

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 385 The Crown Prince

Selma Payne's POV:

"I'm an outsider, so I can't comment on the internal affairs of the elves. In short, please do as I say. If you're still worried, let's see what the Council of Elders says."

Although Kaya was very confused, she nodded and left with her subordinates.

After learning about Leviathan, the elders immediately invited us to the palace.

I had told Leviathan everything I knew, and the Council of Elders naturally knew that he had come with ill intentions in the face of such a famous archdemon. They had a fierce argument about how to deal with it, and the reason was a proposal by the Great Elder – he agreed to let Dorothy conduct 'insight' into the Elf King.

"As we all know, Cage is His Majesty's best friend and has always been trusted by His Majesty. Right now, we need someone blood-related to Miss Dorothy and is trusted by the elves, and Cage is the best choice!"

"This is ridiculous!" The elder who disagreed said, "After all, Cage is still a wizard. He's not an elf. We can't let our guard down against him! No matter how much His Majesty trusts him, we can't!"

"Why not? Don't be so stubborn. We must try everything we can right now."

"Cage can't be trusted. If he's inclined to the elves, why didn't he give us hints before the elves were attacked? Isn't he a prophet? He didn't even notice such a great disaster?"

"The prophecy is just a possibility. If fate doesn't grant Cage a word or two, he's no different from us. Besides, our enemies now are the stray werewolves who believe in demons. Don't blame Cage for this."

The two sides continued to argue. At this moment, the attendant announced the arrival of the Crown Prince.

In the few days I'd been in the Elven Capital City, I'd tried my best to avoid contacting people like the Crown Prince and the president to avoid suspicion.

The newcomer was a handsome and tall young man-or rather, a teenager. From his overly youthful appearance, it was hard to imagine that he was already in his sixties. However, sixty years old for elves was probably as young as puberty.

The elders saluted him, and the Crown Prince politely returned the greeting. The Crown Prince wasn't cold or warm to outsiders like us, which made me secretly feel more at ease.

"Honored guests have come from far away. I hope that my people's hospitality will satisfy you." He exchanged conventional greetings with me business-like before asking the Council of Elders, "I seem to have heard you guys arguing earlier. Can you tell me why?"

Although they didn't want to get that close to the Crown Prince, the elders had to answer his question. After all, he was the Prince! Therefore, the Great Elder could only calmly say, "It's about security, Your Highness. Old men like us often lose our temper when we're old. I'm sorry to have embarrassed you."

"No, no, no, don't say that. Who doesn't know that all of you are the pillars of the elven race? I can't even wait to show my respect."

I wasn't sure if it was just my imagination, but these words sounded a little strange.

After two rounds of to and fro, the Crown Prince finally got to the point. "Should we make some preparations for the upcoming clan meeting? I don't want to be too harsh, but as you all know, those mayors who do their things are not easy to deal with. Some people's disloyalty is almost known to everyone, so I think we should take some necessary precautions."

In the face of such a blatant test, the Great Elder remained unmoved. "Thank you for your concern, Your Highness. The palace guards will make all the necessary preparations."

Just like that, after a few rounds of beating around the bush, the Crown Prince did not get any information, and the Council of Elders was unwilling to give him any benefits. This inevitably embarrassed the Crown Prince, so he seemed a little gloomy when he left.

We tried our best to remain silent, like decorations, watching the whole journey without making a sound.

It was said that the Elf King had three children – far more than most of his people – and the eldest was the Crown Prince. The second Prince died not long after he was born, and the little princess was only about ten years old; no one knew where she was. It was widely rumored that the Elf King was afraid that his youngest daughter would follow in his second son's footsteps, so he had hidden her name and placed her in the care of a civilian family to protect her from the Grim Reaper.

To be honest, I didn't quite understand why the Council of Elders' attitude toward the Crown Prince was so cold. At present, it seemed that the Crown Prince was the rightful

heir to the throne. Even if he had to consider maintaining the balance between the forces, as the confidant of the Elf King, it was normal for the Council of Elders to be closer to him in private.

But of course, I was not stupid enough to ask. This was not my business.

After the Crown Prince left, the debate returned to Cage. In the end, the Great Elder strongly demanded Cage be recalled from the werewolves.

“Don’t think of His Majesty as so fragile, my fellow countrymen.” His gaze was sharp and cold. “The dignity of a King cannot be offended, whether friend or enemy. Only by obtaining the King’s approval can you be taught wholeheartedly. It’s the same no matter who we find because it’s not to comfort His Majesty but our old and weak hearts.”*innread. com*

386 The Speech

Selma Payne’s POV:

Early in the morning, the Elven Capital City was under full martial law because most of the mayors and envoys in the Elf Forest would come to the capital today to make a joint decision on a major event that might decide the future fate of the elven race.

The current outcome was much better than the Council of Elders had expected. At the very least, most of the city-states had given a positive response. Regardless of whether the mayors were present, they had at least ‘shown up’.

As an outsider, I naturally couldn’t participate in the internal meetings of the elven race. However, the Council of Elders had set up a hidden seat for me in a secret room. Although I couldn’t express my opinions, I could still listen.

