



172 172- Drinking My Tears

Aurora Stone: 1

I was dragging my tired legs back to my quarters after training when I stopped dead in my tracks.

Sebastian was standing right outside my door, waiting for me.

Wow! The king was waiting for me. For ME!

Unbelievable!

My brows knitted instantly. As a king, he could have gone inside if he wanted. Nobody would've dared stop him.

But he hadn't. He was just waiting there.

Without complaints.

Without a bad mood

When his eyes found mine, his whole face seemed to lit up with a smile.

"How are you, warrior?" he asked me casually, and my heartbeat raced the same way it always did when he was around.

No matter what he called me.

Warrior.

Emerald.

Phoenix.

Spitfire.

Wife.

Every name used to give those strange, delicious tingles.

"How am I?" I walked up to him and placed my hands on my hips, "Tired. Dirty. Hungry. I'm feeling how a head warrior should feel."

He chuckled while watching me, "And still you manage to look beautiful."

I rolled my eyes and brushed past him, heading for the door, "Save your lines for someone who'll believe them, Sebastian."

"And why would I do that?" He followed me inside.

I kept my face serious, pretending like his words didn't affect me. Inside, though, I could feel my stomach doing those funny, ridiculous flips.

Once we were inside, I placed my dagger down on the table, "I came here to have lunch..." I told him with a fake smile, "Alone."

Didn't we already share a meal last night?

He leaned against the wall, utterly unbothered, "Funny. That's exactly why I came here... to have lunch. With you!"

I was trying my best to give him an annoyed look, but the fu*cker had already gotten into me last night. I realized late that the dinner was his first step towards me.

Though I didn't know why he was struggling when he could have any woman he wanted.

"Liar!" I turned away to hide the smile trying to form on my lips.

"Liar! Me!" he sounded surprised, "Look at me, wife!"

Damn! He was doing it again!

That was what I was avoiding doing. To let him look at me. To let him see who I was becoming. To let him touch me in places I never knew existed.

I slowly turned to face him, with my tongue touching the inner cheek, "What?"

He slowly came towards me and pinched my chin, "You can take your mask off, Aurora..." he suggested softly.

His fingers then brushed to the side of my face, and he was doing it so gently, like I was made of glass and he was afraid I might break.

Being extremely patient, he slipped the mask off.

I froze. Last night I did it just to get rid of him.



But today in daylight? I felt na*ked.

Vulnerable.

As if someone had exposed me.

He seemed to understand because his palm came up to cradle my cheek. And then he leaned ahead and pressed his lips softly against my battered cheek.

My knees nearly buckled. Goddess. What was happening to me?

I could feel his minty breath fanning across my skin as he stayed close. His arm snaked around my waist and pulled me into him.

When he spoke, his voice was low and husky, "Last night I asked you to move in with me. Did you give it a thought?"

"No!" I said without thinking, but that was a lie. Since last night, that was the only thing I had been thinking about.

Two years back, when I was residing in Luna quarters, how desperately I tried to meet him. Last night's date didn't mean that I had forgotten everything.

I wanted to be rude to him, but I couldn't.

His face got too close until his mouth kept finding mine for those soft, coaxing kisses.



Those kisses were not only stealing my breath but also my resolve.

"Sebastian," I whispered, clenching his shirt in my hands, but his lips didn't stop.

"Say yes, darling," he murmured, his lips brushing against mine again, tasting me. Asking me to give in.

Goddess. He wasn't even letting me breathe.

"S...Sebastian...." I managed between those kisses, but his lips weren't letting me speak.

"Hmm..." he seemed to have forgotten what he had asked me and was continuously torturing my lips, biting them lightly in between kisses.

"Sebastian," my palms pressed against his chest, "I ..."

He kissed me again and at last pulled back a little to look at me, "I what..." he muttered. His mouth was slightly open, like the kiss had stolen his breath as much as mine.

While looking at me, he wasn't even blinking.

What was happening here?

To control my emotions, I stepped back to put a little distance between us.

"I ... I'll think about it, Sebastian," I straightened my shirt and turned to look around my room for



something... for anything that could keep me busy.

I had barely taken two steps when his strong arms wrapped around my waist from behind, pulling me back against his chest.

"Aurora," he whispered, "Make up your mind, darling. Don't keep me waiting."

My throat tightened.

Damn him.

My heart was melting... It was slipping right out of my hands. What was he doing to me?

I bit my lip hard, but the unexpected tears came anyway, spilling before I could stop them.

"Hmm," my reply was short so that he wouldn't notice my teary voice. But of course, he was not a fool.

Within a minute, I was being turned in his arms, his eyes were scanning my face, and then his mouth was on me again.

This time, not exactly for the kiss but to drink my tears.

"Aurora," he whispered, his lips were busy kissing each tear one by one, "Don't cry, darling."



Another tear slipped, and he caught it too.
Between scattered kisses across my skin, his
voice broke, "Please... don't." 1

I clenched the fabric of his shirt, holding it
tighter as I lifted myself on my toes and opened
my mouth to taste his lips.

I was getting tired of running away, treating him
like a forbidden fruit.

"Sebastian..." I whispered, trying to control my
trembling voice.

"Aurora... my wife..."

"D...don't leave me... don't leave me... please..." 1

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