

Chapter 46 Azura

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AMALTHEA'S POV

"I-uh-I can walk on my own, Augustus," I said as he walked upstairs to god knows where in large strides.

"I know you can, but I still want to carry you. Now keep quiet before I think it's a good time to kiss you when you are so weak and helpless," he said before forcing my face back on his chest, and after trying for the last time, I finally gave up and resorted to closing my eyes again.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally placed me on something soft, and I opened my eyes to look around, squinting my brows when I noticed it was an unfamiliar room, darker than the rooms I have visited.

"Why did you bring me to your room?" I asked, and he half turned to look at me.

"This is the safest place, Amy. I am going to take a quick shower. The food will be brought here by a maid. Let's eat together," He said, and I nodded before getting comfortable on his bed.

As I closed my eyes to relax a bit, I sighed as my eyelids started getting heavy and darkness took over me.

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"Could it be that she already knew about this? There is no way that ornament did not attract her," A man said.

"There is no way she would know about it. The artifact is doing its work. It will bring out her powers slowly and won't pressurize her. I think we should stop sending these things to encounter her. You know the powers might get angry and harm her too," another man said.

"I know what you are talking about, but we need to take her away from



that Lycan king, no? He might hinder her powers by diverting her mind. She needs to keep hearing those hymns and songs," I heard another voice, and I squinted my brows as I felt like they were talking about me.

"True. We need to find a way."

"I can't believe she did that. How can she be so stupid? How could she risk it all, just like that? Why is she not able to feel them? The powers? The powers should've warned her beforehand, no? What is the use of having her listen to those hymns when she can't even recognize them? Do you have any idea how to make her realize her powers?" A lady said as she sat in the dark corner of the room.

"She is right. We should think about it. Maybe we are wrong in thinking her powers will awaken themselves as they did with the rest of us. We shall not forget, she is a wolf too," Another man said.

Who are they? And why are they talking like they know everything about me? I thought.

"We should be careful while handling this case. It can turn out worse in a way we can't even imagine," Another man said.

"All you do is say this and that. I am asking you for a god damn solution," the lady in the corner stood, and a shrill scream followed her words, making me feel like my ears would bleed from the impact.

"Azura, please calm down. We will find a solution soon. We are thinking of a way to- "

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"Amalthea, the food is here." I heard Augustus's voice, and I squinted my brows before opening them as I came out of my dream.

Wait. Did that man say Azura? Isn't that the same name Dad had mentioned in his letter? What are they? Why did this dream feel like it was happening in the present tense and not in the past for the first time?

Was it really a dream, or was it a prolonged vision? If it was a vision, then why am I not feeling the urge to go there? And if it was a dream, then unlike all the dreams, why did I not feel my presence there? Was it deliberate?

Why does it feel like there is someone who is in control of my dreams, and everything I see is decided by him? And if that's the case, then what is his purpose in showing me this lady Azura? I couldn't even see her face. From her aura, it was understandable that she is way stronger than I had imagined.

What kind of way are they thinking? What could it be? I thought before biting my lips when I realized I could've heard more if Augustus wouldn't disturb me.

"Why would you wake me up at a moment like this?" I asked him, irritated.

"Huh? Didn't you say you were hungry? The maid brought your food ten minutes ago, and I was afraid it would get cold if you didn't wake up. I have been waiting for ten minutes, but when you didn't stir, I thought it was better to wake you and feed you so that you don't wake up feeling grouchy from hunger," Augustus explained, and I sighed, feeling guilty for getting irritated.

"Now, don't pout your lips if you don't want to be kissed by me," He said, and I sat straight before wincing slightly.

"Don't move too much. You are still healing," Augustus said, and only when he stood did I notice how he was dressed in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, and I won't lie and say my heartbeat didn't increase at the sight of him.

Gulping a bit as I looked at his biceps and abs along with his collarbone, I looked away before shifting a little in the middle of the bed when he sat on bed.

"Here is your favorite chocolate shake and some cutlets. You can eat pasta if you want to eat something greasy," He said, and for the first time, rather than concentrating on the food, I was looking at his face, feeling indescribable emotions in my heart as my gaze landed on his lips quite a few times.

"Open your mouth," Augustus said, and I looked at him with wide eyes.

"Woah? What do you think you are asking me? Just because I don't kick your balls because you kiss me doesn't mean you can say anything, and I'll -"

"So that I can feed you these cutlets," He finished with an amused look on his face, and I felt heat creeping up my neck.

"You! You deliberately paused in between the sentences," I said before pointing my finger at him, and he shrugged.

"Maybe I did. What can you do about it?" He asked with a smirk, and I huffed before looking away.

"Now stop acting like a baby and eat this," he said before bringing the cutlet close to my mouth, and I ate it without saying anything.

"Stupid girl, who told you to risk your life like this for me?" He asked, and I placed my hand on his cheeks before smiling.

"How could I not?" I asked, and he paused in his actions before looking at me with a mixture of emotions.

"You are everything I have right now," I said, and I saw his neck turning red, and I couldn't help but chuckle at his shyness.

"After all, you are the king," I said, and he rolled his eyes before stuffing my mouth with cutlets.

"Stop playing and eat," he said before clearing his throat and looking away.

"Aww, did someone get his hopes up?" I asked, and rather than answering me, he stuffed my mouth with more food, making my cheeks hurt as I looked at him with tears in my eyes.

"I will stuff more food if you don't stop," he warned, and I shook my head to tell him I will stop.

I was just having fun because of what he did earlier. Why did he have to be like this? I probably look like a duck right now. I thought before huffing and eating.

