

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 25

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

Progress

I'm still a bit shaken by my conclusion as I remain frozen on the bed. She-wolves are fragile creatures that are easy to break and tame. And this can be achieved through the mate bond. Yes, just as it's all wonderful and magical, it can also be a dangerous tool if used wrongly.

For us werewolves, the males are the ones to mark us, but we can't mark them back. And when the male sinks their canines into the female's neck, not only is he claiming her as his, but she's also accepting to be submissive to him. We are then compelled to follow whatever our mate says.

Personally, I think it's bullshit as we're supposed to be equals, and so does every other female. So that's why male werewolves are cautious when exerting authority over their mates; they try as much as possible not to use

this power of theirs over us. But as I said before, it can be used very wrongly.

If she-wolves are being sold, it would mean there's a strong possibility male *were*wolves are the ones buying them. Probably dangerous rogues. And if they are, they could forcefully mark them and bind these she-wolves to them. This way, they wouldn't be able to stand up for themselves or go against their mates. It's the perfect tool to turn them into their personal slaves, only giving birth to their pups as they're abused daily. I feel sick, even just thinking about it.

"Hey..." I hear a soft whisper beside my ear, startling me out of my thoughts. I must have been deep in them as Reagan has stood up from the sofa and is sitting beside me now.

she woves back," Reagan reassures me, caressing my cheek. His eyes are soft, and for the first time, I see an emotion in them that squeezes my heartstrings. "*You* look pale. Do you feel sick?" Worry furrows his eyebrows as he scrutinizes me and strokes my cheek with

his palm.

I quickly shake my head, regaining my senses. "I'm fine. Just a bit sorry for the she-wolves."

He smiles before nodding, his arms going around my waist to bring me onto his lap. I go rigid in his arms as he tucks my head beneath his chin and holds me softly to him. His hand smoothly caresses my arm while he lays a kiss on my head.

"Feel better now?" He asks in a smooth, soft voice. I slowly relax into his arms, sighing

scent

"Yeah." I wrap my tiny arms around his muscular torso, rubbing my cheeks against his chest. It's a new side of him I'm seeing, and I think I like this side better. So much better than his possessive and controlling side. I don't know if it's because he's a Prince who's used to giving commands and that is why he always treats me like that.

We remain sharing our company in silence for a while, reveling at the moment. I realized.

then that part of my plan was also working.

Since I haven't fought or gone against him, he seems so caring with his guard down. I can read some of his expressions and feel more connected to him somehow.

"Reagan?" I ask while he strokes my hair with his long fingers. I lift my head then to stare up at him as he looks at me in question.

"Tell me, what would have happened if I already was mated to Brad? *Would you have still known I'm your mate?*" A shadow looms over his face, and I can see his jaw clench slightly.

"Yes." He gruffly answers, making me all the more confused. But that doesn't make any sense!

He sighs when he sees the question written all over my face before pulling me back to him..

"For us Lycans, it's extremely rare to find our mates. I don't know if it's a curse on us or because of our extended lives. But anyway, if we are unmated, we can still find our mates even if they've been claimed by another. And since it's a rare occasion that we find them, we

a duel to the death. And of course, we always win." He adds with a smug smile while I stare in horror at him.

"But...but that's cruel. You would be separating two mates forcefully from each other and kill one in the process? Wouldn't he or she be affected?" He frowns at my questions, staring at me with his eyebrow raised in disbelief.

"Ellie, we're beasts. We take what is ours however we see fit. And it's up to the best man to win. You know how it works. We're not the same with humans who go to court every five seconds to settle the littlest of disputes."

He does make a point. We can't follow the same protocols as humans since it's not our nature. But living among humans makes me see things differently sometimes.

point out the obvious. He shrugs like it's not his business while I narrow my eyes at him.

"Look, Ellie. I don't make the rules. The mate bond isn't perfect and has so many flaws that we can't fix. But you can't expect us to watch our mate walk past us with some other

person without doing anything. Our beasts won't let us." He explains.

"And what about the person whose mate you just killed. Won't he or she feel the pain of the death of his mate?" I tilt my head at him in question.

He shrugs, "Once they're with us, they would get healed as we mark them. Just as you don't feel the mate bond any more with that Alpha mutt." He spits the last part in disdain, and I can see the anger and hatred in his eye though. I don't feel anything for Brad anymore. It's almost like he never existed in my heart before.

I shake my head to stare at Reagan.

"Speaking of Brad...I heard you're reporting him to the council." I cautiously bring up the topic, knowing how much he hates me talking about Brad. And his demeanor does change, turning a bit dark.

