

69 69- Sweet

Phoenix: 1

With my eyes still closed, a big smile graced my lips as I stretched my arms on the bed. For some reason, I felt fresh and happy.

After dropping my arms to my side, I opened my eyes and realized where I was.

Goddess!

I bolted up straight in the bed, remembering the Lycan who brought me here. My mind was still confused about whether I slept on my entire journey or just fainted because of the lightning speed of that Lycan.

This wasn't my room, and that Lycan wasn't here. I didn't know if my pack members knew that I was very much alive and back.

I quickly checked the mask on my face and took a sigh of relief. Though it didn't matter to me anymore if someone had seen my face.

Kiki was right.

I needed to remind myself that the mask was there because of others, not because I wasn't a confident woman.

After running my hand through my hair, I left the

bed and walked to the bathroom lazily. However, after I opened the bathroom door, I regretted it as soon as I saw King Sebastian stepping out of the shower.

Shit!

What was I even thinking?

I had gone still, not moving an inch, almost forgetting how to breathe.

I had never seen a na*ked man. I mean, yes, it was normal in the werewolf world to watch naked men around, but, man, oh, man. He was beautiful.

How can someone be this perfect from head to toe? His body was covered in tattoos.

Those strong thighs, and ...umm Goddess... his di*ck...

I swallowed hard, trying my best to move my gaze away, but somehow my stupid eyes didn't want to look anywhere else.

"Can't stop staring, sweetheart? Enjoying the view?" he asked me silkily with a raised eyebrow. It was a struggle not to look into his golden eyes.

"Umm... I... I'm... pee... I... need to ... pee... and ... shower," I pointed towards the shower head, "No water... I mean, I didn't hear..."

Oh, Please, Goddess. I was gibbering like a child who didn't know how to speak a decent word properly.

His face might be serious, but I could see amusement flickering in his eyes.

Before I could figure out whether to run, scream, or evaporate into thin air, he started walking towards me with his eyes locked on mine.

My feet stayed frozen to the floor. His wet hair clung to his forehead, water droplets were sliding down his washboard chest and getting lost down there...

He wasn't even conscious of his na*kedness.

He stopped right in front of me and reached out. My breath hitched as I tried to keep my eyes open.

He leaned forward, and my eyes rolled back, thinking he might want to kiss me, but then I tried to get a grip.

Goddess. He was going to touch me.

Maybe he wanted to hold me.

Come on, Phoenix. He was a nobody.

He was just a *man*. Just *any* man.

King Sebastian reached past me, grabbed a towel that was resting beside me on the counter, and

then pulled back.

He looked at me with a straight face, "You're free to pee."

I blinked several times before his words registered in my mind.

"Wh...what?" I squeaked, trying to understand, what just happened.

"You look like you are about to faint," he said drily and wrapped the towel around his waist, hiding the best parts.

He walked past me as if nothing had happened. I gulped down the saliva that was in my mouth and then turned around to slam the door shut.

Smug jerk!

Behind the door, I heard his deep, low chuckle.

My cheeks were still burning, and what I hated the most was that I was smiling too.

I had my doubts that it might be King Sebastian's lycan. I was right. He was the one who brought me back.

I wish I could stay in the bathroom, but that was not possible. I had already taken a shower and brushed my teeth.



Come on, Phoenix. You're a warrior now. You are brave. Right? If you can face those filthy rogues, then King Sebastian is nothing. His nakedness is nothing.

Go out and face him.

I cleared my throat and then inhaled a deep breath before opening the bathroom door. There was a breakfast tray placed on the coffee table.

He was seated on a chair, scrolling through his tablet. Wearing a white shirt and black pants, he was ready for the day.

Was he waiting for me at the breakfast table?

No. Why would he?

He was the ruler of Velmora Kingdom, and I was just a warrior of a werewolf pack. Why would he do that?

"What are you thinking?" his voice brought me out of my thoughts. He was looking at me, and I didn't know how to ask him why he didn't take me to my room in the warriors' hostel.

"Please sit down," he gestured towards the other seat.

I took a hesitant step towards the chair, still without an idea why he was paying me so much protocol.

The last time we met in this room, I had slapped him. It would be better if I focused on the food instead of him.

Hmm, what have we got here? Toast, eggs, and fruits.

I could feel his eyes on me as he offered me a plate, "Eat."

I picked up a piece of toast quietly and stole a glance at him.

How would I manage to eat if he kept staring at me like this?

He must have sensed my hesitation because he again got busy with his tablet.

"Won't you eat anything?" I asked him, but then I realized that he must be an early riser and must have already eaten his breakfast, "I'm sorry, your highness. I know I got up late, but..."

With a frown, he tossed his tab aside and placed his chin on his fist like he had all the time in the world. I felt like my heart would jump out of my chest if he kept looking at me like this.

"Do you think I woke up before you and already ate?" he then casually picked up a fork and stabbed a piece of mango, "I was waiting for you to join me. I slept late and woke up just an hour ago."

He then held the fork out to me. I looked at it in confusion and then at him.

Was he really offering it to me? For that, I needed to remove my mask.

He raised a brow, waiting.

I hesitated, then removed a little bit of the mask from my chin and parted my lips. The moment I did, he leaned slightly and slid the mango into my mouth. His eyes didn't leave my lips— not for a second.

Heat crept up my neck.

"Sweet!" he murmured, and I wasn't sure if the compliment was meant for the mango piece. I avoided his gaze as I chewed the fruit.