

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 34

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...

I hear 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.

Thad 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.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 36

A Run In The Woods

Reagan

Islam the door of the bedroom behind me,

with the loud sound resonating through the whole house. But I could care less.
Storming downstairs, I see everyone present in the kitchen for dinner, Lexi,
Danny, Adrian, Janet,

even Joanna. Their heads whip to me in

confusion as I walk in.

Muttering for Joanna to go clean the mess

in my room, ignore everyone's questioning gaze as I head for the elevator.
Adrian is already beside me with his usual poker face on and his suit that always
seems to look flawless.

Like a dog to its master, Adrian always remains by my side whenever I step out of
my home, even when I don't want him to. It's sometimes infuriating, but I've
learned to live with it.

He doesn't ask what's wrong with me, though, as he probably already has an
inkling

since I came from upstairs where my mate is. It

seems that's everything she does to me, push my buttons, and piss me off
nonstop.

My body is taut and rigid, with waves of anger rolling off from me. I need to let out some steam before I end up disfiguring the next person that says s**t to me. My beast wants to

be let out, and this time, I'm not going to stop

him.

"The woods." I briefly order as Adrian, and I

hop into my Mercedes, one of the many cars of

mine parked in the lot. With him in the driver's

seat and me in the passenger's, he nods in

acknowledgment before starting up the engine.

I already started undressing even before

we got there. Not that I care about ripping the clothes, but I couldn't afford to go back home naked.

I'm left in my underwear short when Adrian

pulls up into a dirt road in the middle of the

woods. I hop out without turning back and

begin to run bare feet deep into the woods. It is

during this time that I start to phase into my beast little by little

Shiny golden fur begins to seep out of my skin as my body heights increases. My ears elongate, turning pointy, and my nose

transforms into a snout. Long sharp canines

protrude out of my mouth with my brown eyes turning to bright gold and my fingernails turn to sharp long claws.

I'm still on my feet with my shorts on as

the transformation takes place, but I feel little to

no pain phasing into my beast.

I arrive at the edge of a cliff when the transformation stops, with the moon shining

down on my shimmering golden fur as I take in the view of the city before me. It was breathtaking from up here, and I wish Ellie was here to see it with me. I crouch to watch, and with my heightened senses, I can see and hear things clearer from up here. Car horns, a dog barking at police sirens, and even murmurings from different people.

I stare back up at the moon before letting out a loud howl from of the shattering pain in

my chest.

My mate wants to leave me.

I've done everything I could to make her

accept me, but she keeps finding ways to stay away from me. First, she had left for Red Moon pack, now she wants to leave for her parents! I just don't get it. What had I done wrong?

I didn't want to mark her when she had asked me to earlier because something seemed

off. I know she's still trying to process the fact

that she's mated to a Lycan, and not just

anyone, a Prince, and that's why I was still

giving her time. At first, it was because of Brad,

the alpha mutt, but she has gotten over that. I

just don't want anything to be between us when

I finally take her. I want her to have given herself wholly to me and not because she was pushed to it or forced to.

But why had she seemed so...desperate in

the room? Had someone said something to her?

I am not sure. Something isn't right, but I don't

know what it is since she won't even f*****g talk to me! Maybe she was still mad because Janet was here, but I have reassured her over and over again that I'm hers and no one else's. I don't know how else to prove that to her.

Janet hadn't even been that important to me before. I had only tricked her a couple of times to come back to me only because she had disappeared for a long time. Even her parents had been worried. And she was the one who always threw herself at me. And because I was a lonely male and she, an available female, always took her up on her offer. But all that changed after I met Ellie. I finally found my other half, something I had thought would never happen.

Maybe she's still a bit insecure because of what Brad did to her. Does she think I'm going to

abandon her as that mutt had done? But why?

All I've done since having her is shower her with

love and care...sort of. I may have locked her at

home and kept a tight surveillance on her while she was at school, but all that was so she wouldn't have any bright ideas. And immediately as she found out I truly was her

mate, I had released my hold over her knowing

she wouldn't even think of leaving me.

But here we are right now, with her

wanting to put some distance between us. And I can't even lock her back up again as it would only ruin the little trust we had built for each

other. She would only get more upset, and that wouldn't solve anything. So maybe what she needs is to understand herself that leaving me is a bad option

Maybe when she gets to her parents and

her wolf constantly demands for me, she would

finally realize her mistake. She would feel the

pain of being without her mate and will come

running back to me. She just has to understand that leaving me isn't an option. It won't be easy

either for me, but I'm willing to do anything to keep her with me. And if this was how, then so

be it.

