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Phoenix: 1

I felt her eyes when I was on the ground, among my warriors. However, I kept myself engrossed in my job that I enjoyed most.

To plan a strategy with the warriors so that we could follow it in times of need.

I left the training ground with the thought of having lunch in the privacy of my room. Word had already reached me that Sebastian was back.

On my way back, I met a few warriors. Each of them was lifting their hand in salute. I kept returning the gesture with a quick nod.

One of them said with a grin, "Next time, don't draw circles on the ground, Phoenix. We can use air-conditioned classrooms too."

I raised a brow with a smirk, "Forget air-conditioner. You are made for grounds, soldier!"

I increased my pace after the small exchange. We were slowly developing a bond that was based on trust and respect. And for a brief moment, I wanted to forget about my revenge and stay a royal warrior for the rest of my life.

The halls had grown quieter as I walked through





them. Most of them must have headed to the cafeteria for lunch.

I pushed the door of my room open, but then stopped short. Right in the center of my bed lay a folded sheet of paper.

My brows knitted as I crossed the room. I picked it up and unfolded it carefully. The words written inside made my stomach dip.

*Luna Tamia is after your reputation. Be careful. The interior decoration thingy is just a hoax. Beware. She'll keep you busy with everything except training.*

"Tell me something I don't know," I muttered under my breath.

Who was this well-wisher?

Another slip of paper caught my eye near the pillow. I grabbed it quickly.

*She has already told Beta Hunter to dig into your past. Be careful.*

Now that was unexpected.

What did she ask Beta Hunter to search for? I couldn't afford to lose my new identity.

I stood frozen, looking at the notes in my hands. Was it Beta Hunter?

He always seemed like a reasonable person, but



he would never go behind his Luna's back.

"Who could have left them here?" I asked my wolf, but it stayed quiet. 2

A knock jolted me back to the present. I spun around, clutching the paper slips, "Yes," I called out, thinking it must be the maid responsible for my meals.

The door creaked open, and Sebastian stepped inside. The moment his eyes found me, a big grin broke on his face, "Hey!"

I quickly crushed the papers inside my palm, tucking them against my side as I went to get engulfed in his bear-like hug.

"How are you?" he murmured against my hair, "Did you even miss me? I'm sure no!"

I pulled back just enough to look back at him, "Miss you? I barely had time to notice you were gone. The warriors keep me so busy, you know."

I tried to control the twitching of my lips.

"I knew it," his voice carried that fake offense, though his eyes betrayed amusement, "Why would you miss me? I'm thinking of detaining you and kicking out all those warriors."

"Ahan... and then do what?" I asked, tilting my head at him.





He rolled up his eyes, his hands brushing my arms, "Umm... maybe ask you to train me instead..."

I chuckled, pushing lightly at his chest, "Train you? I'm sure you'll be begging for mercy."

He caught my hand before I could pull it back, pressing his thumb against my palm in slow circles, "Then maybe..." his voice dropped to a whisper, "I'll beg for mercy."

I felt my heart doing those crazy somersaults whenever he was around, "Umm," I rolled my lips between my teeth, "Let's do lunch. I need to eat something."

He nodded and kissed my forehead, "You can always eat me, love."

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After Sebastian left the room, I stepped out and found David standing at his usual spot, straight as a rod.

"David," I called, "Come in for a minute."

He hesitated before stepping inside, closing the door behind him.

"Tell me," I kept my voice low, "Who came to my room today?"

There was confusion on his face, so I clarified,



"In my absence, David."

"Oh. That... It was Emily, ma'am." He answered without delay.

Ah Emily. Of course. She was the one responsible for my meals, my clothes, and everything. I gave a slight shake to my head, "Who else?"

David frowned, thinking, "A cleaning lady came today. But Emily stayed with her while she worked. Once the room was done, they both left together."

I chewed my upper lip and folded my arms on my chest, "Did she come back?"

He shook his head, "No... I was there and..." he paused and then his brows drew together, "Yes... actually the cleaning lady came back once. She said she'd forgotten her phone..." he glanced at me nervously, "What is it, ma'am? Something is missing from your room?" he seemed worried. 1

*Yeah. My peace isn't here anymore.*

"Ma'am?" his eyes were still on me.

"David. Can you take me to the servant quarters?"

Confusion flickered across his face as he quietly started walking. I followed him through the winding corridors until we reached the



boundary of the servant area.

Beyond the gate, small rooms stood together, each with a tiny bathroom and a small kitchenette.

David was about to step inside the boundary, but I stopped him.

"Which one is Emily's quarter?" I asked him, letting my gaze run over all the quarters.

"Number seven, ma'am," he answered.

"And the cleaning lady?" I asked him, and he seemed to be uneasy with all this probing. But I needed to do it for the peace of my mind.

"Number two."

I nodded, "Wait here."

It seemed he wanted to argue, but then stopped himself in time, "Don't worry, David. I'm a warrior and can take care of myself."

He stepped back without a word. I walked down the narrow passage until I stood before a door that said '*Room # 2*'.

I knocked and waited.


"Who is it?" the familiar voice of the woman asked from inside.

I stayed quiet and knocked again.



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"Who is this?" she was louder this time. I still didn't respond.

A click followed, and the door swung open. I looked up and found myself staring straight at Kamila. 

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