

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 101 An Old Friend

Selma Payne's POV:

I bet Ryan's mouth was so wide open that a light bulb could be stuffed in.

He hurriedly tidied up his messy shirt and pulled the unconcerned Carolyn behind him. He then angrily questioned, "Why are you guys here? The warehouse is important, and unauthorized people are not allowed in."

"Unauthorized people? Who? Oh, I'm so sorry," said Avril sarcastically. "It turns out that the great genius writer has been fired. You're used to swaggering into the drama club. Now you're sneaking in like a mouse. Must be a different experience, huh?"

"You!" Ryan looked extremely agitated. If it weren't for the fact that we had the advantage in numbers, he would have punched Avril, who was mocking him.

Carolyn had an expression of anticipation for a good show, not caring about her little lover, who was stuck to her like glue just a moment ago.

To prevent Ryan and Avril from really fighting, I interjected, "I didn't mean to disturb you, gentlemen and ladies. But we should indeed follow the rules of public places, right? Even if you think there's no one here."

Carolyn snorted strangely, and Ryan immediately roared at us like a dog eager to be complimented by its master.

However, no one cared about this bald peacock. We only wanted to leave this troublesome place immediately.

Just as we were about to leave, Carolyn called out to me, "Miss Selma, I heard from my father that you were the one who proposed to invite me to the float parade, right? I'm really grateful."

"You're too kind," I returned the greeting with a smile.

What was going on? To not alert the enemy and to lower their guard, didn't they agree to invite Carolyn onto the float as a special guest right before the float parade?

Why would the southern Duke leak this information to Carolyn in advance? Could it be that Carolyn had some intelligence-gathering method we didn't know of?

However, the werewolf grandmasters did not detect anything strange about the southern Duke, and Dorothy's anti-surveillance spell did not detect anything unusual either.

Perhaps, to protect his commander, the southern Duke had no choice but to reveal some truth under Carolyn's interrogation as a smokescreen.

I was shocked, but I forced myself not to reveal any abnormalities.

We left the second floor of the opera.

"A float parade?"

Avril and Mara looked at me in disbelief, their expressions saying, "You betrayed the organization."

"Don't look at me like that, girls," I explained. "It's a form of etiquette. She's a noble, so am I. Her father is a duke, and my temporary guardians are the Lycan King and Queen. This means that we have to communicate on behalf of our respective elders. So even if we don't want to talk to each other, we must do it. This is boring aristocratic etiquette."

Avril and Mara reluctantly accepted my explanation. "Alright, so what's shown in historical dramas is all true? It doesn't sound like the life of a noble is that free."

The boxing club had an outdoor friendly match, so Avril and Mara went to join in the fun. Dorothy and I used the excuse of going to the toilet to hide in the student council office to discuss some matters.

Unlike the busy preparation week, the student council office, which had been relieved of its burden overnight, was now deserted and empty. Everyone had gone to enjoy to their heart's content. It was a good place for 'conspiracies'.

I called my parents to confirm the southern Duke's safety and asked them to ask about Carolyn.

Just as I expected, the southern Duke was forced to reveal a small part of today's plan under Carolyn's interrogation.

She had already begun to doubt the southern Duke. Although she couldn't find anything strange about him, she had cast another kind of golden circle curse on him. If the southern Duke dared to reveal his conversation with Carolyn to anyone, Carolyn would immediately know about it. Both the southern Duke and the real Carolyn would be in danger then.

For today's plan to go smoothly, the werewolf grandmasters had temporarily set up a deceptive magic circle that could isolate the spell link for the southern Duke. Only then was the southern duke able to communicate with us freely.

"Why didn't the southern Duke come to the palace for help?" I asked, puzzled. He didn't have to say anything. As long as the werewolf grandmaster checked, he'd find something wrong."

My father's helpless voice came from the other end of the phone. "I think so too, Selma, but the situation this time is very special.

"Aldrich told you about the pure white witch who died for Lennon, right?"

"The spell on Lennon was modified from some kind of pure white spell. However, it has been almost ten years since a pure white witch appeared among the sorcerers."

"What?" I exclaimed, "If that's the case, we really can't help the southern Duke. "

A pure white spell was a very special kind of sorcery that only pure white witches could learn. It was said that it was caused by the special power composition in their bodies.

102 Be Proud Of Yourself

Selma Payne's POV:

No matter how powerful the werewolf grandmaster was, he could not do anything to a pure white spell, even if it was a spell constructed with it as a blueprint.

This also meant that the witch who could use this kind of witchcraft was either a pure white witch who had kept her identity a secret for many years or had the blood of a pure white witch.

The southern Duke had an unforgettable relationship with a pure white witch...

"That's a good move," I said. However, I felt that I had underestimated Carolyn. "Should we change our plan?"

The original plan was for the werewolf grandmaster to pretend to be a school employee and set up a magic circle to seal the witch in the school. This way, no one would know, and the students would not be in danger.

It wasn't that my parents didn't care about the students' safety, but time was of the essence. Once the summer break started, Carolyn and the southern Duke would have to return to the Southern Pack. By then, it would be impossible to capture her.

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However, Carolyn was suspected of having the blood of a pure white witch, so the magic circle that sealed the witch was probably not very effective on her. The core of the magic circle was a strand of hair left behind many years ago, belonging to the pure white witch who died for the southern Duke. It was an eternal rule that no one of the same kind would be killed.

“Don’t be anxious, Selma. The plan remains the same. Since Carolyn is already suspicious, we can’t panic and give her a chance to escape. The werewolf grandmasters have changed the structure of the magic circle at the last minute. Now, please pass the phone to Dorothy. Some missions must be completed by her.”

Dorothy and I had been using the same headphones. She immediately said, “I’m listening, Your Majesty. Please speak.”

“Child, I hope you can try your best to use your prophetic ability the moment the magic circle takes effect,” my father said. “But you don’t have to observe the future. You just have to think about the present, concentrate on thinking about the present, and insert your thoughts into Carolyn’s mind. It won’t take long, just one second.

“It’s very dangerous to interfere with a witch’s thoughts. So you need something to pretend to be one of her kind to deceive her self-defense mechanism, such as a few strands of pure white witch’s hair.

“Sir Aldrich will send you these crucial props. In ten minutes, he will be waiting for you at the entrance of the Sivr Academy.”

Dorothy accepted the mission but said hesitantly, “I still can’t control my power well. I’ve tried my best to practice, but it will take more time... What if I fail?”

My father chuckled and said kindly, “Don’t worry, child. You’re not fighting alone. Don’t forget that Selma, the werewolf grandmasters, and I are all supporting you.

“Believe in yourself. Do you remember what the werewolf master said about you? A once-in-a-century genius. Pure white witches might be rare, but the sorcery geniuses of the werewolves were even more precious, right? This is a gift from the Moon Goddess and the goddess of fate. With their blessing, you will be better than everyone else.”

Dorothy visibly relaxed, but she still asked hesitantly, “But what if ... What if I really fail?”

“It doesn’t matter if you fail,” my father said softly. “At least you tried your best. No one can blame a hero who tried to protect the people. Dorothy, no matter what, you should be proud of yourself.”

Dorothy was silent for a moment, then nodded and said, “I will work hard!”

My father hung up the phone after giving a few instructions.

Dorothy and I quickly ran to the school gate, where Aldrich was already waiting.

“Good morning, Selma, Dorothy.” He bowed like a gentleman and handed me the glass bottle in his hand. “Her Majesty said you forgot something and asked me to run an errand for her.”

“Thank you,” I said and took it reservedly as I saw a few strands of silk-like white hair in the bottle.

Aldrich did not stay for long. He still had to hide it in front of others, be it his relationship with me or the fact that he knew Dorothy.

We silently exchanged a sweet look. I tried my best not to stare at Aldrich’s back as he walked further away. Instead, I pulled Dorothy along and ran away as if nothing had happened.

Dorothy weaved the three strands of hair into her bun on the way. Thanks to the hair gel the stylist sprayed on her; they blended perfectly into Dorothy’s thick, black hair.

The open-air boxing arena was filled with cheers. Excited students were loudly encouraging the players they supported. Occasionally, some smart people wanted to fish in troubled waters and set up underground bets, even though the teachers would eventually catch them.

Mara’s face turned red as she waved at Dorothy and me, shouting, “Where did you guys go? I didn’t know that the school had turned the female toilet into a maze.”

I lied with a poker face. “We met other clubs performing on the way. So we watched them for a while.”

“If I hadn’t spent three hours getting my hair done this morning, I would’ve played a few rounds, too,” said Avril with regret.

103 Triangle

Selma Payne’s POV:

As he said, the battle’s outcome had already been decided.

The red-haired boy who won the match cheered excitedly as he walked around the stage, met with even more enthusiastic applause from the audience.

“Hey! Avril!” he jumped off the boxing ring and ran toward Avril. “You’re so beautiful today.”

“Oh, thank you, Perrin!” Avril was a little flattered. “That was great. The president will be happy that he has a successor.”

The boy, Perrin, rubbed his hair shyly.

The girls and I looked at each other. It was Avril’s admirer! Then, just as the campus idol drama was about to begin, the antagonist appeared.

“Hello, Perrin.”

Carolyn suddenly appeared from the crowd, walking over with her head held high like a proud swan.

Ryan followed behind her like a duckling with an Oedipus complex. Dorothy had already confirmed that there were no traces of witchcraft on Ryan. It was hard to imagine what kind of mood he had when he went to be a bootlicker.

Of course, Perrin knew the influential people in the school. So he asked uneasily, “Hello, Carolyn. Is there anything I can help you with? I mean, we don’t know each other very well.”

“Of course, this is our first time meeting.” Carolyn smiled pretentiously. “Do you mind if I call you by your name? I heard Avril calling you that. After all, we haven’t introduced ourselves.”

Perrin looked extremely embarrassed. Anyone would understand that it was the worst situation to be hit on in front of the girl he liked.

“It seems like you don’t mind,” said Carolyn, minding her business. “This means that we’re friends, right?”

Perrin could only smile like a gentleman.

Not only was Avril furious, but even I was angry. What was wrong with this witch? She must have been a hen in her past life who would lay her eggs in anger when she saw other hens approaching her rooster!

“Perhaps you’re looking for a dance partner?” Of course, no one would have thought that Carolyn would suddenly invite Perrin, “I am not like those girls who are reserved and overly conservative. So, are you willing to accept my invitation?”

Perrin wasn’t the one who had the most intense reaction to this; Ryan looked like he had been betrayed.

“This is not fair!” he roared, and the veins on his neck bulged. “Your partner should be me. You promised that if I satisfied you, you would hold my hand and do the opening dance tonight. You promised to let me be your partner!”

Carolyn seemed unaware of what was happening as her eyes widened in shock. She timidly retorted, “No, I didn’t. I’m sure I didn’t say that. But, Ryan, I think my reluctance to refuse seems to have caused you to misunderstand, so you have an illusion and think it was real.

“We’re good friends, but we can still dance with others, right? You’re a very good boy, and I believe that many girls in the school would want to be asked by you. So why don’t you go to the ceremony?”

“I think many girls have no choice but to attend the ceremony alone tonight. So go and be an understanding gentleman and solve the ladies’ troubles.”

Ryan looked like a dog that had been drenched in the rain. He was both embarrassed and angry. His whole body was trembling, and his eyes were red. He seemed to want to say something, but in the end, he didn’t dare to vent it on Carolyn. Instead, he could only angrily push through the crowd and run away.

The girls and I were dumbfounded as we witnessed everything.

“Wow.” Mara asked, “Is there an invisible camera hidden on the tree? Why are they acting like they are in a third-rate romance drama in front of everyone? The female lead is also a basic b*tch with a low status. Ha, the ratings of this drama must be very poor.”

Sometimes, I couldn’t understand Carolyn’s self-confidence. Why would she be so sure that her clumsy tricks would be able to fool everyone?

I thought it was because she didn’t care. Anyway, she was using someone else’s identity and would throw it away after using it. She wouldn’t be the one affected in the future, so she could do whatever she wanted.

Carolyn didn’t even look at Ryan, who had left angrily. Instead, she asked Perrin again, “Will you accept my invitation?”

Without a doubt, Perrin didn’t want to. If he were an ordinary young man, he would be excited to accept the invitation of the campus’ most famous girl. Unfortunately, his heart already belonged to someone else.

“He doesn’t want to.” Unexpectedly, Avril rejected on Perrin’s behalf. She held Perrin’s arm and said, “Because he already has a dance partner, and that’s me. One arm can’t hold two pairs of hands, right, Miss Duke?”

Perrin looked at Avril with surprise and joy. Then, he straightened his back and refused, "Yes, thank you for your kind intentions, Carolyn, but I already have a dance partner, and that is Avril."

The surrounding crowd burst into loud boos, and the young boys and girls whispered excitedly.

It was a complicated love triangle. I could already imagine what everyone would gossip about during the summer break.

Being rejected in front of everyone, Carolyn could not hold back her pride and stiffly said, "Is that so? That's a pity."

Then, she glared at Avril and walked away in her ten-centimeter high heels.

104 The Float Parade

Selma Payne's POV:

After she left, the crowd dispersed and gathered around the boxing ring again to cheer for the fighters.

Avril let go of Perrin and said shyly, "I'm sorry. You know that there are some grudges between Carolyn and me. So... I'm really sorry. I was too impulsive and shouldn't have done that. Thank you for giving me a way out."

Perrin grabbed her hand and whispered, "No, I'm serious about what I said just now. I don't have a dance partner yet, because... Because I wanted to ask you. Avril, do you really want to dance the opening dance with me?"

"What?" Avril stuttered in panic, "I... I... oh, I don't know how to say it, but... Yes, I will, Perrin. I will be your dance partner."

We cheered for them.

After the cheers, Mara said bitterly, "It seems like someone has forgotten something."

"Oh! I'm sorry, Mara. I forgot about you..." said Avril, looking at her apologetically.

Mara waved her hand generously, indicating that there was no problem. "Forget it. I'm a tolerant friend, after all. But, do you want to change into a gown with me? There is no other meaning. It is just that it is really funny for two people in tuxedos to hug and dance together. You know how gossipy the students are. If you do that, you will have to change your sex next semester and become gay with Perrin."

In the end, Avril insisted on wearing her favorite pink tuxedo, which was worth half a year's pocket money. Perrin didn't mind that. Even if Avril wore a gunny sack, he would still praise her for her modern taste.

In short, after an eventful morning, the float parade officially began at 11:30 in the late morning.

As Sivr Academy had four segments, including primary school, middle school, high school, and university, it covered a very large area. The float parade would take about an hour to make a full round.

To prevent the secret from being leaked, the werewolf grandmasters had to replace the school workers. The long parade gave them more time to prepare.

