

## Chapter 5: A GIFT

### JASMINE'S POV

He had short dark hair and a scar by his eyes in a straight line, but those eyes.

They were onyx and his lashes were thick and long I knew every she wolves would die to have them.

With a smooth jawline and a nicely pointed nose, his face was flawless, and his brows were carved perfectly. His lips were full and it had my eyes darting to them as they were slightly parted showing a tint of clear white teeth.

A head placed on a very large body that I knew was muscled and chiseled by war and years of training. He was nothing like the men from our pack.

He was a true warrior.

He was the most beautiful man I had ever seen and yet, his entire demeanor, his entire presence warned me.

Told me he was a monster, told me he was dangerous and I should fear him.

My insides squished in fear and something I was unsure of.

He caught my chin and eyed me up and down.

I remembered that the left side of my eyes was scared and I looked down in shame.

My own father looked at me and yelled at me for being ugly, the same with my step-sister and everyone else.

He too must think I'm a monster.

"So you are the one ." He said. "What's your name?"

He didn't seem friendly at all. In fact, he seemed to harbor hate. So much I could almost taste it.

"Jasmine." I managed.

From the corner of my eye, I saw my father standing and I remembered that I couldn't fail him.

Even if this was the only way I could prove to him that I was not useless.

"I have a gift for you." He told me.

I paused. He had a gift for me?

He took a step back and without taking his eyes off me, he snapped his finger.

A man I believed to be a member of his pack approached with a box.

He collected the box and handed it to me.

"Open it." He said.

What was this? A test?

The entire hall was quiet, watching us. No one said a word.

A pin could drop and you would hear it.

My hands trembled as I received the box and pulled the ribbon to open it.

Right in front of me was the decapitated head of Alpha Dean of the Black Wing Pack. Jessica would have been her future husband.

Startled but without shouting, I dropped the box and it fell down to my feet and the head rolled out dropping to the bottom of my dress, splashing a few drops of blood that remained.

Jessica's shrill scream at the sight vibrated through the entire hall.

I looked up at the man and he was smiling at me.

