



## 71 71- I'll Get Back What Was Mine!

Phoenix 1

The moment King Sebastian left, I raised my hand and observed the spot where he had just kissed. I touched it with my index finger and then...

Yes.

I did feel butterflies.

But I also had to be realistic. What would he do when he saw my face?

All my beauty and glass skin could not stop Mateo from betraying me. Now, when I had turned ugly, would the king still have the same feelings for me?

*I don't think so.*

I tried to remind myself that this was not love but infatuation. Or maybe it was nothing but just lust. I hadn't missed the carnal hunger behind his gaze.

Urgh! I tried to shrug him out of my thoughts.

I wanted this alone time to plan my strategy. It was time to get back what I lost to other people. There were things that I deserved, but others



snatched them from me.

And I let them, thinking that one day they would accept me. To please others, I bent backwards.

Not anymore.

I needed to start with Luna Raya.

What was she even thinking when she left me there all helpless? What kind of Luna was she?

What would she teach her sons, who were the future Alphas of this pack?

I could still feel that warm stinging where the king kissed me.

*Come on, Phoenix! Right now, you need to ignore it. There are bigger things to deal with.*

I was deep in thought, pacing slowly around the room, when the door cracked open.

"Everything alright?" I spun around when heard Beta Hunter behind me, "You can let me know if you need anything."

I paused, tapping my fingers lightly on the windowsill, "Actually... I do... I want to know something, Beta Hunter," I respectfully bowed my head a little.

He raised a questioning brow.



"Umm. May I know about the pack's plans for tonight?" I asked him, trying to keep my tone casual, "I want to surprise my pack members. They must be missing me."

Beta Hunter leaned back against the wall and crossed his arms on his chest. A flash of disbelief shadowed his gaze, "There's a formal dinner. All the pack Alphas, Lunas, and head warriors will be there. Sort of a gathering to update everyone before the upcoming full moon ceremony next month."

A slow smile tugged at my lips.

*Oh, yeah. That's what I need. A room full of power players.*

"Beta Hunter... I..." A shaky little laugh slipped out, "Can I attend it?" I was sure he wouldn't allow me to set foot there because I didn't have the title that was required to attend it.

His brows lifted in brief surprise, "Of course. I'll inform the King."

"N...No," I said quickly, maybe too quickly, "I mean... I'll tell him myself. C... Can you let the servants know I'll need something appropriate to wear tonight?"

He nodded and started backing towards the





door, "Got it. Consider it done. I'll make sure everything is arranged."

By agreeing to it, he completely threw me off. He was acting like he was *my* beta

As soon as he left, I walked over to the mirror...

I had been avoiding it for quite some time. I stared at my masked reflection.

*They thought I was gone.*

*Dead.*

*Forgotten.*

*But tonight? Tonight I'll remind them exactly who I am.*

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A tall and broad-shouldered woman stepped inside the room, and without a doubt, she was a Lycan. She was holding a few dresses over one arm and a small box in the other.

"His majesty sent these for you," she said with a smile.

I walked up to her, scanning the dresses, and then picked up the black one.

"I'll wear this one," I told her.

She gave a tiny nod and opened the box that had matching masks. I smiled, shaking my head



slightly.

The woman helped me with the dress, tugging the zipper up without a word. Thankfully, unlike others, she didn't ask questions, which I appreciated.

"No high heels, please," I requested of her, and she quickly took out another pair of black sandals.

But when it came to the mask, I stepped away. Here, I didn't want her help.

"I'll do this part myself," I said quietly.

She didn't argue and walked out after bowing to me.

*You make me feel like I'm some kind of royalty.  
Huh?*

The black dress hugged my figure like a glove as if it were made for me. The matching mask had a subtle sequin work, shimmering just enough to catch the eye.

I didn't need makeup. What was the point? The mask would cover what the world wasn't ready to see. And what I wasn't ready to show.

Just when I was adjusting the mask, the door creaked open. This time it wasn't the Lycan woman but him.



King Sebastian.

He stopped in the doorway and didn't move. I just stood there facing the mirror, watching him through the reflection.

His eyes were on me. And yeah. The weight of his gaze slowly trailed down, pausing, then rising again like he was seeing me for the first time.

Inside the mask, I let out a dry, sarcastic smile. Not for him... for myself.

*Wait till you see my face, my king. I'm sure you will fall in love with me when you see what I hide behind this mask. Ha-ha.*

I tilted my head a little and threw his own words at him from that morning, "Can't stop staring, sweetheart? Enjoying the view?"

For a second, he seemed speechless. Then, to my complete horror, he let out that deep, lazy chuckle and stepped a little closer, "Very much. How can someone look this tempting without even trying? And I can't imagine how beautiful you will look without all those layers."

My heart skipped a beat.

I held his stare in the mirror. Because tonight wasn't about hiding. Tonight was meant to take my place back.





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*Everything that was snatched from me. I want it back. My designation. My self-respect. And?*

*And my face too.*

*I'll think of a way. But I'll definitely get back what was mine once.*

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