

## 77 77- Catch You

Phoenix: 1

All night, I kept dreaming of Kiara. She kept barking orders, but it didn't stop me from going to the dance floor in the middle of the forest, where Sebastian was waiting for me.

We danced with those glowing fireflies around us. His eyes were fixed on me like I was the only person in the world.

I didn't even realize that the forest in my dream had started fading around us until I felt a weight on my chest.

I looked down at my chin and found a strong arm over my b\*oobs. I wasn't even wearing a bra, and his hand was right over it.

My boobs weren't the only ones who could feel the heat, but also the area between my thighs was on fire.

I never felt such a tingling sensation down there.

Crap! His presence was putting shameless thoughts into my mind.

I stopped the gasp escaping my lips when he stirred in his sleep. Now he had turned to me in a way that his face and chest were in full view.

Good Goddess. Look at that chest.

I raised my hand and touched it with my index finger. As expected, it was taut. Like a hard wall. I trailed my finger around his nip\*ples and then took it to his collarbone.

"Perfect!" I muttered and tried to suppress the yawn.

My finger now traveled to his mouth and those kissable lips.

In the past two years, he had become more handsome, and the throne had added extra appeal to his strong aura.

Rolling my lips between my teeth, I let my finger glide to his eyes, and oh, brother. His eyelashes.

Being this handsome must be a sin.

I thought to myself and brushed my hand over his under-eye area. His eyes were big...

And open!

"Shit!"

I quickly pulled back, but he was quick to hold my wrist. He placed his palm on my hand, keeping it close to his cheek.

"What?" he asked sleepily with a lazy grin, "I was enjoying your touch, love."

I gulped hard before flashing him a nervous smile, "Your highness... I..."

"Sebastian,"

"What?" Pulling my brows together, I asked him.

"Sebastian. You already called me by my name last night. Now don't go back to this, *your highness shit!*"

I gave him a tight-lipped smile and nodded my head. He looked pleased, "That's my girl!"

*My girl?*

My heart fluttered in my chest.

"Why didn't you take off your mask?" he touched my cheekbone above the mask, but his question didn't let me enjoy his touch.

I tried sitting up, but he held me by my waist, "Don't leave, Emerald. If this question bothers you, then I won't ask again."

My mind got stuck on one word. *Emerald*.

"M...My face... it has got..."

"Yes," he nodded, "what has it got? Burns?" There was hope in his eyes, but I shook my head. I knew why he was asking that.

He wanted to confirm if I was Aurora, forgetting one thing: the Crimson Claw pack, my pack, had been burned to ashes.

"No, your highness... I mean... Sebastian..." I said with a shy smile and could see his expression softening the moment I said his name, "There are no burn marks..." I then decided to test the waters.

"The Luna of my former pack..." I chewed my lower lip, unsure if this was the right move, "She threw something on my face... I think it was some kind of curse."

He clenched his jaw and then brushed his knuckles on my forehead, "If that's the case, then she was lucky that she got an easy death. If she were alive..." he trailed off in anger, and unexpectedly, his Lycan also surfaced forward.

"What would you do if she were alive?" I inquired, observing his lycan.

"I would have beheaded her," he said casually.

"Beheaded?"

Would he do that for me?

"Yeah," he propped himself on his elbow, looking into my eyes. The sheet was now barely covering his ass, and I wondered if he was wearing anything at all, "I can do anything for you."

What?

I sat up in bed.

I must be dreaming. 1

*I can do anything for you...*

I tried to steady my breathing, but a lump formed in my throat. Why was he saying such things when he didn't know the meaning?

Wasn't he a man?

Because a man never says such things without seeing the face of a woman. Even if that woman is a who\*re, he would always be after that flawless and beautiful face.

They wanted perfection, and I was far from perfect.

"I ... I think you should leave," I ran my hand through my short hair, "I don't want a scandal."

His warmth had given me the courage to speak my mind; otherwise, I had seen what he did to Jai last night.

Kiara could storm into my room any moment when she would learn that I defied her orders and didn't report for my patrolling duty.

I could feel his stare on my face and couldn't control the blush that crept to my forehead. He bent a little to kiss my forehead, "Sure. I'll meet you later."

When he left the bed, I realized that he was wearing boxers. Ha-ha.

After he got dressed, he tilted his head, "I don't want to hide the fact that I stayed the night here. Nor I want to leave this room like a thief," he then started buttoning his shirt, "But I won't do it because I know you aren't ready. But let me tell you this, Emerald," he leaned over the bed, placing his palms on the mattress.

His voice had dropped to a whisper, "My Lycan can't stay away from you, no matter what your face looks like. So whenever you start falling for me, just let me know, Phoenix," he took a pause, his gaze holding mine, "Because when you'll fall, I swear, Phoenix... I'll be there to catch you."

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