

MISSING you Lyra thought that was an apt description for it. She had missed him and his infuriatingly attractive face. Though she would sooner throw herself into the Bay than tell him any of that. She watched as he closed the passageway, stepping into the cabinet proper.

He then glanced at the pastry in his hand and tossed it away carelessly. She wanted to laugh at him as she crossed the gap between them to brush the crumbs from his tunic. Her eyes met his, a field of lavender that she could easily lose herself within.

"So?" she questioned. "Where have you been all this time?"

There was a spark of mischief on his face. "That is for me to know and for you to find out."

She arched a brow, somewhat expecting his response. How typical of him. "Are you keeping secrets from me already?" Her tone challenged him to disagree.

He raised a hand, fingers leaving ghost trails along the edges of her cheeks. "Only the ones that are for you, my dearest lady wife," he said with that charming smirk of his that she both loathed and adored.

"What does that mean?" she asked incredulously. "And still soon-to-be, we are not wed yet."

"Another two moons is of little consequence to call you my wife," he said.

She shrugged coyly. "A lot can happen in two moons."

His voice was low and suggestive. "Hmm, I quite agree."

Lyra clicked her tongue in feigned disapproval. "What is this secret you keep from me then?"

"I have something for you," he divulged, "but it is not ready yet."

Her eyes lit up at his words but soon narrowed with distrust. "And what could that be? I hope it does not involve any more Dornish wine."

He gave her a pealing laugh. "But you told me it was the best wine you had ever tasted!"

"I have no recollection of saying such a thing!" she retorted obstinately.

"Nothing at all?" he probed. He drew nearer than he already had been. "Not even a tiny inkling?"

She drew a nervous breath at his closeness, taking a small step backwards in response. Streaks of memory clouded her vision for a fleeting moment, of tangled lips and mingled breaths. She felt her heart pinched; caged and flightless.

The sun shot through his hair in a blaze of searing silver, his eyes kindling with keen clarity. "You do remember something."

Lyra's gaze snapped back to his like a startled doe. Her lips parted but words fled her.

Daemon dipped his head to peer at her intently, the corners of his mouth curving with brazen amusement. "Tell me what you remember then."

She turned away. "Only if you tell me where you've been for the past week."

His silky chuckle sent gooseflesh rising along her skin like the caress of a winter breeze. An unruly finger toyed with a lock of her dark hair and her gaze flitted across his lips. So dangerously close to hers.

"I've been here all along, you just hadn't caught me," he said with a wink. "Does absence not make the heart grow fonder, as the saying goes?"

She sulked, "It can also make the heart grow colder."

He crooned sympathetically, drawing nearer still until she felt her back press against the desk behind her. There was a thrumming inside her, lute strings plucking in a chaotic symphony. Her muscles coiled tightly in anticipation, captured breath waiting for release.

Daemon held her face in his hands and it felt like the world would end at that moment. Doom fell upon her in such a mesmerising, beguiling way that she swore time had ceased to exist.

"Geviq" he whispered, so softly that she thought it was a rustle of her imagination.

"What does it mean?" she asked, though she did not need to know. The way he looked at her was answer enough. Dark desire and purest adoration.

Light fingertips brushed against the curls of her temple. "It means ... you are the most wonderful thing that has ever walked into my life."

She fought to smother a laugh. "In just one word?"

"One word is all it takes," he replied easily, "but I will give you two more. Avy jorrāelad"

And for some reason, she lost her breath. He took her hand gently and placed her palm against the centre of his chest. His captivating violet eyes held her gaze in a paralysing spell.

"Do you feel it?" he asked. His fingers interlaced with hers. "It beats for you."

He was a summer storm of frozen rain and frigid gale, threatening to sweep her away in a tempest of twilight ruin. She burned with frost and snow, standing on a precipice of hallowed stars that ignited like the sun itself.

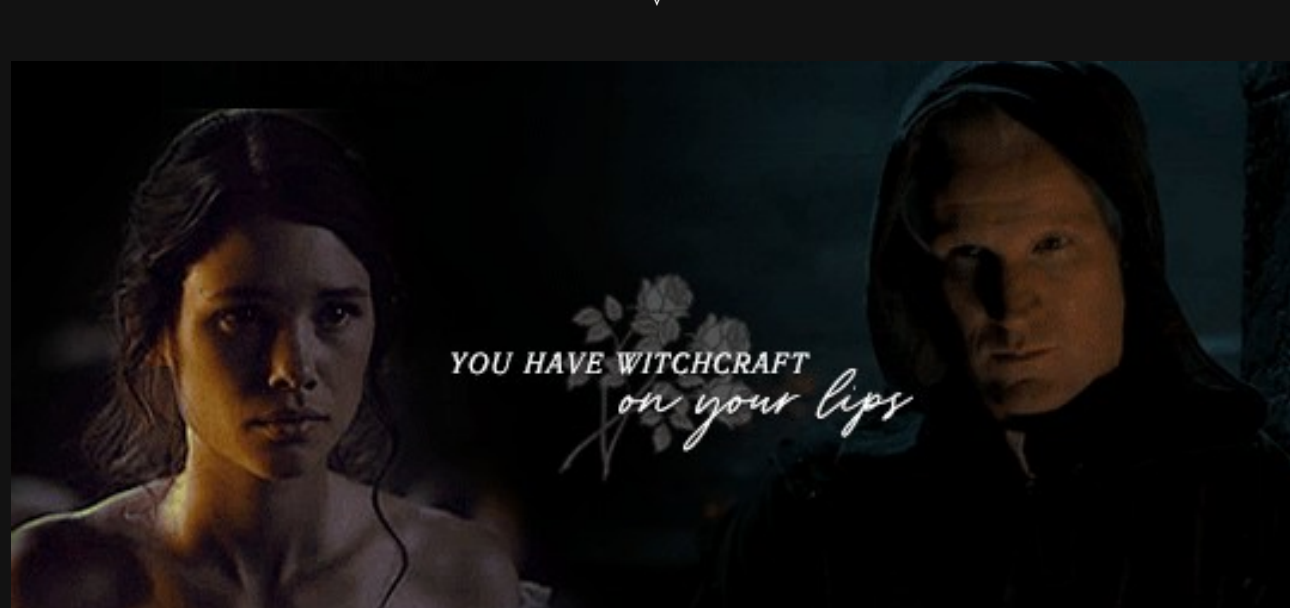
"Daemon..." Her voice was fevered. She felt its approach, the moment of her downfall. Obliteration.

Then his lips were capturing hers in all the suddenness and ferocity of a battle siege. Bleeding rapturous and drumming fervour. He kissed her with all the intensity of a frenzied flame and the gentleness of falling dew.

And when he held her in tender arms of love-fraught sighs, she thought she had perished in the sweetest of little deaths.

"You have bewitched me, Lyra, body and soul," he said with ardent breath. "I am yours until the dawn sets and the dusk rises."

She held him with the sun's rays and a trembling heart. "Until the sun grows cold and the stars grow old."



AUTHOR'S NOTE

welcome dae to pride and prejudice and dragons hahaha pls let me make daemon quote darcy so i can die peacefully *screaming into the void* btw i shared the above video of romantic songs that i listen to all the time when i write this fic so you can listen to it while you read and imagine together with me. it makes me so so . i feel like i could have written this better, let me know your thoughts! xx

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