Before the float set off, Carolyn boarded the first vehicle in 'surprise' as if she knew nothing about it. She smiled and waved at the pedestrians like a queen who had just ascended the throne.

Very good, the first node was successfully opened.

Carolyn had to follow the structure of the magic circle and walk through the nodes for the magic circle to take effect. This was the only alternative after we could not obtain her body tissue.

The parade was halfway through smoothly. Then, just as they passed the opera hall, a man suddenly rushed out of the crowd. He held a basin of dirty water and splashed it at the first carriage.

It was Ryan. The next second, he was subdued by the students who rushed forward.

"Go to hell, you promiscuous b*tch!"

He was pinned to the ground, but he was still cursing agitatedly.

"You lied to me! You've deceived everyone!"

When I saw him rush out, I knew things were bad. However, the distance between us made it impossible for me to organize my thoughts.

This idiot was more than capable of ruining things!

I wanted to curse out loud without care.

That was just a basin of ordinary sewage water. Carolyn's dress had been dirtied. With her personality, she definitely wouldn't walk through the streets in such an embarrassing state. Instead, she would go and change her clothes.

The magic circle's nodes had already been set up and couldn't be changed at will. So if Carolyn left now, the plan would completely fail.

Just as I was anxiously thinking of a plan, Carolyn made an unexpected move.

She waved her hand, and the stains on her dress disappeared without a trace like a frost under the sun.

How could she dare to use sorcery in front of so many people? Was she not afraid of being exposed?

As if she had heard my thoughts, Carolyn explained to the people concerned about her, "Don't worry, I can clean up this little stain. Did I say that I have a little bit of talent in magic? As you know, my father has fought against many witches and wizards. He feared the enemy would retaliate against me in the future, so he let me learn witchcraft. I admire my father's wisdom in seizing the initiative and suppressing the enemy."

No one doubted her words.

Indeed, who would have thought that the war hero's daughter in front of him was a witch in disguise?

No one paid attention to this little interlude. Soon, the parade of festooned vehicles gradually went away.

Dorothy nodded slightly at me, indicating that the previous pause did not affect the effects of the magic formation.

Fortunately, the following demonstrations went smoothly until the end of the trip: at the central square.

The students gathered in the square, and even the tree branches became special seats. Even the academy director was willing to turn a blind eye on such a happy day.

Carolyn, disguised as a servant, was invited to get off the car by an actor from the drama club and came to the center of the square.

Fresh flowers surrounded a flower terrace. It was the stage for the parade's last dance and the magic circle's final node.

As I watched Carolyn walk up the steps, my heart beat faster.

Just as she was about to step onto the stage, Carolyn stopped, turned around, and laughed out loud.

"No way! Do you think I can't see anything?"

In that instant, my pupils suddenly contracted.

She had discovered it!

105 The Battle Begins

Selma Payne's POV:

The reveling crowd gradually calmed down. They looked at each other, not understanding what had happened.

"She found out," Dorothy said calmly in my ear. "I saw magic waves overflowing from her body. She's trying to contact the southern Duke!"

This was bad, if she found out that our communication had been cut off, she might very well use the real Carolyn to threaten us!

I couldn't let this go on. I gently nodded at the werewolf grandmaster, who was disguised as a coachman. The other party understood and took out a small signal flare from his pocket.

Pop!

Thick green smoke instantly dyed the sky green. Then, the crowd shouted, "Everyone, begin the emergency evacuation! Listen to the guidance of the warrior beside you and leave the school immediately!"

The warriors hidden in the crowd took off their disguises and arranged for the panicking students to escape in an orderly manner.

At this time, the witch also noticed the abnormality of the southern Duke and shouted angrily and mockingly, "Alright! It seemed that the game is over. Do you think that you can stop me with just a few pieces of trash who only have brute force? Hahaha! Let's start the next round of revelry!"

She quickly chanted an incantation, and then the trees around the square suddenly came to life. Their branches expanded and rudely blocked the students' retreat. They also tried to hurt them with their leaves which were as sharp as blades!

I jumped up to stop a warrior who was sent flying by the rattan. Dorothy cast a spell behind me as if she was fighting with the witch for control of the tree demons in the west.

The witch looked at her in surprise and said, "Oh, a little werewolf with a talent for witchcraft, darling. Do you have any secrets you don't want others to know?"

The huge difference in experience caused Dorothy to lose in the end. She was unable to take control of the tree demon and instead fell to the ground from the backlash.

“Dorothy!” I rushed up to hug her, and the flying leaves cut my cheeks and arms.

Dorothy held her head and consoled me in pain, “I’m fine. I’ll go save my classmates first!”

At this moment, the ground suddenly shook, and complex mottled patterns lit up on the ground. It was the weakening array that the werewolf grandmasters had arranged in advance.

After a long chant, it finally activated.

However, judging from the witch’s disdain to interrupt the werewolf grandmasters’ chanting, this magic circle did not seem to have any effect on her.

“Wow.” The witch slowly walked down from the flower terrace and pointed at the lines on the ground with the tip of her foot. “I missed it. More than twenty years ago, you used it to capture many witches and wizards on the battlefield, right? Speaking of which, he’s really an old friend of mine.”

“Stop resisting, witch,” I said coldly. “You can’t escape. Today, you’ll pay for your stupidity and arrogance.”

The witch laughed wildly and said, “The price? Oh, you little wolf cub that hasn’t even seen the world, tell your guardian to say this to me. It’s still too early for you to be harsh on me.”

She raised her hand and waved it, and the tree demons’ attacks immediately became more violent.

As expected, the weakening spell did not work on her. There was only one record of her escaping from this spell, and that was the pure white witch.

I gritted my teeth, feeling indignant.

Due to the uniqueness of the power of pure white witches, they could not use any malicious or offensive spells in their lives. Perhaps to compensate for their weakness, god gave them another special talent: in front of the pure white witches, all offensive spells that were not launched by them would be ineffective or weakened to the maximum.

However, the witch in front of us was likely to be a mixed-blood, which means that our sorcery was useless against her, but she could use any sorcery freely. This undoubtedly put us at a great disadvantage.

Seeing that the formation was not working, the werewolf grandmasters no longer did useless things. They turned to fight against the tree demons and fought for their control with the witch.

The power of so many werewolf grandmasters was not something Dorothy could compare to. The witch felt even more pressured, and her face darkened in anger.

“You’re really stubborn,” she said viciously. “A bunch of heretics who steal other people’s power. Now, I’ll show you who the real master of sorcery is!”

The movements of the tree demons slowed down as if the witch had relaxed her control over them. However, the flowers and plants on the lawn suddenly grew wildly. They grew taller, longer, and larger, transforming into pustules that sprayed thick water and stinky smell, and sharp teeth that glinted coldly.

The werewolf grandmasters struggled to fight against the mutated plants, and I led the warriors to save the students and teachers who were taken away by the plants.

Gradually, more and more soldiers were injured. Even I was cut in the thigh by a daisy that had turned into a man-eating flower.

The disparity in strength was gradually putting us at a disadvantage. If this continued, we wouldn’t be able to hold on!

106 An Intense Battle
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Selma Payne’s POV:

“Roar!”

An angry roar came from outside the wall made of mutant plants. A few seconds later, the dense vegetation was torn open, and a steady stream of werewolves poured in through the opening.

The leader was Aldrich, his front and back legs had been transformed into a wolf, which allowed him to maintain the nimbleness of a human and also gain the strength of a wolf.

“Aldrich, over here!”

I waved at him as I dodged the vines.

Aldrich madly ran toward me and pushed aside a green foxtail grass that was as thick as three of me, ruthlessly tearing it apart.

I knew it was a critical moment but Moon Goddess! He was so handsome!

“Are you alright?” he checked me nervously. I’m sorry I’m late. The mutated plants in the school are a bit hard to deal with. It took me a lot of effort to get in with the soldiers.”

I panted heavily and shook my head. “You’ll never be too late. It’s not the time to talk about this. I need you to lead the soldiers and escort the students and faculty out of the school as soon as possible. It’s too dangerous for them to stay here. They can become hostages at any time.”

Aldrich did not hesitate to nod, shouting like an excellent leader, leading the brave soldiers to save the people.

With the support of foreign aid, the battle situation was quickly reversed. As the witch’s face grew gloomier and gloomier, the mutated plants were defeated.

“It seems that we’ve underestimated you,” she said coldly. “Now, let me show you my real ability. Let’s see what other surprises you can bring me!”

She removed her disguise as Carolyn and revealed her true self.

She had snow-white hair, and snow-white skin, and even her pupils were so pale that they were almost colorless gray. Other than her blood-red lips, she looked like an old, tattered photo that had been printed out of ink.

In all fairness, she was very beautiful, but her incantations were not as kind as her appearance. After a series of incantations that I couldn’t understand, the mutated plants suddenly stopped moving, then rapidly withered and turned into dust.

Green light spots flew out of the remains of the plant. They gathered together, expanded, and entangled, finally condensing into a huge cocoon.

“It’s a light cocoon!” I heard a warrior exclaim.

Looking at the light cocoon that was about to break out of its shell, I was stunned for a moment.

A bad premonition welled up in my heart.

The cocoon of light was too familiar to everyone present. Even if no one had seen it, we had all seen photos of it in history books.

The legendary wizard Fitch’s ultimate skill was to use the light cocoons condensed by living creatures to give birth to powerful monsters. This kind of evil sorcery at the cost of life was very powerful. He had once used this to cause thousands of casualties on the battlefield.

“This is not good... ” I mumbled. I immediately turned to Dorothy and said, “The plan has been brought forward. We can’t let the witch hatch the light cocoon. We must seal her before that. Are you sure you can interfere with her?”

Dorothy’s expression was ugly, and it seemed like her head was still hurting. However, she still nodded firmly. “I’ll do my best!”

“Alright!”

At this critical moment, I must give my partner 100% trust.

I ran to the nearest werewolf grandmaster and asked, “Can we start the sealing formation now?”

“It’s possible,” the werewolf grandmaster replied solemnly. “But the last node hasn’t been opened. I’m not sure if the sealing circle will work completely.”

“I’ll make sure that she stays in the center of the node the moment the seal is activated,” I said. “Now, please gather your companions and activate the formation!”

Immediately after, I shouted at Aldrich, “Let’s not worry about this cocoon of light for now. Let’s take this opportunity to send the students and teachers away!”

Aldrich nodded and ordered some of the soldiers to transform into their wolf forms and bring the injured to retreat immediately.

He wanted to stay and help me, but I refused. “I have something for you to do. Go back to the palace immediately and inform my father that this witch not only has the blood of a pure white witch but may even be related to the legendary wizard Fitch. the signal here is blocked by a spell, and I can’t contact the palace.”

Knowing that this was a serious matter, even if Aldrich was worried about me, he could only take the mission and leave immediately.

The witch catalyzed the cocoon of light unhurriedly. Her power was much weaker than Fitch’s, and she could not hatch the cocoon of light instantly.

“Have you gone to get reinforcements?” she said unhurriedly, “Go and get the adults to stand up for you, little brats. it was not like twenty years ago. the heroes are past their prime. Would they still retain the high-spirited power of their youth? Hehehe, I’m really looking forward to it!”

“Don’t be happy too soon, witch,” I said viciously. “I’ve said it before, you’ll pay for your arrogance!”

Dorothy's POV:

The werewolf grandmasters were already prepared. The pack leader shot Selma a look that said, "We can start now." Selma immediately shouted at me, "Now! Dorothy, go!"

I immediately focused my attention and began to mobilize the invisible power hidden in the air.

I closed my eyes, but I could see that the world was covered with transparent lines. These lines were messy, some entangled into a dead knot, and some connected to the sky and earth. I had to try my best to find their source and see which one was entangled with the despicable witch.

This was something that required a lot of energy. I tried to be as fast as possible, but I couldn't finish it instantly. I felt a gust of cold wind before me. In the next second, someone blocked my way and whined.

I believed the witch had attacked me, and Selma was fighting her to protect me.

I couldn't help but become even more anxious. Every second felt as long as a year. I tried my best to search for her, but the goddess of fate didn't seem willing to show me any mercy, so I was still confused.

Suddenly, I saw an abnormal line that made it dark, twisted, and full of messy dead knots. It didn't look like it should exist in this world, but it was poorly created by someone imitating the trajectory of the goddess of fate, becoming a life full of sins.

It was wrapped around the witch's wrist, which was as pale as snow.

I found it! This was it!

I opened my eyes and tried my best not to let the mysterious feeling of prying into fate slip away, looking for the opportunity to control the witches.

This witch was not like the other witches; she lacked physical skills. On the contrary, even the combat teacher would be amazed by her punches and kicks, not to mention the silver dagger she was wielding. This caused Selma to be significantly suppressed, and she could barely match the enemy's strength.

The witch laughed wildly and said, "Come on! Let's go a little more! Let's see what's so great about a noble werewolf! Is that all you've got? How disappointing!"

She suddenly attacked me. Selma stood in front of me, but her left leg was cut. The silver prevented her from healing herself, and blood immediately gushed out.

Selma almost kneeled on the ground. I pulled her behind me and suddenly met the witch's crazed eyes.

"Go to hell!" I shouted angrily, "Go kiss the soles of your satan master's shoes. Don't come to the werewolf's territory to cause trouble!"

I tried my best to disrupt the witch's mind, and her self-healing mechanism instantly sounded an alarm, but when she detected the three white hairs in my bun, she stopped.

Even the witch was stunned for a moment, "This is- "

I didn't give her a chance to react and successfully pulled her into the vision of fate. Not everyone had the right to talk about fate, not even if it was unraveling right now.

The unqualified witch was punished by fate. She screamed shrilly, and blood seeped out of her eyes. I was unsure if the pain would speed up her escape from my restraint, so I quickly said to Selma, "I can't hold on for long. Hurry up!"

Selma dragged her injured leg and got up. She picked up the witch with almost all her strength and threw her onto the flower terrace.

The moment the witch fell on the flower terrace, she broke free from my control. The pain of my spirit being torn apart made me unable to support my body. I fell heavily to the ground and felt a burst of moisture in my seven orifices. A large amount of blood gushed out like a flood!

A sharp ringing in my ears made me feel like I had already lost all five senses. The pain was still there, but it also felt like it had been stripped away from my body.

It was as if someone had picked me up and was shouting something. I could only see a blurry red shadow in the blood and tears, but I couldn't hear a word.

Heavy fatigue hit me. I opened my mouth, wanting to say something, but I could not control my muscles.

I didn't know when, but my vision turned black, and I fainted.

When I woke again, I was lying in the middle of a field full of wolves. A healer with a white cloth wrapped around his arm was taking care of me.

