180 CHAPTER 180

Lilith 1

I listened to the quiet rise and fall of Sage's heart, my head resting on his chest, he drew little lines on my back.

I traced the scars on chest down to his abs, it was barely visible but it was there, and if it had stayed this long despite him being a healer, it must have been far worse.

My heart ached at the sight, "What happened to you?" I asked silently.

"Long story, a boring one too. You don't want to hear it." He rumbled, his early morning breath minty.

"I do want to hear it, besides I just told you all about myself, I want to know about the mysterious Sage. Come on" I pouted.

He sighed.

"Well, fair is fair and you do have a point, break fast, I'll tell you about them after."

"Them? There's more?"

"Darling, being a healer means having lesser scars than average, but it doesn't mean

they never happened."

"Oh" I looked down, my lips quivering, no idea what to say,

"Don't look so down, it's not your fault" he drew my head up and placed a lingering kiss on it, "Let's go eat okay?" He said casually.

His tone made me feel worse, so worst that even though tears didn't slip down I felt like my heart was being torn in two for his sake.

"To think I turned out so defective, I can't even cry." I pouted, "Do you regret it now? Your mate can't cry for your sake?" I teased, but deep down I wanted to know.

"He chuckled, "I don't mind at all, besides who wants someone that would be crying at every turn, I love you as you are Lilith. Now, can I show off my cooking skills?"

I cocked an eyebrow, "Oh, the almighty Sage has kitchen skills?"

He shrugged, "I took care of Mia a lot and we were poor so I had to learn to cook" he shrugged.

"Mia?"

"She's part of the story princess, don't worry, she's family"

"Thought you're the last immortal?"

"I am."

"This makes no sense"

"Breakfast first, story time later."

"Fine," I sat up, a tiny frown etched on my face

He took one look and the laughter just tumbled out, "You look like an angry kitten."

"Careful" I hissed, "Kittens have claws, would be a pity if it scratches that pretty face of yours."

He leaned in closer, invading my space, "I wouldn't mind even if the kitty slit my throat" his voice turned huskier, "but the bad kitty is putting ideas in my head, we wouldn't want to damage it's already sore body, still healing from all the stress."

My eyes flew down and nearly pooped out

"Monster" I gasped, swallowing nothing.

He laughed, "Specially trained and kept for you princess," he winked, "Get well soon."

I was suddenly speechless, the words drying up in my mouth, a yelp left my lips, I was suddenly in the air,

"I can walk" my words were a tiny squeal, I squirmed trying to break free

His hand connected with my ass, I felt a sharp sting that sent heat straight to my core,

"Be still," he said firmly, leaving no room for arguments.

My cheeks heated up, I remained still, soaking in his scent and warmth, just letting go, letting someone else take the reins.

"I want to fuck you princess," he had said last night bluntly.

I can still remember my heart spiking at his bluntness, my pupils blurred, I could only hope the ground could open and swallow me up.

He had been too much, "I'm not just talking about sleeping with you or making love to you, no. I want to ruin you completely until you learn to let go, destroy you perfectly till all you can think about is me. I don't make love princess."

I felt the tip of my ears redden at the memory, finally we got to an oddly ancient yet modern kitchen.

I was awed, he had managed to have a gas, fridge, basic kitchen equipment in this crude

settlement of his.

"How did you manage this?" I wondered.

"If was for you"

"Huh?"

"Well, I have to keep up with the modern trends, don't I? Especially considering the kind of woman you are princess. It's not my thing but for you I'm willing to make it my stuff." Sincerity dripped from his voice.

He set me down on a stool, then got to work, I sat behind quietly, watching as he moved with grace and skill.

I gulped down a spit at his biceps, how he skillfully handled the knife, I blushed, "what the hell are you thinking of Lilith" I scolded myself.

Having improper thoughts about someone that genuinely offered to make you breakfast, you pervert.

"You're free to drool all you want, princess." his voice drifted to me, smugness laced in it.

I rolled my eyes, "cocky as ever."

He shrugged, "just confidence pretty"

I blushed at the name, "you never run out of names, what a player you must have been"

Oddly I felt a bit pained that there might have been someone before me.

"Jealous?"

I scoffed, "you wish."

"If you say so." He hummed, "but for the record, you're the one and only one princess."

"Cheeky liar." I mumbled, secretly happy, but he didn't have to know that.

The smell of toast, macaroni and cheesecake filled the air, he handed me a cup,

"Coffee"

"Thanks" I took a sip, enjoying the unique flavour.

He nodded and got back to work. For some odd reason, I felt comfortable and just okay with being here, no noise, no outsider, just the two of us locked in our world.

It didn't seem like such a bad idea to have him around, or to be with him.

"Breakfast is ready" he whistled,

"Great, smells amazing."

He smirked, "not gonna offer to help."

"Nope. I'm a patient, remember?" I said,

besides he was quite a sight to watch, I prefer watching him flex those abs that I could just gobble up.

He chuckled, but indulging me he set the table and helped me to sit.

"First bite for a princess" he gestured.

Here goes nothing, I took the fork, wrapped the macaroni round it, deeper it in cheese,

It melted into my mouth instantly, a rich flavour filled my lips, it was— delicious, way better than even Aella's chefs.

Finally done, I nestled into his embrace, "Story time."

He sighed, "Yes, story time."