



215 SNOW FROM THE GODS

"What?" Loren asked as he looked up to where Fiona was at. 1

Fiona stretched her hand out and then a small piece of snow fell into her hands.

She smiled as she felt the cold tingle in her hand and then soon it was snowing everywhere.

She rushed back into the bedroom and Met Loren and Marie.

Marie was now resting on a chair.

It was evident that the magic spell she had cast had made her weak.

She opened her palms and said. "See. It is snow."

Marie touched the snow as it slowly began to melt.

"The gods have accepted it." She said with relief.

"To think that they went against their rules in favor of Jasmine means she is a favored one," Loren said as he turned to look at Jasmine, who was still lying on the bed.

Then Marie turned to Loren. "We should go and check on Jasmine and see how well the weather has helped her improve."



Marie started to rise, but she fell down, and Loren quickly caught her.

She breathed heavily.

"You are still weak." He said wisely. "Stay here."

"But I have to go see her for myself," Marie said, even though her head was spinning.

"With the rate at which you are going, if you overwork yourself, you could wind up dead."

He informed.

She sighed, and then he pushed her down on the chair.

"Rest, I will check on her myself." He said.

And then he rushed off to meet Fiona, who was by Jasmine's bed.

"How is she?" He asked.

Fiona shrugged. "I do not know yet. I did not touch her body because I did not want to make things any worse for her than it already is."

He nodded. "You did well; you were brave."

And then he reached out to Jasmine and he touched her forehead.

She was not as hot as she was anymore. 1

She was merely warm.



You could still feel her burning, though, but it slowly decreased.

He sighed in relief.

"She is dropping her temperature." He shouted to Marie. "We thank the gods!"

Fiona clapped her hands in excitement and acknowledgment that her friend was alive.

"It seems the gods did much more than giving snow." She said. "I think that the weather is treated."

"It has been years since I last saw snow," Fiona said.

Snow in the wolf world was rare; when it happened, it happened for a year.

Loren checked in Jasmine and then mixed the other herbs he had made for her.

He placed them over her, and he held her now cold hands.

"Stay with us, Jasmine". He said. "Do not go anywhere.

Then Loren turned to Marie, who was resting in her chair.

The doors bust open and then Eleanor stormed in.



Even Loren, his lead, was stunned at his sudden appearance.

"Eleanor." He said. "I had believed you had left since".

"Why did no one tell me about what had happened to her?" Eleanor asked as she rushed to Jasmine's side.

"We believe you had gone, and Alpha Xaden had requested that we send it for Marie when I asked to send it for you," Loren said.

Eleanor gave Marie a glare.

"You do not belong here," Eleanor said. "I have warned you."

"I did not want to come, but be serious, Eleanor. Is it my fault your little boy, now turned man, requested my services instead of yours?" Marie asked maliciously.

"You are tainted. Everything you touch is tainted." Eleanor said and then she turned to Loren. "What has this witch told you? Because I assure you nothing good can ever come out of her."

"I did not want her here either myself," Loren said. "It was you I had wanted but when I brought you up, Xaden had declined abruptly. He had said that Marie be brought here".



Eleanor gritted her teeth.

And then she turned down to Jasmine who still lay still in her bed.

She very gently touched Jasmine's hair and adjusted it.

She tucked a loose curl behind her ear and sighed.

She saw the stab wound that now had the leave fervently pressed against it so as not to release more blood.

"This was a case of dark magic," Eleanor said, sniffing all over Jasmine. "The one who had attacked her had a dark magic hit. She was under some sort of possession."

Fiona blinked her eyes in shock. "How did you know all that?"

"Her body told me," she replied. "I asked her, and she told me."

"You can actually get to do stuff like that?" Fiona asked in disbelief.

"Of course," Eleanor said. "I may not be as powerful as a witch who dabbles in dark magic, but using pure and light magic can hold you a hand ahead."

Marie rolled her eyes at the indirect shade her



sister threw at her.

Eleanor sniffed over her body and frowned before looking back up at her sister.

"Very strong and precise dark magic was used against her," Eleanore said as she turned to look at Mare with blazing eyes. "Magic that not just anyone should know."

"I was not the one that set this up." She replied. "If I were, you would not even have a trace of me by now. You should know this about me by now. So take your eyes elsewhere."

"But you know who did this," Marie told her sister. "You know."

It was not a question.

"There are so many people who use dark magic." She lied. "I could never be too sure."

"You lie!" Eleanor hissed in annoyance.

"Please don't fight!" Fiona said breaking up the fight between both women.

She closed her eyes and breathed heavily.

"I apologize that I am about to speak very degradingly, but no one cares or gives a flying duck about your dislike for each other. All we need right now, and all that matters at this point, is Jasmine coming back to life." Fiona snapped in annoyance at their childish behavior.

