



96 96- She Is Ours!

Sebastian 1

This morning, I didn't want to leave her room, but I had to. Every time I used to come back without making love to her, my Lycan would curse me, call me names, and then wander around aimlessly in my head.

This morning, my little warrior also wanted the same. Yet there was something that was stopping her.

"She would have gone ahead if you had made a move," My beast growled in my head.

"And then what?" I snapped at him, "See her tear-soaked face in the morning, when she regrets sleeping with us?"

I was in no mood to take anybody's shit.

Why couldn't I sleep beside her and then not leave her room? Was she rejecting my advances just because some di*ckhead from her pack didn't want to see us together?

Well! I didn't have any problem with that. It was more about my Emerald, who wanted to prove something to her pack, Goddess knew what.

My Lycan was growing feral and restless with each passing day.



It wanted to pound into her till she wouldn't be able to walk. The explicit images that it showed me were too much. I had to shake my head to push them away.

I took the private route to reach my room. Once I opened the door, I bumped into someone.

Who the hell is it, and what is he doing in my room? That was the first thought that crossed my mind when I saw Hunter.

"Sebastian?" Hunter didn't even try to hide how annoyed he was.

"What are you doing here?" I snapped and walked past him.

"Where were you?" The classic sharp edge was still there, "Why didn't you respond to our mind link?"

"Our?" I stepped inside the bathroom to take a shower. Needed to get her scent off me.

Again. It was her wish. I hoped there would be a day when I would wear her scent as my favorite perfume, proudly.

I thought with a smirk.

"Did you even listen to what I was saying?" This time, poor Hunter seemed to have given up any hope.



I turned the shower knob on and called out over the running water, "Can you pass me a towel?"

"What the..." he muttered under his breath and walked away.

Urgh. I looked down at my member that was hard as a rock. I couldn't do anything about it unless Hunter was in my room.

I stepped out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around my waist.

"Relax!" I threw my dirty boxer on his face, "I heard you... Mindlink... right? I got it," I pulled a clean shirt from the drawer, "I'm sorry, but I don't feel like chatting. Okay?"

Hunter narrowed his eyes, letting my boxer fall on the floor, "I'm not here to chat. Luna Tamia is trying to mind-link you. She even came to your room to talk to you. She woke me up when she didn't find you here."

I was not ready to hear any kind of boring lecture. Especially after kissing that innocent nympho whose thighs must be wet when...

Yup. She hadn't realized it yet. Her body was craving for my touch.

"Sebastian," there was a warning in Hunter's voice, "I'm talking to you, and you are still thinking about her."



"Yeah, man. I know!" I raised my voice, "It's Luna Tamia. Now get lost!" I roared.

He stood there for a minute in silence and then left the room without uttering another word.

Goddess!

I threw a decoration piece in frustration that landed in the corner of the room.

*Why can't anyone let me enjoy her company?
Why can't I think about her in peace?* 1

"Hello, Granma," I bent ahead to kiss her cheek and took another seat across from her.

She was seated in the garden, drinking some chamomile shit.

"Where were you, Sebi?" She gestured towards the teapot, "Would you like some?"

I raised my hand with a slight shake of my head, "I was sleeping. Why?"

At least, that was the truth.

I was sleeping, indeed.

Where? With whom? That I didn't want to share.

Just the action.

But let's not forget. She was not only my Granma



but also a mother who raised me single-handedly.

She lifted her gaze and met my eyes, "I didn't ask you this, son."

She remarked, but I stayed quiet. I wish I could announce Phoenix's name everywhere. Granma must have heard my silent thoughts.

"Sebi. Were you with her?" she asked me point-blank without messing with words.

"Yes. I was. Why?" I cocked up a brow. If she thought she was allowed to handle my intimate moments and my bed partners, then she was mistaken.

She exhaled and placed her cup on the coffee table, "Sebi," she started, and I somewhat knew where this was going.

"Do what you want to do. Sleep whoever you want to sleep with. But if you want to keep your throne, then you need to stop insulting Tina."

"I never insulted her..." I said with a shrug.

"The girl who is here as your fiancée needs your care, Sebi," She raised her voice, "Even if it's fake, she needs you to lean on."

This was not the time to get angry; my jaw tightened anyway.



"I don't even like her, Granma. And you know it."

"That's not the point," she was trying to be calm, "I'm talking about your duty towards her. You need to deal with things more sensibly."

"I'm sorry," I got to my feet, "I can't fake anything."

"No, Sebi," she stood up, "You need to act like a *damn king*."

"You don't know anything, Granma. So please..." I turned away to walk out of this place. **1**

"Sebi! Stop!" She tried to stop me, but I couldn't.

Phoenix was not just a girl.

She was not a fling, nor was she a one-night stand.

She was *mine*.

Mine to touch. Mine to kiss.

And mine to make love.

"She is ours!" my Lycan reminded me, and for the first time, I agreed with it.

"Yes, dammit. She is ours indeed."

Goddess! I was acting like a teenager with raging hormones.

Even in my teenage years, when I was dating Tina, I never did such ... *dumb* things.



Sneaking around.

Climbing up to a girl's window.

Smiling secretly.

Smelling her scent on my body and clothes... like a fu*cking idiot.

What the hell was wrong with me?

I leaned back against the wall, running a hand down my face.

The scary part was...

It was not just the attraction anymore.

It was... it was something else.

I could lie to everyone else. But not to myself.

Or maybe I wanted to keep the truth hidden inside me.

"Amora! Where are you?" I sent a mind link to Aunt Amora. She was the only one who could help Phoenix with the voices in her head.

"Please come to the Blood Stone pack and meet me directly. No need to let anyone know about your arrival."

After a moment, Amora's voice echoed through the mind link, "Sure, your highness. I'll be there ASAP!"

