

143 143- For Five Years

Phoenix: 1

His wife?

Was he playing with me?

What did he know about his wife when he never spent time with her?

I tried to get a grip of my feelings and forced a smile, but I couldn't.

"Jealous?" his gentle voice pulled me back into the reality where I was standing with him, not knowing what to make of it.

"Now... I'm curious and jealous?" I attempted to manage a weak grin, "Why will I be jealous of a woman who died... I mean, who isn't here in this palace anymore?"

I never knew this was so uncomfortable to discuss myself with him. He pushed against the door frame and came inside, "That's what I was thinking. Why would you do that?"

He picked a pecan from the crystal bowl and started munching on it, "She died," he uttered casually as if telling me about a random chore.

"H...how?" I wasn't aware why I was asking this. Was I looking for validation?

"Fire," he shrugged, "She burned in fire." 1

My mouth formed the shape of an O.

"Oh... that's... sad..." I looked around, trying to decide if I should offer him a cup of coffee or ask him to leave.

"That's really sad," I repeated, dragging out the words with a faint smile tugging at my lips.

Oh, Goddess. My heart felt going stiff. Like it had forgotten how to beat. I pulled out a chair and sat down, pretending to get comfortable, feeling his eyes on me.

He didn't seem to notice the change in my mood... or maybe he did and just didn't care. He leaned against the edge of the table, collecting some more pecans in his fist, "I loved her, you know," his mouth was now full of them, and he was speaking through it in a muffled voice.

My heart skipped a beat as I restlessly brushed my fingers against the surface of the table, "Okay... I... I never knew that..." I said with a chuckle that sounded fake to my own ears.

Love? Are we talking about the same woman?

He hummed and now gathered a handful of salted pistachios. He said he loved her and was now eating like there was no tomorrow.

"Maybe it's his way to fight the trauma? People

do eat when they are depressed," my wolf chimed in, and I wanted to laugh.

Seriously. He was in love? I never noticed any such thing.

"Umm..." I tried to come up with a sensible question, "So... what did she like?" I asked him softly, like I didn't want to leave him alone in this.

But I also wanted him to share something warm. If he loved her, he should know about her likes and dislikes.

"Hmm?" he gave me a questioning look.

"I'm asking you about her favourites ... something she liked most," I tried to control my heartbeat. I wanted to know how much he knew about me.

He gave a small laugh and picked up the empty tray of dry fruits, "Her bo*obs were big!" he gave a small laugh, and that made me shocked.

"W...what?" I blinked, thinking that I must have misheard him.

"Yeah... and that ass..." he closed his eyes and then opened them to look around, "Isn't there another tray of these?" his eyes were searching for pecans and pistachios, while all I wanted to do was kill him.

"Can you rephrase your question, Aurora?" my

wolf told me excitedly.

"This isn't what I'm asking, Sebastian," I swallowed and looked for another pack of dry fruits. I didn't want to let my irritation spill out, "I mean... apart from her looks... she must've had other qualities."

Sebastian waved his hand lazily and stretched himself, "I don't remember..." he yawned loudly, "But she had a great figure. I wish you could meet her."

I couldn't utter another word.

He wished I could meet her? *I am her, man.*

How could he...

He just thought of me as a bunch of boobs and ass?

"So are you sure you don't want to sleep?" he straightened and tried to suppress another yawn. Instead of answering him, I shook my head.

"Fine!" he leaned forward to kiss my head and started walking towards the door, "Goodnight. Sleep tight. See you tomorrow." 1

He waved without looking back and left the room.

Two years.

Two years back, I thought that maybe he cared about me. Maybe he saw something good in me, that's why he invited me on that date.

How wrong I was.

Slowly, I got up and went to stand in front of the mirror, "Tonight I have got all the answers I need," I told myself.

"And what are those?" my wolf stirred in my head.

"No matter whether I'm Phoenix Black or Aurora Stone. I'm nothing but a piece of flesh."

My wolf gave me a sad smile, "Don't be stupid..."

No. I wasn't being stupid. It's just that I had gotten up from a long and deep sleep, and now the world was showing me its real face. 3

I stayed in contact with the nerdy guy and got the report that everything was now good in the South.

Instead of Sebastian, I preferred to send a message to Beta Hunter. As a beta, he could convey it to the king.

But throughout the night, I kept replaying our conversation and kept shrugging off the

disappointment gnawing at my heart.

I lay on the bed, without bothering to take off my slippers.

I loved her.

Her boobs were big.

Her ass...

She had a great figure.

I tried to push all those words away from my head, but they kept coming back.

"Asshole!" I screamed and threw my pillow to the floor.

As soon as my revenge is over, I'm leaving this palace. I told myself.

"And where will you go?" my wolf asked me.

"Anywhere. But not here. Once I get back my face, I can start a new life. Because now I have the experience of being a royal warrior."

"In case you are forgetting something, Aurora. You are supposed to serve the royals for five years," my wolf reminded me.

Urgh! No!