

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 321 Teleportation

Selma Payne's POV:

Although the wanderers were brutal, they could not do much after years of attacks, and their methods were even worse. As soon as Dorothy and Master Kevin entered the elf forest, they detected an extremely obvious evil aura. This was not something that the wanderers could have left behind. The only explanation was that they had colluded with an organization like a cult, witches, and wizards.

This was not good news. Children were traditional and popular 'materials' for them, be it a cult, an evil witch, or a wizard. Once the missing orphans became sacrifices or experimental materials for the evil sacrifice, they would be in danger.

"This group of b*stards."

I couldn't help but curse at the wanderers who took away the orphans. I scoffed at their hypocritical words and despicable actions.

Attacking packs today, assassinating nobles and officials the next day, and bombing hospitals or schools the day after tomorrow were how the wanderers did things. They said they wanted to overthrow oppression, demonstrate to the rulers, and awaken the people's consciousness. Wasn't the flowery excuse just a disguise for his behavior of accumulating wealth and power?

What kind of demonstration would require the cooperation of cults, evil wizards, and witches? What kind of awakening would require the sacrifice of innocent children?

"Step up the search," I ordered my team members. "Find these hidden wild dogs and make them pay for what they have done!"

Following the evil aura, we easily found the first clue. It was not even noon yet.

On a ramp outside the elf forest, Master Kevin found a sacrificial array drawn with blood. From the runes on the edge, it pointed to an old acquaintance of mine – the deep sea demon, Leviathan.

Not only that, but the blood used for the drawing was human blood. Through the test, there was a high probability that it came from 'an innocent and pure individual'.

Which meant children.

Fortunately, we did not find any bodies of children in the surroundings. Master Kevin and Dorothy did not find death energy on the array either. This meant that the wanderers were most likely only taking blood and not killing.

As we continued to venture deeper, what I saw and heard along the way made me feel that something was wrong, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

At noon, the search team took a break. The team members were on high alert, disguising themselves and preparing lunch. Everything was in order, but there were still some traces of chaos.

Wait, traces?

I quickly recalled what I had seen and heard along the way and suddenly realized what was wrong. It was too clean and too calm. The traces we found from the wanderers were mostly scattered and small.

However, when he thought about it carefully, how could a team of Motley troops lead a group of undisciplined children running for their lives in such a hurry? They couldn't clean the place as they walked, even restoring the grass and flowers to their original state. If that were the case, they probably wouldn't be more than a kilometer away.

A certain thought formed in my mind, and I immediately asked for confirmation. "Master Kevin, have you figured out what the formation is for?"

Master Kevin shook his head. "I've never seen an array like this. It seems to be a combination of several evil sacrifices. I still need time to crack it. But so far, I've managed to separate a few more obvious elements related to exchange and space."

"Exchange and space, what does that mean?"

"The former is an element that exists in most evil sacrifices. As the name implies, it is to use sacrifices to exchange for some reward with the pointed evil god. Some ancient runes would use them to form a magic circuit that exchanges space. In layman's terms, it's similar to the ability to teleport and retrieve objects from a distance."

It was exactly what I thought!

The wanderers had obtained some teleportation ability through Leviathan, allowing them to travel at high speed without leaving any traces. But at the same time, there should be more harsh conditions and cooldown time. They could not always rely on this ability, as the subtle traces left along the way were proof.

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This was bad news for us. We could no longer use common sense to predict the escape speed of the wanderers, let alone plan their route. They might have even left the elf forest.

I immediately informed my father of this possibility and asked him to step up the search in the werewolf territory. In addition, we must continue the search in the elf forest. At the very least, we had to confirm that there were no wanderers here.

Over the next few days, we discovered a few more evil sacrificial arrays identical to the first. It seemed that it was not easy to deal with the demons. At least, judging from the distance between our formations, Leviathan's appetite was growing bigger.

We thoroughly searched the elf forest on this side of the border but didn't find anything. After extending the range for a while, there was not even a trace left, which meant that the wanderers had fled, either taking the risk to advance into the elven territory or fleeing back to the werewolf territory.

No matter how unwilling I was, I could only helplessly announce that the team was leaving. However, an unexpected problem suddenly occurred before we could get far.

The elves had discovered our tracks.

322 Starting A Fight

Selma Payne's POV:

I had a vague feeling that this operation had gone too smoothly. I hoped that there wouldn't be any accidents at the end. As expected, big trouble fell from the sky.

When the scout reported traces of elves in the distance, my heart sank. When they confirmed that the other party was coming for us, I immediately ordered them to abandon the original route and leave the forest in the shortest straight line. Everyone took off and hid their combat equipment, trying their best to disguise themselves as a civilian scientific research team.

We were aggrieved, but who asked us to be unreasonable? If there were no results from the wandering forces here, there would be a lot of fun to watch if there was a diplomatic incident on the other side.

However, things did not go as one wished. No matter how much we hurried, an accident still happened.

"The people in front, stop! I'm the captain of the third patrol, Kaya. I'm currently using my right to inspect you. Please stop and cooperate with us!"

The elven voice came from afar, and we were still quite far from the edge of the elf forest. If we turned into our wolves, our speed would be much faster, but this was equivalent to confessing without being attacked. I had no choice but to signal the team members to stop and pretend to be scientific expedition members for inspection.

A few dozen seconds later, a group of fully-armed elves appeared in front of us. They had different hair colors, most of which were from different clans. However, they all wore the same badge, which meant that this was a patrol team directly under the king's city. Compared to the clans, the people of the capital were more troublesome.

Their leader was a female elf with light brown hair. She had an unfriendly aura about her. She arrogantly demanded before asking us who we were and why we were there. "There is a criminal gang from the werewolves wandering outside the elf forest. We suspect that you are related to them. Now, we need you to cooperate with our investigation. Please come with us."

I suddenly felt that this beautiful elf had become mean. Who the hell was she? Where did she get the nerve to arrest people so casually? Her tone was so matter-of-fact that she must have bullied many travelers who entered the elf forest!

Since she had spoken bluntly, I would not be polite. "I'm sorry, but we can't do that. We're just an academic expedition team with formal documents and identification. We have nothing to do with the criminal gang you're talking about. If you want to arrest us, please show us the arrest warrant. Otherwise, we won't follow you."

Kaya was used to being tyrannical. She didn't expect that a group of 'weak commoners' like us would dare to refute her like this. Her face darkened, and she growled, "I don't care who you are, but you must follow the rules of the elven race in the elves' territory. The patrol team has the right to punish anyone with suspicious identities. Please cooperate with us, and don't force us to use force!"

"You're so demanding. If I remember correctly, the werewolves and the elves signed a treaty about the outer area of the elf forest and the surrounding plains two hundred years ago. The treaty states that this is a common border area, and all disputes must be negotiated between the two races. When did it become the elven race's decision?"

If you put it that way, you have to abide by the rules of the werewolf race. You have to have evidence to arrest someone, or you'll have to tuck your tails between your legs and keep quiet. It won't be an ordinary patrol operation if you dare to use force against us. If a dispute between the two races is stirred up, are you sure that you can bear the responsibility, a little captain the size of a sesame seed?"

I didn't make this up. The rulers of the two races signed the 'border treaty'. The outskirts of the elf forest and a part of the plains outside the werewolf pack's border were indeed the border zone within the treaty. All construction, industrial, commercial, agricultural,

military, and other operations here required the joint consent of the two tribes. This was also why my father could not directly send people to search the elf forest's periphery.

I really wondered how an arrogant, big-breasted, brainless elf like Kaya had managed to become the captain. Perhaps the elf race's birth rate had dropped so low that they had no choice but to use people with manic disorders as officials. In short, after the negotiation failed, we inevitably had a conflict – although this was also the result of my efforts.

Compared to a peaceful resolution, starting a conflict was the way to deal with them without any worries. I wasn't crazy. The truth was that if we cooperate with their investigation, we would inevitably leave behind personal information. Although the fake identity was fake, the photos were real!

As the Crown Princess of the werewolves, news of me would reach the elves' territory sooner or later. By then, my identity would be exposed immediately. How would I answer when people ask me why I hid my identity? It was equivalent to burying a time bomb that would explode sooner or later.

It was different when we fought. The other party wouldn't be able to get any of my personal information, be it real or fake. So what if someone saw through my identity one day? Did they have a photo? Was there a video? Was there any evidence to prove that it was me? There was nothing at all. Creating rumors without any basis could cause an accident.

Disguising as a scientific research team was to hide our identities. Since this group of brainless elves didn't believe us at all, there was no point in disguising ourselves. We used our real abilities in the fight. The elves were not good at close combat, and with our advantage in numbers, it was easy for us to beat them up.

323 Talents

Selma Payne's POV:

Kaya, who was captured, wanted to kill me with her eyes, but who would care about the thoughts of a defeated opponent? I asked Master Kevin to cast a spell on the elves to forget everything and sneakily made him add the evil elements used by evil sacrifices to the spell, pinning the blame on the wanderers.

After doing all this, I suddenly felt like I had accidentally become the villain. However, there were no good or bad people in the war between the two races. If I were to surrender without putting up a fight, these arrogant elves might do something even more outrageous.

Did someone think the gentle image the elves had created for themselves was real? There was no way the 'good guy' would be able to stand out among the supernatural races with strange abilities.

We left the unconscious elf at a safe place and hurried along. We finally left the elf forest's periphery before dark.

After entering the latest pack, I ordered the team members to make adjustments and report today's encounter to my father.

My father didn't agree with my rashness, but after hearing my reason, he felt that although the method was a bit rough, it could save him a lot of trouble. He asked me to return to the Yellow Leaf Pack immediately and appear in public as if I had recovered from my illness. As for the search team, they immediately returned to the pack for their next mission.

"Traces left behind by the wanderers have been found in many areas. Even the three packs have found an evil sacrificial array that is the same as the picture you sent back. The wanderers will likely split into several small teams and commit crimes separately. Our next step is to carry out an inch-by-inch investigation in the entire clan's territory and rescue the missing orphans as soon as possible to prevent the wanderers from doing anything that will endanger the people," my father said.

"The search will alert the wanderers, and they will likely escape to the border again. I have already sent troops to guard a few important passes, and your next task is to manage the three packs. The border areas where they are located are famous for being poor and weak, and there was a high probability that they would become the choice of the wanderers. I'll send the army to assist you, and report to me immediately if I find any suspicious people."

After dismissing the search team, I rushed to the Yellow Leaf Pack overnight and appeared in front of everyone at noon the next day as if I had just recovered from a serious illness.

Aldrich didn't participate in this search mission because I was feigning illness. As the other royal family representative, he had to appear in front of the people to appease everyone.

Fifteen days had passed, and the results of the poll were out. Unsurprisingly, the residents of the three packs supported the merger with a high approval rate. What surprised me even more was that the interim government discussed a set of transformation plans and gave them to me in these fifteen days.

"Don't underestimate anyone's wisdom." I couldn't help but sigh. "Back then, I chose the people's representatives in the hope that they could balance the officials and make the

government work in the direction of the benefit of the people. Who would have thought that they would give me such a big surprise? ”

It was always the people themselves who understood the needs of the people. This plan was much more detailed than my idea and closely related to the people’s livelihood. I summoned a few of the people’s representatives in charge of drafting the draft and asked them for their thoughts. Although they were a little reserved, they still boldly expressed their ideas.

I could tell that there was a leader among them. It was the woman who answered my questions most of the time. Her name was Wania, and her white hair showed that she had been through a lot in her life.

This spirited old woman had worked in the government for many years, and after the overthrown Alpha came to power, she was squeezed out by his lover. After that, she worked as a welfare social worker for many years and deeply understood the people’s livelihoods.

When faced with my questions, her answers were neither humble nor overbearing. She even gave me new inspiration from many angles. The more I talked to her, the more I felt she was a rare talent. She could play a role in the modification work.

After the conversation ended, I sincerely extended an invitation to everyone, including Wania. “Merging packs was a complicated project, and modifying them was even more difficult. Everyone here was an indispensable talent for building new packs. Please join the planning team and give your help.”

This might be good for others, but Wania rejected me without hesitation.

Although she said it very nicely, ‘she’s old’ and ‘her strength doesn’t follow her heart’, I always felt that her experience in her youth made her no longer trust those in power, so she kept a respectful distance from me.

I didn’t force her. Although I wanted her to join the planning team, I couldn’t force her.

In short, we would officially begin the transformation planning work according to this comprehensive draft. The transitional zone in the three packs had to be used. The low land price and large available land made it a superior residential land. No one had any objections to the construction of new communities, but there was a great contradiction when it came to the transformation of the Old City District.

324 The Planning

Selma Payne’s POV:

“The current division of the functional areas is too fragmented. For example, the third street, the hospital, the shopping mall, and the entertainment street are all squeezed into the same street. It may seem like it’s not harmonious on the surface, but the traffic will increase when the pack is developed and the population increases. Moreover, this is the hub that connects the other three main roads. A traffic jam will paralyze the entire city!”

“But you can’t just tear it down like that! How many people rely on this street to work and support their families? Where are they going to find another job if we tear this place down?”

“We don’t have to close the shops to demolish the buildings. We can move the existing businesses to the new district.”

“What about the commuting problem? The new district is the suburbs according to its previous geographical location. Do you want people to spend three or four hours every day commuting to and from work?”

“That’s not a valid question. The new district is planned for the construction of residential areas. We can prioritize those who need to work in the new district to buy houses!”

“You’re encouraging property speculation! The new district’s house prices will go up, which goes against our original intentions!”

“Then what do you think we should do? We can’t tear it down or move them out, so will we leave this place alone? According to what you said, all areas will have problems that need to be made. If we consider everything and don’t solve anything, what’s the point of the transformation?”

The planning committee was already arguing like a pot of porridge. The members had opinions, and no one was willing to give in to the other. They almost started fighting. Seeing this, I couldn’t continue listening and gratefully said, “Watch your manners, ladies and gentlemen. This is the government office, not an underground boxing ring!”
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The committee members shut their mouths and glared at their opposition. Their faces were as cold as ice, and no one was willing to step back.

I knew the planning work wouldn’t go so smoothly, but it was still beyond my expectations to have such a huge argument on the first day.

I rubbed my throbbing temples and tried to calm myself down. “All the members are right. Planning the functional areas is very important, and it’s also important to be close to people’s livelihood. However, please always remember one principle – what we want is transformation. Do you understand what transformation means? It’s not to destroy

everything, and it's not to do anything. Reconstruction is necessary. The problem with the Old City District is that it's unreasonable. Keeping it as it is won't change anything."

These words revealed my bias, and those who wanted to keep it the same could only keep quiet no matter how much they disagreed.

"The replanning of the functional areas is necessary, but the amount of money needed to demolish and rebuild everything is astronomical. We need more loans, and investments won't favor this kind of loss-making business that can't earn back the money at a glance, so we must use all the resources we have.

"My opinion is to start a building inspection campaign immediately. Divide the buildings in the Old City District into different levels according to factors such as the degree of freshness, safety factor, and service life. Plan and transform the buildings that can be used on the original site as much as possible. Demolish and rebuild the old buildings that are really dangerous.

"In addition, we must first plan the traffic during the investigation. Those that need to be widened, those that need to be rebuilt, and those that need to be diverted must be widened. After the transformation of the Old City District, there will be a steady stream of construction materials and raw materials pouring in, which will be a huge test for the roads. According to the current transportation system, there will be problems.

"There's also the problem of manpower. The construction team is a huge human expense. In addition to professional personnel, we can recruit ordinary workers from the public. This is written in detail in the draft, so I won't go into detail. That's all I have to say. Is there anything anyone would like to advise me on?"

The committee members asked detailed questions about my opinion and then unanimously agreed to start the discussion in this direction.

After all was said and done, the problem was money. Whether building buildings, paving roads, or hiring workers, they all required a large amount of money. With the reserves of three packs, it was simply a drop in the bucket. Although my father promised to let the central bank approve the interest-free loan, we still have to submit the proposal before it can be approved. This was a necessary procedure and couldn't be omitted.

In addition, it was impossible for the central bank to borrow money endlessly. The rest of the capital gaps still had to rely on investment. The importance of networking could be seen from this. The royal family had a natural appeal in this regard. Once the news of the new pack's bidding was released, it attracted many businessmen who came with money.

As for the various privileges that could be used to exchange for funds, I would turn a blind eye to them if I didn't go too far. The unspoken rules of this industry couldn't be

banned at all. Rather than fighting with wits and courage over the minor details, it would be better to control all underground transactions as insurance directly.

In short, after many efforts, the modification work of the combined packs finally began in full swing!

A month had passed by now. While I suffered from hair loss due to the modifications, the wanderers' hunt for me also received results.

Under the military's pursuit, several groups of wanderers were captured without putting up a fight. A total of thirty-three orphans were rescued from their hands. Unfortunately, four orphans had passed away from the abuse of the wanderers, leaving behind no bodies.

325 Infighting

Selma Payne's POV:

This caused a huge public uproar among the werewolves, and the wanderers were pushed to the forefront of the storm. The people's disgust towards these stray dogs reached a peak, and they began to resist spontaneously. Many of the nests of the wanderers hidden among the people were also broken through in one fell swoop. More than a dozen middle and upper echelons were caught, and their evil deeds caused public opinion to reach an even higher peak.

