

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 46

Leaving The Past Behind

Thad already suspected that Reagan won't leave me alone in the same room as Brad. He'd

barely even agreed to me coming here. I understand his fear, though.

"I just need a few minutes alone with him..."

"I said, no!" His low menacing growl leaves room for no argument.

My eyes trail to the audience behind us, who were curiously staring at us. They

understand immediately when I arch an eyebrow at them and proceed to leave. But Stacy, of

course, was reluctant and only leaves when Luna Ciara grabs her wrist and drags her along.

With a sigh, I turn back to my mate, whose eyes are blazing in fury and determination as

they stare down at me.

"Reagan," I began, "I won't stay more than I need to..."

"The last time you were alone with him, he tried to mark you. So no, I'm not taking any chances." He hisses through clenched teeth.

"He doesn't even have the canines he needs to mark me, and he's...bedridden." I cringe slightly in guilt once more as I utter those words. "To be precise, he can't harm me." I shrug.

He's silent, not budging from my words and remaining determined. His dark eyes on me show no sign of him giving in, and I can only sigh in frustration. He can be so stubborn at

times.

"Baby," I walk up to him and place my palm on his cheeks, peeking directly into his eyes. "I'm not going in there to leave you and never come back. I only want to clear the air between Brad and me and get this heavy feeling off my chest. I need to do this, not just for me but for us."

Brad and I once shared a connection, and whether I like it or not, I once held strong feelings for him. But they don't compare to what Reagan and I have. While Brad had stained our mate bond and trampled on it, Reagan and I had nourished ours to grow into something beautiful that we both cherish. And for me to move on completely, I need to end whatever it was Brad and I had. Be it hate or despise.

I can see my mate isn't happy one bit with my decision, but he soon nods in acceptance.

His jaw is clenched, and his body is rigid as he watches me walk towards the door.

"Five minutes, and I'm coming in." I hear his gruff voice behind me.

With a brief and light knock, I slowly swing the door open and step into the dimly lit room. . Even though he had disappointed everyone, he was still treated nicely, it seems. The room is large, and I could see a fireplace that is lit opposite to the bed. And Brad laid on the

I take my time to study his sickly pale face with his eyes closed in sleep. His black hair had grown long enough to cover part of his face and forehead, looking ungroomed.

He had changed a lot. Gone was the high school jock everyone used to envy and adore, now replaced with a fragile pup condemned to a life of worthlessness.

That in my steps and watch as his eyelids slowly flutter open before they trail around the room and eventually land on me. They squint at me in disbelief before widening in realization.

"Ellie?" His raspy voice fills my ear, and I continued to walk up to him till I stood beside his bed.

He stares up at me, dazed, before shifting so he could sit up. I walk to help him, arranging his pillows behind him while keeping an emotionless mask on. I may feel bad for him, but that

doesn't mean I've forgotten all he had done to me. He gave me the worst year of my life and

almost took my life when he tried to mark me.

A light chuckle erupts from his lips, causing me to stare at him with an eyebrow c****d

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upward.

"I used to call you weak, but here you are, helping me to sit up in bed. How the tables have turned." His chuckle turns bitter then, and I could see the sadness and regret in his eyes as he looks away.

I could also see how skinny he had become as his torso came into view. His once muscular arms were now almost as tiny as mine and his buff body held little meat.

"You were wrong." I suddenly say, and he looks back up at me. "I was never weak, considering I survived you rejecting me and marking another." I try to keep my tone as cold as possible, not displaying any emotion, knowing a certain somebody was listening outside. He may not have followed me in, but that doesn't mean he's leaving me completely alone.

I smile at the thought, wondering how silly Reagan must look like with his ear glued to the door.

"You're right." Brad nods in agreement. "You were always strong enough to lead, and I was a fool for not noticing it." He regrettably said.

I look away to stare at the brown walls and fireplace. The air between us felt awkward and tense with all that had happened leading to this moment.

"You probably hate me, and I don't blame you."

I turn to stare at him then, my eyes fixed on him as I reply.

tried, I couldn't. The mate bond wouldn't let me." I hear a light thud at the bedroom door then, but Brad doesn't seem to notice as his eyes are fixed on me. It seems my mate is impatient.

"And even now, as the mate bond is severed, I still don't..." Brad's eyes lighten up at my words, and I can see the hope in them. "Because I feel nothing but pity for you", I add, for the

look on his face to crumble.

His jaw clenches at my words as a look of annoyance crosses his features. "Pity? You pity me because of what your cunt of a Prince did to me?!" He bares his mouth open then, and for the first time, I see the two gaping holes between his teeth, where his canines were supposed

to be.

"He only did what he thought best to protect his mate." I defend Reagan with pride, not liking how Brad insults him.

"I'm your mate!" Brad suddenly roars, and I can see specks of red flashing in his eyes. His

Alpha wolf was very weak. I can see that since they weren't glowing much.

