



## 168 JASMINE'S JEALOUSY

"We are done, my lady," Jasmine said. **1**

"You want to go off and cause more trouble, do you not?" Lady Belinda asked. "I have gotten an earful from Alpha Xaden today thanks to all the mischief you caused earlier today."

Before either of them could respond, she silenced them.

"It does not matter. You two will stay and serve as extra hands." Lady Belinda said.

"Jasmine, you will serve Alpha Xaden and the two guests by his side. Fiona you shall serve the other three high ranking wolves to his left the other servants will attend to the others."

Fiona wanted to protest, but Lady Belinda cut her off.

"No excuses. You had better do as I have said! If you test me then I would make sure your punishment is times two of what you got."

And with that, she stormed off.

Jasmine and Fiona were forced to do as they were expected.

Soon, the guests started trooping.

Jasmine held a jar of wine, like Fiona, and they





stood by the wall, waiting for the right time to replenish the wine.

"Look at them dressed all fancy," Fiona said. "You would think this a wolf ball."

Jasmine giggled.

Then Jasmine saw Xaden step into the dining room, and her heart stopped.

His dark hair was tied into a neat ponytail, and his simple beard over his nose made him even more handsome.

She felt her knees wobble in such anxiety.

And then what she saw on his arm stopped him. 2

There was a small feminine hand on his arm, and then she saw it belonged to a smallish girl, probably around the age of twenty-two.

She had lovely brown hair and a dress that complimented her dress. 2

The woman said something, and he laughed.

Jasmine felt her stomach go ablaze with fire. 1

"Jasmine, are you alright?" Fiona asked.

"What?" Jasmine asked, not hearing what Fiona had said.

"I asked if you are alright," Fiona repeated.



Jasmine looked at her as if she were speaking some foreign language.

Then she nodded. "Oh yes. Of course, I am fine. Why would I not be?"

"Well, because your face is a mass of red," Fiona said.

Jasmine said nothing as her gaze returned to Xaden and the young girl on his arm.

She swallowed hard as her eyes followed them.

The woman was lovely, and Jasmine, who was always so accommodating to other women, felt jealous.

Even with Aurora, she had not felt jealous. Or even if it was Princess Belle.

But this woman.

Something was different.

She felt something off.

She felt different as if she held a certain power over Xaden.

Like Jasmine had good reason to fear. 2

Jasmine watched as he led her to a chair, and then his eye made contact with her.

She felt her heart flip right out of her chest, but he stared away from her, and his eyes returned



to the beautiful maiden before him.

It was like he had barely even noticed her.

She felt her knees shake in shame.

"Why does it seem like those two have some sort of connection," Fiona asked no one in particular.

"I had believed that Lady Aurora was his main mistress."

Jasmine did not respond because she genuinely did not have the heart to respond.

Then, as if he had never even sighted Jasmine, he pulled out the chair for the young lady, and she blushed and took a seat.

The woman said something to him, probably a thank you, and then he replied with something else.

Jasmine held the jar so much in jealousy she did not know she was gripping it so firmly.

Then the woman gave him her hand, and he received it and kissed it.

Jasmine's heart was racing so fast.

Was it perhaps true that this woman was his long-lost mate? She could hardly believe it.

She did not want to believe it.

Then Xaden returned to his seat at the head of the table.



Jasmine watched all of these movements like a hawk watching its young.

Meanwhile, Fiona was looking at her in amazement, but she said nothing.

As Xaden was seated, all the other guests were in their seats.

A man was to Xaden's right, while the strange woman was to his left.

Music began to play, and they began to eat and chat together.

A jester and his followers performed their antics, and everyone cheered.

Jasmine just stood in her miserable servant clothes while she waited for their command.

Jasmine saw the woman say something to Xaden's ear, and then he whispered something back.

Then he said, "Lady Belinda."

Lady Belinda went running to him.

"Yes, my lord." She said.

"It seems the fair and beautiful Lady Lily praises your hosting skills," he said as he rubbed his palms. She told me that I serve a perfect host, but I told her that all praises are to you alone."



Lady Belinda blushed. "The honor will forever be mine, my lord."

Lady Belinda turned to the woman. "Your compliments are too much of a lowly servant."

"Even a servant deserves kind words, do they not?" The woman said in such a splendid and well-articulated voice.

Jasmine was in awe as she had no such concepts to herself.

Lady Belinda curtsied. "Of course, my lady."

Xaden lifted his goblet to drink, but nothing went out of his mouth.

"More wine."

Lady Belinda bowed. "Of course my lord."

And then she rushed to Jasmine and Fiona.

"His lordship requires wine!" Lady Belinda whispered fiercely. "Do not just stand, go to attend to them! Now!"

Jasmine and Fiona moved from the wall and hurried to the table.

Fortunately, Fiona went to Xaden's side to serve the wine while Jasmine hung on the other end.

Then Aurora came into the dining.

She saw the woman seated in her seat, and she




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fumed but took a seat beside the woman.

She did not look quite happy.

"How lovely to meet another woman." The woman said.

"Can not quite say the same." Aurora rolled her eyes. 

Xaden glared at her.

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