



## 87 DESIRES TOO GORE

There was a stunned silence, and Xaden sat back in his seat, seemingly satisfied with the speech. 1

The room went quiet, and they all looked at each other.

And then someone started to clap, and they followed after.

"Please join me and feast." He said.

The ritual of the feast was held for all the wolves who were in attendance.

Everything was in order.

There was expected to be dancing, open sex, drinking, food, and anything else a feast could entail.

Xaden didn't have much interest in the feast.

Unlike the hunt or the final festival, which was the sacrifice.

It was optional.

You did not have to join or stay till the end of the



night.

While they ate their meal, a servant replenished his wine.

It was a different person from the young man who constantly replenished his wine.

"Where is Cullen?" he asked.

"He had fallen ill, my lord." The girl said quietly. "I was made to replace him."

He looked at her.

She was small in stature and had brown hair.

He started to wonder if something foul was at play.

He waved it off as paranoia and just went on to drink the wine.

Nothing happened, so he told her to leave.

The girl bowed and walked away.

He went to the meal before him and began eating.

The female dancers came to the center of the



room and began dancing seductively toward the men.

Their red dress allured the men and women to the pleasure they offered.

Soon, some men were pulled away, and loud moans could be heard.

They were already having sex.

Xaden couldn't relate.

He didn't want to indulge, but he couldn't stop it, whether it was his pack or not.

He watched on and saw a servant pass.

He remembered Jasmine.

He had wanted her to perform in entertainment as part of her humiliation for being the daughter of her father.

He has wanted to mock her.

He frowned.

Where was she?

She was nowhere in sight.



He snapped a finger at one of his wolves.

"Where is Jasmine?" He asked. "I had made clear instructions that she was to be here. So why isn't she?"

The guard looked around, did not see anything, and said, "I'm not sure I'll go and find out."

Xaden waved his hand off, and the guard ran off.

"You seem to be distracted."

He turned and noticed Belle standing beside him.

"Princess Belle,," hehe said.

She turned to the seat reserved for his gamma, which was none other than Erik, who wasn't present.

"May I, Your Majesty?" She asked, nodding at the available seat.

He waved his hand, indicating that she was free to.

She smiled and sat down.

"I said you seem distressed." She said she was





battling her beautiful lashes at him.

"Just other things in mind." He said. "Nothing of interest to you, my princess."

She blushed at the way he had referred to her as his princess.

"And the organization does not interest you either?" She asked him.

"I prefer my sexual liaisons." He said. "It would be much too gore for you."

She blushed again.

"You believe I will not be fit for your sexual fantasies." She asked him.

"A princess is delicate and should be handled carefully." He said. "Not for a barbarian like me or what my tastes could handle. You deserve a soft prince."

He saw her face go red.

"And you believe I cannot be handled to your satisfaction?" She asked him.

"Of course not. Why would I want to treat the princess in such a way when in my beast mode



of hardcore fucking?"

Someone coughed. The person had been overbearing in the conversation.

She blushed in shame.

"Forgive me." She said this as she took a sip of her wine.

He turned back to his and sipped nonchalantly.

He was not interested in sleeping with Belle, which is why he was pulling her legs in such a way.

Yes, he believed that she could satisfy him, but he was just not that hungry.

Moreover, he had a growing hatred for the royal family.

Marrying her would mean he would be controlled by rules and confused by strict regulations.

He did not want that.

And worst of all, he didn't want a king to be his father-in-law.



Then he remembered that he was infertile.

They would have no children.

The royals needed to breed and have children.

If he married her, then the bloodline would stop.

It could be a sweet revenge for them after what they did to him.

He could imagine how horrified they would be without other heirs.

Xaden wanted to laugh at the face of the king.

But regardless of how tempting it was, he was not interested.

He watched her sip her wine, and her face sulked.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"My wine tastes a bit off." She said that someone begged for more pleasure.

He frowned at that.

Had something happened to his drink? Or did she have a soft tongue for wine?



"Mind if I taste yours?" She asked.

He handed her his wine, and she sipped it.

She had the same sulky expression. "It tastes the same. Forgive me; I am unaccustomed to wine or alcohol."

He sighed a sigh of relief. "It happens to the best of us."

He turned and saw someone frantically riding an Alpha who could keep his hands on her bum.

Where was Jasmine?

As if on cue, the guard rushed back to his side.

"My Lord, she had some men to treat." He said.

"She assisted Loren in his quarters, and some Alphas had her detained with work."

Xaden blew in a fury.

Since when has Jasmine become Loren's apprentice?! And what's more, how dare she disobey an order?

Xaden snorted. "Drag her here if it gets to that."

"Alpha, you don't understand." The guard said he





was sweating. "It's Loren. He flung a potion at the guard standing beside him, making his leg a plant. He said you should come yourself if you wanted Jasmine."

Xaden's face went up in flames. 2

Belle's face went up in jealousy.

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Stephanie\_king1

Creator's Thoughts

