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Phoenix: 1

I widened my eyes innocently and signaled towards an empty chair, "Would you like to watch how we're all fighting?"

The lines on her forehead didn't lessen, and she kept staring at me.

This was the same woman who came after me just because I witnessed what she did in that garden.

She burned my back and shaved my head.

How would she look if I shaved her head? The thought alone was enough to make me smile. I quickly moved my eyes downward so that she wouldn't notice it.

Luna's order, slave! Luna's order!

She had already noticed amusement there because the way her jaw tightened, she might crush her teeth inside her mouth.

She took a step closer and hissed near my face, "When you're done with this game of yours, Ms. Phoenix... you'll come straight to my office. Got it?"

There was pin-drop silence in the cafeteria.



"Sure, ma'am," I told her politely. Of course, I was not hasty about my revenge.

For me, time wasn't running. Amora had already told me that the best time to go back to my past was after one month.

In between, I needed to keep myself busy.

Tamia didn't back off. She gave me that icy look before she turned on her heels and walked away.

I heard deep sighs in the room once the door closed behind her.

"Phoenix," Gavin came up and eyed me with caution, "If you want your stay to be pleasant, then you don't want to mess with Luna Tamia."

I lifted my palms, giving him the *I-can't-help-it* look, "How can someone call me in the middle of my training session. Even a king isn't allowed to do that."

I heard a few mutters rippling through the cafeteria, but most of them stayed quiet, still intimidated by the Luna's presence.

Gavin was still giving me that look, like I'd just lit a fire under my own feet.

"Seriously, Phoenix," another warrior piped up, shaking his head, "You don't poke at her. The woman had been a Luna for more than five decades. She remembers everything. She'll make



you pay twice over."

Who knows this better than me? I thought with all the bitterness that was still there in the corner of my heart.

Let her. I've paid worse already.

With a shrug, I leaned back in my heels, "Let her. We'll see what she can do. I'm here to do my duty."

My nonchalant attitude earned me a few raised eyebrows, though nobody pushed for details. A warrior at the far end finally broke the tension with a low whistle, "Well, I'll say this... It takes guts to even speak in front of her like that."

A few others nodded, murmuring in agreement. All of them started to relax as they started leaving the cafeteria.

"M... miss Phoenix..." A hesitant voice behind me made me spin around. This was the same boy who kept staring at me when I was observing their moves on the ground.

"Yes, Zachary?" I searched his serious face. He seemed upset.

"Why didn't you go when she asked you the first time?" his question made me think for a moment. The warriors standing close also turned their heads, waiting for my response.



"Because Zach..." I placed my hand on his shoulder, brushing the non-existent spec of dirt, "I'm here to fight alongside you," I whispered, "to train with you. Lead you. Not to sit in an office, waiting to be summoned like a servant."

He tried to smile, "You've got a point. I hope Luna Tamia also understands this..."

They all left the cafeteria until I was alone there. The cafeteria manager was arranging the chairs and the tables, stealing glances at me.

I needed to come up with a plan. Luna Tamia always thought that she was the queen of this palace.

I needed to be careful while playing this game.

Not to forget that she was not only a female Lycan but also a very powerful witch.

"May I come in, Luna?" I asked after knocking twice at the office door.

The reply came in her clipped voice, "Enter."

I pushed the door open and stepped inside. She was behind her desk, her head bent over some papers.

She didn't look up right away, too busy scribbling something that clearly mattered more than me.



I stayed standing, watching her face while she worked. I kept regarding her face in amusement. I didn't mind standing there at all. She was ignoring me, just to remind me of my place.

At last, she set the pen down and lifted her gaze to me, "From now on, before you begin any of your tasks, you report to me first, Ms. Phoenix."

Wow. I'm honored. You are adding Miss before my name.

She got up from her seat and rounded the table, leaning back against her desk, "Don't consider it your small werewolf pack where you were allowed to do whatever you wanted," she examined her manicured nails, "In this palace, you don't get to decide your duties without my approval. Every morning you tell me what you're planning, and then you may proceed. Understood?"

I folded my arms over my chest, feigning innocence, nodding slowly as if I was listening to her speech carefully.

"I see," I nodded, "So, every time I pick up a sword, or plan training, or... even breathe a little too loudly... I should notify you first?" I kept my voice dead serious.

The flicker in her eyes told me that I'd hit a nerve.



Like last time, her jaw clenched so hard that I thought she might break her teeth. Of course, she was old, and by this time, her dental health wouldn't be this stable. 1

We both jumped when my phone started ringing.

"Oh," I pulled my phone from my pocket and showed her Sebastian's name displayed on the screen as my lips curved into a smile, "It's your grandson calling. Can I receive the call?"

She kept looking at me with that tight jaw.

When she didn't answer, I shrugged and swiped the screen, "Hey, Sebi," I said, making sure my voice was filled with fake sweetness, "How are you, sweetie? Granma doesn't want me to talk to you on the phone. Talk to you later. B-bye." 1