

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 193 The Golden Shawl

Selma Payne's POV:

The unconscious team members were not seriously injured, only some superficial injuries and slight mental exhaustion. According to the recovery rate of werewolves, they would be fine after a good sleep.

I rejoiced at my bold actions, or else the casualties would have been immeasurable.

"Thank you, Selma," the leader, Master Mary, thanked me sincerely. "You saved everyone. I apologize for my doubt in you."

"Don't say that," I said, waving my hand uncomfortably. I wouldn't have been able to do anything if everyone hadn't worked together to destroy the human shadows.

Master Hayley and Master Kevin, who were in charge of settling the wounded, had also come. They held a pile of unused history balls and carefully sealed them in an ice box temporarily made of spell and snow.

"Actually, you don't have to be so careful with them," I reminded. "As long as you don't explicitly reveal that you want to damage it, the history balls are solid."

Master Kevin disapproved, "That's true, but we still have to be as careful as possible before we study it carefully. However, since you created the history balls, can you tell us about their attributes? Anyone who damaged it would disappear like the human shadows? Where did the human shadows go? Are they trapped in a historical fragment, or does the historical fragment simply cancel them out?"

Master Hayley pulled him away helplessly and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Kevin is just a nerd. Rest first. We'll talk tomorrow."

"It doesn't matter. I don't care. I'm not tired yet."

Master Hayley smiled and left with Master Kevin, who was still full of questions.

"Please don't mind him. Kevin may look unreasonable, but he's very simple." Master Mary led us to her temporary residence. "Due to his naivety, he suffered a lot. However, he doesn't mind and doesn't want to change himself. As long as he still has a passion for scientific research, he's the happiest."

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I didn't understand why she and Master Hayley were so careful to persuade me about Master Kevin. I swear to the Moon Goddess that I didn't feel offended. It was just a few questions, what was the big deal?

"I don't think it's a big deal. I'm happy to answer these questions for you, Master Kevin. You don't have to be so nervous."

Master Mary opened her mouth in embarrassment and said, "It's my concern that made me confused because of..."

"What?" My curiosity was piqued.

"It's just some old things. There's nothing to be concerned about. Would you like a cup of peach tea? Even Hayley doesn't know my secret recipe."

"Thank you. Please give me a glass."

Dorothy and I were drinking sweet fruit tea in Master Mary's room when suddenly, a shawl embroidered with golden flower patterns came into my sight. It hung from a crooked hanger and dangled to the floor like a cloud of soft smoke. The golden thread shimmered with a soft luster under the light, making the pattern look like a newly bloomed flower.

"Is this yours? It's really nice." I couldn't help but exclaim.

"No." Master Mary shook her head. "This belongs to the owner of this house. It's been hanging here."

I walked to the clothes rack and observed it. I felt that this gorgeous shawl looked a little familiar.

Where had I seen it before?

Just as I was deep in thought, Captain Frank arrived.

"Aldrich will come up the mountain tomorrow." He brought good news. "He will come with a team of soldiers, which will be very helpful for our inch-by-inch search."

Speaking of which, I didn't even think about Aldrich due to all the happenings here. He should have arrived today.

"What happened?" I voiced my doubts.

Frank expressed that he did not know either. He had only received notice of delays and did not have a specific reason.

Although it seemed like there was no problem, I still felt a little worried.

Late at night, I lay in my sleeping bag, tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep.

“What’s wrong?” Dorothy asked.

“I feel something strange about Aldrich’s late arrival.”

“Maybe he was delayed by an extra mission? He’s the general, so there should be a lot of things that he has to handle personally.”

“That’s true, but I’m still worried.”

“Why don’t we ask the King and the Queen?”

“What do you mean?”

“Use mind-link, just like you and I did.”

I fell silent.

It was a little secret that I didn’t even tell Aldrich.

Dorothy noticed my silence and asked, “Is there a problem?”

I hesitated for a few seconds and felt there was no need to hide this from Dorothy. I didn’t even need to hide it from Aldrich. I only felt inferior at first, but I forgot about it later.

“I can’t build a mind-link with my parents,” I whispered. “I’ve tried many times, but it didn’t work.”

Dorothy was surprised. “Why? Blood ties are the most natural bond.”

Yes, why? If I knew, I wouldn’t be here worrying.

194 I’m Going To The Mountains

Selma Payne’s POV:

“I don’t understand. Maybe because I hadn’t lived with my parents for the past eighteen years, some invisible changes happened.” I hid under the blanket. “That’s the only explanation I can think of. I can’t possibly not be my parents’ child, right? You can’t lie about blood relations.”

