

## 34 34- Burning In My Palms

Aurora/ Phoenix: 1

I was walking fast... really fast. Jai was behind me, calling out. But this rage wasn't letting me hear his voice.

"Hey! Wait up, Phoenix! What happened?" I didn't stop. Didn't even look back.

"Phoenix. Come on!"

I finally spun around, and he must have noticed my clenched jaw, "Why would you say that stupid thing to Alpha Blake? That too in front of everyone?"

He raised his hands trying to explain, but I didn't wait. I turned and started walking again.

Then I heard a loud thud and a curse behind me.

I stopped and turned back. There he was. Flat on the ground. His boots must have caught on a stupid rock or maybe a root or whatever, leaving him there, lying and groaning.

I sighed and walked back to him, reaching down to help him up. He grabbed my hand, and I pulled

him up. But the moment he opened his mouth to talk again, I was already walking off.

"Oh, damn. Phoenix... just listen..."

He came after me to catch up, and the second he got closer, he reached out and turned me to face him.

"Listen, Phoenix. Love..." he was panting. A doctor who was quite out of practice for such a brutal fight, "You... you don't know how to speak for yourself."

I stared hard at him, feeling the heat rising to my face.

"Excuse me?"

"I said you don't know how to speak for yourself. I did it because I'm your friend, warrior."

I shook my head in disgust and turned on my heels, "I don't want this head warrior shit, Jai. Stop forcing your decisions on me."

"Forcing? N-no... I..."

I didn't stop until I was standing outside the warrior's building.

"Listen, please," he held me by my elbows before I could walk inside, "Do you know why I call you





a warrior?"

I raised my eyes to watch him and found nothing but concern.

"Do you?" he shook me a little, and I bobbed my head.

"Because I know you have been fighting many battles, Phoe," I felt the anger slowly melting away out of my body. He must have sensed it when my shoulders slumped.

"For me, you are not just a pack warrior. We both know that you deserved that designation, and Alpha Blake got biased. Do you know why? Because you haven't gotten a wolf."

I blew out a breath, completely drained, and bent my head. My short, auburn hair fell on my face. He raised his hand and slowly took off my mask.

The only man I wasn't ashamed to show my face to.

"You are more than this face, Phoenix," He held my hands and raised them, "Goddess just gave you healing power, which means she also understands what you went through."

I tried to control it, but my eyes welled up with tears.



"Nobody understands what I went through," I stated.

"You know what?" he gently wiped my tears, "I have got a hunch."

"And that is?"

"Everyone who wronged you. Someday their paths will cross with you."

I started moving my head, "No, please. I don't even want to see their faces."

Be it my family, or Mateo, or Maya, or Sebastian King, or Tina and Luna Tamia. I didn't want to see their faces.

I felt a current running through my body. It was so sudden and so quick that it just made me freeze.

"What happened?" he asked me curiously, and when I shook my head, a slow smirk formed on his lips. He stepped back and ruffled my hair, "A kind of current you felt through your body. Isn't it? So, you see?" he shrugged, "Moon Goddess just agreed with me, silly."

"H...how do you..." I was confused.

"How do I know what it is?" he had gotten



serious, "Remember? I met the Moon Goddess?"

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I was still thinking about him when I walked to the elevator. He never told me the details about his meeting with the Moon Goddess.

*I hope he will be alright, Goddess. I can't afford to lose him. I don't want to lose anyone else from my life.* I made a silent prayer and pressed the call button.

Urgh. The itching in my palms had started again. Is it someone from the warrior's quarters?

The elevator doors opened, and Kiara came out with a swollen face. Our eyes met, and she couldn't walk past me.

"Are you happy now?" Her voice was bitter, and her eyes were puffed from crying. Did she need healing?

I let out a soft sigh and stepped aside, not wanting to cause a scene, "I'm not here to fight, Kiara."

She folded her arms tight across her chest, "I trained harder than anyone. Just one mistake

and suddenly I'm not worthy?"

*Oh, look who is talking. How many mistakes did I make? Do I need to remind her?*

*Cool down, Phoenix. She is angry.* I thought while rubbing my palms together, that had started burning again.

"You were drunk last night," I tried to keep my calm, "You couldn't even stand straight when the alarm blared, Kiara."

"So?" She snapped and crocodile tears again started pouring down her face, "It was only today. Before that, I always fought like a true warrior, okay? And I fought and I bled like everyone else."

Being a head warrior, this crying felt like a drama. It was a big responsibility. There was no excuse to get drunk and pass out when the enemy was lurking in the shadows to attack us.

I tried not to snap back, "Leadership isn't about showing up hungover and swinging. And you didn't show up at all. Your men were attacked and injured. Thanks to our patrol guards who took the responsibility..."

"So how are you feeling today?" she gave me a

forced, over-brightened smile, "After watching your opponent getting humiliated in front of the whole pack?"

I looked her dead in the eye, "Kiara. I suggest you keep this bitterness to yourself. I don't have time for toddler tantrums," I wasn't here to play games, "nor am I interested in your head position."

I again scratched my palms.

Before Kiara could shoot back another reply, a man came running towards us, panting. He was Alpha Blake's butler, "Phoenix!" he called out, "You're needed at the Alpha's quarters. One of the twins isn't doing well. He needs your healing."

My heart skipped a beat as I turned to him instantly. Without looking back, I rushed off. The burning in my palms was getting intense.