"You're awake? Wait a moment. I'll get miss Selma here." When he saw that I had woken up, he ran away.

I felt that my face was a little tight. I touched it and found that my eyes were wrapped in cloth.

Wait, wrapped in cloth?

How was seeing things?

Looking at the high-definition world in front of me, I was a little confused.

No, this wasn't the time to think about this!

My rationality returned, and I thought nervously, 'What's the situation now? Has the witch been successfully sealed?'

I saw Selma talking to the werewolf grandmasters in the distance. After learning from the medical warriors that I had woken up, she immediately ran over to me.

"How do you feel?" She carefully helped me sit up. "The medical warriors and the werewolf master have examined you. You are temporarily blind and have a slight concussion. Fortunately, there are no permanent disabilities or fatal injuries."

"I think it's okay." I retched. "I just feel like puking."

"This is caused by the concussion," Selma said. "I'll have someone send you back to the palace immediately. Tracy is on standby."

I grabbed her hand and said, "Wait! Where is the witch? Has she been sealed?"
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Selma nodded and said in relief, "She's already under our control. Don't worry. The werewolf grandmasters and the warriors will look after her."

I was relieved to hear that. My eyes rolled back, and I fainted again.

108 After The Storm

Selma Payne's POV:

After sending the unconscious Dorothy to the ambulance, I returned to the flower terrace.

The insufferably arrogant witch was now tied up like a deer waiting to be slaughtered. The rope used to tie her up was not an ordinary rope. It was covered with a special confinement spell, a product of a legendary witch in the past, to ensure that the prisoner could not escape even if he had wings.

At this moment, she finally revealed a trace of panic.

"Don't even think that you can catch me so easily." She was bluffing.

I was not in a mood to listen to her nonsense, so I put my hand over her mouth and disdainfully said, "Save it, witch. If you have the energy to do useless things, why don't you think about how to get through the next interrogation?!"

After saying that, I ignored her struggles and waved my hand, ordering the warrior and the werewolf grandmasters to push her onto the prison cart.

Although the operation had ended successfully, the ceremony was utterly ruined. The ground was full of plant remains and building debris, not to mention a light cocoon floating in the air.

Without the witch's catalysis, this thing could not hatch again, so there was nothing to be afraid of. The only problem was that it would take some effort to disperse the power contained in it slowly. Once it was broken by force, it would immediately turn into a bomb and raze the entire campus.

"Perhaps it would be better just to demolish the campus and rebuild it." Looking at the broken walls, I mumbled helplessly, "This is great. Forget about the graduation ceremony, I might not even be able to start school on time for the next semester."

Needless to say, the government must pay the cost of repairing the school. However, scraping off the dangerous buildings everywhere was not easy. There might be many buildings that need to be demolished and rebuilt.

The soldiers were protecting the students who had yet to recover from the shock in the safe zone. The military had already informed their parents on behalf of the school to come and pick them up.

I bet this was their life's most unforgettable graduation ceremony, especially today's main characters, those graduates. After all, no one would have thought that on their graduation day, they would be able to witness a battle between werewolf grandmasters and a sorcerer in addition to taking beautiful selfies with their classmates.

I saw Mara and Avril snuggling up to each other with a blanket over their bodies, and Perrin was protecting them.

"Selma!"

When they saw me, they quickly ran over.

Mara nervously asked, "How are you? Are you hurt? God, I can't believe you stayed in the chaos. Do you know how dangerous that was?"

On the other hand, Avril asked thoughtfully, "Or did you know what you're going to be distracted about today? I mean, those warriors and the werewolf grandmasters seemed very obedient to you."

This was a secret, and I couldn't reveal too much to them. I only said that the people present were willing to listen to my command because of my noble identity.

Fortunately, they did not continue to interrogate.

"Where's Dorothy?" They asked, "She stayed behind too. Moon Goddess, you guys must be hiding something from us!"

"Dorothy is injured." I explained, "She's been sent to the hospital. Girls, don't be worried. I guarantee that she'll be fine."

Mara looked at me worriedly and said, "Okay, we won't ask. But you must know that Avril and I are worried about you and Dorothy. We are friends. If you have any problems, we are always willing to help. Okay?"

"It's really fine." Her honesty touched me, but I still couldn't say anything. "Okay, I have to go deal with some things. You can wait for your parents to come."

I turned to Perrin, "Please take care of them, Mr. Gentleman."

Perrin rubbed his nose shyly for my teasing and promised, "Don't worry, my lady."

The army maintained the order of the safe zone. Since I was not needed here, I immediately returned to the palace.

As soon as I entered, my mother embraced me tightly.

"Oh, Selma, thank God you're alright! You have no idea how worried I was, Moon Goddess! Thank you for your protection!" she sobbed.

I patted my mother's back to comfort her, indicating I was fine.

However, my mother still saw the unhealed wound hidden under the cloak of my school uniform. She covered her mouth and cried out, "Heavens!"

My father, who came later, hugged my mother tightly and comforted her, "Don't be sad, my dear. Wounds are proof of courage. It means our daughter has grown into a brave and powerful warrior, right?"

My mother buried herself in my father's arms and sobbed uncontrollably. "Of course, I understand, but... Oh my goodness!"

My father consoled my mother and winked at me helplessly.

Kara stood up and softly said, "Your Majesties, Tracy is ready. Would you like to let her Highness receive treatment first?"

My mother immediately stopped crying and hurriedly pushed me to the medical room for examination.

109 Turbulent Undercurrent

Selma Payne's POV:

Tracy carefully examined me. Fortunately, I only suffered some superficial wounds that looked scary. There were no major problems.

My mother quickly gave Kara a list of items. From their soft and fragrant names, I would probably have to soak in a bottle of health care products for the next three months.

After treating my wound, I went to the town hall.

My father, my mother, the southern Duke, and Duke Frank were all there. There were also some unfamiliar faces standing to the side. Judging from their dark blue robes, they were from the Council of Elders.

The witch was firmly bound to a pillar engraved with spells. The werewolf grandmaster wrapped her with many layers of binding spells like wrapping ham to ensure she could not escape.

I noticed that the southern Duke's eyes seemed shocked and sad. Duke Frank also looked at the witch in disbelief and whispered something to the southern Duke.

The town hall was quiet. People stood together as if they didn't want to communicate at all. There were only one or two vague whispers occasionally.

"Miss Selma has arrived!"

The attendant's loud voice broke the cold atmosphere. The moment I stepped into the government hall, I could feel that the elders were looking at me. Some were kind, some were indifferent, and of course, there was no lack of malicious scrutiny.

"Selma, come here quickly, my niece." My father waved at me.

The attendant had brought me a small stool next to my parents' thrones, so my current standing position was: my father, my mother, me, Duke Frank, the southern Duke, and the elders.

Clearly, the 'out of line' treatment I enjoyed had caused some people to be extremely dissatisfied.

A bald old man stood out and sized me up very meanly. He said to my father, "With all due respect, Your Majesty, we cannot go against the hierarchy. No matter how much

you and her Majesty dote on Miss Selma, we should not break the rules for a little girl on such a formal occasion.”

His old face was like a rotten orange, and his eye bags were like rotten peels, revealing a pair of turbid eyes full of contempt.

What was wrong with this person? Was this the time to talk about such details? Moreover, a witch was tied up on the ground, waiting to see him make a fool of himself. How could an elder of the Council of Elders have such political literacy?

I knew that some people in the Council of Elders had always found my father an eyesore and spared no effort to create trouble for my father. However, the intelligence of certain people, such as the person in front of me, still shocked me.

Did he feel a sense of accomplishment in embarrassing my father in front of all the ministers? How could he act so naturally as if no witch who wanted to harm the werewolf tribe was waiting for trial? Had the long-term pampered life in a high position caused him to lose the quality of an assistant, other than being tyrannical at home?

I was speechless at this ‘smart’ elder, but I didn’t want to talk to him. After all, there was more important business to attend to.

My father thought the same but tried to smooth things over. “Selma was injured in this great battle. An injured hero always has the honor of being taken care of, right?”

Everyone in the town hall wanted to turn this matter over, except for one person quickly.

The bald old man retorted, “Even though this is reasonable, we can’t just ignore the principles and laws, right? A person’s status is given to her by Moon Goddess when she is born. She should accept it joyfully, not squander her privileges because of the ruler’s love.

“I also respect heroes wounded to protect the people, but heroes must also listen to Moon Goddess’ will and not overstep their position.

“Forgive me for being blunt, but many war heroes are ten thousand times more glorious than Miss Selma. If Miss Selma can simply bypass the two Dukes and sit beside His Majesty, can those war heroes do the same? If Miss Selma can stand in the town hall, then we will need to discuss state affairs with every war hero in the future?”

This was simply unreasonable!

I looked at the old man in disbelief. I wanted to pry open his head and see the structure inside.

If the elders were like this, it was all thanks to my father's wisdom that the werewolves were still alive.

Perhaps they felt that their companion was embarrassing himself, and the other elders could not stand it anymore.

"Stop it, Eric. It's not the time to care about these details." An old man with long curly hair and a big beard stopped him. "This is the town hall, not a market. Don't jabber on like a calculative peddler about a few cents. There's still a witch waiting to be interrogated here. Do you want the other clans to laugh at you?"

The bald old man, Eric, sneered, "Don't act like a good person, Lucius. Did you get into the Council of Elders by sucking up? Sooner or later, the wolf clan will be defeated by someone like you who flatters us!"

Eric and Lucius were obviously from different factions, and this caused a conflict between the two factions. The elders started attacking each other.

Seeing that an even bigger war of words was about to happen, my father shouted, "Silence!"

The king was unquestionable. No matter how upset they were, the elders could only shut their mouths and try to kill their political enemies with their eyes.

110 Overpampering

Selma Payne's POV:

"I think Elder Lucius is right, Elder Eric." My father stared at the bald old man expressionlessly. "With the enemy in front of us, we should focus on our priority, right?"

I thought most people would understand by now to go along with the flow, right?

But that old man Eric didn't!

Eric was like a cat whose tail had been stepped on. He protested loudly with a red face, "There's no such thing as a trifle in a state's affairs, Your Majesty! Even though it's just a simple seat, it represents the dignity of the royal family and the nobles!"

"Of course, I know that interrogating the witch is more important, but she can't escape now, can she? We can give this pitiful invader some time to think about how she can repay us for sparing her life.

"However, the matter regarding Miss Selma cannot be delayed." He suddenly turned to my mother, and everyone present could hear the disdain in his tone. "Forgive me for

being rude, Your Majesty. Although Miss Selma is your relative, she doesn't even have a noble title. She can only be considered a noble's daughter, right?

"You are a benevolent and moral Queen. I respect you deeply, but your excessive pampering of Miss Selma is clearly not in line with the status of a Queen! I solemnly request that you do not bring such a bad atmosphere into the palace so as not to interfere with the fairness of the great Lycan King!"

"You're really impudent!" I jumped up from the stool and glared at the boastful old man. "How dare you? Who do you think you are? How dare you criticize the great Queen!"

How dare he insult my mother? This damned politician was too arrogant!

My mother was obviously quite angry at my offensive accusation, but she still tried her best to calm down. She pulled me back and said, "Alright, Selma, don't be angry. Don't lose your ladylike demeanor. We all know that Elder Eric's words are a little inappropriate, but I believe he will immediately calm down and give us a reasonable explanation."

My father stared coldly at the old man who stood in the middle of the town hall like a victorious rooster. I had never seen him so angry before. He couldn't even maintain his kind and upright expression. His dark eyes seemed to be about to spew fire, burning the bald old man who dared to offend his wife and daughter.

"I think you're a little too agitated today, Eric." He didn't even address him properly with his title of an elder anymore. "You're so agitated that you've lost your mind and committed such a great crime of disrespecting the Queen."

"Am I wrong?" Eric clamored. "Your Majesty, you shouldn't lose the justice of a king just because you favor a junior! Your Majesty, good advice is harsh to the ears!"

"Enough!" My father shouted and waved for the guards. "Please take Eric away, guards. He's seriously ill and should go home to rest."

"I don't think it's suitable for you to participate in the activities of the Council of Elders for the time being. Please rest at home until you've recovered. The pack will not mistreat those who work hard for it, nor will it force its sick subjects to serve him!"

Eric struggled in disbelief. He ignored the guards' dragging and shouted at the top of his lungs, "This is not fair! Lycan King! You don't have the right to dismiss an elder. Only the brothers and sisters of the Council of Elders can decide whether I stay or leave. You are overstepping your authority!"

My father waved at the guards to take Eric away as if he were a fly, not caring about Eric's disrespectful words.

Just like that, the high-spirited Eric a few minutes ago was removed, and the one who made the decision was my father, the king.

Those who opposed him were hidden among the elders, their faces covered with hoods and hair, not daring to plead for their dismissed colleague.

These people who thought they controlled the rules were nothing in the face of absolute power.

My father seemed to have just remembered a group of elders was standing beside him, quieter than chickens. He returned to his usual relaxed expression and asked in a clear voice, "I think all the elders have no objection, right?"

Who would dare to say no? Everyone feared they would be the next ones to be removed from the hall.

"Alright then. I hope Eric can recover as soon as possible and continue serving the country," my father said regretfully, but he didn't even bother to put on a regretful expression.

Big beard Lucius stood up on behalf of his colleagues and continued as if nothing had happened, "In fact, we have suggested that Eric go home to recuperate, but he is a workaholic, and he can't let go of his sense of responsibility for the country.

"Please forgive his rudeness, Your Majesties," he said after a pause. "People can't control themselves when they're too tired."

"Of course, I hope Eric can recover soon." My mother nodded.

111 The Girl At The Mouth Of The Volcano

Selma Payne's POV:

This was the first time I directly faced friction between the ruler and his subjects. My father was a powerful king. Without a doubt, in this confrontation, he easily dealt with the rebellious subjects who dared to offend their superiors.

I couldn't help but think, what if I was my father? If I were to encounter such troublemakers in my rule in the future, how would I deal with them?

I imagined I'd be so angry that I'd explode and give him a good scolding. Then, I'd ask the guards to release this garbage into human society.

Clearly, compared to my father, my thoughts were still too childish and too impulsive.

Why would he lose his demeanor if he could resolve this without shedding a drop of blood?

I thought of my father's teachings, "The respect the subjects have for the monarch is not a single component. Other than the monarch's true inner self, they are more easily confused by your external mask."

If one were impulsive, irritable, and lost one's mind because of a small matter, then that group of shrewd old sly people would easily see that the person was a stupid idiot. They would try their best to perfunctory you and treat that person's will as a child's play. They would either obey on the surface or disobey it on the inside or take the opportunity to gain benefits for themselves.