He sighs then, running a frustrated hand through his hair.

"Personally, I don't give that much a f**k about the mutt and would love if he had just

died in that forest. But Adrian had already filed
the case before we got here without even telling

1. me. My father had kept him by my side as my
watchdog, so, sometimes, he acts without

informing me. And I can't do much about him

Progress since he works directly for the king, who is
superior to me."

"Well, can't you at least do something?"

His eyes snap to mine, and they narrow down
at me in a warning.

"I'm not trying to defend Brad, but I think
he has already suffered enough. You tore out
his canines, Reagan. That's the worst
punishment to give a werewolf, especially an
Alpha. Some people would even prefer death to
that." He looks away to the wall, and I quickly
take hold of his jaw to draw him back to me.

"I don't have any feelings for him. But right
now, I feel really guilty for all he's going
through. It's partially my fault he's in this mess."

"He was the one who rejected you!"

Reagan states.

"I know that. But it still doesn't make me
feel any better. And him being sent to the

council would only make me feel worse." I stare into his warm eyes, cupping his jaw as I stand to straddle his hips, "Besides, he can't hurt me anymore in the state that he is."

He mulls over it for a while, his lips pursed with both his hand gently on my hips. With a sigh, he gruffly agrees.

"Fine. I'll see what I can do." He announces, making a grin spread wide on my lips.

"Thank you!" Tunexpectedly throw my arms around him to give him a tight hug. He goes rigid for a second in shock before he places his arm around me. I suddenly feel like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. The guilt of Brad meeting his grave so early had been heavy on my chest. A lot of people would have been affected, starting from Luna Ciara, then Alpha Benson and Stacy.

"I'm hungry," i state after a while, lacing my fingers into Reagan's hair as he keeps his head buried in my neck.

"Me too." He breathes, placing a kiss on my neck before going lower.

"I don't think we're talking about the same hunger," I state as he nips at my neck. He chuckles lightly into my chest.

I keep treading my fingers through his blond hair to the nape of his neck as he lightly bites at my skin. My body shivers in desire with tiny tingles spreading all around. How is he so good at making me feel needy so fast?

Unexpectedly, his lips clamp over one hardened bud of my n****e through the thin dress, causing me to arch my back up at him. He swirls around the bud.

"Reagan." I moan with him moving from one breast to another. He groans as I pull hard on his hair. The sexual tension in the air is so thick, I could smell it.

He lets go of the hard bud before sighing loudly. His forehead leans on my chest as he holds me close to him with his palm brushing over my hips.

"Let's get you something to eat. Go dress up so we can go downstairs." I almost jump up and dance around the room in victory at his words. No longer am I going to be chained up in

here and fed like a baby.

But I school my expression to remain cool,
not giving a thing away. He maybe hasn't even
noticed his decision yet, so I won't be giving
I force my jelly legs to get off him and move
towards the closet. I throw on the first dress
come across before hurrying back out. I see
Reagan still on the bed, and he stands when he
sees me and extends his arm for me to take
I happily accept it before we head out of
the room together. I feel like an animal let free
when I step into the hallway. I never thought I
would say this, but I miss these walls so much. I
would have hugged them while rubbing my
body all over them, but I can't do that with
Reagan beside me.

Hand in hand, we all down the stairs but
stop at the last landing when we notice the
tension in the air.

Lexi is standing with an awkward smile on
her lips beside the sofa while a black-haired
lady sits regal and comfortable on it. She

Progress doesn't seem familiar, but her scent is a bit to

1. me. Her blue eyes are the palest I've ever seen,

and her skin is smooth and glowy. She emits the same aura every Lycan does, and there a small smug smile on her lips that turns to a full-blown smile when her eyes land on Reagan beside me.

Danny is sitting on the opposite sofa with a glare directed at her, but she doesn't seem to mind and ignores him. She stands to her feet as we make way to the gathering, and I can feel Reagan's tense form beside me.

In a flash, the lady stands up to hug her slim figure to Reagan's as she giggles a soft melodious sound.

"Reggie!" She squeals with her arms around his neck. His expression, however, is blank as he stares down at her.

"Reggie!" She squeals with her arms around his neck. His expression, however, is blank as he stares down at her.

I'm frozen to my spot in shock, and for a few seconds, I feel numb.

"Janet?" Reagan finally says in a cold gruff sses

tone. And she, in turn, presses her body closer

to him.

Right then, I began to regain my body movement, and I feel my blood boiling to 100 degrees Celsius as the female keeps her arms around Reagan.

“Get away from him!” Everyone’s head snaps to me, and it takes me a few seconds to realize that the person who had just growled was me.

