

## 158 JASMINE'S APOLOGY

Jasmine swallowed heavily, feeling extremely uncomfortable by his gaze. 1

By his statement that she will never ever be a wolf.

Like he reminded her of the curse that was laid on her head.

Her throat went dry, and she looked away.

Two other maids came into the room with mops and buckets to clean up the blood.

Jasmine recognized one of the girls but did not recognize the other.

She turned her face away.

She had so many questions: what had happened?

She could not even remember when the serving girl had gotten into the room.

Her head hurt, and the memory was quite vague.

Once the maids were gone, Jasmine blurted out.

"What could have happened to her like that?" 1

"It is probably witchcraft." He said. "Whatever it is, we would find out you say you do not remember what happened?"

She tried to rake her brain, but there was

nothing.

She could not remember anything at all.

Only a banging headache.

She shook her head as she pressed her fingers to her temples.

"No, I do not remember anything. I woke up, and that was where I saw her." She said.

He nodded his head towards the food. "Eat your meal."

She had forgotten entirely about the food.

She turned around to see the platter that had been set by the bedside table and felt all appetite was gone.

She shook her head. "I believe I am okay, my lord."

She knew he would argue but then didn't.

She saw he did not look pleased, and then she took an apple and bit down on it.

He raised his brows in question, and then she saw the scar across his eyes come into view.

She stared at him without even noticing how obvious she had been.

"It was your father." He informed her.



She blinked at him in confusion, cruising back down to reality.

"I beg your pardon, my lord?" She asked, confused further.

"The scar on my eyes, it was from your father." He said. "You were looking at it, and I could tell you had questions."

Jasmine felt a chill down her spine.

Her father had done this to him?

She wanted to ask how, when, and why.

As if reading her mind, he cleared his throat and said. "When I was a young boy, my entire family was killed by your father. He was my father's best friend, and yet he betrayed us all. He killed my mother, father, little sister, everyone! All except for me. Well, he left me for dead before I was found by Elena and brought back to life."

She grimaced and felt her stomach twist in an awful knot.

"This scar." He said, touching his eye. "Was given as a souvenir, as a gift for me when he used his sword to hack my face."

She closed her eyes in horror, unable to try and comprehend what he had been feeling as a child.

How it must have hurt him to be alone why such

a brutal attack was carried on him, wondering what he felt.

"The scars all healed after Elena worked on me. All except this one to remind me of what I had gone through, what I survived, and well, of course, the physical scars remained."

She bit her bottom lip as her heart yearned for him.

How she wished she could share her fears with him, tell him that she too had not lived such a good life.

She, too, was bearing pains that no one else would understand.

But she could not because she would be seen as a liar.

A deceiver.

She had been sent to deceive him; after all he would say, she could have told him the truth in the beginning.

But instead, she had kept it all this long.

How would he ever believe her? She was nothing but a liar to him

Even if he did, would he even let her live?

She had seen what he had done to her stepbrother, how he mercilessly killed people. 1



Why would he not do the same to her?

"I am so sorry for what you went through." She started to apologize for the sins of her father.

Of course, she understood why he hated her.

He raised his hands up. "Apologies would not make any changes. What is in the past is in the past. We only have the present, and what I want is your father's head."

He said it in such a soulless way she was terrified.

She felt herself jerk back away, and she was reminded of who he indeed was.

"The head of Alpha Bale." He said. "Along with his entire bloodlines." 1

She swallowed heavily, and her heart raced.

His entire bloodlines.

That meant her.

Did he mean he was going to wipe out the entire generation?

Kill her, too?

He rose up to his feet and said. "Get some sleep."

And then he turned on his feet and started to head towards the door.

"M-my lord." She stuttered.



He stopped in his tracks.

"May I ask a question of you?" She asked him.

"Of course." He answered without turning to see her.

She swallowed. "The serving girl. Do you think she will be alright?"

"No." He said after a while and she felt a chill down her spine. "Do not leave this room until I return."

He started to walk away again when she rushed out of her bed and ran to him.

She held onto his sleeve fiercely, and then she said.

"May I say something, my lord?" She requested.

He looked down at how tight her grip was on him with her big green eyes looking up at him for Permission and he gave in.

"You May," he allowed.

She gently took his hand and kissed his hand.

"I do not apologize to you, but I apologize to that little boy who lost everything." 5

He looked at her in shock and then without saying a word, he walked out of the room leaving her alone to herself.