However, due to the manipulation of some people, public opinion gradually changed and suddenly began to attack the central government. Some people gathered and paraded, demanding that the Council of Elders take responsibility for this. They even asked the speaker to take the blame and resign.

The right-hand President had always been a fence-sitter who did not please nor offend either side. He was purely a 'highly respected' mascot in the Council of Elders. So, the real target of this resignation storm was very obvious. As the left-hand President, there was no way Arkadius could guarantee that he wouldn't offend anyone. Furthermore, he was a clear-headed royalist, which made him even more of a thorn in the side of some people. It would be strange if they didn't take this opportunity to mess with him.

However, Arkadius couldn't resign so easily. He didn't have any major responsibility at all. The wanderers had been a historical problem accumulated for thousands of years. Unless the expulsion system was abolished and no more werewolves defected, there was no way to solve the root problem.

The political struggle in the distant Lycan pack was far away from me but also close. The person who revealed his fangs didn't care about tearing this layer of pretense apart. Recently, the approval speed of some documents and funds had slowed down or even

been intentionally delayed by someone. Someone was treating me like a soft persimmon and trying vainly to make things difficult.

I could tolerate it if it happened once or twice, but destroying the foundation of the transformation plan was like dancing on my minefield.

When Emma returned to the office with the notice of delay, my only thought was to fly back to the Lycan pack and bite those old and cunning politicians to death. This loan was intended to purchase advanced equipment for the newly built central hospital. Although the investors had generously said that they could bear all the expenses, I couldn't agree to it at all. Otherwise, it was hard to say what the hospital's name was.

Now that the money was stuck and there was no money to pay the supplier, the other party would not transport the equipment. Some hospital departments could not operate as usual, and the patients waiting for treatment could only watch their condition worsen. Pulling one hair would affect the whole body. Did that group of old men full of schemes and plots not know how to take things seriously?

Obviously, in the face of power, they didn't care about the lives of the civilians. Perhaps they would be happy to have two more people die so they could easily pour dirty water on me.

This group of people dared to pull my tiger whiskers. They must have been mentally prepared for my revenge, right?

Under my secret arrangements, many of my family members had already left the army and integrated into various industries. Many people in the government had become my eyes and spies.

Under their operation, a large amount of evidence of corruption and power-sex transactions was continuously sent to me. I picked out the most active people and handed them to my father. In less than three days, the news of a high-ranking official's fall would be in the headlines of society.

I didn't show my face from the beginning to the end. I had to say, the feeling of hiding in the dark and planning strategies was quite addictive.

However, I would not play a political game for a while. I still had to focus on the modification work.

By the way, after another poll, the new pack finally had a name – the Spring Rain Pack, which meant a new beginning and a prosperous future.

The modification work of the Spring Rain Pack was carried out in an orderly manner. Another month passed, and the army had captured more wanderers and even more orphans who had been taken away.

One day, while I was still fighting with the endless accounts in my office, Aldrich, who was in charge of security work, suddenly came to me and said with a serious face. "The patrol team has found traces of the wanderers in the suburbs. I've already asked Master Kevin to track them. There was an obvious evil aura and the smell of blood at the scene, and it was suspected that an evil sacrifice ceremony had been carried out. However, we haven't discovered the evil sacrificial array and don't know if the wanderers have used unknown means."

When I received the news, I was not surprised at all, even though I was on high alert. With the army's relentless pursuit, the wanderers had nowhere to hide and would inevitably try to escape outside the borders. The few major border packs, including the Silver Moon Pack, had already set up an inescapable net. If the wanderers wanted to survive, they would have to go to the weak breakthrough point, the Spring Rain Pack.

First of all, the Spring Rain Pack was newly built and did not have any strong guards. The basic work still depended on the army borrowed by my father. Secondly, I'd also deliberately relaxed the Spring Rain Pack's defense. Otherwise, how could I attract the mice?

"Is everything prepared according to the original plan?"

"Yes, the soldiers in casual clothes have already integrated into the people. Every street and important traffic pass has soldiers monitoring them twenty-four hours a day. The operations team is also on standby. They immediately began to capture the wanderers when they received the order. However, we haven't found any traces of them, so we can't determine their number or how many children they have in their hands."

"That's fine for now. We'll wait for Master Kevin's news for the time being. Don't alert the enemy."

326 Rainy Night

The wanderers' POV:

With the construction, the nightlife of the spring rain pack had gradually become richer. The heavy atmosphere of death was leaving this Land of Hope and was replaced by endless vitality and energy.

Under the cover of midnight and the shadows, a team of werewolves was sneaking around the hidden corner of the Spring Rain Pack. They were travel-worn and had extraordinary skills. Their fierce faces were full of shrewdness and hostility, and each had a strong evil aura and bloody smell, making hiding an extremely difficult thing.

"Damn it. I told you this wasn't reliable. I was right!" One of the short and strong werewolves spat angrily. "We were all f*cking tricked by that old thing! He said he

wouldn't have to worry about food and water for the rest of his life after this big deal, but now he's almost losing his life!"

His companion had the same thought. "I'm going to run away after this. There's no place for us in the werewolf's territory. It's better to sneak into human society and have some fun. That's not the werewolf's territory, and it's beyond their reach. They can't control how I spend my time there!"

They only exchanged a few words occasionally. This group of people had fierce looks but also fear on their faces. They only dared to say harsh words to boost each other's courage.

Their leader led the way in silence. Occasionally, neon lights would flash across his face under the hood of his hoodie, making the hideous scars look like they were oozing blood.

He interrupted everyone, "Be serious. We'll talk at the border. Otherwise, you might not even live to see the sun tomorrow, let alone run to human society."

This person was very prestigious among the stray werewolves. Although not everyone respected him, no one dared to challenge his authority.

The clouds in the sky gathered, and after a few claps of thunder, the autumn rain quietly fell.

The sudden rain caught the people off guard. The workers on duty rushed out to cover the building materials exposed in the air with a tarp, and the pedestrians on the night tour rushed to the buildings on the side to avoid the rain. The street was in a state of panic, and the wanderers had no choice but to temporarily stop their advance and hide in an empty corner to avoid being seen.

When it rains, it pours. Even the taciturn leader of the wanderers could not help but complain, "Damn the weather, it's troubling me on purpose!"

A few of the stray werewolves were exhausted. They hesitantly put down the backpacks on their shoulders and asked their leader, "Boss, this thing is useless now, right? Our brothers are tired from carrying the monsters. Why don't we leave them? We can't connect with the other side now, so bringing these burdens will only add to the pressure."

He opened his backpack, and a few strange small wooden sculptures were inside. These wood carvings were sculpted into the shape of children. The technique was rough, but they exuded an aura of despair and horror.

The leader looked at the werewolf who spoke and said nothing, but the werewolf who spoke shuddered. He silently closed his backpack and put it back on his shoulder, no longer saying anything.

A few minutes later, the street was quiet again, and only the rain could be heard.

“Let’s go,” the leader ordered. “Run as fast as you can. Stay alert. Something’s not right.”

The wanderers started running, and a few asked, “What happened, boss? Has someone discovered us?”

“This pack is being watched everywhere. Idiots, they probably already knew that we’d infiltrated the city.” The leader said, “There’s no one on the street now. Anyone who’s out will be very conspicuous. This isn’t a matter of being exposed or not, but we have no other choice. It’s only a matter of time before we’re exposed. Run with all your might if you don’t want to die!”

Just as the leader had said, a few minutes later, a force that was obviously from the regular army began to track the stray werewolves brazenly. This made everyone feel uneasy. The leader tried to change his route to shake off the pursuers, but it was useless.

“What do we do, boss?” The timid wanderer began to tremble. “It’s the army. It must be the army! They’ve discovered us. There is only a handful of us, and we have no chance of winning against them!”

“Stop your f*cking nonsense and run!” The leader gave him a hard slap. “You can either run for your life or stay behind to cover our brothers. It’s your choice, you coward!”

The wanderers fled with all their might, but to the pursuers, it was like a turtle in a jar. Soon, they found that the pursuers appeared from different directions one after another, obviously forcing them to shrink their activity circle.

“Motherf*ckers!”

Seeing that the situation wasn’t good, the leader cursed in his heart and asked his subordinates to throw away the wooden sculptures in their backpacks. Then, he took out a bottle of scarlet liquid with the smell of the sea and poured it on the wooden sculptures.

“You don’t want these little brats anymore?” The subordinates were on tenterhooks.

“You’re about to lose your life. Why do you still care about this?” the leader scolded. “We’ll catch new ones when they run away. It’s more important to escape now!”

They abandoned their burdens and fled into the distance. The wooden sculptures left behind were gradually penetrated by the scarlet liquid, twisting and expanding and finally turning into living children.

Raindrops fell on the children's faces, and the cold made them gradually open their eyes.

327 Pollution

Selma Payne's POV:

The night rain poured down, filling the night sky with a layer of ominous mist.

By the time I arrived, the warriors were in a tough battle. It wasn't because the enemy was too powerful. On the contrary, they had to be cautious to avoid hurting their overly weak opponents.

Faced with a group of children who were not even as tall as their chests, no one dared to use any of their true abilities. They could only constantly dodge the orphans' attacks as if they did not care about their lives. Some of them were slightly injured but still dodged in a sorry state and did not fight back.

The children's state was visibly abnormal. They seemed to be controlled by something. Their dull eyes and stiff limbs were like puppets, and they were attacked in unimaginable positions by the 'puppet master'.

Some of the children's limbs were twisted and deformed and must have been fractured. However, they could not feel any pain at all. The civilians were pestering the soldiers who were trying to control them.

Seeing this, I couldn't give an order rashly. I raised my voice and asked, "What happened?"

The squad leader knocked a boy unconscious and replied loudly without turning his head, "These children are being controlled by sorcery. They can't communicate with us and are constantly attacking us!"

I saw Master Kevin standing in the safety zone, surrounded by a few warriors, writing and drawing something. His head was full of cold sweat. Obviously, the current situation was very difficult to even him.

With no other choice, I could only order the soldiers to knock the children unconscious in a way that would not hurt them. No matter what, we had to end this meaningless fight first. However, these children's ability to recover was extraordinary. They would wake up again in less than a minute after being knocked out, turning the whole thing into a never-ending vicious circle.

“Plan change. We don’t have to make the target lose consciousness. We only need to make the target lose the ability to move!” I tied up the two children who were pouncing at me with ropes and ordered the soldiers, “Be careful. Some of the children have very serious fractures. Try not to let them get injured!”

After a long time, we finally subdued all the orphans. Including the children rescued by the army, we have recovered a total of seventy-nine orphans. Eleven of them had unfortunately passed away, and the whereabouts of the remaining four were unknown. The wanderers we were pursuing were the last members who planned the kidnapping. They might have been killed if the four missing orphans were not in their hands.

I tried my best not to think about this cruel possibility. I ordered the team to organize and count the injured.

Although the controlled orphans were crazy, these children were still not enough in front of the soldiers who had been through hundreds of battles. Most of the injured soldiers only had superficial wounds, and only one had a broken palm because he had fallen to avoid the attack.

I didn’t waste any time. I immediately conjured a few black-gold moths from the New Flow to treat the soldiers’ injuries. The soldiers were all surprised by this method they had never heard of before, but their long military life made them understand that it was best to shut up when it was time to. On the other side, after many attempts, Master Kevin finally had to admit that he was helpless in the situation of the orphans.

“This isn’t a power that a mortal can gather.” He handed me the test strip in the isolation petri dish. “There are some traces of this scarlet liquid on the ground. Even without any examination, I can feel its evil and filth. Ordinary people can’t gather such power, and if there is a werewolf grandmaster or wizard with such power among the wanderers, they wouldn’t have to hide like stray dogs.”

“So you think that this thing is related to the devil?”

“Yes.” Master Kevin nodded. “I think this liquid is a concentrated solution of demonic power. The user doesn’t need to know any magic or strange power. They only have to sprinkle it like water. The madness and depravity in the condensed liquid will make people lose their minds and become the devil’s puppets. This worries me the most: these children who have been drenched in the liquid might have been poisoned too deeply and can no longer be saved.”

Looking at those children who were constantly struggling and screaming, unwilling to stop even when ropes ate into their flesh, I couldn’t accept Master Kevin’s vision. “Even with your vast knowledge, you still can’t think of a way to deal with it? So, how about we contact the Lycan pack now? The Royal Library and the Sorcery Research Association might have related records. No matter what, they are a group of innocent children. We can’t give up just like this!”

Master Kevin agreed with my idea but didn't have much hope. "The gap between man and divinity is too big. History has recorded many stories of ancient people being contaminated by divine power. Whether the power is light or evil, it is an incurable poison to people. The number of people who can escape from disaster can be counted on one hand."

Even if the chances were slim, I had to try.

328 Leading A Wolf Into The House

Selma Payne's POV:

I asked Dorothy to lead a team of warriors to support Aldrich, who had gone to chase after the wanderers, while Master Kevin and I would deal with this mess that could pollute more people if we were not careful. I kept all the warriors who had come into contact with the orphans in case they were accidentally contaminated with the evil power concentrate and fell into madness. Fortunately, the soldiers were experienced and took the necessary precautions meticulously regardless of the situation. Therefore, they did not see any signs of anyone being contaminated.

There was no way to clean up the remaining concentrate on the ground. As I watched the soldiers carefully divide the quarantine zone, I suddenly had a strange idea – why not try it out in New Flow?

Speaking of which, ever since I woke up from my deep sleep, I hadn't used the power of New Flow other than to summon the black-gold moths to treat the injuries of my family members. My life had been really peaceful, and I hadn't encountered any life-and-death situations. However, New Flow's basic attribute was devouring. I'd even devoured Azazel before. Although it was only an incarnation in the human world, what was there to be afraid of from other demons?

I immediately ordered everyone to leave the quarantine area and wrap the pollution source in the river from the inside out. Then, I tried to absorb the remaining concentrate on the ground.

It was a success!

Although it didn't taste too good, as if I was drinking boiling seawater – hot, bitter, salty, and astringent – I was happy enough that I was able to solve my problem successfully.

If the sources of contamination on the ground could be dealt with, could the contaminated people also be purified through the river?

I first let the strong warriors try it out, and as expected, I found an evil power hidden in the corners of their bodies. There were no side effects to the warriors purified by New Flow, which meant I could use the same method on the orphans without any worry.

The evil power that had invaded the orphan was more energetic and dangerous. When it sensed the arrival of New Flow, it immediately controlled the orphans and made them struggle. It was a pity that their last-ditch efforts were useless, and I only spent a little effort to get rid of them. The purified orphans woke up in a few seconds. Some began to cry out loud because of the pain, while some fainted – it was painful.

I was afraid there would be an unknown reaction to the evil power, so I didn't immediately treat the orphans. Now, I didn't have any concerns. However, physical healing injuries could not solve everything. Obviously, these skinny children had been suffering from long-term starvation, intimidation, and other abuse. They were all skinny and withered and needed immediate medical intervention.

I sent a team of soldiers to escort the orphans to the temporary settlement. I would lead the rest to meet up with Aldrich and Dorothy.

On the way, I received a call from the Lycan pack. They had yet to find a way to solve the problem of being contaminated by evil energy. I told them I'd solved the problem here, and they were happy to give me new information.

"A minute ago, we received a distress signal from the elven territory." My father said, "An unknown force has attacked a few elven city-states near our territory. The other party can use a powerful evil force to pollute the elves. In just a few hours, a few city-states have already fallen."

"Pollution?" I keenly caught the key information. "Do you think the people who attacked the elven city will likely have this evil power concentrate we encountered today?"

"Not only that, but I now suspect that the attackers are likely to be the remnant forces of the wanderers scattered outside. They have hit walls everywhere in the werewolf territory, so they have no choice but to look for a breakthrough outside. The elves have always been wary and contemptuous of other races. A little trick can mislead the elves' investigation, and they might even lead the wolf into the house."

"No wonder they could take down a city in just a few hours."

Thinking about Kaya's behavior of capturing everyone regardless of their background, if the elven patrol team were like this, then it would be expected to invite a wolf into the house.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Since the other party has sent a request for help, we can't just sit by and do nothing. Moreover, the main culprits are the wanderers. Although they are a group of exiled or defected criminals, we're all one in the eyes of the other races. If we don't care about it, it's easy for us to be investigated and held accountable, and it'll be even more troublesome."

My father was also quite helpless about this situation. "In short, your main task now is to complete the task of hunting down the remnants of the wanderers. As for the elves, you have to save them, but you can't lose the big picture for the small. We should solve our problems first."

"I understand."

Before one wave settled, another wave rose. The piles stacked up, making my return journey even more distant. Fatigue and uneasiness caused me to uncontrollably become irascible.

Running in the wind and rain, I thought, 'You like demons? You like evil sacrifices? After capturing the remnants of the wanderers, I will drain their blood and offer them to Leviathan. Presumably, these 'loyal believers' would be proud to sacrifice themselves to serve their master, right?'

329 An Unwelcomed Old Acquaintance

Selma Payne's POV:

In the suburbs, on a desolate plain.