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Burning Hot

My eyes burn with anger and jealousy as glare at the lady, who has her hands all over my mate. Yes, my mate. Reagan was mine, and even my wolf is accepting that fact fully. I can hear her howl of joy in my head, her tail wagging about with her tongue out as she pants.

Mate. I feel that word reverberates through my body like a drug before settling in my heart. My wolf craves a better look at her mate, and

she does, through my eyes, causing it to glow what I presume a bright blue. But she snarls in jealousy at the female who has her paws over

him, frozen in shock.

It’s funny how a tinge of jealousy is just

what I needed to realize Reagan was right. I was

his, and he, mine. Brad’s rejection must have really messed me up to not know this fact soon enough. But now that my bond with him was broken...gone, I can now see the truth.

And why the hell is that Lycan b***h’s

hands still on my mate?!

The room is dead silent as everyone has their head turned to us. Lexi is staring at me in awe with her jaw slightly open. Danny also blinks in shock for a few seconds before a smug smirk appears on his lips as he stands from the couch. But who I'm really interested in was

Reagan.

He has his head tilted to the side with his eyes fixed on me, staring straight into my eyes. All in all, they're all looking at me like I'm some odd specimen they've never seen before. Is there something on my face?

I can feel my claws trying to unsheathe themselves from my fingers, wanting to claw at the black-haired beauty. But I hold them back

with my fists balled by my side. So many

emotions are going through me right now, and

I'm a bit shaken by them all. Even my fists by my

sides are shivering.

"Get away from him, Janet." I hear Lexi

suddenly say as she takes a step closer to us.

That seems to be the bitch's name as she reacts by blinking out of her shocked state before slowly moving away from Reagan.

I may not be able to take her out since she's stronger than me, but I would draw as much blood as I can from her before she knocks me out.

Janet stares between Reagan and me in question as she steps back from him. But my eyes follow her every step, waiting for a wrong move. If she even dares to touch him, I'll pounce on her with my canines aimed at her throat.

She's very pretty, though, that I can say. I feel a bit insecure and probably would look so plain beside her. She must be a supermodel with that body of hers. Her legs seem to go on forever, and she has curves in all the right

places. Not too much, though, just perfect. Gigi

Hadid's got nothing on her.

"Hey...look at me." I snap my eyes away
from Janet to look at the smooth voice
beckoning to me. I hadn't even realized Reagan
is

had moved towards me. His palm is on my cheek, turning me to face him. His touch makes my skin turn flush, and I suddenly feel very hot.

"That's right, focus on me." He whispers.

I feel my anger and hatred begin to subside as I look into his soft eyes. They remind me of maple syrup that I can't seem to do without when eating pancakes. He blinks up at me as he whispers soothing words for me to calm down. and I feel my wolf begin to scooch down on her

paws.

Tregain my senses, staring at everyone in confusion. What just happened? It had felt like i was a different person, feeling emotions that were too much to handle. And I almost lost

control of my wolf. Another minute more and

she would have been out, cracking my bones till I take her form so she could pounce.

"Come on. Let's take you back up." Reagan takes my hand in his and begins to lead me back

to the stairs. I'm a bit dazed about what's

happening, and I stare around us in my

confused state.

"Reggie..."

"Later, Janet." Reagan's cold voice stops her from advancing towards us. She halts in her footsteps, staring at our retreating back in stunned silence, Danny still has his smug look on, and Lexi is now grinning in joy. Her wiggling her fingers to me in a wave is the last thing I see before Reagan takes us down the hallway back to his room.

I follow him like a robot, confused about my emotions. I feel a bit fine now, but still don't feel like myself. It's like how a hangover feels after a night of drowning oneself in liquor.

I feel Reagan lower me to sit on the bed as he also sits beside me, stroking my hair lovingly. He places a peck on my temples before pulling me into his chest. My skin burns wherever his touches and my body feels like it's on fire.

"You alright, little wolf?" He asks in his smooth velvety voice. I stay silent for a while, just listening to the sounds of our breaths as!

try to gather my thoughts.

"What happened?" I ask, staring blankly at the grey wall opposite us.

"Something that should have happened the day we met." He announces with a sigh. I move back to stare up at him in question.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

He grins before taking a hold of my jaw with his hands. "It means, my dear, that you have finally realized you're mine." My body shivers in excitement at his words, and his touch on my jaw makes tingles spread in that area. Everything about him elicits a reaction from me.

"I felt...so much anger at that lady. Who is she?" I'm overly curious to know, and the fact that a shadow looms over his face at my question has me on the edge the more.