Dorothy patted me through the sleeping bag to comfort me. "Don't worry. When everything is over, we'll discuss this. The werewolf grandmasters have all kinds of specialties. Someone must have a way."

The next morning.

It was just five o'clock when the members at the witch clan ruins woke up. The team members cleaned up the mess from last night in an orderly manner.

Dorothy and I continued our exploration. This time, we were careful. We moved luggage, cabinets, beds, and other mobile items away from their original positions, hoping to find some hidden rooms or secret passages.

However, we still found nothing. Other than dust and some small pieces of toys, there was nothing.

"Does Mullwica live in the sky? This is the last house on this street, and we still haven't found any clues."

I was a little discouraged after working for nothing the entire morning.

Dorothy was also confused.

"Mullwica's home must be here. Dreams don't lie," she mumbled.

At this moment, a commotion came from outside. Aldrich and the others had arrived.

I excitedly went out to welcome him, "Hey! You guys are finally here."

Aldrich hugged me tightly. "I'm sorry I'm late. I had some urgent missions to deal with."

I didn't ask what the mission was. It was better to follow the confidentiality regulations in public.

The addition of more warriors made our exploration more efficient. By the time the sun set, we had completed the fourth comb of the witch clan's ruins.

Without a doubt, we still found nothing.

With the experience of almost being wiped out yesterday, the werewolf grandmasters thought about it again and again and decided to give up on the ritual.

I volunteered. "I can be responsible for absorbing the Quicksand Fog. You saw it last night. It does not affect me. Without the Quicksand Fog, there would be no human shadows, and the ritual would be safe."

“The Quicksand Fog and the human shadows are just one of the influencing factors,” Master Hayley explained. “The real problem is the remaining interference spells. It’s very well hidden and has deceived us, and we can’t think of a reverse spell to crack it in a short time.”

Well, it seemed that the witches 300 years ago paid much attention to protecting their privacy. The interference spells were so powerful that they faithfully performed their duties even 300 years later. Perhaps those shadows appeared under the influence of the interference spell. The witches who had experienced the ‘hunt’ knew how to fight back the intruders who tried to spy on them.

We were at a stalemate.

We gained a lot from this trip. Just the large amount of historical documents and books, as well as spells, runes, and arrays, could be considered priceless treasures. However, the fundamental mission that facilitated this trip had not yet been completed. There were no traces of the devil’s seal or Mullwica. This was not good news for Dorothy, who had a little more than two months left.

“Maybe we should take the initiative to attack,” I muttered.

Everyone looked at me.

“If the mountains don’t come to me, then I’ll go to the mountains.” The more I thought about it, the more I felt it was a good idea. “If fixed clues can’t help, why don’t we go to the moving clues? For example, the legendary pine forest. I don’t think that such a powerful demon could only create a pine forest to bewitch people. That would be too inefficient.

“With the speed of the pine forest’s movement, it’s hard to find a single person in this place covered with mountains and plains for a hundred years. So, there must be other pine forests in the Rocky Mountains, and they shouldn’t be too far away from the ruins of the witch clan. After all, in the legends, isn’t the demon sealed near the witch clan?”

Everyone’s jaws dropped at my whimsical idea.

“No offense,” Dorothy said dryly. “But are you sure we’re going to look for clues and not serve the devil food?”

“I promise it’ll be safe. After all, demonic shards are quite delicious. I’ve always wanted that fragrant taste.” I nodded proudly. “This is what I think. When we find the core of a pine forest, I will pretend to try to devour it and then deliberately reveal some flaws to let it go. It’s an instinct for the shards to return to the main body. Perhaps we can use this method to find the location of the devil’s seal. Mullwica is guarding the devil’s seal. Once we find the seal, we’ll be able to find her!”

Everyone was silent.

“This is a good idea, but what if the pine forest decides to fight us to death?” Aldrich asked after a while.

“Then, I’ll completely devour it.” I shouldn’t be arrogant, but I couldn’t help showing off my ability. “What can the food do in the stomach?”

In short, this slightly immature and arrogant idea was unanimously agreed upon after everyone’s discussion. *innread. com*

195 Linda Is Missing

Selma Payne’s POV:

After some discussion, we’d decided to search within a three-kilometer radius tomorrow.

