

148 A GENTLEMAN

"It does not matter, sit." He instructed. **1**

But she still shook her head.

She had lain down in the dungeon and emerged very untidy.

"I shall sit on the floor if you insist I am to sit down, my lord." She said, looking down at her feet in shame.

"You will not sit on the bed even though I have instructed you to?" He asked in surprise.

She shook her head, remaining adamant. "I apologize, my lord. And you are an Alpha; I am only a slave. I am not worthy of sitting on your bed."

He looked at her, completely taken aback.

Xaden had witnessed a lot of things, but this was new.

Jasmine had been beaten, she had been dragged, humiliated, and much worse had happened to her.

And yet, here she was saying she would not sit on his bed because of who she was.

When he expected her to fight, she would not. For instance, the moment the female servants



beat her up, instead of her being elevated by his punishment to them. Instead, she begged him not to.

He sighed, rose to his feet, went to his wardrobes, and pulled out one of his shirts.

He returned to where she stood and tossed the shirt at her.

"It is not a dress, but it would do," he said to her. "Your dress is untidy, is it not? You can wear that and return it to me."

She looked at the shirt he had given her, and then she started to protest when he cut her short. "And do not argue with me again. Do as I have instructed you."

She kept her mouth shut, and then she said.

"Can you please turn around, my lord?"

He had seen her naked before, and he had seen thousands of women naked before.

Why would she be any different?

He eventually gave in and turned around.

He waited, facing the wall, as she hurriedly undressed and put on his shirt.

So many things were running through her mind.

Why was he even being kind to her?



She did not understand any of it.

Once she was done, she picked up the soiled dress and said. "I am done, my lord.

He turned around, collected the dress in her hand, and walked away to throw it away.

The weather began to go dark with dark clouds around.

The halo festival had ended and then new energy was being evolved in the atmosphere.

The first rain that would produce new crops and a beautiful green to the wolf world

A great breeze came about, shaking the windows and then he walked to them and closed them shut.

The room was now almost completely dark, and yet the sweaty atmosphere of a coming rain engulfed the room.

He sat back in the chair and pushed her to the bed so she could face him.

"You've been in my bed before." He remarked.

"This would not be the first." 2

She nodded numbly, still unsure why he was doing this.

Then he stretched out and collected her injured arm.



Then, he squeezed the water into the bowl and cleaned the open cut.

She was shocked to see that he was doing this. But why?

He said nothing and he cleaned up the blood and dipped the towel back into the bowl of water and squeezed it.

Starting the process over and over again.

Then he pulled a rope that was made specifically for him to request the presence of a maid in his room.

She bit her bottom lip, trying to suppress the pain as he cleaned it over and over again.

She winced once the towel went into the torn flesh.

"I do not wish to hurt you." He said.

Was that a way of him telling her sorry? 2

"It is fine my lord." She said as the tears gathered up in her eyes.

He returned to cleaning it, and soon, the rain started falling heavily.

The atmosphere was calm and alluring to her.

She wondered if he, too, could feel it.

Then, there was a knock at the door.



"Come in." He said.

The door was opened by the guards and then only Lisa the servant came in.

"My lord, you sent for a maid." She said as she came around to the bedside.

Her mouth almost dropped from her face when she saw Jasmine with him.

She eyed Jasmine her eyes refusing to leave her.

She looked at Jasmine, who was seated on the Alpha's bed and wearing the Alpha's shirt.

While Alpha Xaden himself cleaned a cut on her arm.

She could not believe what her eyes were seeing.

"Bring me some Anesthesia." He said. "Go to Loren and tell him to give you something that would suppress the pain." 1

"Y-yes, my lord." She stuttered, her eyes unable to leave Jasmine.

She could not believe it!

Even after Jasmine had planned Alpha Xaden's attack, he even sent an assassin to kill him, and yet he was in his bed, wearing nothing but his shirt while he took care of her.

She needed to tell Lady Aurora immediately. 4



"Will you not be on your way now?" Xaden asked her.

She came back to reality, and she bowed. "Y-yes, m-my lord."

And then she hurried out of the room.

He resumed cleaning her wound, but they remained silent.

All that could be heard was the heavy raindrops against the window.

Jasmine felt herself go dizzy.

She had lost too much blood from the cut.

Once he was done he rose up from the bed and went to dispose off the water. 1

While he was gone, Jasmine felt the cool weather of the rain enticing her to sleep as her weak and tired body demanded it.

She told herself she would only close her eyes for a split second.

But she went off to sleep immediately.

He returned and saw her neck hanging down as she slept sitting.

Then he very gently laid her down on the bed and covered the thick duvet over her body 9

