



127 JASMINE'S DILEMMA

A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE BELLS WERE RUNG 1

After Jasmine had hurried out of the Queen's chamber, she went on her way.

She felt so angry with the King for being unfaithful to the Queen.

She wished there was something she could do!

As she hurried past the hallway, she saw Princess Cherry approaching.

Jasmine turned the other side and curtsied for the would-have-been Queen.

That was what Princess Cherry, the Queen, would have been.

Jasmine waited for her to pass by, but the click of the princess's heels stopped in front of her.

Jasmine took in deep breaths, trying to control herself.

Princess Cherry used her finger to lift Jasmine's chin and stare at her.

"Look at me." Princess Cherry said, and Jasmine did as she was told.



It was like Princess Cherry was looking through her, seeing right inside her soul.

Princess Cherry wished she had known Scarlet had survived and even had a child.

It baffled her to know that Scarlet had ended up surviving long enough to even conceive before her sister.

She would have used her if Princess Cherry had known that her niece was alive.

Because Corral was nothing like Scarlet. Corral had been much more substantial.

Cherry had initially tried to manipulate the little girl, but that girl had been fierce and good. There was no spark of evil inside her.

She had no choice but to turn on the neglected sister, who had every shade of evil growing from within her, and that was how she had easily turned her to her side.

It had been straightforward.

But just by touching her skin, Cherry could feel Jasmine's power.

She was more powerful than her mother.

Marie had been right; this power was more



potent than any of them had seen.

"I know you saw us." Princess Cherry said. "You saw the King fucking me." 2

Jasmine's eyes were downcast, refusing to make contact with Cherry.

"I do not know what you speak of your majesty. I saw nothing." Jasmine said.

The King had told her that she had seen nothing when she had first seen them kissing, and so even though Jasmine had seen them having sex, she had come to see it as she had not seen them doing anything.

"I know it was you who was peeking." Princess Cherry said. "You wanted to be fucked, didn't you? Watching the King fuck me gave you desires you won't understand?"

Jasmine had no idea when she pushed her face away from the princess's grasp.

Then, she quickly apologized. "Forgive me, Your Majesty. But I truly do not understand what you are saying. Neither did I see anything."

Princess Cherry rolled her fingers together.

She had finally understood Jasmine, or so she



believed she did.

Jasmine was very calm and subdued. She has been raised as meek, yet in the girl, she saw the streak of Royal blood in her.

In everything she did.

Despite her meek nature, there was that streak of fierceness in her.

A fierce spirit she had only seen in Scarlet. Never Corral.

Jasmine might be meek and quiet, but one day, she knew that a fire would erupt, and she would be more potent than her mother.

No one would dare take their cheek away from her grasp; not even Belle would.

But Jasmine, even though she was a quiet and lowly slave, even had the guts to turn away from her.

Cherry was merely surprised. It had been a while since anyone had stood up to her in such a way.

She liked a bit of challenge.

She wondered how Jasmine didn't even know how much power she had within herself.



She smiled at Jasmine.

"You're a feisty one, " she said. "I like you, and I'll see you around. "

Jasmine didn't look at her, and Cherry clicked her heels as she passed.

Jasmine heaved a sigh of relief and then went away.

Someone grabbed her, and she saw that it was none other than the spy.

"I was about to call for the owl." She said.

"We have to do it quickly." He said. "Something is about to happen, and you can not let them suspect you."

He pulled her all the way to secret tunnels. 1

"What is it?" She asked.

"You will send for the owl and report everything you can to your father." He said. "But the bells would soon ring, and then you would be sent for everyone. You need to be in the throne room along with everyone else.

Not before, not after. But at the precise moment."



"I don't understand any of this." She said, freeing herself from him.

He turned to look at her and said, "Telling you would be hard because they could torture you and extract information from you. Just do as I tell you."

"Where will you return to?" She asked him.

"I will return to the pack to see your father." He said. "If I don't, tell when you send for the bird, tell him everything that has happened."

"What do you mean if you do not return?" She asked, lost for words.

He shook his head and then said.

"Do as I have instructed." He said and then pushed her down the alert that would lead her straight to where other servants were, and she wouldn't be instructed. 2

He had learned of the plot to kill Xaden a few hours before it had happened.

He had met his sister (the desert wolves refer to themselves regardless of whether related by blood or not as brothers or sisters), and she had told him she had been sent to kill Xaden.



He had tried to deter her against it, telling her it won't be so easy but she had insisted she could do it.

Eventually, Xaden survived, and he knew what had happened to her.

She was dead.

And now, someone was cleaning up their dirty paths.

He made a sharp turn and bumped right into a hooded figure.



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