



## 131 The QUEEN'S MEMORIES

The Queen turned away angrily after watching Jasmine's display. **1**

She wanted to do much, but as Queen, she had limits.

The royal family initially had unlimited power, but her tenth great-grandfather was too zealous in his authority and, in the end, became a tyrant.

Ultimately, the wolf council was made to put the royal family in check.

She sighed as she went on. He was heartbroken.

"What is going on?" Her husband asked her, but she ignored him as she strode down the halls, and her women in waiting all anxiously followed her behind.

Once she got into her bedroom, she sat, exasperated, and looked towards the horizon.

It was already late.

There was no way in hell they could travel back today.

They would have to spend the night here.

"Do you need anything, your majesty?" One of the servants asked.



She wanted to say no, thank you, but then she realized that she was exhausted and that a bath would be lovely.

"I would like a bath, please." She said.

The maids hurried away to fetch the water for her.

When they had placed the water in the bath, she undressed and went into the tub, where she was adequately massaged and her body was well cared for.

By the time she was done, she felt utterly refreshed.

She sighed as she wore a silk nightdress and went to the mirror to brush her hair.

"Can I do it for you, your Majesty?" a maid asked her.

She hasn't combed her hair in a while.

She liked to do things for herself once in a while, not just be a queen treated like an invalid.

"No, I shall do this by myself. You may go." The Queen said, and they did as she instructed.

She didn't have curly red hair; instead, hers was straight and long.

It was Scarlet, with bouncy red curls that framed her beautiful face.





She sighed as she thought of her dead daughter, and she shook her head to remove the memories.

She knew how much pain and suffering she had endured.

How much she had blamed herself.

Then the doors opened, and her husband came in.

Even at the age of almost sixty, Roland was the most handsome man she had ever met.

Of course, it had been an arranged marriage, but they had been lucky.

It was love at first sight.

It was a fierce passion for her.

She could remember it like yesterday.

She had been trying to flee from her marriage and climbed a wall when a young man she had never seen before found her struggling in her large dress as she hurried up the wall.

"Goodness." He had said, alerting her. "Where in the devil's name are you going to dressed like that?"

She freaked and fell from the vines she was holding onto the wall, but luckily, just at the right time, he caught her in his arms.



She gasped at his beauty and how perfect he was, and so did he at her.

Later, when they were married, he would tell her that she was the most beautiful flower he had ever seen, and she knew that it was not a lie.

She had eventually been put down so she could stand on her two feet, and then he had asked her what she was running away from.

"A wedding." She clicked her tongue reluctantly. "You do not know me?"

He raised a brow. "No, I do not; pray tell me."

She turned away and lied. "I am only a servant here. A maid, I dare say. For the future Queen, today is my wedding."

"Oh." He said his eyes wandering around after discovering she was to be married.

"I am to wed someone I do not know or someone who would most probably never love me." She had ended up telling him. "Or a man, perhaps, who would beat me up. But I'll kill him first."

He had had no idea who she was, and she, in turn, had no idea who he was.

Then she looked at him. "You are dressed all fancy."

She said. "You must be here for the Queen's



wedding."

His eyes sparkled. "Do you know the Queen?"

She nodded. "Yes, I am her handmaiden."

The lies were outrageous, but she wanted to make a fast escape.

Then she turned back to her wall climbing, and he said. "Wait."

She stopped. <sup>1</sup>

"You see, I am being forced into a marriage that I know nothing about," he said.

She laughed. "Forced? But I beg your pardon, as a man, you could never be forced to do anything. All you do is beat your wife, drink, make sure she has as many babies as you want, sometimes beat her if she doesn't give you the number of babies you want, and then go around looking for other women."

She snorted and turned around to resume climbing the wall.

"I assure you that I am not that kind of man." He told her. <sup>1</sup>

"Really?" She asked with a laugh. "Well, to me, a man is a man."

"Is your father that much of a brute?" He asked her.



She turned her head to face him, and she was angry. "My father is no such man! He was a rare one from all the men I had ever met. And if he were to be here, he would not force me to wed."

And it was confirmed that the only reason she was being forced to marry was that she had lost her entire family.

Her mother, father, and her young brother were in a tragic accident.

She and her elder sister had survived because they had not traveled but instead remained in the castle.

She was never supposed to be Queen, but for something beyond her power, she had been made to take a power she had never prepared for.

"I apologize." He said to her once he had seen how pale she had gotten. "Do forgive me."



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