I'll give her the damn space she so desires. But if she doesn't come back quick, I'll just have

to catch her once more.

I run through the woods all night until my beast gets tired, which was a long time. It was almost morning, and I doubt Adrian would still

be waiting for me. But when I walk back to

where he had parked earlier, I'm surprised to still see him there, waiting patiently in the car, not even a wink of sleep present in his eyes. How does he do it? Being the perfect

bodyguard, that is.

I'm in my human form now, with my shorts

ripped from my phasing. I take off the damn thing and toss it away before dressing back into

my clothes. I'm dripping with sweat, my skin flushed from the exercise. And without saying a word, Adrian drives us both back to the

penthouse.

I check the time to see it's almost five in the morning. I'm exhausted from running all night and the lack of sleep. I just need a little shower

before flopping on the bed. I know I'll have a hard day ahead of me apart from the part where

I would be separated from my mate.

There was still a lot of investigation going on with the pack ambush situation. We already have a lead that werewolves are definitely involved, maybe rogue, and some hunters secretly helping them with weapons. But we still are unable to catch any of them.

Ellie had mentioned she wanted to join me, and I had been excited to hear that since it would mean we would be together all the time.

But now she wants to visit her parents instead?

Bullshit!

I may have tired myself out, but I still am seething with anger. Why does she always have to piss me off? I thought we were doing better

now.

I'm lost in my thoughts when I walk into

our room only to see Ellie on the bed in a sitting

position with her back resting against the

headboard behind her. Her eyelids are closed, but she doesn't seem comfortable in her

position.

My lovely mate must have been waiting for me and slept off during the process. I feel slightly guilty and walk over to her, crouching beside her as I brush a strand of hair from her cheek, careful not to wake her up. She's so damn beautiful....and all mine. She just doesn't know it yet and still thinks I would leave her for

another. But she's so wrong there. I'm never

letting her go, no matter what. She's tied to me

for life, and nothing's going to change that.

gently help her lay back on the bed with

her head on the soft pillows before placing a kiss on her forehead. A smile appears on her lips as she turns over to her side, facing me. But her

eyes are still closed in comfortable sleep, now that I accommodated her.

Before I could take my hand back, she

grabs it and mumbles, "Reagan..." But she's still asleep. Probably having a sweet dream about

1. me.

As my smile appears on my lips before!

gently take my hand. She might fight me every

time, but she can't get me out of her head. I've

begun to ingrain myself in her heart; if only she

would trust me a little more.

Sighing exasperated, I walk over to the

bathroom to have a cold shower to cool my

heated skin. I walk back out to wear a pair of

grey sweatpants before joining my mate on the bed. I'm careful not to wake her up, cuddling her from behind. She's small in my arms, like a little kitten. Soft and adorable. And she smells *****g amazing. The sweetest fragrance I've ever smelled.

I can only hope that when she wakes up

later, she forgets her earlier request about

leaving for her home. But if she does bring it up,

I'll let her go. Hopefully, she would realize her mistake real quick and come running back to

1. me. This way, she won't think about staying away from me ever again when she remembers

1. me. This way, she won't think about staying away from me ever again when she remembers

the pain she once felt.

Staying away from your mate for long is like

having a part of your heart ripped out of your chest. Excruciatingly painful. The last time Ellie had left me, she didn't feel much considering

she still didn't know I was hers then. But now, things were a bit different.

She shuffles a bit in her sleep, leaning in

deeper into my chest. I watch her tiny form clutch me before she goes back into her deep

sleep.

I'll give her the freedoms she desires, but

that doesn't mean I would let her go. I'm never

letting her go, and she will soon realize that she's bound to me for life.

However, later in the morning, I wake up to the angry glare of my sweet mate as she regards me with her jaw clenched. I can only imagine

what the hell I had done now to piss her off.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 37

Shattered

Ellie

"Where the hell were you last night?!" I yell

the question at the sleepy man beside me as I

glower down at him. At first, when I had woken

up to his scent and warmth, I had felt happy and content since he was here with me. But then irritation began to seep in at not knowing where

he had been last night.

I had waited all night like some good wife

for her husband, worrying where he was and berating myself for being the reason he left in the first place. And he could have been with...!

don't know...Janet! I didn't even realize when I

had fallen asleep, and now I wake up to see him

cuddling up to me like everything was alright. I

still haven't forgotten how he blatantly rejected me yesterday, which was embarrassing, by the

way.