Only when one became a 'mysterious person' who didn't like to show his face would they guess and explore. In the end, they would retreat because they couldn't find the real person, and obediently stay where they should be.

After dealing with the troublemaker, the people were finally willing to interrogate the witches who had been watching the show for a long time.

"That's really eye-opening," the witch said sarcastically. "I thought I was watching a movie. I don't think it's an adaptation of 'Macbeth', right?"

"Be honest!" The guard who was guarding the witch punched her in the abdomen.

The witch retched in pain, then laughed madly. "The royal palace of the royal family of the werewolves doesn't even have an interrogation room? The play and the interrogation are held in the town hall, haha! You're indeed an uncivilized hairy animal, rough and barbaric!"

"No need to argue," my father said lightly. "Since we've brought you to the town hall, I think you should understand that we have no intention of torturing you. As you said, that would be too barbaric."

The witch's face darkened in anger, and she shouted, "Don't try to be soft! I won't say anything. I might as well say I just wanted to have fun. I also wanted to experience what kind of fairy-like life a noble lady is living! In the end, hah, it was nothing more than this."

The southern Duke couldn't hold it in any longer. He strode forward and grabbed the witch's collar in anger, roaring, "Where did you hide Carolyn? Hurry up and tell me!"

"Oh, are you talking about that stupid little girl?" The witch replied contemptuously, "Let me think, where did I hide her? I remember now! I left her at the mouth of Hellfire Volcano!"

She smiled exaggeratedly, her eyes revealing a bone-chilling madness. She said excitedly, "But I didn't leave anything for her. There was no water, no food, only a tattered scarecrow dragging his rotten legs to guard her.

"Would your daughter beg a scarecrow? Could it understand her words? How would it take care of her? Get lava for her to drink? Pick up sulfur for her to eat? Hahaha!"

Suddenly, as if she had lost all interest, she lowered her head expressionlessly and said stiffly, "But maybe none of this happened because maybe after I left, a gust of wind blew, and the scarecrow fell into the lava and turned to dust!

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"Oh, poor girl. How scared must she be when she's alone? The hot steam will roast her, and the sharp gravel will torture her. She'll die of thirst in less than three days on a moonless night!

"The lizards and scorpions will tear her body apart and suck her bone marrow dry when the sun rises the next day, hah! All that'll be left is a pile of bones, waiting for the vultures to play with them!"

The southern Duke's eyes were bloodshot. He could not help but reveal his sharp wolf claws and ruthlessly attacked the witch.

"You vicious devil! I guarantee you'll wish you were dead if anything happens to my daughter!"

The guards came forward to stop him, but he pushed them away. The dissuasion of the elders was of no use. At the critical moment, Duke Frank grabbed his hand tightly and growled at him, "Calm down, Lennon! Now is not the time to settle the score. Hellfire Volcano's range is too large. You must wait for her to tell you the specific location, right?"

The southern Duke was panting heavily. I could even hear the uncontrollable sobs in his breath.

"Calm down, Lennon," My father said, "I'll immediately send people to Hellfire Volcano to find Carolyn. I've already informed the various witch clans about this witch. Once we find out where she came from, I promise I'll make them pay a huge price for Carolyn's misfortune."

In the end, the southern Duke put away his sharp wolf claws and spat on the witch before turning back to my father.

112 Who Is The Mastermind?

Selma Payne's POV:

After calming down the agitated southern Duke, my father said to the witch, “Now, please take the initiative to explain everything.”

The witch asked with a sneer, “Explain what? As I said, I only wanted to experience the life of a noble lady on a whim.”

“If you still have this attitude, I think I’ll have to get someone to use some rough methods.” My father said solemnly, “Judging from what you said just now, you seem very familiar with the war decades ago. I think you should know what methods the werewolves use to interrogate their enemies on the battlefield. We don’t care if it’s barbaric or not, as long as it’s useful.”

Realizing that my father was not joking, the witch finally panicked and shouted with a pale face, “You can’t do this! If you dare to lay a finger on me, my lord... Master will not let you off! Are you trying to start a second war between the werewolves and witches?”

“I’m sorry, but I’m not the one who started this war,” said my father. “You’re a witch who doesn’t want to reveal your name. It’s reasonable for me to fight back. Even satan can’t argue with the Moon Goddess.”

Finally, the witch unwillingly gave in and said resentfully, “My name is Adele, and I’m a wandering witch, so you don’t have to waste your effort to find my clan. I’ve long left that place.”

“Is that so?” My father declined to comment. “Please continue, Adele. Tell me, who ordered you to attack the werewolves?”

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“I’ve said that everything is my own will.” Adele shouted impatiently, “No one told me to do it. I just don’t like the werewolves and want to stir trouble. Can’t I?”

“Be honest, witch,” Duke Frank threatened. “Or do you want to taste the werewolves’ abilities? When I was young, I personally interrogated many tough guys, and none of them could maintain their loyalty to satan. Do you want to try?”

Adele struggled, “I’m telling the truth! What do you want me to do? You’re making up a false instigator to use as an excuse to start a war?”

“Superb acting skills, but that can’t hide the fact that you’re guilty.” My father broke through Adele’s line of defense as easily as a master of psychology. “Why do you keep denying the fact that someone instructed you? Is there really no such person? Or, the person ordered you to do something else, and you disobeyed his order and acted on your own, so you’re afraid of being punished?”

Adele trembled and looked at my father in horror as if she was looking at a dinosaur. She didn’t seem to understand how he could hit the nail on the head.

“... There’s no such thing. You’re making things up.” She closed her eyes and shook her head madly. “It was all my plan. The kidnapping of that noble girl and attacking the Svir Academy, I just loved to see you animals in human skin look pained. It makes me extremely happy, hahaha!”

My father shook his head and said with certainty, “Looks like it’s the second situation. You’d rather take all the responsibility and suffer torture than tell us who the mastermind is. It seems that you believe that person can get you, and then you will be tortured a hundred times more painful than torture, right?”

Adele could not speak at all. She trembled uncontrollably like a mad goat, and her pupils dilated. She seemed to remember something, then cried in pain, “No! No! I was wrong. It’s all my fault! Please forgive me. Don’t blame me, I beg you, Master... Ah!”

She screamed and fainted.

The guard came forward to check and then said to my father, “Your Majesty, she’s unconscious,”

No one had expected things to go in such an absurd direction. The stubborn witch was so scared by her imagination that she fainted.

My father had asked the guards to wake her up, but she seemed to have some spell protecting her.

So, my father asked someone to invite a werewolf grandmaster over. A few minutes later, a tall, middle-aged woman with a bandage on her arm walked into the town hall quickly.

She saluted the people present and then carefully examined the unconscious Adele.

After a while, she said to my parents, “There’s some kind of self-protection spell in her brain that can be activated automatically when she’s in extreme pain. This spell will lose its effect after some time, and it will hurt her brain if she unleashes it by force.”

“Thank you, Mary.” My father nodded and motioned for the guards to send Master Mary back to recuperate.

The main character was unconscious, so the interrogation had to be temporarily put on hold. The elders, who seemed to be of no use, took their leave first. The southern Duke and Duke Frank stayed in the palace, waiting for Adele to wake up so that they could continue the interrogation.

Following behind my mother, I finally had the time to ask, “Where’s Aldrich? Where did he go?”

“Sir Aldrich has rushed to the field to deal with the light cocoon,” my mother replied. “That thing is a ticking bomb. Someone has to supervise it.”

113 The Eye Of Insight

Selma Payne’s POV:

I was going to visit Dorothy.

She had already woken up from her coma. Her body was fine, but her eyes were injured, and she needed to rest for a while.

This meant that she couldn’t remove the bandage from her eyes in a short period. I was a little worried about how she would move on from here.

“In fact, I can see.” Dorothy said, “Although my eyes are covered with a cloth, I can see everything before me, whether I open or close my eyes. It’s even clearer than before.”

Tracy speculated that this was an exceptional witch talent, so we had to ask the werewolf grandmaster for help.

Master Mary came to do a small test on Dorothy and then said with certainty, “It’s ‘the Eye of Insight’, an extension of the prophecy ability. This power is very rare, and I’ve only seen it in some ancient books. I don’t think it’s possible to find a young person with the Eye of Insight even in a place where witches and wizards live.”

Tracy continued. “I believe Dorothy’s strange eye disease is caused by the continuous consumption of her energy by the Eye of Insight. No wonder medical science could not find the specific cause.”

I asked Master Mary worriedly, “Is there a way to deactivate this power? Dorothy can’t live on like this. It’s too damaging to her body.”

” I’m sorry, girls.” Master Mary shook her head regretfully. “There are too few records about the Eye of Insight. Even the library of the past doesn’t have many records of it.”

“I think there are only two ways so far. One is to wait for Dorothy’s Eye of Insight to shut down after it’s exhausted. However, this might cause permanent eye damage and make her unable to activate it again. Or, we have to ask the witches and wizards for help. They must have more ways than us, but they may also refuse us.”

What two ‘good ideas’!

Tracy and the werewolf grandmasters wanted to help but were unable to. I held Dorothy’s hand tightly, hoping to give this terrified girl some strength.

“In these troubled times, I don’t think we can rashly ask for help from the witches and wizards. That would be a form of submission.” Dorothy said, “What if they use this kind of thing to threaten the witch in return? What’s her name again? Adele, right. Thank you, Selma. If I cause the werewolves to be at a disadvantage against the enemy, I will never forgive myself.”

“But your eyes can’t just wait,” I disagreed. “Now it’s the witches and wizards who are in the wrong. Telling us how to deal with the Eye of Insight is an additional condition. They won’t refuse.”

” No.” Dorothy shook her head. “Just because you won’t reject it doesn’t mean you won’t raise the price, right?”

To be honest, I could only try my best to comfort Dorothy. If Adele had left the original clan as she claimed, the sorcerers would probably not admit her as a compatriot. No one was willing to pay for the sin of a traitor.

It was very likely that they would do as Dorothy had said, raise the price on the spot, and force her to return the favor.

However, we couldn’t just let Dorothy’s eyes go. She was still so young. How could she spend the rest of her life with an eye disorder?

I quickly tried to find a way to deal with it, but I suddenly recalled that Dorothy’s father, whom I had never met before, was a prophet. This meant that even though he might not have the Eye of Insight, there must be a method to control it within his family!

I gave Dorothy a look, and she understood what I was thinking. She immediately asked Master Mary and Tracy to leave, claiming she wanted to rest.

After they left, I asked, “Does your father have a way?” He’s a prophet. I’m sure he knows what to do with these eyes!”

Dorothy lowered her head in desolation and whispered, “My father... Forget it. I’ve never seen him since I was young, and my grandmother doesn’t allow me to contact him. He might have forgotten about me, his daughter, or even my existence.”

“This has nothing to do with other factors.” I said, “You’re his daughter, and he’s your father. Taking care of you is his responsibility. He was absent from the first nineteen years of your life. Is he not even willing to help his sick daughter?”

Dorothy gave me a gentle smile.

Because of her silent resistance, I lost all my energy and fell beside her. I growled, “Is there no other way?”

"I can look through the books and notes my mother left behind." Dorothy gently caressed my hair. "There are many things that belonged to my father in there. Maybe we can find some clues in there."

"... This is the only way."

I felt a little guilty. I had wanted to help Dorothy solve her problem, but in the end, she was the one consoling me instead. She had already flipped through the pile of books countless times. If there were any clues to the Eye of Insight in them, there was no way she wouldn't remember.

I walked back to my room gloomily and saw a servant discussing the witch locked up in the dungeon outside the window.

That was right!

Adele! How could I have forgotten about her?

They were both witches anyway. Although she could not predict the future, it was not wrong to ask, right?

Thinking of this, I immediately ran to find my father.

114 The Inquiry

Selma Payne's POV:

My father was on the phone in the study, so I waited for a while.

Ten minutes later, he put down the phone and asked me, "What's wrong, baby?"

"I want to discuss Dorothy with you." I was a little apprehensive, not knowing if my father would allow me to ask an important prisoner. "About Dorothy's Eye of Insight, I want to ask Adele if she has a solution."

"Yes," my father said. "Master Mary and Tracy told me about Dorothy's situation. I've already sent someone to communicate with the witch clan. In fact, I don't suggest you ask Adele, child. We can't guarantee the truth of her words. If she does something and we can't detect it immediately, it might harm Dorothy instead."

I was not willing to give up. "But there's no time to waste, Father. The Eye of Insight is snatching away the life force in Dorothy's eyes at every moment. If the witch clan drags on and does not give us a reply, Dorothy will probably lose her sight before we find a solution."

“Let me ask Adele. I promise I won’t listen to her. I can ask a werewolf grandmaster to come with me. They have a lie detector.”

“Lies aren’t necessarily false,” my father said helplessly. “Sometimes, the truth can also confuse reality.”

“Please, Father, ” I insisted. “This is the fastest way. We have to try. We can’t just watch Dorothy go blind!”

In the end, my father couldn’t resist my stubbornness and agreed. He also sent Master Mary to go with me.

The palace’s most recent underground prison renovation was over a hundred years ago. There were not many guests here, so it was lifeless, gloomy, and dilapidated.

At present, the only resident here was Adele. Her father was a kind king who didn’t like to torture prisoners, so her living environment was relatively safe.

Adele had just woken up. When she saw Master Mary and I, she turned her head in disdain and pretended not to see us.

“Hey, witch. I have something to ask you, ” I said coldly.

Adele did not move as if she was deaf.

“I’m talking to you,” I replied impatiently.

She still didn’t respond.

“It seems like you think you’re a tough nut to crack?” I sneered and picked up the iron whip hanging on the wall. “I’m not a father. I don’t have the habit of giving preferential treatment to prisoners. Speaking of which, I haven’t really conducted an interrogation before. Perhaps you would like to be my first experimental subject?”

Adele finally turned around and looked at me coldly, still not saying anything.

Master Mary stepped forward and cast a detection spell on her. As the iron chain was engraved with a sealing spell, Adele could only let us do as we pleased.

“You have a chance to atone for your crimes, so you don’t have to suffer such a severe punishment,” I said.

Adele finally spoke, “Really? Atoning for one’s crimes with merits? Does it mean that I can suffer less from the iron whip on the execution ground because I wagged my tail and begged for pity, or that I won’t have to be burned to death in the end? You’re so kind that even satan would shed tears of gratitude for your act.”

I gave her a whip and said, "Stop your glib tongue. If you can't wait, I will let you taste the iron whip right now."

Adele was silent. If looks could kill, I believed she would be happy to send me on my way.

"How much do you know about the prophetic witches?" I asked directly.