The rain made the ground muddy, and every step taken felt like thousands of tentacles clinging to the soles of my shoes. For convenience, we'd all shifted to our wolf form.

The black and gold wings on my back obviously couldn't be hidden at all, and it was extremely abrupt to shift the wolf shape without changing the leader. But still, stay quiet when it was time to stay quiet. The soldiers all focused on their way as if they didn't see anything, as if the fluorescent wings behind me were air.

Thanks to my superior vision, I could see a frog hundreds of meters away, even on a hazy night. The commotion of the chaotic battle couldn't escape my eyes, and our side, which had the advantage in numbers, was at a disadvantage. I didn't dare to delay any longer and immediately sped up to reinforce them.

As they got closer and closer, the situation of our battle with the wanderers gradually came into everyone's view. There were only seven wanderers, and these seven could easily resist nearly sixty people's encirclement. They could even suppress most people.

Aldrich, or Morgan, was commanding the wolf soldiers to find a breakthrough. Seeing the reinforcements arrive, he was relieved.

As I joined the battle, I asked, "What's going on? Don't tell me that this bunch of wandering b*stards suddenly ate spinach and became so powerful that they beat you all up!"

"I'm also confused." Morgan smiled bitterly. "These wanderers suddenly went crazy and attacked without regard for their lives. Their physical fitness increased several times and even exceeded the physiological limit of normal werewolves. Their muscles are as hard as gold. Who knows if they've watched too many Marvel movies and made some illegal modifications to themselves!"

Looking at the red eyes under the lids of the werewolves and the strange posture of the half-human, half-wolf, I immediately understood the reason for everything. Evil power concentrate. These fearless dregs used this on themselves.

No, that was not right. These wanderers were hiding here and there to survive. Did they have the determination to give up their lives and use the poison that had a slim chance of survival on me? More than half of the wanderers pursued by the army had surrendered when they saw that things were not going well. Why was this pathetic group so loyal to Leviathan and would rather die than be caught by us?

I carefully observed the movements of the seven stray werewolves, and as expected, I found some clues. Only six werewolves attacked as if they had rabies, and although the remaining one looked quite crazy, he kept hiding within the protective circle of the other werewolves. His behavior was not so reckless, and he even knew how to use his companions to block the attacks for him.

I tried to attack him, but he dodged it in a sorry state. However, my sharp claws pierced through the thigh of his companion.

That was right. It was him! He was the one who did everything!

All of this might not have been the stray werewolf's will, but the only sober one who had done it behind his companion's back. He used his companions to protect himself, which meant that he had a reason to escape, and his companions might not know anything about it, so the reason must be very important.

This was the border between werewolves and elves. If one thought about the city-states of the elves that were being polluted, this werewolf might have had an important reason to meet with his 'friends' outside the territory.

I couldn't let him off!

"Focus your attacks on the man in the green sweater!" I immediately ordered the soldiers, "The other werewolves are not important. Capture the one in the green sweater, dead or alive!"

Seeing that the other party wanted to fight to the death with us, I didn't have to ask for them to be alive. We had a werewolf grandmaster who was good at sorcery related to the soul. It will be the same to interrogate his soul.

The one in the green sweater realized he had been exposed, so he stopped pestering us and turned to escape. The other werewolves took the initiative to block the path for him, but it was to no avail. I no longer hid my power and got rid of the burden blocking my way as if I was cutting vegetables. I then charged toward the green-clothed man running toward the Elf Forest.

So what if he was contaminated by evil energy? They had cheated, and I wasn't an ordinary player either. A god's reconstructed body was better than a demon's inferior product. I didn't even have to run 500 meters before I pounced on the werewolf and grabbed its neck.

The wind and rain blew off my hood. With the help of the faint moonlight, I could finally see the face hidden in the shadows.

What surprised me was that I felt that this person was very familiar, especially with that hideous knife scar on his face. I must have seen him somewhere before.

The warriors had rushed over from behind me and immediately bound him tightly. The stray werewolf, whose joints had been dislocated, seemed not to feel any pain. He smiled at me and said, "We meet again, Miss. Why is our encounter so embarrassing? I'm embarrassed to be in such a sorry state in front of such a beautiful lady like you."

His glib tongue made certain fragments of my memories even more vivid. Looking at his frivolous expression, I blurted out, "Are you Locke?"

"Congratulations, you're right." Locke turned around and spat out a mouthful of blood. "What's the old saying again? The tables have turned. I caught you the last time we met, and it's the other way around this time. This is also fate, right?"

330 Another Wave

Selma Payne's POV:

What welcomed him was Aldrich's punch that he didn't hold back at all. This punch knocked out one of his front teeth.

After transforming back into his human form, Aldrich grabbed Locke's neck and said gloomily, "Mind your words, stray dog. Even if you lose your tongue, I have a hundred ways to get the information I want from you."

I didn't want to stop him. I even wanted to give this lecher another punch so his gums would be symmetrical.

"In the name of the werewolf pack and the Supreme Court, you're under arrest, Locke. You're charged with organizing a terrorist organization, attacking packs, kidnapping children, carrying out an evil sacrifice, and intentional assault and murder."

I coldly announced Locke's crimes. I wrapped him up in the river to prevent him from playing any more dirty tricks.

"You have the right to remain silent, but..." I spat halfway. "Let me save those beautiful words and get straight to the point – a sc*mbag like you won't have a good end. Even the death penalty is too easy for you."

Locke laughed out loud, and with his bruised face, he looked comical and evil.

"Dead? You're a naive little girl, Your Majesty. Do you think a desperado who licks blood on the blade like me would be afraid of torture or death?" His expression flickered with undisguised contempt and disdain. "If you're lucky enough to serve the devil for even a day, you'll understand how worthless torture is."

I was unmoved by his crazy words.

"You think you've won? What a joke. How could a mortal's every move escape the eyes of a god? She's watching us in the dark. Your pursuit and my escape are her toys." Locke's eyes contained a strange fanaticism. "How proud, how charming? Do you understand? The tragedy of being her toy, the honor of being her toy, and the pleasure of being her toy!"

"You're a lunatic, a retard, or a pervert." New Flow stopped him from talking. I said, "I've never heard of anyone sacrificing a toy to themselves. I'll find out what you're up to. Save your energy for now. I hope you can also get erect against rusty torture tools, Mr. Pervert."

I stomped hard on his bulging crotch and ignored his sudden pained expression. I then signaled for everyone to return to the camp. Tonight's pursuit had ended successfully.

Locke was a stubborn guy. After a night of interrogation, he didn't say anything. Master Kevin tried to use witchcraft to get information. Still, he encountered the same problem that Master Mary had encountered with Adele. A layer of spiritual defense firmly protected Locke's spiritual world, and any strong attack would immediately turn Locke into a fool.

The plan to interrogate the soul had also failed. Leviathan obviously had a strong desire to control its minions, and evil forces tightly sealed Locke's soul. Like the spiritual world, once the evil force felt threatened, it would immediately destroy Locke's soul.

At this point, the Spring Rain Pack couldn't get him to talk anymore. We had to send Locke back to the Lycan pack for further interrogation.

Therefore, Aldrich personally sent this criminal, who could not afford any mistakes, on his way.

The rescued orphans would receive treatment under the royal family's arrangement, and the carefully selected good families were waiting for new members to join.

The morning wind brought the smell of moist soil. I reluctantly bid farewell to Aldrich and watched him leave.

Going back to a few months ago, I would never have thought that my honeymoon would be so strange. In the past few months, we didn't have many intimate activities. Most of our energy was spent on the Spring Rain Pack and the wanderers hiding in the dark.

Although it was a bit of a pity, neither Aldrich nor I were crazy about love. Rather than doing nothing but eating, drinking, and having fun, we preferred to enrich ourselves with experience. Who said that working together for a cause wasn't a great romance?

In short, the matter of the wanderers had finally ended.

However, I didn't have time to rest as I still had a huge problem in the elven territory.

I spoke to my father again and learned from him that the Elf King had sent people to rescue the fallen cities, but water couldn't extinguish a fire nearby. It would take some time to get from the capital to the border, no matter how fast they were. Who knew how the devil's power would contaminate many elven civilians while the reinforcements were on their way, so even the elven race still needed our help?

Only a fool would refuse such a favor. Furthermore, I wasn't so cold-blooded as to watch innocent civilians being killed. Thus, after sending off Aldrich, I didn't stop to count the troops and prepare to set off for the rescue.

The work of the Spring Rain Pack was gradually going on track, so I was very assured to hand it over to the interim government.

Before I left, I left Jordin and Emma as my representatives, as usual.

The Spring Rain Pack had been gradually established, and people constantly saw its value. It was not surprising that more and more people fish in troubled waters and harm others for their own benefit.

My expression was serious, and the girls' expressions also became serious.

331 Reinforcement

Selma Payne's POV:

"When the water is clear, there will be no fish. We can pretend we don't see things that don't matter, but we must have a sense of propriety in everything. Tens of thousands of

people are looking forward to a new home. As the leader they trust, we must not disappoint them.

“From my selfish point of view, I don’t want my hard work destroyed by parasites that reap without sowing. This is the first major task I’ve handled since I was crowned. Its success or failure will directly affect my trust and prestige among the people. If anyone dares to challenge my authority, I won’t let him live the rest of his life in peace. Do you understand?”

I was rarely so strict with the girls, and they were terrified and helpless.

I knew that some things were out of their control, and I didn’t want to scare them too much, so I softened my tone and said, “I know that you may be confused and feel wronged. However, I have to say that you are not only my friends at work but also my spokespeople. In the eyes of outsiders, your every move represents my attitude. If you back off, I am the one backing off. If you turn a blind eye, I am the one turning a blind eye. Meanwhile, those insatiable villains are waiting to step on my weakness and climb all over my face.

“I’m happy to spread some insignificant interests to win people’s hearts, but I can’t do that at the core, understand? If I’m willing to give, then others can take it. If I’m unwilling to give, whoever reaches out challenges my authority. A benevolent ruler is not a good person, and my vision for the future is not to be a mere royal mascot. That would be too embarrassing for my ancestors.

“I know that many things are not your original wishes, but I must tell you a cruel reality; if you want to be my friend and play some tricks in the court, you must change the compromises you have made over the years.

“Be clear about your position, girls. You are the princess’ close friends, the crown princess’ attendants, and the future Queen’s close attendants. This will make you the ones with the upper hand over anyone. The days of living under someone else’s roof or being an obedient girl are gone forever. If you can’t control your power, others will take it away and hurt you.”

Jordin and Emma’s initial confusion and fear turned into panic and deep thought. I knew that they understood my hint.

“Anyway, the Spring Rain Pack is training me, and it’s also training you guys.” I held their hands and said sincerely, “I’m extremely envious of my father because his most trusted official is also his closest friend. I love you, Jordin and Emma. I don’t want our relationship to lose to time in the end. Please take pity on me and don’t leave me, okay?”

The girls held my hands and promised me, “I swear to the Moon Goddess that I will offer you the sincerity of a friend and the loyalty of a subject. Selma, we love you too and will never drift apart from you.”

After arranging the Spring Rain Pack, I set off with the support team when the bright moon and the stars were few.

This time, we were openly helping them, so we could use our wolf forms to hurry on. We could already detect the obvious remnants of evil power on the outskirts of the elf forest, which showed how much the border cities that had been attacked had fallen.

The elves had sent out a reinforcement unit to a sentry post on the border of the elves’ territory to receive us. I saw that the other party was an acquaintance – Kaya’s 3rd Patrol Group.

The elves who needed help couldn’t maintain their high and mighty pride and eagerly led us to the closest city.

“Autumn City has already fallen,” Kaya said anxiously. “Autumn City’s City Lord sent out a message for the last time at four in the morning. There was no more movement after that. The communication between Autumn City and the palace has also been cut off. It is impossible to predict the situation in the city. The reinforcements from the palace will only arrive tomorrow morning at the earliest. We have no choice but to ask for your help, and thank you for your help.”

“Didn’t Autumn City ask for help from the other city-states? Even if the surrounding city-states had fallen, the city-states that were further away would still be closer than the capital, right? Why do we have to wait for the capital to send troops?” I was rather puzzled.

Kaya didn’t want to talk about the elves’ internal affairs, but she had a favor to ask of us, so she could only vaguely say, “The sudden outbreak of evil corruption is too strange. To prevent large-scale infiltration, other city-states shouldn’t get involved.”

I understood what she meant.

Although werewolves and elves were divided internally, the degree of division between the elves was not comparable to the werewolves. They were divided into many complicated clans, such as the Water Elves, Wood Elves, and so on. These large clans had different branches.

Some clans had cold relationships with each other, and some were even hostile to each other. This wasn’t a secret; it was even written into the history books of many supernatural races.

From the looks of it, the city-states that could save Autumn City had chosen to play it safe.

Before midnight, we finally arrived at the outpost outside Autumn City. There was no one there. The sentries who were supposed to stay behind had all disappeared. Kaya's expression wasn't good. It seemed that the sentries were in danger.

Not far away, Autumn City was filled with evil energy. Master Kevin only took one look and shook his head. "Try your best to save people."

332 No One

Selma Payne's POV:
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Without a doubt, Autumn City had become a living hell. It was no longer a problem of defending against the enemy. It was unknown how many people could be saved from the enemy and how many of them were still unknown.

New Flow could only devour pollutants, and the black gold moths could only repair physical damage. I was helpless against my already damaged spiritual world. The only reason that the orphans from last night did not go crazy was because they had only been contaminated for a short period of time. However, Autumn City had fallen for so long that the situation could not be compared.

'Everyone, prepare your defenses. Don't let a single bit of your skin get exposed.'

I signaled for everyone to check their combat uniforms one last time. Then, I used New Flow to cover everyone with a layer of the protective film and placed a black-gold moth by their side. I didn't even miss out on the elves. If I wanted to save Autumn City, I would have to use New Flow. This couldn't be kept a secret any longer.

"If you feel any signs of contamination, immediately send a moth to inform me. Please don't force yourself, do you understand? "

"Yes!"

Everyone was divided into three teams and sneaked in from the three checkpoints of Autumn City. The strange thing was that no one was on the city gate tower. The wanderers had not sent anyone to guard their spoils of war.

The situation was not right.

I observed my surroundings more carefully, but I didn't find anything other than dead silence.

After entering the city, I saw no lights on the dark streets. Everything was covered in a layer of shadow that seemed to be able to swallow all light. Even my vision became blurry.

“Search the area within fifty meters and try to save as many people as possible.”

Under my command, the soldiers shot into the darkness like arrows. In just three minutes, everyone returned and brought me bad news. They didn't find anyone, no bodies, and no bloodstains. If it weren't for the obvious traces of life around them, they would have thought that this was no man's land.

The contaminated person should have lost his mind and gone crazy. Even if we were late, there should have been traces of a fight at the scene. How could there be nothing?

I didn't believe it and continued to explore further. However, the buildings within a 500-meter radius were really empty. The furniture was also neatly arranged as if there had not been a fierce battle.

I asked the other two teams, and they were in the same situation.

Kaya's voice was a little distorted on the radio. She said in surprise, “Autumn City is the fourth largest city-state at the border, with a permanent population of more than ten thousand. How can there be no one here? When Autumn City's City Lord called for help, he clearly said that there was an armed fight, but there was no trace of chaos at the scene. This is impossible!”

“That's right, that's impossible.” I said, “But this is the situation in front of us. There are no disaster victims, no wanderers, and nothing but darkness. Did the wanderers conduct a large-scale evil sacrifice here, and everyone was sacrificed?”

Master Kevin denied this possibility. “An evil sacrificial array that can sacrifice an entire city must be very complicated. It's impossible to complete the preparation in a short day. Moreover, even though this place is filled with evil energy, I haven't found any clues related to formations, so there shouldn't have been any evil sacrifices here.”

That was strange. There was no sign of the dead or alive. 10000 people couldn't just vanish into thin air, right?

The whole thing started to develop in a puzzling direction. As we went deeper, we explored more and more areas, but we still didn't see a single elf...

When the sky started to brighten, the three teams gathered at the center of Autumn City.

Autumn City was a very ancient city. Its districts were spread out in a ring shape, and the city center was a large and clean square.

However, this square was now very quiet. There was nothing other than us and the gushing fountain.

We talked about our findings, but none of us found anything. There was no one, and there were no clues.

Even the palace of Autumn City was empty. Kaya's face was pale. The people affected were her people, so how could she be indifferent? "The palace is the most heavily guarded place in a city. The guards will not let go of any sign of trouble. However, no one is there, not even a trace of fighting. It is as if the fighting sounds in the call for help were fake. How can this be possible?"

'Are there any underground fortifications in Autumn City?' I asked, "Or any other place where you can hide?"

Kaya shook her head. "As far as I know, there shouldn't be any. There's an underground river below Autumn City. There's no way to build any fortifications."

After many fruitless searches, Kaya and I could only report the current situation to the Lycan pack and the Elf King. I then began to purify the evil forces that had filled every corner of Autumn City.

I swear I wouldn't want to eat seafood for the next six months.