"Not anymore. And I'm happy about that." My eyes trail to the bedroom door, where Reagan stood behind it. I couldn't be any happier being with him.

"At least you still have Stacy to take good care of you." turn back to Brad, who was still seething in fury, on the bed.

He scoffs at my statement, "You mean the w***e who is disgusted merely by my present sight and wishes for a way to sever the mating bond with me?"

Ah, smart Stacy already wants to leave after sinking in too deep. How shameful. She doesn't know that death is the only way out. Until one of them is dead, the bond can't be broken. And even then, there's a possibility the other will follow.

"I have no one, Ellie." His eyes and voice suddenly turn soft as a look of vulnerability appear on his face. "Not even my parents. Even though they allow me a bit of luxury..." He gestures around the room. "...I can see in their eyes they no longer want me, especially my dad. I'm all alone now."

I feel a slight ache of nothing but pity for this man in front of me, looking broken and

defeated.

"But with you here," he leans forward to me and takes a hold of my hand, causing me to furrow my eyebrows down at him. "I feel whole once more. Not even Stacy can make feel that. You feel it, don't you? The bond, it's still there. Come back to me..."

- He grips both my hands in his, and I stop him by snatching mine away. Their touch particular Prince can.

Brad's face turns crestfallen at my blatant rejection as he watches me move back away

from him.

"I only came here to end whatever was left between us, Brad. Nothing more. I only wish you will find happiness someday, even with your unpleasant state. Goodbye." I quickly say before turning to leave for the door. I'm glad Reagan hasn't walked in yet as he had promised, since five minutes have already passed. It's good to know he trusts me, even though he's doing that by still eavesdropping on my conversation.

"No!" Brad suddenly bursts out, and I feel his hand clamp on my wrist from behind before yanking me back. I'm surprised by his strength, considering he's supposed to be weak from losing his canines.

His fingers are digging into my wrist. And I look up to see the look of fury and desperation flashing in his eyes.

“Let me go, Brad”, I order, but he doesn’t respond as he keeps his eyes pinned on me and his hold around my wrist.

Before I could yank my hand away, the door bursts open, and in a flash, I’m being pulled away from him and watching his arm being gripped and twisted.

A howl of pain erupts from him as Reagan keeps his arm in a death grip. One wrong move and his arm would be broken.

Reagan has a dark look over this face with his eyes glowing gold as they glare at Brad. I’m scared he might really hurt him, so I hurry over to his side and place my hand on his shoulder from behind.

His body goes rigid for a second before going soft as he recognizes my touch. I step behind him, breathing in his scent as I whisper beside his ear.

“Let him go. You’re better than this.” I say before staring at Brad over his shoulder, who has his face contorted in pain. He tries to yank his hand free, but Reagan’s hold on him was

strong and he kept twisting the more Brad struggled.

Reagan leans down then, to hiss at him in a low menacing tone.

“Even think about touching her ever again, and your teeth aren’t the only thing I will pull out.” He promises before letting Brad’s arm go. He gives one last warning glare to him before spinning around to hold me by my waist and lead me out the door.

ignoring the burning look on our backs.

We stride down the hallway together, with him still feeling tense beside me. And everyone we pass by makes sure not to come an inch close to us when they see the dark look in his eyes. I nod to the Alpha and Luna, ignoring Stacy’s glare as I’m led outside.

Adrian was still waiting in the car, and he came out in time to open the door for us. Immediately as we’re in, Reagan pounces on me unexpectedly, rubbing his body over mine as he emits low growls from his chest.

I giggle and watch as he took extra care of my hands, rubbing his scent all over me, not even caring that someone else was in the car with us.

“I hate the smell of his stench on you.” He growls, burying his head into my neck as he lays

kisses there.

"Did you accomplish what you wanted?" He inquires with his head still in my neck.

I was now free of whatever I once had with Brad and ready to move on completely. Nothing was holding me back. I could give myself whole to Reagan.

I sigh in content into his hair as I breathe in his marvelous scent. "Yes, I did." And I'm all

yours now.

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Taken

The buzzing sound of Reagan's phone vibrating on the nightstand wakes us both up with sleepy, groggy eyes. I lay back on the bed with a groan while he reaches for the phone and

picks it.

"What?" His cold voice demands, and I could hear the irritation in his tone from being

interrupted in his sleep.

I look up at him to see his eyebrows suddenly furrow as he listens to whatever the person on the other line was saying. His eyes shift to me then, and I stare at him in question while standing up to lay on my elbows behind me.

"I'll be there." He only says before ending the call and standing up in his sweatpants. "What's going on?" I ask, watching him put on his shirt as if he was ready to go out. And it

was only five in the morning!

"A nearby pack, Lotus Pack, was ambushed by a group of rogues not too long ago. They caught one. I need to go." He explains as he heads for the door.

"I'm coming too," I say, also standing up to follow. But he turns around to stop me with a shake of his head.