He shakes his head, "Don't worry yourself about that now, pup. The important thing now is that your wolf has finally recognized me. And you're going to be going through some changes over the next few days." He stands up to go to

the bathroom, walking back out with a bowl of water and a neat cloth soaked in it. He wrings the cloth free of water and begins to brush my hot skin with it.

He must have felt how hot my skin was. And the wet cloth helps cool it down as he

moves it over my face, neck, and chest.

"Mating for us Lycans is a bit different for

the werewolves in some areas. And it's the

females who mostly feel the brunt of it." He's talking, but my eyes are fixated on his lips. They're so full and inviting. I could bite and suck on them all day

"...you might be feeling more attracted to

me than you used to having s*** I thoughts and extreme jealousy if any other female gets close to me. And it will only get worse until we complete the mating ceremony. Your scent will

also be stronger and inviting to other males." His voice sounds so alluring. I wonder what he'll sound like moaning my name.

"Reagan..." I moan his name as I bunch his

Burning Hot

shirt in my fist so I could climb on his lap, straddling him. Oh my, were his thighs always so strong?

Without giving him any space, I smash my lips to his, wrapping my arms around his neck as I deepened the kiss. His arm comes around my waist to hold my squirming form still on his lap as I rub my body against him.

"Ellie..." Reagan groans as he pulls away from me while holding me back.

"What's wrong. Don't you want to f**k me anymore? Isn't that what you want?" I gasp, reaching for the band of his sweatpants. But before I could shove my hand into his pants, he takes hold of my wrist.

"Trust me, I do. But I want you to give yourself willingly to me not because of the damn

mate bond."

"But you said I'm going to keep feeling this way till we complete the mating ceremony." whine as he keeps me away from me.

"Yes, I did. But it's only for a few days, then

Burning Hot

it'll stop. After another few days, it'll start all over again. It's just like your menstrual cycle. Take it like you're in heat." He explains as he keeps both my hands in his hold since they're trying to get into his pants,

"Heat?! What am I? Ab***h? Wait..do not answer that." Since technically, I am.

With a frustrated huff, I move off of his lap

to stand far away from him. I don't think I could control myself if I was any closer to him.

"What other changes will be experiencing

now." I pace around the room to the window so

could receive some cool air.

"Well, you shouldn't try to change into your wolf just yet. She's in the phase of turning to a Lycan." He shrugs while I whip my head around to him in shock.

"What? I'm turning to a Lycan!" I know my aura had changed a bit, but I thought that would be all. I didn't know I would fully turn to one of

them.

don't know if I should be excited or nervous. My breathing gets labored as I try to get this new information in

"Calm down." He stands up to walk over to me with cautious steps. He's eyeing me like I'm a lion that could pounce on its prey any second now. –

"You won't feel any pain. And when you phase to your Lycan form, it's not as painful as when you turn to a werewolf. There won't be any cracking of bones, just an increase in height and your senses." He calmly explains as he stops a few feet away from him. Why is he standing so far away from me? Just a few steps are all I need to tackle him to the floor and...

Christ!! need help!

"I feel like I'm high on some kind of drug. Everything seems so...bright." I squint my eyes away from the light in the room. Even though Reagan likes his room's light dim, it's still too bright for me

"Everything will be heightened for you,

Burning Hot

5 Folds

starting with your senses. So don't panic, alright?" The room turns dark then, and turn to see him by the light switch "Better?" I nod in answer.

Even though it's dark, I could see him clearly as I would under the sun and his sweatpants are hanging dangerously low on his hips due to my earlier meddling with it. I feel my mouth water at the thought of whatever lays underneath them. I wonder what he tastes like.

I snap my eyes back up to meet his and see his head tilted to the side as he studies me.

"I need a cold shower," I announce before stomping my way to the bathroom. The first thing I do is to turn off the light switch before rushing towards the sink to splash some water on my face.

With a sigh of content at the cooling water, I slowly rise back up but freeze as I stare at my reflection in the mirror. Staring right back at me is not the familiar glowing blue eyes of my wolf that I'm used to. But instead, bright lime greens

reflection in the mirror. Staring right back at me is not the familiar glowing blue eyes of my wolf that I'm used to. But instead, bright lime greens are staring back at me as they glow in the dark.

I'm stunned for a few seconds, blinking my eyes in shock, and wondering if I'm hallucinating. But they're still there. Soon, they

turn back to my normal dark blue eyes as they

lose their glow. Reagan's words from earlier then pop into my head.

She's in the phase of turning to a Lycan.

"Ah, f**k me."

