

# Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 44

## Forbidden Pleasure

I feel slightly guilty for being one of the causes of the exhausted look on my mate's face. He might try to hide it, but I can see the bags underneath his eyes.

My 'heat' had been revealing itself more these past few weeks. I've had it about three

times now, ever since the first one, and each time is worse than the last. Even though I try to

suppress it, it's hard not to give in. I've been throwing unnecessary tantrums and almost

'raping' Reagan. But he still wants to wait, at least until my wolf's process of turning to a Lycan

was complete. This way, we could mark each other in our human and beast form almost at the

same time.

It hasn't been easy, as the s\*\*\*\*l tension only increases between us. But I keep reminding

myself it's only a few weeks or days, and my wolf would be a whole new beast.

"You left me alone," Reagan growls into my ear as he envelopes me in his hold, not even caring that there were still a lot of werewolves around watching us. "I missed you." He whispers against my neck before placing a kiss there as he breathes in my scent.

giggle softly, ignoring the judgy stares I receive from the Alpha and their pack members. I was used to them ever since I started to stick by Reagan's side. They couldn't believe a she-wolf, one once rejected, was the mate of a Lycan Prince. But they could go f\*\*k themselves for all I care, I am done letting people trample me.

"We saw each other an hour ago." I roll my eyes at his possessiveness.

"Still too long. Come." He takes my hand and leads me away from the prying eyes. We arrive at one of the damaged buildings as he leads me behind it, where no one seems to venture to. Once we're there, he pushes my back against the wall before smashing his lips with

mine.

I dig my fingers through his golden hair that shimmers under the morning sun, entangling my tongue with his as we both battle for control. I moan out loud when he bites down on my bottom lip, gently nipping at it and bruising it. His hands at my waist travel under my top before

trailing up my torso, where my breasts lay trapped in their bra cup.

In a quick motion, he unclasps my bra, delving his fingers into the cups before brushing his soft hands over my n\*\*\*\*s. I moan into his mouth as he massages the two mounds, sending shockwaves of heat down my belly to end in a puddle in my panties.

“Someone might see.” I manage to whisper out as his lips travel down my neck, sucking on the flesh of my skin before he bites down hard. I yelp at the sudden pain, jumping a bit and

causing him to chuckle in amusement.

his eyes as they devour my body whole. Both his thumbs once more brush over my n\*\*\*\*s, and an involuntary shiver racks my body as he keeps his brown eyes fixed with mine.

“No one will see you except me.” He growls in a possessive tone that only makes me wetter for him. I can see the flashes of gold in his eyes with his jaw clenched in self-restraint from taking me against the wall. I wish he would already. I keep dreaming about that moment.

His eyes divert down to gaze at my body. And his hands follow the trail of his eyes down to the waistband of my skirt. I bite my lip in anticipation as his hand slowly dives in.

Immediately as his hands cup my moist heat, I let out a low whimper, curling my toes in need. But I’m surprised to see him go to his knees, causing him to be right in front of my wet panties as he lifts my skirt up.

I tilt my head and watch, curiously, as he shifts my panties to the side and brushes over my wet slit with his finger.

“Reagan...” I moan out loud before biting down on my bruised lip so no one would hear me. Since this place was filled with werewolves who all have sharp hearing, I would be surprised if they’ve heard my previous gasps and moans of pleasure.

“We shouldn’t.” I voice out since this was neither the time nor the place. But my words seem to land on deaf ears as he ignores me to attack my cunt.

My mouth opens once more to let out a gasp when Reagan's lips directly come in contact with my dripping cunt. I'm a bit ashamed at how wet I was there when he hasn't even done

much.

He parts my folds with his fingers and delves his tongue inside, making my eyes roll to the back of my head. I try to refrain my moans from coming out when his tongue brings me to the brink of pleasure. By now, my mouth had a thin line of blood going down, from biting my own lips so hard. My claws had come out to scratch at the wall behind me, and my other hand pulls

at my mate's hair.

"Reagan...don't...stop..." I'm not sure if I plead with him to stop before we're caught, or for him to continue pushing me towards the edge.

His strong hand on my thigh brings my right leg over his shoulder while he holds the other down as I squirm. I felt him use a long thick finger to replace his tongue. His dark eyes are transfixed on my dripping cunt before he trails them up to stare at me.