"No. Not in your condition." And by condition, he meant my 'heat.' Yesterday, my body had started growing hot once more as I get aroused by the slightest thing my mate did. His mere touch was enough to have me humping on him. And my mood swings had come in full blast

too.

"Why not?!" I demand. "I'm perfectly fine right now." He walks up to me and stares down into my eyes as his palm comes up to brush my cheek.

"Your scent is very strong and will attract a lot of male attention. And I won't be able to concentrate with every man's eyes on you." His warm eyes flash with a light that I recognize all too well, his usual possessiveness. But this time I glimpse at something behind it, something gentle, not worry exactly, but a care for me. "Stay. I promise I'll be back as soon as I can." He says it in a low tone and I can help but trust his word.

"Alright, call me if anything big happens though, okay? Good luck." I offer him a tiny smile and see him relax for a second, only to then remember that he has to hurry, and turns to rush

out the bedroom door.

I flump back on the bed with a loud huff, letting a bit of my frustration sink in. I've always gone with him when anything like this arises, but now, because of this stupid 'heat,' I can't. And it had to be the day they finally caught one of them. I wish for my wolf to quickly complete her

burning feeling again.

Since the attack on Eclipse pack the rogues hadn't tried anything, until now. We've tightened the security in smaller packs, especially those guarding at night, as it seems that's when these rogues love to strike. They were cowards, attacking in the dead of night when

everyone is exhausted and disoriented with sleep.

It's good to hear that they have one of them in custody. Maybe now, we'll finally have the answers we're looking for. I can only pray to the moon that we find the kidnapped she-wolves in good condition. But of course, questioning the prisoner won't be easy, since werewolves aren't easy to break due to our good resistance to pain. It will take some time for Reagan to

come back.

It is still early hours of the morning, but sleep is the last thing I want to do right now. I'm more anxious about knowing what my mate would find out from the rogue.

I decide to take a bath to cool off my body as it is slowly turning hot, and also to clear my mind. We still haven't gone back to the former penthouse where Danny and Lexi reside, and I am okay with that for now, even with Janet no longer around. I like the privacy Reagan and I have here together. It allows us the time to share more of each other without being interrupted.

Lexi and Danny swing by sometimes, with Danny purposely having too much fun by annoying us constantly with his presence and crude jokes about what we do

here. He sometimes stays too late at night, knowing my mate and I want to be left alone. He's a real

pain in the ass.

Lexi, on the other hand, is busy with her finals and barely makes it to visit us. She will soon be done with it and maybe spend her holidays in Canada, that is if we complete this case

early.

I was first frightened at the thought of moving away from Los Angeles, from my home and my parents. I would surely miss them a lot. And then I would also meet Reagan's parent, the

King and Queen of all beasts, which by itself is enough to make me feel agitated. I wonder how they would act towards me, a former she-wolf, mating their son.

But I have no choice. I can't stay a day without Reagan anymore and would gladly follow

him wherever he goes.

spend a lot of time in the bathtub before deciding to step out and dress up in denim

shorts and a light blue top. The sun is already coming up, and I draw the curtains back to let

and so does my wolf.

I can feel her strength increasing every second these days. My eyes are glowing more gold-like each time my wolf looks through my eyes. Reagan can also sense her new aura and believes in a week or two, I will be a full Lycan.

The thought excites me a lot as I haven't shifted in a long time. I long to be free in the wild, running for hours till I'm worn out and howling at the moon, especially when it's full. Even my wolf craves it a lot, I can feel her desire every time, matching mine. It will probably be a whole new experience for both of us.

After some time, I hear a knock at the door and a gruff voice say, "Room service."

I furrow my eyebrows in suspicion at the unfamiliar voice. Reagan had made sure only one staff was assigned to us, and I know his voice from memory since I've been hearing it for weeks now. I sniff the air for his scent but I'm confused even further to find he has none.

Our usual staff was a human male, and I also knew him from his scent, but this one had either masked his or was something else. Could my heat be blocking my

sense of smell? No, that has never happened before. And this room service's a bit late today as he always comes at 7 o'clock sharp. But now, it's 7:30.

With a cautious step, I walk over to the door, my hand slowly reaching for the doorknob. I brace myself for an attack, ready to defend myself in case anything goes wrong.

I twist the doorknob and then open the door slowly to first peek at the staff.

Before me is a man with a lean structure in the usual black and red uniform. In his hands, a tray containing a stainless-steel covered dish. I eye him warily while he smiles at me before nodding in greeting.

"Who are you, and what happened to the other guy who usually serves us?" I ask with a frown directed at him. I still can't smell his scent and know something fishy is going on here.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but he's unavailable today, and I'm here to fill in for him." He answers in a polite tone, but I'm still not yet convinced.

"Not to worry. You can carry that back, I'm not hungry." I say, as I move to close the door, but a hand stops it. I look back to the staff in confusion when I notice it wasn't even his hand that stopped the door, but another peeking from behind.

I watch in horror as a figure emerges, a burlier man with a sinister smile that stretches on his lips when he stares at me with his eyes, dark like a void.

male staff, who also has a devilish smile on his lips.

