



94 HEALING HIS WOUNDS(R-18) 1

Xaden's eyes flashed open, and he grabbed her arm before she even reached him. 1

He gently but dangerously sat up in the water, and his wet hair dropped down on his perfect chest. 2

She swallowed hard.

"What are you doing here?" He demanded, his eyes blazing with fire.

For an instant, all Jasmine could do was admire his lean, well-muscled body, as if the goddess herself had taken her time to work on him so that he would look like one of the gods.

His definitive body dispelled how much he had fought on the battlefield.

And then she remembered that she was still staring at him, and she swallowed again.

"I don't like repeating myself. Don't make me, or you will receive a beating from me." He promised her. "Now tell me. What are you doing in my



bath? How dare you step into my chambers?"

"I-I... lady B-Belinda instructed me to serve you your water." She explained that sweat was going down her forehead.

"You are not instructed to work in my chambers." He said.

"Y-yes. But all the maids were gone, and with what happened in the evening, She said she had to face things herself." She explained.

He just stared at her. "Leave. I already have the water to bathe. I can bathe myself."

She looked at him in surprise. "But my lord. You just requested that I wash you."

"If you are a slut washing your father's guests, then your hands would not touch mine." He shot. 1

Jasmine flinched back without meaning to do so.

The sting of hurt was present.

She knew what he was saying, and even then, she still had not been allowed to bathe any



alpha.

Of course, he would not know this because he saw her as nothing but the daughter of his enemy.

He seemed like a rat hiding from its predator while she was the cat.

He was backed to the far end of the bath as a touch from her would burn him.

"Please, your majesty." She managed. "Your wounds will be infected."

"I said leave! I can handle it myself." He started rising from the bath but weakly dropped down in a splash.

She hurriedly went to his side and held him before gently easing him back.

"You're hurt." She expressed. "If you don't let me heal you now, then the wound will go bad. You might not be able to perform the last ritual."

He chuckled. "I assure you that whether I am wounded or not, I can perform the last ritual."

She frowned. She didn't understand what he



meant.

And he felt a smile creak up his face.

He had always seen her face downward; she rarely made any expressions, but seeing her frown was the first.

And it amused him to see her red brows gathered together.

"You don't know what the final ritual is about, do you?" He asked.

She shook her head innocently. "No, my lord."

That was odd; as the daughter of an Alpha, she was to know all about their festival and rituals.

"It's all about fucking." He said.

He saw the horror in her face and stopped himself from laughing.

Then he felt his arm burn, and he groaned.

"Please." She begged him. "Let me heal you."

He looked at her, and then he sighed, giving in.

She rose and hurried out to get her supplies



from the bedroom.

When she returned, she set it aside as she cleaned the wound neatly.

She opened the door, which was already slightly open, and saw it was already getting infected.

Her face went grim, and then she sighed and gently cleaned the split ends.

There was a pregnant silence over them, and I felt her hands shaking as she worked on it.

"How did you learn how to nurse people?" He asked.

"When I was young, I liked visiting our healer's quarters to watch her. I picked the interest." She explained.

"And so now you are here to heal us or find a way to kill me." He said.

She flinched, remembering what Alexander had said.

She would be his accomplice in killing Xaden.

"I wouldn't do such." She said. "But I cannot deter your mind."



He said nothing as she picked up a tiny bottle.

"This might hurt my lord." She said.

Then she poured its contents into the open wound, and he groaned in pain.

"What the bloody hell is that?" He demanded.

"It's an elixir." She said. "It would kill the infection already growing. I'm sorry, my lord."

Then, she neatly cleaned it and picked up the needle and thread to sew it.

"What're you doing in that lake?" He asked. "And naked."

She swallowed. "No one was there. No one ever comes. I just wanted to be free. I swear my life to you. I awaited no one there."

He saw a red lock go loose from her hair, and the urge to set it across her ear burned through him, but he withstood the temptation.

He tilted his head away to prevent him from staring at her.

He withstood the gentle motion of her sewing the wound until it was neatly secured.



Then she picked up a pair of scissors and gently cut the thread.

"Your wounds would be fine." She said. "But I'm afraid you shouldn't put a strain on it. It could open up and get worse."

His face remained facing elsewhere.

Then she quietly said, "I would give you some treatments that would ease the pain and speed up the process."

He still said nothing.

She gathered her supplies and began to rise to her feet when she felt a hand stop her and pull her back.

She fell into the bath with him, and there was a loud splash.

There were barely a few inches between them, and both breathed heavily.

The hunger, tension, desire, and raw, hungry chemistry hung in the air so powerfully that you could taste it.

And then he did what he had been holding back



the night of the hunt when he had seen her naked.

He took her lips in a fierce kiss. 9

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Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

—

Stephanie_king1

Creator's Thoughts



FULL RETURN!!!



