

102 102- Oath Or No Oath

Phoenix: 1

"Why are you here?" I walked to the small drawer and placed my neatly folded jacket in it. I didn't want to give the impression that I was scared of her.

Odd... that I was trusting the same king who never thought about me when I was married to him.

Ignoring her existence as if her presence meant nothing.,I kicked off my shoes near the corner, then grabbed the water bottle from the desk.

I needed something to eat or drink to avoid blurting out something stupid.

What the hell did she want?

I was putting back the cap on my water bottle when I heard her. Out of nowhere, she said just one word.

"Pain."

The light flickered violently before dying out, and the room fell into darkness.

I blinked, "What?"

The only light in my room was switched off, and now I could see her eyes glowing in the dark.

She was looking at me.

I followed her gaze and noticed the violet glow emitting from my palms.

"Your pain..." she said softly, "It's bleeding off you. I can smell it in the air. You are hiding it well... but not from me."

What the fu*ck!

"I..." my mind started searching for suitable words, "What are you even talking about..."

Her lips spread into a gentle smile, "Leave it, sweetheart. What's your name?"

"My name?" I frowned, pointing a finger at me, "You can see my pain, but can't tell what my name is?" I threw a jab her way.

But she didn't seem to mind, and the room light flicked on. The witch... Amora was smiling now. And there was something I saw in her smile.

Kindness.

It reminded me of Kiki.

"I know your name, love," she said in a hushed whisper without breaking eye contact, "I'm just asking you what I should call you. There's a difference... You see?"

My throat seemed to be tightened. I didn't respond.

How much did she know about me?

"Don't worry," she scurried to my window and traced her finger on the glass, "Everything about you will remain confidential unless you want me to reveal it."

I released a breath I didn't know I was holding. I didn't know if I should trust her or not, but I wanted to.

"Yeah..." I tried to smile, "It's... this voice in my head... I needed to find out what it is."

"Whatever that voice is, my child," she slowly turned around, her dark eyes locking onto mine, "It's a part of your personality... right now we can't discuss it. There are more important things to do, girl!"

I cocked up a brow. More important things?

She caught the silent question etched across my face and smirked, "You don't have time. We can discuss that voice anytime, but Kiara..."

"What about her?" My muscles tensed as I heard her name.

"You can't challenge her tomorrow, girl. You just took an oath. Didn't you?"

Her words hit like a slap. She knew about Kiara. How? Was she this powerful?

"Listen, girl..." Her voice trailed off when I didn't let her finish

"Phoenix," I said helpfully.

She raised a brow with a knowing smile, "Hmm?"

"My name... it's Phoenix..."

Her smirk... it didn't fade. If anything, it grew.

"Umm. Amora. What can I do to Kiara? She is busy partying," I shrugged, trying to look nonchalant, but she chuckled.

"You are a smart girl, *Phoenix*..." She walked over to me and placed her hand lightly on my arm,
"You'll figure that out." 1

I was standing in Kiara's room, not knowing what to do. Amora had already suppressed my scent so that later nobody could smell it in her room.

"Why did that witch send me here?" I asked myself, not sure what else to do except look around. Tomorrow was the ceremony, and I should be in bed. Instead, I was lurking in the Head Warrior's room.

She was busy partying, but if by any chance she walked in right now, what would I say?

"Hey, head warrior, don't mind me snooping around your room in the middle of the night?"

I walked over to her desk, eyeing a few papers scattered neatly beside a closed dossier. The same dossier I used to maintain regularly, and she used to take the credit.

Amora's words echoed in my head again.

"There are more important things to do!"

What did she mean by that? What was I supposed to do here?

"Maybe it's all a big mistake. I shouldn't have come here just because a kind witch asked me to. What if she was framing me?"

I shook my head. Bad idea.

I was about to turn around and leave the room when something glittery caught my eye. I had already placed my hand on the door handle.

With a frown, I moved away from the door and walked back to the small nightstand that had a wide range of skin care products.

The fancy jars of creams, lotions, and masks. And in the middle of them lay a small glittering chain with a heart-shaped pendant.

Everyone knew how Kiara adored it. It was given to her by her late mom, and she used to wear it on very rare and special occasions.

I picked it up and regarded it in the soft light. The heart pendant looked old and its paint was chipping off around the edges, revealing the dull metal underneath.

I clicked it open, expecting her mom's picture, but there was just her childhood picture displayed there.

I was about to place it back when a thought crossed my mind. This locket might not be something expensive, but it held some value to Kiara. She would definitely wear it the next day at the ceremony when all eyes would be on her.

I couldn't stop the faint smile tugging at my lips. Why didn't I think of this before?

Bless you, Amora.

I sent a silent prayer to Amora's way and clutched the locket in my fist.

I didn't know if Kiara would be selected for the Royal post or not.

Oath or no oath.

I would try my best not to let it happen.