

## Chapter 5

The next day, Phoebe was alone in bed when she woke up. "Matthew" she calls his name. She frowned. Matthew never leaves the bed until she wakes up. But that morning, there was sadness in her eyes as she woke up. She sat on the side of the bed. Thinking, No! Legion must have done it.

A decision formed in Phoebe's mind. "If Laura is what Legion is looking for, Matthew will be looking for me" she contently said to herself.

She went to the bathroom to do her things. Then, she wore a dress with a thin strap, not even exceeding her knee in length. After rounding in front of the mirror to observe herself, with a smile on her face, she came out of their room. Her destination? Her husband.

She asked an omega "His highness?"

The omega bowed first before answering her question. "His highness is in the garden, with Lady Laura"

Phoebe looked out the window. From where she was, she heard the happy voice of the maiden. She frowned because she also heard Matthew laugh.

She turned to the servant again "I'm going to have breakfast in the garden, please bring it there" and she walks to the balcony out of the garden.

"Good morning!" She greeted the two when she came close.

The two stopped laughing and looked in her direction. Laura's sharp looks at her were not new to Phoebe. But she ignored it. But her eyes were only on her husband. Waiting for what his reaction will be. And she's didn't failed to solicit a reaction from him.

Matthew quickly walked away from Laura. The girl was even shocked when Matthew violently shook her hand that's holding his arm.

"Phoebe!" Matthew's high voice seemed laced anger at the visible appearance of his wife.

But Phoebe was not afraid, instead, she was happy with her husband's reaction. "Yes, Matthew?" she asked him.

Her husband was struggling to take back control of his body from his wolf. Legion is fighting him for dominance because it wants to stay with Laura. And so is Matthew. He wants to take over again to scold and if possible, to hide his wife to somewhere no one can look at her.

Matthew is still possessive when it comes to Phoebe. He doesn't want anyone to see his wife's body so that's just how it reacts to her clothes that expose more skin to other people's eyes.

"What did I say to you wearing that kind of dress?!" Matthew nally regained control of his body. "Didn't I tell you not to wear that?" He said while pulling his wife's arm. He locked her in his arms then whispered "but only in my presence" then kissed Phoebe's neck.

Phoebe laughed at what Matthew had said. In her mind, her husband still hasn't changed, he's still so easy to tempt. Phoebe's two palms touched Matthew's face "I know, for your eyes only" and kissed him on the lips.

After that, Phoebe looked at Laura. Her eyebrows clenched in anger. "Good morning Laura" she greeted the girl.

She just smirked and replied, "nothing's good in the morning!" She quickly stood up and looked at Matthew "I no longer have an appetite" she said to him, waiting for Matthew to comfort her. But Matthew just held Phoebe's hand. "I'm going back to my room!" She exploded and stomped back inside.

The two looked at the receding gure, then they looked at each other.

"Aren't you going to follow her?" Phoebe asked, hoping Matthew would stay by her side at the same time. He hugged her after shaking his head. "Are you sure?" Phoebe asked her husband again.

"I feel like I haven't seen you in a long time" he whispered in her ears instead.

Phoebe returned the embrace with equal passion

While the two were having fun with each other, a gure is watching them from above, hiding in the curtain of her room. Her face shows intense hatred for the woman. When an idea popped into her mind and only then did the anger disappear from her beautiful face.

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It's dinner and the royal couple is eating together. Out of respect, Phoebe called Laura to join them for a meal. Phoebe thinks that no matter what happens, Laura is still Matthew's mate, but she still believes in Matthew's love for her.

"Was it delicious?" Phoebe asked, even though she was the queen of the whole kingdom, she still wanted to prepare the food even if it was just dinner for Matthew.

Matthew gulped down the food first before replying "yep! So delicious!" He kissed Phoebe on the cheek "you've perfected your cooking skills" he praised his wife.

Even as a married couple, Phoebe is still not used to her husband's compliments, so her cheeks still blush every time Matthew praises her.

They happily resumed eating when Matthew suddenly became tense. Phoebe noticed that.

"Matt" he calls him "is there a problem?" she held his clasped hand on the table. He was trembling and restless. She frowned at what was happening to her husband. He's sweating. "Are you okay?" she rubbed his forehead; his temperature is high. She was about to stand up to call the palace doctor when suddenly the dining door opened.

"Good evening!" Laura greeted them warmly, entering the dining room. She slowly walked towards the table. Her eyes focused only on Matthew.

Phoebe was confused. There was something about Laura that she couldn't explain. Her furrowed forehead was erased when she felt Matthew's grip on her hand as if he wants to draw his strength from her to restrain himself from whatever he wanted to do.

As Laura sat across from Matthew, in front of Phoebe. "Sorry I'm late," she said after pulling back the chair. "Let's eat!" she said to the two.

During the duration of their meal, Matthew never once stared at the girl who did nothing but speaks up and grab Matthew's attention.

When dinner was over, Matthew quickly stood up still holding Phoebe's hand, and left. Laura was left at the table. But instead of getting angry, there was a smile in her eyes as she just watched the two left. In her mind, what she wanted will denitely happen. She took some grape and ate it after leaning back on the chair.

Meanwhile, the two continued to climb into their room. Once inside their private room, Matthew hugged Phoebe tightly. He pressed his nose to his wife's neck and sniffed her scent.

"Calm down," Phoebe said to her husband, feeling the tension in his body. Phoebe thought everything would be okay. But she was wrong.

In the middle of the night, she turned around in her sleep only to find out that the other side of the bed was cold. She opened her eyes to make sure that Matthew was not on the bed. She looked at the clock, it's past one o'clock in the middle of the night. "Matthew?" she calls her husband. She sensed their room, then she heard water dripping in the bathroom. She stood up and put on her robe before walking towards the source of the only noise that night. "Matthew?" she called again.

Matthew was under the shower, bare naked, as cold water continues to cascade over his body. Phoebe noticed that his face was flushed. She walked to him hurriedly. She was even shocked to feel the icy cold water coming out of the shower. "My god! Matthew! What are you doing!?" she took the towel that was hanging and wrapped it around the cold body of her husband.

"Don't!" Matthew weakly said, then removed the cloth on the body "I need it" he's referring to the cold water.

Phoebe was confused "but why?"

Matthew couldn't explain the reason "I'm sorry" was all he said then looked at his lower body.

Phoebe followed Matthew's gaze, there she fully understood why Matthew was soaking in cold water. "Is it because of her?" she looked up to his face again "is she going into heat?" she is conrming the situation.

Matthew nodded "not yet, but her wolf is already calling for mating" he punched the bathroom wall "and I'm slowly losing control" he looked at his wife, his eyes were changing color, proof that his wolf wants to take over "I don't want it, Phoebe" Phoebe understands what Matthew wants to convey.

When two mates meet it will only take a few days for the female to go into heat. She will call for her mate to complete the mating process with her. And the male wolf can't deny it. When it doesn't release the overwiling libido that secretes from his manhood, he can go crazy. That is why the two mates normally do not separate in the first month of their meeting.

Phoebe approached Matthew, regardless of the cold water, she also needed it, to wrap herself in cold for when she gives him her decision that she already made. With both hands, "that's enough," she lowered Matthew's head to meet their foreheads "I understand, don't worry about me" she smiled at him "this is bound to happen, I know that and I won't stop you, ever" then she stepped aside to give way to him. She gives him one last nod.

"I'm sorry" was all he said and he quickly came out of the bathroom.

In a few moments, she heard the door opened and closed. Phoebe leaned slowly against the wall and sat on the bathroom floor like a fading candle. She pulled her legs close to her as tears started to fall down her cheeks.