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JASMINE'S POV 1

Once Jasmine had her conversation with Princess Belle, she went on her way to Loren's quarters.

Her heart was heavy and weak.

She had already had more than one confrontation with Princess Belle, and she had been avoiding it all along.

She slowly opened the door and stepped in.

She pressed her back against the door and closed her eyes in deep thought as memories of her encounter with Xaden flooded back.

What had she honestly been thinking? That someone like him would want to be with her?

She was a nobody.

She had been daydreaming.

"Had a rough night, did you not?"

She jerked and opened her eyes to see Loren reading his book.

She hadn't even noticed him when she had

stepped in.

"O-oh, I didn't even know you were in." She stammered.

He laughed. "Where else would I be? I'm an old working man who doesn't have to be out during the Halo festival."

She smiled weakly and stepped down from the door.

If he knew that she was the maiden, he didn't make any reference to it.

With Loren, you never could know.

Neither did he ask her where she had been all night.

He simply went back to reading through his book.

"It is a good thing you are here." He said. "I will need you to take this potion to the Queen."

He showed her the bottle of potion for
Her ailment.

The last thing Jasmine wanted to do was be in the mix of being with the Queen, the cheating king, and the woman who was cheating on her



with her sister again.

Neither did she want to see Princess Belle and her mother, Coral.

The entire family hated her.

All except the Queen.

"B-but Loren, I don't think I should go and give her this." Jasmine said.

"Nonsense!" He said. "I have work to do. Moreover, it seems the queen likes your company. You would look like her late daughter and even Princess Coral if she still had her red curls."

Then he turned and said. "Look, you were right. The Lyrun is growing."

She gasped and then looked at the little flower pot he had indicated.

The Lyrun herb that she had harvested from Inside the pond had now grown an extra tiny leaf.

She gasped as she stared at it.

"It is actually growing." She said.

He nodded with a smile. "I did not think it would

work myself. But it seems you were right."

"So this can save the lives of the Lycan." She asked hopefully.

"Yes, it can." He nodded. "You should rest. You look exhausted. Your cheeks are red again. Did you go under the sun?"

She quickly hid her face when it occurred to her that the place Princess Belle had slapped her was revealing.

"Y-yes, it was just impact from the sun." She said.

She quickly picked up the potion he had given her and ran out of the room before he asked any more questions.

As she hurried down the hallway, she gasped and saw the spy who had stopped her yesterday in the corner.

She had utterly forgotten to heed his instructions.

She wanted some air after Lycan Damian made statements about her bloodline and heritage.

She hurried up to him.

"I am sorry, please forgive me." She said.

"You disobeyed me." He told her.

She shook her head. "No, it's not like that. I left, and there was an attack on Xaden's life. Even had an investigation. I had to stay, or they would have suspected me."

He looked at her suspiciously. "And what? So you were also chosen as the maiden."

Her throat felt dry, and to that, she said nothing.

"The next time that you disobey an order from me. Or your father, you will not die, no, but everyone you have met, anyone you have made contact with and taken care of you or shown you genuine love, will die." He said.

She froze.

Everyone?

She thought of Elena, Urma, Loren, Erik, and Mya.

The few rare people who had been kind to her.

They would all be dead because of her.

"Would you want that?" He asked her.

She hurriedly shook her head.

"I thought as much." He said.

He pulled something from his clothes and said.

"Take this. It won't help you stop being an illiterate, but it would help you to transfer memories to the owl." 2

She collected it and examined it.

"You are to take a sip of it when you gain information that you believe would benefit Alpha Bale. You would call for your owl and touch him. Then, he would fly to the pack. You would feel it in your bones when he is sent to you. Touch the owl, and it will deliver the message for you." He said. "Do you understand? Or are you too illiterate to get that bit of information?"

She shook her head. "No."

He glared at her. "You had better meet the Owl by nightfall. Your father has a lot of messages for you, and you must obey."

She nodded, and then he passed like a ghost.

She finally managed to catch her breath, and then she composed herself.

She felt the sweat pour down her forehead.

Her father was becoming increasingly demanding.

She told herself that this time, she would do what was requested of her.



She knew her father, and if he had said that he would kill the people who had taken care of her, he would do it.

She hurried to the Queen's chamber, but she heard some noises as she went along the hallways.

She wanted to continue and mind her business, but something told her to stop.

She did, and then she slowly pushed the door open.

She peeped in and looked closely, and she heard some grunting and sex noises.

She stretched her head forward, and to her shock, she saw the King ramming inside a bent Princess Cherry



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