

## 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..." 0

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