

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 1

/ [Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

Rejected

I could hear the smooth voice of Miss. Ava, as she goes on teaching in the large hall some theory Aristotle once came up with. But my mind isn't focused on her. Her voice fades away as I glare at the black-haired boy sitting on the other side of the room with his fingers softly thrumming on the table. His eyes are focused on the female teacher, possibly listening to the lecture going on while I watch him like a freak from afar.

Brad Benson, son to the Alpha of Lunar pack, and next in line to be Alpha. He's the kind of guy every girl in town wants for herself and still runs after, even though he's dumped them before.

Recalling what he did yesterday makes me grit my teeth and glare harder at him. Oh, the nerve of him.

I'll start from the beginning.

I remember when I first saw Brad on the first day of high school. I was that kid no one wanted to associate themselves with – boring, weird, skinny with freckles painting my cheeks and forehead, and I had practically no fashion sense. I tried making friends, but it didn't work out.

Then I saw Brad and how he was adored by everyone. He was your typical high school jock – handsome, athletic, charming... Everyone wanted a piece of him. Plus, he's the son of our Alpha. He had it all, the looks, fame, popularity, power...

I wasn't so impressed by him at first. I avoided him like the plague and stayed hidden, not making myself too popular. I didn't really care that no one acknowledged me. I was okay being on my own. Called an introvert.

But then, at the start of my senior year, I began having this huge crush on Brad. I would sit two seats behind him and ogle him throughout the whole class as every other girl did. I daydreamed about him and even scribbled his name at the back of my notebooks a lot.

I knew I couldn't have him since he was dating one of the most popular girls at school at that time, Stacy. But it didn't stop me from trying to impress him by changing my looks. I actually started to read fashion magazines instead of my books and even tried out the dresses I saw. But then, when I showed up at school, Stacy ended up turning me into a figure of fun.

Apparently, I was so skinny, any dress I wore either ended up making me look more of a stick or dwarfed me in them. I was made a laughing stock throughout, and Brad hadn't even paid me any attention.

It wasn't common for werewolves to be so ugly like I had been. We are one of the most beautiful and exotic creatures globally, and humans mostly envy us for this. But of course, they don't know about our actual existence. They're so unpredictable and might not be able to process that we live among them, especially since we age very slowly.

Anyway, since I couldn't get Brad, I stopped trying and settled on ogling him from afar. But fate has its way of surprising people.

When I turned eighteen, which is the age of any average werewolf to find their mate, I had been ecstatic to find mine. Of course, not every werewolf sees theirs immediately, but I hoped I would quickly. A mate is someone to cherish and the one you would spend the rest of your life with. They're usually given to us by the moon but can also be chosen. You feel a pull towards them and can't help feeling attracted to them no matter what...or at least that's what I thought.

I had skipped happily to school that day in joy, fantasizing about the special moment that I would finally find my true love. Finally, someone would accept me for who I am and not stare at me like I'm some weirdo. I didn't care about the weird looks I got for my goofy smiles. All I cared about was finding my mate. I even wore a little bit of makeup to school, just in case I saw him that day.

At one of my free periods, I was walking down the hallway when I smelled this mouthwatering scent calling out to me. My wolf was howling like crazy in my head, and her tail wagging side to side.

I knew then what it meant and traced the scent right away. I found myself on the empty football field with Brad sitting on the bleachers, deep in thought.

My eyes widened in shock when I realized the scent was coming from him. And when he noticed my presence, he stared at me in question with his eyes squinted until I whispered,

"Mate."

In shock, his eyes had widened too, while I was left confused. Hadn't he smelt my scent and realize I was his? He had turned eighteen the summer before. So how come he hadn't noticed? Or maybe he had...

Realization dawned on me as I continued to gape at him in shock.

He knew. He knew I was his mate but never approached me. Every wolf can recognize its mate after turning eighteen, and Brad had been eighteen four months ago!

My suspicions were confirmed when he scowled at me with disgust written all over his face. Then, he grabbed my hand in my dazed-like state and dragged me to an empty closet.

Slamming me against the wall, he dug his fingers into my shoulder, eliciting a whimper from me. I ignored the pain he had caused at my back and stared straight into his eyes.

“Listen, you’re not my mate. I don’t want a weak, skinny she-wolf such as yourself as my mate, so don’t bother trying to be. Get that into your thick skull, and don’t even think about telling anyone else about this.” He snarled at me using his Alpha tone, and I could feel the dominance riding in waves from him.

I couldn’t do anything but watch him storm out while slamming the door shut behind him. I had never seen Brad so pissed before. He was the golden boy of the school; everyone adored him, including the teachers. And to think I, his mate, was the one who brought out the ugly side of him.

But I didn’t understand. From what my parents told me, a mate is someone you can’t live without. The bond will continue drawing you two together, and you can’t resist it no matter what. So how come Brad knew I was his for four months and could stay away from me? Had my parents lied? Or was it that they thought everyone else’s love story to be like theirs?

I had seen my parents together, and they absolutely were madly in love with each other. They had met each other at college and felt the mate pull instantly. Three weeks later, they completed the bonding process after meeting both their parents. A marvelous love story it was. But why was mine different? Was it because I was skinny and seemed to be weaker than your average wolf?

Most werewolves have their first shift at the age of fifteen. I had mine at sixteen. My parents kept trying to console me the whole while, telling me it was okay and that it was usual for some wolves to have their first shift late.

Even when I shifted, my wolf was as skinny as me, and her fur a dull brown like my hair. Don’t get me wrong, I love my wolf, but I really wish she had been as strong, fierce, and beautiful as the rest. I wish I was like the rest...

I couldn’t force Brad to love me, so I decided to leave him alone. If what my parents said was true, then he wouldn’t be able to resist the mate pull and would come crawling back to me. In the meantime, I was left with sighing and giving him longing stares from afar. I did notice Stacy giving me more attention sometime later. And I’m not talking about the good kind.

She would accidentally bump into me, sending my books flying, and taunt me about my appearance. I didn’t know why she suddenly had an interest in bullying me, but later found out she knew about me being Brad’s mate. Brad never did anything to defend me but laughed along with the others. I kept telling myself to be positive. He would come around later. He had to.

My hopes were totally shattered, however, few days to graduation. Rumors started to fly around about Brad marking Stacy as his mate on graduation. I didn’t want to believe it and thought them lies that Stacy had started. I hadn’t wanted to go to graduation, but because of this rumor, I decided to go and see for myself.

I kept praying on the way there for it all to be just mere rumors. And when the ceremony was almost over and nothing happened, I was beyond relieved. Until all werewolves were summoned to the packhouse for a 'special announcement.'

Dread had filled me when I suspected the reason for this summon. And everyone kept whispering about it.

