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Phoenix: 1

His words landed like a whip on my heart. What was he saying? Was he drunk or something?

"Kiss?" I asked him absentmindedly, and he pulled back a little to look down at my face.

"Yes. Her lips were the softest. Like... like..." he thought for a moment, and then there was a smug glint in his eyes, "Petals. They were like rose petals."

I kept looking at him with a frown, but he was all smiles.

"How many times have you gotten married, Your Highness?" I asked the question before stepping back and turned away to keep my hands busy with some task.

"Only once," he said solemnly and then asked, "Where is that dry fruit tray?"

Dry fruit tray? That's what he wants whenever he thinks of his dead wife?

"I don't have it," I snapped, "Go and ask your servant to bring it for you. Or you don't have servants anymore?" I growled.

Silence.



I felt his hands on my shoulders as he forced me to face him.

Goddess. What do I tell him when he asks me why I am angry?

I needed to come up with an excuse as soon as possible.

"Phoenix!" his gentle voice reached my ears as he pinched my chin and forced me to look up.

Breathe, Phoenix. Breathe. Don't get angry.

"What!" My voice still sounded angry.

"The dry fruit tray is placed there on the nightstand," he left my chin and went to fetch the tray.

What? I blinked in disbelief and saw him picking that up. His hands were now again full of those fu*cking pecans.

"Sebastian," I clasped my eyes tiredly, "I ... I need to rest... I'm tired and thinking of going to bed early..."

"Sure," his voice was muffled due to his full mouth, "By any chance, did you use your vibrator lately?" 1

"What!" This time, I couldn't control it,
"Sebastian. Do you have a fever or something?" I went to him and placed the back of my hand on



his forehead, "No, you don't."

"Why?" he pushed a salted pistachio into my mouth, "I'm sorry. I know it's personal," he sat on the chair and pulled me to his lap, "Because when Aurora used to find her release, all she wanted to do was lie down and sleep."

I felt a thousand needles pricking my ass as I got up from his lap and tried to control my erratic breathing.

"Excuse me!"

"I'm sorry. I never told you about Aurora. She was my wife..." he placed his finger in his ear and rubbed it a little, "So, where was I?" he thought for a moment.

He never talked about this with me so freely. Then what happened lately?

Why was he telling me lies? Or was it some other girl who had the same name?

"Sebastian," I pressed my temples, wishing he weren't a king. Otherwise, I would have pushed him out of this room, "Please leave," I didn't even want to look at his face.

He sighed and then got up, "Okay, love," he then walked to me lazily and kissed my forehead, "If you want, you can call me in the middle of the night... you know?" he winked while stepping back.



The glint in his eyes told me what he wanted to say.

No. Right now, my pussy doesn't want his tongue. I need to be alone right now.

"Sure," I didn't even wait for him to leave the room before I jumped on my bed and pulled the blanket over my face.

However, I felt him staring at me instead of heading out. I wanted to throw that blanket and shout at him, but thank Goddess the sound of the door told me that he had left.

I tossed the blanket aside and sat up straight.

"Why?" I whispered to myself. "Why is he lying, Moon Goddess?"

What is he even thinking?

"Hey, Phoenix. Won't you join us for the training today?" Gavin asked me while he jogged past me.

I shook my head with a smile, "Not today, Gavin," I told him lazily, leaning back against the bench.

He made a pout and nodded at me in understanding, "It should be that time of the month, right? Take rest!" he screamed good-naturedly.

"Everyone here is crazy," I mumbled, "The king,



his fiancée, his grandmother, his warriors... all of them are mentally unstable," My head fell into my hands as I thought hard, "And they are driving me nuts."

This morning, I didn't even go to Luna Tamia's office to ask her permission to start my day.

What would she do? Kill me? Let her!

My wolf chuckled at my scattered thoughts, "Phoenix. Come on. We are here for a purpose!"

*Purpose? Fu*ck the purpose.*

Tina is still whining about her Barbie room. My wolf giggled at the Barbie images of the room, "Phoenix. It wasn't even Barbie pink. It was closer to a shocking pink shade. The dirty one! Even Barbie might decide to commit suicide."

That made my lips curve in amusement.

"Shut up!" Tina's red face popped up in my head, and I couldn't stop the laughter spilling from my lips, "Her facial expressions were priceless. She looked so funny with all that red fuming face. Ha-ha."

I was still laughing when I felt a presence behind me. I spun my head to see who it was.

"Ma'am," A Lycan was standing there. I knew him. Had seen him outside Luna Tamia's office.



"Yes," I got up and dusted off my hands. I knew why he was here.

"Luna Tamia wants you in her office right now," he said with his eyes cast down. I yawned loudly, already getting bored with the expected verbal judo.

"Why?" I eyed him sleepily, noticing that he wasn't making eye contact.

"I'm sorry. I don't know,"

Goddess. Doesn't this old hag have something better to do?

They are all delusional. The old cow thought that she owned me. Her grandson thought that he had se*x with his wife.

Or had he been using my body double?

