

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 32

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Facade

The days went by, and soon, my heat' period went away...for the moment, that is. Reagan had told me I will soon experience it again, while we're still not marked and mated.

I can feel my wolf's strength increase every day as she continues to go through the phase of turning to a Lycan. Sometimes, it's hard to

control her, but I've been having a lot of practice

with Reagan and sometimes Lexi. I just have to

learn to keep calm always even when I'm angry.

It's easier said than done, though.

I feel pretty bad for ruining our dinner date,

so I'm looking for a way to make it up to

Reagan. We've been getting closer by the day, learning new things about each other as we try

to open up to one another. And sometimes,

when I'm horny during my 'heat' period, he

helps me out. But we never went all the way, we

only stopped before it went too far.

Personally, I would love for him to mark

and claim me, but it just doesn't feel like the right time. My wolf's still going through this

phase, and I want to get to know him better before I completely give myself to him. It's hard to control myself, but I always find a way.

I'm learning to trust Reagan, and he, in

turn, is learning to be a bit less controlling. I

made him promise to always consult me before

taking any actions concerning me. As for my college, I've accepted to have it online, reluctantly, though. He was right. He won't be in

Los Angeles for long once he's done with his ongoing case. And the thought of having to separate from him doesn't sit well with me. So just to be with him, I'm ready to do anything.

And then there's Lana. She keeps getting paler every day, and when I ask what's wrong, she just shrugs it off, claiming she is fine. But 1

can see that being away from her mate is weakening both her and her wolf. I tried talking her into going back to Red Moon, but she doesn't listen. She's so stubborn at times, it's

Sonus

frustrating. I wish there was something I could do to cheer her up. If she remains like this, she won't do well in her finals.

Thaven't even seen any recent photo of her partying or having any sort of fun. The Lanal knew always made time to go out with friends, either to a club, the beach or a concert.

She's sitting opposite me in the dining room now. Her eyes are glazed over like she's deep in thoughts, and I don't think she's listening to me as I talk to her. She keeps

sighing, and it breaks my heart to see her like this.

"Hey, ladies." Janet strolls in, flashing her

pearly white teeth in a smile at us. We only

grumbled a 'hey' back at her before ignoring her. Just like me, Lana didn't like Janet too well. According to her, something about Janet seems off.

I've been able to avoid Janet all this while

by speaking less to her and quickly leaving the

room when she walks in. This way, I would see

her less, and my wolf wouldn't go berserk once

more.

Janet stays in a guest bedroom that is

luckily far from Reagan's and mine. She still has that innocent facade she always has on and keeps trying to get close to me. It's irritating as well as tiring. I have to act nice to her like I don't always imagine choking her in my head. I just wish I could slap the lie out of her face.

"What are you girls doing?" Janet walks over to us after taking a bottle of water from the

fridge. Lana and I have couple of handouts and

notes sprawled on the table. It was pretty

obvious we are studying, but she still decided to

ask, irritating me further. I was helping Lana study since she wasn't looking so good and probably can't focus right.

"We're studying, Janet...obviously," ||

mumble the last part, but I'm pretty darn sure she heard. She smiles before taking a seat beside me and pulling it closer. Seriously, what's her problem? Why can't she just leave me the

f**k alone? Can't she see I hate her guts?

Janet might look and act sweet, but

sometimes, I catch her off guard. Reagan hasn't been around much because of the situation with she-wolves being abducted, but whenever he was, we would try to spend all that time together. I had noticed Janet sometimes joins our conversation without being invited, and whenever she catches him alone, she always tries to put her hands all over him even though he always warns her not to. I'm quick to catch her, only for her to make up some lame excuse.

If her plan was to lure my mate back into her clutches, she should be ready to fail hard. Reagan clearly isn't interested in her since all his attention is always on me.

"What course are you both working on?"

Janet asks once more.

I sigh, exasperated. "Biology." I briefly answer, hoping she would go away.

"Sounds fun. Can I join."

nowhere to go. Since I've stopped going to college, I've just been sitting idle at home. I can only go out to shop, and that's it. There's nowhere else for me to go. I'm thinking about visiting my parents tomorrow. It's been a while since I last saw them.

Maybe I should talk to Reagan about my lack of routine. I could follow him instead and

help in solving the case he's working on. At least that way I'll be useful.

