



## 105 AN ASSASSINATION INVESTIGATION (4)

Jasmine nodded, and then he turned and went out of the room. 1

She followed him right behind. 1

No one said anything about their little disappearance.

Jasmine wanted to leave the room, but Loren stopped her.

"I'll need your help." He stated. "Stay back."

Jasmine did as she was told, hoping it wouldn't delay till dark.

The spy her father had sent had instructed her that he wanted to see me at the ruins.

She knew better than to make him wait or worse if she did not show up.

"Hand me that clear glass plate." Loren said.

She brought the glass from the other table, and then he extracted some fiber from her skin.



The woman was now laid naked, her body exposed to everyone's view as they examined and worked over her.

Loren dropped the fiber on the plate.

"This is Wurnga." He said. "Its only home to this side is the western part."

"Western side?" Damian said. "That means places like the fire pack, Hunter's, and midnight pack."

"Yes." Loren said. "But the moonlight pack is also an inhabitant of Wurnga."

Jasmine's face turned ashen.

They had traced the roots back to her own home pack?

"You see, the Wurnga plant tends to deal with certain weather conditions. Weathers that we here can not cope with." He said. "The hunter's pack is humid and frequently cloudy."

"But the moonlight pack isn't." Erik said, crossing his arms. "It is rainy there. Frequently."

"And do you know what this plant does? It tends to hover around people and sometimes



interchange with the closest weather. They can withstand only waterlogged areas outside of their original habitat." Loren further explained.

"So what does that have to do with anything?" Damian asked.

"You are still not getting the image here." Loren said. "The moonlight pack is best known for camouflaging the weather of its nearest pack. It's the only other place a Wurnga can survive."

There was a hushed silence.

They were all thinking the same thing. It had been traced back to Alpha Bale.

"But it can also mean it is from its original habitat." Erik said wisely.

"Yes, it could. How many enemies does Xaden have there?" Loren asked. "He is in disputes with the hunter's pack. The midnight pack and Fire's pack are enemies, so Xaden has been playing Devil's advocate."

"Why are we considering other alternatives?" Damian asked. "It is definitely the moonlight pack. It is Alpha Bale, and he probably had some



help with it."

Damian said it with such a malicious sneer everyone knew it was directed at Jasmine.

"Bale might be wicked," Elena said. "But he isn't stupid. He knows better than to make a direct attack on our pack. He won't jeopardize his only opportunity to save himself."

"Moreover, desert wolves are hard to come by. They keep to themselves," Erik said.

"Well let's get the facts straight first," Elena said. "We can't just point fingers yet."

"She shouldn't be here with us," Damian said.

"She is an enemy. And we all know that. And for all we know, she could have planned this herself."

Jasmine felt the involuntary jerk.

It was like a slap to the face.

"I made her stay here for a reason," Loren said. "I won't have you insult my assistant."

"Oh, please, Loren. You, of all people, couldn't have grown a soft heart towards her. She has evil blood. She is everything her father is, and she





should not be here. Stop making it seem like I'm just saying lies."

Jasmine jumped up from the stool she had been perched on.

"I'll just leave." She said, hurrying out.

Elena stopped her. "You don't have to go. You can stay."

"But he isn't wrong." Jasmine said wisely. "No matter what I do, who I help, or my actions, I would always be seen as Bale's daughter. That's never going to change."

With that, she ran out of the room amidst Elena's pleas.

She ran without stopping and went to the only place where she could be at peace.

Her garden. 4

Xaden had fulfilled her promise and not destroyed it.

She lay down on the cool grass and curled in a ball.

~~~~~



### AURORA'S POV

Aurora sat on her horse as she watched the man come from afar towards her.

Her exile was ending today, and she could return to the pack for the halo festival.

At least she was glad that Xaden had given her that opportunity.

She was going to make it up to that stupid royal brat. But not now.

The man finally walked up to her.

"Lady Aurora." He said. "Always fair and beautiful."

With her lips pressed together and mouth seemingly thin, she said to him without smiling. "Do you have what I want?"

"No jokes?" He laughed.

She glared at him, and then he nodded.

"Alright, yes. I have what you want," he told her.

"The question is, do you have what I want?"

She turned to one of her men on his horse and



nodded at him.

He threw the pouch at their unappealing guest.

The man caught it and bounced the pouch in his hand. The coins within made sounds like bells, and then he looked back at her.

"This won't do." He said.

She glared at him. "That's pure gold coins enough for you for your entire lifetime. How dare you demand more."

"Because I can." He said arrogantly. "What I gathered for you could have had me killed. I risked my laugh for you." 3

Aurora's beautiful face was fuming in anger as she tightened her hands around the reins of the horse.

"If you feel like my demands are too much for you, then perhaps you should find another." He said.

He turned around and started leaving.

Aurora was angry.

As much as she hated his man, she had to admit



that she truly needed him.

If he went, she might never get to have someone who would supply her such information.

"Wait!"

“

*Creation is hard, cheer me up! VOTE  
for me!*

—

Stephanie\_Ming1

Creator's Thoughts



FULL RETURN!!!

