232 WHO SHALL KEEP THE CUP OF LIFE

Xaden was extremely exhausted from his journey and because he could not return back to his room where Jasmine now resided, he went into his study. 1

He sat down on the large chair and took in a heavy breath.

"Why are you staying here." Erik asked. 1

Xaden rubbed his head to massage his pain.

"Jasmine is in my room as you know." Xaden said. "And I can not disturb her. She needs to rest." 1

"Then just go to any bloody room you want. There a thousands of them in the castle up for gives." Erik said. 2

Xaden rose up from his chair and went to his wine shelf.

He mused through it and the eventually decided on a two hundred centuries bottle of brandy. 3

He took off the top and poured himself one cup.

"Because I like to sleep in my own bloody room." Xaden snorted. "It will not do for me to wake up and find myself in a different interior wondering whether I was kidnapped." 1

"No it would not." Erik said even though he believed Xaden was exaggerating. 1

Xaden nodded at the empty spare glass. "You want me to fill yours?" He asked with a cocked up brow. 1

Erik looked at the empty glass, to the Bottle of brand and then to Xaden and back to the bottle of brandy. 1

He threw his hands up and sighed. "Why not?"

He sat down on the chair facing Xaden and Xaden poured the brandy for him.

Then Xaden picked up his own wine and then drank from it.

"Good goddess. Old wine is really the sweetest." He sighed in relief. 1

"It truly is." Erik nodded in agreement. "Especially when you just survived a long forgotten path of the wolf community for five weeks." 1

Xaden nodded. "Yes that too."

Xaden drank some of the wine again and sat down on his chair.

He sighed deeply.

"If you will not sleep in your room then how have you been doing those nights that Jasmine slept over on your bed." Erik said. 1

Xaden rose a brow.

"I mean when she was ill." Erik said raising his hand in defense. "Now do not blame me. You are the one that has your mind there." 1

"I slept on the couch." Xaden said with a shrug.

Erik laughed. "Ah yes! I was the one who recommended it the first time she spent the night."

Xaden gave him a thunderous look and Erik laughed it off.

Then Marie walked into the study.

"Hello boys." She said stopping at the table. 1

They looked up at her.

"How are you feeling now Xaden?" She asked him. "Any issues perhaps?" 1

"I have a bad headache." He said. 1

"That will probably be because of the excess

wine you have been drinking." She said picking up the bottle. 2

"Wine helps you feel better." Erik stated. 1

"You don't say now do you." She said as she read the contents of the wine. 2

She set aside and then looked at the men.

"Well now that I am done with your special event and helping treat you and your wifey." She said. "I belive that I am owed something." 2

No one said a word.

"The cup." She said. "You know?" 1

"Yes the cup." Xaden's sighed. 1

"It can not fall into dangerous hands now that it is out into the real world." She expressed. "Different people will come after it. Much dangerous people than you have ever faced. In fact now that it is out they will know and they will come for it. And they can take it away so swiftly you have no idea." 1

"So are you supposed to be safer hands?" Erik asked. 1

She smiled at him. "No, but I am better hands. And trust me you will rather have me have it than anyone else."

"How sure are we that you are better hands. The time you were given opportunity with something you wrecked it completely. Courtesy of Xaden's becoming a beast." Erik snapped back.

"He asked for it." She hissed. "And moreover he is grateful that I did it. He would have been unable to be the great powerful Alpha that he is today so yes, courtsey of me." 1

She glared at him. "And also coupled with the fact that I just saved Xaden's life. I do not see him complaining so why should you?"

Erik stood up from his seat and challenged her. "Maybe this is because sometimes Xaden does not like to say his mind and being his second I have no reason as to why I should withhold my true feelings. So here I am saying it. I am complaining."

"Enough you two." Xaden said stepping in between their brewing fight. 1

They were both already so heated in the argument that they were breathing hard.

"Erik i belive we both owe Marie thanks." Xaden said and she smiled deviously. "Without her, we would never have had Jasmine treated and we would most likely have been dead by now." 1

As Marie was all smug with a smile stuck on her face, Xaden added.

"And also Marie you need to respect the fact that Erik is my second in command. He was not too happy about the decision we made and of course we are dealing with the repercussions of the action now from my frequent pain."

Erik smiled back at her and then Marie pouted in annoyance. 1

"Now if we can all go past that." Xaden stated. "What do you request Marie?"

She adjusted her posture and cleared her head. "I was the one who sent you on the mission to retrieve the cup of life. It is I who should would know best on how to keep it safe from outside hands. Because in the wrong hands the cup could bring the most dangerous harm we have ever seen." 1

He sighed. "You are right and I will think about it through the night and make a decision. Once I have decided I will let you know. Both of you." 3

Marie snorted and then Erik glared at her but they both seemed to agree.

"Now that you two are way past your little squabbling." He said rising to his feet. "I will like to go to bed." 1

Then he escorted Erik and Marie out of the study.

When he did not follow them out Marie stopped and turned to look at him in amazement.

"You will not come with us?" She asked in surprise. 1

"No I will sleep in my study." He said. "There is a couch there for me. A few pillows and a blanket will do nas make it well for me." 1

She gazed at him like he was mad.

Erik shook his head in agreement and said. "Trust me I tried to dissuade him." Erik said. 1

Xaden chased them away and then they went off.

As he began to close the doors, he saw Fiona approaching with a pillow and a blanket in her arms.

"Splendid." He said. "Just at the perfect time." 1

He received the items from her.

"Although I do not recall sending you to bring them." He said. "I thought you were watching over Jasmine." 1

She sighed at him. "I was but when a servant girl came asking for pillows and a blanket I knew that it had to be you. So I simply told her that I would take them to you." 1

"How is she?" He asked as he walked back into the study. 1

He set the pillow and blanket on a plush long couch.

"She is fine. She was asleep when I left." She said. "But she wanted me to relay a message to you." 1

He rose a brow and then went to a private side of the study.

He returned with a large robe that was tied securely by his waist.

"About what?" He asked. 1

"Lana's mother and the others" she said. 1

"Who?!" He asked genuinely confused. 1

She rolled her eyes at him and sighed exasperated. "The woman who had protest with a crowd to protests about Jasmine staying in the pack. The ones that you locked up in the prison cell and ordered for execution upon your return". 1

He sighed as he adjusted his pillow and lay down on the chair.

He adjusted for about five times before he found a comfortable position with his hands under the pillow.

"Oh them." He said. 1

"Jasmine has pleaded and wishes that you fo not kill them." Fiona said. 1

Xaden himself had completely forgotten about all that had happened. 1

He had been enraged and then once they had faced him he had used them as a scapegoat. 1

He was not going to execute them, but seeing that that was the first thing that Jasmine had asked of him picnched him. 1

He had perhaps hoped that she would ask of him. 1

"I personally believe that they are too be punished for what they did." Fiona nodded. "But a mass execution will be too much. Do you not think so?" 1

Xaden sighed. "You are right. I'll figure something out later."