I was beside my parents when the whole thing happened. Our Alpha, Alpha Benson, came out with his mate beside him and Brad at his other side. I couldn't hear what they were saying as my heart was thumping loudly in my ear, and my throat clogged with tears. All I saw was Stacy regally and confidently walking out before Brad sunk his canines into her neck with no regrets as everyone cheered them on. I ran outside to get away from it all, and my parents went after me.

But I didn't wait and instead shifted into my wolf before racing further into the forest. No one knew about Brad being my mate, not even my parents. I was left broken. My whole body was engulfed with pain, and I felt the agony of my heart being ripped out of my chest. Brad mating Stacy had almost killed my wolf that day and maybe me. I hid in the forest the whole day, too weak to go home, just howling and whimpering in pain.

My mum always said meeting your mate is the best feeling any wolf could ever get. But for me, it was the worst. To think the one who was supposed to comfort me and take care of me was the one causing me so much pain. I couldn't eat properly or shift into my wolf for weeks after that night, and my parents were restless as they couldn't figure out what was wrong with me, nor did I tell them. She was too weak to come out. I knew then that I needed to get out of there.

For a werewolf, it's hard to leave your pack.

They're your family no matter what, and you need your Alpha's permission to leave with a reason to. For instance, if a she-wolf's mate is from another pack, she can go to her mate's. Some leave for other reasons and become rogue.

I know my mate leaving me for another is a good enough reason, and maybe my Alpha would let me. But I doubt he would be too happy to know his son rejected me and mated another. This would cause a lot of commotion.

So, in the end, I could only go on a vacation. And I did, to my aunty's new pack, Red Moon Pack. That is her mate's pack, and she left ours after finding him. I miss her as she was one of those that understood me better when she was here. So before the start of my college semester, I went to pay her a visit.

She knew something was wrong with me the minute I walked into her home. I was skinnier, and my eyes were dull and lifeless. I told her about Brad and Stacy as it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep it in. She consoled me while I made her promise not to tell anyone. She wasn't happy about it and was ready to storm on Alpha Benson, but I succeeded in persuading her in the end.

She tried helping me to feel better in the next couple of months. Getting me to eat and help connect back to my wolf so I could shift again. And she was

successful. I couldn't express the amount of joy I felt finally being able to shift again. I realized then that I had lost myself all for a boy who hadn't even cared an ounce for me. He had rejected me in the worst possible way ever, mating another she-wolf, knowing full well how it would break both my wolf and me.

I resolved then that I would never show any sign of weakness ever again. To remain strong and keep moving forward. Brad may have rejected me, but I will show him that I'm much better than that weak she-wolf he thought of me as.

My aunt was luckily a beautician and pretty damn good at her job. I told her to give me a makeover and help with my wardrobe. I was starting college, after all, so I should change my style. She was more than happy to help with it, and at that time, I had started to gain extra weight. I was still skinny, but the good kind of skinny, like hot-shot-model skinny. My tall height made it even better.

I changed in those few months at my aunt's, and so did my wolf. Even she was more energetic and bulky. But sometimes, at night, I could hear her howling at the loss of her mate, and I would sob along with her.

Brad may have mated Stacy, but it didn't mean our bond's completely broken.

I still was attracted to him and sometimes wished he would come back for me and apologize for all he'd done. I may be stupid for thinking that, but it's what the mate pull does to you. You can't escape it. I only wonder how he was able to fight it. Maybe I just was too much of a disappointment.

When college started, I still stayed a few more weeks at my aunty's before returning to my pack. I could remember the shocked look on my parents' faces when they took in my new appearance. They tried to cover it but failed miserably.

I was nervous on my first day of college and wished I hadn't chosen the same as Brad's. Back then, I had still been obsessed over him and didn't think twice before doing it. Now, I wish I really hadn't. At least when I saw familiar faces at school, I was more than satisfied with the stunned look on their faces, and it gave me a boost of confidence. I strolled down the halls like a queen and smiled at their shocked expressions like a boss.

But then, I saw him. He was hot as hell as always with his black hair, high cheekbones, and toned muscles. The Alpha gene really was good, and like always, it made me swoon. But his new mate was beside him, clinging to him like a leech. I was sure he hadn't even once thought about me while I suffered all those weeks. I really wish I could hate him, but the damn mate bond wouldn't let me.

Then he noticed me, and so did the rest of his squad and his mate. Once more, I was satisfied with the shocked look on their faces. I smirked, feeling smug before walking out on them, leaving their jaws hanging open. And I had been going through my college days like that. Boys actually were asking me out, and girls were trying to get close to me too. I didn't miss the angry glares I got from Stacy across the room or hallway or the longing, burning look my former mate gave me. But it was too late for him. He already made his choice.

One night, I attended a college party at one of the dorms, and Brad actually had the nerve to corner me. He breathed in my scent, and if I hadn't pushed him away, he might have done other things too. I knew he was drunk and tried to get out of there, but then he grabbed me and started to grope me, whispering nonsensical stuff into my ear, asking me to forget the past and move on with him...as his mistress. Bile rose up in my throat before I kned him in the groin and got out of there.

What rubbish! Did he think I was that stupid, naive little girl he could push around like before? He wanted me to be his mistress while Stacy remained his mate! Never! I'd rather die!

After that day, he didn't stop, though, and I was getting sick of him. Even my wolf was starting to get irritated by him. Finally, last night, he came to my dorm, drunk, and tried forcing himself on me. Luckily, my roommate, Lana, walked in on us and helped fight him off.

And now, that's why I was glaring openly at him in the hall as the lecture went on. How dare he? Did he think as an alpha he could do anything to his pack mates and get away with it?!

"...Miss. Ellie?" I turn at the sound of my name to the professor. She and the whole class have their necks turned and their eyes pinned on me. Awkward.

"Is there something more interesting you're listening to?"

I don't like her much. She's one of those lecturers who are very strict in their class.

"No, Miss. Ava." I slightly shake my head, feeling embarrassed at the attention I'm getting. She sends one last stern look at me before resuming her teaching.

I stare back at the devil to see him smirking my way. He probably caught me staring and thought it was for some other reason. Snorting in distaste, I throw one last glare at him before turning back to the lecture going on.

"Asshole," I mutter.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 2

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

Inauguration Ceremony

"Okay, that'll be all for today. Good day, class." Miss. Ava dismisses us all, and we pack our books to leave. Thankfully it's my last class for the day, so I made my way to the dormitory, ready to relax after the long, excruciating week. I plug in my earpiece while climbing down steps after steps, avoiding bumping into other students before finally making it downstairs and out the large double doors.

Lana, my roommate, won't be in our room for a while. Her classes end later in the evening. So it'll be just me. Maybe I should get a job to keep me occupied.

I don't have many friends as I do not want phonies in my life. They hadn't paid me any attention in high school, and I don't need them to now.

I'm only friends with Lana because she's my roommate, and it's inevitable to be friends with someone entertaining and chatty as her. I also couldn't escape being friends with her other friend, Gina. I don't so much like Gina as she's bitchy to most people, but she's kinda nice to me. I don't know if she's genuine or just because of Lana. Either way, I'm stuck with both of them.