"Prophetic witches?" Adele smiled. "Oh, you're talking about the little girl who got me arrested. It was a pity that she had forcefully broken through the mental defense of a powerful witch. Was she not crazy? Haha, it looks like she's very talented. If those old fogeys in the clan were to find such a good seedling stranded in the enemy camp, they would feel so regretful that they would send the old, weak, sick, and disabled over to exchange for her."

"Stop talking nonsense." I frowned in dissatisfaction. "What do you know?"

"I know a lot," Adele said. "About prophetic witches... Many have the ability and talent the others have dreamed of all their lives. Every sorcerer had fantasized about having that blood in their bodies when they were young."

"So, do you know about the Eye of Insight?" I asked.

Adele's expression stiffened for a moment. She covered it up very well, but I still caught it.

"You do know," I said with certainty. "Tell me everything about it."

Adele shook her head contemptuously. "No, I don't know anything. What 'Eye of Insight'? Is this some low-level derivative of the wolf-witch hybrid?"

Her clumsy acting wouldn't fool me. I raised my hand and gave her another whip. "Don't play any tricks. Since we broke through your spiritual defense line once, we can do it a second time and a third time. Moreover, you're sealed now, and without a defensive spell, we can't guarantee that you won't be affected by the spiritual invasion and become an imbecile."

"If I'm retarded, you won't get anything," Adele threatened. "Otherwise, you would have interrogated me this way, right?"

"I'll say the same thing again," I said noncommittally. "You can try and see if I dare to or not. Since you're not willing to tell me who's behind this, there's no point in keeping you alive."

Selma Payne's POV:

I stopped talking nonsense with Adele and asked Master Mary to start the spiritual invasion.

"You can't do this!" Adele finally panicked and started to struggle in fear. "I don't believe that Lycan King would allow you to invade me! You have no right to do this!"

Of course, I couldn't really turn Adele into a fool, so I just asked Master Mary to scare her.

"Then, answer my question," I said. "Otherwise, it won't be up to you."

Adele looked at me sternly and gritted her teeth. "You're scaring me! You wouldn't dare to do that! If anything were to happen to me, the King would not let you off the hook. I saw it in the town hall. Your subjects and your King do not agree, right?"

I disdainfully looked at this idiot who was trying to sow discord. "So? You can try and see if His Majesty will punish me for you, a despicable captive. As for the Council of Elders, they're just a bunch of old wolves with their fangs pulled out. In front of a true king, no matter how dissatisfied they are, they wouldn't dare to show a crying face."

I motioned for Master Mary to take action. Adele did not dare to bet on my intentions and finally gave in.

"Alright!" she shouted. "Alright! If you win, I'll tell you, alright? I say! Get this old she-wolf to take her claws away!"

I nodded to get Master Mary to let go of her hand. Then, I waved my hand and gave Adele two more lashes.

"Watch your mouth. Even if I cut off your tongue, I have a way to keep you talking."

Adele quieted down unwillingly.

"Now, " I asked. "Tell me everything you know about the prophetic witches and the Eye of Insight."

"I don't know much," Adele said in a low voice. "The prophetic bloodline is too rare, comparable to the pure white witches, so I've never seen any prophetic sorcerer before. It's rumored that there's a prophet wizard living in seclusion at the edge of the elf forest, but very few people have seen him in the past few decades."

My heart clenched. Could this reclusive sorcerer be Dorothy's father?

"Continue," I gestured.

Adele thought for a moment and said, "There are not many records of prophetic sorcerers in ancient books. Although they are called sorcerers, they don't believe in satan, and they rarely live with other sorcerers. This community is very closed. Many things are only known among them.

"Most of what the outside world knows about them comes from the Supreme Witch Mullvica, from 300 years ago. She's a mixed-blood of a prophet witch and a human. To escape the pursuit of the human church, she came to the New World and ended up in a witch clan in the Rocky Mountains, leaving behind a little bit of information about the prophetic witch.

"Mullvica has the Eye of Insight, a powerful ability that can see through the most honest inside of a creature without any effort. No disguise can hide from its observation. It is said that the first witch with the Eye of Insight was the descendant of the goddess of fate's incarnation in the human world."

After saying that, she looked at me scornfully and continued, "However, any powerful force comes with a huge price, let alone a mortal body that can withstand the power of a god. Mullvica became a Supreme Witch at a young age, but she passed away before she was forty.

"Because she couldn't find a way to control the Eye of Insight all her life, she could only let the cursed blessing absorb her life force. From her eyes to her life, she had no choice but to sacrifice everything to the Eye of Insight until she was completely swallowed.

"So, don't waste your energy, little girl." Adele laughed out loud. "There is no way to control the Eye of Insight. Whoever gets it will have to die!"

I grabbed her by the collar and asked, "You're lying! You satan's lackey, do you think you have your master's silver tongue? I know you're lying to me!"

Adele said indifferently, "Really? Poor lady, if I'm lying to you, why didn't the detection spell alert you? You know very well whether I'm telling the truth, so stop deceiving yourself."

Why didn't this damn detection spell make any sound?! Why wasn't it telling me that the witch was lying?

This could only mean that Adele wasn't lying at all. Her understanding of the prophetic sorcerers and the Eye of Insight was true. There was really no way to control the Eye of Insight.

Master Mary looked over worriedly.

In the end, I forced myself to calm down and said to Adele coldly, "You're lucky, witch."

I didn't want to show my weak side in front of the enemy, so I dropped the whip and strode out of the dungeon.

116 The Moth And The Light

Selma Payne's POV:

There was no way to control the Eye of Insight!

I couldn't help but recall this cruel fact.

What about Dorothy? Would she also die young like Mullvica?

Master Mary gently stopped me and encouraged me, "There will always be a way out, Miss Selma. Dorothy will be safe and sound."

"But even the witches don't have a way to control the Eye of Insight. If Dorothy... I don't know how to face her..." I said, trembling.

Back then, I was the one who pulled her into this with great confidence. I shamelessly used the words 'hero' and 'glory' to loop her in and make her give up her quiet life and step into this dangerous whirlpool.

How could I be so arrogant? Such arrogance!

Was I strong enough to take on the burden of her life in her place? That was something that only a god could do, and anyone who dared to overstep their boundaries would suffer the consequences of their actions.

I was not afraid of punishment, but I was afraid that the people I loved and the ones who loved me would be hurt because of me.

As I was blaming myself, Master Mary said, "It's not like there's no solution."

"What?"

"I mean, no matter how powerful Adele is, she's just an ordinary witch. You've heard her say that she doesn't know anything about the true core of prophetic witches. And the Eye of Insight is the secret of the prophetic witch. Isn't it normal for Adele, an outsider, to not know anything?"

Her words enlightened me.

That was right. Adele wasn't even a prophetic witch. Why did she say there was no solution?

“Besides, Mullvica is from 300 years ago. There was no way back then, but it doesn't mean that the prophetic witches have done nothing for the past 300 years, right?” she asked rhetorically.

Master Mary added, “The side effect of the Eye of Insight is fatal. It can easily take away the most powerful combat power for prophetic witches. The loss of control is a fatal weakness for any race. Prophetic witches are rare, to begin with, and if they don't find a way to save themselves, they'll long be killed by those who covet power.

“I think the reason why Adele said that was to confuse us. For a crazy witch like her, she doesn't care if she sees the sun tomorrow. Playing with her opponent is the greatest joy in life.”

I nodded firmly. “You're right. I shouldn't be confused by Adele's little trick.”

After calming down, I belatedly felt ashamed. Losing one's calm was a great taboo in decision-making. My parents had taught me countless times that one should strike first and not be controlled by others. Once the enemy captured one's thoughts, then failure was not far away.

At least I got two clues about the witch clan in the Rocky Mountains and the prophetic wizard living in seclusion at the edge of the Elf Forest.

I had a feeling that the latter was Dorothy's father, so I immediately went to talk to Dorothy about this.

Surprisingly, Dorothy was not surprised by this, as if she had known about her father's whereabouts long ago.

She took out a photo album and handed it to me.

“This is a photo my mother left behind. The rest were burned by my grandmother, leaving only this photo album. I've been hiding it.” She cherished it and said, “Do you know? This is the only photo of my parents and me, but it wasn't taken. My mother cut out our figures and pasted them together; the background is a large forest.

“I've been wondering where my parents have been living in seclusion. It wouldn't be a human society, which was the world of the church. It wouldn't be a witch clan, as they didn't welcome foreigners. Later, I found this photo and thought about it. It should be the forest in the background.

“When you mentioned the Elf Forest, I immediately understood. What place can be more hidden than the elven settlement? No place doesn't welcome a friendly prophet, even if he's an outsider.:

“So we can try our luck in the elf forest, right?” I sincerely suggested it.

Dorothy did not know if this was possible, but after a while, she said softly, “Maybe... I don’t know.”

I understood why she was hesitant. It was because I was once like her, an orphan with unknown parents.

My parents were very good to me, and Rhode was a good brother. But in the dead of night, I would occasionally think, ‘Where are my biological parents? Why did they abandon me? Am I a child that no one has high hopes for?’

I believed it was the same for Dorothy. Perhaps, she was even more eager and afraid of the warmth of family than I was. After all, her only family, her grandmother, gave her such a crazy and painful childhood.

I gently hugged her and consoled her, “Sweetie, if you don’t want to, we won’t go, okay? Your eyes are important, but your heart is even more important. It’s not too late for us to consider this when you’re ready.

“We still have another option – the witch clan in the Rocky Mountains.”

117 The Love Story Of The Enemy

Selma Payne’s POV:

“The Rocky Mountains?” Dorothy looked puzzled. “Do sorcerers exist there? I’ve never heard of it.”

I shrugged. “It’s my first time hearing it too. From what the witch in the dungeon said, I think it’s a very isolated clan from the rest of the world.”

Dorothy was a little worried and shook her head. “Maybe the witch lied. She’s a treacherous person who likes to release false information to confuse people.”

“But Master Mary cast a lie detection spell on her, and the spell didn’t detect any lies when she said that. She couldn’t have lied.”

“The Rocky Mountains...” Dorothy looked out the window and said with some nostalgia, “I haven’t told you, have I? When I was young, the only story my mother told me happened in the Rocky Mountains.”

“What story?” I asked.

“It’s a tragic mythical story. It was said that there was a witch who was the ancestor of the prophetic bloodline on this continent. She eloped with her lover to escape the church’s pursuit and came to this place. However, her lover was an irresponsible

coward who quickly betrayed the witch and their son under the coercion of the local church,” Dorothy explained.

“On the way, the witch lost her son. She fled to the Rocky Mountains, and her son happened to be found by a werewolf hunter. The hunter raised the witch’s son with great care, but the witch’s son accidentally killed him in a magic riot.

“The boy, in excruciating pain, took the hunter’s heart and tried to use satan’s power to summon the hunter’s soul.

“However, it’s too late. The hunter’s soul has already returned to the arms of the Moon Goddess.

“An evil demon toyed with the boy. He told the boy about his background and asked him to go to the Rocky Mountains to get something in exchange for the hunter’s life. That was the head of the Supreme Witch, Mullvica.

“The boy agreed. He went to great lengths to find the witch clan living in seclusion in the Rocky Mountains, but the moment he saw Mullvica, he burst into tears, and his blood boiled. He recognized her as his long-lost mother.

“The boy was caught in an endless struggle, wavering between his adoptive father and his mother. In the end, under the enchantment of the demon, he cut off his mother’s head on a full moon night.

“However, his whereabouts were soon discovered by his half-sister. The angry girl gathered the witches to catch the boy and burned him alive with fire and pine branches at dawn.

“Before he died, the boy begged the demon to fulfill his promise and return the hunter’s soul, but the demon mocked him mercilessly. The angry boy used the last of his strength to perish together with the demon. The witches had to seal the demon and the boy to prevent evil from leaking out, permanently sealing their clan and escaping the Rocky Mountains.

“Since then, no one has ever found a witch in the Rocky Mountains. Occasionally, someone would find a scratch on the pine tree’s branch that looked like a smiling face. That was the demon’s way of bewitching passersby to unseal it.”

It was a story full of tragedy, just like in ancient Greece mythology.

I could feel Dorothy’s sadness and whispered, “So, you’re worried that the Rocky Mountains are already empty?”

“I’m not sure.” Dorothy shook her head. “I don’t even know if the story is true.”

“Then, where did your mother learn of this story?” I asked, puzzled. “This sounds like some historical secret. Maybe your mother made it up to coax you to sleep.”

“I think it’s true,” Dorothy said with a bitter smile.

“Why?” I asked.

She took out a small copper pendant from her collar. It was a pine branch wrapped in flames.

“Because I am the descendant of the hunter in the story. My mother and grandmother all have the blood of the hunter.”

“W-what?” I was dumbfounded.

“That’s it. Sometimes, I, too, feel that it’s unreal, but it’s the reality.” Dorothy caressed the glowing pendant and said, “So now you know why my grandmother had such a big reaction to my mother and father’s union, right?”

“So, this is Romeo and Juliet...” I muttered.

“Yes, the descendant of a long-time enemy actually developed love. What can be more ironic and dramatic than this?” Dorothy sneered, “I heard that my grandmother once tortured my mother as she tortured me to make her change her mind. However, my mother eventually ran away from this home, leaving me and her behind.

“That’s why I couldn’t hate this old lady who tortured me when I was a child. How pitiful is she? Being popular your whole life, but in the end, you’re abandoned by your loved ones. Only when you’re immersed in your crazy fantasies can you have a trace of your former life.”

118 The Second Interrogation

Selma Payne’s POV:

“I should go and see her,” Dorothy said softly. “I’m her only family left.”

“But your grandmother’s mental state is still very unstable. Do you still remember what the doctor said? She needs an empty environment that has nothing to do with her past to recuperate. I understand your concern, but you should avoid meeting her now.”

After moving to the palace, Dorothy had once visited her grandmother, who was receiving mental treatment.

However, when the skinny old lady saw her granddaughter, it was as if she had been injected with a super soldier’s serum. She broke free from the caretaker’s grip, grabbed

everything around her, and threw it at Dorothy. The doctor took a lot of effort to calm her down. He told Dorothy that it was best for her to avoid her grandmother before her grandmother showed obvious signs of improvement.

Dorothy didn't say anything when she left, but I heard her crying secretly in her room when I went to look for her for dinner that night.

This strong girl was very soft-hearted. She yearned for family love and love, just like everyone else in the world.

However, the ruthless fate had destroyed all the happiness she should have had.

I couldn't bear to let her be sad anymore, so I changed the topic. "No matter what, we have to go to the Rocky Mountains and take a look. This is not just for you, Dorothy. If we can find the ruins of the witch clan, we might be able to find a lot of confidential information that even the sorcerers don't know about. This is a good opportunity for the werewolves to take the initiative."

