

119 A HEARTWARMING QUEEN

Jasmine's mouth dropped open when she took in the sight of what was going on. 1

Princess Cherry was moaning in pleasure and begging, gasping for more, while the King kept on grunting and banging her.

"Yes! Hit me like that!" She said as she moaned. 1

He kept on grunting as he pushed in harder and harder.

Jasmine felt that she shouldn't be here.

She should not be witnessing this, yet she could not bring herself to leave the room.

"Fuck me better than how you fucked my sister!" Cherry groaned as he kept on thrusting in and out.

Jasmine's face went ashen, and she was shocked by her own words.

How could she say such a thing, and how could the Queen, who was always kind to everyone, have to deal with it?

The princess openly mentioned that she was aware she was sleeping with her sister's



husband.

And the King was doing nothing but obeying her commander. 1

Jasmine felt the anger boil in her.

The Queen didn't deserve this.

As she was still peeking, she mistakenly leaned in too much, and then a vase by a side table fell and broke, crashing down into a million pieces.

She gasped and turned to look.

Sure enough, they had heard and stopped.

"Who is there?!" Came the deep King's voice. 1

Jasmine gasped softly and ran out of the room before they could find her.

Why was she always the one who met the King and Princess when they were having a tryst?

She hurried and hid behind a pole. 1

She stopped breathing as she heard the King's footsteps coming closer.

He stopped short around where she hid, and then she closed her eyes in fear and prayer that he would not find her.



He frowned, looked around, and then turned towards the massive pole, which she hid behind. She closed her eyes in fear.

She held her breath as his footsteps progressed further.

This was it, Jasmine thought; she was going to be caught.

Just as the King would have stepped closer and seen her, some voices stopped him.

"Your majesty." Someone said. "We have been looking everywhere for you."

"Your majesty, we haven't discussed the trifling issues in our packs yet," another voice said. And we believe it would be better if we discussed it all together before leaving for our respective packs. Don't you agree?"

The King sighed and said. "Of course. I most likely would not want to be disturbed when I return home."

The King turned to look at the pole, and Jasmine still held her breath in fear.

He sighed and turned around to go with the men.



"Let's go. We can discuss in the negotiations room. I'll meet you there." He said.

Only after Jasmine had heard his footsteps and had waited for five minutes before he might have magically appeared again did she step out of where she hid.

She looked both ways, her heart still beating, and then ran to where she would find the Queen.

Unknown to her, Princess Cherry was watching her from a dark corner.

She didn't stop Jasmine, but she let her go. She hoped the girl would report to her sister because she had other things up her sleeve.

Jasmine hurried down to the Queen's chamber, and the guards halted her.

"I am here to deliver the Queen's treatment potion," Jasmine said. "From Loren's quarters."

They stood aside and let her pass.

When she went in, she saw the Queen's painting.

"Your majesty." Jasmine curtsied.

The Queen turned and smiled.

"Jasmine. Are you well?" She asked.



She felt so hurt that this beautiful woman had no idea the deceit that was going on behind her back.

"I am fine, Your Majesty. And you? How is your health treating you?" Jasmine asked.

"Quite well, I must say. Look, I'm painting again." The Queen said, indicating to the canvas that held a beautiful landscape.

It was so stunning, and it seemed almost real.

"It's lovely, your majesty." Jasmine said.

"Are you certain?" The Queen asked. "Usually, my husband and everyone else applaud my work and always say it's the most beautiful they've ever seen. Although whether it's just to make me, as a queen, happy, I can not tell."

"Well, I assure you I would not lie to you," Jasmine said. "It is wonderful."

The Queen smiled. "Thank you, but I feel it's missing something. I tried all I could, but something seemed to be missing. I asked those around me, and they said it was perfect. Now I can tell that's not true."

Jasmine looked closely at the painting. "Do you want me to be honest?"



"But of course." The Queen said.

"It is missing something," Jasmine said, and then she didn't know when she reached for the Queen's paintbrush, dipped it into the paint, and added to it.

She did this for about five minutes, and then she was done.

It was then that Jasmine realized that she had taken something belonging to the Queen without permission.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty." Jasmine apologized hurriedly.

"Apologize? My dear, there is nothing to apologize for." Queen Rose said. "Rather, I must thank you. You completed the painting!"

The Queen went on to look at it further.

"How did you know how to paint? Or what was missing?" She asked her.

Jasmine shrugged, surprised with herself also.

"I don't know. I have never painted in my life before." Jasmine said.

"Maybe you've just not had the place to execute your hidden talent." The Queen said. "Your father



never trained you in the arts of painting? It is essential for any lady-like wolf of a high-ranking family. Especially an Alpha."

Jasmine shook her head. "No, he didn't. I was kidnapped when I was young, so things were quite different for me."

The Queen sighed. "I am so sorry for what you went through. You see, I lost my daughter, too, a long time ago."

Jasmine swallowed.

Tears burned in the Queen's eyes.