I giggle, already understanding where this was going. God, he's insatiable.

"How about Matthew cooks us a..." I didn't even get to finish when I hear a growl of disapproval rumble from deep within his chest. "To the bedroom it is, then." I quickly amend with a sly grin.

I'm lifted into the air and find myself upside down on his shoulder in a second. I squeal and hold on to his

sweatpants in shock. However, my giggles of joy follow as I'm taken up the stairs to the room I share with him, my only reason for living.

Epilogue

Prince Reagan

I watched with hooded eyes as my brother and his mate both swear an oath to take their new position seriously and guide all beasts with devotion, fairness, equality, and all the other s**t I don't care to listen to. My parents stand aside while the head council does this as he is in charge of conducting the ceremony. Two other members are behind him, each holding a cushion with the crowns meant for the King and Queen placed on them.

It wasn't rare for sovereigns to step down before their death because of our unusually long lifespan. If we decide to wait for the monarchs to be dead before naming another, then we would have a single ruler for a very long time. My father and mother had already been ruling for almost four hundred years, and they still looked young. They deserve a break like a long vacation, and the people deserve a new regime.

I hear Ellie fidget beside me, shifting in her seat and fiddling with her fingers. I turn to see her biting on her poor lip, an action I'm supposed to do instead of her. My hand comes up to cup her jaw and separate her teeth from her bottom lip. Her eyes dart up to stare at me, and I can't help but smile down at her lovely face.

Today, she would also be crowned a Princess...my Princess. It was enough to make her nervous and agitated. But what's more, my parents don't know about this. It seems Bella has decided for it to be a 'surprise' to everyone. Logan is, however, also aware as Bella can't make this final decision without the consent of the king.

Ellie still looks jittery as she picks at the fabric of her dress. She has on a beautiful pale turquoise gown with a halter strap neck that gives a sexy and dangerous show. Though, I would love to be the only audience. There are silver intricate designs on the bodice, and she has silver chandelier earrings to match.

Her full brown hair falls in waves around her, framing her face, and her makeup is done light. I felt the breath being knocked out of me when I first saw her this morning. And I would have preferred to remain locked up in our room and worship her body with my hands and tongue, but I don't think my parents will be too happy with me delaying the ceremony. And it was a special day for my Princess.

I have on a pale turquoise suit to match Ellie's dress. And even though it's not a manly color, it still looks good on me. I would have been caught dead than be in this color, but Ellie had been adamant that she wanted to put on this particular dress. And what the lady wants, the lady gets. But I do love how much the dress fits her perfectly for the occasion. The moon goddess was probably dying with jealousy at the beauty she exhibits. And she looks even cuter with the worried look on her face.

I reach out to take a hold of her hand so she would stop fidgeting with it and calm down. I interlock our fingers and bring them up to place a kiss on her knuckles. She sighs beside me, and I can feel her already relaxing into my touch as I surround her with my aura. I can hear the head council praying to the moon goddess to guide the new sovereigns as he anoints them. But I drown out his voice and focus back on my mate.

Ellie's crystal blue eyes blink up at me with her plump lips pulling out in a pout. I'm tempted to forget my manners and suck on those beauties in front of everyone,

Epilogue

but I refrain right away and recall what I had to say.

"I'm here with you. Just like I've always been and will always be. You're not walking down that aisle alone." I assure her and lean in to place a kiss on her forehead.

"Thank you." She whispers when I move back.

I arch an eyebrow at her, "For what?"

She smiles, "For being the light in the dark. For making me happy. For everything." I understand her words perfectly. When she had been rejected and tossed aside, I had come along just at the right time. Not everyone could be that lucky. But if anything, I am luckier to meet her. Most Lycans spend eternity without finding their mates. My parents are the same. They're not fated by the moon but had their mating ceremony arranged. It was one of the reasons why their bond wasn't all that strong. They are mostly engaged in arguments and disagreements when found in the same room.

The sound of the trumpets signals everyone to be on their feet as the new couples are about to take the crown. I don't let go of Ellie's hand as we also stand to our feet in a sign of respect. The hall is filled up with noble Lycans not wanting to miss the occasion. We, the royal family, occupy the front seats with the rest following behind. I have my cousins and other relatives in overly expensive dresses and suits beside and behind me.

