



81 81- Shouldn't Jai Be Happy?



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Phoenix: 1

I didn't let the shock reflect on my face.

My hand tightened on the doorknob, "Oh. It's you."

She gave me a tight smile, but I had already guessed how uneasy she must be feeling.

The two-faced bitch!

She acted like she hadn't left me in the forest at all, as if some ghost had done it.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and her face was puffy like she had been crying for hours. But I didn't feel an ounce of sympathy. Not anymore.

"What are you doing here?" I asked coldly.

She took a shaky breath, "Phoenix...my baby... Asher... he ... he needs healing."

Uh-huh. There it was.

That's why she was here.

Not because she regretted anything.

She was here for her personal gain.

I didn't say a word and turned around to walk inside. The good thing was, I didn't feel hurt



anymore.

She followed me and gently shut the door behind her.

"So..." she spoke behind me, "Will you come?"

I didn't even bother to face her, "What would you have done if I hadn't come back from that lake, Luna?" I asked her in a chilling tone, "As far as I remember, you left me to die. Alone. Right?"

I started folding the sheets, ignoring the fact that they smelled of Sebastian.

"I... I was scared... I didn't know what to do... I thought... I was doing it for Kiara and Tina, but..." her voice cracked mid-sentence.

"Don't!" I cut her off sharply, "Don't put it on them. A Luna is supposed to lead, not to be a minion to others. Don't come here acting like a mother hen now."

She broke down completely, falling to her knees right there.

Wow. She was never this dramatic. Or maybe I came to know about this talent late.

"Please... Phoenix... please. I'll do anything. Asher is fighting for his life in the hospital," she hiccupped and showed me her phone, "You can ask Jai."



Her crying still didn't do anything to my heart. She had killed that soft-hearted Phoenix, "Jai?" I cocked up a brow, "The same Jai who used to be your mate?"

For a moment I saw fear flashing on her face, "Please..." she clutched the edge of my shirt while sobbing, "I'm sorry... but I was wrong... I'm sorry for being a monster to you... I'm so sorry, Phoenix..." her eyes then snapped up to my face, "I'll... I'll accept my punishment..." she stopped crying and wiped her face, "Yes, I'll accept my crimes in front of my pack ... just don't punish my son for my sins..."

I looked down at her, still unmoved. I could never trust this woman. Her tears didn't wash away what she did to me.

"Fine!" I said quietly with a nod, "But there are conditions."

She nodded desperately, as tears ran down her cheeks, "Anything... I swear... anything... You ask... and I'll do it."

"Good," I smiled coldly, "Because I don't plan on making it easy."

I was stepping out of the room after healing baby Asher, my fingers were still tingling faintly from the healing, when Alpha Blake suddenly

appeared and pulled me into a bear hug.

"I'm so thankful, Phoenix," he said quietly, his voice thick with emotion.

I gave a small smile and patted his back gently, "It's nothing, Alpha. Anything for you."

As he stepped back, I tilted my head slightly to the side. Luna Raya was standing nearby, her palms pressed together in a silent gesture of gratitude.

I didn't walk over to her, nor did I make any attempt to hug her.

She looked like she wanted to cry again, but I didn't give her a chance and walked down the corridor, hoping to get out before anyone else stopped me.

That was when Jai caught up beside me, adjusting the files in his hand.

"Didn't you say you wouldn't heal the baby?" he tried to sound casual, walking with me as we passed the pale hospital walls.

"Well! I changed my mind," I replied without looking at him.

I could feel his stare at me.

"There's something going on in that pretty head of yours," he muttered, almost to himself, "How

many things are you planning to hide from me, Phoe?"

"For example?" I kept walking down the corridor, trying to avoid a conversation. This man knew me too much.

Too well.

He grabbed my elbow and drew me inside a room.

"Hey! What are you doing?" I yelled at him.

He closed the door behind him and raised his hands in front of him.

"Easy. Relax," he said softly, "I need to check your face. Remove the mask, Phoenix,"

When I didn't budge, his voice turned pleading, "Please..."

Something in his voice made my anger settle down a little. My friend looked genuinely concerned.

With a small sigh, I reached up and peeled the mask off. He placed his finger under my chin and lifted my face.

While examining my cheeks, several lines appeared on his forehead.

"What?" I asked him nervously, "What happened?"



His frown deepened, "Worms..."

My heart skipped a beat, "What about them?"

"Strange, you haven't noticed. Every time I used to clean your face ... there were too many," his voice lowered, "But now? ... now I can only see one."

I blinked. *Wait— what?*

I touched my cheek gently, realization creeping in. He was right.

Ever since I came back, the itching had lessened. I barely scratched anymore. I hadn't even noticed.

"D.. do you th...think that it's healing now?" he then looked up at me, "You went to a healer. Right? You went to a healer without letting me know!" He almost threw the stethoscope that was around his neck. 2

"Jai! No! Why would I do that? I never..."

Without waiting for my explanation, he turned and walked out of the room, leaving me sitting there alone.

"What has gotten into him?" I whispered to myself, "Why was he being so nasty about it? Shouldn't he be happy that my face was healing?"