"Your friend seems sad. Is she alright?" Oh

yeah, and I hate being home alone with this

bitch.

I gruffly answer, "She's fine," before going over to the fridge and bringing out cooking ingredients. I will be making a meal for Reagan while Joanna makes for the rest. She hasn't come in yet, though.

I wanted to do something nice for Reagan. A way to rectify our last date.

"Are you cooking something?" Janet asks,

and I swear I'm about to lose my patience with

composure. This shouldn't surprise me. I've

been suspecting her all this while after all.

"So I was right," I state. "You are still in love with Reagan and hate me because I have him."

She scoffs before standing up to her feet. "Of course, I hate you. I mean, what did you think?" She arches a perfect eyebrow at me. "Reagan's a Prince, and this makes his mate

automatically a princess, making her the sixth

most powerful person in the beast kingdom and third most powerful female. And you think I'm

going to just throw that away and leave it for a

measly little wolf like you? You don't even

deserve him." For the first time, I'm seeing her

true, ugly colors.

"And you do?" I question with my eyebrows raised. "Listen to yourself. You don't even want him because you love him, but because of the

power and status that he'll bring to you. And that makes you a disgusting whore." I eye her in spite. She suddenly begins to cackle like some old witch.

"Oh, Ells. Of course I like him. And I'm going to rip him away from you bit by bit in the most painful way ever." She declares with a smug grin

evident on her face. I glower at her in anger before a smug smile of my own comes on.

“Dream on, b***h. I’m his mate, and nothing can tear us apart.” I state, walking up to her, so I’m looking directly into her eyes. We’re almost the same height, but she’s a bit taller by

a few inches.

I feel it then, her aura bursting out of her

and forcing me to submit. She’s a Lycan, and I’m still a werewolf in the process of turning. I try to fight it, but soon, I look away in defeat with my fists clenched by my sides. I can’t believe I lost to her. My wolf is growling in my head, and I can feel her ready to come out and teach this b***h a lesson. But I subdue her with happy thoughts of Reagan and me together.

I stare back up to see the smug grin on

Janet’s face. “We’ll see about that.” She says

before spinning on her heels and striding out

I stare back up to see the smug grin on

Janet’s face. “We’ll see about that.” She says

before spinning on her heels and striding out

the kitchen.

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Ruffled Feathers

I knew it. I always knew that she was a snake, cunning, and deceptive. She was probably putting on a show for everyone so they won’t kick her out. But not to worry, I’m gonna tell Reagan and expose her true colors. Not tonight, though. Tonight, I have a make-up dinner to prepare for.

First, I have to make something nice for Reagan. I just wasn’t sure what. I don’t know his favorite food, and Joanna isn’t here yet to tell

1. me. I wanted to be through before she comes here to make dinner, so I don’t have to share the

kitchen with her. It would be awkward

considering we both despise each other.

And how sure am I she won't lie about his favorite food out of spite? I'm just gonna cook something simple for us to share.

But in the process, Janet waltz back in with

a taunting smile on her lips. I try to ignore her, but she comes over to me, peeping over my

shoulder.

"How lovely it is that you're ready to go so low just to please him." She snickers before moving away. I turn to her, with my eyes blazing

in rage.

"What are you talking about?"

She smirks before crossing her arms over

her chest. "Well, you've turned to a full-time housewife just to please Reagan so he would

mark you."

Troll my eyes before turning back around to continue cutting the vegetables I was working on before she interrupted me. "You're talking rubbish," I mutter. "Not that it's any of your concern, but I'm still a student."

She hums, watching me pour the vegetables into the boiling pot of hot water. "Oh, really? Then why do I always see you at home, waiting patiently for your mate like a dutiful wife? I always see Lexi rush to school, but

never you."

"Why do you care?" I whirl around to throw

the question at her in irritation. What is she even

trying to get at?

Her smile widens as she clasps her hands in front of her. "He's never going to mark you, Ellie. No matter what you do. So stop trying"

My lips pull up in a mocking smile. "You're

delusional, Janet, because you know he's mine.

The moon has made it so. He hasn't marked me
yet because I didn't allow him to."