I have tons of assignments from this week to be done anyway, and tonight is Brad's inauguration as our new Alpha.

A new Alpha is usually appointed immediately as he turns twenty, and Brad turned twenty a few months ago. I'm not sure why the ceremony was held back a bit, but some rumors are going around that the Alpha isn't too pleased with Brad. Something about him not being ready due to his reckless behaviors.

I'm not a judge, but since he had the gut to reject me, his true mate, I doubt he's fit to rule a pack of werewolves, especially one this big.

Due to my earpiece and me not paying attention to my surroundings, I don't hear someone sneak up behind me as I near the school dorms despite my wolf hearing. Only by the time I am in the quiet hallways of the dorms do my wolf senses start to tingle. I halt in my step and begin to slowly peel off my earpiece for better hearing.

"You look even more beautiful every day." I know that voice. That voice once told me I was weak and unfit to be by his side as Luna. Now it's telling me I'm beautiful?

What a joke. I scoff internally.

I slowly turn to Brad as he stands in the middle of the hallway, thumbs in his jeans pocket and a sick smirk playing on his lips. I'm disgusted by the sight of him, but the mate pull makes me shiver in delight as my heart does flip flops. I hate this feeling. How could something make me want someone I so despise. It's like a drug, causing me to do the opposite of what I want.

"What do you want?" I scowl at him, gritting my teeth in anger. I remember what he tried to do to me yesterday. If Lana hadn't arrived the time she did, God knows I wouldn't be able to resist him for long. One because of his Alpha strength, two because of the damn mate pull.

His smirk falls off and turns to a scowl at my cold tone. He moves closer to me, looking intimidating with his bulk figure and Alpha aura. But I take my stand and look him back in the eye.

An average wolf would cower at the sight of their Alpha's aura, but not me. Since I'm his mate, or was, he has little to no effect on me.

"Weren't you the one giving me seductive glances in class? I just came to accept your invitation." He raises his palm and slowly skims it across my cheeks and down my neck. My body quivers in response to the mate bond, and I quickly take a step back. He frowns in response, but I don't care.

His touch is supposed to repulse you, Ellie. Don't give in.

"I wasn't giving a piece of shit like you any seductive look. Rather, I was glaring and thinking to myself how an ass like you is being given the title of alpha..."

I barely finish my statement when he grabs and slams me against the wall beside us, trapping me with both his hands at the sides of my head.

I feel the sharp pain shoot through my back, but it quickly fades away as to my quick werewolf healing. I resist the urge to wince or hiss in pain, not wanting to give him any satisfaction. I turn to look down the hallway and find it still empty. Where the hell is everyone when you need them?!

I feel his palm stroke my hair softly as he whispers.

"Now...now, Ellie. Do not piss me off. You do not want to see me mad." He says, his tone eerily calm as his face gets closer to my neck. I try to recoil from him pushing further into the wall, but there's nowhere to go. He has me trapped with his scent surrounding me and making my hormones go haywire.

His right-hand leaves the wall to go down and stroke my thigh. I suddenly regret wearing a mini skirt today. Heat travels all the way up my body, and my stomach clenches in desire.

Damn mate bond.

"You smell so good." He purrs into my neck, running his nose down it.

I'm about to raise my leg and knee him in the balls when I heard a familiar feminine voice behind him.

"Brad. What are you doing?" Stacy has her palm over her lips as she stares at us in shock.

I'm filled with satisfaction at the hurt look on her face. Now she knows how I felt all those times, but she won't ever fully understand my pain. I was mated to Brad by the moon. My suffering will always be greater than hers, even though she now bears his mark.

Brad stiffens when he hears her voice but doesn't budge. His face is still buried in my neck as he breaths in my scent.

Maybe it's because I wanted to see her hurt the more, but I wrap an arm around Brad's neck and arch my chest up to him. He lets out a pleased growl while I smirk deviously at Stacy.

She glares at me with so much hatred in return, and I could see her tiny fists shake in anger.

"Brad..." Stacy takes a step closer to us, "Get away from her. She's tricking..."

He sharply turns his head to her, "Can't you see I'm busy? Get out!" He uses his Alpha tone on her, something she can't resist, before turning back to bury his face in my neck.

Tears pool in her eyes at her mate's dismissal and her lips begin to tremble like she's about to cry. I smirk in satisfaction as she turns to leave, running with sobs escaping her lips.

Now that she's gone, time to get rid of the prick molesting me.

Since his guard is let down, thinking I'm accepting him, I take the opportunity to push him off me with all the strength I could muster.

He staggers back, dazed at my sudden action. He clearly wasn't expecting that and tries to get a hold of me once more. But I stop him by moving away.

"Stay away from me, Brad. You've made your choice, so leave me the heck alone!" I seethe through clenched teeth before spinning to walk away, leaving behind a dazed alpha with a damaged ego. Guess I'm the first to tell him "no". I saw the regret in his eyes, though. Too bad for him, 'cause it's too late. I'm never accepting him back, nor am I becoming his mistress.

In the evening, I'm exhausted with the load of assignments I've been trying to get done. No one said college was going to be this tiring. I went for a run sometime in the afternoon to just let my wolf loose before rushing back.

Lana drops in around this time with Gina, holding shopping bags and looking excited. I stare at them as they keep on giggling and trying on their new outfits. They are even blushing.

"Okay...what's the special occasion?" I ask, curious about their happy mood.

"Brad's inauguration, duh." They giggle once more before Lana comes to sit with me on my bed. My assignments are scattered all over it, and I start packing them so she wouldn't wrinkle them.

"We heard a rumor about the King sending someone special tonight instead of the usual boring advisors." She explains while Gina stands beside her with a big smile on her face.

"It's Prince Reagan." Gina blurts out in a squeal. I arch an eyebrow at them, looking confused and disinterested.

"You know, the second Prince of King Aldrich..." Lana elaborates, noticing my unfazed expression. I still don't get what the whole fuss is about.

She sighs in return, "Anyway, the point is real royalty is coming tonight..."

"And he's single!" Gina pipes in with a dreamy sigh.

Lana and Gina are both unmated werewolves, still free to fool around with whomever they choose to. They don't seem bothered that they aren't mated yet. This makes them feel free to go out and do whatever the hell they like. They clearly don't know the wonderful feeling of seeing your mate. Not that I know much about it.

I really don't want to see Brad being named Alpha. I would prefer to be in my bed watching Netflix, but all pack members from the Lunar pack are expected to be there. Even some other werewolf Pack members in California are also going to be there.

The Lunar pack is one of the largest in Los Angeles, California. We have one of the strongest warriors and smartest wolves. We're also very populated, and we keep growing every day. Most packs try to get on our good sides, and I'm sure some Alphas will be present at the inauguration today.

Such a shame that a big pack such as this will be led by a douchebag like Brad.

