

31 DUNGEON

JASMINE'S POV 1

I looked around the cell that I had been locked in, and hurdled my feet closer to myself.

It was dark and cold, cold, and I could hear some mice running around. 1

I had never lived in a dungeon back home in our pack, but the living experience was hardly different from what from what it was here. 1

The woman who who had taken hold of her arm had dragged her right into the dungeon and pushed her in. 1

She had seen hate in her eyes—the hate that everyone else had had when she turned to them—but for her, it was worse.

"Princess." She had said: "You would wish you were dead once I'm through with you."

I had heard what she had said my father had done to me. 1

In fact, she had made it clear.

"Your father killed my family."

I had felt pity for her.

I could still see the pain in her eyes, and for that, it made me want to tell her how much I was

sorry.

But saying sorry did nothing. It was not even the least bit enough.

I had learnt that when I told Luna Maria, I was sorry for the loss of her son.

For the woman before me, saying sorry would only infuriate her, so I said nothing.

Then, eventually, she left.

Two of the guards, who had been standing watch, just looked at me.

Hate was in their eyes.

They knew who I was.

And for that, they hated me, even though they had no knowledge of who I was.

"I'm glad that Bale was defeated by Alpha Xaden." One of the guards said, "At least we would find some justice."

"He would have killed him, but I heard Bale run to the wolf council, begging for an accord." The other replied. "So he had to agree and then bring this thing here." 1

I said nothing to their reference to me.

In their eyes, I was just a thing.

"In the next moon, I would join Alpha Xaden's army to fight. Even if I die." The first said.

"So would I." The other said this while looking at me. "And I would take part in murdering their entire bloodline."

And it dawned on me that I had been sentenced by these people.

Nothing I would ever do would ever make a difference. My fate had been decided even before I was born for who I was.

They hated me and would die to even kill my family.

I said nothing and laid my head against the wall.

Then I felt a pain that had been reoccurring and touched my side.

It was then that I noticed that I had been stabled on the side.

Where did this even come from? I couldn't recall.

Then I instantly remembered that when I had been taken captive, the rogue wolf had mistakenly sliced through me.

I had ignored it and imagined it was just a simple cut.

But looking at my bleeding side,

I realised it was more.

If I didn't do something about it, I would die.

I went up to the door and knocked.

"Hello," I said. "Please I've been injured. I would appreciate it if I could get some water."

They ignored me and pretended like they didn't hear me.

"Please," I begged. "My wound could be infected, and I could die."

"Then die." Came the only response I was given.

"At least that would do us better." The other said.

Then they turned around and ignored me.

I turned away weak to the bones and sat back down on the cold floor.

A few hours later, a young girl probably around the age of thirteen or fourteen entered the cell.

"What's that?" one of the guards asked.

She was holding a tray of something I could not see.

"Food for the prisoner." The girl replied.

The guard frowned at her. "Why is she being served? She should starve to death."

"Go!" The second guard said: "A dangerous enemy does not need food."

"It was my order," Came the response. "They came from Alpha Xaden himself."

I knew why Xaden was giving me food. It was because he didn't want me to die.

He wanted me to live through the entire punishment he had ready for me.

The guard gave a grunt. "Fine. The dog is in there."

The girl proceeded to walk ahead, but they stopped her.

"Hold on a minute." One of the guards said.

Then he rummaged through the tray and picked out some cheese. "A dog does not need an extra delicacy."

And then he popped it into his mouth.

The other guard complained.

"What about me?" He asked, annoyed, and then fished through the contents of the tray.

He looked at the bread. "Awwwn, it's disgusting! It's got a mole in it! It looks like food for a dog."

"Taste like food for a dog." The first guard said this as he ate the cheese.

"Go." The second guard sighed, and the girl left and walked up to me.

She bent down, and I could see the fear in her eyes, and I felt weak.

This little child, too, was scared of me.

She said nothing as she took out the cup of water and dropped it on the floor for me, and then finally the bread.

I smiled at her. "Thank you."

She looked shocked at first, and then she quickly withdrew.

"Hey, no talking to that dog!" One of the guards ordered, and I jumped in fright.

She said nothing, and she gathered the tray and quickly left.

I drank some of the water, and then I used it to clean up my wound.

I tore a piece of my dress and used it to wrap the side of my tummy where I had been cut to stop the bleeding.

Then I went down on the floor, crossed my legs, and resumed eating the bread.

It was small and had some green moles inside. 4

I picked it out and ate it up. It was food, and I was still grateful for it.

Once I was done with my meal, I thanked the goddess and lay down on the cold floor to rest.