80 80- I'm Telling Your Pack

Phoenix: 1

"What are you doing here?" I asked him, not sure if this was real.

Before leaping through the window, he took his human form and, with one swift motion, landed inside my room.

"Goodness!" I quickly covered my eyes and turned away. The bathroom scene popped up in my head, "Why aren't you carrying your shorts?"

I took off the towel from my chair and tossed it at him, momentarily forgetting that I was wearing skimpy panties underneath that t-shirt.

"You weren't answering my call, so my Lycan got worried."

Wait, what?

I spun around and took a sigh of relief when I saw a towel wrapped around his waist.

Suddenly, I felt my room spinning before my eyes, and I had to hold my head. He quickly closed the distance between us, "Phoenix," there was concern in his voice.

"It's nothing..." I gave a gentle shake to my head, "I just woke up from a deep sleep, so maybe my

head..."

Before I could finish, he gently scooped me up in his arms.

"Hey! What are you doing?" I tried to protest and instinctively grabbed his strong shoulder.

"Let me take care of you," he said gently, already walking towards the bed like I weighed nothing.

He placed me down carefully and sat closer to me, "You take off your mask if you want," he whispered.

I shook my head and turned away from him.

Yeah. Take off my mask so that your Lycan, who was getting worried about me, will run back with his tail between his legs. No, thank you.

"I just want you to be comfortable," his fingers brushed through my short auburn hair, "I promise I won't look."

My heart thudded against my chest. It always acted like a maniac in his presence.

Only King Sebastian had the power to make me do what no one else could.

And that was to make my guard down.

Slowly, I nodded and took off the mask, tossing it to the side table.

What will happen if he sees my face?

How will he react when he can see the gums and the tongue in my mouth through the holes in my cheek?

Don't worry, Phoenix. Wouldn't it be the best thing? Better he steps back now than hold your hand and leave you hanging later.

I felt him lying down behind me, his one arm curling around my waist, pulling me against him.

"Are you sure you're here to sleep?" I asked him playfully, extremely conscious of my bare legs brushing against his.

He pulled me more into him and kissed my head, "I came here just to be with you," he whispered.

Then he leaned in and pressed a soft kiss at the nape of my neck.

I knew I looked like a fool grinning like this. Not only his presence but also his touch did some flipping in my chest.

"Sweet dreams, sweetheart," he whispered, and then I heard light snoring coming from him.

He actually fell asleep!

He didn't even try to touch me intimately. The first time he called me into his room, he had placed my hand over his cock.

But ever since I had returned from that lake, he

was taking his sweet time, being extremely patient with me.

No werewolf or Lycan does that.

He stirred a little, and his hand brushed my tummy where my t-shirt had ridden up a little.

I placed my hand on his and closed my eyes.

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My eyes snapped open when my alarm blared.

I groaned and tried to sit up, but a strong arm across my waist held me down.

What the –

"Sebastian," I mumbled sleepily, trying to wiggle out, "Ummm... let go..."

There was no response to my complaints.

I turned my head slightly and stared at him. His kissable lips were parted slightly, his hair a complete mess, and he looked delicious.

"Seriously?" I whispered, trying not to laugh. As a Lycan King, shouldn't he be on high alert twenty-four-seven?

He wasn't even budging.

I shook his shoulders and then poked his cheek, "Wake up!" Deep inside, there was slight panic, too.

What if he saw my face?

He groaned a little and opened one eye. I quickly looked away and reached for the stupid alarm. Then I grabbed my mask and quickly pulled it on.

When I turned back, he was watching me with the laziest, softest smile.

"When you screamed at me, your voice was like music to my ears," He tilted his head a little, "And your green eyes remind me of forests..."

I tried to control my giggle, "Do you always flirt before brushing your teeth?"

A low and deep chuckle rumbled from his chest, and I kinda of loved it.

"I want to kiss you," his face grew serious.

Before I could come up with some excuse, there was a knock at the door.

My heart shot to my throat.

"Goddess," I whispered in panic, "You need to leave Sebastian..."

He raised a brow, completely unbothered, "I can't get enough of it. Keep calling me Sebastian, and I'll be at your service."

If it were any other moment, I might be jumping with joy. But not, right now.

"Get up!" I hissed, "They might sniff out that something is weird!"

He got up slowly and leaned in, his lips just inches away from my ear, "And what about my kiss?"

"That's not happening. Now go!" My eyes were darting to the door repeatedly.

He gave me that teasing look again, like he had all the time in the world.

There was another knock at the door. It was louder this time, and I was sure it must be Kiara.

With a sigh, he got up, and I gulped hard when I saw his naked ass, facing me. He looked over his shoulder and winked, "Next time, you don't let me kiss you, and I'm telling your pack that you slept with a naked man last night."

He opened the window and jumped out onto the windowsill. I walked to him and saw him transforming into his Lycan.

It stared at me for a while and then jumped down.

Fixing my mask on my face, I went to the door, thinking how to give a shut call to Kiara.

But when I opened it... it wasn't Kiara.

It was Luna Raya. 1

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