I don't plan on participating much in the ceremony. I'll probably just say hi to my parents as they'll be there, and then sit on a balcony or something to stare at the moon.

Most unmated wolves will use this opportunity to either find their mate or just have fun with themselves since there are others from different packs present.

"Oh, I hope he notices me! I would love to be associated with royalty." Gina sighs as she twirls around the room.

Another reason I don't like her very much, she dreams too big and sees herself higher than others. She's pretty and all that, but she's not that powerful. She's friends with Stacy also, and maybe because she's close with our possible future Luna, she thinks herself higher and mightier than others. Sometimes, I wonder how a sweet girl like Lana ended up as friends with her.

"What am I saying? Of course, he'll notice me. No man can resist all this." She gestures to her boobs and a good figure.

I internally roll my eyes at her, but Lana doesn't hide hers.

"You think too highly of yourself, Gina." Lana scoffs before walking over to the bathroom. Gina glares at her in return before coming to flop on my bed with a huff.

"Hey, Ellie. There's this floral scarf I sometimes see you with, and it would go perfectly with my black dress tonight." She says, making me arch an eyebrow at her.

"I thought you wanted to seduce the Prince. Don't you need your neck bare?"

She sighs before rolling her eyes, "Are you lending it to me or not?" I send a small glare at her, not liking her tone. Isn't she supposed to be asking nicely?

I go through my duffel bag for the scarf before handing it over to her. It's a white scarf with blue roses painted on it. It's one of my favorites as it goes well with any outfit, and it really is pretty.

She squeals a 'thanks' before hurrying over to try it on and see her reflection in the mirror. I'm not happy giving her the scarf as I don't exactly like her, but what the heck. One scarf won't hurt.

I sigh before going back to my mountain of assignments. I needed to hurry if I wanna make it to the ceremony.

Lana ended up forcing me to dress 'nicely' for the ceremony. I had on a blue floor-length gown that practically sweeps the floor. The sleeves are thin and off-shoulder, with a dangerously long slit on the left side running up to my thigh. I'm wearing silver heels to match and light makeup.

My long brown hair is down in waves, cascading down my back and over my shoulders. It used to be dull brown, frizzy, scanty and damaged, but now it's bright, wavy, full, and healthy, all thanks to some hair products my aunt recommended.

"You look beautiful. Maybe you'll find your mate today."

Lana places her arms around my shoulder, a smile on her face while staring at me through the mirror.

I feel my heart tighten painfully in my chest at her statement, and tears almost pull in my eyes. I still haven't told anyone about Brad and me apart from my aunt. Lana doesn't know the irony of her statement. I had already found my mate and would still see him tonight as the ceremony is being held for him.

With a lump in my throat, I managed to whisper out, "Yeah, maybe."

Lana, on the other hand, is in a short blue-mint dress that shows off her long legs while Gina also has on a short...very, might I add, black dress with a low neckline. If she bends the slightest, she'll be giving a dangerous view from both her front

and back. The floral scarf is tied around her neck, but her neck is still visible and inviting to all unmated werewolves.

"Come on," Gina calls out to us.

We head out of the dorms into the dark night before hopping into Gina's car.

It's almost nine by the time we got to the packhouse. The party has already begun, but the real inauguration will be held by ten o'clock.

We three walk in to see werewolves, either drinking at the bar, dancing, chatting, or flirting with new wolves from other packs.

A platform is set up for the leaders of our pack, which includes the Alpha and his family, the beta, and other high officials.

Usually, the new Alpha's chair is the highest and most outstanding of all, with it in the middle. But this time, it's different.

There's a more striking seat in the middle, and I can recognize the Alpha's seat beside it, then followed by others.

I guess Lana and Gina were right. A Prince is coming tonight.

The officials sent from the King as representatives usually sit at the new Alpha's left hand. Then followed by the former Alpha and Luna, then other pack officials like the beta follow.

Then on the other right, the new Luna follows with other new pack officials.

I know this from other pack's inaugurations I've been to, and that's how it's always has been. Only a very powerful person could make the new Alpha sit behind him. Even officials sent as representatives by the King always sit behind.

No one has been introduced on the platform so far, leaving it empty.

"I was able to get in as one of the waitresses that'll be serving the high table tonight," Gina announces with a grin of excitement on her lips.

"I'll be so close to his highness; he won't be able to resist me."

It doesn't look like a Prince is here, though. If not, we all would have felt his powerful aura from far away and be cowering in fear.

All royals aren't just ordinary werewolves. They are another kind of beasts called Lycanthropes. These breeds of werewolves, unlike us, can stand on two legs in

their beast form. And they're faster, stronger, bigger, and have better senses than us.

I've heard of the brutal things they're capable of, and it would make anyone shiver in fear. A Lycanthrope is said to be able to wipe out half of a small werewolf pack and still come out with only a few scratches. Yeah, they're that powerful.

So try to imagine someone capable of all this. You'll be able to sense their aura from miles away. They could hide it if they don't want to intimidate anyone, but in a gathering this big, full of werewolves, I'm pretty sure they would like to show their dominance.

"She thinks too highly of herself sometimes," Lana comments as we both watch Gina scurry off in excitement.

"Sometimes?" I arch an eyebrow at her, making her laugh in return.

"Come on, let's go mingle with some hot guys." She suggests as her eyes land on a pack of four male werewolves that were already looking our way in interest.

"You go ahead. I'll catch up with you later."

She shrugs in return before heading towards the guys.

I know my parents are probably on the dancefloor as they love dancing, so I walk through, my eyes scanning around for them while avoiding bumping into other dancers.

Some guys try to grope me or grind with me, but I give them a death glare in return with my eyes glowing in a warning. My wolf still isn't ready to accept any other wolves's touch apart from Brad. She hates him as much as the mate bond can allow us to, but it's still hard to move on.

That's why I don't have a boyfriend up till this moment. I've had a lot of guys hit on me since my change of appearance, but my wolf and I are repulsed by their touch.

I spot my parents dancing, not too far from me, and hurry over to their side.

"Mum. Dad." I call, gaining their attention. They smile immediately they notice me, giving me hugs and checking if I was alright.

I giggle out loud when they begin fussing over me. It's evident that they really missed me. I am their only child.

I leave them to keep on dancing even though they'd rather spend more time with me. But it's almost time for Brad to come out with his mate. And I didn't want to see them together. My wolf has been broken enough.

I walk out into the balcony of the packhouse to lean on the railings. It was huge, almost like a whole living room, and it's arranged as such. There are chairs scattered about, and it's quieter with the door closed and the full night breeze cooling the air. Some wolves are about, either making out or just sitting lazily.

I stare at the big round glowing orb in the sky and can feel my wolf come out to also stare through my eyes, making them shimmer a bright blue. This is something we like to do. Werewolves are believed to get their strength from the moon, especially when it's full. And tonight, it is.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 3

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

Yours?

