



134 JASMINE'S DISOBEDIENCE

Jasmine hugged herself as she lay huddled in the corner of the dark cell she had been thrown into. 1

Was this going to be the end of it all?

Would he kill her?

She felt the cold against her legs and shivered, pulling her dress up to her feet, trying her best to endure.

Back home, this was nothing; she was used to sleeping on the cold, hard floor sometimes as punishment, and it was something she had gotten used to.

But after being in the crescent pack for a while now and how things had been so different from home, she could not help but admit the fact that, to her, it was strange.

She had become accustomed to a softer life where she could sleep under a blanket without worrying about being kicked.

This was where she was supposed to be a slave, but she had gotten so used to her new life that she had forgotten who she indeed was.

She looked at the cold, dark wall that held nothing for her to see.



All the guards were outside, and even though she was so tiny, they had concealed her in a box dungeon that had no lights, not even to give her air to breathe.

It was like she was to be held hostage here forever.

As she lay down, she heard something.

It was like a very low hooting.

She frowned, then turned around.

To her amazement, it was Qitania, her little owl.

She gasped, sitting up.

She looked at it, then around the room.

How had the bird even entered the cage? From where?

She had forgotten that it was after dawn and had initially called for the owl.

The owl must have gone looking for her and not found her, so she must have come here.

It amazed her.

She gently smiled and touched the owl.

"It's good to see a family face." She said weakly. "Although I wouldn't lie, you look delicious."

The owl flapped its wings and hooted in protest as if it understood what she was saying.



Jasmine placed her hand over its beak to hush it, then froze to hear if the guards were approaching or had listened to any noise.

But after two minutes of being still, she finally relaxed and released her hand from the beak of the owl, who glared at her, telling her she did not like it.

"Do forgive me." She said. "But if I didn't shush you, we both would have been cooked, and you would be roasted for dinner."

The Owl fluffed its feathers.

It was fascinating that she could communicate with this creature. 1

She reached out to touch it again, and this time, she touched its heart, and then she felt such a powerful force hit her.

She was transported into a familiar room, but could not place her finger on it.

"What have you been doing!"

Her insides trembled just from her hearing that voice.

She turned slowly around, her entire being shaking in fear, and then she saw none other than her father.

Her heart raced, and the only thing she felt was



absolute fear.

"You have finally gotten my message now!" he said. "After over five months, we sent you away! Is this how you repay us?! After we spared your life!"

She quickly went down on her knees.

It was as if she were compelled to do so.

Like her entire being was forced to do so.

She could not phantom it. **1**

But she was sweating and shaking with fear.

The terror that had been instilled since she was a lonely child.

It was like she had forgotten how scared she was of her father, all the while she lived in the Crescent pack.

And now it has come back, hitting her with such force.

"P-please forgive me." She said. "I-I could not send a message because I could not read or write."

But then he said. "Whatever reasons you are giving me, keep them to yourself. This is a message I made for you so you can not have a conversation with me. You can only hear mine, and you will send yours through the owl."



Then she relaxed only a tiny bit because she knew that he was not, in fact, present with her.

"You are ungrateful." He said. "Do you know how many people would die to be in your place to be referred to as the only daughter of Alpha Bale? You are given the assignment to report, and my spy says that you can not read or write."

He spat, and she recoiled so much she felt uncomfortable knots in her tummy.

"It disgusts me to know that you are even of my blood!" He hissed. "You are to give me a detailed message of everything going on, as I initially instructed. Do not let me come to you myself."

Her hands trembled.

Her father came to meet her himself. That was death.

Instant death.

"I am sparing your life only because I want to." He said. "If you want to prove yourself to be my daughter, you had better do as I say. You don't need me to tell you what I can do. Or what my Luna and Jessica can do to you."

Memories of how she had suffered, of the beatings and humiliation, came flooding through her.

She felt the terror flow through her veins at an



alarming rate.

She shook her head and found herself saying no, even though he could not hear her.

That was how terrified she was of him.

"I have told you that there are many great wolves of our pack who would give their life to be in your shoes to carry out my orders. Who are begging me to let them serve our pack. And yet you have it, but you do nothing. I will not send you another warning message. The next time you disobey me, you will have an answer. And believe me, I might be trapped in my pack. But I still have the power to hurt whoever I want to hurt."