

## 176 176- Proof

Aurora: 1

I stirred, blinking against the faint light spilling in the room.

Urgh. My head felt heavy.

I raised my head only to find the sheets on my bed were a mess. For a moment, I thought hard, trying to remember where I was. Then my gaze shifted, and my stomach flipped.

Sebastian.

He was right there, lying beside me.

His arm was thrown right at my chest.

And then last night came rushing back in waves. The way his hands had gripped me, the way I screamed his name when he was inside me.

His face, his touch, every sound replayed in my mind, making me press my lips together to keep from gasping out loud.

I swallowed and shifted a little, suddenly aware of our na\*ked bodies.

Goddess. I wanted to slip away and hide somewhere before his piercing eyes caught me like this.

But the moment I moved, his arm tightened, locking me against him.

Uh huh. I needed to find something... anything to cover myself. What happened to me last night? Why did I lose control?

I wiggled again, only for his husky voice to break through the silence.

"Where do you think you're going, love?"

"I... umm... I..." Heat rushed to my cheeks as I controlled my stammer. Without warning, he rolled over me, pinning me beneath him effortlessly.

His lips formed a smirk as his weight settled over me.

"Your face resembles a tomato right now," he murmured, lowering his mouth slowly and brushing it slightly for a slow kiss, "Last night you weren't shy while doing all that..."

I slapped his arm to stop him, but his only reaction was another kiss that deepened, stealing away the words I wanted to say.

However, my eyes widened when I felt the unmistakable swell pressing against my thigh.

"S... Sebastian...." My voice was muffled against his mouth.

I managed to shift my legs under him, parting them slowly. My chest was heaving as I looked up to his face.

He raised his head to look at me, and I wanted him to understand the unspoken invitation. My cheeks burned as I tried to speak, "S... Sebastian... please..." My voice sounded breathless and pleading to my own ears.

He stilled, and swallowed hard, his eyes dark as they searched mine.

For a moment, his lips touched me softly in a tender kiss.

"Aren't you sore from last night?" he whispered huskily, "I don't want to hurt you, love."

But the ache inside my core was getting stronger now.

I didn't know what it was. Hunger. Desire. Thirst.

Whatever it was... it was making me burn.

I shook my head, "Just... just one more time... please..."

I started rubbing my body, my breath coming quicker. The soft plea, the way I moved under him...

It stripped away the last of his resistance. His jaw tightened as he nodded.

With a groan, he lowered himself and kissed me deeply as his body started moving to meet my need, answering my every plea without another word.

His hand slid along my thigh, pushing my leg higher above his shoulder. As he started moving, inside me.

The familiar heat started spreading through my body. His own movements were laced with hunger; his eyes locked on my face.

In the room, there were only the sounds of our breathing and muffled moans.

My body arched under him, getting hotter and wetter with each thrust.

"Sebastian!" I moaned as I trembled under him.

He kissed me and buried his face in my neck.

When the storm passed, he stayed inside me, his forehead pressed to mine.

"I can't get enough of you," he breathed, kissing me softly. I couldn't respond because my eyes fluttered close as I clung to him.

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Sebastian prepared a bath for me where he poured all types of salts, and whatever herbs he could think of.

"You must be sour down there. Let it heal, love," he had told me gently. 1

"You are treating me as if I'm the princess of some kingdom," I tried to joke about it, but his face turned serious.

"You *are* the princess of my heart, Aurora," he said, lowering me into the tub, "Call me when you're done."

After an hour, when I left the tub, I felt fresh. The delicious tingling between my legs was still there.

Clad in bathrobes, sitting next to each other, we had a late breakfast in my room. After such a long time, I felt light and carefree while talking to someone without my mask.

"I must be in ground with my warriors, not here," I told Sebastian guiltily, glancing at the wall clock, "They must be waiting for me."

"I already told you once. They aren't babies," he brought a grape near my face that was quickly grabbed by my mouth.

"Thanks," I chewed the juicy fruit and pointed towards the tray, "Coffee?" I asked him.

He took it wrong and reached out to pour a cup for me.

"Sebastian! I didn't mean to ..."

He didn't let me speak and placed his finger on my lips, "Shh. Let me do it. I'm enjoying it."

I got quiet and accepted the mug.

"Don't you have any meetings to attend?" I asked him after taking a sip of my coffee.

He shook his head and leaned towards me to kiss my forehead, "This is the only meeting I want to attend," he gestured towards the tray that was placed in front of us.

I gave a small smile and turned my head away. Everything that has happened since last night felt like a dream.

"You alright?" his concerned voice reached me.

I shook my head and clamped my lips tightly, "Aren't you bothered by my ugly face?" my voice was low.

He kept staring at me and then placed his coffee mug down, "And who told you that you're ugly?" he cupped my cheek, "You're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life." 1

I chuckled and gave a playful punch in his chest, "Liar!"

He held my hand and guided it to his manhood that was hard under my touch, "This is the only proof I've got, wife. What else do you want?"