The air is chilly outside, but I feel warm thanks to my wolf. The moon is big and bright up in the sky as I continue to stare at it. It almost feels like it's trying to comfort me as it looks down to me.

Nights of full moons are one of the best for shifting into a werewolf. We are stronger then, and our senses are more heightened. We feel more connected to our inner wolves during this time as our first shifts are mostly during a full moon.

I had mine during one too. It was painful, my bones cracked into different positions, and I remember crying a lot that night. But after shifting a lot of times, I'm used to the pain, and it hurts less.

After the inauguration ceremony is done and over with, most werewolves will take off into the forest to shift into their wolf form. We do not miss the opportunity of a full moon since it happens only once in a month. Brad would lead us as the new Alpha through the woods, and together, we all would howl at the moon all night.

I will not be joining them tonight, though. Anything that deals with Brad irks me. I hope my wolf quickly heals so I can find an unmated wolf from another pack and get out of this one.

I love my pack. I grew up here, and my parents live here. It will be hard to say goodbye, but if I wanna completely move on, then I need to distance myself from that prick.

"There you are. I've been looking for you everywhere!" I hear someone sigh in relief behind me, startling me out of my thoughts. I turn to see Lana by the doorway of the balcony, looking disoriented while puffing out breaths. Something doesn't feel right.

The balcony is now empty as everyone had gone inside to watch Brad take the title of Alpha except me. But the packhouse is eerily silent, which is the opposite

of what it's supposed to be. By now, Brad should have been named Alpha, and there should be howls and whistles of merriment.

I scrunch my eyebrows in suspicion as Lana exhales in relief but still looks...scared?

"What's wrong?" I slowly ask, making my way towards her. She pauses, looking unsure with a puzzled look on her face.

"I'm not sure either, but...you're being called inside." She announces. I stiffen in response as dread washes over me.

Was that why it's silent inside? Because of me? But why? The only reason I could think of for the ceremony to halt for me is if...if they knew about me being Brad's real mate.

My eyes widen in horror as I stare at Lana. She seems puzzled also, not knowing why I'm being summoned.

This is bad. This is really bad. If alpha Benson knows about Brad and me, he will force Brad to break his bond with Stacy and then mate me. I don't wanna be a mate to a jerk like him. I still am a bit attracted to him, but I don't want him anywhere near me. It's a hot and cold situation.

But how did they find out? Had Brad revealed this to them? But that doesn't make any sense. Why would he? He had made it clear that he wanted Stacy by his side and not me.

"Are you alright?" Lana asks, probably noticing the pale look on my face. I quickly shake out of my thoughts and put on a fake smile.

"I'm fine. Just a bit surprised." I lie. She nods in return before grabbing my hand and leading me inside.

"We have to hurry."

I feel the tension in the air immediately as I walked in. The whole place is so silent, you would think the room empty and not filled with hundreds of werewolves. Our packhouse is large enough to hold thousands of people, and some werewolves reside here. But they're mainly people with higher authority, like the Alpha, his beta, and the rest. Some omegas live here too as servants.

Everyone's heads snap to me as I walk in, and they make a passage for me to walk through. Lana has already left my side, and I suddenly feel very nervous with everyone's curious gaze on me.

Apart from that, I can feel a powerful aura coming from the front, and my guess is that the Prince is here.

Not even our former Alpha has such a strong aura.

Swallowing down my nervousness, I brush my sweaty palms down my gown before walking forward. More people clear the path for me to pass by. But I notice the farther I go, the more everyone's head is bowed down with their neck open in a sign of submission. Even I feel the urge to bare my neck open like that, but it's somehow different. Like I can ignore it if I want to.

I let my eyes stray down to the floor, though, as I move forward, and the aura gets stronger. There's a thick earthy masculine scent in the air mixed with an expensive cologne. And it smells so heavenly, I can't help myself but breathe in more. It gets stronger too as I walk forward, and my hands grip the side of my dress in anticipation.

I do not look up till I reach the end of the line, but something pushes me too.

There, in the middle of the raised platform, sitting in a lazy and bored posture is the most handsome, no, beautiful man I've ever seen. His hair is a golden color like the sun, and he has high cheekbones on a sharp jawline.

He may look bored, but his eyes are blazing as he stares right back at me. I can feel the intensity in them as he raises his hand, stroking a floral scarf in them. Wait! That's my scarf.

My eyes move to his side, where Gina stands with a serving tray in hand. Her neck is bare in submission like everyone else, but her eyes move up to meet mine at that moment, and I could see the angry glare directed to me. I furrow my eyebrows in question, but she looks away back to the floor.

My eyes move around to see everyone in this same position, including Brad and alpha Benson. I do the same as them, not understanding what was going on.

I feel a chair scrape on the floor before hearing soft footfalls, and they are striding over to me. My eyes are looking at my silver heels in interest as my heart's beat accelerates. I'm sure all the werewolves in the room could hear it beat faster.

My body is frozen to the spot as I see a shiny pair of Oxford shoes come into sight. My neck aches from staring down, and my muscles feel tense. I can see the owner of the shoe slowly walk around me before stopping behind me. Then I suddenly feel his hand brush away my hair from my neck, leaving it bare. His palm grazes my skin, and I shiver at his touch.

That's odd.

Usually, my wolf and I would recoil at another male's touch. Maybe it's because she can sense the power radiating from him, so she doesn't want to seem disrespectful.

I feel his breath suddenly fanning the area he left open before I hear him inhale a deep breath. My hands clutch my dress tighter as his nose skims that area of my neck before he stops and moves back. I'm already beginning to regret wearing an off-shoulder.

He walks back to my front before using his thumb and forefinger to raise my head up, and I'm met with the most beautiful pair of glowing golden-brown eyes.

"Mine." A growl rumbles through his chest with his eyes fixed intently on me.

Wait! What?!

I've seen that possessive look before. I've seen it in the look Brad gives me sometimes, but this one is different. More intimate. Like he's already claimed me and couldn't wait to pounce on me.

I gasp, taking a step back in surprise, and his eyes darken as he watches my movement. He stretches his arm out to wrap around my waist and slams me into his chest. I could feel sparks of electricity in the air between us and down my body.

My hands come up to his chest in the intent of pushing him away, but I'm left dazed by his magnificent face structure. He leans his face down, and I feel his lips by the shell of my ear as he whispers,

"Mate."

"No!" Another voice roars behind him, and I feel him stiffen under my hands.

I'm rigid to my spot, not sure what is going on yet. Did he just call me his mate?! That's not possible, Brad is my mate...or rather, was.

The man in front of me let's go of me and spins to face who dares challenge him. He pushes me behind him as if to shield me, and I hear him let out a loud snarl. I notice he isn't too bulky, but neither is he too thin, just lean, muscular...and perfect. His skin seems to glow, and he's really tall. I can't even see over his shoulder with my heels.

