

59 TREATING THE QUEEN

Jasmine's POV 1

Loren and I continued preparing the lotions, and I stayed up to date with him.

After a few minutes, he was done.

I sighed happily and looked up at him. "I think the potion is done."

He nodded as he turned it into a little bottle. "I wouldn't have done this without your help."

I was silent.

He handed me the bottle and a few other things in a basket.

"Let's go." He said. "We would deliver the items to her."

He turned around to gather his things.

My mouth dropped.

I couldn't go back to see the queen.

Loren didn't know that I was the reason why the



Queen was ill in the first place.

He headed to the door and stopped short when he saw I was not following him.

"What are you waiting for?" He asked me. "An invitation? Come on, let's go."

"The Queen is already familiar with your face," I said. "I think it's you who should go see her."

I couldn't tell him the Queen had seen me and called me her late daughter.

He frowned. "So you want me to carry all these things by myself?"

I sighed.

Loren had been good to me.

Thanks to him, I was well and alive, and none of those girls had succeeded in killing me.

I eventually gave in.

I followed him out of our quarters and went down the hallways.

Eventually, we were at the door of the queen's bedroom.



The guards stood at attention.

"I'm the healer." He told them. "The Queen is waiting for me."

They took off their spears blocking the way and stood at attention.

Then Loren opened the door and went in.

I followed him right behind.

The room was large and beautiful.

Befitting for a Queen.

I took in the room, admiring how it had been well arranged.

Her servants were there, and an older woman was probably around the same age as the queen.

But she was dressed in simple clothes, which indicated she was probably a servant too.

She rose from the chair in which she was seated and walked up to us.

"Loren, it's good to see you." The woman said and hugged Loren.



I stood with the basket in my arm while they exchanged pleasantries.

"It's good to see you too, Hildegard." He replied warmly.

It was rare and unusual to see Loren being friendly to anyone.

Not even me.

But he seemed to be friendly with this woman.

Then, after she had exchanged warm greetings, she turned and saw me.

She froze instantly.

It was like she, too, had seen a ghost.

I couldn't understand why everyone was suddenly startled when they saw me.

I wasn't supposed to be here.

I bowed quickly.

Then she came back to her senses. Even Loren was confused.

"My lady." I greeted you politely.



"Yes....uhmm... er yes." She nodded at me.

I smiled, unsure what to do, and the woman, still brazen, turned to Loren.

"The Queen is on her bed."

"How is she?" he asked.

Hildegard sighed. "Tired. She has been feeling unwell since she came. Coral recommended her healer, but the Queen wanted you. You know you were always her favorite."

"What healer did Coral want to bring?" Loren asked suspiciously.

"I'm not sure yet. But if it's who I think it is, it must be because." Hildegard said.

"Mogause?" Loren said it with disgust. "We all know what she is good for. Dabbling in dark arts here and there."

"That's why I was wary, and that's why the Queen isn't comfortable with her, even though she doesn't know what she does," Hildegard said.

He sighed and raised his eyebrows. "Let me see her. I had a potion made for her."



Hildegard nodded quickly. "Good. She is here."

Then she ushered us towards the large coach bed.

The queen was there, lying down.

Her beautiful black hair was neatly laid behind her head, and she slept peacefully.

Her eyes fluttered, and she saw Loren.

She smiled and said, "Seeing a familiar face is good."

"Your majesty." He bowed.

"How long has it been?" The queen asked. "Ten years?"

"I believe it's been seventeen years." He corrected.

She smiled at him.

Then she turned and saw me.

She gasped again and gently set her hands on her forehead. "I keep seeing her around again. I confused this poor serving girl with being my little Scarlet again."



I stiffened, and Loren turned to look at me.

"It's okay. She has a redhead, just like coral." He said.

"Am I crazy?" She asked him like a child. "Corral thinks I'm crazy. I'm starting to believe she is right."

Loren gave a tight-lipped facial expression. Hildegard had one, too, and I thought neither person liked Coral.

"No, you are not crazy, my queen." He said. "You are still grieving, and that is fine."

She smiled. "You always make me feel better. Thank you."

She gave him her hand, and he kissed it.

Then he collected the bottles from me and made the medicine for her.

The Queen was quiet and sometimes nodded whenever Loren asked her a question.

He tried to soothe her, and I wanted to take the pain away from her.

So the Queen had lost one of her daughters? And



she had a redhead like me.

It broke my heart.

I wished I could bring her daughter to her.

I didn't know much about my mother except that she was an enslaved person who had been found in another pack when she was young.

But I could imagine the hurt she must have felt living without family.

Just like I had.

After Loren gave her the medicine in her glass goblet, she drank it gracefully and closed her eyes to take a deep breath.

"Thank you so much for your services." She said.
"I wish you could come and live with me in my castle and always be there to help me."

Loren bowed. "Your Majesty is too kind."

The door burst open, and the king himself came in. 2