



132 THE QUEEN'S DEMANDS

She felt the tears drop down her cheeks, and just as she was about to wipe them off hurriedly, he wiped them for her. **1**

She looked up at him in surprise, and he said the most shocking thing that day.

"If I were to marry you, I would be a much better man than even your father." He promised. **8**

She would have laughed it off on a usual day and said he was lying, as all men were, but here he was.

A dashing young man in a beautiful suit, while she was in a wedding dress, but luckily enough, she had no crown.

Hence, he did not know she would even be queen.

But she believed him.

She believed every single word he had said to her.

And then he did the most surprising thing to her.

He met her and kissed her lips.

She gasped at their lips' soft touch, then at the electricity.



Their lips hooked together as he let his tongue into her mouth, and she moaned in absolute pleasure.

This was her first kiss, everything she had ever dreamed of.

Fireworks, shooting stars, magic.

She wanted to stay here forever, but realized she could not.

That no matter what, even if she could run from here, they would always find her and bring her back home.

She did not want to get this young man into Trouble.

She reluctantly let go of him.

"Forgive me," she said. "But we should not have done that."

He looked at her, his eyes green and fire.

"I've kissed other women, but I have never felt what I just felt with you," he said breathlessly.

She should not have believed him, but she did.

Even though she had never kissed a man before, she was sure that she would never feel this way with another.

She turned her face away from him.



"I beg and assure you that you will want nothing from me. You have said it yourself. You are to be with someone else." She told him.

There have been instances where royal family members, kings, and Queens had tried to run off with other people, and they had had to watch them being murdered in their family.

Especially of low bloodline packs.

She would not want that to happen.

The bells rang, and she knew they were looking for her.

"I must leave." She said as she gathered her dress.

"You were about to leave, weren't you?" He asked her as he caught her arm, prohibiting her from running away. "Then I shall run with you."

Her eyes widened in shock.

"B-but I can not." She managed.

"Tell me you did not feel something strong between us." He said as he cupped her cheeks

She swallowed. She could not deny it.

"I have enough money that will protect you from anyone." He said. "I assure you that no one shall harm you with me."

How she wished it were that simple.



That she could run away with him and forget everything.

He still believed that she was simply a maid when, in fact, she was Queen.

She was the last stop of royalty, and no matter who he was, nothing could ever beat that.

"I would treat you well." He said. "And even if we do not have a large number of babies, I will not hit you."

Her eyes clouded with tears at his reference to having children because she had said a man would beat his wife for nothing, giving him the number he wanted.

"I'm sorry." She shook her head. The tears spilled down her face. "I can not do this."

And with that, she fled away from him and bumped right into her governess, who caught her and dragged her back to her dressing room.

She had been made to wear her white wedding dress, and her head was downcast as she walked down the aisle.

Spewing with tears from under the veil.

She didn't see her future husband standing by the altar waiting for her until she had gotten there herself.



Sadly, she looked up, and it shocked her to see that it was none other than the young man she had just fallen in love with.

After exchanging their wolf bonds, he took off her veil, and when he saw her under the veil, he was so stunned he almost fell back.

It was then she knew that he was the one for her. And that it was fate.

All their years together, he had never once left her side, and she trusted him.

She knew him.

He never would break her heart.

She turned away from the mirror when he approached her and faced him.

"I wish to speak to you about something." She said.

"What will that be?" He asked her. "I, too, need to speak to you. I know that when we are-

"I want the exile lifted off my sister." She said, stopping him in his tracks.

He looked at her blankly.

"W-what?" He asked in disbelief.

"I want the exile lifted off cherry." She said. "Do you not see? She has lived in the castle all her



life. This crown that I wear belongs to her. The least we can do is let her return home."

"Cherry isn't in the castle with us for a reason." He said. "We exiled her for a reason."

"And she regrets it. She has changed, trust me." Rose said. "This is my sister. She was the one who was supposed to be Queen."

"You never fail to remind me of that." He said bitterly. "If she were Queen, I would never have married you in the first place."

And it was the truth.

Cherry had been betrothed to him once she ascended the throne, but after the incident with her hair and the crown rejecting her, she had been forced to let it and him go.

The wolf council made it so that Rose would become Queen, and eventually forced Roland marry her.



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