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Aurora: 1

"What the fu*ck!" My father growled, "I know you are lying, Aurora... How can a royal beta..." He started shaking his head, "You are trying to hide your crime. Right?" He looked at Mateo's father, "She is lying... she eloped with a boy, and I wish I could bring that boy to you..."

"You are right, Oliver," The commanding voice behind me made everyone's breath stuck in their throats, "She eloped... with *me*..." I tried to suppress the smile when Sebastian said that.

He let out his aura that made everyone present there kneel. Including my father.

"I command you all to stay kneeled in the presence of my queen," He announced with a straight face, "No one is allowed to rise unless she asks you to."

He headed towards me with a smile that was enough to melt my heart, "Hey, love," I stretched my arm and snaked it around his waist as soon as he reached closer, and kissed my lips.

"I love you, my queen," He whispered against my lips.

"And I love you, my king," I said with a giggle, and



kissed him back, forgetting for a moment that there were people around us.

When I left Lucien's palace, I was in so much pain that I couldn't stop crying. However, the moment I reached here, I saw hope.

After breaking the kiss, I stepped back and commanded, "Rise, people."

They all got up. Sebastian lifted his aura and smirked.

My father now had beads of sweat running down his temple.

"Aurora. My girl," My mom's teary voice reached my ears. I looked behind in confusion and then turned back to face her, "Are you calling *me*, Mrs. Oliver? You must be mistaken..." I said sarcastically, "I'm no one's daughter and I'm no one's sister."

I let out a shaky breath and felt Sebastian squeezing my shoulder. Just to remind me that he was there.

My eyes moved back to my father, who was now looking down.

"A... Aurora..." Mateo started, but he trailed off when Sebastian's Lycan growled. When he spoke again, he was stuttering badly, "I mean...my... my queen... I'll... I'll punish him... your father... I





mean... Beta Oliver... he wouldn't be a beta anymore... I ... I promise you... He will be punished."

"Wh...what are you saying?" My father snapped at Mateo. He couldn't imagine himself without a title. It was his death.

But I couldn't allow him an easy death.

Too bad. It was too late.

I had already decided his fate.

All those who were standing on the stage had already been brought down by Beta Hunter.

I tilted my head a little and called out the name loudly, "Giana!"

My eyes stayed on my father's face as he saw Giana walking inside, in Lucien's embrace. She was clutching a doll in her arms and was looking at people with frightened curiosity.

However, when her eyes landed on Beta Oliver, her expression turned into that of someone who was truly terrified.

"Hey, Giana!" I called her name softly, "No one will harm you. I promise."

The corners of Giana's lips quivered like a baby's. Beta Oliver was still staring at her face, maybe trying to remember if he had seen her somewhere.



"Remember this girl, Beta Oliver?" His eyes snapped back to my face when I didn't call her papa or dad, "She is the daughter of Beta Martin... of Blood Stone pack..." I then moved my focus to my mom, "Do you know, Mrs. Oliver? Your husband not only sold his daughter, but seven years back he ra*ped an innocent girl, and now has a daughter as a result of that abuse."

Lucien, who was right behind me, flinched, but didn't speak. I needed to state facts to the Beta's family and his pack before I could act on my plan.

Giana sniffed, and tears started gliding down her face.

I took a deep breath and called out again, louder this time, "Giana... Come forward."

All heads turned. Nobody moved at first. Then slowly, she came... her eyes were wide and anxious.

Beta Hunter stepped forward and, without a word, drew a dagger from his belt and handed it to me.

"Come on, Giana," I urged her, holding her hand, "You can do it, sweetie."

Oliver and his wife looked like someone had slapped them. Their faces had gone pale, and their mouths were hanging open.



The crowd was holding its breath.

I led Giana straight to Oliver and could feel every eye burning into my back. Oliver tried to straighten.

"Try to shift," I hissed, "And these Lycans will tear you apart, Oliver..."

He again seemed shocked when I didn't call him papa.

Before he could understand, Lucien was at his side, looping an arm, pinning him from behind. Oliver blinked, surprised, then tried to spit something hateful, but Lucien's grip only tightened.

I gave the dagger in Giana's hand, and curled her fingers around its handle. She sobbed and looked at me. There was uncertainty in her eyes, but I encouraged her with a small smile.

"Do it, Giana. It's for you, honey," I whispered with a nod.

While crying, she swallowed hard and then lifted the dagger with my help. Oliver opened his mouth to shout, maybe to beg... or to curse.

But then he didn't get time because Giana and I drove the dagger right into his chest, into his heart.

Oliver didn't even get enough time to protest or



shout. But a single, sharp scream tore out of Giana.

People couldn't move. Only Oliver's wife screamed and doubled over, stumbling back.

Giana sagged against me as the doll slipped from her other hand. Lucien was quick not only to hold her, but also to squeeze her to him.

We could hear her muffled sobs until she fainted in his arms.

My mother was now crying silently. William and his mate went to her to console her.

I didn't even bother to look at her, and was about to turn away when I was suddenly lifted off the ground.

"Sebastian!" I squealed and placed my face against his chest. I didn't feel even an ounce of remorse for my father or his family, "Where are you taking me?"

Sebastian looked down and grinned, "Home!"

That's it?

Was this my happy ending?

I raised my face when I sensed Lucien passing by, carrying Giana in his arms, "Thank you," He mouthed silently, and I just blinked in response.

As a rogue king, he now needed a safe exit, and I



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didn't want anyone's attention shifting to him. That's why I didn't mind when my ex-family, my ex-friend, my ex-fiancé, and my ex-pack saw in awe as Sebastian lowered his head and kissed me.

I moaned into his mouth and held the collar of his shirt, "Take me home, my king."

"Sure, my queen. Let's go."

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