18. The Lamb

Mornings in Nocturnis’s arms were unlike any other. Sweet and warm, especially when we slept naked. My body was nestled against his, my head resting in the crook of his neck as I breathed in his scent. The aroma of his leather armor, which he wore almost every day, had become a part of him, mingling with the mint from his baths. Even his hair carried that cool, minty freshness.

I basked in the feeling, my senses entirely consumed by him. Last night had been a bit embarrassing, but I loved every minute of it. Unlike with Gillian, where I was forced into things, being with Nocturnis was different. He didn’t just use me to get off; he savored every moment, every touch. He craved me, not just the thrill of an orgasm.

My mother used to say that sex was only good for making children. But these nights with Nocturnis and the way he treated me made me question everything I had seen from my parents. They claimed to have found love over time, but that always felt like a lie. I never viewed their relationship as abusive until I learned I didn't have to endure Gillian’s absurd requests. Father was obsessed with him, and he surely had a good reason to do so.

Deep in my thoughts, I was startled as the door swung open. I barely had time to pull the cover over my breasts as Sir Archibald stormed in. He froze in the door and we just stared eachother, eyes wide like four plates. My body was still, like a deer facing the hunter’s knife, only my free hand moved as I kept pushing Nocturnis’s shoulder to wake him up.

˝Okay, ˝ Archibald’s voice was a few pitch higher than usual. He turned around and closed the door, standing with his back toward us. His feet started stomping in anger and he placed his fists on his hips. ˝What the actual fuck. ˝

Nocturnis sat up with a tired face, his hands fell in his lap. His long hair was tangled, but gracefully fell behind his shoulders. ˝What are you doing in my room? ˝

˝Are you really asking me that, young man?! ˝

˝I’m not young. ˝ Nocturnis murmured and climbed out of the bed, naked. I searched for my dress while keeping an eye on Archibald.

˝For me, you are. ˝ He sighed. ˝Please, tell me you aren’t naked. ˝

˝Naked as a newborn, and, ˝ A wide smile spread on Nocturnis’s face as he started touching random things in his closet. A shirt tangled on his fingers and he spent a whole minute figuring out which side of it would go on the front. ˝Just to answer your question before you ask it, we did have sex. For the, what, twelveth time? ˝

˝Nocturnis! ˝ I called out in embarrassement before pulling at my corset.

˝Don’t be like this, either of you. ˝ He shook his head before pulling the black shirt over it. ˝Dad, you’ve banged the queen when she was on the throne, and let me guess, the last four miscarriages had nothing to do with the king, huh? Stop acting like I’m worse than you. Other than that, I will marry Isabel in twenty-eight days, under the