



147 ALONE WITH ALPHA XADEN

Once Jasmine heard Xaden say. ¹

"Leave us alone."

She felt her heart jump into her mouth.

She stood small in anxiety, her eyes downcast, made to look at her feet in submission.

She heard the guards walk to the door and when she heard it slam shut she jumped knowing that she was finally alone with him.

It was at this moment that her heart began to race frantically.

The deep cut in her arm that had all of a sudden appeared when she was being brought into the room still bled.

She felt the pain, and she had to put her hand over it to ease the pain.

She didn't know how it happened, but it had just been an excruciating pain and then she had seen like an invisible mark slice deeply into her arm.

The guards hadn't seen it happen, so they ignored it and told her that she would still be taken to Alpha Xaden no matter what she attempted to fake.



They had not even let her stop to tie or clean the wound.

She sighed as she pressed her hand over the cut to manage to stop the bleeding.

She heard his footsteps as he walked away.

She looked up and instantly regretted it.

He was shirtless and now taking off his pants.

She looked down, and then she heard his movements.

He still had not said a word to her.

The very last time she had met him was when he had slapped her in front of everyone and then ordered for her to be thrown into the dungeon. 3

"Look at me." He ordered.

She knew better than to disobey.

She slowly looked up at him and saw that he was still shirtless; the ridges of his chest outlined his muscles, and then he had on a new pair of blank pants.

It hung loosely by his waist, and her eyes went down to the narrow indicating valley, and she quickly looked away.

Her face became an instant blush. 1

He was leaning against the wood of his bed, and



his arms were folded.

"Disappointed that you did not succeed?" He asked her. 1

She said nothing.

"I bring you to my home, yet you still wish to betray me." He said. "Do you have any idea what other Alphas would have done to you?! You are the daughter of my enemy! Other Alphas would have tossed you to his men and taken turns on you, punished you, and made you suffer! Are you telling me that you never witnessed your father do that to slaves he had taken from his attacks?"

Jasmine jumped in fright because it was true.

Her father was guilty and well-known for doing that.

There were times without a number that she had witnessed her father bringing in the enslaved people and forcing them to do horrible things.

How she had instead turned and pretended it was not happening.

Once, she tried to save someone, and her father caught her.

She had been beaten after that.

She knew what he spoke of.

"Your silence answers." He said. "You witnessed



what your father did to innocent people, and I, for one, do not subject you to such misery, and how do you repay me?! How do you thank me?! How do you

She fell to the floor and began to beg. "My lord, I had no hand in your assassination. I swe-

"SHUT UP!" He barked, and every bone in her body halted her from speaking.

His blue eyes glowed, and she knew that

It was his wolf that was speaking this time.

She looked down.

"And you still lie." He said. 2

She knew that nothing she said to him would make him think otherwise.

Absolutely nothing.

Then he walked up to her. "Show me your hand."

"W-what?" She stammered.

"Show me your hand!" He spat.

She took off the hand being covered and gave it to him.

He held it and examined her cut.

"Where did you get this?" He asked. "From the prison? Did a guard cut you?"

She swallowed heavily.

Should she tell him the truth? That she had just magically gotten a cut in her arm? Would he believe her?

"Answer me!" He said. "And no lies!" 1

She could not tell him the truth. After all, he had never believed her for once.

If she told him the truth, he would think it was a plot to deceive him, and she knew that he would believe her to be crazy.

"I cut myself, my lord." She lied.

He eyed. "Is this the truth?"

She nodded fervently. "Yes, my lord."

Why did he think that a guard had been the one to cut her? And why did he care so much?

"You are sure that you cut yourself?" He asked.

She nodded and went on to further cement her lie. "Yes, my lord. I had been in my quarters with Loren when I accidentally cut myself with a broken potion bottle. I would have cleaned it, but the guards came in to take me to your chambers."

He looked at her as if searching for the lies in her eyes.



Scared that she would give herself away, she looked down at her feet.

Then he let go of her and walked away.

She wondered if he would dismiss her now.

Then he went away into where she lived was his washroom and then he returned with a bowl of water and sat down on a chair beside the bed.

"Come here." He indicated softly.

"M-my lord?" She asked confusingly.

"Come here." He repeated, still soft.

She was even surprised that he had been calm the second time.

She knew that he had a breaking point, and she didn't want to get to the point where he would get angry.

She rose to her feet and went to him.

She curtsied, and when he said. "Sit down."

She was shocked.

He indicated towards the bed.

"I said sit." He was still gently.

"My lord, my dress is dirty." She said in shame. "I would smear your bed."

