

## 230 230- Jai/Jia

Aurora: 1

Goodness.

This was the rogue king!

Lucien!

He was looking at me with a sarcastic smirk, and I was standing there like a silly ape who had almost lost her voice due to the shock.

I wanted to meet him as Aurora. Not a Crimson Claw survivor.

"Our guest has gone mute," He ran his gaze over all his subjects whose heads bowed in respect, "Look at her. How boldly she is standing here when she knows that soon her fate will be the same as her pack members."

His subjects, who were seated there silently, suddenly started laughing, enjoying themselves.

"I don't... belong to Crimson Claw pack," I said in a whisper, now more conscious of my surroundings.

He made a pout and moved near me, bowing his head a little, bringing his ear closer, "What did you say?" There was mockery in his voice.

For a second, I wanted to take my mouth to him

and bite his ear.

"I said I'm not from the Crimson Claw pack. There must be a misunderstanding..."

His eyes got wider as he looked into my eyes, "Really? Interesting! Because you've been telling everyone around the territory that you are the last survivor of Crimson, and now you expect me to believe you? Why? Scared of your death? Huh?"

Goddess. I brought this upon myself. Even Aria was sleeping in my head, or she would have helped me.

"I'm still waiting, woman," he straightened up in frustration, "I don't have all day."

"Yes," I started chewing my lower lip, "I wanted to meet you, that's why I thought you'd see me without delay... it ... was just a tactic."

His fingers curled around my chin in a gentle grip that was quite unsettling, "A tactic?"

For some reason, his voice sent shivers down my spine. I could only nod.

He kept staring into my eyes until frown lines appeared on his smooth forehead, "I've seen you somewhere," He leaned closer, "I've heard that the fire at Crimson Claw pack damaged your face. I need to see it."



"B...But..."

"Take off your mask if you're telling the truth," he commanded in a gentle yet firm voice.

I glanced around in hesitation. Every person in the hall had gone silent, waiting. My fingers reached for the mask, trembling.

When I finally slipped the mask free, the hall went silent.

Lucien's eyes widened as he actually stepped back as if I had stabbed him with a knife.

"Y...your face... It seems... familiar... I've seen you..."

Hmm. He must have said it because of the witch child. Jia resembled me, and I couldn't blame him when I myself was shocked.

His eyes were searching my features as if he were trying to remember where he had seen me. I didn't try to remind him about Jia.

*Let him figure it out himself.*

He swiped his tongue over his lips, and then he barked so loud that it made me flinch.

"Jia! Jia!"

Goddess. Why was he calling the child? Just because she resembled me didn't mean he could...

I tilted my head when I saw the child bouncing towards us carelessly. She landed between Lucien and me, her small hands planted on her hips.

"Don't harm her, Lucien!" I warned him, and his wide eyes shifted to me.

"What?" he seemed a little taken aback.

"I said, don't harm her. Okay? She is just a little kid!" I told him sternly, wanting to reach out to the child and pull her behind me.

His eyes darted between her and me. And suddenly he found it humorous and cracked up.

"Goddess. You're funny," He shook his head and clapped his hands.

Now I couldn't stay quiet anymore.

"Lucien. You need to hand over these two slaves to me, along with Jai's sister," I announced in a commanding tone.

"W...what?" He was still grinning when he asked this, "What are you talking about?"

"Jai's sister. Giana. You have her. I'm here to take her with me," I passed him a challenging look, "These two kids... Where is the other one? Free them... or be ready for my wrath."

A ripple of shocked gasps swept through the hall

as they all got up from their seats. Lucien's face hardened into something dangerous.

I kept looking boldly into his eyes, "Ever heard of Sebastian King, Lucien? The ruler of Velmora? He can attack you anytime..."

Lucien's eyes were darting between our faces. Jia, me, and the audience.

"The other girl?" He whispered.

"Yes, the other child slave you have. And where is Giana?"

Lucien closed his eyes and then shook his head, which made his cheeks jiggle, "Child slave?" His gaze then moved to Jia, "Seriously? You told her that?"

Before anyone could react, Lucien moved suddenly, quicker than I expected. His hand shot out and caught Jia by the waist, lifting her effortlessly off the ground.

The little girl squealed, her feet kicking in the air, "Put me down! Daddy, put me down!" She cried while laughing, "I'm sorry!"

*What?*

*Daddy!*

The word hit me like a punch in the gut.

This was Lucien's daughter?

"So, you again told your made-up story to a prisoner, Jia? How many times should I warn you?" He gently placed her on the floor and at last turned to me, "So you are here to take the kids and Giana back? That's not happening, Miss. I don't even know your name. If you are not Phoenix Black, then who are you?"

I couldn't digest the fact that a young child made a fool out of me when all this time she was the Rogue King's daughter.

The little drama queen.

This kid would give a very tough competition to Tina Gomez. So, did he have two daughters? Both of them were witches.

"You're taking so long to think... maybe go back to the cell and decide what you really want. Because my daughter isn't going with you. Nor does Giana."

I was about to shoot a threat when he raised his hand, "Giana is my mate and she is supposed to live with me. Okay? Now fu\*ck off."

He motioned a guard to take me back to the prison. The shocked revelation had snatched my voice away.

*Jai Chris. Your sister is mated to the rogue king, and you sent me here to ...* 1



So, this girl was Jai's niece. And that's why her name was Jia.

Giana must have loved Jai a lot; that's why she named her daughter after her brother.

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