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Xaden turned away the remaining water that he had used to clean off the blood from her arm and set the bowl in the washroom. **1**

He told himself that he was not being kind or caring to her.

She had been foolish to have such a deep cut. **3**

Moreover, it was good news that she had cut herself because that meant that he was not bonded to her the way Marie believed.

He could now quickly sever the bond without worrying if he would die.

After that, he would order her execution and then face finishing up her father.

That was all.

Then why did he feel uneasy? Why did he feel wretched when he thought about her death?

It baffled him.

After all, she had known that the spy had been here to kill him, and yet she had done nothing.

She was terrible, just as bad as her father.

She was lucky that he even took her captive because of what he had not let her endure.



It was only because the Queen had told him not to hurt her, and he had made a deal with her.

He told himself that that was it.

He dropped the bowl aside and when he returned to the bed chambers he found her seated and her head dropping in sleep.

He sighed, seeing how small she was in his shirt and how exhausted she seemed.

Then he remembered that she had been served no food in the dungeon and had chains tied.

He frowned, remembering that the chains were still stuck by her feet.

He very gently set her to lie down on the bed, and then he examined her feet.

The chains were heavy.

When he remembered that it was he who had insisted that she be given the chains belonging to the most dangerous prisoners, he felt a chill.

The door opened, and then Lisa returned with an anesthesia tray.

"My lord." She said as she curtsied. "Here are the drugs you had requested."

He looked at her. "Are they poisoned?"

She jerked, taken aback by his question.



"No, my lord." She said.

"Take a sip of it." He said.

He knew Lisa and he knew that if she had not already told Aurora that he was alone with Jasmine, then she would right after she was done with this errand.

Aurora was fond of trying to Kill Jasmine.

He would not be surprised if Aurora instructed Lisa to poison the potion and make another attempt at taking her life again.

Moreover, Jasmine had said that she had cut herself, but how could he trust anything that came out of her beautifully shaped lips?

What if she still had an attachment to him, and then she got hurt, and he would right after?

Thunderstruck, and she jumped.

"M-my lord." She said her lips trembling heavily.

"Drink it." He instructed.

She nodded hastily and then she picked it up and took a sip her hands shaking.

Then she set it aside and he eyed her cautiously waiting for any thing that would give away it being poisoned.

But she stood fine.



"You may go." He said.

She curtsayed. "Thank you, my lord."

She started to leave when he stopped her.

"Hand me those bunch of keys there." He said, indicating his master keys.

She did as he instructed, and when she was done, he dismissed her.

But she was there long enough to see him unlock the chains and take them off her feet.

He felt how heavy they were, and then he set them aside.

Even for him, it was cumbersome.

How did she even walk around with it?

Then he adjusted her feet on the bed and set the thick blanket over her body.

Then, he walked down to the fireplace to keep himself busy and distracted.

He tossed in the small logs of wood, and then he set it ablaze.

The room very slowly became warm. 1

She moaned very softly to herself in satisfaction of the warmth, and it made him pause.

He watched her as the flames radiated over her from the distance.



Even with her scar, she was lovely.

He wondered how someone so beautiful and alluring could be so deceptive.

He had grown accustomed to feeling emotions.

Since he has no heart, he could feel every emotion, all except love.

He could never love, which was the sole purpose he had made himself heartless.

He cared for his people, he was loyal to his people and he would die for them.

But he would never love them or anyone else.

It was a price he had come to pay for the sins of Bale.

What he had been forced to do.

As the rain continued, he wondered what he was going to do or where he was going to go.

A knock at his door finally relieves him from being distracted by Jasmine's presence.

He went to the door, and Damian stepped in.

"Xaden." He said. "I came to just see you. The things have been cleaned up after all the guests return back home."

Usually, Erik handled all of this; why Damian now?



"Good." Xaden said. "By the way, when you're done with everything, send word to the witch Marie that I require her presence in the pack."

Damian nodded and started to leave when Xaden swallowed his pride and asked.

"Where is Erik?" Xaden asked.

Damian frowned. "I don't know. He should be with Jade. Is anything the problem?"

"No." Xaden replied quickly. "I was just asking. And I am not to be disturbed."

Damian nodded and went on his way before Xaden shut the door.

Then he went back into the room and sat down on the bed.

He himself had been extremely tired from running up and down to make sure everything was in perfect condition.

He told himself that he would only close his eyes for a bit.

He did that and then he fell asleep beside Jasmine.