

28 28- Special Services

Aurora/Phoenix: 1

I blew on the spoonful of soup before offering it to Jai. He was sitting up against the pillows, in a fresh hospital gown, after a shower that he had taken with the help of the staff.

"Careful. It's hot," I warned him.

He leaned forward, sipping it slowly, "Not hotter than you," he said with a wink, "By the way, when did you get these superpowers to heal someone, or was it the first time?"

I rolled my eyes, scooping up more soup, "And since when did you start cold wars with Alpha Blake and Brian? That was so awkward."

He chuckled low, "Touché."

I spread my lips into a fake smile and pushed the spoon into his mouth.

"You never asked me what happened to my face," I remarked quietly, staring at the bowl for a second before glancing up.

The question had been bugging me ever since he started treating my face with worms. And now



the same question had wiped the smile off his face.

He looked down, then stretched his jaw like he needed to buy time, "I don't know," he said eventually no more making eye contact, "Maybe..." his eyes at last found me again, "maybe I wanted to give you space... or maybe..." he trailed off his eyes darker than before, "Maybe I'm scared of my beast. He wants to kill the guy who did this to you."

"Oh," I tried to laugh it off, but he remained serious.

"What?" he asked, raising a brow, "You don't think I can fight? If you remember, I gave up my beta position willingly to be a doctor. I never skipped those training grounds, Phoenix."

I smirked and started stirring the soup, "Nah. I just thought you were a lecture thrower than a punch thrower."

"You're enjoying this, huh?" he pinched my nose tip affectionately, "I'm going to ask that cute nurse to shift me to solids so that I don't have to eat your thick chunky soup."

He then suddenly seemed hesitant.

"What?" I asked him in confusion.

"Umm. Phoenix..."

"Yeah. Shoot it, Doctor. What is it?"

"H...How do you...I mean... how do you take care of your needs..." he swiped his tongue over his lips.

"Needs?" I muttered under my breath in confusion, "What..."

And then it dawned on me.

He was inquiring about my se*xual needs.

Goddess! What is he thinking?

"Why?" I scrunched my nose, "Are you offering your services?" he smirked at that. Maybe he wasn't expecting me to ask this so boldly. 1

"No," he shook his head with a gentle smile, "Not that I don't want to. I can happily do it if you let me. But I ordered something for you." 2

His eyes searched for something on his side table. I quickly got up and picked up a parcel.
"Are you looking for this?"

Yeah," he nodded, "Go ahead. Open it."

With a frown, I opened it and took out the small



when he has something better than this." 7

Blake winced at that, "Raya. For Goddess's sake
—"

"Oh, that's fine, darling," she gave him an over-brightened smile, and I could see her eyes welling up with tears, "Sorry for disturbing your little party," without giving us a chance to explain ourselves, she stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

I stood there, holding the half-visible dildo in my hand.

"What the actual fu*ck," I muttered, "she seriously thinks we were getting naughty. That too, when we are fully dressed."

Blake chuckled even in this stressful situation, "Agree. She has been getting irritated a lot lately."

"Maybe Postpartum depression. Take care of her and send her to therapy," I suggested, and noticed him eyeing my dildo, "Jai's gift," I explained with a shrug and saluted him.

I had to stay confident.

Poor guy didn't know if he should run the pack or give explanations to his Luna for something he never did.

