

## 68 68- My Lycan Must Be Crazy

Sebastian: 1

I looked down in disbelief at the face that was hidden behind the mask. Phoenix was there sitting on a rock as if she were waiting for me to go to her and bring her back.

Initially, she seemed scared, but I stayed calm, and when I was sure that she wouldn't get scared, I went to her and picked her up.

Now the same girl was sleeping peacefully in my arms, and my Lycan wanted to jump in excitement. I could feel his happiness and his erratic heartbeat.

He wanted to crush the girl in his grip, but then he needed to be careful

"What did I tell you?" My beast asked me happily, and after ages, I felt like it was calm and content.

It was back to his happy self again.

I was running to the packhouse carrying her in my arms. I couldn't wait to announce it to the world that I had gotten her back.

Everyone in the pack thought she must have died. My Lycan was the only one who wasn't ready to accept it. The motherfu\*cker didn't let

me believe even for a second that she wasn't alive.

But didn't it give the same hope to me when Aurora died?

'I know what you are thinking!' My Lycan told me happily while looking down at the girl's face with those puppy eyes.

Fu\*ck you.

That was why Lycans don't fall in love. The beasts could easily act as a soft, submissive puppy around their beloved. 1

"Come to my room. Quick!" I sent a mindlink to my Beta, not caring that he might be sleeping.

When I went to the pack grounds, as always, Lycan warriors were guarding the grounds. Their eyes widened when they saw me carrying a woman.

Ignoring them, I reached my room and placed the pack's masked warrior gently on my bed.

"You called me?" There was no trace of sleep in Hunter's voice, but his irritation was barely masked.

"Shhh!" I placed my index finger on my lips and gestured towards the sleeping figure of Phoenix on the bed.

His reaction was exactly what I had expected.

"What the fu\*ck!" his hand ran through his hair and stayed there, "Is it Phoenix?"

I grinned and turned my head to look at Phoenix, who was sleeping peacefully on my bed. She must be the first female to sleep on my bed.

Not even Tina could achieve that.

"Where did you find her, man?" Hunter whispered while looking at Phoenix as if he also couldn't believe she was there, "Is she alright? Should we show her to a doctor?"

I leaned over and took a long sniff near her face. I kept sniffing her from head to toe like a dog. The purpose was to check her injuries, I told myself.

But her scent... damn... it was delicious.

Warm. Soft... yet wild and crazy.

Was it Cherry Blossom? Coconut cream? Or maybe warm Vanilla milk? 1

I paused near her wrists, but there was no bleeding, no injuries.

"She seems okay to me," I said, almost to myself.

Hunter folded his arms, "And why is she here? Shouldn't she be in her bed?"

"I don't want to disturb her sleep," I said stubbornly without looking at my friend, "If she wakes up and wants to go to her room, then I'll do it happily. Don't worry."

Though I didn't think I was ready for it. I had found her after so many days that I didn't want to let her go so soon.

"Was she unconscious?" Hunter asked me and then frowned, "She always wears this mask."

"Yeah. I'm not removing it if she isn't comfortable."

"Huh?" his eyes moved from Phoenix and pinned me with a mocking stare, "The Alpha God doesn't want to do something against the girl's wishes?"  
"Wow!" he was mocking me, but I knew him better.

He was happy for me.

And then I got serious when something crossed my mind, "Someone did this to her," I remarked, and Hunter nodded his head.

He was thinking hard about something.

"If you have your doubts, please let me know, Hunter. I need to find the person who dropped her there. She is without a wolf, and that place wasn't less than a murder house for a wolfless girl. As a warrior, I don't think she was stupid enough to go there by herself."

We were talking in whispers, trying our best not to disturb her.

"I ... I think..." Hunter seemed hesitant to speak.

I sat on a chair near the bed and looked at her again. She seemed so small on my huge bed, curled into my blanket.

"Speak freely, Hunter," I said without moving my gaze away from her face, "Tell me whatever you noticed."

"I think... she was being abandoned..." When he said it, my Lycan again seemed to be losing control. 1

"What did you say?" It surfaced in my eyes.

Hunter looked into my eyes and bowed his head, "It's just a wild guess, Your Highness."

My Lycan was taking deep breaths now, "This time... this time I don't want to lose her, Hunter... Sebastian... we can't lose her. We already lost her twice. Now don't let go of her. Don't let her dash your eyes."

I got up from the bed in shock and tilted my head to eye my friend, who also seemed taken aback.

"What did you say?" Hunter asked my Lycan, but my beast had gotten back at the back of my head, shutting us out, "Did you hear what he

said, Sebs?" This time, he asked me.

"Yeah. I did. He said we already lost her *twice*. I...  
I don't get it!"

Suddenly, a low growl vibrated in my chest. My  
Lycan was restraining his power due to the  
sleeping beauty resting on my bed. 1

It resurfaced fully. Its eyes glowed with barely  
contained fury as it tried to steady its breath.

"You fools!" it said in a low voice, startling both  
of us, "This masked lady... Phoenix... she is no  
one else but my Aurora." 1

The room felt silent.

Hunter and I stared at each other.

"What?" Hunter whispered.

My Lycan had faded again, and my eyes moved to  
the girl whom my Lycan thought that...

*No. Impossible.*

If Aurora were alive, then who died that night?

And who the hell was this masked warrior,  
Phoenix?

My Lycan must be crazy to imagine such things.

