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' You would not raise the baby' was all that hammered into Jamsine's head. 1

It was all she heard and all she saw.

He was calling her name, but she was barely listening to him.

"Jasmine. Jasmine."

And then she snapped back to reality of her own accord. "What do you mean by I would raise the baby? I don't understand you."

He sighed heavily and said. "You are not capable of raising this child. You have no experience or skill in raising it." 1

Jasmine wanted to lose her mind.

Was this happening?

Was he saying this to her?

It sounded bizarre, unbelievable!

"What do you mean by skills?" She asked him, confused.

What in the name of the goddess was he saying?

"The women of highbrow packs are raised to care for their pups," Xaden explained. "It's something they know how to do since they were little. You have no experience of that due to your kidnapping."

And she remembered the story she had lied about.

She had lied that she had been kidnapped by their enemy's pack and forced to live as a slave in a bid to make him believe that she was indeed Bale's daughter. 7

At this point she wanted to lie and use Anna's lie to her advantage.

After all, Anna had said that Jasmine had lived a better life than her.

But what did it matter?

There were people from poor backgrounds grounds who had raised good children regardless of whether they were from high-brow packs or not

"I can," Jasmine said. "I mean, before I was kidnapped from our pack, my stepmother raised me properly. I know how to do things."

He picked up her hands and gently touched her palms. "Your hands are tough. You have had a

difficult life. I would want you to suffer again."

Her eyes widened in shock.

What did he mean he didn't want her to suffer again?

"This is my child that I would carry for eleven months." Jasmine screamed. "My child. I decided to take a risk with my life to have this child. I could die."

"And that is why I said the child would be raised here. What if you die? Who would take care of the child." He asked.

She blinked.

She knew he didn't like her, but this was the worst thing he had ever said to her.

What if she died?

So, she never meant anything to him.

He didn't even care if she died.

She was just a medium to give him a child that he had never wanted.

She shook her head. "Xaden, please don't do this. This is my flesh and blood."

"It's mine too." He stated. "I had told you to get rid of it, but you didn't listen. I want to provide

the baby with the security I can give."

"I have enemies, Jasmine!" He snapped. "Enemies in numbers. The royal family is my enemy; they have the strongest wolf soldiers in the entire realm. They could use this against me. One wrong move, and they could end me. I can't let them take the baby or you away. I can protect the child. I can give it everything it desires. But I can't protect you, and I would never forgive myself if something terrible happened to yo-

He cut himself short.

He sighed heavily and rubbed his eyes in exhaustion.

"If something bad happens to who?" She asked after it was apparent he would not finish his sentence.

"Forget about it." He said more calmly now. "This is for the best. I promise you that no harm would befall this child. Once you put your birth, the child would be well taken care of, and I would reward you with riches so much that you will never lack."

"I DON'T FUCKING CARE ABOUT YOUR RICHES!" Jasmine screamed for the first time in her entire life.

She screamed so loud that Xaden was so shocked and taken aback.

She was breathing heavily.

"I don't care about your riches." She snapped at him. "They can go and rot in hell for all I care. This baby is mine. I can raise my child. Do you have any fucking idea how much I have suffered?

"Any idea what I have endured?!" Jasmine barked at him. "Do you????? I was born to a slave. My mother died giving birth to me. When would you ever understand that this is beyond you? It's not just about you it's about me. The unspeakable things that I endured in the pack. The horrors. Because I was the child of an affair, I had no one. The only person who managed to raise me was Urma. And even with Urma, there were limits to what she could do."

He said nothing, and then she rose to her feet. "You think I'm a liar. That's all you see me as. Isn't it?"

Then she turned her back to him and tore her dress and, revealed the lines and brutal scars she bore from her time in the moonlight pack.

She heard him swear under his breath.

"This is what I faced. These are brutalities that I was dealt with. Because I had no one to save me."

She turned back to face him as she held the front bodice of her dress to prevent it from falling.

"Bale was my father." She said. "The same way you are the father of this child. And he turned his back on me. He looked away from me while Luna Maria and your sister tormented me. He did nothing." 1

Jasmine shook her head, and then her eyes were blazing with emotions.

"My father didn't save me." She stated matter of fact. "He gave me up to his worst enemy. All because I was a product of an affair he had with a slave. He didn't care about me. He didn't care if you killed me. This goes down to the fact that I never had anyone to love me. I never did. Now, with all I have experienced, what makes you think that you would be any different?" 5

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