"Oh, Ellie. Sweet, naive Ellie." She sighs

before going to sit on one of the chairs at the

dining table. "He's a beast used to taking what

he wants. And he's also a Prince who gets served everything on a silver platter. And when he isn't, he forcefully takes it. And you believe he hasn't sunk his fangs into your neck and declare you his just because you asked him not to?" She arches an eyebrow at me before shaking her head and letting out a slight chuckle.

"And maybe you do realize something is wrong there. I'm sure you're going to tell him about me so he kicks me out. But that's because

you're insecure. You know there's a possibility he hasn't marked you because he still wants me. So, you want me out of the picture as quick as possible." She narrates while I'm still throwing daggers at her with both my eyeballs. I clench my fist tight around the knife in my hand, trying to hold myself back from attacking her. It wouldn't end well as there's a high probability

she could beat me.

She laughs once more before shaking her

head in mock pity. "You can try all you want, but he won't mark you."

Just then, we hear the sound of the

elevator ping and soon hear light footsteps. Lexi waltz in with Joanna behind her, who is carrying

a bag of groceries.

"What's up, girls?" Lexi flops herself onto a chair, not yet noticing the tension in the room.

"School is so exhausting. I can't even remember most of the things the lecturers kept saying... what's going on?" She pauses to glance

between Janet and me as I haven't stopped

glaring at her. Janet, however, is smirking like

she's having a blast.

I should tell Lexi about Janet's pretense,
but then I remember what she said about me
looking for a way to kick her out because of my
insecurities.

I'll show her. I'm going to let her see and realize that Reagan hasn't marked me
yet only

because I haven't allowed her to. Not because of

her but because I'm not ready yet. I can make him mark me and she's gonna watch
it all

happen.

"Nothing," I mutter at Lexi before going back to what I was cooking.

In the meantime, I try to ignore Joanna as

she also began to work. Lexi keeps narrating

about her horrible and long day to Janet while she listens attentively like a saint.
I kept seeing her glancing at me once in a while, sending smug smiles at me when
Lexi isn't looking, irking me further.

When I'm done with cooking, I arrange the meal on the tray before taking it
upstairs,

sending a death glare at Janet one last time

before I go.

I arrange the bed, fluffing the pillow with a

tight grip as a way to exert my anger.

The truth is, after Janet brought it up, I've been feeling slightly restless. Reagan
had told

me he hadn't marked me when we first met

only because my wolf isn't ready and was still healing from Brad's rejection. But
how true was

that statement?

He's a Prince of beasts and is used to taking anything he wants either willingly or forcefully.

And even when I had been a horny b***h and tried to rape him, he still hadn't taken me. He said he wanted me to give myself to him out of my own free will and not because of the bond,

but that doesn't sound right. Which kind of man can resist a girl begging him to take her? And not just any girl, but one he shares a special bond with and is supposed to be sexually

attracted to.

Okay, maybe I'm overthinking all of this. I

had let Janet into my head, and her words are

creating a cloud of doubts in my mind. I'll prove her wrong, though, as soon as Reagan is back.

He had told me before leaving today that he would be back early this time for dinner.! hurry to change into a burgundy colored dress with thin straps. It flays from the waist

downwards and stops a few inches above my

knee.

I wait for a few minutes before the door to

the bedroom swings opens with Reagan

emerging from behind it. He looks handsome in a black, buttoned-up shirt and grey chino pants with his hair styled backward but slightly

tousled.

I smile my brightest at him as he walks in and takes in the scene before him.

"Hey." I walk up to him.

"Hey..." He replies, his eyes shining with

surprise. "What's all this?" He asks, looking back

at me with curiosity.

"A makeup date," I answer after placing a peck on his cheek. I take his hand and lead him to the bed before taking the tray of food and settling beside him.

Thad made chickpea salad with grated carrots, chopped celery and fresh dill I also made some tarts for dessert. It's not much for a date, but I hope it could still count.

"I feel horrible for ruining our last date, and

I hope this will make up for it," I state with a

slight shrug. He sighs as he takes the tray from

1. me.

"It wasn't your fault. You weren't in the

best of times."

"I know, but I still wanted to do

something."

He smiles at me before taking a spoon full of the salad and placing it in front of my mouth so he could feed me. I smile before accepting it.

A while later, I decided then to bring up the

topic of my idleness.