I tilt my head to the side to get a better view of what's happening, and I roll my eyes at the sight of Brad having on a jealous look. His fists are clenched by his sides, and his whole body is shaking, trying to reign in his wolf.

Is he crazy trying to challenge a Lycan?! And not just any Lycan, a prince!

Everyone else is thinking the same thing as they watch the scene, shell shocked. Stacy is holding on to her mate's shaking arm, trying to get him to back down and not do something stupid. But he bares his fangs at her in warning, and she jumps back in fright. One of her friends catches her while her eyes pool with tears.

"What is wrong with you, son? Back down now!" Alpha Benson yells at his son, and I can feel him exerting his alpha dominance over him. But what he doesn't know is Brad can't control himself. His wolf is pissed at another man laying claim on his mate.

"No." He barks back at his father, leaving everyone stunned, including alpha Benson.

"She's mine, not his." This makes the whole packhouse erupt in gasps and murmurs.

Oh, no.

He's going to get us exposed, and there will be consequences! I do not want to mate him.

A frown appears on Alpha Benson's face, furrowing his eyebrows. He looks between Brad and me in confusion before asking,

"What do you mean?"

All this while, Mr. Prince here still keeps me behind him. I can feel his body is taut and rigid, but he seems calm and collected, watching the scene in curiosity. I can't see his face, but I can imagine his eyes gauging Brad, trying to find out what he meant.

The murmurings of werewolf begin to quieten down as alpha Benson glares at everyone with his body radiating authority. His sharp eyes move across the room, and soon, the whole packhouse is silent once more.

Brad doesn't say anything in return but lowers his head down in shame. I hide behind the Prince to avoid the curious gazes we are given. My eyes scan the crowd, and I see my parents not too far away. Worry lines are etched on their forehead as they regard the situation.

"Your Majesty." Luna Ciara, alpha Benson's mate, comes forward, looking regal and composed as she addresses the Prince.

"Can we please take this to my mate's office...that is if it's okay with you."

She is performing her duties as a Luna as her mate is too disoriented to act right now. I can see the wheels turning in his head as he begins to understand what is going on.

It takes a long time filled with dread before the Prince nods once. I can see Luna Ciara exhale in relief before leading us to the Alpha's office. My wrist, however, is grabbed by His Majesty, making me walk by his side. Brad's gaze follows this with a scowl, but he doesn't say anything as he continues to watch us.

Even I can't say anything. I'm too confused about the whole situation.

He called me his.

Every werewolf only has one mate. There's no such thing as a second mate. It's impossible as it would create havoc. One person can only belong to another person, not two. So how come Mr. Prince here thinks me as his mate.

"Let us in. That's our daughter." I hear the sound of my mum's voice as she yells to the guard stopping them.

His majesty and one of his followers, alpha Benson, Luna Ciara, Brad, Stacy, and lastly, I am already in the office. And I can feel the awkwardness in the air. I'm still being held captive by His Majesty. Alpha Benson had offered everyone a seat on the large sofa, but the Prince refused. And it would have been awkward and disrespectful to sit when someone of a higher author is standing, so in the end, we're all left standing with some shifting uncomfortably on their spot.

I hear a little bit of mumbling from the door before the guard walks in.

"Alpha Benson, her parents want to..."

He wasn't even allowed to finish before my mum angrily storms past him in with my dad in tow. Nothing can stop that woman from having her way, that's for sure, especially when it concerns me. Alpha Benson raises his hand for the guard to let them be and leave before he closes the door gently behind him.

"My baby." My mum walks over to me with her arms outstretched, but she stops halfway when her eyes meet His Majesty's. Snatching my hand from his and leaving him surprised, I rushed into her arms and gave her a warm hug. I know I just went against a royal, but right now, I needed a hug.

My head is all over the place, and I'm perplexed. On top of that, I'm scared alpha Benson will force Brad to break his mating bond with Stacy and mate me instead. I don't want that to happen.

"Your Majesty. You believe Ellie here to be your mate?" Alpha Benson starts on a light note.

"Yes." He abruptly answers, and I can feel his gaze on me. I'm between my parents now with my dad's hand on my shoulder, giving me a light squeeze of assurance. They're like shields trying to protect me from any harm. But I doubt they'll be able to save me from the Prince.

"That's not possible!" Brad rudely pipes in, not showing one bit of respect to his majesty. The Lycan, who is with the Prince, growls threateningly at him in return. But the Prince doesn't do anything but continue to watch Brad curiously.

"And why is that, Brad." Alpha Benson impatiently asks.

"Because she's my mate!" He burst out. Oh, dear God. Please save me.

Gasp erupts on the room, and my father's hand on my shoulder tightens. Everyone is staring at Brad and me wide-eyed, making me shift uncomfortably in my spot.

You see, a mate isn't just someone that you can spend your life with and all of that. But bonding with your mate increases one's strength and will power. You found your better half, meaning you're whole and complete.

Alphas always try to find their real mate so that their packs can go stronger.

The strength of a pack rests in its Alpha and Luna. If you don't find your mate on time, you can decide to mate another werewolf. And if your mate is still out there somewhere, your bond with them is broken. Even if you come across them later, you won't feel the mate pull or anything of such.

But Brad had met me first before mating Stacy. So the bond is still there. And the more we're separated, the weaker both we and our wolves get. That's why I couldn't connect or shift to my wolf after he marked Stacy. Every time they're together intimately, I can feel it. And it feels so painful, clawing at my stomach and weakening my muscles.

So you see, Brad is just going to get weaker like me, and that would make this pack weak too. This is why I'm very sure we'll be forced to mate with each other.

"You said she is your mate." Luna Ciara's icy tone questions her son while pointing to Stacy. But I can feel the anger underneath her skin, waiting to cause havoc. Even Alpha Benson is letting out low growls as his nostrils flare in anger.

Luna Ciara doesn't get an answer from her son, so she walks over to Stacy and grips her arm before dragging her out. I can see her claws digging into Stacy's skin as she whimpers in pain. Tears are pooling in her eyes as she looks down, ashamed. Call me nuts for smiling at her pain, but I smile anyway. She has made me suffer too much the past year.

"I need an answer!" Her voice radiates authority.

Is he your destined mate?" Luna Ciara's tone is once more calm and collected but filled with so much ice. I feel a little sorry for dear Stacy.

She doesn't answer but continues to sob as tears fall down her cheeks.

Oh, no, not the poor girl act. What a fake. She hadn't regretted it when she was stealing my mate from me and making my life a living hell.

"Answer me!" Luna Ciara suddenly yells, losing her cool. Stacy jumps in fright as sobs continue to rack her body.

"No, she isn't." Brad quickly answers for her making his mum stiffen in shock. Oh look, he cares so much for her. I internally scoff before rolling my eyes at him.