The area was not too small. This was not a simple walk. In fact, in the snow-capped mountain area, full of obstacles, even a range of 500 meters in diameter was very difficult to deal with. If anyone encountered some trouble that was difficult to solve, it would take an entire day.

We’d arranged for five teams of six to search in different directions. The werewolf grandmasters had carved the same mark on the team members as before so that if any team found traces of the pine forest, they could contact the other groups in time.

Master Kevin and Frank would stay behind to guard the ruins of the witch clan, while Master Hayley and Master Mary would lead two different teams. One of the other teams would be led by me, and experienced old members would lead the rest.

I thought Aldrich would lead another team, but he and Dorothy stayed by my side. *innread. com*

“You’re the most important factor in this plan,” he said. “Be it for public or private reasons, I want to stay by your side and protect you personally.”

At eight o’clock in the morning, we officially embarked on our journey.

We were lucky to have a sunny day. The environment, visibility, and temperature were all very friendly, making our search smooth. We didn’t find any traces of pine trees that exuded an evil aura.

At five o’clock in the evening, we returned without any results. Four other teams also returned with no results.

Now, our only hope in this life was the team led by Master Hayley.

When it was close to six o'clock, we received a notification from the mark.

This meant that the other team had made a discovery!

We could use the mark to guide us to the location of Master Hayley's team, but it was almost dark now. It was hazardous to walk in the vast snowfield at night. The weather in the dark snow mountains was often unpredictable. If we forced our way out, we would likely encounter life-threatening danger, but if we didn't go, we'd waste this precious opportunity.

What was more urgent was that Master Hayley and the others would not be able to return before dark.

Master Mary communicated with her sister through mind-link, and she said that Master Hayley's team was lucky enough to find a safe and sealed cave near the pine forest, so they could spend the night in peace.

"They've decided to monitor the pine forest all night to ensure the target won't disappear. She can contact me at any time if she has any questions."

I was at ease and prepared for tomorrow's journey.

However, in the middle of the night, an accident happened.

Master Mary was anxious and said thoughtfully, "Something happened. Hayley said that Linda is missing. She can sense that Linda is moving toward the pine forest. It seems that she was disturbed by the pine forest. They can't rashly approach the pine forest. The confusion there is too great, and they need our support."

This meant that we must set off at night.

This could not be delayed, but the problem was also in front of us: Werewolves had excellent night vision, but it was not good enough to see through the clouds and observe the weather. The snow-capped mountains at night changed at will like a baby's face. No one knew when a strong wind or blizzard would blow. No matter how strong the body was, it was difficult to withstand the power of nature.

As we were preparing to pack, Dorothy suddenly suggested, "I can let the Soul Sparrow take the lead. It's a creature made of souls, and although it looks like a little skylark, it's very strong in flight. I can get it to monitor the weather changes in real-time and provide us with an alert."

"Is this safe?" I was worried. "What if there's a hailstorm or a blizzard? Will the Soul Sparrow be able to escape in time?"

"In any case, I'll just break the spell," Dorothy said, indicating no problem.

And so, we set off under the guidance of the Soul Sparrow.

Master Hayley's coordinates had not changed. We advanced at full speed under the guidance of the mark. During this period, we had touched the tail of several small blizzards, but we had all changed our route under the guidance of the Soul Sparrow.

However, this also caused us to waste even more time.

At dawn, we finally arrived at the cave where Master Hayley and the others were.

Except for Linda, the other five were all on alert. Seeing us, they didn't let out a sigh of relief but became more nervous.

"Linda's mark is starting to blur. I think she has already entered the pine forest, and the mark is gradually weakening due to some kind of energy interference." Master Hayley analyzed, "There's no doubt that the demonic shards in the pine forest this time are stronger than the last time. At least the mark could still alert us when we encountered danger last time. This time, the mark can only barely maintain itself."

This meant we'd encountered a powerful opponent, and the night had undoubtedly reduced our chances of victory.

Of course, I could devour every tree I come across, but the other members didn't have such a useful ability to save their lives, so there was a high chance they'd be injured.

Thus, we had to reduce our manpower to prevent unnecessary casualties.

196 Without Owner

Selma Payne's POV:

In the end, Aldrich, Dorothy, and Master Mary brought ten team members and set off. The rest of us would stay in the cave to preserve our strength and provide the necessary support.

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The pine forest wasn't far from here, and we reached it in less than half an hour.