As I went deeper into the stream, I realized something was wrong. There was a limit to the corruptive evil power. Leviathan was not here, so why was the evil power still endless? From morning to noon, six hours had passed. Autumn City still looked sickly, as if my purification had no effect.

However, the power that New Flow was absorbing was real.

333 The Portal

Selma Payne's POV:

I stopped the purification and immediately gathered the rest of the small teams and ordered them to retreat.

"The evil power here seems to be endless. No matter if there are other sources of contamination or whatever the situation is, there is no point in staying here. Let's retreat out of the city first."

We rushed to the nearest city gate, but a strange situation happened again: After we stepped out of the city gate, what appeared in front of us was not a dense natural forest but the central square that we had just left not long ago.

The fountain in the square was still flowing.

This time, everyone's expression changed.

"Check all communication equipment," I ordered. "Is the signal to the outside world still clear?"

"The signal is full. Communication is normal," the team members said. "No interception detected."

"Are you still in contact with the elven capital?" I asked Kaya.

"Yes." Kaya nodded. "The palace just ordered us to retreat ten minutes ago. The signal was still working then."

"Send another message," I said. "Briefly explain the current problem."

I contacted my Lycan pack again. A message from my father was sent to my communicator a minute later.

"Try to find a breakthrough. Reinforcements are on their way."

After receiving the message, I immediately confirmed, "Our communication signal has been hacked. From now on, don't believe any message. Treat everything we've received before as fake."

Everyone was puzzled. Kaya had just received the Elven King's message and asked, "How do you know it's fake? The communication between the capital and me is normal. I didn't find anything suspicious."

"Everything is normal, but it's the most abnormal." I said, "I've agreed with the Lycan pack. Once I signal them, all subsequent communications will be reversed."

"But now, the other side is telling us to find a breakthrough point. They have already sent reinforcements. Does the pack mean for us to wait for death? This is impossible. The person who hacked the signal doesn't know our code, so they gave themselves away. Since my signal has been hacked, there's no reason for them to let the others go. Out of caution, it's better not to believe any information from the outside world."

Kaya hesitated for a few seconds before putting down her communicator.

Master Kevin tried to use witchcraft to contact the outside world, and unsurprisingly, he failed.

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“The opponent’s magic is too strong. My sorcery can’t penetrate his defense at all.” He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and said weakly, “This isn’t something an ordinary person can do. I even suspect the other party invited a real demon from hell. That kind of pure demonic power is something even the most vicious person can’t do.”

“A demon?” I got nervous. “Do you think it could be Leviathan?”

“No.” Master Kevin shook his head. “It’s not that bad. If I had faced a supreme demon of that level just now, my soul would have been shattered into pieces by now. But even if it’s an unknown demon, it’s enough to make us suffer.”

We’d tried every city gate, even climbing over walls and towers and other unusual ways. However, no matter what, we’d still return to the central square, as if the edge of Autumn City was surrounded by a teleportation gate that led to the central square.

Wait, a portal?

Everything we were experiencing now was a little familiar. Had I come into contact with or heard of such a situation somewhere?

The portal.

We couldn’t leave Autumn City.

Two interconnected spatial mayflies

Were they connected?

Wait, wasn’t this the same situation I encountered in the Rocky Mountains?

The illusion in the snowy night, Mullwica’s house, and the overlapping space at the canyon passage were similar to the current situation!

The illusion was the work of Azazel. As a supreme demon, it would not be surprising if Leviathan knew similar means. Furthermore, constructing an illusion required a continuous investment of magic power. I suspected that the evil power that I couldn’t purify no matter what came from this.

If that was the case, it meant that everything ‘we’ were experiencing now was an illusion, and the real us were unconscious somewhere. The way to wake up was very simple. He just had to believe that everything was fake.

If the current situation was similar to Mullwica’s house, we must meet certain special conditions before entering Autumn City. Thinking back to everything that had happened since we entered the city, I didn’t find anything special. We didn’t bring any special items, so the possibility of this happening was very small. Besides, there was no limit to

leaving Mullwica's house, which was different from our current situation. However, we needed to consider the possibility that there were other ways to cast the space fold spell.

Then, there was the canyon passage, which was the work of the witches of the Rocky Mountains, and the principle should be the same as that of Mullwica's house. Therefore, we could consider the second situation.

I was done guessing. It seemed that we'd most likely fallen into an illusion.

334 Another Illusionary Realm

Selma Payne's POV:

I explained my guess to everyone.

"So, it seems we've most likely fallen into an illusion, and our true bodies are under threat." I emphasized, "Please close your eyes and meditate. Calm yourself down and believe that everything is fake. You must believe it from the bottom of your heart. Otherwise, we will not be able to leave!"

The warriors were making good progress, but the elves had some difficulties. It was not strange. Autumn City was theirs, and it was difficult to treat this place as an illusion.

Faced with the elves who couldn't succeed no matter what, I could only give them a strong dose of 'medicine'. "Could it be that you wish for all of this to be true? Your compatriots have gone missing for no reason. Whether it's the old man with white hair or the baby who has just learned to speak, they are all missing. Countless happy families were destroyed, leaving only a desolate, empty city behind. Do you want this to be true? I've heard that the elves are divided, but I didn't expect you to hate each other to this extent!"

Even though they could tell I was trying to goad them into action, the elves were still furious. "Don't you slander me! I'm a member of the holy patrol team, personally blessed by His Majesty, the Elf King. My love for my fellow elves is more exuberant than a sprout in spring. I would never have such thoughts! I wish that everything was fake. The attack on Autumn City is fake, the murder of my compatriots is fake, and everything is just a dream!"

As the elves roared, a hideous crack suddenly appeared on the originally clean square. Then, the surrounding buildings, roads, and even the air began to shatter.

"I've succeeded!" I said excitedly, "The illusion is starting to break!"

This sudden turn of events suppressed the elves' anger. They looked at everything that happened in front of them in a daze, and then, like an illusion, they also broke apart.

I realized this was a sign that we were about to leave the illusion, so I quickly shouted to the people, "Remember, after you wake up, don't alert the enemy. Make sure the surrounding environment is safe before you take action! You must be careful!"

My vision turned black, and I lost consciousness.

I originally thought that I would be in a dangerous place. I lay down like a vegetable for a long time before finally determining that I had entered the spiritual world from the feeling of running water.

I didn't take the initiative to enter, so how did I end up here?

I stood up from the murmuring stream, and a few black-gold moths landed on my body to rest. They had the fresh fragrance of green grass and a faint fishy smell of the sea.

I turned around and saw a woman in a dark blue tulle standing behind me.

"Who are you?" The warning bells in my head went off. Someone was in my spiritual world, and I didn't sense it.

The woman laughed as if she were an old friend complaining that I didn't remember her. She snarled, "You've forgotten me already? We've had a soul-deep communication before, but your cold expression makes me sad."

She had extraordinary pupils and a fishy smell that couldn't be ignored. I immediately realized her identity – the deep-sea demon, Leviathan!

Letting others enter one's spiritual world was very dangerous, and letting a supreme demon enter was equivalent to suicide. I didn't know how Leviathan had come in, but I knew that the longer she stayed, the closer I was to death.

I tried to drive her away. By right, everyone was the master of their spiritual world, and there was almost nothing they couldn't do here. But the banishment had failed, and Leviathan was still standing there, even in the mood to play with the black-gold moth that was curious about her.

"Don't waste your energy, my dear." She giggled. "I'm not here. What you see is just a projection. You've consumed so much of my essence, right? This is just a small gift."

No wonder I couldn't do anything to her. What I saw was only a projection of the evil power. If I wanted to drive her away, I would have to spit out the power I absorbed. But the projection did not threaten me, so I didn't have to rush to drive her away.

"Why are you looking for me?" I didn't have a good attitude toward the demon who had harmed me in the past. "You're here to avenge your good brother, Azazel?"

Leviathan showed a disdainful expression. "Don't say such disgusting things. I'm starting to hate you, dear. But Azazel is indeed brewing to take revenge on you. Don't you want to know his plan?"

"You'll tell me if I ask?"

"Of course not!" She laughed out loud. "You're not cute at all, but it doesn't matter. I don't care about these details."

I didn't want to waste any more time talking to her, so I asked directly, "What's your purpose in tempting the wandering werewolves to sacrifice themselves to you? Are you the one behind the elf clan's incident?"

Leviathan's smile was gentle and charming, but her eyes were cold and arrogant. "No, no, no," she said disdainfully. "Compared to the monkeys on land, I prefer the colorful clownfish in the sea. As for what people do in my name, I can only say they have free will and can do whatever they want, right?"

335 The Survivors

Selma Payne's POV:

Her nonchalant attitude made me angry. "Don't make it sound like it's none of your business. Don't tell me that you didn't give the werewolf the ability to teleport and that you're not the one who contaminated the concentrate."

"This is a fair exchange of equivalent value, my dear." Leviathan said, "They give me sacrifices, and I give them rewards. Isn't this the process when your compatriots offer sacrifices to the moon? As for the process, I've said that I don't care about the details."

This cold-blooded, cruel, and hypocritical fish of good health!

"Anyway, I'm just here to say hello. We haven't seen each other for three years. I hope you like the trip I gave you before." Leviathan began to fade.

"We will meet again. I hope you still remember me next time, my dear."

With that, she disappeared, leaving only a thin veil.

I subconsciously tried to grab her shadow, but the dark blue muslin bypassed my hand and silently dissolved in the stream.

"Damn it!"

I kicked the riverbank in frustration-the other party's ability to come and go as she pleased irritated me.

However, there was no time to care about my self-esteem now. I didn't know what the others were like. I immediately left the spiritual world to find my companions.

I woke up on a soft and thick layer of fallen leaves. My surroundings were quiet. No one was ambushing me, and no one was guarding me. I was surrounded by many warriors and elves lying on the ground. They didn't seem to have suffered any external injuries and were sleeping quietly.

One after another, people woke up. They feigned unconsciousness vigilantly and only dared to open their eyes after I reminded them.

"Oh my god, I feel like my joints are about to freeze." Even the strongest person would feel uncomfortable after lying on a pile of wet leaves for a night.

The place where we fainted was in front of the gate of Autumn City. We seemed to fall into an illusion when we stepped into Autumn City's territory.

I quickly regrouped and inspected the casualties before leading everyone back into Autumn City. This time, the scene was much more real, although this reality was not what we wanted to see.

There were corpses everywhere, and blood flowed like rivers. The bodies of elves with twisted limbs and scars were scattered in every corner of the streets and alleys. We couldn't find any living person within a one-kilometer radius. There were obvious traces of an array on the ground. Master Kevin believed it was an enlarged version of the evil sacrificial array used to sacrifice the entire city.

"Sacrifice the entire city? Does that mean that everyone is dead?"

"In theory, yes. However, there are many mistakes in the details of this formation, which may greatly reduce the effect of the sacrifice, and there may be survivors."

No matter what, we couldn't just give up on the search and rescue work. Through our relentless search, we finally found a few students hiding in a storage room in a school in the city center.

The storage room door was painted with a spell unique to the elves, and there was a middle-aged elf with a hole in his chest lying on the ground at the door. The teacher must have used a spell to protect the student, but before he could do more, he was killed by his crazy compatriots.

Most of the students had already fainted from hunger and fear. The only one who was awake was very stressed. The hellish experience seemed to have trapped him. He remained unmoved no matter how much Kaya tried to express her goodwill and tell him that she was there to save him. He continued to hold a small knife in his hand and

refused to put it down. It seemed like he could pounce on us at any moment and fight us to the death.

Kaya didn't want to treat him roughly, but there was no other way. She could only cooperate with me to attract his attention so I could quickly pounce on him and knock him out.

The boy didn't even have time to cry out before he softly fell to the ground. The moment I touched him, I felt an abnormally high temperature. This child was having a high fever.

We also checked the rest of the surviving children. All of them had a fever, and there were many wounds of various sizes on their bodies. I used the black-gold butterfly to heal the children's bodies and then handed them over to Kaya to handle.

"This is someone from your elven race. It's not appropriate for us to interfere," I said.

Kaya first decided to send the children to the neighboring city to recuperate, but there was no safe place around them, as they could be contaminated at any time. She had no choice but to contact the capital. Now that the communication was normal, she decided to bring them back to the capital at the Elf King's behest.

I couldn't care less about their internal affairs. I was concerned about the next mission: Should I continue exploring the surrounding cities?

Based on Autumn City's state, the chances of the surrounding city-states surviving were zero. There were no traces of the wanderers in Autumn City, so it was very likely that they had just finished a big job and left for another place. As a result, there was no telling how many cities had been infiltrated by their people, and they were always on the edge of the pollution outbreak.

At this moment, the army sent by the Elf King had already arrived at the various cities affected by the disaster. The rescue work no longer required external help like ours. When I thought the elves would ask us to leave, Kaya brought me some unexpected news.

336 The Opposition

Selma Payne's POV:

Her unusually respectful attitude gave me goosebumps, and the news she brought me was even more unbelievable.

"You want me to help you purify the contamination?" I hesitated to confirm. "You guys should know that I can't move alone. If you invite me, my team members will have to follow. Would your King be happy with so many warriors around your territory?"

Kaya was tensing up, so even though she was a little dissatisfied with what I said, she still replied obediently, "We admire your selflessness and strength. His Majesty believes that you are a friend worthy of trust."

"Alright." I said, "Since we're already here, it doesn't matter if we walk a few more steps."

After reporting the situation to my father and getting his approval, I led the warriors and continued to follow the elves.

Although Autumn City was not the largest city on the border, it was the city with the most population in the area. The closest city to it was a small city called summer city, and further away were Spring City and Winterfell.

It was not difficult to tell from the names that these city-states came from the same clan. However, after the pollution, the elves in the four cities of spring, summer, autumn, and winter were no different from extinction. Even if the population at the border was small, there were still nearly 30000 lives.

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Kaya and the other elves became more and more silent as they traveled. At first, they had hoped to find survivors from other cities, but the children in the school's storage room in Autumn City were clearly lucky. After turning Summer City upside down and not finding a single living thing, the hope in their eyes was extinguished.

Seeing their tightly clenched hands and teary eyes, I couldn't say anything in the end. All I could do was pat their shoulders in comfort.

The elven soldiers had carefully tidied up summer City. I had successfully absorbed the remaining evil energy in the area and then set off for Spring City without stopping.

The surviving children had been handed over to the elven soldiers of Summer City, who would be responsible for sending these unfortunate and fortunate children to the capital.

And in Spring City, as expected, I was in trouble.

Some of the elven soldiers glared at us and said some nasty things. They even refused to let me help with the purification of Spring City.

I had already expected this situation. After all, the wanderers were still werewolves. Although they were no longer the same kind of werewolves, would the elves who were harmed care about such things? It was normal for them to push the blame on us for the actions of the wanderers.

“You’re not welcome here, mottled dogs!” The leading elf cursed angrily, “If it weren’t for you, would so many innocent people be sacrificed? Murderers, don’t come here and pretend to be nice. We don’t need it! Get lost!”

The people surrounding us were mighty. Although some of the soldiers had a wait-and-see attitude, it was obvious who they were siding with from their expressions.

Kaya tried to reason with the leader. “They are the guests invited by His Majesty to help us solve the disaster. If you have any dissatisfaction, you should tell the palace! The longer we delay, the more the contamination will spread. Do you want more people to die from this disgusting power?”

The leader didn’t listen to anything and continued to lead the soldiers to block the gate, not letting us in.

He didn’t seem to be a high-ranking officer, and I waited for a long time, but no one came to deal with this chaotic farce.

After a moment of stalemate, facing the elves who wanted to pounce on me and tear me apart, I indifferently said, “Alright, since you’re not willing, I won’t force you.”

I greeted Kaya, turned around, and waved at the warriors. “Let’s go. The mission is over. Let’s go home.”

“Wait!” Kaya stopped me anxiously. “Please wait. I swear these soldiers are not doing it on purpose. They are just too agitated. They will realize their mistakes when they calm down. Please give them a chance. Please don’t hold it against them.”

“Me?” I glanced at the elven soldiers, who were all agitated and laughed. “I admit that I’m not a very open-minded person, but I can still distinguish between what’s important and what’s not when it comes to life and death. But your people don’t seem to be nervous at all. Since you have the time to rebel against me, you must have finished your work in Spring City. In that case, what reason do I have to stay? I’ll take my leave.”

“Spring City needs you! I’ll immediately get someone to disperse them!”

“Who are you looking for? An officer? But these soldiers have been here for almost half an hour, and I haven’t even seen a single officer. I believe that the tradition of your land is that subordinates can be the masters of their superiors. This is the people’s will, so it’s better not to trouble insignificant people.”

Kaya choked on my words. She didn’t know how to stop me or let me go. Her face was red.

Finally, in the middle of a stalemate, a male elf who seemed to have a high military rank arrived.

“The children are insensible. They’ve caused you trouble.” As soon as he arrived, he politely apologized to me, “It’s even more serious here. Let’s talk after we enter the city.”

He seemed just to be putting on airs.

I impolitely commented in my heart before arrogantly nodding. “Then let’s go.”

337 Laughable

Selma Payne’s POV:

It was obvious that the elven officer, who had arrived late, and I wanted to keep the peace. However, I didn’t know if it was because of the higher-ups’ indulgence that the elves who caused trouble thought they had obtained a death-exemption medallion. Still, this group of people refused to let us go and ignored their embarrassed boss.