"Ellie is." He adds, and this makes alpha Benson slam his fist on his desk.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 4

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

Mistakes And Losses

Luna Ciara backs away from the frightened Stacy, looking stupefied as she let's go of her arm. Alpha Benson's fists are shaking, trying to reign in his wolf as he glowers at Brad and Stacy, who had deceived him. Waves of anger rolling off of him, making everyone shift nervously due to his Alpha aura he's emitting. Well, everyone except the two Lycans in the room.

The Prince has a blank look on his face, not showing any expression whatsoever. It's hard to read him, and I don't know if he's surprised like the rest, or angry. Well, at least now he would understand that I'm not his mate since I'm Brad's. A werewolf can't have more than one mate. It has never happened.

"Since when?" Alpha Benson growls out the question at his son, who is looking away in shame.

I can see Brad swallow as his Adam's apple bobs. Stacy also looks petrified, and tears are beginning to run down her pale face. Her lips wobble, and her whole body is shaking.

"The first day of senior year."

"That's more than a year now. Before you mated with Stacy." Alpha Benson points out.

"And why are we getting to know about this?" He walks over to Brad, and I can see his jaw clenching as he restrains himself from pouncing on him.

"Why didn't you tell me?" My mum turns to me and asks, making me bite my lip in guilt. I had almost forgotten they were here. My parents both have worry and surprise, etched on their faces with a hint of guilt.

Why hadn't I told her? At first, I thought it's because Brad threatened me to keep it a secret. But later, I realized I was kidding myself.

I hadn't told them because I didn't want them to see what a failure I was. My mate rejected me! If everyone knew, they would scorn me for not being good enough to keep my mate. They would say I was worthless, and that that's why he left me. This is what has happened to other she-wolves that have been rejected before.

But it's different for male wolves. If a male wolf is rejected, they won't scorn him. No. Rather, they would call the she-wolf a skank. So either way, the females lose.

"We love each other." Stacy's weak voice fills the silence, and everyone rotates their head to her. "He loves me and not her!" She points to me, her eyes filled with hatred as she regards me. "She's a mistake!"
I feel like scratching her face at that statement, but there are just too many witnesses.

"If you don't shut up, I'll personally rip out your throat and hang your body outside for everyone to see what a shame you are." Luna Ciara's cold tone sends chills down everyone's back. "You both have sullied the sacred meaning of the Mate bond, so don't you start preaching about love to me." I don't think she ever liked Stacy.

Stacy moves back again in fright. And I didn't think it possible, but her face turns even more white. Her lips tremble, and tears roll down her cheeks like a river.

Ladies and gentlemen, your future Luna of Lunar pack. A frightened wolf who can't even stand up for herself and her mate. Useless. I pity the future of this pack, I really do. With an Alpha like Brad and a Luna as Stacy, it will plummet to the ground. No longer will we be regarded as the strongest.

"I see." His majesty suddenly speaks while nodding in understanding. Everyone whips their heads to him at that, wanting to know his opinion.

He digs his hands into his pant's pockets, and his eyes look to me, "Your son rejected this beautiful wolf for her." He gestures to a pale Stacy. "What a pity." He shakes his head, making me blush while Stacy got more teary-eyed. Did he just say I'm better than her?

I can feel my insides bubble in happiness at being complimented, and I try to hide my blush.

"His loss and my gain." A malicious grin makes his way to his lips, giving him the look of a devil.

"If you don't mind, Benson. I would like to claim my mate and be on my way." I'm not shocked at the way he addresses my Alpha. He might look younger than alpha Benson, but Lycans age slower than we do. So he might be older.

"But your Majesty, she's my son's mate. You have to let them be together otherwise..."

"Enough!" The Prince orders with his aura stretched about the room. Every wolf, including, my parents bare their neck open in submission, but I still am left unaffected. His eyes are darkened as he stares back at my Alpha, and I can see his jaw clench.

"I'll be going home tonight with my mate, and anyone who dares stop me will suffer dire consequences." His eyes specifically lock on Brad. "I hope that is clear enough for everyone." He smiles, wickedly like he hadn't just laid out a threat.

"But you're not my mate!" I voice out, and everyone eyes whip to me then. Seriously, am I the only one who knows second mates doesn't exist?

I expect Alpha Benson to have said something now, but everyone's just quiet about it. Maybe they're just scared. And maybe, I am stupid for speaking against him after he just gave out a threat.

"At least my wolf isn't telling me anything." I try to amend as his cold eyes fall on me.

"But is she against it?" He c***s an eyebrow at me.

I'm left tongue-tied then, letting his words sink in. I can't hear my wolf speak in my head, but I can feel what she wants or thinks. Her thoughts are my thoughts, and her feelings are mine also. She's not a different entity from me as we're one.

When my wolf prances about in my head, feeling restless, I know she wants to get out, so I shift. When she has her ears down and whimpers, I know she's sad. And when she wags her tail and pants with her tongue out, it means she's happy or approves of something. So you see, we are the same. We don't fight or argue as we always want the same thing, like our love-hate relationship with Brad.

Right now, though, I'm not sure what she's thinking because she also isn't sure what to think, herself. I can feel her conflicted thoughts as she doesn't feel the mate bond towards his Highness, but we do feel some kind of pull towards him. I don't know if it's because of the powerful aura he's emitting as she-wolves are naturally drawn to power. We can't help it. It's like a drug to us.

"I think that's settled." His Highness announces when I don't speak after a long time.

"Benson, are we still having the inauguration ceremony so we can get it done, and I can be on my way with my mate?" Guess they haven't done the ceremony yet.

Alpha Benson looks to his son, disappointment evident in his eyes as he regards him. I can see the conflict in his eyes as he announces,

"You can be on your way, Your Majesty." Everyone's ears perk up at that. We all know the ceremony can not be conducted without the King's representative there.

"No ceremony will be done today." He announces, and Brad stiffens at that while everyone stares at him wide-eyed.

"It's clear my son isn't ready for such great responsibility." Alpha Benson regrettably says with his eyes staring down in shame.

"What? You can't do that!" All the blood drains away from Brad's face as he looks stricken by the announcement.

"I most certainly can." Alpha Benson narrows his eyes at him.

"Mum?" Brad looks to Luna Ciara for help, but she reluctantly looks away. Alpha Benson looks very determined on his word with his jaw clenched.

"Your father is right." Luna Ciara deadpans, and I hear Stacy sob harder, making me roll her eyes at her.

I don't blame them. Brad had disgraced them both today in front of a Lycan Prince. And soon, the whole pack, as everyone would get to know.

The mate bond is a cherished aspect of the werewolf community, and we all take it very seriously. But Brad has shown his incompetence by dishonoring it all for a skank such as Stacy.

It's ironic because he once thought that marking me as his Luna would make him look weak while Stacy would do the opposite. But look where we are now. His position is being threatened because of his stupid decision.

"Tragic." His Highness says, but he doesn't look sympathetic. "I'll be on my way then. Come, my sweet." He stretches out his arm towards me, but I don't take it right away.

