



## 199 JASMINE IN THE FOREST

"Xaden." Came the call again. 1

He saw a luminous figure standing on the other side of the forest.

He woke up and tried to open and close his eyes to be sure of what he saw.

"Xaden." The luminous figure called out to him again.

By now he was well awake.

And it sounded like someone he knew?

Sounded like someone feminine.

"Jasmine?" He said.

And then the luminous figure whispered his name again and then this time he was sure it was her voice. "Xaden."

And then she began to dim her luminous light and then he could now see her.

The way she said his name like she was calling him.

And then she ran off away towards the forest and then he gasped. 2

"Wait!" He said.



But she was already running off.

He jumped up to his feet and began to chase after her.

Her beautiful red curls bounced in the air as her entire body glowed.

"Jasmine." He said.

But she was not stopping.

Rather she was going far ahead.

She ran through the woods and maneuvered her way past him and the trees.

Then he saw she was going straight ahead so he cut corners and then he was able to catch up with her. 1

He caught her, jumping on her and then together they fell and roll down on the ground.

Till then came to a halt with her in his arms.

He withdrew and looked at her.

"Jasmine is it you?" He asked her.

She blushed. "Of course it is me."

He felt his heart ease, all the anguish, grief and sorrow disappear from within him.

Then he gently set aside one of her red curls aside and tucked it behind her ear before he went back to looking into her eyes.



They lit of the same emerald green he always saw in her almond shaped eyes.

Her perfect curved face and the scar on her forehead. 3

Everything was perfect.

She was perfect.

He hugged her tight and he could not believe his luck that she was here with him.

He held her unto him and never wanted to let go.

When he finally released her he just stared in awe.

"I truly can not believe this is you." He said. "I almost lost you. I held you when you bled on me. I should never have treated you the way I did." 1

"But it was not your fault." she said as she cupped his cheek. A kind and warm smile sprung on her face. "How were you to know that she would have done what she did?"

"I should have protected you when I had the chance." He said. "I do not understand why, but you mean a lot to me. You truly mean so much to me. When I held you and felt you slipping away from me, it was then I became terrified." 3

He sighed heavily as the guilt and weight of what had transpired was heavy on him.



"They say you do not know what you have till it is gone." He expressed. "I almost lost you."

She gently massaged his cheek in a soothing manner of affection.

She tilted her head to look at him, her ever bright and luminous body still glowing like a lamp.

"But you did not lose me." She said.

"I could have." He emphasized.

"But you did not." She said getting closer to him.

"You are here with me in this moment with me and that is all that matters. Right now."

He frowned suspiciously.

He had doubt lingering in his mind. Had he not held her in his arms dying. 2

How had she come to be with him.

It was as if she now saw the mistrust in his eyes.

"What is it?" She asked him still nuzzling his cheek.

"How sure am I that all of this is real?" He questioned. "That you are really here with me."

She smiled and then she pulled herself to him.

"This is how."

Then she dropped her lips on his and then he



tasted her in his mouth.

She rolled her tongue in perfect harmony with his.

Like it was something that she had always known how to do with him.

Which was different as Jasmine had been

So innocent when they kissed.

This was different, this was fierce and seductive.

This was powerful.

He was overcome by the kiss and then he took over as he wrapped his arms around her and dragged her to him.

He gently set her against the brown grass and set her legs around his waist as they began to kiss hungrily.

He rubbed his hard self against her to indicate his hunger and desire for him.

She threw her head back in pleasure, and then he went to her neck to kiss her.

She moaned, calling his name as her fingers went through his beautiful dark hair.

He started to rub himself against her wetness, and he knew there and then that she was the only woman who made him hungry.



It was a type of hunger he had always known, and it had only been quenched when he had been in between her legs.

He wanted to dive in, tell her, show her how much she meant to him.

What she did to him.

Then he felt her pull away and he frowned as she untangled herself from his embrace and got up to her feet.

He looked at her in confusion.

"What is wrong?" He questioned as he sat up.

She stretched out her hand to him.

"Come I wish to show you something."

"Something?" He asked lost in the heat of her passion.

"I wish to show you somewhere special for only you and I." She said. "It would be our private place." 1

He wanted to ask how she had known a special place here but then it was like all reasoning over came him. 2

"Come my love." She said.

And then he found himself being drawn to her and then he rose up to his feet as she gave him her hand and followed her.

