

36 XADEN, YOU'RE SAFE.

JASMINE'S POV 1

Jasmine stirred slowly and tried to move.

She could see that she was sleeping face down; her hair was against the pillow.

She frowned?

Pillow.

And she felt that she was on a soft bed with sheets that felt like silk.

She had never slept in such a bed in her entire life before.

Wasn't she supposed to be down in the dungeon?

The last thing she could remember was feeling all weak after eating the food and drinking the water that had been brought for her and then passing out.

She slowly got up and realised that her back had been exposed. 1

What was going on?

She gently felt the sheets by her waist and pulled them over her chest as she turned around to sit up straight.

She looked around, trying to make sense of what

was going on.

She was in a massive and luxurious room filled with expensive furniture, large paintings, and beautiful windows.

The moonlight streaked into the room and radiated, being the only source of light in it.

There were no candles on, nothing.

She felt a sudden pain in her neck, gently touched the nap of her neck, and felt a stitch.

When did that happen?

She slowly got out of bed and walked towards the window where the moonlight was shown, and to her ultimate shock, there was Xaden lying down on a couch.

She froze, and her heart started beating so fast.

Had he raped her again?

She looked down at herself.

But she didn't feel an ache between her legs like the last time, and her body only felt weak.

Then she turned back to look at him.

There were tattoos all over his body, and he seemed to sleep so peacefully.

His short, dark hair framed his face, and his long lashes were set in sleep.

He looked like a child, so boyish and innocent.

You would not believe that he could order the killing of an entire hierarchy of men or that he had beheaded her own stepbrother.

No, the way he was sleeping, it was like he was an angel.

Jasmine didn't know what had overcome her to do it, but she reached out to his face to skit the loose curls on his hair.

As her hand was nearing his face, in a split second, he caught her arm, and his eyes were still closed.

She jumped in fright, but she wasn't fast enough, nor was she strong enough.

He quickly pulled her down under him in the chair and pressed himself against her.

He was growling, and his eyes were still closed.

"Alpha Xaden." She begged. "Please let me go."

But he wasn't listening.

It was like he was asleep and stuck in a slumber, struggling with her.

He became rough with her as she struggled under him; he grabbed her neck while she fought.

He growled, and then he howled.

His wolf, Alpha, commands her to be silent under him.

And she remained still.

It was like her body was unable to move.

What was happening?

What was going on?

It was like he had controlled her to not even move an inch. She tried to move, but her body didn't.

She just looked at him in fear as he held her throat and pushed himself over her like he was going to kill her.

Something was happening.

She knew that it wasn't him. Like he was having a nightmare or something had taken hold of him.

"Xaden." She managed in a soft whisper.

And he stopped struggling and growling.

His eyes were still closed, and his entire powerful body covered her, but he didn't fight with her.

"It's okay." She said. "You're safe." 2

She didn't know why she had said those words, but it was like something had compelled her to.

And then his entire body became stiff.

It was like whatever had overcome him was gone in an instant.

Then his eyes slowly opened, and she was looking into those big and large onyx eyes of his.

Shock was written on his face, and then he jumped off her.

She slowly sat up in the chair, her entire body weak.

"What were you trying to do to me, you witch?" He asked. "Kill me?"

She felt herself grow in anxiety.

"No, I would never try to do that." She assured him.

But he scoffed and took a step further back.

"You were having a nightmare." She said.

He stared at her blankly and said nothing.

She looked down at her hands, unsure of what to do or what exactly to say.

The sheets were still wrapped around her arms, and she became conscious of her nudity.

She swallowed, still saying nothing.

The silence was strained and uncomfortable.

"Take back the bed," he said.

She shook her head. "No, don't worry, I'll just go

back to the dungeon."

She had no idea how she had gotten in here, but he sure as hell didn't want her around.

She started to rise up to her feet, and he caught her.

"Didn't you hear me? Take the fucking bed." He snapped at her.

She shook under him, and when he realised he was gripping her, he let go of her arm.

She slowly rubbed where his fingers had dug into her skin, and he looked away.

She wanted to ask how she had gotten to his bed in the first place, if he was the one who had stripped her naked, or if he was the one who had stitched the back of her neck.

But the words could hardly form on her lips.

She looked at him and, without a word, walked back to the bed and had a seat. 1

He walked back to the reclining chair and sat down instead of lying back on it.

"Since you're awake." He started. "You will tell me who you really are and how you managed to get those marks on your back."

She froze instantly. 2