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Once they were out of the dining hall, Xaden dragged Jasmine along. 1

It was nighttime, and the castle's hallway lit dimly, giving off a beautiful silhouette.

The moonlight mainly illuminated it.

He pulled her along, and she managed to keep up with him.

"My lord, please." She begged him, but he still dragged her along, not caring what she said.

Then he heard her tiny voice say: "My Lord, forgive me, but you're hurting me."

He stopped short, let her go, and saw that his claws had gone so deep in her arm that they bled.

She rubbed her arm.

He seemed surprised that he had done that, and then he looked like a young boy who had not intentionally caused trouble.



As if he were sorry.

"It's okay." She whispered with a weak smile.

He had not apologized, had he?

He had never apologized in his entire life.

He blinked at her. "Why did you say that?"

She looked back at him in surprise. "My lord. You apologized. You told me you were sorry."

Xaden felt a sting in his chest.

She must be jesting him. There was no way that he would tell her sorry.

He had only said that as a child with his family.

And he considered that life dead.

He had never apologized. I never used the word.

Not even when Elena had raised him as his mother.

So, who was she that he would apologize to?

He jerked himself off her.

"I never said such words." He said to her, even

though he mostly tried to convince himself he couldn't have.

"But, my lord, you

"I SAID I MADE NO SUCU WORDS!" He barked as he pushed her against the wall, his presence overpowering her.

She closed her eyes, and then he felt a sudden pull towards her.

A sudden I have an have an unusual and unique hunger.

The type of hunger the day he had first lain with her, the day he had taken her virginity.

He had felt the hunger and its need to be embraced, but he had had to suppress it, regardless of his feelings.

Because of whatever possessed him, his anger and resentment must be more assertive.

That was what he had told himself.

He pushed himself away from her, then turned around to leave when Erik and another wolf named Damian came in.



"Don't even tell me I was wrong," Xaden said.

"I was not going to say that," Erik commended.

Damian stood. He was a wolf she had seen frequently around.

He had also been among the wolves who had joined Xaden when her pack had been raided.

It was mainly Erik and Xaden who remained in the pack.

She hadn't seen the others in a while.

She wondered where they had all been.

"My lord," Damian said. "We've just returned."

It was as if only then had he noticed Damian's presence.

"And are all the packs in order?" He asked Damian.

"Yes, they are," Damian replied. "We had no casualties. We could give you the breakdown if you're ready."

"Leave it till tomorrow," Xaden said, then he turned to Erik. "What? The King demands my



presence because of what I did to his nephew."

"You touched royal blood, Xaden." Erik said. "It has consequences."

Xaden wanted to laugh. "So it's an issue when I touch someone in the royal family but not a problem when my family is killed? He knows he can't face me. King or not. Moreover, he isn't of royal blood. Neither is Alexander. I should have killed him off when I had the chance."

Erik sighed and looked at Jasmine, who, in turn, looked at her feet.

Xaden saw the two of them.

"You knew?" He asked Erik.

Erik sighed. "Yes, I did."

"So now we're keeping secrets? That's treason." He said.

Jasmine remembered what Erik had been telling her about keeping secrets.

She jumped in.

There had already been bloodshed.



She knew there would be more, but she wasn't sure.

Xaden was angry, and she could not predict what he would or wouldn't do.

"It was me." She said. "I told him not to tell you." 1

"You again," Xaden said.

"He didn't mean to." She started. "I begged him. I didn't want him to tell you because I was worried about what you would do."

"You were worried I would separate you and your brother-in-law, weren't you? That scream you made out back there was because you didn't want me to hurt him, wasn't it?"

"No."

He hushed her with a raised hand.

Then Xaden turned to Erik. "I'll let this slide. If Alex starts whining, shut him up, and the King knows better than to confront me."

Xaden was tired.

His shoulder hurt, and he wanted to rest.



He sighed as he turned around to walk to his bedroom.

Jasmine followed him behind.

"My Lord, why did you call me to the hall." She said. "You haven't told me yet."

He gave a mean smile. "You still want to dance for my men, half-naked?"

She jerked back, and he saw the chill in her face.

He said nothing as he went back to his bedroom.

He stepped in and took off his shirt.

He flung it aside and saw the wound that had begun to taint with black blood.

It felt sticky.

He sighed.

He would wait for Loren to treat him.

He called for the water in his baths to be brought to him.

He heard the servant bring in the bucket of hot



water.

He was tired and preferred having the maid wash him herself.

He took off his robe and strode naked to the bathroom, where the bathtub was.

Then he heard the servant pouring the water in until it was hot enough.

He stepped in and closed his eyes as the water soothed his tired body.

He closed his eyes, and when he heard the servant begin to leave, he said.

"You will wash me tonight."

What he did not know was that the servant was none other than Jasmine. 3