Without a second thought, I push the door forward with as much force as I can muster to shut it close. But the two men behind the door place their weight on it, and I can hear the tray of food clatter to the floor as they both push the door back open.

Even though I'm getting almost as strong as a Lycan, I still haven't completed the process yet. And since I can't shift, I'm a bit weak, almost possessing the strength of an average werewolf. So the guys are able to push the door open and barge into the room with force.

I try to run, but the burly man catches my arm quickly and pulls me back. I struggle in his hold, kicking him in the groin as he holds my back against his front. He grunts in pain but keeps his hold on me as I thrash around in his arm. He seems to have a strong resistance to pain since nowhere I kick him makes him move back. His arm around my waist is also tight and painful.

"Hold still, bitch." He hisses into my ear. But I snap my claws out to scratch at his arm around my waist while hitting him square on the jaw with the back of my head. I may not be able to shift, but I still have my claws.

He hisses in pain when I dig in too deep, drawing blood, and he lets go of me. I try to rush towards the door when I felt the prick of a needle on my neck behind me. I halt in my steps bringing my hand up to pull out the needle from my skin as I turn around.

I stare at the fake hotel staff that had injected me with God knows what as I stagger on my feet. I look back down at the injection needle to see a purple liquid substance leaking from the tip. My sight turns blurry, and I stare up once more to see the smirk on my attacker's face. The burly one is already getting to his feet and watching me with a pleased look on his face.

And when I feel the burning pain engulf my body as the liquid trickles deeper into my blood, I know immediately what it was. Wolf's bane.

I fall to my knees before sliding to the floor as my limbs suddenly feel too heavy for me, with my breathing turning shallow.

"Quick, inject her with another." I hear someone order and soon felt another pricking sensation on my arm. The room around me spins, and I see my attackers stare down at me with smug smiles.

Something about this wolf's bane felt different. It felt stronger and can paralyze me completely with pain without killing me...I think. I mean, the pain is enough to make me wish for death, but I don't feel like I'm dying.

much of what is happening with my present state, but I try to stay awake long enough to figure out anything.

I'm taken down, and I wonder how no one sees me even while I'm being tossed into the back of a truck. I hear the sound of the engine as it drives me to an unknown destination. But I can only lay back down on its floor, fighting to stay awake and trying to move or at least resist this pain.

I manage to stare at my arm where I was previously injected and see purple lines of my veins from around the area to half my arm. I imagine my neck would also look the same way. If I was an average wolf, I think I would be dead by now. I hear wolf's bane can't harm Lycans. But for it to be able to do this much damage to me, I'm sure they had modified it. This means they know about my transformation from a werewolf to a Lycan. But how? Have they seen me with Reagan long enough to connect the dots? So many questions are running through my muddled mind.

I can only pray to the moon that Reagan can feel my pain and quickly comes to save me from whatever fate awaits me at where these f*****g bastards were taking me.

I watch paralyzed as the burly man comes to sit opposite of me with that sinister smile still on as he watches me. I hear him say something about my scent before I see the look of hunger in his eyes. But I can't make out his words with the wolf's bane in my system.

I continue to stare at him, not able to move, my eyes filled with hatred as the truck keeps driving me farther away...from my mate.

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Th Warehouse

My eyes are heavy with sleep, and my body is still slumped in the back of the moving truck. It feels like we've been driving for hours, but maybe it was a few minutes. I'm not sure, find it hard to comprehend anything that's happening. I've been drifting in and out of consciousness, waking up anytime I feel the truck jerk. Plus, it's not easy to get some sleep with a creepy guy staring at you.

I'm just staring at the burly guy opposite me who hasn't stopped gazing at my exposed legs with lusty eyes. I wish I hadn't picked these stupid denim shorts to wear today.

That sick smirk on his face, making me know I'm in deep s**t, infuriates me to no end. And

I can't wait to gain my strength back before teaching him a lesson he will never forget.

Suddenly, the truck starts to wobble on the road, turning bumpy as I jerk a bit. I'm guessing we're no longer on the main road. Where the hell are these bastards taking me?

If I could speak, I would be yelling profanities, asking what they wanted from me and who the f**k they are. Since they were able to overpower me at the penthouse, I'm guessing they aren't human. Werewolf maybe...it's hard to tell with their masked scent. But I will go with that. And the only werewolves who are stupid enough to kidnap the mate of a Prince are rogues, like those who have been ambushing werewolf packs and kidnapping she-wolves. And maybe they thought me an easy catch since I'm still in the process of transforming.

With this realization, I look once more to my attacker to see his creepy eyes still on me. I can feel my strength slowly slip back into my body, and the pain reduces little by little. I think! can move some of my fingers now, though not much. I try to be discreet so that the weirdo in front of me doesn't notice. I'm actually surprised I'm regaining my strength so quickly, considering I had been injected twice.