Dorothy laughed helplessly. "Alright, girl. Don't worry. I won't have any psychological burden for the sake of the werewolves, right?"

I made a face. "Have a good rest," I said. "I'll go discuss this with the King."

After leaving Dorothy's bedroom, I met Kara, who came to find me.

"His Majesty has invited you to the town hall," she said. "He's ready to start the second interrogation of the witch."

The lights in the town hall were bright at night.

It was still a clear division of camps. The elders seemed too lazy to play dumb because of the farce in the morning, so they might as well make things clear.

From their expressions, one could tell who was loyal and who had a rebellious heart.

The guards brought Adele forward. The difference was that she was bound to a chair this time, and her body was covered in a suppression spell.

"What a grand formation," Adele said contemptuously. "Are you all that afraid of me? Even the turkey in the oven looks more decent than me, haha!"

"It's a necessary precaution," Duke Frank said casually. "Now, by order of His Majesty, the second interrogation begins."

Master Mary also joined, vigilantly guarding against any unusual movements from Adele.

My father gave her an ultimatum, "You have one last chance, Adele. Leniency to those who confess, severity to those who resist. Tell me, who sent you here? Don't tell any lies on a whim unless you want to be punished by the truth inspection curse and enjoy the feeling of being pierced through the heart and bones."

The veins on Adele's forehead bulged as if she weighed the severity of the punishment in front of her and the punishment in the future.

"No one sent me to attack the Academy," she said softly after a long while.

The fact that the lie detection spell didn't respond meant that she wasn't lying.

However, the people present would not believe her words so easily.

"Don't try to change the topic. No one sent you to attack the Academy. It's different when you act on the surface against the person behind the scenes and act on your own." My father said coldly, "A true lie is still a lie."

The guard raised his hand and whipped Adele twice, and the latter screamed in pain.

I saw a dim golden light flash on the whip, which was the symbol of holy water. God knew how the werewolves had something from the human church. Perhaps this was the power of the interrogation department.

"Stop! Stop!" Adele struggled with all her might, and her skin was bleeding from the thin lines formed by the suppression curse. "Take away this burial thing! I'd rather have a branding iron burn me!"

The holy water was very effective on Satan's believers. With just two whips, Adele could not resist and temporarily became obedient.

My father asked again, "Tell me, who is your master? Who ordered you to do this?"

Under the threat of the holy water, Adele had to reveal the truth. "My master is a night magus... Kafka!"

The moment she said the name, Adele suddenly screamed in pain. Blood flowed out of her eyes, ears, mouth, and nose, and her whole body trembled like an epileptic attack.

Everyone was shocked. Master Mary quickly went forward to check and then frowned.

She tried to use her blood to draw some spells on Adele's head. The latter quieted down, but she still couldn't stop trembling and bleeding.

Suddenly, the southern Duke stepped forward and took out a pocket watch. He took out something from the back of the photo.

Under the bright crystal light, I could see the item in his hand and a strand of crystal clear white hair.

Master Mary took it and looked at the southern Duke in shock.

“Please use this,” the southern Duke said.

119 Father And Daughter

Selma Payne’s POV:

Master Mary sighed with a complicated look in her eyes. In the end, she didn’t say anything. She used witchcraft to burn the hair into ashes and then took a little blood from the southern Duke’s fingertip. She mixed the two into a unique mix and drew a hexagram on Adele’s head.

A few seconds later, Adele’s abnormality disappeared. She was lying on the chair, looking like a dead person.

“... Someone has cursed you,” the southern Duke said dryly. “Your master, the night magus Kafka, forced you to swear on your parents’ blood to protect his identity, right?”

Adele coughed a few times, which was mixed with a burst of sharp laughter.

“Yes and no,” she said. “I did make an oath with my blood, but I was willing. No one forced me. I was willing to bear the curse of kinship and accept the punishment of my blood when I revealed the secret.”

“Why?” the southern Duke asked, losing his composure.

Everyone present was very confused and didn’t understand what the situation in front of them meant.

Adele laughed sarcastically. “Stop pretending, hero. Do you not know why? Are you still going to pretend to know nothing about my identity in front of your colleagues?”

What?

We looked at the two people in the middle of the hall in shock.

Did the southern Duke and Adele know each other?

The elder of the anti-king faction was like a hunting dog that had smelled blood. He jumped out excitedly and pointed at the southern Duke’s nose.” What’s going on? Your Grace, do you have an affair with this despicable witch? I think you should explain it to us. Otherwise, I have reason to doubt if you still have a clear mind and absolute loyalty!”

For the time being, no one agreed with him, but from the expressions of the anti-king faction around him, they also wanted to use this opportunity to eliminate the southern Duke.

Seeing that the southern Duke was in trouble, my father came to his rescue. “Lennon, don’t take this witch’s provocation to heart. Let’s continue the interrogation...”

“Thank you for your kindness, Your Majesty,” the southern Duke said with an unusual expression. “But I think it’s time for me to face my mistakes.”

“Lennon...” even my mother and Duke Frank tried to stop him.

However, the southern Duke seemed to have made up his mind. He was determined to reveal some earth-shattering secret.

Adele stared at the southern Duke’s eyes and said through gritted teeth, “A mistake? What a mistake! Lennon Kavici Asistina, when you swore to my mother with this name, did your hypocritical mind think that you would attribute everything to a ‘mistake’ today?”

“This is not your mother’s fault!” The southern Duke growled in pain. “It’s all my fault. I caused all this!”

What mother? What mistake?

I believed everyone here was as confused as I was.

Adele roared, “So? Do you think a simple apology can compensate for everything that happened in the past? If you ask me, Mother was blind to fall for something like you and end up in such a miserable state. I can only say that she brought all of this upon herself!”

“Show some respect. You have no right to blame her! She’s your mother!” The southern Duke was panting in anger.

He had completely lost his demeanor, which was a rare sight. His chest was like a broken bellow beating fiercely as if it would explode in the next second.

The southern Duke’s embarrassed look calmed Adele down. She said indifferently, “She’s not my mother.

“She didn’t even give birth to me.

“To save a stupid man, she cut open her stomach, rubbed the embryo into a pile of dead branches and rotten leaves, and then willingly died in the name of stupid love.

“God is strict, isn’t he? I said a life for a life, so I can only trade one for one. No more. It’s blasphemy against god.

“Women who fall in love are foolish, aren’t they? She knew the stupid man was not afraid of death and even looked forward to entering the Moon Temple as a hero. However, she still self-righteously gave up her life, even sacrificing a young one, to satisfy her childish romantic fantasy.

“However, what did she get in return for giving up everything?

“Her lover forgot about her and accepted the worship of thousands of people with the hero’s badge. He married a beautiful woman that the gods had prepared for him and gave birth to a stupid girl who was only beautiful but brainless.

“As for her, her body rotted, and her soul dissipated. She disappeared from the world like a dying worm. No one remembered her, and no one cared about her.

“Why should I respect such a foolish, childish, cold, and selfish woman? What right do I have to acknowledge her as my mother?

“Based on your insignificant reprimand? My hypocritical father?”

120 A Coward

Selma Payne’s POV:

Adele was the southern Duke’s daughter!

I was so shocked by this dramatic development that my scalp went numb.

As for the mother that Adele mentioned, I didn’t have to guess at all. Who else could it be other than the pure white witch?

I didn’t expect the southern Duke and the pure white witch to be together during the war. There seemed to be a hidden story behind this sad and beautiful love story.

The Council of Elders’ reaction was the most intense of the people present. The royalist faction frowned, and their eyes were filled with worry, while the anti-king faction seemed to be celebrating a festival as they rubbed their fists and palms in excitement.

“How dare you! You colluded with the enemy during a war!” The first person to criticize the southern Duke could not help but say, “The land of gentleness is the grave of heroes. Southern Duke, I’ve long suspected that you betrayed the werewolves. Otherwise, how could Fitch kill our people so easily?”

“The evidence is conclusive,” his accomplices chimed in. “Not only did you collude with the enemy, but you also left a mixed-blood bastard behind!”

“What’s wrong? Didn’t you comfort your illegitimate daughter? You let her come to the pack and stir up trouble. You might have secretly contacted the sorcerers, so you must have something to do with this!”

The crowd began to discuss, but the central figures of the incident, the southern Duke and Adele, seemed to have heard nothing. There was only one other person left in the world.

“Alright, all of you shut up!” My father was furious because of these shameless politicians. “Now is the time to interrogate the witch. This is not a market where you can pester people! All of you are experienced old men. How could you be confused by a few words from a witch? If you’re so old that you can’t tell the truth from the truth, I don’t mind sending you to stay at home with Eric!”

As soon as he said that, the angry anti-king faction immediately stopped.

I could see that in the eyes of these people who only think about power, everything was bullsh*t. The only thing that mattered was to keep their official positions.

The confrontation between the southern Duke and Adele continued.

“You’re lying,” the southern Duke said. “How did you get my blood? Who created you with Anna and my blood? Is it Kafka? Hurry up and tell me!”

Adele laughed. “Are you still deceiving yourself? Great southern Duke, what’s the matter? Is that relationship that hard for you to talk about? You don’t even dare to admit what you’ve done?”

“This is impossible!” the southern Duke growled in pain. “Anna never told me... She should have told me... This is fake. It’s your trick.”

“If you think it’s a trick, then why did you come to save me?”

Adele laughed strangely.

“You still have hope in your heart, don’t you? You’ve guessed my origin and even hoped that your guess would come true. After all, I look so similar to my mother. Other than blood relatives, what other possibility is there?”

The southern Duke looked like he was on the verge of a mental breakdown. The tall man bent his back deeply, and tears flowed down his face.

“Anna, no... Anna! Oh, Moon Goddess... No...”

“Do you regret it? Or are you ashamed that your secret was revealed in front of so many people?” Adele continued to attack. “Stop pretending. A hypocritical man like you, even your tears are a disgusting pretense.

“Why do you have to pretend that you love my mother as deeply as the sea? An old widower who had lost his wife? When you face Carolyn, will you also cry because of her mother, who died during childbirth? How ironic. Do you think you can play the role of a good father and good husband to different people before us?

“That’s scary. Who have you ever loved? The witch Anna who sacrificed her life for you? Or is it the mate your goddess chose for you? Or perhaps you don’t love anyone but have this perverted satisfaction of pretending to be deeply in love!”

“Stop it!” the southern Duke roared. “Don’t say more! Moon Goddess, please stop torturing me!”

Adele also cried. Her tears were like a dried-up stream, washing out a river of blood and tears from the dried blood on her cheeks.

She shouted, “If praying to the goddess was useful, my mother wouldn’t have died! You coward! Did the werewolves choose a coward like you to be their hero?”

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Finally, my father stopped this not-so-warm father-daughter reunion.

“Enough! Guards, take Adele away and lock her up!” He motioned for the guards to bring Adele away and then ordered the eager elders in an irrefutable tone, “Now that the interrogation is over, we’ll talk about this later. You’d better keep what happened tonight to yourselves. I’m sure you don’t want to lose the chance to recuperate with Eric, right?”

After sending away the irrelevant people, my father gave the southern Duke a deep look and said, “Walk with me, Lennon. We need to talk.”

121 Love

Selma Payne’s POV:

In the study.

Everyone in the house had a gloomy expression. My father and Duke Frank looked at the southern Duke with a hint of disappointment, while the latter was still immersed in sorrow and did not care about the changes in the outside world.

My mother pulled me to sit on the sofa. When she saw my confusion, she sighed and shook her head gently without saying anything.

“Lennon, I thought we were close friends and loyal comrades.” My father said helplessly, “But you’re hiding such a big secret, a big secret that can immediately change reality. What was going on between you and Anna? I know you two had a special relationship, but you’ve never said you had a child with her!”

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The southern Duke covered his face in pain and mumbled, “Moon Goddess, I don’t know. I swear I didn’t know about this! If I had known that Anna was pregnant, I would have protected her with my life, even if I had to lose everything...”

“Stop acting like a sad little girl,” my father snarled. “Look at me like a man!”

The southern Duke’s eyes were filled with grief.

“In any case, you shouldn’t have had more intimate contact with Anna behind our backs. It was a time of war and a witch from the enemy camp. Are you serious?” My father was highly disappointed. “You’ve lost the restraint and calmness that a warrior should have. To be honest, I’m very disappointed, Lennon.”

The southern Duke burst into tears again. “I understand how disappointed you are, but Victor, you won’t look down on me more than I do. What have I done? What have I done?”

The two of them were about to get serious, so Duke Frank quickly mediated, “Okay, okay, calm down, guys. Now is not the time to be fussing over the past. The dead are already gone, so what if we regret it? Let’s consider how to deal with the trouble before us!”

My mother had the men sit down and personally pour them tea.

“I know you must be feeling uneasy at the moment,” my mother said gently as if she were comforting a child. “War has brought countless tragedies. We’ve seen enough in the past, and Adele is undoubtedly the most tragic and helpless. But as Devin said, we shouldn’t look back on the past but focus on the present, right?”

The southern Duke downed the black tea in one gulp and remained silent.

After a long while, he suddenly touched his face, stood up, and said to my father seriously, “I beg you to forgive Adele’s sin, Your Majesty. This child... Is the victim of my mistake. I’m the source of all the tragedies. Please punish me!”

“What are you saying?” My father disagreed. “Lennon, I think you should calm down. Even if Adele is a victim in the past, that’s not a reason for her to hurt the innocent werewolves, right? As a father, you feel guilty toward her. What about Carolyn? What would happen to Carolyn, who had been captured and tortured by her sister? Is she not your daughter?”

These words caused the southern Duke to feel even more pain.

My father had lost his composure. I looked at my mother in confusion, but my mother gestured for me to calm down and wait for her to explain everything.

The atmosphere in the room froze. I mustered my courage and tried to break the deadlock. "Southern Duke, I understand your love for your daughter, and I also understand your dilemma.

"However, as a daughter, I think neither Adele nor Carolyn would want you to do this.

"Children can't choose their birth, but we are grateful to our parents for bringing us to this world because there is so much beauty, warmth, and love.

"But not everyone's childhood is smooth sailing. Parental love is common, but it is also worth more than gold. We are the happiest people in the world when we can get all the warmth we want from our parents. However, when there's only endless coldness and emptiness around us, we can't help but condemn and hate. 'Why am I the odd one out? Why don't my parents love me as much as the others'?"

"I believe that Carolyn is the former. She undoubtedly loves you deeply. And Adele is the latter. I'll be frank. She has ten thousand reasons to hate you."

The southern Duke looked like he was in even more pain. He covered his face and groaned, his back bent like a dying shrimp.

My mother tugged on my sleeve. I gave her a comforting look and continued, "But that doesn't mean she doesn't love you anymore. Even if she's hurt a hundred times, all she wants, in the end, is sincere and unreserved fatherly love.

