

167 167- Break The Ice

Aurora Stone: 1

Of course, he understood why I did that.

It was a test for him to see if he would be able to bear this battered face while having this romantic date with me.

He didn't look away and then leaned again to kiss the cheek that had holes in it, "Why did you never tell me that you're so beautiful?"

I couldn't control it and laughed so hard, leaning into his chest, "Seriously?" I managed between the fits, "That's what you can come up with?"

I shook my head and laughed again. I wasn't a fool.

Who would do that to the ugliest face in the world? Even if Amora would make me beautiful again, I had no plans to stay here.

But this man. He was making it hard for me.

"You are supposed to hate me, Sebastian," I uttered and then instantly regretted it.

Several lines appeared on his forehead, "Hate you?" he pursed his lips into a thin line and bobbed his head, "Not possible, darling. Didn't I already tell you that I love you? Do you think I

said it for the sake of it?" 1

Liar. He was lying.

I wanted to shoot an insult at him when he sighed and kissed my hand, "We aren't here to fight, Aurora. Can you take your seat, please?"

My eyes lingered on his handsome face, trying to decide if I should go ahead with this date. It was a bad idea. I shouldn't have agreed to it in the first place.

"Please," he kept watching me quietly as he pleaded. When my eyes didn't move away from his face, he nodded at me encouragingly.

I exhaled and sat back, my back still stiff like a stone. I forced myself to relax. He got to his seat and then leaned back, "So," he started, "Tell me. What inspired you to become a head warrior?"

Was it a job interview?

"Fuck you, Aurora. He is trying! Don't be a bitch!"
Aria growled in my head.

I raised my eyes and found him waiting for my answer patiently.

"I ..." Looking around awkwardly, as I searched for the right words, "I wanted to be strong..." my voice shook a little, "I didn't want the tag of a wolfless girl who could be taken for granted by anyone..." suddenly the words started flowing



naturally, "I didn't want to wait for a prince with a shining armor to come and save me... I wanted to beat up the asses of rogues or anyone who would harm me..." I got quiet after that, trying to control the emotions that suddenly rushed through me.

Sebastian wasn't even blinking. He just sat there, watching me, his arms resting on the table, as if every word I spoke to him, mattered.

"Every time, I got upset, I would spend my time on training. I think that made it better," I found my first smile at the end of it, "Jai... he helped me a lot," I looked at the table and started trailing my finger on the surface, "He was always there... encouraging me... fighting for me..." I chuckled and wiped the unexpected wetness around the corner of my eyes.

I fell quiet, embarrassed at how much I'd let it slip. Sebastian nodded, "He is a very good friend of yours. Isn't he?" he asked me softly, nodding in understanding.

I swallowed, fiddling with the edge of the napkin, "Yes. He... he is a very good friend..."

I didn't know if I should share with him that we were no longer friends. Because in my heart, he was still my friend.

Though there were secrets that he had always



been hiding from me.

"I'm sure he must be proud of you," he gestured towards me, "seeing you as a head warrior in the palace."

I thought of the moment when Jai didn't even meet me properly and left.

"Yeah," I nodded, "He is proud of me, and he saw me when I made my warriors fight with each other with bare hands."

"Hmm," the corners of his mouth lifted above, "I've also heard something interesting."

I frowned in confusion, "What?"

"I've heard," he swiped his tongue over his lips, "You make your warriors run laps when they annoy you," he remained serious, but his eyes twinkled with mischief.

I felt heat rushing to my face. He noticed.

"Umm. It wasn't something serious..." I looked away quickly, "Just..." I couldn't control the smile that broke on my lips.

A low chuckle escaped his mouth, "I can't get the picture out of my head. You were standing there barking orders. While those warriors... grown men... they were running in circles begging for mercy."



I let my head fall on the table and laughed at that. I remember what he was referring to.

"How do you know that?" I, at last, raised my head, "I didn't even know you were there."

His face suddenly turned serious, "I notice you more than you think, Aurora."

The way he said it, it sent an unwelcome shiver through me. My heart gave me a wild thump, which I quickly tried to ignore.

I cleared my throat, controlling my smile, "You're a creep!"

"Ahan. So you believe that this is creepy? Staring at someone while staying hidden?" he smiled faintly.

I looked down, trying to hide the unexpected warmth rising to my cheeks.

"Yeah," I placed my fist under my chin, "And I can ask you to take laps in the ground. Imagine the king running in circles," I giggled, forgetting momentarily that I was no longer hidden behind a mask.

"If that's the case, wife," he leaned ahead, "Then let me tell you about a girl who used to stare at me from behind the curtains, thinking that I wasn't noticing..."

I gasped at the reminder.



My own voice echoed from the past.

"Kamila. I want to see how my husband looks,"

I had told her before she asked me to come to the window and have a look.

He remembered.

The odd thing? It didn't feel odd anymore.

The man had at last achieved his mission. He had broken the ice.

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