But with my strength comes that of my wolf's also, and I can feel her anger burning inside

me with hatred for our captors. She had been the one to suffer the most from the wolf's bane

and wishes nothing more than to claw at their throats. But as she regains her strength, I feel my heat resurface along with it.

I'm suddenly feeling how my heat spreads around my body, and I can feel my wolf's emotion heighten as she wishes to come out and inflict a lot of pain. My tired eyes turn to a

harsh glare as I stare back at my captor, who has his head tilted to the side in curiosity as he

studies me. Suddenly, he goes rigid and sniffs the air. I watch his eyes turn dark as he stands

and walks closer to where I lay.

"You really smell amazing, whore." He chuckles, crouching beside me with his leering gaze

down my neck, while I still have to hide my intentions and ball my fist instead of attacking

without plan. I still feel disoriented, so it would be wise not to do anything yet.

"Maybe I'll have my fun with you before we sell you off to the highest bidder. And you, my friend, will make us a lot of cash."

My stomach churns in disgust at his vile words while he keeps trailing his finger down to my breast, and my only thought is to spring up and choke him to death. If only I had enough

strength.

So it seems I was right. This might be the rogues we've been after all this while.

"The name's Trent." He informs, and I furrow my eyebrows at him, wondering why he was telling me that. "You'll need it since you'll be screaming it soon." His sadistic smirk stretches and my chest burns suddenly with the need to attack.

Just then, the truck suddenly comes to a halt, and my captor stands up to open the door before carrying me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I close my eyes against the blinding light of the sun since my eyes are sensitive from being in the dark truck for too long.

But when I squint them back open, I see we're surrounded by trees all around, in the

middle of forest. I stare around to see a large warehouse not too far from us, where it seems my captor is taking me. The other guy must be the driver, as he was with us now, following us

to the warehouse.

I try to see if I could remember anything about the surroundings or smell anything, but there's nothing. There's probably no sign of life for miles, and I wonder if we're even in LA anymore. I don't know how long the drive had been, considering I drifted off to sleep

sometimes.

I hear the sound of large doors being slid open before we step in.

The place is dark and empty, with little to no furniture in the large house. But the other

man then crouches to the floor and uses his hand to open what I believe a basement. We move down a flight of stairs, and that's when I begin to hear sounds of whimpers, sobs, and even a

scream.

I look around in horror to see the place crowded with girls chained by their hands and legs.

They're barely clad in tattered clothing, exposed to the men around sneering at them.

Realization dawns on me as I notice these girls aren't humans but she-wolves, and there are

about two dozen of them.

I can't smell their scents, meaning they've been masked. So that's why we couldn't find they've been ambushed.

They briefly look at me with their wide eyes and curious gaze. Fear was apparent in them as they stare back at the men guarding them with sick smirks on their faces. Some are dragged about by their hair, eliciting screams and sobs of pain. I watch horrified as some of the men openly grope the she-wolves before a growl of warning resonates in the room.

I look to the source and find an older looking man sitting in a chair like a king in the middle of the room. His sharp eyes glaring all around him with authority and warning evident in his stance before his eyes shift to me.

A small, almost invisible smirk, appears on his lips as he watches me being lowered to the floor beside his leg. I lay slump, seeming debilitated even though I could move some of my limbs right now. But I have to keep pretending if I want to leave this place alive and save these she-wolves. I wouldn't be able to take all the men in the room by myself, as they are many and could still have more injections of wolf's bane.

But I can feel my wolf's longing to attack. She was overly pissed from being injected with wolf's bane and being drawn far from her mate.

"I see you two really were okay on your own." The man in the chair says, inspecting me with his eyes as I lay on my back.

"She wasn't much trouble, boss." My captor snickers, and I grit my teeth in anger as he

mocks me.

The boss furrows his eyebrows then, staring at me once more with a frown. He sniffs the air before his eyes begin to blaze in anger.

"You fuckers didn't mask her scent?!" The two men cower back at their boss's angry roar

before apologizing hastily.

"W...we're sorry, boss. We were just in a hurry before her mate came back. Please forgive us." The lean guy quickly explains with shaky knees. The boss continues to glare at them, with his body shaking in anger.

"You idiots! Don't you know they can track her here? You're both lucky we're about to

move and leave this f*****g place." He snarls at them as they continue to tremble in fear. It's fascinating to see two grown men shiver like teens watching horror movies.

"What smells so f*****g fantastic here?" I hear one of the guards ask, and I look up then to see every male's eyes on me. Damn heat of mine.

I still feel hot, but I ignore all of that to focus on the problem at hand. I'm under a

now they're all staring at me like I'm their next meal of the day. Some even look ready to

pounce. f**k!

"Now, boys, calm down. It's just a way her wolf's saying she wants to be fucked."

I furrow my eye at the familiar voice, and my eyes dart around before landing on the feminine figure emerging from behind the boss's chair.

"Or am I wrong, Ellie?" The lady asks with her eyes peering down at me in hatred and satisfaction of my position.

