



137 THE QUEEN'S PLEA

She gave a weak smile. **1**

"What I see in you." She said. "Is pure. I've never seen it anyone else."

Jasmine swallowed hard.

"But you know my father." Jasmine said. "I'm just like him. After all, I am his daughter. Perhaps, Your Majesty, you should stay away from someone who would do you no harm."

The Queen smiled. "Is that a threat?"

"No, your majesty." Jasmine said, her heart already skipping.

The Queen laughed aloud, but then Jasmine realized she was only playing.

"I'm just joking around." The Queen said. "My kids hated it when I would be so mean with jokes. It gave me so much joy to scare them and tell them it was all jokes."

Jasmine gave an uneasy smile.

"I know your father." She said. "I know Bale. Although he wasn't always this way." **1**

Jasmine was now interested.

"What do you mean he wasn't always this way?"



She asked, confused.

"Your father. He wasn't always bad." The Queen replied. "You know when someone says that someone just becomes evil overnight? Yes, that's what happened to him. I never thought I would witness it with my two eyes. He was the sweetest young man you would have ever met. Jasmine was shocked.

This was the first time she was ever hearing something about her father in such a way.

She had always only heard the hand stories of him rampaging and murdering packs, taking their women, betraying people. 1

She had never for once heard that he was kind.

Never at all.

"You're surprised." The Queen asked after notching her facial expression. "Well, I don't blame you. I would be surprised too if I were you. We've all heard how bad Bale is."

"I didn't know my father has a good side." Jasmine expressed.

The Queen shook her head. "Don't get me wrong, my dear. Your father is evil. One of the the most evil and brutal men I have ever met. But he was not like that in the beginning. He was gentler, soft. You know, back in the day, parents



used to bring their children around. Alphas, future gammas, and even Lycans. Back then, Lycans weren't so haunted. They would come so that I would acknowledge them as future Alphas. He would come, and they would stay for about a week every year. And your father was among them. He and his brother will-

"My father has a brother?" Jasmine said, interrupting the Queen without even noticing it.

When she realized it, she hurriedly apologized.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty." She said.

"It's alright. Yes, he had a brother—an elder brother. You see, your father was the obedient one, responsible, and his brother, who was supposed to be Alpha, was already being naughty and playful." She said. Well, in the end, he got into a brawl and was killed."

"How come I never heard of this," Jasmine asked.

"There are no paintings of him at him, and no one speaks about it."

The Queen shrugged. "Perhaps he doesn't like being reminded of the past. A lot of men are like that."

"It's like many families ended up not having the original Alphas being the original Alphas." Jasmine said.



"Like me?" Queen Rose asked, tucking her heed hair behind her ear. "I was not supposed to be Queen. But it happened either way. Some of us don't have a hand in fate. Fate plays the cards, and it happens. But that does not mean we do not have a choice."

The Queen smiled. "Who named you Jasmine?"

"M-my mother." Jasmine replied

It was not technically a lie.

She had been told that her mother had given her that name.

"My daughter Scarlet used to love Jasmines." The Queen said. "She always loved them. Royal families were made to love roses because they were red; they were our real color. It was our Identity. But Scarlet lover Jasmines. Even though they were plain, she would pick numbers and bring them to me. One day, she told me she would defy the royal lineage of bearing red names and name her child boy or girl Jasmine."

The Queen laughed. "What a dream that did not come true." 2

The Queen's lips quivered, and then she touched her hankie. 1

It was like she was about to break down, but she quickly regained her composure and returned to a hidden wall within herself.

"I brought a gift for you." The Queen said, and then she clapped her hands.

Some servants brought in a canvas.

"This is for you." The Queen said. "You are very, very talented. You haven't even practiced, and yet you were able to draw so perfectly. Able to complete my painting."

"This is for you." She said. "I want you to practice and pursue painting. See where it leads you. I know there is a darkness that you are trying to forget and escape. Painting is my escape. And I hope it would be yours too." 1

Jasmine was overwhelmed by the kindness being stretched out to her. 1

She shook her head. "Your majesty, I can not receive such a gift. I am only a slave. You have done more than enough for me."

"Please receive them." The Queen pleaded. "It would make me happy to see you happy."

Jasmine couldn't help but see that it hurt her to see the Queen of their kingdom beg her.

She nodded. "I do. Thank you, your majesty."

The Queen's face lit up, and then she waved it off. The servants kept it aside.

"You are most welcome." She said. "You can paint

whenever you want. I have spoken to Xaden, and he will give you hours to paint daily."

Jasmine's eyes widened.

"And he agreed?" She asked.

"He has no choice." The Queen said as she poured herself some tea. "I begged Xaden to let you go, but he wouldn't let it go that far. There is a limit to his good, I am afraid. But I've spoken to him already. You can come out of your cell and work in the castle. But you will return there every night. That is his punishment."

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