296 PERHAPS HE WAS DELUSIONAL

Jasmine looked around as if unsettled and if anyone would be over hearing their conversation. 1

Ned was well into his books and barely even noticed them.

And yet she felt uncomfortable speaking to even Urma who she trusted with her own life.

Urma noticed her discomfort and took her arm and drew her away from the door of the room.

Urma turned to Ned who was still reading through his books.

"I will be back in a short while." She said to him.

He nodded barely even listening to what she said.

"Come." Urma said and took Jasmine away.

Together both women headed to a very quiet corner down the hallway.

There was no one in sight.

Urma turned and faced her.

"You may speak now Jasmine." She said.

Jasmine sighed in heavily.

Still reluctant to speak to her about what she knew.

"I can promise you what you tell me will not escape this very tiny space we are in." Urma assured her.

"That is not the issue." Jasmine said. "I don't want to put you into trouble."

"Look at me Jasmine. I am too old for you to worry about. Tell me." Urma prompted.

Jasmine sighed. "Before my father died, I wanted to know about my mother. So I asked him. But he seemed to be acting strangely."

Urma frowned. "What do you mean strange? He was already dying maybe that is why you mean".

Jasmine shook her head. "No you don't understand. He seemed to be acting entirely different. Like he was one minute him and the next he was entirely something else."

Jasmine began to pace. "The very moment that he wanted to attack me, it was like something stopped him. Like he was fighting himself."

"And he said something. That made no sense.

He told me to not follow the King." She said.

"Not to follow the King." Urma said to herself.

"I know it sounds crazy." Jasmine said. "Trust me I know it. But I can not shake the feeling. At first. He said that I needed to be taken to the King."

"Being taken to the King would be the last thing that Bale would do." Urma noted.

"I thought exactly too. Because from what I heard, he was a fugitive of the crown. So that made no sense." She said. "And then his voice changed and He started to tell me not to follow the King, that I would bring eternal doom. He said he is not the father. And started to say that something about being a daughter and Xaden killed him."

Jasmine looked up at her.

"He never finished what he was saying." Jasmine said. "And that is why I am asking you now, how many Kings do you know, and I want to know everything about my mother. You knew my mother best. I want you to tell me. My father telling me an unshifted wolf that I would bring eternal doom? I don't know what to think about it."

Urma took her hand and held it gently. "My child. I only know one King. And that is King Roland. Your father was not in his right state of mind his last few weeks alive. He privately treated dementia. I believe that that is what made him say those things to you."

Jasmine was very skeptical. "Are you sure?"

Urma sighed and walked back into her room and then returned with a small potion.

"You know what this is yes?" She asked holding it up to her.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes it's brawn leaves. It is used to treat mentally unstable and deranged people."

Urma nodded. "I gave your father this every morning, afternoon and night. If he had not taken this he would have gone insane. Perhaps that is what happened. He was lost to it."

Jasmine was not sure of what to believe.

Perhaps Urma was right.

Perhaps this was all in her head. And maybe he was running insane.

After all he had tried to kill her.

"There is only one King." Urma said. "And that is

the King Consort no one else. And for your mother."

Jasmine breathed in heavily ready to hear about her mother.

"What I have told you about your mother is everything that i know about her." Urma expressed. "She was a woman with a kind soul. But she was simply a servant here. No one special."

"Then where did she come from at least." Jasmine asked in frustration.

"That I don't know." Urma replied. "But your father would have known. He is the only one here who would know about where she came from. I think that is dead with him."

Jasmine swallowed.

"Do not worry about the words of a dying old man. Bale was a monster and it has done us good that he is gone for good. He is never ever coming back." Urma said. "You deserve a life free and able to forget all of this."

"Forget all of this." Urma said wisely. "Leave this godforskaen place."

Jasmine managed a weak smile.

"How about I do this." Urma said holding her hand firmly and reassuringly. "I will do my research on your mother and on any other King's that may have existed in our worlds. Kings out of the crown lineage. If I find anything I will let you know. How is that?"

Jasmine had no choice but to accept.

Urma was like a mother to her and she was most certain that she would never lie or deceive her. 2

"Okay." Jasmine nodded.

"Can we do that?" Urma asked her.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes we can."

Urma smiled and then kissed her forehead.

"There much much better." Urma said.

"I should be going." Jasmine said. "I will be going with Xaden back to his pack. There will a life for me there. I am willing to try it out." 6

Urma cupped her cheek. "Anything fate away from the monstrous place, is a wonderful life. And you should know that I will support you in anything you decide."

Jasmine gave a weak smile.

And turned around and walked away.