

39 AWAKE

Early the next morning, I woke up in Xaden's bed and was then tossed to the side.

I watched as the sun rays lit up the room, and I took a deep breath at how nice it was.

I had never been opportune to view the sun rise from such a glorious room.

The corner that I had slept in back in the pack was cold, dark, and lonely.

This was the first time that I was witnessing such.

I stretched slowly, and memories of what happened last night hit me.

I had been so shocked to see him storm off and leave the room.

I didn't understand. He wanted to be out of sight so fast that he ripped the front door open.

I sighed and turned.

Was I to leave the bedroom? What was going to happen to me? Where would I even go to?

All these ran through me as the already damaged door opened.

It was an old man with a tiny box who came in.

I pulled away unsure of who this man was

"Don't scramble from me, girl." The man said.

He set his box by the bedside.

Then he reached out and touched my forehead.

"How do you feel?" He asked me.

Then it occurred to me that he was the healer.

"I'm fine." I replied. "You healed me last night.

Thank you."

"Meh! It's my job." He said then that he turned to the bedside and began mixing things.

"Is that Flungen dust?" I asked, taking out the green bottle. "I thought they were extinct."

He raised a brow and looked at me through his glasses.

"How do you know what flint dust is?." He asked me.

I smiled. "I was close with the healer in my pack."

"What was his name?" He asked me.

"Her," I corrected. "Urma."

He grumbled. "That stubborn woman. I know her. Talented but extremely stubborn. You're a wise girl."

I blushed.

Then he went on preparing the medicine when the door opened

I thought maybe it was Xaden, but this time it was Erik.

"How are you?" He asked me.

It surprised me that he cared.

"I'm very fine." I said. "Thank you. I found out that you were the one who saved me. My life is forever in debt to yours."

"Don't worry, I wasn't doing it to save you." Erik said. "I was only doing it because Xaden would be very upset if his plaything died."

I shrunk.

It was true.

Xaden had said it.

What use was I dead?

He wanted to keep me alive so he could torture me before he dealt with me.

I said nothing.

Then he turned to the reclining couch.

"Where is Xaden?" he asked.

"He left last night." I said it quietly.

Erik looked disturbed, and then he returned to his normal, bland expression.

He turned to the door.

"Was it him that did that?" He asked.

I nodded.

"And they said I have a temper." The healer spoke and turned back to his work.

Erik didn't ask me what had happened; he just stood.

"You will take these medicines." He said. "After you've eaten, Morning, afternoon, and night."

I blinked.

I got to eat?

Back home, I didn't eat three times a day.

Usually it was just once, and if I was lucky enough to get some extra leftovers, then it would count twice, but never ever three times a day. 2

"How do we know if they don't poison her again?" The healer asked.

Erik sighed. "We don't. I would recommend that she eat her meals with you. That way, they wouldn't be able to poison you."

The healer said nothing and gathered his things.

"Fine." He eventually said: "You can show her my place. Take that medicine after you've eaten your breakfast. Come and meet me for the rest."

"What about the poison?" Erik asked.

"Yes," he said. "Just don't try to kill her again, or I won't save her the next time."

And with that, the grumpy man left me with Erik.

I was still naked, with the fur blanket wrapped around my body.

"You will sleep with the servants in their room." Erik instructed. "And work in the kitchens and ground floors to farm."

I had done all these things back home. Especially farming.

"You are also expected to wash armour and scrub the floors." He added. "I will take you to Belinda later; she is the assistant head of housework in the pack."

I nodded. "Thank you."

He said nothing.

A servant came in with a tray of food, and I saw delicacies on it.

The servant set it on the bedside table.

"Taste it." He ordered.

I knew why he was doing it.

He wanted to check if it was poisoned.

The servant seemed scared, but I saw him taste each of the plates, and then nothing happened.

"You may go," Erik said.

The servant bowed and scurried out of the room.

"Eat." He said. "I'll send for Belinda to take you to your chores and your room."

I nodded mildly, and as he stepped out, I stopped him.

"Please wait," I said.

He turned around to face me.

"Please, I have no clothes." I said I was embarrassed.

"I'll tell Belinda to get you something." He said.

I nodded.

"Is Alpha Xaden going to be okay?" I asked the question that had been haunting me.

Erik said nothing for a while, and then he just turned on his heel and left.

I sighed and turned to the food that was set for me.

Never had I eaten such a meal before!

I hungrily gobbled down the food. It tasted as amazing as it looked.

When I was done, I couldn't help but lick my fingers.

Then I took my medicine.

I turned to the doorway and saw a large buxom woman standing in the way, her hands on her hips.

She had her hair tied in a bun, and from her facial expressions, I could tell she was a no-nonsense woman.

"Get up, princess; you have a long day ahead of you." She said.

And I didn't need to be told twice that she, like everyone else in the pack, did not like me. 1

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

Stephanie_king1

Creator's Thought



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