"Gina?!" I incredulously stare at the girl I've always secretly despised. I can't believe she's here, standing tall above me like a villainess. I know she's not a captive as she's dressed nicely

in dark pants and a red top with her hair curled falling over her shoulders.

"Daddy." She leans down to kiss the boss's cheek while he looks at her in adoration. Daddy?!

My eyes suddenly widen in shock as realization dawns on me. The last I had heard about

Gina's dad was that he was banished from our pack for reasons unknown to us. Alpha Benson

hadn't mentioned why and none of us could question him.

And now here he is, kidnapping she-wolves with his sick daughter aiding him wholeheartedly. Was she the reason they kidnapped me? I know she hates me ever since Reagan announced me as his, so was this revenge?

"I've always known you were a slut deep down that perfect girl act you always had on." Gina's loud cackle fills the warehouse as she leans down to crouch and watches me lay

helplessly on the floor. I stare up back at her in spite, wishing I could strangle her with my bare hands. How would a she-wolf sell her fellow kind? She was disgusting.

"Not to worry, my dear friend. There's a lot of werewolves here that can fulfill all of your

fantasies." Her sick words disgust me to the stomach. And I would have thrown up if I had

actually eaten anything today. I hear the snickers from the men around the room as they leer

at me in pure lust.

My nostrils flare in anger as I regard the taunting smirk on Gina's lips. She's enjoying this, my humiliation and helplessness. Then suddenly, her eyes turn dark with her smile fading

away as she stares at me with a malicious look.

She grabs my hair, digging her nails into my scalp, causing a sharp pain to shoot from the

area.

"You're the reason why Lana, the only friend I have, hates me with so much passion. Then

think you're better than everyone else, right? I'll make sure you regret ever messing with me, slut." She snarls into my face, but I could only glare back at her, still acting weak. Her father is only staring down at us in amusement but doesn't do anything to stop his sick deranged daughter.

I know some of my hair has already been uprooted from my scalp by now from her tight

grip. Gina has nothing but despise in her eyes for me.

"Don't be so rude to our guest, Gina." I hear another feminine voice that also sounds extremely familiar. My body goes rigid at the sound of it, and Gina immediately lets go of my

hair to stand back up.

Then I see her. I would recognize that sweet voice anywhere that comes from a certain dark-haired beauty. That smile that seems innocent but had mischievousness hidden

underneath it.

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And here I was thinking she had gone on a long vacation and would only return years later. But here she stood, high and mighty like the b***h she was.

I wish I could snarl her name, but if I do, they may realize I have my strength back and try to inject me again with wolf's bane. So I could only snarl it in my mind.

Janet.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 48

Bloody Basement

I don't break eye contact with the demoness as she tilts her head to the side to study me. I

can't stop the loathing I feel for her from shining forth from my eyes. I'm sure they're even glowing now as I can feel my wolf's anger surface tenfold.

Gina was beside her, smirking down at me with pure satisfaction. Two of my nemesis, conniving, together to see my end. I can expect this from Janet since she was a delusion b***h but not from Gina.

Sure we had our differences, but before all that happened with Reagan, we were kinda friends. I didn't like her then, and I doubt she liked me too, but we had concealed it and acted friendly towards each other. We've sat down sometimes along with Lana and talked about people we despised on campus over a cup of coffee. So I'm still a bit shocked by this

revelation. And to think her father is the brain behind all this...or at least he looks like it since

they refer to him as boss.

"Janet! You're here!" Gina voices in excitement, and I'm sure she would have jumped too and clap her hands. Guess she finally made friends with a Lycan. But her face falls crestfallen when Janet ignores her to stare back at me.

"You look fabulous down there, right where you belong, beneath me." Janet's voice makes

me snap my eyes from Gina back to her. She sniffs the air, then, and her eyes turn dark as she goes livid, staring back at Gina's father.

"Why isn't her scent masked, you fool?! What if they trace her here? Do you know how much trouble we all could be in?" Her sharp eyes glare furiously at the boss, but his face pulls into a displeased scowl at her rudeness.

"That was a mistake on my men's part, which will be rectified right away." His eyes drift to one of my captors, and he hurries to pull out a can of spray before walking over to me to cover

me with the scentless spray.

"Plus, we'll be leaving soon. The girls will be loaded now into the trucks waiting outside." He explains, but I can see his distaste for Janet as he eyes her in disdain. He probably is just

tolerating her since she's stronger and more powerful than him.

"Whatever. Now leave me alone with this one." She dismisses him and his men with a

wave of her hand. He gives her one last glare before standing up. I watch him walk over to his

men and begin to order them to take the she-wolves out. I know I need to do something before it's too late, but I don't have a solid plan yet. I'm still at a disadvantage as I'm outnumbered.

"What are you still doing here?" I hear Janet ask Gina, who is standing behind her like a

a glum expression before she sends one last glare at me.