"Bloodline is such a wonderful thing. It may bring us hatred, but as long as there is a trace of love, all negative emotions will immediately disappear without a trace, like dew under the hot sun."

122 War Tragedy

Selma Payne's POV:

The southern Duke looked at me with tears in his eyes. He was as fragile as a child.

I turned my head away somewhat unwillingly and continued, "If Adele didn't care about you at all, why would she take the risk to acknowledge you? Why do you feel so much pain and despair for your indifference?"

“Because she yearns for love, a normal family, and a kind father. No matter what Adele has experienced in the past, I don’t think she’s doing well. From her character, I can see that she only has resistance and fear of the past.

“When she was shouting at you, every word she said was filled with the desire for family love. When her tears flowed like a spring, every drop contained a severe accusation. I heard it. She was asking for help. She wanted to get rid of her past. She wanted to have a happy and complete childhood like Carolyn. This was the real purpose of her kidnapping Carolyn.

“So it’s useless for you to punish yourself. It will only make Adele more miserable. She will be sad that she didn’t get her late father’s love because her father cut off the entanglement between them in the way of compensation.

“And this is also unfair to Carolyn. Even if Adele is her sister and everything happened for a reason, she is the victim in the whole incident, isn’t she?

“You’re in a difficult position between the past and the present. Carolyn is also in a difficult situation. Could she want to use herself as a bargaining chip to request her father to deal with his other daughter? If she didn’t do so, she would have suffered and wouldn’t even have had the chance to seek justice.

“So, please consider it carefully. It’s meaningless to make up for Adele’s mistake with your contributions. It will only make this matter more complicated.”

The southern Duke fell silent again.

My parents looked at me in surprise and satisfaction.

“You’ve grown up,” my mother whispered in my ear. “To be able to persuade Lennon so clearly and reasonably, you already have the shadow of a qualified Queen. I’m proud of you.”

I nodded and turned to the southern Duke.

The latter had already stopped crying, but he was still trembling slightly.

“Selma is right. Lennon, think about your daughters. Rather than blaming yourself for the past, why don’t you give them a brighter future?”

The southern Duke took a few deep breaths and said in a choked voice, “You’re right. God, I’m so ashamed. I’m not even as clear-headed as a young girl...”

“Don’t say that, man,” Duke Frank patted him on the shoulder. “The onlooker sees more clearly than the person involved.”

“Adele’s interrogation will be carried out in secret, and the Council of Elders will not participate in it anymore. These people only think about fighting for fame and fortune, which will delay progress.” My father said, “But I can’t show favoritism toward Adele. After all, she has evil intentions and caused such a big scene at the Sibir Academy. She can be spared from death but can’t escape punishment.”

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“I understand, Your Majesty,” the southern Duke replied dejectedly.

My father continued, “However, if the werewolf grandmaster can remove the threat on her, I can allow her to live in the werewolf pack. But it’s limited to the Lycan pack, and she will be under 24/7 supervision. You’ll have a chance to visit her once a week to make up for your mistakes as a father.”

“Really?” The southern Duke’s eyes lit up. “Thank you for your kindness!”

In the end, my father said sadly, “War will only bring misfortune, and no one will be the final winner. When we were young, we used the number of casualties to determine who would win and who would lose. But at this age, we have to admit that the stupid deaths in our youth are not cold numbers. Behind every statistic, who knows how many broken families and people suffer in silence.”

The elders fell into silence. The aftermath of the war they had fought in their youth was so widespread that it even crossed the barrier of decades and ruthlessly teased this arrogant man who claimed to be the victor.

This emotion infected me and made me extremely depressed.

Once upon a time, I was also a frivolous person. With my young naivety and stupidity, I fantasized about using war to punish the invader who didn’t know what was good for him.

But I was not the one who would fight day and night on the battlefield. The commander who stood in the tent never cared about the price on the battlefield.

After the victory, the commanders and survivors cheered, but the souls lying in pools of blood would never return. Their families would never be able to experience the sweetness of victory because it was a scarlet flower that was watered with the blood and flesh of their loved ones.

In history class, I once wondered why so many wise and powerful rulers hesitated in war. They could trample on the enemy country, so why did they waste their breath on a group of shameless people at the negotiation table?

Now I understood why those great kings were great. It was because they truly understood the importance of the people.

Treating the people as just numbers and the practice of militarism would one day backfire on them.

123 The Night

Adele's POV:

The cold and damp dungeon was filled with an unpleasant moldy smell.

The werewolves didn't torture me and even gave me good food and shelter. However, this only made me despise their hypocrisy even more. They wanted to dig out my brain to see what was inside, so why did they have to pretend to be hypocritical and compassionate?

A group of uncivilized animals, the failed creation of the ancient witches, dared to claim to be civilized.

Lying on the hard bed, I stared into space as I killed time in boredom.

How long could I live?

I wondered.

I probably wouldn't be able to provide helpful information to the werewolf for more than a week because of the blood curse in my head; I couldn't say anything about Master.

A useless and dangerous captive would be the safest if she were dead, right?

I couldn't wait for the werewolves to burn me to death so that my cruel master would only get a useless burnt corpse.

Even if he wanted to whip me, I wouldn't feel any pain.

I didn't know when I fell asleep in a daze. Not long after, someone suddenly opened the cell door. I opened my eyes and saw the little noble girl named Selma walk in with a water basin.

"Wash your face. Your face is covered in blood." She placed the basin on the ground and retreated to the door.

"You don't have to pretend to be innocent," I said coldly. "What? Are you going to push me to the execution ground tomorrow? If you ask me, why don't you dress me up a little more miserably so that your stupid people can see me as a more deterrent?"

Selma looked a little helpless and a little impatient. She suppressed her anger and said, "Are you sick in the head? Why do you like to create such a mess? It's just a simple wash of your face, or do you have a hobby of being sloppy?"

We were in a deadlock; Selma was the first to give up.

"Alright, alright!" she raised her hand in surrender. "It's up to you whether you want to wash or not. If you don't want to wash, don't regret it."

After saying that, she left the cell.

After she had gone for quite some time, I cleaned myself up properly. It was not that I owed that little girl a favor, but it was just that it was too uncomfortable to be covered in blood and sweat. Nothing more.

I wiped off the blood on my body and fell into a bored daze again.

I didn't know when I had fallen asleep.

The sound of noisy footsteps awoke me.

A group of fully armed guards opened the cell door and escorted me out.

"What's wrong? Are you guys going to interrogate me again?" I yawned indifferently. "To be honest, I'm quite looking forward to it. After all, I can watch a new performance every time. Who was quarreling with whom this time? That bunch of weird old men and women and my great hero father? Or with your great Lycan King? Or are the two of them going to have internal strife?"

They didn't respond to my provocation like before. They didn't even tell me to shut up. They just coldly took me to a remote corner tower.

"Oh, so you are changing the interrogation to a good place this time, right?"

No one responded to me. I was pushed into a dark room, and they locked the door.

There was only a thin ray of moonlight through the skylight. I was stunned for a moment before I lay on the bed in the dark and curled up under the blanket.

Did I ever say that I was afraid of the dark?

Perhaps it was the strong vitality of a pure white witch. I had already developed consciousness when I was cut out of my mother's stomach. The combination of a weak body and a clear consciousness was strange but also very attractive.

So, I was eaten. I was chewed up by the insects and birds who came after hearing the news.

But they all died later because they couldn't digest my flesh.

Like that, my consciousness was divided into many parts and trapped in the dark stomachs of insects and birds. I endured endless loneliness and pain until they became nutrients for the land.

Then, my consciousness would be eaten by the next predator, falling into a repeated cycle.

The amazing thing was that I kept growing during this ridiculous process, from an embryo the size of a finger to a mature baby.

One day, someone pieced me together.

I couldn't call him 'father' even though he always considered himself my father. I couldn't disobey his orders because no one even told me what was 'disobeying'.

He raised, educated, tortured, and transformed me until I awakened the pure white witch's bloodline on the day of the magic outbreak.

He had never shown me such a kind and satisfied expression, and I only felt annoyed and afraid because his satisfaction was built on my pain.

As expected, he told me about my past this time and wanted me to swear on my bloodline to follow him forever and keep his secret forever.

What was there to keep a secret about? It was just an ambition that was extremely common in history, bland and mediocre to the point of madness.

But I still agreed because he was the only one who lit candles for me at night.

Because I was afraid of the dark.

The night made it difficult for me to sleep.

The corner tower was very high, so the skylight was tiny. I could see countless twinkling stars in the fingernail-sized square.

The stars told me that this girl was a little hungry.

124 Crazy Talk

Adele's POV:

My master had an unimaginable obsession with rare bloodlines. He didn't have the prophecy bloodline, so he studied astrology painstakingly. Even I could use the stars to make some achievements.

How annoying. Perhaps I shouldn't have left that insignificant person alive. I should have just let her fall into the volcano and die. I should have let her taste the pain I suffered back then.

But I didn't. I regretted making that decision every second, but I didn't.

I began to fantasize about the volcanic crater as a bedtime story.

What did the stone house look like now? Was it cracked from the heat, unscathed, or had it already collapsed?

Where was the scarecrow? Did it lose an arm or a leg?

And that girl, she must be in a sorry state, right?

After thinking about it, I didn't want to look at the stars anymore.

I didn't want to know the reality.

After an unknown period, perhaps it was already midnight or almost dawn, and footsteps could be heard from outside the corner tower.

"Are you still awake?"

I heard a woman standing outside the corner tower asking something loudly.

It sounded familiar to me, what was that person called again... Oh, that 'Master Mary'.

I ignored her.

However, she was impolite. Before the master could answer, she opened the door and entered the room.

"Hey! This is so rude!" I crossed my arms and pretended to be offended. "I'm going to call for help!"

"Don't play the fool," Master Mary said calmly. "The curse in your head won't turn you into a mentally disabled person, little girl."

I laughed out of boredom and turned over.

“I have to give you a checkup, and you have no right to refuse.” She asked, “Are you going to cooperate with me, or will you cooperate with me after the guards tie you up?”

I didn't have any will to resist. I'd used up all my iron bones the past few times. Now, I only felt endless emptiness. I didn't understand the point of coming here to cause a scene. To take revenge on my sister, who had a different life? For fun? For the sake of rebellion? To prove myself?

I didn't know. It was like I'd returned to the time when I was an embryo and was bitten by the parasites. I was clear-headed and confused.

Without my knowledge, Mary had even finished examining me.

“Can you stop time...” I mumbled.

“Forty minutes have passed, witch,” she said without a smile.

“Don't be so serious, old lady,” I deliberately provoked her. “You're also using sorcery, aren't you?”

She ignored me and left.

I felt extremely bored and even began to miss the heart-wrenching pain from before. At least this proved that I was still alive, right?

A thick dark cloud covered the moon, and the moonlight disappeared.

Ha, what a stingy goddess. She couldn't even bear to lend a little moonlight to the infidels.

Just like that, I opened my eyes and stared at the moonlight hidden behind the clouds. However, the clouds blocked the moon's brilliance even after the sun had dispelled the darkness.

It was dawn. I didn't sleep all night, but I didn't feel tired either.

I should be mumbling something, but I didn't hear clearly, or did I not say anything? Was I just too tired and hallucinating?

The door was opened again.

Mary came in with an unfamiliar woman in a white coat. She said she wanted to give me a test.

So annoying! So very annoying! Another inspection! Another test!

But I didn't want to resist, but what did 'resist' mean?

I just wanted to empty my mind. I just wanted to ask why the moon was not shining on me.

When I returned to my senses, the person called Tracy had already finished her examination.

She looked at me with a complicated expression. I thought she probably hated me because I was the enemy of the werewolves.

But why did her gaze look so pitiful?

I was suddenly furious. I grabbed a pillow and blanket and threw them at her.

"Don't look at me like that! Get out! Get out of my darkness!"

Mary and Tracy tried to hold me down, but my agile movements made the two old werewolves helpless.

"Why are you looking at me like that? It was very dark here! Why are you looking at me like that?"

I didn't know what I was shouting. I only saw Mary beckoning to the outside, and a pair of guards walked in.

The scene blurred.

I realized that I was crying.

But what was crying?

Why was I crying?

I frantically wiped my tears, and the rough cuffs tore the skin at the corners of my eyes. The blood and tears left a pink mark on my cheeks.

I liked pink.

The guards caught me.

"Release me! Get out of my darkness! Let the moon come! Ask the moon! Go ask the moon!"

...

I stood on the tower's roof and saw myself tied up by the guards.

They were so rough. My wrist was scraped, and blood was flowing out. It was red.

I didn't like red.

They forced me onto the bed, and I heard Tracy whisper to Mary, "I think she does have some mental problems."

Who was crazy?

'I am not crazy! You're the one who's crazy!'

I struggled madly and looked up at the fingernail-sized skylight. The clouds covered it, so there was no moon.

"Look at me! Look at me! Come to my darkness!

"It's very dark here. Come to my darkness!"

My world turned pink because the blood flowed into my eyes.

No one answered me.

...

The moon never looked at me.

125 A Flower Born In Tragedy

Selma Payne's POV:

I was having breakfast with Dorothy when I suddenly learned that Adele had gone crazy.

"How is that possible?" My first reaction was that Adele must be fooling around. "In just one night? Has she gone crazy? Who is she putting on an act for?"

Kara shook her head helplessly. "It is a pity. This time, the werewolf grandmasters and Tracy have confirmed. Adele is crazy."

"But last night, she was still aggressively confronting the southern Duke."

"Who knows? Maybe she went crazy because she was too emotional or already crazy, and her tears washed away her disguise."

Dorothy was also amazed. After all, she was the one who had fought Adele head-on and knew that her spirit was harder than cement.

I quickly finished my breakfast and went to find my parents to understand what had happened. However, none of them were there. They went to the northwest corner tower with the southern Duke and Duke Frank, where Adele was being held.

The narrow corner tower was full of people, and everyone's expression was different. Only Adele, the protagonist of the incident, was expressionless, lying on the bed like a hyper-realistic doll.

Her cheeks and wrists were stained with blood, but she had no scars. The guards were holding ropes in their hands. She must have been injured in the struggle, but she was intact because of her strong self-healing ability.

Was she crazy?

I couldn't believe that a person so easily driven mad could mess with the werewolf pack for half a year.

My father saw me and waved me over.

Master Mary was trying to retrace the process of Adele's madness.

"Without a doubt, the bloodline curse has added to her already unstable mental state," she said. "The intense stimulation and pain caused Adele's brain to have some lesion, which is the main factor in her madness.

