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Aurora: 1

We were quiet when the waiter arrived, setting down the trays. My hand reached out for the mask, lying on the table, but Sebastian quickly stopped me by placing his hand on mine.

When I looked up, he shook his head.

Being an overconfident prick, I took it off just to annoy him. But I wasn't ready to show my face to anyone else.

Even if the waiter saw it, that meant the word would spread fast. Eventually, they all would know how the Royal head warrior looked.

"Dave!" Sebastian's voice echoed in the silence.

The waiter stopped and turned to him, his eyes still cast down, "Your majesty."

"Whatever you witness here shouldn't go out. Have I made it clear?" He asked him in a no-nonsense tone.

That made me flinch in surprise.

"You have my word, Your majesty," The waiter bowed and left.

I wanted to tell him that there was no need for him to do this. But I could see he was going to



great lengths to...

To...

"To make you happy, silly!" Aria finished it for me.

I stayed quiet as my gaze swept over the food. Roasted chicken, spiced potatoes, warm bread, and bowls of fruit.

Ah. This rich smell.

It made my stomach betray me with a small growl.

Sebastian raised a brow, but thankfully kept his mouth shut.

"So, I take it... you're not a midnight snacker, but an early morning breakfast person. Right?" He asked me.

I thought of Jai. We both were midnight snackers.

I smiled and tore into the bread, "Both. Usually it's the latter. But if I get annoyed by a king, I don't mind a late snack."

He chuckled and transferred some chicken onto my plate, "Eat!"

With a nod, I held the fork and knife in my hands and obeyed him, "This one is too good," I wiped my tongue over my lips and caught him staring



at it.

My heart missed a beat.

You're imagining it. He might be seeing the food through those holes.

My self-explanation sounded silly to my ears, and I couldn't hold my smile.

If he noticed it, he chose to ignore it.

But then, how do I stop myself when the chicken flavor was so good? I tried to keep it quiet, but every time I chewed it, I was practically moaning.

When I looked up, I found Sebastian's fork frozen halfway to his mouth. His eyes darkened, and I sensed his Lycan in his eyes, watching me like a hawk.

"What?" I swallowed quickly and took the glass of water to my lips.

"Don't do that!" His deep voice was rougher than usual as his jaw flexed.

I blinked at him, "Don't do what?"

"These sounds coming from your mouth..." he growled and closed his eyes, "Stop killing me," he whispered.



My eyes widened and I quickly stabbed another piece of chicken just to cover my fluster, "I'm enjoying my food, My King," I could feel my face heating under his gaze, "What do you expect? To hum funeral songs?"

The fire in his eyes didn't ease, but his lips twitched when he tried to fight the smile.

"You need to eat it quietly, or I might take you here and make you scream my name," he said it so casually like he was talking about his warriors.

My mouth was wide open when he expressed it so boldly. My fork slipped and clattered against the plate.

And the innocent look that he was faking right now was enough to spike my blood pressure.

The heat got up to my neck, and I hated how my heart was drumming in my chest.

I wanted to challenge him to try it because I was one hundred percent sure no man would dare to fu*ck an ugly-faced girl.

But challenging Sebastian King was a different story. Deep down, I knew he wouldn't shy away and would do exactly what he was saying.

"You..." I cleared my throat and tried to be stern, "Do you even hear yourself? No need to have this



indecent talk with me."

Aria was laughing in my head.

Sebastian seemed unbothered as he sipped his wine, "Relax, my little lioness!" he said with a lazy grin, "I was only warning you."

"Warning me?" I was still flustered, "Are we here to have dinner or to challenge each other?" I snapped at him.

"Goddess, Aurora," he muttered under his breath and without another word, he set the glass down as his chair scraped lightly while rising to his feet.

"What are you..." My brows furrowed in confusion.

Before I could finish, he was at my side, holding my hand and pulling me up. The sudden action knocked the air out of me.

"I'm here..." his voice dropped lower, his lips dangerously close to mine, "To do this..." he brushed his lips over mine ever so slightly.

My pulse was running wild. Before I could protest, his mouth covered mine, hungrily stealing the words from my mouth.

The way he kept sucking my lips as if he couldn't get enough of me... like he wanted to taste me as much as possible...



I didn't know how to express it in words. But the thought that a powerful man wanted me...

ME!

With this scarred face... was something I had never dared imagine.

When he finally pulled back, his breath was ragged and his eyes were locked on mine.

Heat flooded to my cheeks. He rested his forehead against mine for a moment, his voice was rough when he spoke, " You have no idea how badly I want to keep going..." he trailed off as if he didn't know anymore how to speak.

I swallowed hard, unable to look away from him. I wanted to ask him what was stopping him. He must have gotten it from my face or my eyes.

Because his lips curved in a faint grin as he glanced at the table, "Because first... we need to finish our food."

I chuckled in surprise, "Seriously?"

He kissed my forehead gently, "Yeah," he tucked my hair behind my ear, "Seriously."