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Luna Maria sat on the family dinner table as the servant served them. 1

Her heart raced while her husband, Bale, remained at the table having his meal.

Since the attack on their pack, she had been forced to adapt.

She has been forced to mourn the death of her son!

What mother would wish to bury their own son? 4

It was unheard of.

Watching his head being cut off while she had done nothing.

While no one had done anything to stop him.

Now, they were forced to act and pretend like nothing was wrong.

Of course, Luna Maria pretended like she could bear it. She still retained her status as Luna of the pack. She was still addressed to us, Luna Maria. She still wore her dresses.

She still had servants attend to her. But her life was not complete.

The dining table was the only time she knew she



was well enough to discuss issues relating to the pack with her husband.

As they served the meal, she pressed her knuckles hard against one another in anxiety.

Every single day since the day they had been attacked, she has anxiously waited for news from Jasmine.

But Jasmine had proven to be betrayed, as she had always speculated.

She had made them wait for over eight months, and the day of the new moon was nearing.

Eventually Bale had sent someone to find out what was wrong and then he had responded that he had made contact with Jasmine.

Bale had refused to discuss it with her and said once he got feedback from her, only then would he tell her.

The servants turned to her. "Is there anything my lady will want?"

She gave them a disgusted look. "No! Leave us alone!"

The servers hurried out and closed the door shut.

It was the one place that they were sure no one would ever over hear them discussing because



there were no guards in the dining room.

They only waited outside the room.

"I never thought they would leave." Bale said as he picked up a piece of soft bread and dipped it into his bowl.

She glared at him. "You promised me that if Jasmine had sent word, you would let me know. Have you received word?"

"Is that why you're all agitated?" He snorted. "Yes she has sent word."

Maria wanted to lose her mind, so he had indeed received word, and he had left her heart beating so fast in anxiety.

"And will you tell me or not what is to happen?" She asked him.

He took a sip from his wine and said. "She could not send word because she was illiterate. She did not know how to read or write."

Of all

The most ridiculous and stupid things Maria had heard, she had not expected that.

She looked at him blankly.

"She is an illiterate? My Goddess, the girl was worse than I imagined our lives in her hands? We are doomed." She expressed.



"If you had let her have some education, then we would not be in this situation." He complained. "I would have gotten word long ago, and then we would have gotten back at Bale." 1

She glared at him. "That is a slave whose mother's legs you went in between. She does not deserve an education! What we offered to her was more than enough! She had a roof on her head!" 5

"Well, she is already an illiterate." He said. "Does not change anything now, does it?"

She bit her bottom lip in annoyance and then stuffed some vegetables in her mouth to keep herself from saying more.

"The halo festival has come and gone. She was the maiden chosen by the goddess." He said.

Luna Maria choked on her salad so violently she thought she was going to die.

When she was sure she was okay, she took a sip of the wine.

"You said what?!" Maria asked. "The maiden? Dirty and smelling Jasmine."

She could hardly believe it.

"Surprise me too." Bale admitted. "But 1

It would be suitable for our cause. She will

become closer to them. It seems Xaden might have a soft spot for her."

"How sure are we that she has not betrayed us?" Maria asked. "How sure are we that she has not told him the truth? Perhaps I should have given her more beatings and punishments. She would be much more afraid of us."

"She has not." Bale said. "And by the way, Alexander is dead."

"Alexander? Which Alexander?"

"You would have been son-in-law." He stated. "Died in Xaden's prison. I'm glad he got rid of that one because Alexander would have come for me and blamed me for his brother's death."

Maria fumbled uncomfortably. "But he is the King's nephew. Surely, the King would punish Xaden for that."

"It was not Xaden." He responded. "So far, we are unable to tell who did it. But Xaden got away with it."

"What plans will we make?"

He rose a brow. "We? This is my pack, and I make the decisions. Not you."

"My life is at stake!" She shouted.

Bale's face became a mask of thunder. "Reduce



your voice before I beat you! Our enemies will hear!" He warned. ¹

She was forced to, but she still argued with him. "I carried my son for nine months, and he died while you did nothing. At the same time, that monster killed our only son. I will not lose my daughter!"

"Nothing will happen to Jessica." Bale said.

"How can we know that? I have told you times without number that we sneak her out of the pack. After all, they believe that Jasmine is my own daughter. However, why they would easily believe I could bear such an ugly monster is beyond me. The girl is ugly and looks nothing like me." Maria said, and then she sighed. "He can never know about Jessica. Never. Or he will take her away from us, too