Officer Klein tried to scoff at the daring soldiers, but he was ruthlessly humiliated.

Now, I was starting to doubt the elf race’s education level. Otherwise, the elf recruitment requirement was that their intelligence be below average. Otherwise, why would there be so many intelligence depressions?

Although I was at the center of the storm, I was honestly not in a hurry at all. This was not my city, nor my fellow countrymen, so they could drag it on if they wanted to. I believed my attitude was good enough that I hadn’t fallen out with him yet. Why should I stick my warm face to the cold butt?

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Finally, Klein couldn’t stand his subordinates’ foolishness anymore. He pulled out his military saber and shouted, “All of you, back down! Are you guys trying to rebel? If you dare to cause trouble again, get out of the camp. The elf race doesn’t need arrogant and unruly soldiers like you!”

The noisy crowd went silent for a moment, then buzzed again, but it was much softer this time. The soldiers didn’t dare to openly stroke the tiger’s whiskers because their superior was angry. Although they still looked indignant, they suddenly only dared to whisper.

Klein sheathed his knife in satisfaction and led me forward...

However, the people in the way did not move like rocks and had no intention of making way.

This made Klein lose face once again. He didn't hide his anger at all. His cheeks were red, his eyes were widened, and he was panting heavily. The veins on his forehead were popping out, destroying the elegant temperament unique to elves.

I would listen to such a superior if I were an elven soldier. However, the troublemakers were just so stubborn. They ignored the authority and anger of their superiors. They were so brave that I wanted to give them a round of applause.

"The elves don't welcome any werewolves," the leader said.

"No matter the relationship between those stray werewolves and you, whether they were expelled or defected, that's just the one-sided story of you wild dogs. Who knows what the truth is? Maybe they're the spies you sent to the elf clan to sabotage us. Do you want to distort the truth with your words?"

"A group of people is here to cause destruction, and another is here to hypocritically show kindness. Isn't this kind of conspiracy too blatant? How could it be so coincidental that you can purify evil energy? It's hard to say whether it's you who can purify evil energy or if your ability was born with evil energy!"

"No one here trusts you, murderer! Don't put on that arrogant face of a benefactor. You werewolves caused the disaster we encountered. You should be compensating for our losses!"

I almost couldn't hold back my laughter when I saw his smug expression, thinking that he had seen through the truth.

To be honest, was it true that we'd been treating the elves as a neighbor worthy of respect and vigilance all these years? Look at all these beautiful fools with the looks, the intelligence, and the rationality. I even felt that even if no one were to do anything, the elves would be able to destroy themselves.

The tradition of splitting up the elven race was also passed on to the army. Even the relationship between superior and subordinate could not defeat the deep-rooted concept of the family. Klein couldn't control the soldiers under him at all. He seemed to have the highest military rank present. Even he couldn't do anything about it, much less make the soldiers listen to the words of the lower-ranking officers.

I was not a person made of mud that could be toyed with by others. The reason I hadn't gotten angry yet was purely because I was well-mannered, and I didn't want to cause any more trouble. However, if someone were ungrateful and still wanted to slander the soldiers and me, I would have to talk sense into him.

I sneered as I walked over to the elven soldier who was making such a big threat. The elven soldier's expression stiffened as he took a step back. Seeing this, I didn't hide my sneer at all.

“What are you retreating for? Weren’t you speaking so righteously just now? Why do you not dare to look at me now? Don’t tell me you’re afraid.” I gently pointed at the new badge on his chest. “Don’t do that. You’re the little hero who represents the elf race to judge me. If you don’t even dare to look me in the eye, I’ll wonder if all elves are as weak as you.”

The elven soldier’s eyes dodged my gaze. He was all talk and no guts. After a long time, he finally managed to say, “Stop being so arrogant. This is the elf clan, not your doghouse...”

“Oh, really? This is the elf clan?” I suddenly raised my voice, which startled him. “So you’re saying everything that happens on this land is under your control? That’s strange. Look at this place full of wolves. Is this how the elves control their territory? A bunch of vicious lunatics came in to burn, kill, pillage, and then swagger away, and you only know how to act after it happened. You don’t even have the slightest sense of responsibility, and you’re in a hurry to push the blame on your kind neighbors who came to help you?”

338 Breaking It Up

Selma Payne’s POV:

The elven soldier’s face turned red as he glared at me. He gritted his teeth and said, “You’re the ones who bite back!”

“We?” I laughed unceremoniously. “Tell me now, how have we let you down? Is it wrong to rush here overnight to help you, or is it wrong to break the evil sacrificial array or to purify the evil power?”

“The wanderers that attacked the city are from your werewolf pack! You can’t shirk your responsibility!”

“This is the funniest joke I’ve heard this week. The crime of the stray werewolves can be pushed onto the entire werewolf race? According to your logic, there are also many rangers among the elves who assassinate and steal from other races. Why don’t your entire elf race atone for the crimes of those elves who betrayed us?”

“Don’t try to change the subject. We’re talking about you werewolves! Don’t pour dirt on my clan!”

The elven soldier was still arrogantly threatening me when I suddenly grabbed him by the collar and easily crossed the human wall formed by the troublemakers. Then, I threw him at the ruined city gate.

“The werewolves? Open your eyes and take a good look, kid! Your territory was attacked, and the ones who died were your comrades. This had nothing to do with us

werewolves from the beginning to the end. If you have the time to talk nonsense with me, why don't you see how your fellow countrymen die?

"You don't need our help? Sure, I'm not willing to work for you for free anyway. No matter how the evil power spreads, even if the entire border is polluted, even if the elven capital city falls, that's all your business, and you can deal with it however you want. It's up to you whether you want to die or not. What does that have to do with the werewolves?"

I turned around and said to the silent elf soldiers, "Please understand the current situation. I'm here not because the werewolf clan owes you anything, nor because you elves are in high demand. It's because your King came to ask me for help, and I only agreed on account of the diplomatic ties between the two countries. Stop pestering me, you idiots! Do you think I'm willing to come to your poor village to suffer?"

"Also, we're here to help, not to clean up the stray werewolves' mess. Do you still have the most basic concept of integrity? I don't expect you to treat me like a benefactor, but I've just purified Autumn City, and you're already burning the bridge after crossing it. That's not very polite!"

"It's been twenty minutes since I entered Spring City. I could've done many things in these twenty minutes, but the situation has only worsened because of your unreasonable tantrums. How many of your soldiers have been contaminated by the remaining evil forces? Can you handle it? Or do you want to watch them die?"

"Or are you certain I'm a soft-hearted person who won't leave you all to die? That's why you're stepping on my mercy and unscrupulously showing off your ridiculous foolishness? If that's the case, I'm sorry, but you've misjudged me. I'm not a good person. There's no reason for me to be so nice to others when they're pointing at me and scolding me."

I unilaterally announce that the werewolf pack's assistance to the elf clan is over. Since you don't want us to stay, and we want to leave, why don't we go our separate ways and not get involved with each other in the future?"

I rolled my eyes. I didn't want to see the elves' strange expressions at all. I ordered the warriors over and prepared to leave.

Klein came to stop me, and Kaya also came to beg me not to leave, but I'd made up my mind. Did they think we were going to stand there and be their punching bags?

I led the warriors and left, leaving the elves with their mouths agape.

After walking for a long time, when even the shadow of Spring City could no longer be seen, Dorothy asked me quietly, "Are we really going to leave like this? Or are you just trying to scare them?"

“Of course we’re leaving. Who do they think they are? Is there a need for me to hold on to them?” I replied indifferently, “Since they don’t welcome us, we don’t have to be their guests.

“But what about the evil power?”

“Let them settle it themselves. Aren’t they all quite capable?”

“I’m being serious. Are we really just going to leave it be?”

“Yes, I don’t care anymore. Don’t look at me like that, okay? I’ve already sent New Flow out to test the waters. The situation in Spring City is very different from Autumn City. Maybe it’s because Leviathan had constructed an illusion in Autumn City, but the remaining evil power there is not on the same level as that in Spring City. It’s impossible to dissipate it by itself.

“However, there is very little evil energy left in Spring City. Not only is it dissipating naturally, but it is also flowing back through the evil sacrifice array. This is amazing, right? I’ll ask Master Kevin about the principle behind it. In short, it will gradually recover even if I don’t purify Spring City. It’s just a matter of time.”

339 Returning To The Rescue

Selma Payne’s POV:

That was right, no matter how angry I was, I couldn’t ignore such a huge source of contamination. The only reason I was able to leave was that it wasn’t a big deal, to begin with.

“But what if a soldier is contaminated?” Dorothy was still worried. “Just like you said, if the remaining evil forces in Spring City taint the elven soldiers, then there will be a big problem.”

I replied calmly, “Don’t worry. Those elves are very smart. They won’t die for the sake of personal feelings. If anything happens, they’ll shamelessly ask for my help. It’ll be like how they shamelessly asked us for help after rejecting our search request.”

During the lunch break, we took a break behind a hidden hill.

I asked Master Kevin about the return of the evil power, and he said, “This is not rare because the evil sacrificial array is usually two-way. Both sides will exchange sacrifices and rewards. Many cultists knew nothing about sacrificial rituals and only drew a rough outline. In fact, many of the details were wrong, which could cause a series of side effects. The most common one is the chaotic flow of power. I think it’s because of this that the evil power flows back.”

It turned out that this was caused by the wanderers' mistake. It was hard to say whether it was the elves' luck or misfortune.

Munching on the compressed biscuit, Dorothy said gloomily, "My beautiful fantasy of elves has been completely shattered in the past few days. What happened to their beauty, kindness, and gentleness? He's no different from an ordinary person, and it even makes people feel a little speechless."

"It's marketing. Who doesn't know how to make themselves look good?" I consoled her, "There are good and bad people everywhere. The elves are just one of the common people."

Dorothy had been reading up on herbal medicine written by an elven scholar during this time, and her admiration for the scholar had unknowingly shifted to the entire elven race. It was expected that she would be disappointed after her fantasy was shattered.

Before they could finish their lunch, the scouts reported that they had found traces of unknown people in the distance.

I knew who was coming, so I wasn't nervous. As expected, ten minutes later, Kaya appeared with a small group of elves.

These people were in a sorry state, and there were even some wounds on their bodies as if they had fought with someone.

I interrupted what Kaya was about to say and said bluntly, "Someone's infected? A riot? Internal strife? The situation is getting out of hand?"

Kaya nodded, trying her best to appear calm, even though her red cheeks betrayed her embarrassment.

"Then don't just stand there. Let's go." I stood up and dusted off the dirt on my butt.

"Y-y-you don't mind?"

"Don't worry. If I really want to argue with you, I have plenty of ways to make it so that you won't be able to find me." I sneered. I don't want to target anyone, but it's time for you elves to change your arrogant temper. Things are no longer the same as they were thousands of years ago. You should have realized that you're gradually becoming a joke in the eyes of the outsiders, right?"

These words were very impolite, but Kaya's bad temper was gone. She lowered her head in silence and didn't say anything.

So, we followed the elves back to Spring City.

To be honest, I did this to manipulate the elves' temper. I didn't hate this race.

Be it the werewolves, elves, witches, humans, or other races, it was common for most people to be 'afraid of power but not virtue'. Taking kindness for granted was a selfish gene in all living things. Even if one were to tuck their tail between their legs in front of the strong, they would still be able to find thousands of reasons to be righteous.

There was no need to haggle over human nature. Since this rescue mission was a relationship of interests from the beginning, all personal feelings were a waste of time. It was enough to maintain diplomatic relations between the two races.

Of course, no one would let go of the opportunity to fight for benefits for their side.

Spring City was in a mess. The elven soldiers quietly infected by the evil power had lost their minds and turned into human weapons that would attack madly. The clear-headed elven soldiers wanted to subdue them, but they didn't dare to be ruthless, so they were very passive.

Since I couldn't confirm if the elves were infected one by one, I told everyone to hide in a safe place in Spring City. I wrapped Spring City in the river and 'sucked out' the evil power.

Devouring the evil power in a human body differed from devouring the air. This was a much more complicated and delicate work. The spiritual world of an adult elf was also much more guarded against than a minor's. The slightest mistake could cause irreversible damage, so I had to spend a lot of effort dealing with it. It was only when it was almost dark that I finished.

At this time, Spring City seemed to have experienced a second attack. It was so desolate that one could not bear to look at it. The bloodstains that hadn't been cleaned up were stacked with new bloodstains that hadn't been dried yet. The purified contaminated elves were lying all over the ground. Those who didn't know would think the ground was full of corpses.

340 A Month Ago

Benson Walton's POV:

The days of the mobile patrol team were not easy.

Suddenly losing my identity as an Alpha, the huge psychological gap made me feel unreal. In the mobile patrol team, I was just an insignificant soldier. No one made things difficult for me, but no one cared about me. The commander's cold eyes and my comrades' distant attitude were all flogging my remaining self-esteem. They mercilessly laughed at me. 'Wake up. You're just an insignificant person now.'

It wasn't as if I hadn't been apprehensive when I arrived. Selma could make me wish I were dead with just a light hint. But in the end, none of my worries happened. The people here didn't know my identity at all. This made me sigh in relief, but at the same time, I felt a strange sense of melancholy.

So, I was nothing to Selma now. She couldn't even be bothered to cause me trouble as if I was just a willow leaf on her skirt that she didn't need to care about at all, and I'd be gone with the wind.

I was the only one still immersed in the nightmare of the past, wandering in the long corridor of the past, never to see the light of day.

The mobile patrol team had a lot of work to do. As its name suggested, we had to patrol back and forth between the various packs without stopping and report any suspicious signs to the Lycan pack. The nature of our work was that we didn't have a fixed place to stay, so most of the people who joined the mobile patrol team were single men, women, and orphans without families.

The relationship between the team members was average, not good, but not bad. As a newcomer, I didn't have a single friend I could talk to. The communication device I was given could only connect to the internal channel, which made me so lonely for some time that I almost went crazy.

However, I soon lost my sentimental experience. The wanderers suddenly erupted and immediately fled into the werewolf's territory after committing a crime at the border. The King had ordered all the werewolves to participate in the pursuit, including the mobile patrol team. From that day on, our mission became tense and dangerous.

Once again, we broke into the base of the wanderers. This time, I was unlucky, and my arm was almost chopped off. The medic told me I couldn't use force before my wound healed, so I was assigned to the logistics department as a temporary 'nanny' to take care of the rescued orphans.

They were a group of sad children whose lives had a tragic beginning from birth. The remote and backward pack would not have provided the orphanage with good conditions. They grew up to be emaciated teenagers and were captured by stray werewolves to be sacrificed for the demons.

After they were rescued, they were frightened, stressed, and cried non-stop, but these symptoms were not often seen after a few days. What replaced it was silence and dullness, as if the souls of these children had left their bodies, leaving behind only a shell that followed their instincts.

In the face of their miserable situation, I could only sigh and remain silent.

One day, the logistics department received an order from the higher-ups asking us to escort the rescued orphans back to the Lycan pack. The orphans didn't react to the news until the night before we set off. A thin little boy sneaked out and said, "I don't want to go to the Lycan pack. I want to go back to the Sun Pack."

"Why?" I asked, "The Lycan pack is great. You'll be taken good care of there. There will be kind-hearted foster parents who will adopt you."

The little boy shook his head stubbornly. He wanted to go back to the Sun Pack.

I didn't have much patience for children, so I held back my temper and persuaded him with a few words before I got impatient. I directly pulled him back to the bed and warned him, "Sleep well, child. We're leaving tomorrow morning."

I thought this was over, but the next morning, the little boy had disappeared.

I couldn't help but curse a few times and swore to spank this brat's butt when I found him. No one knew how the little boy managed to slip away in the heavily guarded military camp. We searched for an entire morning and still couldn't find any trace of him.

Time waited for no one, so the other orphans could only set off first. As a member of the night watch last night, my superior undoubtedly scolded me. I had to be responsible for finding the little boy.

How fast could a little kid be? However, we couldn't find any trace of him in a radius of more than ten kilometers. I suddenly recalled my conversation with the little boy last night as I was at my wit's end. 'This brat wouldn't want to run back to the Sun Pack alone, would he?'

I immediately checked the local traffic records when the little boy disappeared. As expected, I found a midnight train passing by the Sun Pack. So, I brought my men to the station where the Sun Pack was located before the train arrived. As expected, I caught the little boy with the luggage.

I couldn't hold back my temper and scolded him on the spot. The little boy just cried, and the passers-by thought we were human traffickers. We spent a long time explaining ourselves.

"Why do you have to go to the Sun Pack?" I asked, "Didn't you come from an orphanage from the Floodwater Pack? "

The little boy sobbed and mumbled, "I'm here to find my sister. I'm here to find my sister."

"I got lost. My sister said to wait for me wherever I got lost and that she'll come back for me."

341 Confined Together

Benson Walton's POV:

The children in the orphanage had their misfortunes. Some were born without parents, some were abandoned when they were a few years old, and some were separated from their original families for various reasons.