"Ellie?" His voice sounds husky and sleepy as he slowly stands up, rubbing the sleep out of

his eyes with his hands. His blond hair a tousled

mess, and that only seems to make him sexier with his full chest on display as he has no shirt

1. on. Yummy.

I compose myself quickly so I won't begin to drool over him. I'm sitting with my arms

crossed over my chest, my face pulled in a

scowl, my eyes still blazing with anger.

Even though he looks cute in his vulnerable

state, I still am not going easy on him. There are bags under his eyes with his face in a dull

expression that lets me know he hasn't gotten

much sleep. Meaning he was awake most of the

night and probably only joined me a few hours ago. I wonder why? What had kept him up all

night?

"What time is it?" He groans, running his

hands through his hair.

"I don't know. Have you asked Janet?"

Childish, I know. But I've been thinking about

nothing but her all night. And how she's likely the reason why my mate rejected me last night.

Reagan halts then for a second before his

eyes snap to mine as if he's just seeing me for the first time and noticing my change of mood.

He sighs, reaching for me, "Little wolf..." But I pull back out of his reach, eyeing him cautiously. He seems a bit hurt at my action but

shakes his head.

"What's wrong?" He finally asks.

"What time did you get back?" I scrunch

my eyebrows in question at him. He blinks, studying me in confusion.

He runs his hands down his face in

exhaustion, "Around five, I think." He answers. No wonder he looks so tired.

I swallow past the lump in my throat as!

get ready to ask the next question. "Were you with her?"

He seems confused at my question, arching an eyebrow at me." With who?"

"You know who." I retort with my eyes narrowed at him. He blinks once more at me

before realization dawns on me.

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"No, Ellie. Never." He quickly answers with a shake of his head. I believe him, not because of the sincere look in his eyes, but because I would have felt it if he had been sexually close to her.

But there's still a probability he was with her.

Maybe he just didn't touch her.

"So, where were you?"

He sighs, exasperated, "I went for a run,

okay?" He attempts to move closer to me and

hold me, but I step back once more, getting off the bed to stand to my feet.

"Okay, I know you're still mad about last

night, but you have to understand..."

"Understand what?" I cut him off with a

sharp glare. "That my mate doesn't want me probably because he's interested in some other

female."

"That's enough, Ellie!" He growls the warning in his eyes flashing. I whip my head away to look at the wall opposite me, ignoring his hard glare.

After a while, I hear him shift from the bed

4/14

then, his light footfalls walking towards me. But I keep my eyes pinned away from him.

He's right behind me when he says, "I never

said that I don't want you, nor did I say I want

someone else. You know I'm crazy about you.

Look at me, Ellie." His smooth voice behind me

coaxes me to let down my walls. I know if I step

into his arms, I might forget everything right

away and just lean further into him. So that's

why I kept my distance as I turned to look at
him.

I feel slightly guilty as I notice the tired
expression on his face. I'm the cause of his pain.

I'm the one who made him storm out yesterday

in anger and tire himself out till this morning. I'm the one still causing him
distress with my

sour mood.

His hand comes up to caress my cheeks, but this time, I don't move away. He
smells and

feels so good. I just want to forget everything
while I'm with him.

"Baby..." He says as I begin to lean into his

touch. But then, a sharp knock spoils the

moment as we both halt at the sound. Reagan

let's out a low cuss before he growls angrily at

the intruder behind the door.

"What is it?!" He snaps.

"It's me. We need to hurry and leave." I

know that irritating voice anywhere. "A small pack was ambushed last night, and
we need to

go check it out."

My eyebrows furrow in question at her words as I stare back at Reagan in
shock. He mutters something along the lines, "I'll be down in a minute." before
the sound of retreating footsteps is heard.

I tilt my head at Reagan, still trying to

process the meaning behind Janet's words.

"I have to go right now, but..." "She's joining you with the investigation?"

calmly voice out the question as I stare,
stunned at him. Since Janet came, I've never
seen her follow Reagan and Danny out. Mostly
because she isn't working with them and also,
Danny hates her. He's probably going to throw a
fit if he finds out about this. But for now, I'll be
the one throwing a fit.

Reagan takes his time as if he already

knows how I would react to his answer. "Yes, she is." He finally says but quickly
adds, "Just like you, she wanted to be a part of it. And I hadn't seen any harm in it.
She is good at quickly spotting the slightest detail with her sharp eyes.

Her dad was once the head warrior and had
trained her well. She can be of good help and..."

