



214 JASMINE'S SURVIVAL

FOUR DAYS AFTER XADEN'S DEPARTURE. 1

Marie carried the towel, dipped it into the ice-cold water, and squeezed it before handing it to Fiona.

"Here, take this," Marie said. "Press it over her head just as we have been doing."

Fiona nodded as she received it and raced toward where her friend Jasmine lay.

Fiona pressed it over Jasmine's burning head.

"My Goddess," She exclaimed once she touched Jasmine's forehead.

"What is it?" Marie asked.

"She burns." She replied as she was terrified of touching her friend again. "Her entire body is burning like it is on fire. It is much worse than it was initially. Marie, who had been mixing some herbs, set it aside and checked on Jasmine.

Once she touched her forehead, her hand burned, and she withdrew her hand as quickly as Fiona had. "You see."

Marie looked down at Jasmine.

"She is fighting the poison in her system." She stated. 2



At that moment, Loren came rushing in. "I got the Lyrun herb. We can start making more potions that will stabilize her."

Loren stopped short when he saw both of them looking down haughtily on Jasmine. 1

"What is the matter? What is going on?" He asked, rushing to Jasmine's side.

He was worried dead that she was dead. "Is she alive?" 1

He began to sweat.

"W-what?" Fiona said, snapping back to reality and then understanding what he had just said.

"Dead? Did you say dead?"

"God, no. She is alive, still."

Loren breathed in a heavy sigh of relief.

"Thank the goddess." Then he turned his attention back to them as he dropped the Lyrun herb on the bedside table. "So what is wrong?"

"Her body is burning up, and if we are not careful, her organs will burn. Along too."

Loren frowned and went to touch her. "Are you not exaggerating a little bi-

As soon as he touched her skin, he yelped, and then he withdrew his hands away. "The Gods."



"She needs air. Cool air. I have seen rare cases like this. Her organs will go hot and burn up if we do not do anything." She said, and then she rushed to the windows and pushed the curtains open.

Luckily enough for them, it was night, so the weather was remarkable.

"We need to open everywhere, " she instructed. Her body temperature needs to be suppressed, " she said.

And then Fiona and Loren raced to open the curtains.

The room itself was beginning to get hot.

Soon, they were all sweating. "I will go request for some freezing water to be brought," Loren said as he raced out of the room.

Fiona kept trying to use the cold towel to bring down her temperature to no avail.

"She is not getting any better," Fiona remarked. "I think she is getting worse."

Jasmine was lying on the bed with no covers and only a simple night dress.

It seemed the night dress itself would begin to burn.

Loren opened the door, and some servants came



rushing in with buckets of water.

They tried to use it on her again, all to no avail.

She seemed to be getting much worse.

Marie knew that her entire body would catch fire at this rate, but then, because she knew her true roots, she was aware of why she was so hot.

She was the true heir of the royal family. The red wolf that breathed dragon flames.

Her body itself was ejecting her attempted murder.

But it was something more.

Was it because of how much of her powers were unknown?

Or because of the prophecy?

Marie could not quite tell.

But what she knew and was sure of was the fact that if Jasmine's body got to the point where she kept on getting hot, then not only would she burn, but the entire pack and castle would burn.

They will all die.

She could feel it because of how much the room itself was getting so hot.

She thought of what she could do.

This was spring, but it needed to be cold.



"I can do something." She said. "I am not so sure it would work."

"What is that?" Loren asked curiously.

She looked at him and Fiona before saying. "I want to try and change the seasons. Make it winter."

"W-what?" Loren and Fiona chorused.

The servants who had come to assist were looking at her in confusion.

"You can do that?" Fiona asked.

"It is rare, but I could try." She replied. "But gods, why winter?" Fiona asked.

"This is currently spring. Jasmine needs a cold atmosphere. Winter, snow and the cold would help her suppress her body temperature. If we keep on just trying to manage the situation, she might get worse."

"I thought that witches have their limits," Loren said.

"Yes, we do. You are not supposed to temper with the forces of nature. There may be extreme consequences." Marie said.

She wanted to thank the gods but was not just a typical witch; she kept it to herself.

"What do you need to perform this magic?" Fiona



asked.

"Lyrun herb." She said. "Lots of it." 1

Then she made a list for Loren, who, for the first time in forever, obeyed without complaining.

When the ingredients were brought in, she mixed them and looked through a spell recipe book.

After a short while, she finished and stood over the pot.

Marie knew how dangerous this was. No one, except the gods, was allowed to dabble in things as powerful as nature. It was forbidden magic, but if the gods were pleased enough, then it would be allowed.

Marie hoped that Jasmine would be the maiden during the halo festival and that because the goddess herself had entered her body, she would gain favor in their eyes. 1

Not only this, but also because Jasmine was the true heir to the royal family's crown.

She closed her eyes and began her incantations.

She chanted, and her eyes began to dilate on its own.

Fiona and Loren simply watched.

"Do you think she is alright?" Fiona, who had



never witnessed such a thing, asked.

"She is, but that is not the right question to ask. I believe the right question is if the gods would accept it," he said.

Fiona looked up at him. "Do you think they will then? Accept her proposal?"

Loren shook his head and shrugged. "Honestly, I do not know. But I have heard of people trying to change the season to their favor."

"And them? Did it work?" She asked him. "Gods no. They died in gruesome ways whenever they tried. No one has ever dabbled in such magic. But Marie is something. I do not like her, but I respect her for her effort for Jasmine."

Fiona turned back to look at Marie, who was now speaking a language she did not understand.

Then she turned to look at Jasmine, who had been lying still since she had been attacked.

"I do hope Jasmine survives THIS." She said with all hope evident in her voice.

"You care for her truly, do you not?" Loren said. "Jasmine seldom has anyone to care for her."

Fiona smiled. "She saved my life twice already. The least I could do is pay her back in kind."



"You are aware of who she is, are you?" Loren asked.

Fiona sighed, this time very heavily.

"Yes, I am," She replied.

"And with knowing this, you still insist on being friends with her." He asked.

"Her father did a lot of awful things to people. He was a monster. It was he who made me an orphan. Took away everything from ME." Fiona explained. "But that is bale. This is Jasmine. They are not the same and will never be the same, even though the same blood flows through their veins. And I will not punish her for a crime she is innocent of."

Loren looked at her with a new set of admiration in his eyes. With acclaimed respect.

"We need more people like you. More people are willing to believe in the good. Jasmine, I am sure, is honored to have a friend like you."

Fiona gave a weak smile.

Then they felt the weather change as Marie resumed her chanting.

A calm wind blew, and dried spring leaves flew around circularly.

Marie kept on reciting her incantations.



There was a surge of energy in the air, evolving them, and Marie's eyes began to dilate even more.

Then, everything became still. Marie dropped to the ground almost instantly.

They rushed down to her and helped her up.

She slowly got up and tried to gain composure.

"Are you alright?"

"I am fine." She nodded.

"Did it work?" Fiona asked hopefully.

They looked around and saw that it was still the same burning temperature. Nothing had changed.

They sighed reluctantly and sad, knowing that they had exhausted their last hope.

Then Fiona saw something. She walked to the balcony and saw it.

She gave a happy laugh. "Snow!"