Janet sighs before going to sit near me where Gina's father had once stood. "Now that we've gotten rid of the pests, let's do some catching up before you go on your trip to 'paradise.'" The sarcasm is clear in her tone as her lips pull back up in a mischievous smile. But I'm once more silent, acting helpless even though I can feel my strength pumping into my blood at a fast pace. In a few more minutes, I should be back to my usual self with the pain of the wolf's bane fading away.

"Oh, I forgot. You can't speak." She taunts with laughter filled in her eyes. "So I'm gonna do all the talking, I guess." She sighs in fake sadness. "Tell me, how's Reggie? He must have missed me a lot. Tell me, is he already bored with you considering he still hasn't marked you?"

My eyes are scanning the room once more as she chatters her nonsense on. I notice the she-wolves are being taken one by one out of the basement. Some of them are clutching each

other, and their sobs of protest fill the room as they're separated from one another.

"You must be wondering what I'm doing here with this bunch of low life rogues." Janet sighs for me to stare back at her again. "Well, at first, I was tracking the rogues on my own. That's why I suddenly disappeared. I thought if I could crack the case, Reggie would see how much more important I am to him, than you, who couldn't even pick up a trace on them. He would see how useless you are. But then when I found their hideout..." she gestures around, "I sneaked in and was surprised to hear that they sell these she-wolves to the highest bidder on some black market. There are a lot of sickos out there ready to pay a s**t ton of money for unmated she-wolves that they could keep as their personal pets and tame to some s*x slave or something worse."

She didn't even sound empathetic in her words and talked like it's a usual occurrence for

she-wolves to be sold.

as a

"Then I heard that there's a demand in the market for something rare. A female Lycan. Fascinating, isn't it?" I already know where she was going with this. I always knew she was a b***h, but not that she was a deranged b***h.

She abruptly leans on her knee to stare down at me with mirth shining in her eyes.

"A good way to get rid of you without anyone ever finding you. The black market, as I said, is filled with sickos. They will break you till you crack like an egg, and

they're good at totally making someone disappear so that no one will ever find them. It'll be like you never existed."

"I couldn't let this opportunity slide, so I brought up my idea to them. A female she-wolf is fully immune to wolf's bane yet. So I had one of my friends design something strong with wolf's bane to put you in your present state but without killing you. A full proof plan, isn't it?" All the while, she still retains that sweet smile she always has on as if talking to a friend. But all I can

think of is how I was going to gouge her eyes out.

The number of men in the room is going down as they are taking the she-wolves out, so I might have my chance soon, but not yet. So far, I can still count about eight of them.

"It was an added bonus to see that their boss's daughter has a dislike for you too." She then lowers her voice to a whisper as she leans further down towards me. "The dumb b***h actually thought she had a chance with my Reggie." God, I hate that name! I'm the one who's supposed to have nicknames for him, not her. I wish I could pull her tongue out every time she says his name like that.

"I'll deal with her much later...when the time is right, like I always deal with sluts who think that have a chance with him. But you, my dear, are an exception. I won't end your life so quickly. I would rather see you suffer as you're turned to a w***e who services men dozens of times a day. Lucky for me, you're in heat and would attract a lot of attention from perverts. I

can't wait to see you in such a foul state. I'll make sure to keep in touch." She cackles. "The nerve of you to actually think you can have my Reggie."

I knew it. She really is deranged. The excitement shining in her eyes sickens me, and I have to refrain from jumping up to attack her.

"But not to worry about Reggie, I'll take good care of him..." She hasn't even finished when I spit directly into her right eye. She gasps and abruptly moves back in surprise, wiping her eye and blinking rapidly.

"Are you alright?" Gina hurries over with a concerned look as she tries to assist Janet. But Janet shoves her away while glaring openly at her.

"Don't touch me, bitch." She snarls at Gina, who has a surprised and hurt look on her face. Poor thing doesn't even know why Janet hates her. For the first time in a while, I see Janet's innocent look gone, replaced by that of a nasty, vicious snake.

"And as for you..." She snaps her scornful eyes back to me that promise nothing but pain. She then stares at a man not too far away. "Inject her with more wolf's bane. And this time, make it more than two." She orders and my eyes widen as I go rigid in fear.

If I'm injected once more, it'll take a lot of time for me to recover. By then, I would already

be sold.

out to get rid of air bubbles in it. A malicious smirk graces his lips as he slowly walks over, and Janet also stares in sick satisfaction at my horrified look. Even Gina has recovered to enjoy the

show.

No, I can't allow myself to be injected with wolf's bane once more. I can remember the pain, and so does my wolf. And she isn't happy with the thought one bit as I feel her anger rise to the roof. She wants to get out, and even though I'm trying to suppress her, it's hard to. This is bad. I'm not supposed to shift since my transformation isn't complete yet.

Just then, the rogue reaches me and crouches to prick the needle into my arm. My heart's beat quickens, and my breathing becomes erratic. But before he could even achieve his aim, my hands whip out to clamp on his wrist, stopping him from going further.

