



95 95- Us?

Phoenix: 1

My hands were getting all sweaty. I couldn't think straight.

Everything felt off.

Sebastian looked at my face with worry, "Phoenix. What happened?" he held my shoulders.

"N...nothing.." I shook my head, "Something is wrong... like really... wrong..." his eyes dropped to my mask, "Are you sure? Your heart is racing!" A cocky grin appeared on his face.

He wasn't taking it seriously.

"I know... I... this voice in my head..." My voice cracked halfway through. I pressed my fingers to my temples, "It's happening since last night... someone is here in the room..."

That wiped his smile off his face real quick.

Grabbing me in his arms, he moved me to the mattress and left the bed.

He pulled on some sweatpants and grabbed a shirt from the floor, throwing looks around the small room.

"I don't see anyone, kitten," he ran his hand



through his hair, "You're freaking me out."

Uh? Freaking you out? A Lycan King?

I started rubbing my arms to calm the goosebumps crawling all over me, "It spoke to me last night... it just asked me to..." I trailed off when I realized what I was going to say.

"It asked you to do what?" he went to check the bathroom and showed me a thumbs-up sign, "I can't smell anyone. It's just your sexy scent in the room," he finished with a wink.

"Then... who was she?"

Sebastian came closer and crouched in front of me, "What did it say?"

"It... asked me... to ..." I cleared my throat. He was waiting for me patiently.

"Yes..." he nodded encouragingly.

"It asked me to ... kiss you..."

"It did what?" he asked with wide eyes and then burst out laughing, throwing his head back, "Seriously?"

I grabbed the blanket from the bed and pulled it to my chest, "It was creepy. Okay?"

He got up and went to the window to look outside, "Sorry," he rubbed his thumb over his eyelid, "That's got to be the most haunting



flattering ever."

"Shut up!" I rolled my eyes and then grabbed a pillow to throw at him.

"Do you even know who I am, Phoenix? You are talking to the king!" he tried to sound stern, but I knew him better.

"Yeah. I am sorry, your majesty," I smirked, "How come you brought clothes this time, your highness? It used to be either shorts or nothing?"

He didn't laugh at it and stood there with his arms folded on his chest. Huh. Lamé joke?

Something shifted in his face. That teasing look was gone as his eyes locked on mine.

"Sebastian?"

Gradually, he started taking slow steps towards the bed and stopped right in front of me. After placing his palms on the mattress on either side of me, he brought his face closer to mine.

"Why didn't you obey that voice and do what it asked you to do?" My heart did this stupid skipping thing.

"Do what?"

He tilted his head slightly, his eyes not leaving mine, "Why didn't you follow her advice and kiss me..."



"Sebastian..." I was hating how breathless I sounded.

He leaned in just a little more, "What if nature also wants your lips on mine?" My fingers gripped the edge of the blanket tighter. His eyes dipped down to the mask I was wearing as if he couldn't wait to peel it off.

I didn't realize it when my hand found life of its own. Slowly, my fingers reached up, and without breaking eye contact, I lifted the mask...

Just an inch.

His eyes flicked down to my exposed lips. He seemed to swallow hard. The man who always showed that nothing affected him was affected by my presence.

He didn't speak. He just leaned in slowly and then waited until his lips were just an inch away.

Consent.

He was waiting for my consent.

I moved ahead and closed the distance. Our lips were now too close, almost touching.

Almost!

He pressed his warm lips into mine. All those days. All those nights.



When I used to think about how he tasted. The wait was worth it.

He tasted divine.

It seemed like he'd also been waiting for it, longer than I had.

I didn't realize I was holding my breath as he deepened the kiss.

I let it out against his mouth. Suddenly, his hand was in my hair.

And my hands?

They had left the blanket without me even noticing.

My one hand landed on his chest while the other clung to his shirt as if I needed something to hold on to.

And then...

Then I gave up. My mouth opened for him, welcoming his tongue. I felt his hand on my shoulder, pushing me back on the bed.

I complied. His body was on top, without breaking the kiss.

I could feel his hardness touching my core. He wanted me.

Lying beneath him took me back to the memory



lane when I used to imagine all this while we were married.

"You two are still married, girl!" the same voice screeched excitedly in my head. This time, I ignored it. This time, I *chose* to ignore it. 2

His tongue was tasting the insides of my mouth, letting me taste his minty breath. I moaned in ecstasy. I wanted more.

I wanted him inside me. Now!

My panties were dripping wet, taking in all the juices that my core was releasing. Without realizing what I was doing, my legs opened for him.

Why did nobody ever tell me that this was so beautiful? Vibrator could never match what he was doing to me with a mere kiss.

He at last detached his mouth and leaned his forehead against mine.

"Phoenix... what are you doing to me?" he whispered in a rough voice, "It's nothing but pure torture."

I swallowed, my heart was going wild, "I ... I don't know... I..."

Oh, Fu*ck.

He must have guessed that I was still a virgin.




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He didn't raise his head, but his thumb kept brushing the side of my jaw. He let out a breath, and when he spoke, amusement was evident in his voice, "You need to think about this, Phoenix," he raised his head, and his eyes found mine.

There was naked desire in those golden orbs.

"Think about what?" I asked him with a frown. Why were we even talking? Why can't he...

"You need to make up your mind, sweetheart," he kissed my forehead and got up, "Because I can't hold myself anymore. I'm getting addicted to this... to us!" 

Us?

Was there any *us*? 

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