"Beautiful." He whispers with his eyes glued to mine. My cheeks turn even more pink at the intensity in them, but I refrain from looking away. I feel the heat of his gaze travel through

Talmost scream out loud when he curls his fingers in me and clamps his lips on my hard nub. I burst on his lips like a waterfall, my legs turning to jelly when my orgasm hits me hard. I have to bite down on my fist so I won't let everyone know what was happening behind this

wrecked building.

Here I am, having one of the best orgasms of all time while families are out there, mourning their losses. I feel horrible. But it's not my fault. Reagan was the one bringing me to this forbidden pleasure with his skillful tongue and finger.

But something felt wrong. He wasn't smiling that cocky smile he usually has after making me burst. He just has this impassive look on as he rises back up after pulling down my skirt. His hand reaches back into my top to help hook back my bra before he steps back.

I can even feel it in my heart that he wasn't happy at the moment. I can feel his need for

me to comfort him, which explains why he had brought me here to devour me.

"What's wrong?" I ask, bringing my palm up to cup his cheeks. My soft eyes beckoning for

him to open up.

"Tell me." I request, showing my love and care for him.

He takes my hand, which is cupping his cheek, and places a kiss at the back of it while keeping his eye contact.

He sighs, "For months I've been here, and I haven't even been able to complete the initial mission I was sent." He finally says, voicing his troubles. "More than a dozen packs have been raided by those pesky rogues, and each time, we couldn't even catch a single one of them. I've failed my people." He sighs once more in dismay, looking down in defeat.

"No. Don't say that." I quickly said with my heart shattering by the look of defeat on his

face. He was a Prince, a beast also, and he's meant to guide us to victory. Defeat doesn't suit

him.

"You've done your best. It's not your fault the rogues outsmarted us. Look at me." I cup his

face once more, making sure he's staring straight into my eyes. "We haven't lost yet. We'll get them the next time because we'll be well prepared for them." I assure him, making him smile at me. He leans in to place a peck on my lips before placing his forehead on mine.

"I love you." He whispers between us.

"I know," I reply, and his smile falters for a second before regaining it. I know he wants me to say the words back, but I couldn't tell him something I wasn't sure of. The word felt foreign to me, but I liked hearing it from him. I just couldn't reciprocate it. At least not now.

where the pack members were. They were busy trying to patch up the little they can, and those

from other packs who had come were helping as much as they could.

We couldn't tell them to come and stay at the other nearby pack's packhouse as they

wouldn't listen.

This was their home. And as I've said before, werewolves are very territorial. They wouldn't leave their home for anything, unless their mates were in another pack, in which case they would have to come to an agreement. Most commonly, it was the female who had to leave to her mate's.

We helped as much as we could till it was almost sunset before we decided to leave. Adrian was in the driver's seat as always while my mate and I remained in the back. Danny had taken his own car along with him.

I was cuddling up to Reagan when a thought popped in my mind. Something I have been

thinking about for a long time, but I knew it would piss my mate off very much.

"Reagan..." I call, peeping up at him from his chest. He looks down at me in question while gulping down my fear. This was gonna be hard.

"Can we take a detour?" I softly ask, causing his eyebrows to furrow in confusion. He probably already felt my unease.

"Where to?" He cautiously asks.

"My pack's house..." I firstly say, and he waits for me to elaborate. "...to meet Brad."

He goes rigid then, a shadow looming over his face. I can feel the waves of anger rolling off from him when I uttered my former mate's name. His jaw becomes clenched, and his eyes turn a darker shade as he glowers down at me.

Tabruptly stand up to stare at him, "Before you get mad, you should know I just wanna talk with him. Nothing more." That was true. It just felt wrong for me to leave him how he was. I've

heard a lot had been happening to him recently and it makes me feel sorry for him.

His Alpha position has been given to our beta's son, and he will be inaugurated in a few weeks. His father, Alpha Benson, is ashamed of him and was going to disown him, but his

mate, Luna Ciara, is the only one refraining him from doing so.

Everyone is against him for what he had done to me, and I feel like I'm the cause of all his problems. He may deserve punishment for all he did, but what he's going through was too much. It's a good thing he still has Stacy.

"About what?!" Reagan's booming voice makes me shrink back in fright as I see the fury in

his eyes.

"You know what? Forget it." He states before I could say anything. "You're not going, end of discussion." He orders through clenched teeth as his dark eyes focused forward.

I glare at him for how he blatantly brushed the topic away without even hearing me out.