They might have had the chance to meet their families, but the poor packs could not spare the funds and manpower to do this thankless charity work, so they threw them into the orphanage as if nothing had happened.

I should have brought the little boy back immediately, but his tone was on the verge of tears, and his eyes were mixed with fear and determination, making me feel sad for no reason. So, I brought him to the headquarters of the Sun Pack and used my identity as a member of the mobile patrol team to look for information about the little boy's past.

Since werewolves had many more ways of identifying themselves than other races, they only went missing a few times. Thus, I easily found the information I wanted in the relatively thick old documents.

The little boy's name was Angus. He was an Omega from a small remote pack. His sister had reported a few years ago that he had gone missing in a riot caused by a wanderer. The police had searched the pack everywhere but to no avail, and the case had become unsolved.

Now it seemed useless even if the police turned the Sun Pack upside down back then because the wanderers took Angus. Perhaps because he was too frightened, Angus's memory of what happened back then was vague, but he remembered that he was taken away and was still in the border suburbs.

It was in the suburbs of the Floodwater Pack where they found him and sent him to an orphanage.

The police station still had the contact information left by his sister, "Bertha, 045***** (the Charlies Family)."

I reported the discovery of Angus's family to the head team, and the head team's instructions were to bring Angus back to the team first, and everything else could wait until we got back to the Lycan pack.

As expected, the child who had secretly escaped was punished by being grounded. How harsh could we be to children? However, it was an emergency now. Thanks to the Moon Goddess, he could sneak out and reach the Sun Pack successfully. Let alone a werewolf, any human trafficker with sharp eyes would be done for.

As the person who let Angus escape, I was also punished and locked in the confinement room next to Angus's. My situation was much worse. I didn't eat or drink, nor did I have a small window to spy on the outside world. All I had was what seemed like endless boredom and torturous loneliness.

The boy had a child's heart and couldn't bear the loneliness brought by confinement. He started to try to talk to me. At first, I ignored him, but later, I was so bored, and the guards outside turned a blind eye, so I asked about his past.

An honest child would always tell the people he liked and trusted everything he knew. I only asked a few simple questions, and the boy told me everything about his past.

He was born in a remote, closed, and conservative little pack. From his description, it seemed that they still followed the disgusting feudal rules of the old era. As an Omega, he and his sister Bertha were bullied. A few years ago, their mother protected them, but after their mother passed away, the siblings became the pack's public punching bags, and anyone could bully them.

I believed that he was a pretty little boy, and I thought that his sister wouldn't be too bad, either. With this kind of appearance and identity, one could only imagine what the children would face when they grow up. In short, when the older Bertha realized that she and her brother were about to fall into an even more tragic abyss, she decided to escape with her brother.

Perhaps the Moon Goddess was watching over the siblings, or the other people in the pack did not expect their punching bags to have the courage to run away. Either way, the siblings managed to escape.

However, the world outside the pit of fire was not friendly to them. Although they were lucky that they did not meet any bad people, surviving was a big problem that was enough to overwhelm children. Just as they were completely reduced to dirty and thin little beggars, a rich lady who passed by saved them. She had given Bertha a job and was not against raising a little boy who did not have much to eat.

"Is that lady's surname Charlies?" I asked, "The contact information your sister left behind has that."

Mrs. Charlies was a government official who was on a business trip.

The boy did not know what she was up to, but the wanderers had their eyes on her and planned a surprise attack on the day she set off for her return to the Lycan pack.

The result was, of course, evil did not suppress good. The wanderers fled in all directions and caught many hostages to use as shields. The boy was one of the unlucky ones. When he was forced to escape with the wanderers, he was extremely frightened and had a high fever. When he woke up from his coma, he found himself abandoned by

the side of the road, and the wanderers who had held him hostage were nowhere to be seen.

I believed that the wanderers must have thought the boy would die soon, so they left him behind.

This was actually a blessing in disguise.

342 The Siblings' Reunion

Benson Walton's POV:

After that, he was sent to an orphanage.

It was not that he had never asked the caretaker to find his sister, but they looked at him coldly and said perfunctory words to blame or shirk. Children were actually very sensitive, and the boy gradually felt the caretaker's impatience and disgust. After being maliciously picked on and punished several times, he learned to shut up.

Some kind local couples would occasionally come to adopt children, and the cute boy was very popular. However, every time he felt that his relationship with them strengthened and he revealed his intention to find his sister, those adults who were enthusiastic about him would remain silent and never visit him again.

He was very sad, but he never gave up until the wanderers suddenly attacked the orphanage.

The memory of being kidnapped was too vague for him. Most of the time, he and the other children were made into puppets by some special method, and they knew nothing about the outside world.

The boy's experience made me fall silent. His world was too far away from me, be it the past or the present me.

Born noble, the Alpha heir set his eyes on the higher and further future, never caring about the insignificant weeds under his feet. The silent mobile patrol team members only needed to complete the tasks assigned by their superiors. These people would never appear to see how people lived like stray dogs.

I didn't think I was stupid, but I couldn't say anything about what happened to the boy.

Pity? Or comfort? Or should I encourage him to have a happy future?

I didn't know. I couldn't say it. When I thought of how I used to be as arrogant and cruel as those who bullied, ignored, and bullied him, I felt like a fishbone stuck in my throat.

Actually, the boy didn't need me to say anything. He was still a child, and his tender tolerance had already reached its limit. He just needed someone to talk to. After saying all this, he quickly fell asleep, not concerned with my avoidance and silence.

A few days later, I brought the boy back to the pack with a team escorting the wounded. The boy was excited all the way back because he knew that someone would contact his sister after we reached the pack. Although he knew that I had Bertha's contact information, and he was burning with anxiety, he was still sensible enough not to say anything.

I hadn't been away from the Lycan pack for too long. The last time I left was only a few months ago. There was no change here. It was still bustling and lively, peaceful and calm, the crown princess' coronation and wedding were still in the public's mouth, and the news of an Alpha from another place resigning didn't cause a ripple here.

With Angus' expectant gaze, I contacted the Charlies Family, but they said Bertha had already left. If there was a need, they could help me contact her.

"Yes, thank you very much for doing this," I said to the person on the other end of the phone, who seemed to be the butler. "I'm sorry I can't disclose the specific process, but Bertha's brother is now with me. He's eager to reunite with his sister, so it'll be best if we can arrange for them to reunite as soon as possible."

The butler seemed to have a good relationship with Bertha. When he heard Angus was here with me, he immediately took this matter seriously. He cautiously asked about my identity – of course, I couldn't tell him that everything about the mobile patrol team had to be kept secret – and then half-heartedly agreed to help us contact Bertha.

"This is a public phone. If you have any news, please come to the 6th floor, Room 23 on 17th Street to find me. Thank you again."

I couldn't reveal the real address of the mobile patrol team. The 6th floor, Room 23 on 17th Street, was a place for the family members to visit.

I received news from the Charlie Family's butler in the afternoon. He said Bertha was very anxious and hoped to meet us as soon as possible.

"Anytime," I said. "We'll be waiting on 17th Street for a while."

"How about eight o'clock tomorrow morning?" The butler said, "The nature of Bertha's work is a little special. The security is strict, and if she wanted to take leave, she must apply a day in advance."

After asking for Angus' opinion, I nodded in agreement. "Sure, see you tomorrow at eight o'clock."

I believed Angus' sister was also working for the government and had to keep it a secret. Otherwise, why couldn't she come out and contact me personally?

Since he was about to meet his family, the boy was so excited that he didn't sleep the entire night. He tossed and turned on the bed like a pancake. His movements echoed in the narrow double room, so I couldn't sleep either. However, seeing that he was excited, I ignored him and let him be.

The next day at 8 o'clock, the boy's sister arrived on time. When she saw the boy, she was so excited that she burst into tears. The boy was no better than her. The siblings hugged each other and cried. Seeing that my mission was completed, I stayed no longer and left after handing the boy over to Bertha.

Bertha stopped me. "Please don't leave so quickly. The kindness you've shown Angus and me is extremely important to us. No matter what, let me treat you to a meal, and we'll discuss how to repay you!" she said.

I shook my head coldly. "There is no need. This is my mission. Don't think too much about it."

After that, I left without looking up. No matter how the siblings called after me, I didn't look back.

343 A Wealthy and Influential Family

Selma Payne's POV:

We didn't have to clean up Spring City, and there was no clean house here that was fit to live in. The elves set up a large tent for us to rest in.

Perhaps it was because I had been working non-stop for too long, but I felt unusually tired today. I fell asleep without even having time to eat dinner. When I awoke again, it was already midnight.

It was not quiet outside. The elves were cleaning up the mess in Spring City overnight to prevent any accidents from happening.

Dorothy had left me dinner, the typical food of the elves. If I were currently on a diet, I would be very happy to eat it, but I had just completed a high-intensity purification work. Nothing was appetizing enough to fill my stomach.

I had to eat some more compressed biscuits. To be honest, this combination was quite strange.

I became inexplicably irritated as I ate, and the feeling of powerlessness and fatigue again surged up my limbs. Speaking of which, I'd been feeling frustrated and weak recently.

Could it be the effect of absorbing too much evil power?

However, nothing happened in my spiritual world, which meant it had nothing to do with New Flow.

'Maybe it's because I'm under too much pressure,' I thought. Ever since I came to the border, I hadn't been able to relax. The high-intensity tension did cause a lot of mental pressure.

After a short rest, we set off for Winterfell again in the middle of the night. Kaya had originally planned to take action in the morning, but I didn't want to waste too much time. The earlier I dealt with it, the earlier I could rest.

Due to the incident in Spring City, the elves did not dare to let their soldiers stay in the contaminated city for too long. Hence, all the elven soldiers in Spring City were stationed outside the city. The city looked raggle-like due to the lack of tidying up as if the riot had happened three minutes ago.

The work in Winterfell and Summer City went smoothly. The evil power did not contaminate anyone else, and the purification process went smoothly.

After the purification work was completed, I originally wanted to return home, but the Elf King contacted me through Kaya, hoping I could go to the Elf Capital as a guest and accept his thanks.

It was like the sun had risen from the west. The always proud Elf King was thanking the werewolves. No matter how I thought about it, I felt that the scene was strange. Although I wanted to learn more about it, I did not agree with it rashly. Instead, I rejected it with an excuse that the Lycan King had asked us to return immediately.

In short, the elf race's quest was finally officially over. After leaving the elf forest, all the team members were relieved. It was too frustrating to carry out a mission in someone else's territory. It just didn't feel like home.

I had a long video call with my parents to report on the mission's progress and to tell them how much I missed them. When I was out on my own, my father always held me to the standards of a qualified Crown Prince. My mother, on the other hand, was more sensitive. She wanted me to fly back to her side immediately and let her kiss my cheeks, which had lost a lot of weight.

I also told my adoptive parents that I was safe. Of course, I didn't tell them about my mission. I only talked to them about my daily life and the local customs I saw at the

border. Rhode was with my adoptive parents, so I chatted with him. He looked normal on the surface, but after a while, he asked about Emma.

“Do you still have to ask me? I think Emma tells you ten times more than she tells,” I teased him. “Are you two still not sure about your relationship? Emma’s a girl. It’s inevitable for her to be a little reserved. A gentleman should know how to solve a lady’s problem and take the initiative, understand?”

“Of course, I want to.” Rhode smiled bitterly. “But Emma didn’t express that clearly, so I didn’t want to be too abrupt. Besides, my status is not that great. Honestly, I don’t know if Emma’s family will accept me. Even if I’m an Alpha now, I’m still not good enough compared to the nobles.”

I frowned and disapproved. “This isn’t the Rhode I know. What era is it now, brother? Such prejudice should have long been thrown into the trash can. Besides, Emma isn’t someone who’s bound by hierarchy. She’ll be sad if you face her with such an attitude.

“Besides, so what if the Evalia family cares about status? You’re the princess’ adopted brother, and you’re also a young Alpha who leads a rich pack, not to mention that you’ll have more opportunities to make achievements and win the honor in the future. How can you not be worthy of their family?”

“Don’t comfort me.” Rhode was still in low spirits and didn’t seem to want to talk about this anymore, so he changed the topic.

Seeing that he was in a bad mood, I didn’t ask any further.

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But I was sure that something must have happened between him and Emma, and there must have been some reason for them to be estranged while I was away.

Combined with Rhode’s sudden mention of the status issue, did Emma not listen to my warning before leaving?

After I returned to the Spring Rain Pack, I asked Emma about it, and her answer confirmed my guess.

The qualifications accumulated over generations were enough to become the reason for some nobles to look down on others.

I didn’t know what the Earl of Marlowe was thinking. Although he wasn’t as warm to me as Arkadius or close to me as Duke Frank and Master Mary, he still maintained a superficial respect for me.

344 Surprise Or Shock

Selma Payne's POV:

He was an important minister helping my father and had worked hard for the werewolves for many years, so I never cared about this little bit of silent pride.

But what was the Evalia Family? They were just a bunch of rich kids who sit back and enjoy their ancestors' achievements. Usually, I didn't have to worry about them. Previously, they tried to meddle in the Spring Rain Pack's industry, but because of the Earl of Marlowe and Emma, I let them go. I'd use Emma to knock some sense into them.

But this group of people didn't know how to read the situation. Did they think that my concession was equivalent to being afraid of them?

After Emma's parents heard about her relationship with Rhode, they immediately intervened and stopped the relationship between the two lovers. They even taught her a lesson about preventing her family members from interfering with the Spring Rain Pack. They questioned her whether she had forgotten her noble identity and was tamed by me into an obedient dog. She even shamelessly seduced my 'lowly' adopted brother.

These words were vicious. What kind of parents would insult their daughter like this? I'd always heard that Emma was very doted on in the family, but now it seemed that if the so-called 'favor' gained one the humiliation of a sl*t, I couldn't imagine what the other children of the Evalia Family were being treated like.

Besides, who did they think they were? How dare they belittle my family so blatantly?

Behind their contempt for Rhode was their disdain for me. The Evaria Family's ancestors had royal blood. The Intelligence Department had found out more than once that they were complaining behind my back that I had an improper background, as if my great-aunt, who was separated by countless generations, could let them have the crown more legally than I did.

The Evaria Family also played a part in the opposition party of the Council of Elders. Like all the older families, the more afraid they were of death, they also followed the principle of 'all eggs cannot be put in one basket' and bet on both sides. In recent years, as the opposition party became increasingly restless, some people in the Evaria Family did not seem to be under the Earl of Marlowe's control anymore.

Very well, since someone didn't want mercy when I gave it to him, he couldn't blame me for settling the score later.

After comforting Emma, who was in a dilemma, I couldn't say anything bad about her parents, but I promised her, "No matter what, I will always be your strong support. No one can hurt my friend, Emma. If anyone tries to challenge my bottom line, I'll make them regret being born into this world."

Emma's brows were tightly furrowed. She was obviously going crazy from the torture at home. "I don't know what they're thinking. Since I became your attendant, they've become completely different people. Every word is calculated. It's like I'm just a tool for my family to accumulate wealth and power. I'm going mad!"

I gently hugged her and let her bury her face in my shoulder as she sobbed. I comforted her gently, "Don't worry. No one can use you as a tool. On the contrary, they should see that you are their umbrella. I wouldn't have shown them any mercy if it weren't for your sake. Be tough, girl. Do you still remember what I said? You're the one who's in control between the two of you. For those who offend you, you can save them if you want to. If you think they're hopeless, let them do as they please. Sooner or later, they'll get their retribution."

Emma raised her head uneasily and said, "Then, I think I'll have to practice a little. Also, I don't really hate them that much..."

I wiped her tears away and smiled. "Of course, I'm not a pervert who likes to kill for fun. Everything will be restricted within a reasonable framework."

After a few days of re-integrating into the work of the Spring Rain Pack, I returned to my tense but fulfilling days.

One afternoon, during lunch, I suddenly felt that the tender and juicy grilled fish steak in front of me was unusually fishy. I squeezed a few lemons over them, but it was no avail. I couldn't help but vomit after taking a bite.

Aldrich was so shocked that he almost carried me to the hospital. After I stopped his flustered actions, he poured me a cup of warm water and worriedly asked, "Have you been too tired recently? You've stayed up for several nights, so you should take a break. If this continues, your body will not be able to take it. I'll call the doctor to take a look at you. I hope your stomach isn't suffering from any problems."

"It's okay." I leaned on the sofa, rubbed my temples, and shook my head. "I don't have much appetite because I stayed up all night. I'll be fine after a while."

Aldrich insisted on calling the doctor, and I couldn't persuade him, so I could only agree.

The report was out that night, but the news brought by the doctor caught everyone off guard.

"What?" I looked at the doctor's smiling face in shock and muttered, "Can you repeat that? I think I was hearing things just now."

The doctor pushed up his gold-rimmed glasses and said happily, "I said you're pregnant. Congratulations, Your Highness!"

“But... but...”

I wanted to find some evidence to prove that everything in front of me was an illusion, but the nauseating feeling hit me again. I covered my mouth and rushed to the bathroom. After a difficult dry heaving, I had to accept that I was pregnant.

345 Proper Rest

Selma Payne’s POV:

Dorothy was the first to react. She hugged me excitedly and cheered, “You’re pregnant, Selma! You’re going to have a baby!”

