



216 216- Last Warning

Sebastian: 1

The moment I got the mindlink from Beta Hunter, my stomach twisted.

Jai's body was missing.

It didn't make sense.

By the time the car stopped inside the palace, I didn't wait for the guard to open the door and rushed inside.

"Aurora must be in her room, Sebastian," Hunter told me when I was already halfway down the corridor.

I pushed open the door and froze for half a heartbeat. There she was. Calm. Folding the fu*cking laundry.

Her head snapped up when she saw me walking inside. Her brows furrowed, "Sebastian?"

I didn't answer and crossed the room to pull her into my arms. The familiar warmth of her body against mine was soothing for my beast.

She felt stiff in my arms, "Are you alright?" she asked me gently, and I smiled at her muffled voice against my chest.

I tightened my arms around her for a second



before forcing myself to let go, "I ..." Urgh. My throat felt dry, "I just needed to see you."

I knew she would go for the outdoor drill, and my Lycan guards were already keeping an eye on her, but still...

Her eyes were searching my face, "What happened?" She placed her hand on my arm, "Looks like you ran through a battlefield."

I didn't speak and shoved my trembling hands into my pockets. She had again gotten busy with the laundry, and I wanted to tell her that now she had maids to do all this stuff.

Hell.

She didn't have this idea that her life was in danger.

"Aurora..." I began, stepping closer.

She didn't even look up, "Hmm."

She seemed distant, as if she were mad at me.

I reached out, placing a hand on her arm, but she gently pulled it away, keeping her eyes on the clothes.

I exhaled, "Darling..."

She finally turned to me with that same calm



face, but now something else was also there. Coldness.

"As a head warrior, don't you think that I should be informed if I'm not allowed to go for outdoor drills, Sebastian? Maybe a proper official letter?"

I tried to say something, but she didn't give me a chance to speak, "As a head warrior, I deserve a proper written order from the king that outdoor drills are forbidden for this specific period. Instead, you are using word of mouth, and my juniors are telling me that I'm not allowed to do this certain thing" She almost threw the folded shirt on the bed, "What's going on, Sebastian?"

Her words hit harder than I wanted to admit.

"Do you know... something I've learned over the past two years, Sebastian?" Her eyes narrowed, "When a spouse stops communicating directly with their partner, then there is always a third person who finds their way in between. Didn't that happen last time, too?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't.

She lifted the folded stack and walked past me towards the walk-in closet, leaving me standing there.

I couldn't find the courage to ask her what happened two years ago. Why did she decide to escape the palace and hide her identity?



Because I was aware that by the end of the day, I was responsible for it. 1

I wanted to become a better person, a better husband, before asking her this question. But now hiding things from her was costing me my mental peace. 1

It was driving my wife insane. 1

I wanted a future with her. This time, I didn't bring her to the palace to let her go again. I wanted to make things better for both of us.

Two years back, I was so busy because everyone knew I would be the next king. There was so much work, so many meetings, and then a new wife whom I knew nothing about.

I saw her and fell for her. When the time came, Tina wanted me to divorce her.

I couldn't.

How could I, when she had become *my everything* without me even knowing anything about her? 1

"You are my beta, you're supposed to come to me instead of calling me to the office," I said in an exasperated tone as I walked to my seat, but instead of sitting there, I just stood behind it.



"What happened?" he looked at my face carefully,
"You need to get laid, man."

"Shut up!" I snapped at him.

"No, seriously. Look at you. The other day, I
came inside this office and it smelled of your...
se*x... Goddess..." he rolled his eyes and took the
seat opposite me.

I dragged a hand down my face and glared at
him, "Hunter, do you even think before you
speak?"

He leaned back in the chair and smirked, "Let me
guess. Aurora is mad!"

With a clenched jaw, I started pacing behind my
seat, "She is so pissed, and I was waiting for her
to lose her cool, but ... she controlled it, Hunter."

"That's what wives do, Sebastian," Amusement
was dancing in his eyes, "They get mad at their
husbands all the time, I think it's a good
thing. Talk to her. Tell her that you care for her."

"I did try to talk to her," I slammed my hand
lightly on the back of the chair, "As a head
warrior, she wanted an official letter that states
she isn't allowed to perform outdoor activities.
We both know we can't do that."

Hunter still seemed unbothered, "Brother. Right
now, there is already a lot to worry about. Trust



me. This is the least of your worries."

My eyes shot to his face, "What is it?"

He got up and went behind the couch. After a few seconds, he was holding the grave marker.

"It's from Jal's grave," I scurried towards it, "What is it doing with you?"

Hunter flipped its side so that I could have a better look at it.

"I went there in my Lycan form to bring it before Aurora could reach it," He stated, "See. They left a message before they took his dead body."

With a speeding heartbeat, I moved ahead and bent a little to have a clear look.

There it was. Carved on the stone.

Last survivor of Crimson Claw wanted. Take it as the last warning.

What the ...

"I don't understand," Hunter murmured, "Why does Lucien want to kill the last survivor when he has already wiped out the whole pack in cold blood?" 1