At Aldrich's suggestion, some team members transformed into their wolf forms. The wolf form had a stronger body and faster reaction. The corresponding human consciousness could hide in the body and safely observe the outside environment. Some of the other team members maintained their human forms just in case. No one knew what the forest would do to the wolves.

This pine forest was visibly stronger than the previous one. The pine trees were no longer sickly and skinny. Their thick branches, leaves, and scars that looked like human faces exuded a strong and cold vitality.

“I can feel a very powerful evil force.” Dorothy said, “It’s almost materializing into a physical body.”

We couldn’t help but be even more careful as we slowly moved forward under the light of the light stick.

The mark’s effect has been disrupted by some factors, and the Soul Sparrow couldn’t distinguish the direction here. We could only walk on the main road, especially left empty by the plants like last time. There seemed to be living things in the forest. I occasionally saw a black shadow flashing in the dense pine needles.

The stronger wolves also noticed this, but they couldn’t find anything when they looked carefully.

“An unknown creature,” Aldrich signaled everyone to be on guard. “We can’t be sure if it’s a friend or a foe. Everyone, stay alert!”

Ten minutes later, we ran into a small problem.

The creature in the tree’s shadow finally gave up on hiding and appeared before us with the help of the darkness. Surprisingly, they turned out to be moths the size of a fist. Their black wings and bodies covered with fine fur made them look like elves created by the night. They were creepy, but they had a strange, twisted beauty.

No one had seen such a creature, not even the most knowledgeable Master Mary.

Fortunately, the moths didn’t seem to be aggressive. They only stubbornly gathered on a tree or a patch of snow as if they were guiding us.

At this moment, everyone had the same question, ‘Do we have to listen to these moths?’

As the forest was constantly changing, the path we were walking on was also constantly changing. The destination we were leading to was unknown.

Could these moths be the demonic shards’ bait to lure us?

Just as we were hesitating, a change occurred.

Suddenly, a miserable scream came from the distance, and it sounded like Linda’s voice!

After the shrieks, the moths became more agitated. They flew around strangely, their feather-like antennae trembling violently. I had no doubt that these moths would probably be cursing out loud right now if they could speak.

Master Mary tried to reach out to the moths, and the black sprites landed meekly on her arm.

She carefully dripped a drop of silver-white liquid on the moth's wing. To her surprise, a wolf-shaped mist gushed out of the moth's body!

"They are Linda's family members!" Master Mary's face changed. "Follow them! They know where Linda is!"

We immediately followed the moths, and our vision suddenly cleared after five minutes.

This was a somewhat familiar, wide, snowy area. It was almost the same as the space that the giant pine tree had marked out for us.

The only difference was that there were no tall ancient trees or plants on this snow-covered land. There was only a thin girl lying naked in the center – Linda!

We immediately stepped forward to check her physical condition. She was unconscious, and her clothes were gone. There were no external injuries, but her body was frighteningly cold, like a breathing ice sculpture. Master Mary didn't find anything wrong with her after examining her. Other than the unconsciousness of unknown reasons, nothing else was found.

We tried many ways to wake her up, but we couldn't.

We had no choice, so we sent two team members to send Linda back first, but when we turned around, we found that the path we came from had disappeared, and the dense layers of plants formed an airtight cocoon. We are like grasshoppers trapped in a water tank. Unless we flew out, there was no other way.

What a familiar situation.

I tried to command everyone to cut the trees, but the pine trees here moved faster. The cut was closed in a few seconds.

I searched through the space but couldn't find a single unique plant.

This meant that I couldn't touch the heart of the pine forest, and I couldn't hurt it from the root.

There was another way, and that was to start devouring from the 'capillaries'. However, the plants could cut off the connection with their kind anytime. Just from the increasingly

ferocious branches and leaves of the pine trees, they probably wouldn't wait for me to devour them.

These pine trees were aggressive!

Suddenly, the sharp pine needles shot straight at us.

Master Mary immediately created a layer of defense array flashing with silver light. The pine needles hit the defense array with a crisp and pleasant sound like a triangle iron.

However, no one was in the mood to think about enjoying music.

197 Burnt Pine Wood

Selma Payne's POV:

With our previous experience, we brought enough fire, fuel, and a folding bow.

The team members threw fuel into the forest and fired burning wooden arrows. Within a few seconds, the circle of plants around us was set ablaze.

Shrill wails resounded through the clouds. The burning trees frantically tried to leave, but they only spread their misfortune to more of their compatriots. More and more plants were burning. This was good news and bad news. The billowing smoke almost turned this place into a chimney for a chemical plant, and we could hardly see anything.