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 27

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)
Burning Jealousy

I watch the droplets of water cascading down my body fall to the ground in tiny splashes before going down the drain. The cool water helps soothe my burning ho

t skin, but it doesn't stop the ache between my legs. No, only something else is supposed to.

If someone had said last week that I would

be under a cold shower in the bedroom of a

Prince of

all beasts, I would have laughed hard in their faces. But in one week, I had been claimed by a Prince, locked in his house like a prisoner, escaped his clutches to my aunt's place only to be found by him a few days later

with another man's canines on my neck. Then

he had unfortunately lost those canines. Also, just growled at a female Lycan in jealousy, molested a Prince, still thought about doing it, and now I'm turning to a Lycan.

Yeah, my life's never going to be the same

anymore. So much has happened in one week.

Too much to alter my life's pattern. I couldn't go back and change the events that occurred, nor could I back out of whatever is happening to me. Everything scares me, but at the same time, I'm excited to know more.

Thave so many questions to ask, but I think I've had enough for one night. All Reagan had told me earlier is still swimming through my head in disarray.

I've realized he's mine, but I'm hesitant to still accept that fact. Why would a plain girl like me be mated to a Prince?! Was my life some sort of movie to the moon goddess for her to have her fun with? What if I hadn't given that scarf to Gina? Would Reagan have never realized I'm his mate, and we would have left that party without meeting? So many possibilities cross through my mind. But there were no answers. Maybe it's

all just fate.

With a sigh, I turn off the shower and reach for the towel. My body's heat had cooled down since I've been under the shower for almost

thirty minutes. I dry off before wearing back my thin chemise and tie my hair in a ponytail. I walk out to see something yummy waiting for me on the bed. And I'm not talking about food.

Reagan is still in his sweatpants and t-shirt, but he seems to get sexier by the minute. *There's* a tray containing a plate of shrimp and snap pea stir-fry, a glass of juice, and water. But that's not why I'm drooling. He's sprawled on the bed beside the tray. His blond hair in a

tangled mess because of my earlier assault. He

has a smug grin on that pretty face, and his eyes are two alluring orbs drawing me in. My eyes trail down to his muscular chest and clad abs before going lower. I swear I can see the outline of Reagan's c**k if I stare hard enough. My

mouth waters as I think about what he looks like

there

"Are you going to keep on staring all night, or are you actually hungry?" His voice makes my eyes snap back up to his smug face. I lick my lips before taking slow steps towards the bed.

"And I'm talking about the tray of food." He adds with his lips quirking up further in amusement

"I know that." I send a glare his way as I take the space on the other side of the bed.

"Are we sharing this?" I ask, eyeing the plate of food meant for one.

"No, I already had something while in the kitchen." He mumbles as I sit the tray in my lap.

"Want me to feed you?"

Immediately as the words left his mouth, a vivid, erotic image of him feeding me something

else pops into my mind. I pause in horror before shaking it from my mind. Where are these thoughts coming from?

"I don't think we should have any sort of physical contact for a while," I say the words as I swallow past the lump in my throat.

"And feeding you dinner is a sort of

physical contact?" There the amusement in his
voice, causing me to turn and narrow my eyes at

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" His smile widens as he scoots closer to me.

"Let's just say it's wonderful to see you squirm just at my words...or touch." He glides a finger down my exposed arm, making goosebumps appear on the skin as I shiver. He looks back up to grin at me. "Now you know

how I've been feeling all this while.

"Asshole," I mutter before I begin to shove

my food into my mouth.

His sexy chuckle only makes things worse for me down there, and I try hard to concentrate

on something else other than the erotic images

popping into my head.

I remember something then, a certain

black-haired beauty clinging to Reagan like

she's trying to glue herself to him. My wolflets

out a low growl as I recall the memory.

"Who is she?" I ask for the second time that

night, and he knows who I'm talking about as

his smile falls off. He's silent for a while with a

frown marring his perfect face as he seems lost

in thought

"Don't worry about that now. Eat your food." He dismisses the question with a wave of his hand.

I frown at his reaction as he averts his eyes. "That's what you said the last time." He doesn't answer but keeps his eyes on the wall opposite

1. us.

"Would you have not worried about it if some other man had his hands all over me as he presses me against him, my boobs touching his

chest..."

"Don't." He growled the simple word as his burning gaze diverts back to mine. His expression had been turning dark little by little as I had spoken

"Then tell me who she is." I stare at him

dead in the eyes in determination while he had his stare back at me in a warning. When he sees I'm not giving up, he sighs, running his long fingers through his full hair.

"She's an old acquaintance."