"Well, I'm going," I announce, causing him to snap his eyes back to me in warning. I can even feel Adrian's eyes from the rearview mirror, advising me to keep shut. I know I was treading on a thin line, but I needed to do this.

"I could have just gone without informing you, but I decided to, not because I needed your permission but because I thought you deserve to know. So either you want me to or not, I will visit him. It would be better if you come along than hear from someone else that I went anyway."

I lean back into my seat after that, proud of myself for standing up to him, but scared of his response. He wouldn't cuff me back to the bed... would he?

I hear a loud huff from him as he lets out a curse under his breath.

"Take us to the Lunar's Pack packhouse." He sends the order to Adrian, and my eyes

immediately lighten up.

I turn my head away to hide the triumphant smile on my lips as I watch the trees blur past

us in the dark.

## Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 45

### Old Pack

I was fiddling with my fingers as I felt anxious about the upcoming confrontation with my former mate. My bruised lips are already healed due to my wolf's healing, so I was back to

chewing on it.

I haven't seen Brad since that unfaithful day when he'd tried to mark and almost kill me. But thanks to Reagan beside me, that didn't happen. Brad had lost a lot due to that day. His canines, his Alpha title, his dignity, and even the love of his parents.

I wasn't sure if he hated me for it and would curse me to hell if he saw me. But I was gonna try my luck either way and see how he fared. His mate, Stacy, might wish to kill me if her eyes landed on me, but I wasn't scared of her. I actually feel

bad for her, seeing as her world was also crumbling along with Brad's. She wasn't going to be a Luna anymore, and her mate was, well...damaged.

I can feel Reagan's fury beside me as he kept his eyes out the window. We already were in the forest, moving along a dirt road that leads to the packhouse.

I know how he feels, considering I felt that way anytime I saw Janet close to him. He's seething with jealousy and fury. And I'm sure if he saw Brad tonight, he'd rip his throat out with his claws. It's a good thing I had stopped him from taking Brad to the council to face a trial. He wouldn't have survived any more punishment handed to him.

I've known Brad right from high school. He used to be sweet and jovial, and everyone loved him then. But everything changed the day I heard my heart beat his name as my mate. I

wonder for a while how things would have been had he accepted me that day. He would have

been named Alpha on his inauguration day. But maybe he would have lost his life in the

process.

Reagan had mentioned that he would have still felt that I was his mate and would challenge Brad for me. I wasn't sure how I felt about that as it made me seem like an object. But either way, something bad would have happened to Brad, and I'm always the cause, it

seems.

That was the thing with the mate bond. It is far from perfect, with too many flaws. Only a few are lucky to experience the good side of it, like my parents.

We weren't stopped on the way since the werewolf's on duty could smell us and knew we weren't a threat.

The lights flashing from the packhouse can be seen now, and my nervousness once more spikes up. I was having second thoughts when I felt my mate's calming touch on my thigh. I

but he wanted to support me. And I understood that, even without him speaking.

He nods at me just as the car stops in front of the large house, and Adrian comes to open the car door for us. I hop out with Reagan behind me before Adrian slams the door shut behind

1. us.

"Wait here," Reagan tells him before leading me by the waist to the building's entrance. Some werewolves had already come out and waited there for us. They could smell who was coming and already had their heads bowed down.

"Your Highness." A male werewolf bows to Reagan before nodding to me. He may be my pack member, but I hardly knew any of them since I always kept to myself. So there wasn't much friendliness between us.

"To what do we owe this pleasantry from a royal beast?" He politely asks, not making eye

contact with my mate.

"Where is your Alpha?" Reagan c\*\*\*s an eyebrow at him with his usual unreadable expression on. "Or hasn't he been notified that a higher authority is in his premises?" His tone

is filled with ice that makes the werewolf and his friends shiver in fear.

"A...apologies, sir. He will be down shortly."

And not a second later, Alpha Benson strides out with his Beta behind him and his Luna. Other pack members with high officials follow, not wanting to miss the occasion of a visit from royalty. They all bare their necks open as they feel my mate's powerful aura.

"Your Highness." Alpha Benson's bows to Reagan and earns a grunt in return.

"Benson."

I can see the weary look on my previous Alpha's face, probably from all the stress Brad

has been given him. Right, he's no longer my Alpha since I'm turning into a Lycan. I no longer feel the need to be submissive towards him since my wolf is getting stronger by the day.

