



96 TAINTED BLOOD

Jasmine looked at him in disbelief. 1

"W-what?" She stuttered.

She had felt it when he had frozen; when she had looked him in the eye, they were blazing red with hate.

She knew hate. She had seen it in the eyes of everyone who had looked at her.

She was familiar with it.

But she had pushed it aside because there was no way he would hate her.

At least not now.

Not with the emotions she could feel or the way he had touched her.

Not with the way he had made her feel.

"I said, Get out." He said colder.

Her body shook, and she remained frozen for a split second, and then she was stunned when he did the unthinkable.



He pushed her off him, and he rose out of the bath.

He didn't bother wearing a robe as he yanked her to her feet and out of the bath with one hand.

She gasped, and then she realized that the front bodice of her dress was in shreds.

She was almost unclad.

She felt so stupid.

What had she been thinking?

Did he genuinely feel anything for her?

That he wanted her as much as her own body had desired him?

She swallowed heavily.

She had bared herself to him like a complete slut. 2

He had just been using her how she should have known! She should have known better.

Her body belonged only to him and only to him for pleasure.



She knew that, as an Alpha who had bought her into captivity, she was subject to anything he desired of her. 1

She had no say in the matter.

But this had been different from the first time he had slept with her.

She had wanted more of him, hungered for his touch, and felt her body do things she had never known she would do. Things she didn't understand.

And now look where that had gotten her—almost half naked, her wet dress clinging to her body.

She knew that if anyone gazed at her flimsy dress, they would see what was underneath it.

She gazed at him as she held the shredded front bodice.

His face was unloveable.

He had no expression; it was just cold.

"Get out," he repeated.

The words stung her, and she flinched.



Ashamed of herself and knowing that he would kick her out of his chambers if she didn't leave, she slowly picked up the bag containing her medical materials and left the chamber.

Her feet felt highly wobbly.

Whether it was from him touching her all over or from the fear and sudden shock of him kicking her out, she would never know.

She could feel his irritation as he went ahead of her and, still without wearing any clothes, strode out of the bathroom.

He walked to the door and swung it open for her.

He turned his face away, refusing to look at her.

With her hands fiercely holding the front bodice of her dress, she walked to the door.

She looked at him, the water streaking down his beautiful hair and setting against his perfect chest. She wondered what she had done wrong.

She wanted to ask him and tried until she found the voice within herself.



"M-my lord, if I've done anything wrong to you, then please

He raised his hand, silencing her.

She closed her mouth immediately.

He still refused to look at her, as he was staring at anywhere but her.

Without another word, she stepped out of the room.

As soon as she had left, she heard the door slam so hard behind her that she jumped.

She turned back, stared at the door, and felt the cold air wave against her body.

The guards who stood at attention, guarding his chambers, remained unmoving.

She felt the shame swallow her, and she hurried away from their lurking eyes.

As she made the sharp corner, clutching her clothes to herself, she heard someone.

"I'd like to see Xaden. Is he in? He left the dinner hall in a very bad mood," the feminine voice said.



Jasmine could not recall who it was, but it was familiar.

"He is occupied." Another set of guards who stood at the far end said.

"Occupied? Doing what? If he is with a maid, I assure you he would be very interested in seeing me." The female voice said.

Jasmine could not hang around anymore; she was drenched in cold, and she was still very naked in her thin clothes.

"His lordship said not to be disturbed." The guard repeated.

"Not to be disturbed? Who else would he want in his presence but me?"

Jasmine made the sharp corner and saw that it was none other than the future Queen, Princess Belle.

Princess Belle stopped her conversation right away.

She gazed at Jasmine all over, her eyes widening in shock.



Jasmine felt the scrutiny as she pulled her hands more over her body as if trying to conceal her nudity in any way.

Belle gasped, taken aback. "You?!"

Before hearing what Belle would say, she held her clothes tighter to herself and scurried off.

"Get back here this instant!" She heard Princess Belle snap behind her.

But she kept on running; she didn't stop her stride but ran all the way.

"Get back here, or I will have your head on my plate. I swear it!" Belle promised.

But Jasmine didn't stop running.

She felt the tears roll down her cheeks, and the fear twists her stomach.

Once she got into the room, fortunately enough for her, Loren was snoring off on his new makeshift bed.

She tip toed in and Loren grunted and snorted.

She froze on her tracks and when she was sure he had gone back to sleep, she walked past.



She quietly turned off the candles and went to her room.

She stripped off her dress and wore her light nightwear.

She gently climbed into her bed and lay down to sleep, trying to forget how much she desired Alpha Xaden's touch.