Logan is first to kneel in front of the head council to receive his crown. His crown is raised up for all to see before slowly descended on his head. Bella follows next, and the same procedure is taken. They then rise up, bow to the previous King and Queen beside them before taking a step up and standing where the head council once was. My father and mother step down then, walking towards where we, the other royal family members sit as

they have renounced their titles.

Howls fill the hall from guards stationed at different angles while a round of applause from everyone follows. We applaud the new couple that has taken up the sovereign title of the beast kingdom while they wave to us in appreciation. Thereafter, we take our seats and they give short speeches emphasizing how much they would take their new duties seriously.

I can feel Ellie's grip tighten as she understands that her turn was coming very soon. Her heart's beat spikes up every once in a while, and her skin breaks out in sweats. And when Bella's eyes meet ours as she and Logan move forward, we already know what she's about to announce.

"We have a special announcement to make." Logan started for everyone to keep shut and focus their eyes on them. He pauses for a few seconds until he made sure he had gotten everyone's attention before continuing.

"Today marks the beginning of a new era. As a King, I cannot rule without my Queen." His eyes drift to Bella for a second. It's funny how he has turned all mushy for his mate. The Logan I knew was a cold-hearted self-centered player, but Bella had brought the best in him.

"And just as I can't be without my Queen, a Prince shouldn't be without a Princess. That is why our first pronouncement as your new sovereigns is to give my brother, Reagan Aldrich, a Princess."

"Ellie Aldrich, please step forward." Bella was the one to speak up this time. Noticing how hesitant she became beside me, I stood up with her hand in mine, making her follow my lead. Everyone's gazes are already on us, some lost while some had already caught on. My father beside me already caught on, and a dark look crosses his features.

He doesn't seem too happy, as his glare is fixated on Ellie and me, but I ignore him and move forward with my mate.

We make it to the front, hand in hand, and only stop until we're in front of our new King and Queen. A council member steps forward with another crown on a cushion, smaller than that of the King and Queen.

The head council only conducts a coronation ceremony for the King and Queen. As for a Prince or Princess, it was a duty of the monarch; that was why my mate hasn't been crowned yet. It was because my father, the monarch then, didn't want to.

But now, I can see the excitement swelling in my mate's eyes even though she looks agitated. I send a nod of appreciation to Logan as this couldn't have been possible without him. And I also smile a little at Bella, who only returns it with a wink.

Ellie is asked to kneel beside me before her coronation begins, and I watch in adoration as her crown is placed on her head. I'm already wearing mine as I stand supportingly beside her. And when she is asked to rise, I help her up before turning around to face the congregation.

Everyone stands up with rounds of applause filling the room. I couldn't contain my smile of satisfaction when I see the look of annoyance on my father's face, but he has no choice but to stand up and also clap with the rest. I had been dying to see that look on his face - shame and helplessness. My mum beside him is the opposite as she claps with a big smile on her face.

With Logan and Bella behind us, Ellie and I wave towards the crowd, and it takes me a while to notice the tears in my mate's eyes. It seems as if she was finding it hard to contain them, but I knew they weren't of sorrow.

Epilogue

It's hard to believe that one person could make my heart wrench in my chest due to their mood. I had never thought I would find my mate one day, but here I am - the luckiest beast alive. And staring into my mate's eyes right now is enough to let me forget that there is a world out there waiting for us to make changes. Because the only thing I want to do right now and forever is to hold on to my Ellie - my little wolf, till eternity.

The End.

Audio book of this now available on wehear app.
Prequel to Prince Reagan which is The Lycan Prince's Huntress is now available on Dreame.



SKY ANGEL Writer

“
Ellie's dress and Reagan's suit available on my Instagram, [author_sky_angel](#).
Yes, we're finally done with this book. I tried answering most of your questions through this bonus chapters, so I hope that is enough. I can't think of a better ending for this two than this. I really would miss this couple as I've grown to love them. But we must sadly always say goodbye. Check out Bella's and Logan's story on my profile titled, The Lycan Prince's Huntress. Thank you all for
”