Luna Ciara is still looking regal like a queen. But I know it's just a show to hide her misfortunes. Since she was a leader, she had to keep looking strong even in the face of adversaries.

"Shouldn't you have invited the Prince and his mate in before asking silly questions, you useless mutt?" Alpha Benson's loud growl is enough to make the male werewolf turn pale as

he begins to apologize repeatedly.

"Please, come in." Alpha Benson urges, forcing out a smile and moving back to let us in.

away in shame. I really wish he didn't blame himself for his son's bad choices.

"We aren't wasting much time, as we only came to see your son", Reagan announces as we walk in, and I can hear the displeasure in his voice. Silence follows his words with looks of dread on the pack members' faces. Even Luna Ciara had turned white with her eyes pooling with tears. Alpha Benson also turns speechless before he looks away in regret.

"P...please..." I hear Luna Ciara stutter out, which was a first, as she walks forward.

"He has realized his mistake and is truly sorry. Please, your highness, he doesn't deserve any more punishment than he has already received. Please, Ellie. Do something." She shamelessly pleads with tears falling down her cheeks as she looks to me with her hands clasped in front of her.

I don't think I've ever seen her this vulnerable before, making me feel even more guilty.

Alpha Benson comes forward to pull her back even though she protests and continues to plead to Reagan. Pack members were already peeping from upstairs, all wanting to see what was going on.

Reagan lets out an irritated sigh as he takes in the scene before us. "As much as I would love to end your worthless son's life with my bare hands...I can't, seeing as I'm not here for that." I send a small glare at him, not happy with how he was unfeeling to these people.

But I get it. Brad had crossed a line when he tried to forcefully mark me. Usually, that could lead him to be banished from the pack or even executed in some. But since his dad is the Alpha, there's bound to be some elements of bias. Plus, he had lost his canines. That was almost equivalent to death for a werewolf.

I can see the look of confusion on everyone's face at Reagan's words. Luna Ciara stops her pleading to stare at my mate, who has a look of boredom on his face.

"Ellie would just like to have a chat with him." Reagan briefly explains, and the confusion only grows as everyone now turns their stare to me in question. I feel uncomfortable from the curious looks, but luckily, Reagan steps in front of me so their eyes would land back on him.

"We don't have all night," Reagan mentions in a bored tone. "Can you bring him out here?"

Alpha Benson regains his composure then, "I'm sorry, your Highness, but due to recent... events, Brad isn't as strong as he used to be and is confined to bed." Even though he says that without faltering, I know he's sad by his son's debility. Once more, guilt consumes me from the belly up.

"That's alright. I'll go to him instead." For the first time, I speak up.

We're lead upstairs and pack members who were once trying to eavesdrop while peeking at us turn their heads down, and look away as they busy their hands with something. They bow to my mate as we walk by, but their curious eyes always seem to gaze up to linger on Reagan

or me.

We walk down the long corridors till we reach an isolated room farther at the end. It is only Alpha Benson and Luna Ciara who lead us while the others remained behind.

Just then, the door swings open, and out walks out a depressed Stacy. Her appearance is bedraggled, with her blond hair losing its light color and turning dark. There are dark circles

around her eyes, and her skin was as pale as a ghost. She had lost a tremendous amount of

weight, and her clothes look unkempt...She looked unkempt.

The last time I had seen her, I thought she looked bad. But now, she looks worse.

Her tired eyes peer at us in confusion before they land on me, and they blaze then in fury as she glares daggers at me through them.

Taking a step forward and ignoring Reagan's presence, she snarls at me in contempt. "What is she doing here?"

Luna Ciara catches hold of her hand and pushes her backward when she continues to advance towards me. She almost falls flat on her back due to her shaky, exhausted knees. This is what losing your mate could do to you. It eats you from the inside, killing you slowly 'till you are lifeless. Only a few had survived it.

"Stop your nonsense tantrums and let her through, you unfortunate pup." Luna Ciara snarls back at her. It seems she still hasn't forgiven her for lying to her about being Brad's

mate.

Stacy whimpers at her harsh words before she looks away, sulking in silence. I really felt sorry for her even though I once despised her for causing me pain.

With a sigh, I go for the door only to hear footsteps following me from behind. I turn to stare at Reagan in question while he tilts his head to the side.

Taking in a deep breath, I say to him, "Reagan, I want to speak to him...alone." I state, but he growls in disapproval almost immediately.

"No!" His thundering voice shakes the floor we're on.

