347 HIS PERSONAL SLAVE

"Forgive me Xaden." Uther said. "I really had no idea that you had company. I wouldn't have come in at all." 1

"It's alright." Xaden nodded as he folded his arms. "What's the issue?"

Uther shrugged. "It is nothing so serious. Just some matters that arose after you left. Not of much importance, but I wanted to give you foresight especially since I once lived here and knew how your later father- goddess rest his soul- ruled."

Jasmine did not like his uncle uther.

From the moment she had met him, she did not trust him and it was very unlike her to judge a book by its cover.

And it wasn't just because he had come along with Xaden's first mate.

Where had they been when his family had massacred?

Why had they conveniently shown up in the pack?

She didn't buy his story that they had been

hiding and waiting for them to be called out.

He was like all the men she had grown to see.

Men like him had something devious and were not genuine with their intentions.

She was an unshifted, but sometimes it shocked her that she sensed when someone was bad news over even those who were already wolves.

She ducked further inside the bedsheets so that he wouldn't see her.

Xaden took in such a deep breath the entire room heard it.

"That's alright." He eventually gave in. "I'll see you in my throne room in about a few minutes."

Uther grinned ear to ear. "That would be wonderful."

Then Uther started to bow at Xaden and then Xaden proceeded to stop him.

"None of those are needed from you." Xaden said.

Uther smiled and then took a Quick Look at Jasmine.

They were quite far away but their eyes locked and Jasmine gave him a glare.

Uther smiled on his way out and Xaden shut the door.

She heaved una sigh of relief once he was gone and managed to sit up and use the bed cover to hide her nakedness.

Xaden walked over to the bed and she went red once again.

She found herself sliding back.

It was something she had noticed she did out of habit.

Not that she didn't want it or that her body didn't, but she had had men try to touch her.

So she always recoiled from anyone's touch no matter who they were until their intentions were known.

He simply picked up her torn dress and sighed.

Then he walked to where his massive chest of drawers were and brought out a large shirt for her.

"Wear this." He offered.

She swallowed and shook her head. "I can't."

"You cant or you won't?" He asked a brow

raised in disapproval at her rejection of his offer.

She swallowed again. "I can't. The others would see me and have thoughts and might assume."

He rolled his eyes. "Jasmine this is my pack. I am the Alpha, and I own it. You should be more afraid of me than you are afraid of them."

He tossed the clothes at her. "You cant wears whatever is left of the dress. Wear this and then find something better when you are in your room."

She started to go red again. "B.... But people would assume."

He pressed his hand on his forehead in disbelief. "Assume that what? I fucked you."

If she could turn to the color red itself she would have.

She was so red and felt her body go warm at the choice of his words.

She nodded.

"For your information, everyone knows that I fuck you when I want to. I'm sure that the servants and guards along the hallway could practically hear the way you were screaming

and begging for me to put my cock inside you and fuck your brains out." 2

She should be revolted and disgusted by his words. 1

But out of shame she went red and she felt her thighs get moist and wet.

It was then she realized that his words no matter how brutal and cruel they sounded, only made her desire him even more. 4

He gave a wry smile. "And I'm sure that if I put my finger in between that honey pot of yours they would be spilling wet."

She gasped.

And out of shame closed her mouth unable to say a word, she buried her face in the covers because he was saying the truth.

"Or we should try it?" He asked.

And then because she was sitting up with her knees together, he drew close and started to part her legs apart.

She started to shiver in sheer pleasure and the found herself begin to resist and soon her legs were being spread apart.

He set his fingers under the covers and set his

hand and soon he touched her wetness.

She closed her eye es and threw her head back at the familiar feeling of him touching her.

She found herself pushing up against his hands just so he could touch her more.

Her body was hungry for him.

She felt herself drip even more as he began to run his fingers gently in between her.

She bit her bottom lip.

She was going insane and just when she thought he was going to do more than just touch her deepest parts, he withdrew, shocking her.

"You just proved my point." He said cruel.

She realized how stupid she looked and she was very much angry with herself.

He closed her legs and angrily got up from the bed and tried to get away.

But he caugh her waist and pulled her back to him.

"I'm going to tell you this now Jasmine and you will listen to me. You are mine and you belong to me. You would always belong to me. No matter where you go. And I will kill you or

anyone you think you can leave me for. You are mine." 3

She became terrified of him at those words and then he let go.

He tossed the shirt at her. "You will be my personal servant. That is your job in this pack. My meals, my clothes, cleaning my throne room and my bed chamber. Even if I am fucking other she wolves you would clean the place up. Belinda would assign you to your new duties." 1

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