Benis

suming Jealousy

I frown at him, "She hadn't looked or behaved like an acquaintance." He doesn't say anything to my words. TInhale in a deep breath before asking the question I dread. "Is she the owner of the clothes I saw in your closet when I first came here?"

He's silent for a while as I wait for his answer while holding my breath. He finally nods, causing my jaw to clench.

When I had first asked about the clothes, he said something about her, always staying here even when he wasn't around. That means they

had been very close to have been living like an old couple. And his reluctance to not talk about her only makes me more agitated about how close they were

"She doesn't mean anything to me

anymore, not since I've met you." His voice is near to my ear as he'd sat up straight and scoot closer to me. I want to believe him, but I'm feeling so much jealousy right now, it scares me,

My body is rigid and tensed in anger, and it

Burning Jealousy suddenly feels hard to breathe properly. As space out, my mind conjures many scenarios in which end her. I'm shocked at my violent thoughts as I've never had ones like them before, not even when Brad had marked Stacy in front of me. I'm not the violent type. I've always loved things to be sunny and warm.

"What's she doing here now?" I ask, totally forgetting my food so I could focus all my

attention on him.

"I don't know. She comes sometimes, and then after a while, disappears to God k now

where."

"You mean she comes to f**k you and then disappears after you both have had yo ur fun..."

"God, Ellie. What do you want me to say?" He's pulling his hair out in frustration n ow. "To apologize for the past flings that I had before meeting you?"

I know it's not fair of me to ask that, but it doesn't make me feel better knowing he had something to do with that female in the past. He

probably had tons of flings and relationships with that pretty face and hot body o f his. And he is more than a century old. I hate the idea that I'm not his first, consi dering he's my first everything

"Eat your food, Ellie." He nods at the tray.

"I'm not hungry." I stubbornly say while crossing my hands over my chest, but my stomach takes that time to let out a low rumble. Traitor. I glare down at it.

Reagan sighs as he wraps his hand around my body to cradle me against his chest. "Janet is someone in the past. But you're my present and future." He takes hold of my jaw, so I'm looking straight into his sincere eyes. "What we have is a rare an d special bond that nothing and no one can break because I won't let them. You'r e mine, now and forever. Don't ever forget

that or think any less."

His words have an effect on my emotions, and I begin to calm down as a wave of tranquility washes over me. It's funny how iust

yesterday, I was still fighting the feelings I have for him. But now, hearing him assure me that I'm his is what I nee ded to calm down. I guess he was right about my emotions being heightened fro m now on. I have to find a way to control myself, or i might end up hurting someone or

myself

"She's very pretty." I voice out my

insecurity in a whisper.

He nods in agreement, "Yes, she is:"|

narrow my eyes at him in a warning: "Good thing my mate's prettier." He adds with a sexy grin, causing my cheeks to turn pink.

Realize then that he's been holding me for a while, and my body hasn't turned hot in need.

So resting further into his chest, I continue to eat my dinner with a satisfied smile on my face.

We remain like that for a while, him holding

me to his chest as he strokes my hair while

chow down the stir-fry. And when I'm done, he

takes the tray from me to lay it down on the nightstand beside the bed. He cradles me in his

arms, and we sit back on the pillows as we are surrounded by silence.

We don't say anything as we only enjoy our moment together. It's the first time we're actually agreeing on the same thing. And also the first time for us being this close since I began to accept him even though it was just an hour ago

I don't know how

long we stayed like that or when I began to doze off. But I felt when Reagan properly laid me on the bed to sleep. I felt his presence gone for a few minutes before he came back once more to spoon me. And just like that, I'm out like a light.

I don't know what time it is, but I suddenly feel that familiar hotness seep into my skin. It burns to between my legs, bringing me out of my slumber. My eyes snap open to take in the darkened room before settling on the form beside me.

Reagan's arms around me only make the flames on my skin intensify till I'm sweating

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mess. My chemise clings to me like a second

skin, and I can feel every inch of Reagan's body against mine. I squeeze my thighs together to reduce the aching need between them, but it

doesn't do much

I turn in his embrace, pushing him back down as I straddle his hips. He begins to wake up then, his eyes fluttering open with sleep evident in them. But before he could

comprehend what's happening, my hands are already shoved into his pants.

Prince Reagan by Sky Angel Chapter 28

[/ Prince Reagan by Sky Angel](#)

A Hot Night

The dazed look on Reagan's face abruptly

fades away as his eyes snap down to me, but by then, my tiny hand had already grabbed his d**k and is pulling it out of its confinement.

