



93 WASH HIS LORDSHIP

Jasmine's POV 1

Jasmine hung hurdled in a corner in the bath as she watched Xaden sit in and command that she wash him. 3

His eyes were closed, and he still had no idea she was in his bedroom with him.

After his confrontation with her, he stormed off to his chambers, and she, in turn, had gone in the direction of the quarters where Loren was waiting for her.

Without saying a word, she had gone back to her duties.

When she had approached the Alphas, she had been treated, and then they all moved away from her.

She had been stunned at first.

What was the reason?

She left the injured Alpha and went to the one who had stood for her, even though Xaden



would have killed him.

Moreover, she hadn't been finished with his injuries.

"Let me give that the final touch." She said it with a smile.

But he moved away, and she felt a sting in her heart.

What was wrong?

"It won't take long." She assured him. "I just-

"My injuries are fine." He said he was turning his face away from her.

She looked up to see the other men and saw that they were doing anything but looking at her.

No one wanted to make eye contact with her. 2

Had she only imagined that they had wanted to die for her?

They were treating her like an outcast.

And then it hit her.

What Xaden had told them.



He had told them who her father was and whose child she was.

She swallowed uncomfortably.

When they did not know who she was, they wanted to fight for her, but once they knew whose blood she shared, they completely ignored her.

They utterly rejected her, and their need for protection turned to hate.

She felt a cold shiver down her spine.

Xaden had been right.

No one would want her as long as she was Bale's daughter.

She was Bale's daughter first before her own true identity. 2

She felt herself weaken, bowed to the Alpha, and said, "I know you hate me now because of who I am. But I want to tell you, thank you for saving me. I don't get much of that." 1

The Alpha didn't say a word; he kept his gaze elsewhere.



Loren, from afar, noticed what was going on as he cleaned someone's wounds.

Jasmine turned around and left the room, knowing she was not wanted anywhere near these men.

As she walked down the hallway, she came across Lady Belinda.

"Finally someone." She said this to Jasmine.

"Loren said you were working with him to treat the injured wolves."

Jasmine bowed. "Yes. Ma'am."

"I don't know how you do it. But you must be a very understandable and easy-going person to be able to stand Loren. I'm sure he wouldn't even be able to stand himself if they let him." She said.

She sighed and wriggled her hands.

"Well, are you free now?" She asked me. "All the women are working, and Alpha Xaden needs to have his bath."

Jasmine choked.



"Plus, he had an injury that Loren was supposed to treat." She said. "Loren said he had been busy, and I would have sewed the wound myself. But with the chaos in the dinner hall, I'm needed."

"So you will have to take over." Miss Belinda said.

Jasmine knew that she could not decline it.

Neither could she explain to Miss Belinda that Alpha Xaden didn't want her anywhere around him.

She eventually sighed and gave in.

"Of course, Miss Belinda." Jasmine said.

"You know where the hot water is." Miss Belinda said: "And do whatever he wants. I don't know why he is in a terrible mood. It probably has to do with the fact that he murdered another wolf. I wonder the reason why."

Jasmine couldn't say that it was because of her.

"I have to go now. Do as he says and be on his best side. Like I said, he is already grumpy. He wanted Eyline. But she isn't here." Miss Belinda said.



She had heard of Eyline.

She was the one who bathed Alpha Xaden. Not even Aurora did. The rumor was that Eyline massaged him and gave him more than just a massage.

Even Aurora hated her.

But she was currently not in the pack.

The story was that she had stayed with her family in a different pack.

She was not surprised because, back in the pack, servants were given to Alphas to assist in their baths.

She had never done it because her father wanted no one to see her.

Jessica had frequently given baths, as was the custom.

"I better be on my way now." Miss Belinda said that and hurried off.

She went to the boiling room and fetched the buckets of hot water.

Fortunately for her, she no longer had the chains



attached to my ankles so that she could walk well.

Then she hurried to Loren's quarters and fetched the first aid kit she would use to sew and treat his wound.

Then she hurried back to where his room was.

As soon as she stepped into the massive bedroom, she dropped the potions by the bed, and then I hurried with the water into the bathroom.

He came in, and he didn't take notice of her. 5

He stripped out of his robes and strode into the bathtub with the water she had already mixed.

She wondered how she would clean his wound when he finally discovered it was hers.

Then she heard him say.

"Wash me tonight."

She swallowed, went down on her knees, and gently picked up the sponge and massaged it over his body.

She heard a moan escape his lips, and her heart



fluttered.

This was the first time she was examining his chest.

There were tattoos all over, and his body was well-chiseled and muscled, displaying his combat efficiency.

She touched where the injury was, and his eyes fluttered open.