"Reagan?" I call for him to look at me."

was thinking, in the meantime, since my online

college application is still in the process, that

maybe I could help you out with your case." ||

cautiously say, slightly scared he might refuse.

He stays silent for a few seconds with an

unreadable expression, on while I wait with

bated breath.

"I would love that." He finally says, causing

me to whip my head up at him wide-eyed. "It would be wonderful to have you with me all day."

I grin up at him excited before pushing up

to place a kiss of appreciation on his lips.

After we were done, I take the tray from his

hand and place it back on the nightstand. I climb on top of his lap, flashing him a seductive smile as I help unbutton his shirt. He stares at

me in amusement and slight confusion. But before he could ask anything, I lock my lips with

his.

I plunge my tongue into his mouth, dancing my tongue along with his as I kept on unbuttoning his shirt. His arm wraps around my

waist, holding me tight as he also gets lost in the

kiss.

I grind my hip on him, rubbing my clad core

against his crotch while moaning into his

mouth. His large arm around my waist explores

every inch of my body. His lips trail to my cheek then, down my neck, sucking and biting while eliciting moans of pleasure from me.

My hands go down to his pants, struggling with his belt buckle, and that's when he asked,

"What are you doing, little wolf?" He

whispers the question into my ear, still sucking at my neck. I lean closer to his ear with my hands still on his belt buckle.

"I want you to mark me, Reagan," I whisper before sucking on his ear lobe. But he goes rigid under me before slowly moving away from me.

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Split

Reagan slowly peels away my hand off him as he moves back to stare at me. I look up at him, my eyes shining with confusion at his withdrawal. Had I said something wrong? Why does he have this disoriented look on his face?

“What’s wrong?” I finally asked with my eyebrows scrunched in question. I can feel my heart skipping a beat in dread.

“You tell me.” He responds, looking

bewildered. His eyes search mine for something

I’m not sure of. “We had discussed this; we’re

going to wait until you’re fully ready for me to take you...”

“And I am ready!” I bring my hands up to cup both his cheeks so I could kiss him once more. But he moves back once again, holding my wrist and bringing them back down. The smile slowly wipes off my face as he rejects me

once more.

He shakes his head, bringing both his hand

down to my hip.”No, you don’t seem like it. Is

there something wrong? Are your hormones skyrocketing again?” He questions, but my

mind is already reeling with different thoughts

that make my heart plummet down to my

stomach in fear.

Had Janet been right?

I shake my head to look at him, “What does

that have to do with me being ready? Are you having second thoughts about me?” I voice out

my insecurities as calmly as I can.

“Why would you say that?” He frowns at

1. me. "Of course not. I'm just saying I won't mark you until you're ready. I can sense you're still

trying to process all this."

Thalt to look at him, stunned, before slowly

standing up from his lap.

I can't believe this. He was the one ready to

get me in bed and mark me since the first day

he brought me here. And now I'm letting him

know I want him too, but he thinks I need more

time?

I refuse to believe Reagan doesn't want me We are, after all, bonded together by the moon and can't be separated. But then again, I had thought the same with Brad.

Was I really not good enough for anybody? First, it was Brad, now Reagan. Why is it that there's always some other female better than

me? Stacy, Janet... it seems I couldn't compare to them since they keep on taking my mate's

away from me.

I feel the anger and irritation begin to rise, tired of being the second option. I pace for a

while, and he also stands with confusion written

all over his face. He attempts to walk over to

me, but I whirl around to him in my anger.

"Or maybe it's because Janet's here and you don't want to lose her just yet. If that's it, please just say it so we can end...all this as soon as possible."

He lets out a loud roar then, before

stomping over to the nightstand and knocking

off the tray and plates to the floor. I watch them

crack and break along with the glass cup. He

turns back to me with his lips pulled back in a snarl.

“The hell! I’m never letting you go.” He

vows, but I ignore him and stomp over to the

bathroom door. I swing the door open and slam it shut behind me before bolting it. I hear his quick footsteps hurrying over to catch me, but he’s too late.

I begin to pace once more in the middle of

the bathroom, doubts clouding my mind as

recall all that Janet said in the kitchen.

He’s never going to mark you...

I had once thought it impossible that I’m

Reagan’s mate. A plain she-wolf like me mated

to a Lycan Prince. It just sounds so absurd. And maybe it was...