And oh my, was he big. I haven't seen them yet, but my hand barely can wrap around it completely. He's soft in my hand, but not for

long

"What the f**k are you doing?" Reagan hisses as he grabs my wrist to stop me. But instead, I ignore him and use my other hand and dip it inside his pants. As fast as I could, I brought out his half-hard c**k and began stroking him. He wasn't even fully hard yet, and he still looked big.

"Ellie..." He growls threateningly, bunching the sheets in one hand as the other takes hold of my other hand. But he doesn't stop me as I continue to stroke and squeeze him. He tilts his head backward and closes his eyes shut as he

grits his teeth. And he looked even more

beautiful to me.

I know if I stop for a second, he will regain back his senses and push me off him. So I have

to keep him deep into pleasure, or I may never get what I want, which is him deep in my virgin

hole.

When his eyes start to slowly open,

quickly lean down to wrap my lips around his head while stroking his remaining length with

my two hands.

*f**k!" He curses out loud as his body turns

rigid beneath me. I look up to see his eyes glowing his beast's golden color in the dark, and that elicits me to take him in my mouth further

He's probably having an internal battle with his beast right now, but it doesn't seem like

his winning. He bunches my hair in a painfully tight grip as I continue to swallow his d**k further down my throat. And I only stop when I begin to gag. I couldn't go further than that.

His thickness fills my mouth, and I begin to

suck him like a straw. I use my hand to stroke

the remaining part I can't take in and begin to bob my head up and down on his dk.

I wasn't even sure what I was doing, but I had seen enough porn to learn some moves. And I know nothing makes a guy crazier than if you could suck his d**k real good. And that's what I need Reagan to do now, go crazy. He

doesn't want to take me in his sane state, but he

will when he's mad with pleasure.

"You're playing a dangerous game,

Ellie... *moon*..."He howls as I take him in deep

than before. I ignore the pain he's causing to my scalp and continue to suck him while also playing with his balls using my other hand,

I'm playing a dangerous game, I know, but the ache between my legs was the one in control now. My cunt keeps squeezing over plain air, begging to be stuffed full. Luckily for me, Reagan was huge for the job. Maybe a bit too big.

My cunt pulsates in need, and I bring my

* Blau

hand down there to relieve myself a bit. I push

my panties to the side and use my forefinger to

rub my aching nub before stroking my slit with

another finger. All the while, I still keep my concentration on driving my Prince wild with lust, moaning into his d**k as he shoves himself into my mouth. His hips rise up to meet my mouth, and he uses his hand in my hair to guide my movements, moaning in pleasure.

Surprisingly, he doesn't force his thick

length down my throat and doesn't cross my limit. I keep on pleasuring myself down there, getting wetter, and soaking my fingers with my

moist.

I knew I was ready then, so I got up, raising

up my chemise to my waist as I straddle his hips.

His bright eyes remain on me, and I can see something feral flash in them. A low rumble

emits from his chest as I take hold of his hard-on

and connect it with my hole. We both moan out

loud as my wetness touched his thickness.

His fingers come up to dig their nails into

my hips, holding me in place so I can't take him in. I look up, confused, to see his brown eyes color

coming back as only tinges of gold can be seen in them now. He's gritting his teeth as he tries to remain in control even though I'm grinding my wet cunt over his d**k.

He gently shoves me away from him, and

when I look back up, he's gone. I stare around the room to see him standing near the bedroom door with shaky legs. His shaft is hanging out of his pants, and his body is damp with sweats.

"F**k, Ellie. Are you trying to drive me

insane?" His accusing stare is pinned on me as

he pulls his hair out in frustration. I only smirk at him before laying back on the pillows only to spread my legs wide open to his direction.

I know he can see me even though it's pitch black in the room. And his eyes immediately snaps to my wet opening, not able to stare away at the view.

"Come on, Reagan." My voice sounds sensual in a whisper. I use

my slit open for him. "I know you want it. My other hand comes up to my grab one of my breast over the chemise, squeeze it before pinching my n****e. I let out a moan as I begin to stroke one finger over my opening.

Reagan's Adam apples bob as he swallows, watching the show I'm putting on for him. His eyes remained glued to my opening, and his hardened d**k throbs with bits of pre-cum leaking out of his head. My mouth waters as I think about tasting him.

"Oh, Reagan." I moan once more, slowly inserting a finger into my opening. I remember how aroused he had been the last time he saw

me like this. He takes a step towards me as I

open my legs further to him in an invitation.

He seems to snap out of his daze as he swears before whipping his head away from me. I huff in frustration as he battles with himself, pacing around the room while pulling his hair. I'm so turned on right now, just a touch from him would make me burst. Can't he see that?!