I look to my parents in fear, and I can see their face mirroring mine. Their hold on me tightens, making His Highness glare at us. I didn't want to leave with him. Yes, my wolf didn't reject him, but she didn't accept him either.

His eyebrows drop, displeased, "It would be such a shame to have to cause harm to your parents to be able to take you away."

I leave my parents' arms on reflex as his word sinks in. I could feel the bile rising up in my throat as I make my way towards him and take his hand. My fingers tingle under as a triumphant smirk appears on his lips.

"Better." He mumbles before heading towards the door with my hand in his. His friend strides over to us, too, following us out, and I look back at my parents with frightened eyes.

"No! She's not yours!" I hear Brad roar behind us, causing His Highness to sigh, irritated at being interrupted. Brad really was pushing his buttons, it seems.

Alpha Benson holds him back as it seems he's about to shift. Veins popping out of his forehead with his fangs bared open. Is he trying to get himself killed? I don't know. He can't defeat a Lycan, even if it wasn't a Prince. Alphas are still lower than any average Lycan, and he knows this.

His Highness doesn't even seem bothered by him, but rather, looks bored.

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. You can be on your way." Alpha Benson manages to get out as he holds down a growling Brad. Poor thing. Loses his position, and now

his mate. Well, he had already lost me a long time ago, the day he marked Stacey as his.

I feel my hand being dragged, as His Highness makes his way out, and I turn to my parents once more. My mum looks scared as she watches me leave, but she nods encouragingly at me. My dad is slightly petrified also, but he tries to hide it as he smiles at me. But I see a tear drop from my mum's eyes as I get out of her line of vision.

We're in the hallway as his Highness leads me where the ceremony is being held.

I can hear people murmuring amongst themselves as their minds are clouded with confusion on what's going on. They came here to see an Alpha being appointed, but instead, their Prince had claimed some random girl as his mate. And what's more, Brad had challenged him because of that.

Their voices die down as we make our way into their midst, and everyone clears a path for us three to walk through. But I can feel their curious gaze on us, mostly me, since His Highness is holding my hand in his. I feel uncomfortable about the attention we're given until we make it to the front door and outside. His Highness hadn't seemed one bit bothered at all the stares we got, though.

He and his friend had walked head high through the crowd. And had even glared at some to look away.

I'm led to the parking lot, still dazed by the whole situation before a black car pulls up in front of us. The other Lycan takes the passenger's seat while His Highness pulls open the back door for me. Oh my gosh! A Prince is holding open a car door for me!

I should be squealing in excitement if I wasn't so lost.

Surprisingly though, I'm not scared, not in the least bit.

He gets in after me before slamming the door shut, and immediately, the ride starts. But I'm pulled into his lap, making me gasp in surprise at the action. His arms wrap around my waist and pull me closer to him.

His natural masculine scent mixed with his cologne wafts into my nose. He buries his face into my neck, breathing in mine, and his chest rumbles in approval.

"You smell exquisite." He compliments, but I'm trying to wiggle myself out of his lap. He smells and feels good too, but I'm not exactly comfortable cozying up to a stranger.

He lifts his head up then, and I'm met with pitch-black eyes that are staring deep into my soul. Gone are the warm golden-brown eyes I had seen earlier. These were like that of the day. Malicious and dreadful. I stay rigid in his lap and could feel my throat closing up.

Remember when I said earlier that I wasn't scared. Well, now, I am.

A light chuckle leaves his lips as he pulls me closer and rests his forehead on mine. His minty breath fanning my cheeks as I stare deep into those pitch-black eyes.

"You have no idea how much I've been restraining myself from marking you ever since I found out you're mine." He flashes his fangs, and I couldn't help but hold my breath. They're the sharpest and longest pair I've ever seen. And they're so white, they shine in the dark car.

His eyes flash down to my neck, and I raise my shoulder up to hide them. I did not want to get marked so soon.

He chuckles once more at my reaction, "Not now. But soon." I swallow at the promise as he once more buries his face in my neck.

I can feel my skin tingle where his nose touches, and my treacherous body actually starts to heat up.

The car ride still continues like that with the other Lycan in the passenger seat and the werewolf driver being so silent. I can smell he is a werewolf. He emits a lesser aura than that of the two Lycans.

I don't know where we're going, but I hope it's not Canada. Canada is where the King and other Lycans reside in. It's like our headquarters or capital. Werewolf packs there aren't much since it's known territory for Lycans. And Lycans are very territorial, especially when it comes to their mates.

I watch the trees move by us as the car finally leaves the dirt road and enters the main road. The packhouse is located deep into the woods, but these woods are connected to most werewolves' home. Almost every pack wolf has a forest in their backyard. This way, they can easily make it to the packhouse and go for a run without being disturbed.

I miss home. I thought with a sigh.

If Mr. Prince here takes me to Canada, I might not see my parents for a long time.

"What's your name?" I hear the gruff voice of my captor with his head still buried in my neck. I'm hesitant to answer him but sighed in defeat. What's the use? He's a Prince and can bloody hell do whatever he wants. No one's going to save me or question him.

"Ellie."

"Full name." He raises his head up, and I can see his eyes have turned back to their original golden-brown.

I can also see his features clearly in the dark car due to my werewolf sight, and I'm still stunned at how beautiful he looks. His skin is smooth and flawless, his

eyebrows naturally thick, his chin smooth-shaven, and his messy hair adds to all that sexiness. It's like he didn't even care that he's coming to an Alpha's inauguration and didn't bother to style it.

I'm mesmerized by his sharp features and forget he even asked a question until he c***s an eyebrow at me in question.

"Oh...um...Ellie Archer." I manage to whisper out.

He nods, "I'm Prince Reagan, but I'll prefer you just call me Reagan."

I freeze then in surprise.

A royal wants me to be so informal with him. That's...new.

I've never seen a Lycan before. There are said to be proud, arrogant, and cocky, always acting higher than others.

I heard from Lana that one goes to our college, but I've never seen her. She said Gina tried talking to her but got brushed off, leaving her humiliated in the middle of the school. I wasn't so sorry for her. She knew Lycans don't like to associate themselves with people they believe lower than them. And she still acted stupid enough to go up to one.

So I'm surprised a Prince is okay with me addressing him so casually. Even though I might be his mate, I'm still a werewolf and not even close to his standards.

"How can I be your mate when I have another?" I suddenly asked, breaking the silence. I'm not a puppy who is going to just sit and do whatever it's being told. I needed answers, and I'm gonna get them.

"It's complicated." He shrugs. "Lycans aren't your average werewolf, and we don't follow the same principles you werewolves do. We can talk about this some other time."

I burst out, "But why?! I want to know now..."

"And I said some other time!" He cuts me off with a sharp look, and I close my mouth shut immediately. "All your answers will be given to you. Just not today." His eyes soften before he goes back to burying his nose in my neck.

I'm angry at being shut down and still left unanswered, but I don't do anything. I look back out the window at the passing trees, hoping we really aren't going to Canada.