Then Reagan’s sigh behind the door, “Open the door, Ellie.”

I remain silent for a few seconds, lost once more in my thoughts. Maybe Janet was right. Maybe I had anticipated being rejected once

more, and that’s why I had started to kiss up to

Reagan. I had accepted his decision for me to transfer to an online college without even much of a fight. And I’m living under his roof off my

own free will now after he had earlier

imprisoned me in these walls. Yeah, I’ve turned

weak.

Pulling my hair out with my fingers in frustration, I stopped my pacing to stare at the locked door.

“We need some time apart to know what

we want. I'm going over to my parents'

tomorrow and staying for a few days." I

announce and wait for his reply.

He doesn't say anything for a while before

exhaling once more.

"Baby, open the door." I can hear the

restraint in his tone.

"It's been long since I last saw them." continue, ignoring his request. "Or are you going to keep me locked up once again since you don't trust me?"

"Of course, I trust you. Just open the door

first so we can talk properly." His voice is, once

more, calm and collected, but I don't buy it. He probably is going to cuff me back to the bed the second I swing open that door. I know he can rip it open in one push if he wants to, but that

doesn't scare me.

"I really need this, Reagan..."

"Why?!" He roars from behind her door,

and I cringe back as he bangs his fist against the door. I frown in disapproval as it seems he's back to his controlling self. I thought we were

past that.

"Because I need it or else I'm going to suffocate being in the house all day doing nothing. You've already taken so much from me. The least you can do is to let me be free for a while."

It's silent once more, with none of us saying

anything as I wait once more for his response.

Then a loud growl is heard with a loud bang on the door, causing its hinges to shake. I was a bit

frightened he's going to knock them right off, but instead, I hear him stomp away before the

sound of another door slammed close is heard.

Then silence. It seems he has left the room.

I sigh, exasperated, running my hands through my hair once more before beginning to peel off into clothes.

I chuckle, dryly, as I recall what I had wanted tonight to be, a makeup dinner with my

mate. But look at what has happened.

Why do our dates always end in disaster? And all this was because Janet had whispered

some words into my ear, planting the seed of

doubt in my mind. And Maybel had let her win

with all that has happened. Maybel was a fool to allow it.

I can feel a dull ache in my heart, along

with a string of anger coming from my mate. I can feel a few of his emotions, but not much

since we aren't fully mated yet. I can feel his beast is pissed, wanting to come out and exert his anger. And I can hear my wolf whimpering in

my head, sad I had caused my mate pain. But he had caused it to me first.

What kind of man rejects his mate's s****!

advances?

Stepping into the shower, I let the cold

water spray over my hair and body before picking up the shampoo to spurt on my hair.

That already made up my mind. I would be going over to my parents' tomorrow. And only

when Reagan is ready to complete the mating

ceremony will come back to him. And God so help me if he even tries to force me to come back, I'll run far away from him. I won't be his

mistress just as Brad had wanted me to be. I'm

not that naive or helpless. I can fight and stand up for myself. I've been through a lot, and no one's going to push me around anymore.

He's going to have to decide if he truly wants Janet or me. He should have thrown that b***h out the first day she came here, knowing

my wolf could go berserk anytime because of her. But he had still allowed her to stay. And she

has been taking every opportunity she sees to

get close to him.

I want to be strong, I really do. But how can

I when I'm against the source of my strength?!

already miss him even though I just saw him a

few minutes ago.

When I step out of the shower, I walk in to

see the mess he had made. The tray still laid on the floor, along with the broken plates and shards of glass. Just then, Joanna knocks before

walking in and takes in the mess too. Then

without a word, she starts to clean before

leaving

I sigh, flopping down on the bed on my back while staring at the ceiling above me. I turn to bury my head in the pillows, sniffing the masculine scent of my mate and moaning in content. His scent is f*****g amazing and able to calm my turbulent mind.

Soon, I drift off to sleep while hugging the pillow that smells of Reagan. But when I wake up in the middle of the night, my side still

Soon, I drift off to sleep while hugging the

pillow that smells of Reagan. But when I wake

up in the middle of the night, my side still
remains empty and cold, which means Reagan
still hasn't come. I stayed up as long as I could,
waiting for him. But he never came, and I could
only wonder where he had gone.