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Jasmine breathed in heavily at his words. 1

Without saying a word she started to leave the room.

"One more thing." He said stopping her right in her tracks. "If you ever for once think that you can kill me. Or you try to kill me. You wouldn't like what I would do to you." 1

Jasmine turned back facing him and boldly said. "You are wrong about me. You perception about me is wrong. And I think deep down you know. But your pride won't just let you."

"You don't say." He said as he folded his arms.

She swallowed hard and then walked to her almost torn dress and wore it instead of his shirt .

It was a way of her showing her defiance.

A way of her showing that he could not control her and she was her own person too.

And with that she went out of the room.

As she closed the door behind her, she took in a

deep breath because she was trembling. She had zero idea where the confidence to speak to him that way had come from.

She had been more shocked when she had not gotten a reaction from him.

She adjusted the handle of her dress and gathered the torn part together as she walked down the hallway.

The guards were standing attention and then she went red when she remembered what she had said about everyone hearing her moaning.

She went on her way quickly.

Soon she was at Loren's door.

Before she could open it, she felt a wave of nausea and dizziness. 3

She managed to stand firm .

She had been feeling sick for a while now. 2

She waved it off and opened the door.

She saw the old man working on his medicine and she ran and hugged him.

"I missed you so much!" She said tears at the brim of her eyes.

He hugged her back. "It's good to see you back

safe and sound."

She reluctantly let him go and then he took her to a seat.

"Now sit. Tell me everything." He requested and she told him all of it.

He was unhappy about Urma's dead, and surprised to find out that Anna was still alive.

"You mean to tell me that they stole her from this pack and raised her as their own?" He gasped.

"Yes and if I were not sent away to marry Xaden, then it would have been his own sister he would have done those awful things too." Jasmine said with a shiver.

Loren took in a very deep sigh. "Eel you have been vindicated now."

Jasmine shook her head. "No perhaps if anything I believe the situation is much worse. Xaden believes that I made her suffer. Jessica has always hated me from the beginning. My beatings are because of her, my punishment because other wolves looked at me and not her. And somehow she still emerges as the prodigal daughter. No, my life had been unfair and unjust. This is just worse. She is here to punish me I know it." 1

Loren sighed and looked at her through his glasses. "Well if it's one thing for sure, Xaden would spoil her. He most likely believes that she suffered the same fate as him and he is going to compensate by pampering her." 2

"Exactly!" She said. "It's like everything happening all over again except this time not under my family."

"Did Xaden eventually discover who killed Eleanor?"

Jasmine sighed and rubbed her forehead. "He claims to. Said it was my father. He said he did some investigations and it proved that he was the one responsible for all the attacks. Including Aurora and what she did to me."

Loren shook his head. "I don't think that your father had anything to do with it."

Jasmine rose a brow.

"Why?"

Loren sighed and got up from his chair and went through his shelves and pulled open a hidden compartment and returned back to her with a piece of cloth in his hands.

He set the cloth on the table and opened it.

It seemed to be dust in it.

"What's that?" She asked him.

"This is a special type of dust or residue that is left after magic is done. Let's say it is a signature. I saw this in aurora's room , I also saw it beside Eleanor's head. It proved that it's the same person that killed her that hexed Aurora. I made some further reading. This is magic that is very very old. I don't even think that your father would have been able to find someone to do this. It's rare. Very rare. I think Xaden is wrong. And if my calculations prove that, then it could prove my biggest fear right."

"What?" She asked.

"We have a traitor amongst our midst." He dropped the bombshell. "Someone isn't loyal to us and they have a very good way of covering their tracks."

She didn't know how to take that down so she told him about her visit to mage city and the witch she had met.

Then she told him about the strange encounter she had had with her father.

"When he was about to die. It was like he was self destructing. Seemed like he was battling with himself at the same time. He would be kind and wicked to me. Tried to kill himself. He

made it seem like he isn't my father. I asked him about my mother. Perhaps he went mad towards the end. But my whole life is a mystery." Jasmine informed him.

"There are loopholes in my life. Questions that I want answered but I don't know if they every would. Urma was the only one who knew my mother. I found some old papers with the old religion language on them."

"Where are they?" That caught Loren's attention.

"I gave them to the witch." Jasmine said.

He leaned back and sigh in defeat.

She put her hands deep in her pocket and brough out a small piece of paper.

"But I saved this." She said with a smile as she opened it and gave it to him.

Loren excitedly collected it and looked through it. "This is over a thousand years old."

"Can you read it?" She asked.

"No." He said honestly and her heart fell. "But we can learn and we will unravel what this means. This might be the key to your identity Jasmine."