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Aurora: 1

He didn't let me go for training, and all we did was talk, talk, and talk. And all I wanted to do was to get fu*cked by him, again and again, and harder.

"I know what's going on in that pretty head of yours," Sebastian teased me, giving a little tug to the hair strand on my forehead.

"Really?" I leaned towards him, raising my lips invitingly, "I don't think so."

His eyes dipped to my mouth, "Umm hmm. Sweetheart. Here I'm trying so hard to control my urge, and here you are making me... urgh," he groaned and rolled his eyes.

Throwing back my head, I laughed hard.

"I never knew women could hold so much power over men just by offering them their cunt," My shameless remark made the smile vanish from his face.

Uh-huh. Silly me!

His hand was quick to wrap around the nape of my neck and pull me closer, "Only over the men who love their women, Aurora," before I could utter a word, I was pulled into a hot and searing

kiss.

When he detached his mouth, his lips had a smug smile, "You've got my heart, Aurora..." his warm breath fanned against my ear.

I pushed his chest with a playful scoff, "How lucky you are, Sebastian, that I let you kiss me."

Mischief was dancing in his eyes when he leaned back slightly, now holding me by my waist, "Really?"

"Yeah," I raised a shoulder carelessly, "Your eyes say it all."

"And what about *your* eyes, sweetheart?" he bumped his nose into mine, "They are asking me shamelessly to pound into you," he rasped against my ear, "Again and again..."

Heat rushed to my face, "N... no!" I argued, but I couldn't hide the smile.

We were both sitting on the carpet, side by side, in our pajamas like two fools. We didn't need a bed or anything fancy.

We were just enjoying each other's company.

He chuckled low in his throat, "The way you smile..." he dipped forward to steal another peck that was soft and quick before pulling back, "It tells me everything."

I faked some anger on my face, "You stay careful, My King. One more of these kisses and I might actually drag you to the bed."

"Umm hmm," he hummed, deliberately slow, as his eyes flicked down to my lips again, "You are playing a very dangerous game, My queen."

My heart skipped a beat.

Every time he called me that, I wanted to deny it. I became a head warrior, and that was fine.

But being called a *queen* when I was brought here as a slave...

I looked into his eyes that were watching me, waiting for my answer.

"Don't you understand, Your Highness?" I bent ahead, "I like dangerous."

I didn't know why, but suddenly I had started acting like a who*re. Every time he even looked my way, I wanted to tear his clothes and attack him.

Was it because I got the real thing last night? Because before that, I never knew what a man's touch felt like.

"What!" I felt confused when I didn't get any response from him.

"I don't want to hurt you, Aurora," There was

concern on his face, "Believe me, I want you too... but what if..."

I didn't let him finish and literally jumped at him to lock his lips with mine. My hand held his neck, grinding my mouth into him.

His mouth was warm and responsive. For a ridiculous, glorious second, the rest of the world seemed to fade.

His hands were everywhere, then slipped to the hem of the pajama top while I reached for his top awkwardly.

I was trying to pull it up, above his head, but the stupid thing got stuck around his face. We tumbled sideways onto the carpet like two fools, laughing breathlessly.

Our kisses were slow at first, and then they became quick until Sebastian decided that he needed to be intense.

Good decision, Sebastian! Because I want you to do exactly that.

"You're impossible!" he murmured, as his thumb brushed a loose strand of hair from my face.

"Umm. Didn't I mention before?" I said, controlling the panting, "I like being impossible."

In answer, the grin he passed me was enough to make my chest tighten.

Our bare bodies were moving in perfect sync as he got deeper and deeper until we were too tired to even move.

Later, when he was lying beside me, he kissed my lips gently, "Witch!" he teased me. And all I did was smile and place my head on his hard chest.

His arms were at once around me, squeezing me to him as if he couldn't get enough of me.

Luna Tamia:

I looked around, my eyes were searching for Phoenix. She wasn't in her bed. And then I smelled it.

Phoenix. Sebi. And se*x.

With a frown, I moved ahead and found them sprawled on the floor, entwined in each other's arms.

"What the fu*ck!" I whispered to myself, "Doesn't my grandson have some class?"

As a king, he needed to do it in bed. What was she doing to him? Putting this low mentality in his head? 1

Shaking my head, I turned away.

I was here due to my magic because I knew the

Lycan guards standing outside wouldn't let me enter here.

I walked to the couple and crouched down near them. They were sleeping peacefully like babies. Aww.

"Do you want me to kill her now? In her sleep?" My Lycan asked me. Its good side was snoring peacefully in my head.

"No. Not now," I got up and stepped back, "I have decided to give her one more chance. If she behaves like a good girl, then I'll rather avoid this bloodshed and spare her."

That's what my good Lycan had asked me. Later, I could tell it that I did try.

"See you tomorrow, Phoenix!" I whispered to her sleeping figure and turned to leave. I needed to handle this girl, and for that, Sebastian needed to be away from this palace.

Well. I'll come up with something and send him away.

I clasped my hands in excitement, "That's the perfect plan!"