The wool mask made by the werewolf master had good filtering abilities, so we didn't choke to death from the smoke. However, the rising temperature was still a tricky problem. Who would have thought a snowy mountain of -30 degrees could turn people into roast chickens?

So far, the first operation to find demonic fragments had failed. We had to get to a place where the fire was less intense. The strong wolves could break a small piece of dense pine forest with a wave of their hands, but it was a heavy burden on their bodies. These pine trees were the creation of the demons, after all. The evil power contained in them could corrode the wolves' bodies.

I kept devouring the plants around me, regardless of whether they were intact or had been burned into a pile of charcoal. The New Flow performed its duty loyally, irrespective of whether the food tasted good.

Finally, we escaped the sea of fire in a slightly sorry state.

The pine forest was on fire, and the creepy cries were about to become another ghost story in the Rocky Mountains.

It was too dangerous. If I weren't careful, we would have been turned into barbecued wolf steaks along with the entire forest.

There was one thing that had been puzzling me. Where did the 'heart' of the pine forest go?

The plants didn't look like they were under human control. They were even more intelligent than the forest I first encountered. This meant that their core must be firmly hidden in some corner.

But what was even more suspicious was that even after we burned the entire forest, the hidden core still didn't respond. Wasn't he afraid that the pine forest would disappear? Wasn't he afraid of losing his power for nothing? We were perfect targets for the fire, but it didn't take the opportunity to attack us.

I fell silent as I looked at the blazing fire in the distance.

The smell of burning wood was very pungent, but to me, what I could touch was a secret fragrance of another level. The alluring, sweet, and fat fragrance of information power didn't make the flames any less attractive. It was shining like gold in the fire.

He was already here.

I thought.

It would be a waste not to devour it.

And so, before anyone could react, I extended my hand.

Aldrich was the first to notice my strange behavior. He seemed to want to stop me, but with my 'don't worry, let me do it' gaze, he only retreated to his original spot and nervously watched my every move.

Smoke, snow, rotten wood, and dead leaves. The pine forest was reduced to ruins by the flames. I stirred the dust that buried the treasures and carefully searched for the delicious food hidden within.

They weren't as satisfying as the demonic shards, but they were good enough to be snacks. The light taste was like green tea mixed with water. Although it wasn't good to drink, it was nutritious.

I closed my eyes and focused on enjoying the moment when power filled my body.

When I opened my eyes again, everything had disappeared. There was no forest or fire. Other than a large area of frozen soil, there was no evidence that a large dense forest had once existed here.

I turned around and saw everyone staring at me, especially Master Kevin. His sparkling eyes made people shiver for no reason.

“What a magical power,” he mumbled in a low voice as if he was disappointed that he did not have a pen and paper to record the data. “Is this the New Flow?”

I nodded helplessly. “Yes, it has the attribute of devouring power. I think we witnessed it yesterday?”

“That’s different.” Master Kevin came over enthusiastically. “Last night, there was so much smoke that I didn’t see anything. But this time is different. It’s mesmerizing with such a complex, precise, and ingenious operation pattern. Moon Goddess, is this the treasure you’ve given to the royal bloodline of the Lycans?”

“Kevin, shut your mouth!” Master Mary suddenly shouted at him and pulled him to the side. “Now is not the time to talk about this. Linda is still in danger. We can talk about it when we get back to the base.”

I was a little surprised at Master Kevin’s outspoken words. I finally understood why Master Mary and Master Hayley emphasized his innocence and academic brain to me.

Did he just reveal my identity without any hesitation?

‘The royal bloodline of the Lycans’, my god! He should just announce that I was Princess Madeline!

My identity was no longer a secret within the small circle, such as Aldrich, Dorothy, Kara, Tracy, and the few werewolf grandmasters responsible for caring for and healing me.

However, this was still a high-level secret that must be kept confidential. If one had seen the madness of the Council of Elders and the wandering forces, it was not difficult for them to understand why my parents had made so much effort to protect my safety.

198 Down The Mountain

Selma Payne’s POV:

With a werewolf’s hearing, I didn’t think any of the team members present would miss Master Kevin’s words, right?

Most of the experienced team members had good political literacy. They were minding their own business and tidying up their messy luggage as if Master Kevin was a mute who could not speak, and they had not heard anything.

The slow-witted Master Kevin finally realized what he had done wrong. He wanted to say something but kept his mouth shut after Master Mary gave him a vicious glare.

