



122 122- Rip Them Off!

Phoenix: 1

No. I didn't know I was being recorded, but I did have an idea that Alpha Blake must be somewhere close by.

Not only Kiara but also Luna Raya were destroyed. Either Alpha Blake would reject her, or even if she stayed, their relationship would never be the same.

You made a mistake when you told me about your past, Raya. I told myself and smiled. It felt good to see others on the receiving end of the pain that they inflicted on me.

"You look happy," my body went stiff when I heard his voice. This room was allotted to me by the Lycans on my request.

I didn't tell Sebastian that Alpha Blake had banished me from the pack. I didn't want any more hardships for the pack members because of me.

"Yeah. Because I am happy," I rolled my eyes and felt my mask under my hand. Amora said that I could get my face back, but for that, I needed to go back into my past and bring her a stone.

"What are you thinking?" I closed my eyes when I



felt his arms around me, pulling me into him.

"Why are you here?" I asked him in a dazed voice, still leaning into his hard body. He turned me into his arms and pressed a kiss on my forehead.

"I don't know," he sighed, and I felt him sniffing my hair, "I just need to be with you. I can't live without you."

His words made me freeze. I pulled back slightly, searching his face, "You don't mean that," I whispered in a shaky voice.

His grip tightened around me as my chest bumped into him. Without warning, he leaned to kiss my neck.

I gasped at the unexpected touch. His lips brushed lower to the collarbone, trailing his tongue over it. A shiver ran down my spine, betraying me.

"Sebastian..."

He didn't raise his face, but his mouth moved to my earlobe, and he started nibbling it. I clutched his shirt in my fists, "What are you hiding behind this mask, sweetheart?"

His voice was so gentle that I thought I had misheard him.

"S... stop!" I barely managed the word out of my



mouth, "Please... Sebastian..." My lips trembled a little.

With a sigh, he stopped the torture but kept his face close. His thumb kept making those deliberate circles beneath my ear, making me shiver.

"I want to see who you are, Phoenix... I... I want to know so much about you. Why don't you let me in?" His voice wasn't demanding, it was pleading. It was unraveling the knots I'd tied around my heart.

I swallowed hard, "Sebastian... I wear..."

"Oh, fu*ck this mask, Phoenix... my feelings aren't tied to this mask of yours. I want you. With it, without it."

My heart thudded in the cradle of my chest. I was caught between the fear of him seeing too much and this dangerous desire to let him in.

"And what about later?" The words slipped out before I could stop them.

His brows knitted together in confusion, "Later? What do you mean?"

"I mean... What will happen when you're bored with me and ... want me out of the palace?"

Old, bitter memories surfaced.



Because your family did the same, last time, my king.

"Why would I get bored with you?" he whispered and kissed my cheek. In one fluid motion, he scooped me up and carried me to my bed.

He lowered himself on the edge of the bed and settled me against him on his lap. He pressed my cheek into his chest.

Right now, he was treating me like a doll, who wasn't even allowed to walk on her own. Who deserved to be pampered and never lift a finger.

Good. Now I was getting a clear picture of my next plan. Tina and Luna Tamia. Sticking with Sebastian meant making them either lock horns or crumble to their destruction.

A big smile broke on my lips as I tied my arms around his neck.

"And what is this about?" he asked me, pointing towards my crinkled eyes, but I shook my head.

"Nothing. Can you sleep here?" I blurted without thinking.

Though this room only had a single bed. I waited for him to deny the offer and invite me to his room instead, where there was a bigger bed.

"Gladly!" He tightened his grip around me and fell back on the bed, taking me with him. I



giggled in surprise.

"Sebastian!" I swatted his chest lightly, though my lips betrayed me with a smile. A deep laugh rumbled through his chest, "He looked down, "It's very rare that you laugh like this. Your lips... I can't wait to lick them."

My eyes widened when a surprised gasp escaped my lips, "Lick my lips?" I wiggled myself a little and then raised my head to look into his eyes, "I'm not removing my mask. So keep dreaming, your highness."

He kept staring at me for a while and then smirked, "Who is talking about these lips?" I was taken aback when he suddenly flipped me under him, "I'm talking about your pus*sy, Phoenix..." 1

I thought I had forgotten how to breathe. I kept looking into those golden orbs to see if he was kidding.

"And for licking these lips," he brought his face closer, "I don't need to take off your mask... your panties will do... if you're wearing one," he finished, and the meaningful glint was evident in his voice.

Every word he said sounded more like a forbidden temptation. My core throbbed with the tension his words were causing me.

At that moment, I felt like I was not Phoenix but



122 122- Rip Them Off!



the same old bubbly, chirpy, confident Aurora Stone who knew how beautiful she was... who knew how to grab men's attention.

"If it's about panties," I breathed, without breaking eye contact, "Then go ahead, Sebastian. Rip them off and have your way with my pu*ssy!" ¹

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