"I think the mental defense she set up for herself was also one of the reasons. The black mist's mental sorcery is complicated, delicate, and dangerous. When it is activated, it will affect the whole body. Although she resisted the invader, she was also affected by it.

"As for the rest, I can only make a guess. Her mental state is probably not very stable, to begin with."

Everyone was listening attentively, except for the southern Duke, staring at the witch on the bed in a daze. No one knew what he was thinking.

"Lennon."

Duke Frank called out to him.

The southern Duke came back to his senses and stared at the man. His soul seemed to have left his body and stopped by Adele's bed.

Seeing this, Duke Frank could not say anything and only sighed softly.
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“... Can she be cured?” The southern Duke asked bitterly.

Master Mary and Tracy looked at each other, and the latter replied sincerely, “We will do our best.”

This sentence was no different from a death sentence for Adele.

The southern Duke’s body trembled as if he had been punched. His energy and spirit suddenly disappeared. He was like a lifeless piece of rotten wood that had taken root and sprouted in this small corner tower.

Without realizing it, I walked to Adele’s bed.

She seemed to have lost all sense of the outside world and did not realize someone was standing beside her. She stared at the small skylight on the ceiling with her cloud-like white eyes.

She was mumbling something, and I bent down to listen.

“The moon.”

“Darkness.”

“The moon.”

“Darkness.”

She mumbled them over and over again. There was no logic in it, and it was so strange that it made people shiver.

I didn’t know why, but I suddenly thought of something.

“She won’t be a threat anymore.”

It was as if the moon was whispering into my ear. I was sure that Adele was no longer a threat.

She had gone crazy. This young girl, who had been alone and had no one to rely on in her short twenty years, had already thrown herself into the arms of an idiot.

When I got closer, I realized that Adele looked young.

Although her actions made her look like a cunning old lady, the truth was that she was as young as a fresh flower, not much older than my older sisters.

This crazy girl had experienced countless tragedies since she was an embryo. She looked glorious, but in reality, she was no threat. Her revenge was so small that she didn't even get to walk out of the school gate.

Given her actions, I couldn't say anything good about her. In the end, I could only say one thing about her life.

Tragic.

She was born in a tragedy and went crazy because of it.

This was the typical story of a flower born from a tragedy.

Without any reason, I didn't want to stay here anymore. This narrow corner suddenly made me dizzy. The darkness in the shadows was like leeches that twisted and invaded the floor as if trying to suck my blood dry.

I ignored my parents' suppressed exclamations and ran out of the tower.

126 The Crossroads of Destiny

Selma Payne's POV:

I suddenly felt very misunderstood. Although I didn't feel misunderstood in any specific way, I felt wronged for no reason.

I wanted to call Aldrich, listen to his voice, talk to him, and rest in his warm embrace.

I dialed his number.

"What happened, my dear?" Aldrich sounded a little tired. He had probably been monitoring the troublesome cocoon of light all night.

After hearing his voice, I suddenly couldn't say anything. I could only remain silent.

"Selma, my dear, are you there?" His tone gradually became serious. "What's happening? Don't worry. I'll come to you immediately."

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I couldn't let this delay his business, so I quickly refused. "No! Don't! I'm fine, don't worry about me. I want to hear your voice."

"Oh, my lady," Aldrich murmured. "I missed you too, babe."

I sniffed and asked, "Did the mission go smoothly? How's the light cocoon?"

"Everything is going well," Aldrich replied. "This witch's power is not as ridiculous as Fitch's. In about three days, we can dissipate the light cocoon completely."

"You must be careful. Immediately retreat with your people if there's any strange movement in the light cocoon." I reminded him worriedly, "Don't worry about how the school will be razed down. Someone will compensate you."

"Are you talking about the witch or the Lycan King?" He chuckled. "If it's the latter, I think His Majesty's finance officer will cry."

Usually, I would join the joke with him, but I was not in the mood today.

He suddenly fell silent again.

There was some noise on the other side of the phone, mixed with the shouts of the soldiers.

I imagined Aldrich was busy with work, but he still diverted some attention to the phone and silently accompanied me.

"... I won't disturb you anymore. Do your work," I said.

"It's alright, my dear," Aldrich said. "The commander doesn't need to do the work personally, right? Now, I only need to move my eyes and mouth, and I can give you my heart without any reservation."

"Adele has gone crazy," I said after a pause.

Duke Frank had probably already sent a real-time message to Aldrich, so he knew who Adele was.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said in a deep voice. "The southern Duke must be feeling terrible now."

I buried myself in my sweater and whispered, "I don't know. I think he's probably in so much pain that he wants to die. He hasn't even found Carolyn yet, and his daughter, whom he'd only reunited with for a day, has gone crazy again without warning."

"About Adele... To be honest, I don't hate her that much."

"She lied to everyone, kidnapped Carolyn, caused a bloody storm in school, and almost hatched the light cocoon and destroyed her pack. But I can't help but pity her."

“I hate her, but at the same time, I pity her. I’m thinking now, what if my life and Adele’s life were switched? If I was like her, growing up in pain and hatred, and found that someone had long replaced me in my parents’ home and that there was no place for me in this big world, would I have done better than her?”

“I can’t help but think about this. Our lives are so similar in so many ways, and it makes me feel that I’m lucky to have met a slightly brighter fork in the road, while Adele, unfortunately, has been immersed in the darkness for most of her life.

“Earlier, for a moment, I even thought that the person lying on the bed was my pale and neurotic self. Was everything just a dream I had imagined?”

I didn’t understand why I would sympathize with Adele. It didn’t make any sense. However, the moment I stepped into the tower, I felt the darkness in the shadows was about to devour me.

The tower was too dark. The dark clouds blocked the only light source, and only the pale white glow of a poor-quality incandescent lamp was reflected.

The light seemed to be mocking Adele’s empty life.

It also reminded me to cherish everything before me. Fate is such a fickle and elusive thing. One second you are flying in the clouds, and the next moment, a thunderbolt may destroy your life beyond recognition.

Aldrich quietly listened without interrupting me. Steady breathing came from the microphone, strangely calming the ripples in my heart.

“Don’t doubt, and don’t deny, ” he said. “Look at the two Majesties; listen to my voice, Dorothy, your friends, Kara, and Tracy. They exist, right?”

“Every love you receive, every care you receive, they are indeed as warm as the sun, aren’t they?”

“And everything that we have experienced together, dull, exciting, boring, dramatic, no matter what nature they contain, they are all indelible marks left by time.

“So, don’t worry, Selma.”

“Fate is a wild horse that never turns back. It’s unpredictable, and the road ahead is unpredictable.

“But one thing is for sure; it runs on the path of time, and it will never turn back.”

127 A Ridiculous Ending

Selma Payne's POV:

After talking to Aldrich, I felt much better. I turned around and found my mother looking at me gently in the corridor.

She walked over and sat down beside me.

"Mother." I wiped my tears and said shyly, "I'm sorry."

My mother wiped my face with her sleeve and said softly, "Why did you suddenly cry?"

"I don't know. I didn't even notice that I was crying," I whispered.

I didn't want to be too indecisive, but Adele's urging and behavior touched me deeply.

"I just called Aldrich, and he consoled me. I feel much better."

My mother touched the top of my head and leaned against me.

"I understand how you feel. I feel the same way as you. When your father saw Adele, he would also be worried about her current state and feel sad for her fate. This is the empathy that everyone has. You don't have to blame yourself for her."

"But she's a criminal," I whispered.

"That's right. She's a criminal and a bad criminal who tried to attack a werewolf." My mother nodded. "But there's no conflict between condemning her and pitying her, right? The mistake is what she has made now, and the encounter is what she has experienced in the past. These are two emotions that have converged in different dimensions.

"Adele shouldn't have used her experience as an excuse to hurt others. Similarly, we shouldn't ignore everything she had done in the past because of what she has done now."

"The existence of law and reason is often contradictory. In the background of the law, we usually acquiesced to the dominant position of law and reason. But this doesn't mean that reason is dispensable. One of my legal teachers once said, 'The law is the chain that prevents humans from becoming slaves to emotions, and emotions are the reins that prevent humans from becoming slaves to the law'.

"Sometimes, as a leader, you have to learn to split something into different things," my mother said.

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“For example, when your father punished Adele, she had to be punished because she did commit a crime, but she should also be taken care of because it has been proven that her crime does not warrant death, and we owe her something.”

I nodded to show that I understood.

“How is Adele now?” I asked.

My mother sighed softly. “It’s good and bad at the same time. Her body is not injured, but her spirit is probably unable to recover.”

“But it has only been one night. Why would she...” I was confused.

“Not all questions can be answered.” My mother was also very helpless. “Besides, we werewolves are born with barriers against sorcery. Even a werewolf grandmaster can’t find out the core technology of the sorcerers. This makes it extremely difficult to heal Adele’s spirit.”

“So, no witch clan is willing to help now?”

“Yes, no one even acknowledges Adele’s existence. As she said herself, she had long betrayed her clan. Perhaps her so-called master had left her in the care of a clan, but outsiders are always easily discriminated against. And toward traitors, the attitude of sorcerers is no gentler than that of us werewolves.”

This meant that the werewolf and the witch had nothing to talk about. Adele’s problem was likely to end with her, and no clues could be found.

“What is Father going to do?” I asked again.

My mother said, “We still have to discuss the countermeasures. The good news is that we know the enemy in the dark is likely not the witch clan. The bad news is that if the enemy in the dark and the witch clan work together, the good news will turn bad.”

“So, is it very likely that a war will break out?” I asked, a little despondent.

“Your father will do his best to ensure peace.” My mother said firmly, “We are people who have experienced real war. We all know what it is like on the battlefield. Glory and courage are all bullsh*t. Only blood will flow like a river no matter who wins or loses.”

Three days later.

Since Adele had been confirmed to have lost her mental ability, her interrogation had become unnecessary. The elders were in a heated debate over whether to punish this sinner with werewolf blood.

In the end, my father decided Adele's fate. All her magic power was sealed, and she could not even use the most basic sorcery. She was then transferred to a secret manor guarded by the royal guards and would spend the rest of her life there.

As her father, the southern Duke was allowed to visit her three hours a week. This was a secret.

The warriors found Carolyn in a stone house at the volcano's crater. Adele did not abuse her sister, as she said.

The tattered scarecrow had taken good care of her. Besides being a little shocked, she didn't seem to have lost much weight.

After the warriors took Carolyn, the scarecrow did not resist and jumped into the volcano.

At this point, the dark clouds hovering over everyone's head for over half a year ended ridiculously.

Chapter 128 Farewell

Selma Payne's POV:

My life started to become more relaxed. I felt a little uncomfortable without the intense planning and constantly tense nerves.

"Before you say something like that, don't come over here eight times a day to slack off."

Dorothy speechlessly held an old book in her hands. Directly opposite her, I was lazily lying on the sofa, basking in the sun.

"How can you call this slacking off?" I retorted, "Life is short, but we should enjoy it while it's still available. I recently read this sentence in a human philosophy book, and I think it makes much sense."

Dorothy was even more speechless. "If you degenerate into a lazy bum in my room, we will be exiled to human society by both the King and the Queen. By then, you can read as many human philosophy books as you want."

The peaceful morning passed by in a lazy bickering session.

I finally couldn't hide anymore during the luncheon.

“Help me eat more roasted lamb ribs.” Dorothy had turned bad. She was gloating at my misfortune. “I’m so envious that you can attend the luncheon, unlike me, a peasant, who can only stay in my room alone, reading books and sleeping. Sigh, how boring.”

I didn’t want to talk to her and left unwillingly.

It was not that I didn’t like to attend the luncheon, but I didn’t know how to face the people there.

The southern Duke... There was no need to mention him. Honestly, I respected and admired his achievements, but I didn’t think much of him as a person. This man who was indecisive in love was one of the origins of all tragedies.

There was also Carolyn, who was utterly different from Adele. She didn’t have the latter’s annoying rudeness, disrespect, and viciousness. She was a full-on noble lady.

That was the problem.

Other than Dorothy, there were no other girls my age in the palace. My father didn’t have siblings, so I had no cousins to get along with.

My friends are all girls from ordinary families. We usually get along casually, and there was no pressure to speak of.

This also resulted in me not knowing how to react to Carolyn, the daughter of a Duke who exuded a noble aura from head to toe.

For example, in a low voice, Carolyn and I were discussing some theology and philosophy. However, please forgive me, Moon Goddess. It was not that I was not devoted to you; it was just that I’d never really come into contact with these things!

I lived like a country girl for the first eighteen years of my life. I received an ordinary education. Other than the social science teacher who taught me some simple life principles, I had nothing to do with profound philosophy, let alone theology.

Even after I reunited with my parents, I didn’t receive much of an aristocratic lady’s education.

Thus, I didn’t have anything in common with Carolyn.

I had deep pity and sympathy for this girl, but there was a limit to how much I could comfort her. I couldn’t just reveal her scars before her, could I?

I could only awkwardly but politely agree with Carolyn’s argument.

Caroline was a considerate girl. She quickly noticed my uneasiness, so she pursed her lips and smiled, politely ending the conversation.

It was a farewell lunch. The southern Duke would bring his daughter back to their pack in the afternoon.

My father repeatedly asked him to stay, hoping he could keep his official position. However, the southern Duke was already disheartened and repeatedly refused his father's request. My father could not force him to stay, so he could only send his old friend away.

After reluctantly saying goodbye, it was time to part.

My father sent out a team of guards to guard the convoy and watched it leave.

I noticed that he was in a low mood. He must be a middle-aged man busy with his career and family. It was rare for him to meet his old friends, so he was naturally full of emotions before his friend left.

This loneliness also infected me as I silently held onto Aldrich's hand.

He held my hand and smiled to comfort me.

The rest of my life was boring.

The Council of Elders chattered on about Adele's departure. They couldn't shake my father's determination, so they could only hinder my father on some minor details.

My father couldn't bear the disturbance, so he dealt with an elder who was caught red-handed and successfully made the others shut up.

To my surprise, this elder was Lucius. He seemed to be one of my father's most supportive people!

My father answered my doubts and educated me, "One could never know a person's true nature. Not all friends are friends, and not all enemies are mean. Everyone's image is torn apart, and one aspect cannot represent everything else."

I was deeply enlightened.

We didn't give up on the investigation of the enemy hiding behind Adele, but unfortunately, the only clue left by Adele was the dark wizard, Kafka.

Kafka was once a wizard who was as famous as Fitch. The two were notorious for causing great casualties to the werewolves in the Wolf-Witch War. They even took the opportunity to kill many other races.

After the defeat, perhaps knowing that he had made many enemies, he slyly disappeared without a trace. More than twenty years had passed, and no one had heard any news about him.

This caused our investigation to be stunted and stagnated.