



## 206 206- His Daughter And His Land

Aurora: 1

After meeting Tina, I was over the moon. Her behavior and the fear on her face reminded me of my old days when I was walking in that jungle, itching my cheeks.

This might be the happiest day of my life. Soon it would be Tamia's turn. Ha-ha.

I was halfway to my quarters when my phone buzzed.

"Where are you?" Sebastian's deep voice came through the phone.

"Heading back to my room," I tried to balance the phone between my ear and shoulder, "Why?"

"Change of plan. Come to my office instead," he suggested instantly.

"Why?" I asked with a frown.

"Because... umm... I haven't seen you all day. I haven't talked to you..."

I tried to ignore the tiny smile that crept up my face, "I think we had breakfast together."

"Really?" He sounded amused, "Now, why don't I



remember it?"

"Sebastian!"

"Don't *Sebastian* me," he interrupted in a teasing tone, "You've got thirty minutes!"

"What? You're insane!" I muttered.

"I know, my spiltfire. Insanely in love," he quipped, "Now hurry up before I send Hunter to drag you there. I'm outside for a conference briefing. Will join you soon." 1

A short laugh escaped me, "Fine. I get you. Thirty minutes."

"Twenty-five now," he said before hanging up.

How typical!

I'd been living in his quarters for the past few days, and now he didn't want me to move back to my room.

"Fuck those palace people, Aurora. Just move in. You're my wife, and you don't need to explain yourself to anyone."

He now couldn't wait to announce that I wasn't Phoenix Black but Aurora King, his wife. 1

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By the time I reached his office, most of the staff had gone to take a nap, except those who were on duty.



I pushed the heavy door and went inside. Slowly, this royal office was becoming my second home.

The faint scent of leather, cologne, and old paper was becoming my favorite in no time. I wandered towards the tall showcase against the far wall, where the shelves were filled with books.

I took my mask off and placed it gently nearby, closing my eyes for a few moments. Just a few more days, and then I would get rid of this cloth piece forever.

I clicked open the showcase door and pulled out one of the books that was related to history. Flipping through the pages, I remembered how I was drawn to the subject when I was a student, but never gave it much time or attention.

At that time, my sole focus used to be on Mateo.

A few minutes must have passed when I heard a low sound... Someone deliberately cleared his throat.

I gasped and spun around in shock, not knowing that I wasn't alone.

The man was seated on a chair, his fist under his chin, looking at me with interest. He was older, taller, his hair streaked with silver. And all of it made him extremely handsome.





He was studying me with quiet curiosity.

For a moment, I couldn't move. He had that kind of presence that made the air feel different.

Like *different* in a good way.

I stood there, staring at him like a fool.

The faintest smile tugged at his lips as he got up.

"Who are you?" I finally asked, my voice was quieter than I intended.

"Funny," his smile deepened as he tilted his head slightly, "I was just about to ask you... Who are you?" his icy blue eyes were wandering on my face.

I was caught off guard by the way he was admiring me silently. Then I realized I wasn't wearing my mask.

It still sat near the showcase.

"A... Aurora..." I said quickly, and then I realized what I had done. I never told this name to anyone.

It was always Phoenix Black.

I didn't know why I used it.

"Ah," he said softly, as if tasting the name, "Aurora. What a nice and beautiful name!"

At last, he rose from the chair with slow,



deliberate grace and walked slowly towards me.  
He extended his hand towards me.

"Ragnar," he introduced himself.

Ragnar? Never heard of him.

"Ragnar Gomez," he repeated, looking into my eyes.

I offered him my hand for the handshake, but instead of shaking it, he bent down without breaking eye contact and kissed the back of my hand. 1

"It's nice meeting you, Aurora," he lifted his gaze to meet mine, "It's very nice meeting you."

I smiled faintly, still holding his gaze, and pulled my hand slowly out of his grip.

He might be older than me, but he had a great personality. I was sure girls still turned their heads when he passed.

He noticed my curious stare and chuckled softly, "Studying me?"

By this time, I had gotten back my confidence, "Please take a seat, Ragnar," I motioned to the chair and went to sit on the sofa.

Of course, I had no intention to take Sebastian's seat.

"Sebastian will be here any minute," He blinked



and the skin between his brows knitted into several lines, "Sebastian? You're calling him by his name. Who are you?"

Shit! What was I thinking?

Before I could answer, the door opened with a click, and Sebastian stepped inside. Not giving a damn about the man standing there, he came straight towards me and pulled me up into his arms to kiss me soundly.

I was conscious of Ragnar's presence, but Sebastian wasn't letting me go. After the long kiss, when he left me, my head was reeling.

I moved my eyes sideways to give a secret look to Ragnar, who seemed stunned by Sebastian's display of affection.

"Sebastian," He bowed a little, but his eyes stayed on me.

"I see. You two have already met," Sebastian pulled me to his side, "She is my wife, Aurora Stone," Before I could stop him, he turned to me and smiled, "Honey. This is Ragnar Gomez. Tina's father. He is here to take back his daughter and his land." 3