With the needle a few inches from my arm, he looks up at me in surprise, not expecting me to have regained my strength. Well, neither had I. With a growl, he attempts to hold me down when I send my fist square into his jaw. The room falls silent, and a sickening crack resonates around the room as his head whips to the side, and he slowly begins to fall towards the ground,

unconscious.

I stare at my fist in amazement, surprised I had knocked a guy unconscious with one

punch.

"Woah!" I whisper but heard a loud huff of annoyance from beside me. Janet is furious with her face turning red as she grits her teeth in anger.

"Get her, you bastards!" She shrieks the order at the other men in the room, who are still staring at me in shock. They shake out of their dazed form and begin to proceed towards me

with sinister intent in their eyes.

My eyes scan the room, and I realize their numbers have reduced to four. Even Gina's father had gone out, and only a few she-wolves remain in the basement, watching the scene in

fright.

One rogue gets closer to me and crouches to punch me in the face when I abruptly roll away to the side. His fist meets the floor, but he doesn't even so much as flinch as he reaches for me once more. He jumps at me, using his weight to pin me back to the floor. Another comes beside him and takes the needle to bring it to my arm.

"No!" I struggle, trying to wriggle away from the two rogues, but it's too late as the needle breaks past my skin and the liquid seeps into my blood. I still try to fight, but the pain has already begun, and I can feel my limbs turning heavy.

and my eyes drift around the room slowly to see Janet's and Gina's satisfied smiles. My

eyelids are heavy with exhaustion as I lay back on the floor motionless.

"Quick, give her another." I hear Gina's voice echo like we're in a tunnel. I stare at the lightbulb above us, and suddenly, an image of Reagan flashes in my mind.

I miss him already. I wish I had gone with him this morning, then I wouldn't be here right now. I would be by his side, breathing in his scent and stealing kisses from him every once in a

while. But if I'm sold today, that may never happen.

No! I want to see him. I want...no, need my mate. And this fuckers are planning on

separating me from him forever. I will not let that happen.

My eyes snap to the rogue beside me, who is about to inject another wolf's bane into my arm, and in a flash, I grip his wrist. He looks up at me, shocked, and without a second thought, I twist his arm and jab the needle into his neck. Tignore his scream of agony as I press on the plunger top. The veins around his neck become visible and turn purple, extending to his face as he claws at his neck.

I watch emotionless as he drops to the floor with a loud thud and goes silent. The color on his face turns darker like that of a decayed body, and the life leaves his eyes. Purple lines are still visible on his face and neck, with his eyes wide open as he stares up blankly. That would have been me the first time I had been injected if I wasn't transforming into a Lycan.

Everyone is silent once more with horrified looks on their faces as they take in the scene. But I don't even so much as feel any sort of remorse. I can feel my wolf's cravings for blood. I am no longer in complete control as she has taken half of my mind. And there's no stopping us

now.

“Why are you dummies all standing there? Get her!” Janet’s voice resounds around the room, causing my eyes to snap to hers. She’s the one I want dead the most.

My eyes drift to every rogue in the room as I stand up. My claws are already out of my fingers and my gum aches as my canines protrude out.

The remaining she-wolves are quivering in fear in a corner while the three remaining rogues have a look of fear on their faces when their eyes meet mine.

I notice one of them was the lean guy who had attacked me at the penthouse. My eyes remain on him as he was the one who had injected me with wolf’s bane at first. And my wolf craves vengeance. He notices my stare and moves back a bit in fright, but resolve covers his features, and he rushes towards me. In a flash, I sidestep him, which he notices too late and

Bloody Basement hold his neck between my hands before violently twisting it.

His head whips to the side with a sickening crack. And he falls to the ground with a loud thud. I hear another man yell as he dashes over to me, aiming to punch me, but I grab his fist and twist it before slashing his neck with my claw. He won’t be able to heal from that as he bleeds out and falls to his knees before landing on the floor. The last man had already made his move before I knew it and had sneaked behind me.

I feel the prick of a needle on my neck and knew exactly what it was. But it doesn’t hurt me

this time, just an irritable itch. I turn then to see the rogue’s eyes turn wide in shock, and he aims to run away, but I catch the back of his shirt and pull to make him turn towards me, before using my other claw to rip his heart out from his chest. I throw the organ to the ground beside the man as he falls. Then my eyes snap up to the stairs where some rogues had come down again, but when their eyes take in the scene before landing on me, they rush back upstairs without a second thought.

“Hey, b***h!” Gina shrieks beside me, and when I turn around, she already has her claws out, aiming at my neck. But I’m faster as I catch her wrist and stare straight into her frightened eyes, before landing a sharp slap on her face. She flies back like the delicate thing she was and lands by Janet’s feet, unconscious.

Janet looks down at the rogues and Gina by her feet with an irritated look.

“Useless.” She mutters and then stares back at me with a smirk stretching across her lips. “I guess I’ll have to kill you after all.” er Prince Reagan by Sky Angel
Chapter 4