



229 229- On His Lap

Aurora: 1

Jia quickly wiped the tears away with the back of her hand, looking almost ashamed for showing this vulnerable part of her personality.

"It's okay, sweetheart," I squeezed her hands and removed them, "No need to feel guilty. You are such a brave girl."

And now I understand why the warriors bowed to her. This was sometimes done to keep the witches happy so that they wouldn't cast a spell on their masters.

They were given the impression that they were part of the master's family, but then they could be easily killed and disposed of by their master.

Footsteps echoed, and Jia's shoulders stiffened. Her eyes darted towards the dark hallway, and the color drained from her face.

"Jia?" I whispered, but she quickly pulled her hands back from the bars.

A low creak was heard down the corridor, and Jia now moved back from the cell.

"Don't talk," She hissed under her breath, brushing her hair out of her face, "He is coming."



"Who?"

Before I could ask her, a tall guard appeared at the end of the corridor, his torchlight flickering.

"I... I was just asking her... why she was here... the master asked me to ..." the poor child explained to the guard quickly.

"She had finished her lunch. Maybe we should present her to the master after dinner."

His eyes narrowed as he turned to me, "The master will decide what to do with you. He will decide if he is interested in meeting you," he then pointed to the tray, "Pass it to me."

I didn't want to make him angry. Because if I didn't obey him, he wouldn't hesitate to shackle me. I obediently went to fetch the tray and slid it under the gate.

"Here," I straightened and then realized something.

The rogues were each other's allies. Their guards must enjoy gossiping. What if I tell them that I was the Crimson Moon pack's last survivor?

Lucien would come for me himself. He wanted the last survivor, and here I was being held by some other rogue.

"Listen... Do you know someone from King



Lucien's pack?" The guard gave me a weird look as if he thought I had gone nuts.

"Please send him the message. Tell him that the last survivor of the Crimson Claw pack is here," The guard kept looking at me and then turned to look at Jia.

She nodded and then smiled at me, "Sure. I'll see what we can do..." With that, she left, humming to herself.

I went back to the bench and lay on it again, thinking of Giana. What if she wasn't alive anymore? What if Lucien had already killed her?

The dinner arrived on time and Goddess knew why... but my mind was too loud to rest. I didn't have much time.

Sebastian King was the ruler of the Velmora Kingdom, and I couldn't underestimate him. He would attack the place whenever he would come to know that I was held captive here.

I didn't want bloodshed.

After having dinner, I waited for them, not sure if they would fulfill their promise of taking me to the master.

Once I was out of here, I promised myself that I would come later and take Jia and the other child

with me.

After a while, the cell door opened and two guards stepped inside.

"Come on," One of them said, "We need to take you to the master."

When they opened the double doors, I froze.

A vast hall stretched before me. Rogue werewolves were seated there, and I had to pass the narrow passage to move ahead.

At the far end stood a massive chair, carved of dark stone and trimmed with gold. Seated upon it was a man.

Upon getting closer, I realized that he was not only young but also quite handsome. However, there was a hardness on his face. His eyes had cruelty in them.

When I stopped a few steps away, he smirked at me, "You wanted to meet me?"

"Yes," I tried to keep my tone firm but respectful, "I just wanted to tell you that I crossed your pack's land by mistake. I was on my way to meet Lucien."

The smirk on his face widened, "Why do you want to meet Lucien?"



Ah. Here was my chance. The word of mouth. Now Lucien would come himself to take me.

"I'm the last survivor of the Crimson Claw pack..."

The man shifted a little and then slowly raised to his feet, "What did you say?" he whispered, "The last survivor of..." His eyes snapped to my face, "Are you Phoenix Black? From Blood Stone pack?"

Oh. This man already knew me.

"Yes. How do you know that?"

He started descending the steps one by one, "You're not here to ask me questions," he said with a faint smile, "It should be the other way round."

My heart hammered in the cradle of my chest, "Who are you?"

"Ah. Another question," he stopped a few feet away, his gaze piercing through my mask, "Phoenix Black. I've been looking for you."

I stared at him, stunned, "You've been looking for me? What do you mean? Why?"

He tilted his head a little, "You're, at last, out of your nest, girl. I'm impressed. That's very brave of you!" His face had suddenly gotten serious.



I stayed silent, not knowing why I suddenly felt uncomfortable.

Chewing my upper lip, I tried to ask him again, "Who are you?"

His mouth curled into a sinister smile.

"Don't you know who I am?" Suddenly, he cracked up, shaking his head, "Seriously? You just said you wanted to meet Lucien, while you don't even know what he looks like? Funny! Isn't it?"

"Ex... Excuse me?"

"Well!" He shrugged, "I'm Lucien. The rogue king. The one you are looking for. Nice meeting you, Phoenix Black!"

For a moment, I didn't know what to say.

I left the palace to meet the Rouge king without knowing what he looked like.

The fate...

And the little innocent girl...

They both landed me right in his den... on his lap. 1