"So she'll be with you all day?" I interrupt him, hugging myself while digging my
nails into my arms. I can already feel the jealousy slowly seeping into my bones.

He pauses to stare at me before answering,

"Yes." I dig my nails deeper into my palms enough to draw blood. "But so will
you." He

quickly adds. "You did say you want to join me,
right?"

"I'm not." I calmly state, even though I was boiling inside with fury. I won't be
able to stand

watching them being so close all day. My wolf
would pounce on Janet the first few minutes,
and I won't even do anything to stop her since!
want her to.

I can't believe he thinks I'll be okay with Janet being with him all day. If it had been Brad and me, Reagan would have gone berserk at the thought. He can't even stand me saying his name, and here he is wanting me to watch him and his ex play detective all day. No f*****g way.

"But you said you wanted to join me." He walks close to me, but I move away once more, causing him to frown in disapproval.

"Yeah, but I also said I would be going back to my home for a few days..."

"This is your home!" He bellows then with fury. "I am your home." He snarls the statement

with a dark look in his eyes. But I don't so much as cringe at his harsh tone. I only met his glare head-on with one of mine.

"Are you sure?" I ask, causing him to

raise an eyebrow at me in question. "'Cause you don't feel like it, not anymore." I know I'm only adding fuel to fire, but I'm stating what I feel

right now. Everything between us is changing,

and I can feel our new fragile bond slowly

cracking. Doesn't he feel it too?

He steps back at my words, almost as if he had slapped him. He's staring at me with shock

written all over his face before he shakes his

head.

"You don't know what you're saying, little wolf. We belong to each other." He takes a step closer to me. "You want me just as much as

want you.”

“Then mark me then.” I close the space

between us in one long stride. I had one of his

long shirts on and started to unbutton it. “Take me however you want. Make me yours.” Right

now, I’m a desperate she-wolf who didn’t want

to experience the pain of being rejected once more. I may have been able to survive that of

Brad’s, but I doubt I’ll make it through with

Reagan. He’s already part of my soul even

though he hasn’t marked me yet. I just can’t lose

him. And if begging him shamelessly will do the

trick, then I’m ready to take it.

His eyes flash with something dark in them

as he watches me unbutton his shirt. I’m

halfway through when I lean upon my

tippy-toes to place a hard sensuous kiss on his

lips. I trail my fingers down his exposed chest

and abs, aiming for below as I distract him with

the kiss. But when my hands touch his pant, he

lets out a growl before gripping both my wrists

and move them away.

“No.” He whispers between us, our breaths coming out in pants from our makeout session.

“Why?!” I almost yelled the question.

“Because you sound more desperate than willing.” He leaves my wrist then to cup both my cheeks with his big hands. “Is there something you’re not telling me?” I can see the concern in his soft eyes filled with so much love and care.

I remember Janet’s poisonous words from yesterday, but I shake away the thought. This was between Reagan and me. I just don’t get why my mate won’t claim me. Is there something wrong with me that makes my mates not accept me?

Reagan keeps saying I’m not ready, and that’s why he hasn’t marked me yet. But how’s that possible. How does he know when I’m ready or not? That just doesn’t make any sense.

I move away from him, my fists clenched at my sides as I grit my teeth in anger. “Well, when you think I’m ready, I’m sure you know the way

to my parents’ home,” I announce, hoping this

was enough to change his mind. I’m sure he would do anything to keep me here...right?

His face turns crestfallen with his shoulders

hunched in defeat. Running his fingers through his messy mop of hair in frustration, he begins

to pace the room while grumbling incoherent

words underneath his breath. I watch him

contemplate for a while before he sighs, and without saying anything, walks into the closet.

He emerges later dressed in something more formal as he makes his way towards the

bedroom door without sparing me a glance.

My heart shatters slowly as he blatantly
ignores me and heads for the door. And out of
one last desperate attempt, I yell after him.

"I'm leaving today."

He halts in his footsteps, not turning
around with his eyes pinned in front of him. I
wait with bated breath for his response, holding
onto a tiny shred of hope that he'll listen.

"You'll be back, eventually." He only says before waltzing out of the room and
closing the
door shut behind him.

I stare at the door for a few seconds in
shock, unable to comprehend what just
happened.

He's letting me go, just like that?

My heart is breaking into tiny little pieces with no one to pick them up. It feels as
if the breath has been knocked out of me, and I find it hard to breathe. My eyes
turn blurry as the room around me spins.

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Was he perhaps tired of me and my tantrums and happy to get rid of me? Have I
lost

my mate once more?