Master Mary came to my side, and before she could speak, I said, "It's okay. Now is not the time to chat. Let's go back first."

We met Master Hayley's group on the way. With their help, we quickly returned to the cave.

It was obvious that Master Hayley hadn't slept all night and was a little tired. However, she immediately heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that we were all fine. She took over Linda, who was still unconscious and cooperated with the other two grandmasters to do a more detailed examination, but they couldn't find anything.

She was just unconscious. From her body's reaction, it was the simplest form of overexertion.

But we all knew that it wasn't like that. The pine forest tried so hard to lure Linda away. It couldn't be just to sing a lullaby for her, naked, right?

Master Mary was also suspicious. Why would Linda use 'kin'?

"What's a 'kin'?" I raised my hand to ask.

"This is an ancient, mysterious ancient spell that can summon a child race that belongs to you. Most of these races are fantasy breeds that have never appeared before, such as the Black Moth we just saw."

Master Mary continued, "The reason it's called a 'spell' instead of 'witchcraft' is because this power is not exclusive to magic creatures. Any race can use it. It's said that everyone who can use 'kin' has the bloodline of the gods because only the gods deserve to have 'kins'. This is a gift they leave to their descendants."

Everyone was focused on Linda.

"So, Linda could be the descendant of the Moon Goddess?"

"Maybe," Master Mary said. "But I've seen Linda's identity information. She's just a girl from an ordinary family. Five generations back, no blood can be linked to the divine. Perhaps it was even before ancient times, but the werewolves had not yet established a strict household registration system back then, so the records were probably missing."

I didn't expect this ordinary girl to be hiding such a big secret.

"Does Linda know my identity?"

I believed there was a high chance that she didn't know. Perhaps even her ancestors didn't know. Otherwise, with her identity as a god's descendant, it would be easy for her to make a name for herself. The werewolves would have another well-known family, not just an ordinary civilian family.

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In short, after trying all kinds of methods to wake Linda up, we realized that things were out of our control, and it was time to ask for help from outside the field.

After returning to the ruins of the witch clan, Frank decided to send Linda back to the Lycan pack for treatment.

His idea was very practical. "Regardless of whether she can be cured or not, the environment of the Lycan pack is ten thousand times better than on the snowy Rocky Mountains. Staying here and not freezing to death in the middle of the night is already good enough, let alone treating illnesses."

Leaving with Linda were a few more seriously injured members. They came from various bases and the ruins of the witch clan, but they were injured at work for reasons such as resting and reorganizing the clan, exploring the environment, and so on.

I wanted to stay and continue my plan to explore the pine forest. However, Aldrich, who was in charge of transporting the injured, suggested I go with him to the small village at the foot of the mountain to relax.

"Don't push yourself too hard. A rope that's too tight is more fragile. It'll break with a light touch. He said, "I know you're worried about Dorothy's condition, but the truth is that there's no use torturing yourself. Why don't you come down the mountain with me? If you stay in one place for too long, your thoughts will be confined to a limited space. It might be more helpful for you to take a break."

Dorothy also advised me to go down the mountain. She even said that if it weren't for the fact that she had to learn from the werewolf grandmasters, she would have accompanied me.

"Can you bring me a box of facial cream? My face is about to be torn by the wind."

After taking her shopping list, Aldrich and I brought the injured and left.

We arrived at the safe houses and took the injured to the plane one by one. Then, we had some free time.

"Do you want to shop?" Aldrich invited.

Gorndbell Village was a small village. Unlike other villages that grew with the benefit of tourism, it was remote, peaceful, and free of industrial and financial troubles. The

villagers were simple and friendly. Most of them were elderly, so they were kind and tolerant.

Holding Aldrich's hand, I stepped on the thick snow and heard their crush.

"It's so beautiful here." I couldn't help but sigh. This must be the paradise described in the epics.

Aldrich smiled as he allowed me to run around in the snow.

All of a sudden, lively music could be heard from afar.

"What's happening over there?" I curiously stretched my neck and looked into the distance.

A middle-aged woman passing by answered enthusiastically, "It's the Vic family holding a wedding! The villagers are going to join in the fun. Do you guys want to dance?"

I shook my head awkwardly. "I don't think that is a good idea. We don't know each other, and we're here uninvited."

199 The Wedding

Selma Payne's POV:

"Young lady, don't be too shy! And your boyfriend, boy, don't just stand there and watch. Come and bring your girlfriend to the party!" the woman pulled me away enthusiastically.