I stared at her in a daze before suddenly turning to look at Aldrich. I saw his mouth was slightly open, and his eyes were filled with surprise and joy. He had his arms crossed in a comical manner as if he had yet to react to the current situation.

After a long while, he said in disbelief, “Pregnant...”

He rushed over, picked me up, and spun me around in circles. He cheered excitedly, “You’re pregnant, Selma! You’re pregnant!”

I was shocked. Fortunately, Aldrich didn’t spin for long before he realized my current physical condition and immediately placed me carefully on the sofa.

“I’m sorry, I was just too excited...” he said incoherently, his cheeks flushed. “I can’t imagine it. Oh my god, oh my god...”

Everyone in the room was so excited, like children, they couldn’t control their actions. Only the doctor was calm and conveyed the things to take note of in the early stages of pregnancy.

“In short, you must pay attention to rest and avoid fatigue. You must especially change bad habits such as staying up late and eating irregularly.” The doctor said sternly, “A fetus in the early stage of pregnancy is extremely fragile. A pregnant woman at this stage is no better than her child. For your health and safety, please take care of your body no matter what.”

I gently touched my lower abdomen, which was still flat. It was impossible to tell that a little life was growing and developing here. The news of my pregnancy came so suddenly that I hadn’t fully reacted to it until now. I felt like I was in a dream or an illusion.

“Thank you,” I whispered to the doctor. “This child is very precious to me. Before the doctor sent by the royal family arrives, I’ll have to trouble you.”

Aldrich held my hand and formally thanked the doctor for his help.

“It’s my duty, Your Highness,” the doctor said seriously. “I’ll do my best to protect you and the child’s health.”

After the doctor left, we couldn’t help but cheer again. The girls were so excited that they were about to cry, but Aldrich was one step ahead. The tears he had been holding back in front of others started to flow.

“Thank you, thank you, Selma...” he hugged me tightly and spoke like a slimy child. “This is the happy moment that I once dreamed of. You gave me a happy and warm family. Thank you...”

The girls saw the situation and left tactfully. I cupped Aldrich’s tear-filled face and gently kissed his forehead. I smiled and said, “Why do you have to thank me? I can’t form a happy family by myself. To me, your existence is equally precious. You’re the one who will build a warm and happy life for us together.”

Aldrich’s childhood was not a happy one. The early death of his mother and vicious relatives had left him with an indelible psychological trauma. In addition, when he was young, Duke Frank was not a father who was good at communicating with his son, which led to Aldrich firmly shutting himself up for a long time in his youth.

Even though he had become an awe-inspiring general, I knew that the little boy who yearned for family and love still existed in his heart.

Which was the most coincidental? There was also a little girl who craved love in my heart, so we hit it off as if we had finally found the other half of a puzzle that was meant to be together. We each gave everything we had to create a beautiful future surrounded by sunshine and flowers.

We couldn’t wait to share the good news of my pregnancy with our relatives. My mother was so happy that she almost flew overnight to the Spring Rain Pack. Although my father stopped her, he couldn’t hide the relieved smile on his face.

“I will immediately organize the medical team and the maid team to rush to the Spring Rain Pack,” he said. “Although I understand that you will not give up your job for personal reasons, Selma, can you promise me that you must take good care of yourself? From now on, you have to reduce your workload, or else the double pressure of work and pregnancy will crush you.”

I wasn’t too happy about it. “It’s only the early stage of the pregnancy. The doctor said that it’s fine as long as I pay attention to my rest and diet. I want to wait until the late stage of the pregnancy before I take a good leave.”

My mother had the most to say about this. "Pregnancy is not as simple as you think. It's not just about growing a lump of meat in the stomach. Morning sickness, insomnia, swelling, and joint pain will make you suffer, not to mention the mysterious psychological fluctuations caused by hormone changes. Overworking might leave you with some side effects. It's not as simple as a cold or a fever. They will torture you for the rest of your life."

In the end, with the persuasion of my parents, I had no choice but to agree to reduce my workload, ensuring that I had three meals a day and had proper rest. Aldrich was given the heavy responsibility of supervising and taking care of me.

346 The Return

Selma Payne's POV:

After that, we contacted my parents and Duke Frank. They were also very happy. Duke Frank also regretted that he left the Floodwater Pack too early. Otherwise, he could have used the excuse of staying to help me look after the Spring Rain Pack to see the birth of his grandson or granddaughter.

"Maybe you can do it in the Lycan pack," I said. "We'll go back to the Lycan pack in the safest months. The most advanced medical technology is there. We'll be more at ease."

Although the Spring Rain Pack treated medical treatment as a big project, it was still in its infancy. It would take at least two to three years to reach the expected standard.

In fact, when I found out that I was pregnant, I first thought of giving birth at the Spring Rain Pack to increase its popularity, but Aldrich and my close subordinates seriously rejected this suggestion.

Even the doctor in charge of me agreed. The hospital at the Spring Rain Pack was currently not equipped with the ability to deal with most emergencies. For my safety, I had to return to the Lycan pack with cutting-edge equipment and high-end medical technology.

I was expected to return in five to six months, which meant I had at most three months to deal with the Spring Rain Pack.

I had to step up the department planning and talent selection and try to delegate the power that could be delegated to the various departments. I had to seize the time to check and fill in the gaps to prevent accidents from happening while I was away.

Due to the strict schedule, I couldn't work overtime as I pleased like before. Aldrich and the girls helped me with a large part of the burden. Even Master Kevin, who had always been in academia, was temporarily hired by me to work. I was not willing to give up the

educational resources of the Spring Rain Pack. I might get a surprise if I develop my sorcery here.

During this time, the medical team and the team servants from the Lycan pack were not idle either.

In addition to my daily checkups, I assigned the medical team to the health department to participate in the medical industry. They had a lot of fun giving lectures and training classes. Tracy occasionally complained to me that some of the subordinates she had high hopes for had to resign to work in the Spring Rain Pack.

Although Kara's servants didn't interfere with government work, they opened housekeeping training classes under my instructions. They trained many old and weak residents who didn't have any skills.

There were also a few interludes. When Kara first arrived, she brought Bersha's letter of thanks and all kinds of woolen accessories she had personally woven. She said that it was a gift of thanks to me. This furry and warm shawl and scarf looked so comfortable in the winter with heavy snow.

I received news of Bertha's reunion with my brother a few months ago. I didn't send anyone to find Angus. I was surprised that Benson was involved in this matter.

In addition, the first batch of new residential districts had already been completed. Following the principle of 'we must do our best,' I was not stingy with my funds. I was committed to increasing the safety and comfort levels of the new residential districts.

The first batch of residents was very satisfied. This indirectly increased the people's enthusiasm for the Spring Rain Pack's transformation, and their work efficiency increased.

When the last winter snow melted, and the ground began to sprout green grass, it was finally time for me to set off for home.

The Spring Rain Pack's citizens were reluctant to part with me. Even though I had already announced that I would lead the modification work remotely from the Lycan pack and that I would not abandon them, they still had the idea that I would never return, so they sent me off on the day I left.

Looking at the reluctant citizens and the banners and posters praising me, a sense of pride and emotion rose in my heart. Look, this was the reward for my hard work. To a leader, what was more precious than the heartfelt admiration and support of the people? Water could carry a boat. Relationships should always be two-way. Only when you do well enough would you be truly recognized.

With tears in my eyes, I waved to the people as a sign of respect. Fresh flowers and colored ribbons filled my path out of the city.

After leaving the Spring Rain Pack, I was still in a daze. Normally, Aldrich would try his best to prevent me from having big emotional fluctuations, but he did not stop my tears this time. He just silently hugged me, giving me spiritual comfort and support.

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"I'll definitely go back," I said. "I'll turn the Spring Rain Pack into a legend. I won't let the people down."

On the way, we rested in the Shadow Pack as usual. My adoptive parents smiled at me. Compared to Rhode, who was still a bachelor, they could fulfill their wish of having a grandchild through me.

When Teresa visited me, she brought along two of her children. The two or three-year-old boys were cuter than the angels on the wall paintings. When I saw them, I couldn't help but imagine what my future children would be like.

I originally wanted to leave my attendants in the Spring Rain Pack. First, they would be my hands, feet, and eyes. Second, they could continue to train their abilities. But in the end, only Jordin stayed. Emma insisted on returning with me. She wanted to return to her family to deal with the group of 'family members' holding her back.

347 Sexless

Selma Payne's POV:

Emma's business-like attitude made Rhode a little depressed even though he didn't express it.

Since my last conversation with Emma, I hadn't interfered in their affairs. Feelings were very private. But this time, I asked them about their progress in an obscure manner in case another disgusting accident happened.

Rhode said that the misunderstanding between him and Emma had been resolved. He knew that Emma's avoidance was due to her family's interference. He understood this very well and was willing to do anything in exchange for her peace of mind and her family's support.

The former was easy to deal with, but the latter was more complex. Emma wasn't sure what she could get back from her family, who had been controlling her life. She didn't want to waste Rhode's feelings, so she agreed to break up with him temporarily.

Rhode respected her decision, but he was inevitably disappointed. “I’m willing to take on everything with her, but in the end, Emma is the only one fighting for our feelings. I’ve never felt so vexed before. I can’t even protect the person I love.”

I sighed and consoled him, “This can’t be helped. It’s not your or Emma’s fault. It’s the Evalia Family’s fault. If they didn’t stop you, you and Emma would have been a happy couple.”

Rhode quietly revealed to me, “In fact, I thought about putting aside my Alpha work for the time being and returning to Emma’s family to face everything. But when I told Emma about my thoughts, she scolded me and said that if I dared to do that, she would never see me again.”

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I slapped him on the head and said resentfully, “If I were Emma, I’d scold you too. Look at what kind of rotten idea you’ve come up with. Do you think Emma would be willing to watch you give up your pack for her? Your sense of responsibility is what she’s most fascinated with. If you really dare to do that, I guarantee that Emma will dump without hesitation!”

Rhode rubbed his head and explained in a low voice, “Why are you so angry? I already know I was wrong...”

I pretended not to notice Emma’s disappearance while at the Shadow Pack, pretending not to know where she went.

Although they said they wanted to break up, this pair of bitter lovebirds were quite honest.

After leaving the Shadow Pack, we stopped at the Silver Moon Pack again, then headed straight back to the Lycan pack.

Due to my body’s condition, this return trip was very low-key. The royal family didn’t say much to the outside world or hold any welcoming ceremony. On the other hand, I returned to my suite and worked during my pregnancy.

When I was seven months pregnant, I did a routine sex test, but the puzzling thing was that my child had not developed any sexual organs so far. Although everything else was developing well, it still made me worried.

The doctors and the werewolf grandmasters had a meeting overnight. They gave me one examination after another and countless sorcery tests, but in the end, there was no unified conclusion. One group thought that it might be some rare congenital disability, while the other group thought that it had something to do with my unusual body.

Master Mary belonged to the latter camp. She believed my body had been reshaped and could no longer be treated like an ordinary pregnant woman. Especially since I'd had the experience of becoming a god, this had increased the uncertainties of my pregnancy.

"In the records of many ancient books and legends, some divine descendants actually don't have an assigned sex." She reported a lot of information and said, "In fact, strictly speaking, the concept of 'sex' can't even be applied to all natural creatures. However, let's not talk about that. We'll start with your condition.

"At present, I have found out that the relationship between sex and divine descendant is mainly as follows: The first was to follow the mother, which meant that the divine descendant was essentially a clone of the mother, so it is natural to follow the mother's sex. The second type was sexless. Since there is no assigned sex, this situation could be divided into different categories. Some never had assigned sex, while some could freely change their sex. The third is the mother's choice. When a divine descendant is born, the mother will decide the sex. In mythology, male, female, and combined sex have all appeared.

"At present, the fetus doesn't have any problems other than the stagnation of the development of its sexual organs, so I'm inclined to believe that this child is not disabled but sexless in the first place or that the mother would grant the child a sex when it was born."

The thick stack of documents gave me a headache. I patiently flipped through two or three pages before I felt dizzy.

Ever since I got pregnant, I'd been feeling worse and worse.

I decided to accept Master Mary's theory for the time being. First, I believed what she said was likely to be the truth. Second, I didn't want to give up my child because of an unconfirmed guess of 'disability'.

In short, when the royal family announced my pregnancy to the public, they did not announce the sex of the fetus. This detail did not attract the public's attention and speculation. The entire werewolf kingdom was once again enveloped in the joy of the birth of the next generation's heir.

My official duties were suspended when I entered the ninth month of my pregnancy. I really couldn't spare any energy for other things.

It had been a long time since I had a peaceful life, but fate did not give us the chance to let our guard down.

Selma Payne's POV:

On a cool afternoon, I was leaning on Maxine's back, drowsy as I faced the flowers.

Maxine had grown quite a bit. Although she had yet to grow into an awe-inspiring big wolf, her strong body was enough to intimidate people.

She was a lively and active girl, and the tiring daily training couldn't completely exhaust her excessive experience. Since I returned because of my pregnancy, she called herself my guard, always guarding me against anyone approaching.

"Those who don't know would think that this is your child," I once joked.

"Of course he's my child," she replied confidently. "You and I are the same person. Have you forgotten?"

Alright, she was right.

There were official matters in the military camp, so Aldrich had no choice but to leave my side temporarily. To be honest, I hoped he could leave for a while. Although it was a bit of a sc*mbag to say that, I really couldn't stand his constant clingy attitude.

"I want to drink mango juice," I told Maxine. "Add half a spoon of honey and three ice cubes."

"No ice," Maxine rejected me without hesitation. "Besides, the servants are not far away. Why don't you ask them for it?"

I acted coquettishly. "I want to drink what you bring. Please, it's super cool for a majestic wolf to carry a tray for you, okay?!"

Maxine loved being flattered, and after a short while, she felt like she was floating from my flattery. "Y-you think so? Alright then, since you're so sincere in begging me, I'll reluctantly make a trip there... However, ice is out of the question. Flattering me won't work. Tracy said that you can't consume raw or cold food, and I don't want to be strangled to death by Aldrich."

I smiled as I watched her leave. I used the New Flow to create an enclosed space around me. Then, my expression turned cold as I said in a deep voice, "Come out, demon."

"Hehe."

A feminine, alluring laugh rang out in my ears. I shivered and turned my hand to attack, but I grabbed nothing. The demon had already materialized in front of me.

The fishy smell on Leviathan's body was still so strong that I, sensitive to smell because of my pregnancy, almost vomited.

My pale face made Leviathan laugh. She pretended to be sad and said, "Why do you despise me so much every time? I won't be coming next time if that's the case."

"That's for the best," I said coldly. "If you have something to say, say it. What's your purpose in sending your projection here?"

Yes, Leviathan, standing in front of me, was still just a projection.

"I heard that you're going to have a baby soon. I'm here to congratulate you." Leviathan stared at my protruding belly and said happily, "This is the descendant of a fallen goddess. It's impossible. I'm here to see a miracle."

"Can you leave now that you're done?"

"Don't be so cold. Don't werewolves have any manners?"

"Werewolves don't welcome evil guests like you."

"Alright," she said. Leviathan pouted. To be honest, seeing an old lady who was tens of thousands of years old in a young girl's leather suit was disgusting. "But I also brought you a gift. Don't you want it at all?"

I immediately became alert. What normal things could a demon have brought?

New Flow silently wrapped Leviathan's projection in its arms, but the latter did not care and chuckled as if she did not notice it. "I heard you got a few beautiful capes from the Rocky Mountains. I like pretty accessories, too. Can I look at them?"

I stared at her coldly and didn't reply.

"Alright, you're so petty. This is my gift to you, but it's an antique. Do you like it?" Leviathan mumbled as she took a stone slab from her chest and threw it on the ground. "It doesn't matter if you don't like it. I'll give it to you anyway."

I was on guard and didn't touch the slate. The projection of Leviathan started to crack.

"Time's up. Please bring me an even more interesting play the next time we meet!"

She waved at me and laughed evilly before she disappeared.

After making sure she had left, I immediately relaxed my back, which was covered in a cold sweat. I wrapped the stone slab on the grass with New Flow and asked my parents and the grandmasters to come.

Maxine returned with mango juice and some other snacks. When she saw that I was drenched in a cold sweat, she immediately ignored the tray on her back and ran to my side. She anxiously asked, "How are you, Selma? Are you feeling uncomfortable? Does your stomach hurt? Are you going to give birth?"

I patted her head to comfort her. "No, it's just that Leviathan dropped by just now. I'm a little tense."

"Leviathan?" Maxine jumped up and immediately understood why I had asked her to get the juice. "You shouldn't have faced her alone! This is too dangerous!"

"It's just a projection. It won't cause any harm. Besides, against a supreme demon, there's no difference whether we have one more or one less person."

I leaned on her tiredly and observed the stone slab wrapped in layers of New Flow.

I kept feeling like I'd seen this thing somewhere before. After thinking about it carefully, I realized that this was the ancient stone slab I found at Mullwica's house. The thirteen flower patterns on it were the same as the uncomfortable pattern in the center!

