

## Chapter 6 Breakfast With The Devil

JASMINE

The morning rays filtered softly through the thin curtains, casting a warm, golden glow across my room. The gentle light played over my face, reminding me I needed to get up from my lazy sleep.

Having cried myself to sleep last night, I feel a lot better this morning. The weight, pain, and everything were lifted from my chest.

All I need right now is a perfect morning and a moment to continue with my perfect stay in the Pack.

It took me about half an hour to get done with refreshing, and minutes later, I was heading downstairs.

Everyone was seated for breakfast-Jason at one end with Stephanie and Mom, and Dad. But then my eyes zeroed in on that tall frame sitting where I was meant to sit. Ryder?

What the hell was he doing in the house and having breakfast with my family?

Heaven knows I wanted to run back, but the sly fox saw me in time.

His eyes narrowed as he fixed his gaze on me, taking in every detail of my face.

I sighed, deciding to face my fear head-on and walk down to the dining table rather than cowardly running away.

"Jasmine, you're up?" Mom's voice was soft and tender as she looked at me.

"Yeah, I just needed to rest," I replied, pondering where to sit. Only

one chair was left, and that was opposite Ryder.

I could feel Jason's intense gaze on me, but I'd rather not say anything to him. Pulling the chair out, I plopped down on it.

Dad's tone filled the air. "We wanted to wait for you, but your mother suggested leaving you alone to rest."

I smiled. "It's okay, Dad. Thank you. I'm here now," I assured him, knowing he was feeling guilty.

Jason buried his head buried in his food without muttering a word to anyone.

The breakfast was silent all through. I could sense that my parents were scared of Ryder from the awkward looks my mom threw each time and the look of discomfort etched on Dad's face. I couldn't say more.

Even without looking, I could feel that intense, stormy gaze staring at me from time to time.

As much as I was trying my best to forget what had happened last night, he wasn't helping.

"There's an urgent matter I need to attend to at the Pack, so I doubt there will be enough time to gather more Alphas from the nearby packs for the peace treaty," Ryder spoke, and the silence that once existed became tense.

Dad dropped his cutlery, and Mom held his hand, trying to comfort him. He was tense.

"Then, what witness do we have that it was concluded?" Dad's gaze narrowed on him.

"I'm a man of my word. I don't back out of whatever I say." Ryder's words only reminded me of when he said I was his. Did he mean that, too?

Dad's face lit up. "Alright, we can settle that now." Dad signaled to Jason, who had a tired expression on his face.

Jason scoffed, then stood to his feet. I'm staring at Ryder, studying his every move. His eyes narrowed on mine. And then he smiled, flashing his set of white teeth. By the moon goddess! This man is freaking way beyond handsome.

"There's no need for that, no need for procedures either," Ryder said, his eyes leaving mine for a fleeting second to stare at Dad before returning with a smirk on his lips.

Dad was stunned. "Are you sure about this?" I'm stunned too, because how on earth would he require nothing for a peace treaty?

His eyes narrowed on mine, a devilish grin plastered on his face. His smile was dangerous. "Yeah, we're about to be in-laws after all."

Wait, what? Did he just say in-laws? And by that, what did he mean?

"What do you want, fool!" Jason's hand hit the table as he stood to his feet.

Fool? I really don't know if Jason was asking for a death sentence, but from Ryder's end, I could tell he was just a second away from ripping him apart.

"Clear this away!" He ordered Stephanie, who stood to her feet immediately.

I was speechless as I watched the scene unfolding before me.

Ryder's laughter made me jerk back to reality. "It's simple, I want her for the peace treaty!" His voice, so cold, spoke, sending chills down my spine.

Cold eyes bored into mine, staring deeply into my soul. I could sense that look- it was feral, possessive, dominant. And it meant one thing: he'd go to any lengths to get me. But why me?

"Fuck you!" Jason aimed the flower vase that was on the table at Ryder.

I didn't know when a shrill scream escaped from my lips. Ryder

caught it before it hit him, but the broken shards had already cut through his face.

I stood up from where I sat and hurried to where he stood. My hands gently brushed over the mild injury.

"I'm fine," he jerked my hands away, and realization suddenly dawned on me- what impulse had made me do that?

I folded back into myself, batting my lashes together and then returning to my seat.

My eyes caught Jason's disappointed look. He shook his head like he had expected more from me.

Dad was still quite shocked, and so was Mom.

"I would bypass this and act as if I weren't attacked. Just give me what I want. Or else, I'll withdraw my choice about the peace treaty and also wage war against your pack for attacking an Alpha!" Ryder sounded so brutal. Of course, he had used the same threat on me earlier, so what was I expecting?

Dad coughed. "Ryder Kael, you need to give us time to think this through. We'll get back to you," Dad's response was curt.

"Vixen! It was nice having breakfast with you. Looking forward to more." I was stunned. Ryder was a pure flirt!