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Phoenix: 1

Seeing my friend as Beta was a proud moment for me. I always saw him wearing white overalls and a stethoscope around his neck.

But today?

He looked so handsome with that Beta aura. If I were in that pack, I would have strangled him until he agreed to treat me with lots of junk food.

With a sigh, I continued with my practice.

Luna Tamia tried calling me again, but I silenced my phone. I didn't want to spoil my mood by looking at her face.

I didn't know why Jai had suddenly started hating me, but I still took him as my friend.

I bent down to gather my stuff from the ground. My towel and my small dagger, I always carried. I had trained extra today to let that exhaustion and excitement out of my system. At least now I was clear-headed.

"Ma'am," a sudden deep voice made my heart skip a beat as I spun around with the dagger in my hand.

A Lycan was standing there looking down, "Luna



Tamia wants to see you. Now!"

I rolled my eyes. *Doesn't she have anything better to do? She seems obsessed with me.*

"Tell her I'm not free yet," I muttered, slinging my towel over my shoulder.

His voice stayed calm when he spoke again, "It would be better if you come. Ignoring her might bring trouble."

I laughed.

Might bring trouble? *She is the trouble!*

With a smirk, I gave him a pointed look, "As I said, earlier... tell her that I don't have time," I said carelessly.

Poor him, he was trying his best not to sound pushy, "I'm only doing my duty. Please don't make this harder than it has to be."

I opened my mouth to snap back, but another voice cut through the trees, "You heard her. Leave her alone. Didn't she already say she doesn't want to go to her?"

I whipped around my head to see who it was.

My eyes widened when I realized it was *my* Lycan guard. What was he doing here? Wasn't he supposed to watch my quarters?

Luna Tamia's guard didn't argue any further and



dipped his head in respect, "Fine! Explain this to the luna when she asks you."

"Do you often follow me, David?" I asked the guard who was walking one step behind me, "Because I don't feel comfortable when I sense someone is keeping an eye on me twenty-four-seven."

"I'm ordered to keep you safe, ma'am," he said formally, and I didn't like the way he called me ma'am.

Like my warriors, I asked him to call me Phoenix. But he and the other Lycan guards didn't follow it.

I was sitting cross-legged on the rug in my living room, sharpening one of my daggers. I learned the trick from my last pack's senior warriors.

Luna Tamia would be angry for not getting the certain protocol from me and could attack me or attempt to kill me anytime.

She was not someone to mess with. I needed to be ready for anything.

I was so engrossed in my thoughts that when I heard a faint rustling coming from my bedroom, I froze.



My hand stilled on the blade.

Who is there? And all this time, this person had been hiding in my bedroom?

A lycan guard was always outside my door, and nobody could slip in just like that.

Was it the cleaning lady? Or Kamila?

I stood up and marched towards the room, pushing the door open with a loud bang.

Someone was standing near the window, her back facing me, staring out.

She wasn't wearing a uniform, so she wasn't a maid. For a second, I thought of Luna Tamia or Tina. But the woman's hair was jet black. No match with any of the ladies.

"Who is this?" I asked sternly, "What are you doing in my room?"

The woman gradually turned around, and my breath hitched.

"Raya?" I said with a gasp, "Luna Raya?"

Then it struck me hard. She wasn't a Luna anymore.

She smiled softly, "Hello, Phoenix."



She glided towards the chair that was next to my bed. How could anyone miss her?

Was she with the Blood Stone pack, group?

Why didn't Alpha Blake tell me? She wasn't even there when I was meeting them.

"How are you? Hope you're doing well," she sat on the chair and crossed her legs. Her eyes were sweeping over me from head to toe.

"You came with the group?" I asked her and sat on the edge of the bed, not moving my eyes away from her.

Was I scared of her? Maybe, yes. Because this was odd.

She was visiting me after bypassing my Lycan guards. She could do anything right now. I looked towards the living room, thinking of my dagger.

I wish I had brought it with me.

"No. I didn't come with the group," she leaned back a little and closed her eyes, "I'm sorry," her voice trembled.

Though it was too late for the apology. Because I didn't need one.

Apologies were overrated. No matter how you



hurt a person and injure his soul. Expecting him to forgive you was an insult to the wound.

"It's okay," I said formally, "Should I take you to your room?" I couldn't ask her if Alpha Blake had already forgiven her and taken her back.

"No, Phoenix. He didn't take me back," my eyes widened when I realized that she knew what I was thinking, "He doesn't love me anymore, and this disrespect..." she chuckled, "It was too much to handle for me."

Poor girl! Then why was she here? 1

"I'm... just here to ask for your forgiveness, Phoenix. I made things so hard for you... I wish... I wish we could start over..."

I looked at her face quietly, not knowing what to say.

"Th...things... will get better for you, Luna," I said gently, but she shook her head.

"It's too late now, Phoenix... nothing can be done."

"But why... you have got your whole life ahead of you and..."

"No, Phoenix," she cut me off, "I don't have any life ahead of me. Because I just committed suicide and ended my life. I'm here to say goodbye before leaving this world." 2