We couldn't refuse her kindness, so we followed her to a small house near the foot of the mountain.

The house was not big, and a pine fence surrounded a wide and flat open space. Its owner might have liked to plant some flowers and plants on it, but now, there was only passionate music and happy laughter from the crowd.

The middle-aged woman called out to the owner, "Hey! Old Vic, look what I've brought you! Two new friends!"

A white-bearded man in a formal suit ran over and warmly hugged the woman, Aldrich, and me.

We didn't even have time to react before the cigarette smell hugged us.

The man didn't mind strangers barging into his son's wedding. He was even pleased to have someone to share his joy with.

The ring exchange ceremony was probably over, and it was time for the first dance. The bride and groom took the lead and started to dance the lively Cha Cha. The drum's rich rhythm could easily capture every guest's limbs. By the time I returned to my senses, I had already pulled Aldrich onto the dance floor.

There were all kinds of people here. There were white-haired old ladies, young and beautiful high school students, and even children running around on the ground. Everyone had a smile on their faces, singing and cheering to the music.

No one knew us, but everyone liked us. This was a wedding of happiness and laughter, and it welcomed every guest with blessings.

I felt the invisible shackles on my hands and feet suddenly disappear, and I pulled Aldrich to dance one dance after another. Sometimes, I would dance with others, be it a young girl in a sequined suit or a middle-aged man with a pipe in his mouth. We didn't need to know each other's names. We met by chance, and only joy was priceless.

Finally, the last dance was over, and the happy wedding was coming to an end.

The bride and groom went on stage to thank the guests. With the crowd's cheers, they gently kissed in front of the holy Rocky Mountains.

At that moment, something took root and sprouted in my body.

I suddenly realized that today's event I participated in was the beginning of a great undertaking called 'marriage'.

I wasn't the main character of the wedding, but I felt intense warmth and happiness.

I didn't know what kind of psychological term could be used to describe my current state. I looked at the bride's white wedding dress and suddenly imagined that I was the female lead wearing a white dress and receiving the crowd's cheers. As for my husband, he had the face of an Aldrich, and his tall and straight figure was wrapped in a black tuxedo without a single detail.

'I' carefully arranged the colorful bouquet in my hand. Surrounded by the young ladies and men, 'I' turned around and gently threw the bouquet behind me.

Whoosh!

Subconsciously, I reached out to catch it.

Everyone's gazes gathered on me.

Only then did I realize what I had done. I caught the bride's bouquet!

Recalling the legend of catching the bouquet, my face heated up, and my brain crashed.

Everyone cheered once again. They saw Aldrich and me holding hands tightly and generously gave us all kinds of goodwill-filled blessings.

I shyly hid behind the bouquet and shrank into Aldrich's embrace. The people's cheers became even more intense.

It was unknown who shouted first, "Kiss her! Give her a kiss!"

This seemed to have turned on a switch, and the water-like cheers poured. Even the bride and groom were looking at us in a daze. When they met my eyes, the bride even winked at me encouragingly.

I couldn't help but look at the man beside me.

He smiled helplessly and accepted the kind teasing of the villagers. I shifted my gaze to his thin and attractive lips. I had kissed them countless times, but at this moment, I knew that they were different from the past.

Perhaps it was because I hesitated for too long, but everyone's cheers gradually died. Aldrich also said in an understanding manner, "There are indeed a lot of people here. If you don't want to, Selma, we can take a walk."

Before he could finish, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him.

Who said I didn't want to?

The villagers immediately burst into an earth-shattering cheer, and the thunderous applause lasted for a long time. Some were whistling, some were laughing and giving their blessings, but I didn't care about anything. I only cared about this tall man before me.

The bright bouquet was even more intense than the sun in the sky.

I couldn't help but think, 'What does this bouquet represent? Dear goddess, please tell me, is this proof that you acknowledge my love for Aldrich? Is this bouquet a gift from you to allow it to be a witness to my marriage with Aldrich?'

I was going to take this bouquet back and ask the werewolf grandmaster to cast a time spell on it, then keep it forever.

It would be a witness at my wedding with Aldrich. It would enjoy the sunlight and fresh dew in our bedroom and become an index of sweet memories of when we were old. It would multiply in front of our graves like a never-dying flower.

Aldrich and I gently separated, pressing our foreheads and smiling at each other.

“I love you, Selma,” he said softly.

200 Another Frank

Selma Payne’s POV:

I didn’t hesitate this time. “I love you too, Aldrich.”

