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Aurora: 1

A guard opened the metal door, and another pushed me forward. Thank Goddess, no one tried to take off my mask. Maybe they didn't care who I was.

My hands were still tied.

Before I could speak, one of them pulled a syringe from his belt. I froze.

"Wh... what do you think you're doing?"

He didn't answer and just grabbed my arm to inject the fluid. A dull burn spread through my veins, and within seconds, I felt Aria falling asleep.

"Aria?" I whispered softly, but there was no response.

Before the guard could pull away, I held the guard's wrist, "Please," I pleaded, "Let me go. I'm not here to harm anyone."

I couldn't tell them that I was a trained warrior. I was not trained to attack a child. Nor did I ever learn how to tackle a witch.

He looked down at my hand and then freed it from my grip.



"Listen. Tell your master that if he wants to kill me, he can do it later. I stepped on his territory by mistake. I was on my way to see the rogue king Lucien."

The moment I said Lucien's name, he stiffened. His eyes flickered, and for a second, I saw fear and surprise both.

I now had his attention. His eyes were searching my face.

I nodded in excitement, "You heard me right. I mean no harm to any of you... the little girl... she brought me here and..." I trailed off, "I have to go ahead for Lucien."

The ropes again glowed for a moment as if reminding me to behave myself, "Is the little girl a witch? Does she live here alone? Can I meet her parents?"

The guard ignored me as if he couldn't hear me.

"Listen... I don't have much time..."

The guard straightened after checking my ropes and then walked off.

"Hey! What the ..."

I started pacing in the cell in frustration. If they thought they could keep me here, then they were mistaken.

That little monster!



She resembled me, and that only meant one thing.

She might be a powerful witch who could take anyone's face and body.

The master or mistress whoever owned this palace needed to listen to me.

The morning passed, and noon arrived, and there was no one here, not even a guard watching over me.

A woman arrived, carrying a huge tray that had food. Instead of opening the door, she slid the tray under it.

"Hey. Tell your master to let me meet Lucien. Okay? I need to meet him or her... if you please convey my message to..."

This one just gave me a shocked look at Lucien's name, but didn't give any response after that. Without even listening to what I had to say she scurried away.

I glanced at the tray, which was covered by a cloth. I walked up and crouched down to remove the cloth.

The food made my mouth water.

What if the food has wolf's bane?



What if it is poisoned?

They might sell me to a rogue, thinking that I was a virgin. Just like my father did. Ha-ha.

The thought of my father brought bitter memories.

"Disgusting man!" I muttered and picked up the tray, bringing it to the stone bench.

I needed food if I wanted to live and meet Lucien. Giana should be handed over to her pack. Maybe they would make her a beta this time, because like me, she was the daughter of a beta.

Garlic bread, salad that had feta cheese.
Hummus.

Yum.

If anyone saw me, he would think I had gone crazy. Because I wasn't in a five-star hotel. It was a fu*cking cell where I didn't know who my captor was.

I was surprised when I licked even the last crumb from the plate and burped loudly.

Goddess. Please tell me it's all a dream.

I lay on the bench and stared at the ceiling, humming to myself.

"Hello!" I almost jumped when I heard the



familiar voice of the child.

"Jia!" I slowly sat up on the bench

"Enjoyed the lunch?" Her eyes were on the empty tray that was placed on the floor.

"The meal was good," I shrugged and then slowly went to stand near the door, "Jia. I think you're taking me as your enemy, but I'm..."

"I'm not taking you as an enemy, Luna. It's just that the owner of this palace doesn't like intruders," she made a face and gave me a fake sad look.

"So, he gave you the duty to catch those intruders?"

She didn't answer and just shrugged.

What kind of fu*cker was he? He was forcing children to work!

"How many more children are here, Jia?" I asked her softly.

She thought for a moment and then answered, "Two," She showed me two small fingers.

My mouth formed the shape of an O.

"Listen, sweetheart," I whispered, leaning towards the door, "Help me get out of here and I'll take you two with me."



She gave me a look that said *Are you out of your fu*cking mind!*

But now I understood everything.

The master was taking advantage of these young girls.

Why?

Because these innocent souls knew magic. They were witches by birth, and he had somehow turned them into his slaves.

"Your master," My hands moved where she was holding the steel bars, and covered her hands with mine, "He is an asshole... he is using you, darling... King Sebastian... do you know him?"

When she didn't give me a response, I looked into her eyes, "He can help you... I can help you, Jia. We can even take you back to your parents..."

Jia was looking at me as if I were speaking to her in an alien language.

Suddenly, her chin trembled, "R...really?" she whispered, and for the first time, I saw tears in her eyes.

Her face might resemble mine, but the only difference was the eye color. Hers were blue.

My heart went out to her, "Yes, sweetheart. Really."