349 Giving Birth

Selma Payne's POV:

Logically, all the cultural relics collected by the witch clan had been filed and sealed. I didn't have a deep impression of the slate, but when I saw the one in front of me, which was the same as the one before, I suddenly thought of it.

How could Leviathan have such a thing? The eye pattern on the stone slab belonged to the totem of Azazel. As for the other thirteen flowers, it had not been determined yet. It could not possibly belong to the sea demon, Leviathan. There was no connection at all.

In short, I asked Master Mary to bring the stone slab with her when she came. Out of some intuition, I also asked her to bring the twelve headscarves.

Sure enough, the two slates were the same except for some handcrafted details. The grooves and protrusions on the back could even match each other and be put together into a whole piece. After putting them together, the patterns on the edges of the two stone slabs could also be perfectly matched together, as if layers of thorns were intertwined.

The werewolf grandmasters could not find any records related to these thirteen flower patterns, and even some of the gods of nature or flowers could not match them. Combined with the twelve cloaks, it seemed that everything was Mullwica's handiwork. Maybe she liked flowers?

What a joke. Of course, things weren't that simple. We didn't come to any conclusions, but we reached a consensus on the danger of the slates. No one believed that the two stones were as ordinary as they looked on the surface. They were closely related to the two great demons, which was worth being careful with.

In the end, they were sealed in the Moon Palace, using the goddess' power to suppress all possible accidents.

As the expected date of delivery got closer and closer, my fatigue and anxiety also increased day by day. I often fell asleep while Emma was reading documents. She didn't dare to wake me up, so she could only waste time on me.

She hadn't been home much recently because she had a big fight with her parents. She didn't elaborate on the details, but there must be an irreconcilable conflict between her independence and the control of her family. For this reason, I support her temporarily breaking up with her family. For her freedom in the future, she must not retreat. Once she was controlled once, it would be difficult for her to turn things around in the future.

This was the truth that I came to after knowing countless officials and their children.

On a hot summer night, I suddenly felt pain in my abdomen, as if something was falling and trying to leave my body. The medical team that was on standby day and night immediately took over caring for me. I was sent to a special sterile isolation ward to wait for the delivery.

My parents put down their administrative duties and anxiously waited outside the ward. Aldrich was 'fully armed' by my side. I laughed at how comical it was for him to act as if he was facing a great enemy, but he only gave me a tolerant smile and gently wiped away the cold sweat on my forehead.

Finally, that moment had arrived.

A tearing pain came from my lower body, and I couldn't help but scream. My rapid breathing made me choke and cough... this was so painful, more painful than all the injuries I had suffered before combined!

Aldrich also seemed panicking, but he knew he was useless in the ward, so he could only constantly cheer me on. I couldn't spare any energy to respond to him. I just wanted to get that tormenting little b*stard out of my body as soon as possible ...

"BOOM!"

Suddenly, a deafening explosion sounded, and the building shook violently. I was almost shaken to the ground. Fortunately, Aldrich protected me in time. The medical staff members were thrown off their feet, and some were injured by the equipment they had flipped over.

“What happened?” Aldrich shouted at the top of his voice.

“An unknown enemy has attacked us. I’ll handle this. You protect Selma!” My father’s voice came very quickly.

I was already suffering from the pain of childbirth, and I almost fainted from the shaking. Hearing my father’s angry roar, I subconsciously asked, “An enemy attack? Who is it? Evil demons or wanderers?”

“Let’s not worry about the outside for now,” Aldrich said softly. “You are the most important right now. I will go outside and look after you give birth safely.”

“No, no, you go now.” I struggled to push Aldrich away. I had a feeling that this was not that simple. It was not a coincidence that they attacked me on the day I gave birth.

“They must have taken advantage of the fact that the palace was now focused on me. Moreover, the royal family has not announced the expected delivery date to the public, so they might have spies in the palace. You’ve been through hundreds of battles and are very experienced. Hurry and help Father.”

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However, Aldrich stubbornly held my hand and stayed by my side. “No, my mission now is to accompany you and protect you. Nothing is more important than you.”

“Aldrich!” I felt another wave of pain as I howled in pain and anger. I hated my husband for not being able to live up to his expectations.

As expected of a top-notch professional team, the medical staff, who were in a mess, quickly regained their order and continued to help me in the labor in an orderly manner as if nothing had happened in the outside world.

“As you can see, there are so many professionals around me,” I said, panting. “They’ll take good care of me, so go and help Father now. You don’t want me and the baby to be in danger, do you? Then hurry up and bring those criminals to justice!”

350 Formless

Selma Payne’s POV:

In the face of my repeated insistence, Aldrich finally wavered. After I mentioned my child and my safety, he finally agreed to help my father.

Before he left, he called my phone and put it next to the bed, saying, “I’ll keep an eye on the situation here. If there’s any accident, I swear I’ll come back as soon as possible, okay?”

I didn't have the strength to speak anymore. I nodded randomly as I watched Aldrich leave, turning back to look at me with every step he took.

"Now, please tell us the current situation," I told the medical staff.

Even though they looked as if everything was under their control, their slight panic didn't escape my eyes. It was just that Aldrich was so concerned that he was confused and focused all his attention on me. Otherwise, he would have exploded on the spot if he had realized that the medical staff members were acting abnormally.

"What?" I was shocked. "What's the problem? The fetal position is not correct? Or is the child too big?"

As the medical staff's representative, the attending gynecologist stood up and said after some hesitation, "The current situation is a little special, Your Highness. The worst-case scenario we've encountered is that the little prince has difficult labor due to unknown reasons."

"What?" I was shocked. "What's the problem? Is the fetal position not correct? Or is the child too big? We didn't find any abnormalities during the prenatal examination!"

"The prenatal examination can't take care of everything, and the birth process is even more unpredictable. Obviously, the attending doctor was picking his words as gently and harmless as possible. "It's not a problem of the fetal position or body size, but... I have to admit that I've never seen such a situation in my forty years of operation. The little prince is not a human in the general sense. His body constantly transforms and reassembles, which is the root cause of difficult labor."

My mind went blank for a moment. What was 'transforming and reassembling'? Was I pregnant with a piece of plasticine?

A few seconds later, I reacted quickly. The intense pain in my lower body reminded me that my child's life and mine were on the verge of danger. "Can we do a C-section now?" I quickly made up my mind.

"It'll take some time to inject the anesthetic."

"There's no time to wait for anesthesia." I refused firmly. I couldn't fall into a coma in such a dangerous environment. I wouldn't be able to fight back in the face of danger. "Just do it without."

The doctor was dumbfounded. "That will be very, very, very painful. It might be a hundred times more painful than the pain of labor."

"It's okay, come on." I nodded. "There's a camera in the room, and everything I say will be recorded. You won't be held responsible for anything. Don't worry."

“I’m not afraid of taking responsibility, Your Highness.” The doctor still tried to persuade me otherwise. “I’d like to suggest you think about it out of rigorous medical ethics.”

The pain increased again, and I interrupted him angrily, “Start the C-section now! Don’t talk nonsense! I’ll be cold when you’re done with your clichés!”

Seeing that I had already made up my mind, the doctor didn’t say anything else and immediately ordered his team to prepare. I thought it was the first time in his forty years of career that he had met such a tough pregnant woman. He quickly and cautiously made a few marks on my tight abdomen and then reminded me, “It’s about to begin, Your Highness.”

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I nodded and prepared myself for the pain.

Even though I’d made up my mind, having my flesh and blood cut open was truly unpleasant. I’d already used up all my strength to gather my rationality and control New Flow to block the bleeding point. Even my wails were weak.

Perhaps after a minute or a hundred years, the baby in me was finally removed. There was no sharp cry that a normal newborn would have. I couldn’t tell the difference between the limbs and the facial features of the constantly wriggling piece of meat. It was as if the hospital made up the image I saw on the B-scan to play with me.

It was the first time I encountered such a strange situation. The doctors and nurses were at a loss on what to do with my child, not even the most basic examination. However, I could feel the vigorous vitality in his body. He didn’t have any health problems. He was just unable to form for some reason.

‘He’ was just a temporary pronoun. He did not have an assigned sex yet. I believed this was the ‘genderless’ nature of divine descendants that Master Mary mentioned.

“Just put him in the incubator,” I weakly commanded the medical staff. “He’s fine. I can feel it.”

The nurse carrying the child subconsciously followed my instructions and carefully placed him in the incubator.

The doctor sutured my wound, so I shouldn’t be able to get out of bed for three days. But I didn’t have the time to lie in bed and drink soups. I urged New Flow to heal my wound quickly and ran out of the ward despite the medical staff’s attempts to stop me.

I remembered to take my phone with me before I left. Aldrich had been shouting at the top of his voice for god knows how long. I didn’t hear it at first, but later I pretended not to hear it.

“What’s the situation now?” I calmly ran toward the chaotic corner of the palace. “Who’s the attacker? How many people are there? What’s their level? Are the guards finding it difficult to resist?”

“You shouldn’t have done that, Selma!” Aldrich gave an irrelevant answer. “How can you gamble with your life?”

351 The Burning Rock

Selma Payne’s POV:

I knew he would be angry about this.

“This was the only way at that time,” I said. “Either we give it a try, or the child and I will die. You know that New Flow can heal all physical injuries. I’m just in a bit of pain, and it won’t be life-threatening.”

“This is too reckless!” Aldrich was rarely this angry with me. He suddenly became discouraged and helplessly said, “I’m begging you, my dear, don’t make my heart so heavy. My legs were so weak when you were screaming that I couldn’t stand. The last thing I wanted to see kept appearing in my mind.”

“I’m sorry; I’ll discuss it with you next time.” I whispered, “Let’s go back to the previous question. What’s the situation now?”

“Next time? Seriously? A group of wanderers of unknown origins is attacking the palace’s northeast corner. They don’t seem to be the remnants of the wanderers we were chasing before, but more like pure cultists.”

“Evil cultist? What do they believe in?”

“I can’t tell yet. They’re wearing cloaks that hide all their characteristics. The evil power items they use don’t have any obvious marks.”

“Even the werewolf grandmasters can’t tell?”

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“Master Mary and Master Kevin were attacked and fell into a coma. Dorothy is the only one who knows sorcery at the scene. The Sorcery Research Association is also under attack, and the situation is even more urgent than the palace. We can’t spare any manpower at all.”

“If it’s the northeast corner of the palace, what about the black cocoon? Is the black cocoon alright?”

“That’s what’s killing us. This group of cultists is here for the black cocoon. The ward where the black cocoon is sealed is shrouded in a fine black mist. We can’t see what’s going on inside at all.”

As expected, this group of stray werewolves had chosen the day I gave birth and came prepared.

By the time I arrived at the northeast corner, the battle had already entered the white heat stage. Many guards and wandering werewolves were lying on the ground, and it was unknown whether they were alive or dead.

The palace guards were caught off guard. In terms of strength, the wanderers could not catch up, and soon the latter was at a disadvantage. The wanderers didn’t seem to have any intention of attacking the palace, and they tried to retreat when they saw that things were not going well.

I saw someone holding a wooden box with complicated patterns and breaking out the ward’s window. Then, countless wanderers immediately rushed forward to cover him.

“Catch the one carrying the box!” I motioned for the guards to go after the primary target. ‘Don’t let him get away! Especially the box in his arms!’

From the guards’ spears and sharp claws, the wanderers were quickly defeated. Other than a few cunning ones who escaped, the other wanderers, including the one who tried to escape with the box, were caught.

The wanderers who ran away threw something behind them, and a dreadful evil aura filled the air. I realized it was the concentrated evil power I had purified a few months ago, so I shouted, “Everyone, back off. Don’t touch this evil gas.”

By the time New Flow finished devouring the evil power, the wanderers had already disappeared.

My father gave the order to capture the escapees, while Dorothy, Aldrich, and I immediately went to check on the box with complicated patterns.

However, the scene inside disappointed me, and then I was burning with anger – it was empty!

I immediately checked the ward where the black cocoon was sealed. It was empty, and the guards hunting it down brought terrible news: They had lost it. On the way, they discovered a sizeable evil cult formation. It was very likely that the group of wanderers had teleported away through it.

I angrily interrogated the wanderer holding the box to cover for his companions. “What force are you from? What do you want to do by stealing the black cocoon?”

The wanderer didn't answer. Instead, he laughed eerily. His laughter became more intense, and he looked like he was about to cough out his internal organs in the end. The corners of his mouth gradually cracked to the root of his ears, and thick black blood gushed out of his seven orifices.

"He'll be back..." he cried and laughed in pain, saying in a sharp and twisted voice.

"No one can escape! No one can escape!"

A thick, stinky black smoke suddenly spewed out of his mouth, and the same thing happened to the other captured wanderers. The black smoke formed a familiar eye totem in the air, then turned into burning rocks and poured down.

In the nick of time, I caught them with New Flow, and there were no severe casualties or fires. However, New Flow could not absorb the burning rocks – they were not the creation of evil power, but just ordinary rocks. At most, they had been given some burning spell.

Stuffing a rock into a living person's body looked like the work of a heretic cult believer.

Now that all the clues at the scene were gone, this sudden attack ended absurdly. We only have information that these cultists and vagabonds are related to Azazel. They might be his believers.

However, this was only part of it. Soon, the guard brought two more annoying pieces of news. Adele had gone missing, and Locke had escaped.

Chapter 352 Evasion

Selma Payne's POV:

Since Adele had been imprisoned in the secret manor, everyone had forgotten her. No one could see her except the guards and the southern Duke. After all, she was already a lunatic that could never be cured. In addition to her embarrassing background, the best way to deal with it was to not deal with it.

Locke's treatment was much more brutal. He was secretly locked up in the palace's underground prison, with layers of seals placed by a werewolf grandmaster. Tracy also used some underhanded means to ensure that he could not move. She had spared Locke's life because he was a tough nut to crack and had value before his secrets were discovered.

These two people, who should have been ignored or closely monitored in the chaos, had disappeared so easily. No one would believe that it was not the work of the cult's wanderers.

But these two candidates always make me feel torn. There was no need to mention Locke. He was a believer in Leviathan, so how could a believer of Azazel have saved him? Adele was a member of the night magus Kafka, who was famous for his fanatical love for satan. He had never changed his sect.

In short, a group of intruders broke the long-lost peace in the palace. Except for the fact that there were no casualties, the werewolves were completely defeated. They lost the black cocoon, and two prisoners were taken away. This was like throwing the werewolves' faces on the ground and tying a time bomb to the werewolves that might explode at any time.

My father immediately ordered the entire country to hunt down the heretic cult believers and wanderers, naming them the 'Azazel faction'. He also began to hold the people in charge of today's defense accountable.

Due to the incident with Layla more than twenty years ago, the palace guards' captain had changed to a rotation system. Surprisingly, whether it was the palace or the secret manor, the person in charge of the garrison today was inextricably linked to the Evalia family.

The Earl of Marlowe's information had always been sensitive. Before his father could get angry, he had already come to the palace to confess his sins. However, he only admitted that the family had poor judgment of people and pushed the main responsibility away.

What a typical politician's thing to do. I used to think that even if academicians didn't devote themselves to research like Master Kevin, they should maintain a basic distance like Master Mary and Master Hayley. On the other hand, this old man wanted to do research and gain power, but in the end, he didn't want to take any responsibility.

He was really old and muddled. It was fine if he didn't evade it, even if he kept silent. But he just had to come in such a hurry to exonerate the family. This made me want to talk to him.

He was my father's old servant, not mine. Such a big mess happened on the day I gave birth. Did he think I wouldn't say anything if my father let him go?

Besides, all my actions after I entered the late stage of pregnancy were kept secret from the outside world. There must be a spy in the palace for the Azazel faction to attack the day I gave birth. Whether the Evalia family did not know, or they turned a blind eye to it even if they knew, who could say for sure?

However, I didn't do anything. Instead, after he left, I asked Aldrich to bring people to arrest all the members of the Evalia family who were related to this matter.

Without asking anything, Aldrich immediately set off with his men.

It was almost midnight when I finished. I finally remembered that I was a pregnant woman who had just given birth, and my 'strange' child was still lying in the incubator waiting for me to see him.

The room next to my suite has been renovated into a combined room with a baby's room and a ward. The incubator was inside, and several doctors and nurses closely monitored his physical condition.

Stopping them from bowing, I walked straight to the incubator and saw that my child's appearance was no longer as 'scary' as when he was just born. Although it was still not reassuring – he had the basic outline of a head, body, and four limbs, he did not look like a baby. With his hairy body, he looked like a wolf cub.

"How is he?" I asked the doctor.

"At present, it seems that he is in good health. It's just that I'm not knowledgeable enough to find any reason for the little prince's condition." The doctor said unconfidently, "I'm sure His Highness has never had any problems with his sexual organs at any stage of your prenatal examination. The situation at birth and now may not be explained by science."

After speaking, he glanced at me before quickly lowering his head. He regretted what he had just said.

"I know. You can't be blamed for this. Don't blame yourself." I said, "As for his condition, I know it in my heart. You have to take care of his health. The royal family will compensate you for this. Please don't worry. We are grateful for everything you have done for our child and me."

The nurses heaved a sigh of relief and quickly nodded in agreement. They might have just thought of palace politics dramas and wondered if I would kill them to silence them.