



167 SERVANT DUTIES

JASMINE'S POV 1

As Jasmine and Fiona went down the hallways, chattering off like best friends, they heard some voices.

Jasmine saw the other servants bowing down, and then she hurried and curtseyed.

Jasmine dragged down Fiona who was still standing and gawking at them.

It was then Jasmine curtseyed.

The people passed by.

"Who are they?" Fiona asked, looking up once they had gone ahead.

"I do not know," Jasmine said with a shrug.

"Perhaps new guests?"

Jasmine watched as a lady in a lavender dress went on with a man right beside her.

A number of guards went right behind them.

"I heard that she is Alpha Xaden's long-lost mate," a servant gossiping to another said.

Jasmine could overhear.

"I thought everyone from his pack had been killed except for him." The servant responded.

"So did I."

Jasmine swallowed heavily.

Alpha Xaden's long-lost mate?

Why did she feel uncomfortable? It was not like they had anything. 1

She had feelings for him and was growing to accept that, but he most certainly did not care about her.

She was curious to know if this was true or not.

"Let's go," Fiona said, pulling Jasmine away.

Jasmine was dragged off as her chains clattered.

"Are those not too heavy for you?" Fiona said.

"Why would you be subjected to such?"

"They are orders from Alpha Xaden," Jasmine said. "I am to wear this at all times."

Fiona looked over the heavy chains in horror as she tried to fiddle with the chains.

"Do not," Jasmine said, withdrawing herself from her grip. "You will be punished."

"Those chains will make it difficult for you to work. How did you even get to finish work so fast?" Fiona queried. "Even a girl like me who worked on my father's farm could not do it as well as you did." 1

Jasmine blushed in shame. "It was a skill I had to pick overtime."

"Whatever crimes you have committed, these punishments are too grim for you," Fiona said without letting the matter go.

"I have seen worse," Jasmine said. Then she tucked her hand behind her ears. "If you knew who I am or whose daughter I am, you will never speak to me again."

Fiona shook her head. "Whoever's daughter you are does not matter. Neither does the blood that flows through your brain. In my pack, they all believed that I would be the one girl who was a replica of her mother. Calm, poised, lovely. But I grew up to be entirely different."

Fiona sighed and gently collected Fiona's hands. "You do not know me, and yet you have helped me. Twice! You saved my life on both occasions. Because of you, that awful girl didn't get the opportunity to hit me. And because of you, I did not get an extra punishment. I finished my work on time."

Fiona sighed heavily. "It does not matter whose blood flows through your veins." 1

Fiona set her hand to point at Jasmine's chest. "It is what is in here that matters the most. Not what everyone else expects or believes of you." 5



Jasmine felt overwhelmed. 1

Such kind words from someone she had only met today.

Someone who did not judge her and would not even care to know who she truly was.

She wanted to throw her arms and hug her.

She felt her feet wiggle in excitement at the prospect that she now had a friend.

A friend within her age was also a woman for the first time in her life.

"Or do you mean to tell you you did not enjoy Lisa getting more punishment?" Fiona asked, giggling.

Jasmine giggled in return. "It felt quite good to see her in trouble."

"You can easily tell, right?"

And both women laughed together.

The bells rang.

"Those are the bells for our evening duty," Fiona said, looking up. "Where do you work for evening duty?"

Jasmine then recalled that she had been given her scroll with her work schedule, and she still had not read it because she was illiterate.



She pulled out her scroll from the pocket in her dress. "I have not quite been able to read it."

"Oh," Fiona said, confused. "Why? Do you have difficulty reading?"

Jasmine nodded to the lie.

She had not expected it to go that way but was delighted.

"Let me see," Fiona said as she picked it up. "I can read because I was given an education."

Jasmine knew that it was very hard to be literate. Slaves or servants did not know how to read. 1

Fiona read the paper aloud.

Once she was done, she looked at Jasmine.

"Did you get that?" She asked.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, I did."

"We have the kitchen and serving duty together," Fiona said. "Let us go."

And then she held her hand and dragged her to the kitchen.

When they got it in, Jasmine felt all eyes on her, but Fiona was too chatty to notice.

None of the other wolves wanted to talk to her.

Anything she touched, they spat or whispered and steered clear of it.



"Such a vile creature."

"An abomination."

Jasmine swallowed the words, confident that they were not to blame.

Not everyone had the same heart that Fiona did.

Moreover Fiona still did not know who her father was.

When it was now dark, the head kitchen staff came in. "Serve the meals."

Fiona was given her platter and went to the side to wait for Jasmine.

Jasmine was handed her own platter even though it was given to her with a look of disgust.

She received it quietly and met Fiona, who looked at her suspiciously.

"Why did they look at you like that?" Fiona asked.

Jasmine sighed. "I told you, they do not like me here. And I most certainly do not blame them."

"Hating someone for their bloodline is cowardice," Fiona said as she set down the large plate of turkey on the table.

Jasmine set down the roast potatoes and adjusted them in place.

Jasmine shrugged. "I am used to it."



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They went back and forth with other servants, filling the tables with different delicacies.

Lady Belinda snapped fingers, trying to see if everything was in place.

"Put that there!" She instructed. "Do not be an idiot!"

She turned to someone else. "I asked for red wine! Red wine! Not whiskey!"

Jasmine and Fiona left for the kitchen, but Lady Belinda stopped them. "You two! Where do you think you are going?"

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