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Tina: 1

I couldn't wait to see my new room. I went once or twice to check the progress, and I wasn't disappointed.

I leaned closer to Tamia while telling her about my room, "I was fed up with that boring white, so I opted for cream. I have told Phoenix to pair them with velvet curtains, something heavy and royal... Oh, and a big mirror, right near the bed... You know how I love mirrors," I was practically bouncing on the sofa in excitement.

Tamia's arm curled around my shoulders as she chuckled, "I'm sure it will look beautiful, my love. You deserve to have it exactly the way you want."

"At first, I wasn't sure about Phoenix," I bit my lips, lowering my voice, "You know I wasn't comfortable in giving her such tasks... She's different. I thought she might not take this seriously," I lifted my brows, half embarrassed, "But her follow-up is amazing. She actually kept track of everything. She makes notes and does it perfectly. Everything I say, she writes down. Can you believe that?"

Tamia gave me a knowing look, "See?" her lips curved into a mocking smile, "Didn't I tell you? I

made her kneel in front of us."

I giggled, covering my mouth, "Remember? How she used to act so tough back in the packhouse. She was impossible then."

"Ah. Stubborn as a stone. Can you believe she is the same Phoenix who used to be so headstrong when we were staying there? She was all fire then. And now?" Tamia lifted her brows.

"Now she is picking curtains for me," I laughed.

"And choosing furniture as if she is an interior designer," Tamia added with a chuckle, and covered her face with her hands, "Goddess. This is so funny and I'm enjoying it," she straightened, shaking her head.

"What else are you planning to do with the living room?" she asked me once she got serious.

I leaned across the table, sketching a line with my finger, "What if we add a chandelier? Not too big, but something with crystals that catch the light."

"Hmm," Luna Tamia tapped her chin, "And maybe silk rugs... I can't stand those dull mats anymore."

I clapped, agreeing with her, "Perfect! How about a vanity with a gold-framed mirror? I'm thinking of sending a text to Phoenix. Sad that she doesn't have a wolf, I can't send a mindlink."

Tamia's lips curled, "I know. But Phoenix can arrange all of it. She's quick when given the right distractions."

I nodded, lowering my voice, "Yeah. A female is never fit to become a warrior... that too a head warrior. Being wolfless, she should have chosen something else." For a moment, I felt sorry for her that she had to choose those manly duties instead of enjoying the perks of being a mate to an influential werewolf.

"Exactly," Tamia waved a maid who had just entered with a tray carrying tea and some snacks, "Why train men when she should be fetching fabrics and measuring curtains?"

"You know what?" I leaned, trying to suppress my smile, "Next time there will be an attack, she might use a vase instead of a sword. Because we might make her forget how to use those weapons."

We both burst out laughing.

"Oh, Goddess," Tamia sighed, tapping her fingers against the armrest, "Now enough of her. Let's enjoy our tea," she signaled the maid to pour us some tea.

"I think the bed should face the balcony," I showed Tamia on my tablet how I was planning



to set it, "See. This is the app I was talking about. It gives you countless options once you feed your empty room to it."

"Wow," she breathed, taking the tab from my hand, "Can you add drapes to it? The ones that sweep the floor?"

I nodded and gave a few instructions to the app, adding the desired color and material. And boom. The app did it for us.

"Goddess, Tina," she placed her hand over her mouth, "Now I also want to transform my quarters. This is interesting."

"I know," I picked up the cup from the tray and sipped my chamomile tea. Tamia knew I loved it because it gave me relief from my period cramps.

I was about to offer her my help when the door burst open, hitting the wall hard enough to make both of us flinch.

"What the hell!" Tamia screamed, half in panic, half in rage, but stopped mid-sentence when she saw who it was.

"Sebastian?"

His face was dark with anger.

"Who gave you the fu*cking right to touch those fu*cking quarters?" his voice was too loud to

almost shake the walls.

What was the matter with him?

"Sebi!" Tamia's hand was over her thumping heart, "What's gotten into you, love?"

Even her words didn't seem to soothe his anger, "Answer my question, **Granma!** Why were those quarters touched without my permission?" His Lycan was also angry because his eyes turned fiery orange for a second.

I might be a werewolf, but Tamia was a pure blood Lycan female. Her own eyes turned blood red, "Are you forgetting, son, who you're talking to?"

I tried to steady my breath as I clasped my hands, curling my fingers together.

"Listen, son. I don't need anyone's permission to ..."

Sebastian closed the distance in a blink, bending over her seat so fast, her breath hitched, "No, **Granma,**" his voice was edged with fire, "You do need *my* permission," he whispered, "Or have you forgotten who *I* am?" he asked her icily.

For the first time in my life, I saw Tamia... sorry... I mean, *Luna Tamia* falter. She gulped, looking into Sebastian's eyes, but I caught the shiver of her hands.

"S... Sebi..." she mumbled, but couldn't utter another word.

My, my!

What was so special about those quarters?

Why was Sebi being so touchy about them?

Then I thought of Phoenix, and I smiled, "Sebastian" I called his name sweetly, making him turn his head towards me. "We discussed every change with Phoenix. She is also helping us in transforming it."

I was right.

As expected, the name, Phoenix, softened his stance.

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