



207 207- Make Love

Aurora: 1

Ragnar, who seemed so friendly just a few moments back, his face got red when he heard Sebastian.

"Your wife?" he hissed, and I watched his hands balling into fists, "What kind of joke is it?"

Okay. He did have a charming personality, but the way his face twisted within seconds, he now looked like a brutal Alpha.

I was aware that Tina's father was an Alpha, but I didn't know he was *that* smoking hot. Hehe.

Maybe Tina took after her mom because nothing about her felt even remotely like Ragnar.

"Take a seat, Ragnar," Sebastian asked him in a clipped tone.

Ragnar's jaw seemed to tighten as Sebastian's words sank in. His fists flexed once before he decided to slam them against the surface of the desk.

"Are you telling me that you took a wife when my daughter is here in your palace?" he growled.

"Take a seat, Ragnar," Sebastian repeated, his voice was calm, but there was something



dangerously quiet about it.

The man didn't sit. His chest was rising and falling heavily, as his eyes flickered between me and Sebastian.

There was confusion, rage, and something wounded...

At that moment, I secretly appreciated the man.

Can a father take a stand for his daughter? Even if she isn't worthy?

"Yes, Aurora. A father is supposed to stand beside his daughter," Aria told me, "No matter what the world tells him about her."

The pressure was slowly building up in the room.

Sebastian, who was holding my hand, raised it slowly to kiss it before he dropped it and moved to his desk, "Sit down, Aurora," he told me softly and opened the drawer with a soft click.

I decided to take the one that was placed closest to him. Perhaps it was meant for Beta Hunter. Sebastian pulled out a folded document and tossed it across the desk towards Ragnar. It slid to a stop just in front of him.

"Here," Sebastian gestured to the document, "You'll find your daughter's signature right here. She wanted me to marry Aurora, or she was



about to commit suicide."

Ragnar didn't even look at the paper and kept looking into Sebastian's eyes with barely contained fury.

"I never told you that once, we had to take her to the hospital to wash the poison off her body. So, don't come at me."

Ragnar's nostrils flared, and I noticed how his wolf was surfacing in his eyes. When he picked up the paper, I looked at his white knuckles.

For a moment, there was a mix of rage and disbelief on his face.

His eyes were scanning the lines quickly before they narrowed, "You... you forged this."

Sebastian's lips curved in amusement, "If I wanted to forge something, Ragnar, trust me, it'd look much prettier than that."

I was biting my lower lip while feeling the tension.

Ragnar looked ready to pounce, "You must have tricked her. Y...you used her... she is... my daughter is innocent."

His eyes shot to my face when a chuckle escaped my lips, "Innocent? Tina? You must be joking," I then turned to Sebastian, "Is he talking about the same Tina, or is it someone else?"



Instead of answering me, Sebastian fluttered his eyes. A silent message. *Well done!*

He then turned his attention back to Ragnar, "I didn't do anything, she didn't agree to."

I could feel Sebastian's patience slipping, "You know, Ragnar? You've got a lot of nerve coming here, demanding explanations. Why don't you go and ask her yourself?"

Ragnar's eyes had fire in them, "You think... you can insult my blood and walk away unharmed?"

Now I knew what Tina must have gotten from her father. The art of being unreasonable.

Sebastian met his glare without a flinch, "Try me, Ragnar!"

For a few moments, there was tense silence in the room. Both the men were sizing each other up.

It felt... odd...

Weird.

This was something that was supposed to be between them. I was standing there like a third wheel.

Ragnar's gaze briefly shifted to me, softening for a heartbeat and then hardening again, "Does she even know what kind of a man you are?" He



asked Sebastian, but his eyes never left mine.

Well. That was creepy.

Instead of answering him, Sebastian walked towards me, pulling me up into his arms quite possessively.

Ragnar closed his eyes as if trying to focus on his breathing, "You must be a fool not to marry someone as powerful as my daughter. Men are dying to ..." 1

"I'm not one of those, Ragnar. You came here as my guest, and it's my duty to treat you with respect, but one word against my wife from your mouth and I'll forget who you are."

For a long moment, he said nothing. Just looked at us and then started shaking his head as if realizing this was too much for him.

Without a word, he turned on his heel and stormed out the door, slamming the door behind him.

I let out a shaky breath and was about to say something when Sebastian turned to me. His golden eyes were dark, intense, burning with fire.

"Sebastian..." I started, but he didn't let me finish.

"He was looking at you like... you belong to him..." his hand was sliding up and down my arm.



He leaned forward as his lips brushed mine, "You are only mine, Aurora."

My heart thudded against my ribs, "Really?" I asked him in a whisper. 1

The answer came in the form of a hard, unguarded kiss that had desperation. He was pouring all his emotions into me through that kiss.

I gasped softly against him, my hands pressing against his chest, but instead of pushing him away, I found myself clutching his shirt.

When he finally broke the kiss, his forehead rested against mine, as we were trying to control our ragged breathing.

"Sebastian..."

"Hmm..." his eyes were closed.

"Make... love to me... here... in the office..." His head snapped up at my words. I pointed to the couch with a smile, "There."

He chuckled and shook his head, "Your wish is my command!"

Before I could even blink, Sebastian scooped me up effortlessly into his strong arms.

"Sebastian!" I squealed, wrapping my arms



around his neck in shock.

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