After tactfully rejecting the host’s good intentions of having us stay for dinner, I held hands with Aldrich and strolled back to the safe house.

The house that had been empty for an entire afternoon was a little cold. In between my breaks, I carefully arranged the petals and leaves of the flower in my hand and solemnly placed them into a clean wooden box.

The fresh flowers would wither very soon. What could I do?

I used mind-link to ask Dorothy if there was a solution. She said, “You can try to draw a simple time-delay spell.”

“But I don’t have the talent for magic. I can’t use magic.”

“Although you don’t have magic power, you have a strong ‘power’. You can use the power drawn from demonic shards or other things as the structure’s foundation. It might produce unexpected effects.”

“Will this work?” I was still not sure. After they were absorbed and transformed by me, they became mine entirely. All the attributes that existed before were now invalid. They couldn’t form magic waves at all.

“Try it? It’s the only way now, and it won’t take much effort to try.”

And so, with Dorothy’s guidance, I set up a time-delay spell on the surface of the wooden box.

There was no reaction from the wooden box, so I wasn’t sure if it would work.

“Put a feather or a piece of paper in it,” Dorothy said. “Then shake the box. If the thing you put in doesn’t move, the time-delay spell has succeeded.”

I put a few pieces of paper and carefully shook the wooden box. After all, the petals were more fragile than the sheets. Then, I opened the lid. It was a success! The paper didn’t move as if it had been glued to the box.

“See, what did I say?” Dorothy was also pleased. “We won’t lose anything if we give it a try. Isn’t there a good result now?”

I gave Dorothy a huge mental kiss. Of course, she could only hear it across time and space. Before she could scream, I quickly cut off the mind link.

‘Sigh, Dorothy is getting more and more impolite to me. Where did that quiet little rabbit go?’

After arranging the firewood, Aldrich entered the room and saw me looking at a box with a smile. He curiously asked, “What’s up?”

I showed him the flowers in the box. “Look! Dorothy taught me the time-delay spell, so this bouquet will not wither until we return to the palace.”

“Amazing! Our Princess is now on her way to becoming a werewolf grandmaster.” Aldrich kissed me on the cheek. “What should I do? When you become very powerful, will you kick this useless boyfriend away? Oh, I’ll be very sad then!”

“Don’t say that.” I laughed and covered his mouth. “This is really... Really ‘low’. Promise me, don’t watch too many idol dramas on third-rate TV channels, okay?”

Aldrich muttered depressedly, “As expected, I shouldn’t have listened to those old bones in the army, hehe!”

Just as we were laughing and joking around, there was a sudden knock on the door.

We were immediately on guard.

It was already dark. Who would come back so late to disturb two foreigners who came to ‘visit’?

“Hello, may I know who this is?” Aldrich asked.

“It’s me, Aldrich. Frank!” A tired voice came from outside.

We were surprised. Why was Captain Frank here? He should be leading the team in the ruins of the witch clan!

There was a problem!

Out of caution, we didn’t open the door immediately. Aldrich exchanged secret signals with the person outside the door, and the other party answered them.

This time, even Aldrich was in a rare state of confusion. I used this secret code when I was still a rookie in the training camp. No one knew it except the real Frank!

Could that person outside be Frank?

If that was the case, who was the one in the ruins of the witch clan?

I immediately asked Dorothy about Captain Frank's movements and received an answer that he was patrolling the camp.

This was strange! Two Franks!

Someone knocked on the door again, and Frank's voice rang out. "I know you have questions, but I can guarantee that I'm the real Frank Manon, and the one on the mountain is a fake. I can explain everything that has happened to me. Now, let me into the house. I'm going to starve to death in five minutes."

After much consideration, we decided to let Frank in first.

What if he was real? He sounded weak. We couldn't watch him freeze to death outside the safe house.

A haggard old man in ragged clothes stood in the night. I would have thought he was a homeless man if it weren't for the familiar scar above his eye.

"Thank god there's someone here. I am so hungry that my stomach is starting to digest itself." Frank unceremoniously collapsed on the large sofa as soon as he entered the place. He looked like he didn't have much strength left to stand up.

"Is there anything to eat? Anything is fine."

The instant duck porridge was still on the fireplace, but it was not hot yet because it had not been long.

However, Frank didn't mind and gobbled down two large bowls.

I brought him a clean, thick, and warm blanket. When his face regained color, I asked, "Alright, now please tell us what all this is about."