I crawl out of the bed and walk towards

him in slow steps. He stares back at me once

more, and I take the opportunity to slowly remove the strap of my chemise seductively. And when it completely falls to the ground, his eyes remain glued to my body. I step out of the chemise before coming to stand in front of him.

I wrap my arms around his neck, pressing my hardened n*****s against his clad chest.

"f**k it." He muttered, taking hold of my waist as he swoops down to kiss me hard on my lips. The kiss turns ferocious, with both of us trying to take control. But he beats me effortlessly.

He picks me up and wraps my legs around his waist before striding over to the bed with our lips locked. I feel so excited knowing he's about to give in and give me what I crave. I really was a

b***h in heat. All I could think about now was having raw hard s*x with this Alpha Male.

He pins me to the bed with his large body, taking both my hands in one of his large ones

and keeping them above my head. I'm grinding my naked core to his hard c**k when I felt and heard the sound of cuffs over my wrist.

I move back from the kiss to see he had

already cuffed one of my wrists to the headboard once more. I'm dazed for a few seconds and tried to pull at the cuffs, but they only burn my skin a bit as I struggle further in

vain.

"They won't budge." Reagan suddenly says, snapping my attention back to him. "Wolf's bane can't work on Lycans, but you're

not fully one yet. You're still in the phase of turning, so it can still affect you."

"Let me go!" I growl the words, baring my canines open at him. Suddenly, they begin to

retract back into my gum as the wolf's bane traps my wolf back in.

It's like a bucket of cold water was splashed

over me, and the lusty haze of earlier gone. I

don't feel hot like before, and between my legs don't burn either in need.

I shiver as cold air blows over my sweat

covered body, and my n****s turn hard. I look down at my naked form before rushing to cover my body with the sheets.

"What did I do?" I whisper the question as

my head fills with images of my earlier actions.

God, I can't believe I did all that. It was as if I was

some horny sex-starved b***h, ready to hump anything whether living or not.

"You tried to rape me..." I hear Reagan's

amused tone, causing me to snap my head to

him. I blush as I recall what happened, and I

wish then for the ground to swallow me whole out of embarrassment.

I shake my head, "No, I know that. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I feel fine now, though."

"It's okay. I should have expected that." He moves to sit down beside me while I still hold the covers over my naked body with my free hand. My chemise was on the bed beside me, where I had left it. But it was damp with sweat,

and I didn't want to put it on like that again,

"The wolf's bane had helped trapped your

wolf's emotions and feelings, so you should be fine for now." He assures while arranging his pants. I get a glimpse of his throbbing hard c**k before he tucks it back in. *Oh my, I had something that big in my mouth? How had it fit?*

"What if I keep something laced with wolf's

bane on me till this... *heat* stops." I propose,

desperate to put an end to this. I can't keep living like a slut who would stoop to any level just to have a d**k shoved into her cunt.

"No, you can't." Reagan shakes his head.

"At least not for a long time. It might affect your wolf's transformation."

I sigh in defeat, curling myself with my knees against my chest. I'm tempted to give Reagan the chance of marking me if it would put

an end to this. But I know that marking me will not do much since my body will crave for my mate to complete the mating ceremony by taking me. It'll just be the same thing.

We should take a shower." He suggests as he stands up from the bed. I shake my head at him, knowing full well I might pounce on him once more if I see him naked.

"Goon without me. I'll have mine after

you're done." He nods in agreement before disappearing into the bathroom.

After having another cold shower, I ask

Reagan to put the cuffs back on my wrist so I

won't attack him once more in his sleep. He agrees since he might not be able to stop himself either.

But first thing in the morning, he takes

them off so I could go about my business. I brushed, shower, and got dressed into

something casually.

"Will you be able to come down for breakfast, or should I bring it up for you?" He asks, stroking a strand of my hair behind my ear. How hadn't I noticed how nice he could be? Since I've stopped fighting him, all I've seen is

this caring side of him. Unlike the arrogant,

How hadn't I noticed how nice he could be?

this caring side of him. Unlike the arrogant,

controlling, and possessive side he had been showcasing before.

"I'm fine. I think I can manage." I answer

with a smile.

We both make it downstairs together, and when we get to the final landing of the stairs,

recall what had happened yesterday, Janet

hugging and rubbing herself all over my mate in such a shameless manner. But the sitting room is empty this morning.

However, when we walk into the kitchen,

feel the tension before we even step in. Joanna

is by the stove, frying some eggs, but she has an

unsure look on as if she could also feel something was wrong

Lexi is sitting at the table, and opposite her is Danny, who is glaring at a figure beside Lexi.

Janet.