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll hear the secrets of the elven race?” I asked.

The Great Elder smiled kindly and said, “At the moment of life and death, what kind of secret is still a secret?” There’s no need to hide any secrets related to this matter, and no one will mention any secrets unrelated to this matter.”

I was the only one in the secret room. No one could accompany me, not even Dorothy or Master Hayley. Everyone was worried and felt that there was no guarantee of safety. However, I understood the elves’ concerns. Accepting me into this secret meeting was already their greatest show of sincerity. If I couldn’t show them my trust, then this cooperation would not be needed.

“We can secretly exchange information, can’t we?” I gave Dorothy a ‘you know what I mean’ look. “If something happens, you can still ensure my safety at the first moment.”
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Under the repeated warnings and worries of my companions, I entered the secret room ahead of time and watched as the mayors and emissaries arrived one by one, gradually filling up the vast and majestic palace.

There was no need to mention the complicated ceremonial process. When the Council of Elders led by the Great Elder appeared, the whispering people all quieted.

“My fellow countrymen, we’ve gathered here today to discuss an important matter. As you all know, due to His Majesty’s sacrifice, you and I can sit here safely. However, the risk did not end with His Majesty’s deep sleep. The Goddess of Nature ordered the entire forest to become a cage for the cultists, but these unrepentant sinners still tried to continue their evil work in the cage of atonement.

“However, this is not the most infuriating thing.

“According to reliable sources, another group of believers of the devil, the stray werewolves who treat Leviathan as their master, is also mixed in with the torturers. Naturally, they were punished but could not wash away the sins in their hearts. This incurable fallen tried to attack our compatriots in vain to sacrifice a rotten body to their master.”

This explosive news caused an uproar among the people present. Some were whispering, some were shocked, some were in disbelief, and some were staring at the group of elders suspiciously as if they were considering whether this was a plot against them.

The Great Elder was unmoved by these whispers and gazes. He asked someone to pass on the bone fragments with Leviathan’s aura to everyone.

“I know that there are many masters among you who are proficient in mystery, so why don’t you personally verify the truth of this matter?”

The mayors and the emissaries elected a few representatives to examine the evidence. One of them was an acquaintance of mine, Chena City’s mayor.

Compared to the frown from before, Chena City’s mayor looked much more peaceful now. I heard some rumors in the capital that the western city-states weren’t as united as one. Some mayors want to avoid getting involved in the power struggle and only want to live a good life.

Chena City’s mayor was probably distracted by his daughter’s situation, so it would be strange if he could still divert his attention to those conspiracies.

After their examination, everyone finally believed this. At the same time, many people gradually became serious, no longer acting perfunctorily like they were at the beginning.

Now that the other party's backer had increased from one to two, the potential danger was more complex than one multiplied by two.

However, at this moment, the Great Elder changed the topic. "Of course, there's still some good news for us now. The believers of Azazel and the believers of Leviathan seem to be divided. These body fragments from the stray werewolves are the best proof. The breaking of the two sides has undoubtedly reduced a lot of pressure on us. At least it's easier to break them one by one than to fight an iron plate.

"But I suggest you don't let your guard down because these body fragments also mean one thing – these cultists are speeding up the pace of sacrificial offerings. For demons, what could be more delicious than the souls of their children? Once evil thoughts arise, there is no way to stop them. Now, every child of ours is being enveloped by the shadow of the heretic cult believers. If we don't think of a way to save them, perhaps in some unknown corner, children are kidnapped by the heretic cult believers. Then, they will forever disappear in the evil sacrificial array that glows with a disgusting red light.

"Children, our precious treasure! Could we ordinary old fellows sit here and do nothing, let our children be robbed, and let their parents shed tears? Don't let our age become a waste of boring time; let us not sit on the high throne like corpses and vegetables!"

387 New Partners

Selma Payne's POV:

"Now, it's time to fulfill my duty! My Lords, in this life-and-death crisis, shouldn't we put aside our prejudices for the time being and unite against the outside world to return the children to a clear world?"

The Great Elder might not be a successful leader, but he must be a successful speaker.

Using the children as an entry point undoubtedly hit the sore spot of most of the people present. They might have ulterior motives or not like each other, but they all cherished every little life that was hard to come by. Children were on the reverse scale of all elves. Even if they met a child they didn't know, no adult elf would stand by and watch them fall into danger.

Moreover, there was indeed a 'righteousness' in these words. Who would want to admit that they were in a dead position? Who could admit that they didn't care about their child's safety? For these nobles and officials who had superior status and followed the old rules, the outside world's reputation was almost everyone's Achilles' heel. No one dared to risk losing the people's support to oppose 'righteousness'.

I believed the Great Elder had wanted to say these for a long time, but no one had listened to him before, and he didn't have an excuse to flare up. Now that he had this rare opportunity, he had to seize the opportunity and make fun of 'some people'.

There was little to say in the discussion that followed. It was nothing more than a cycle of speech, questioning, and counterattacks. It was the same as any large-scale meeting I had ever seen.

Solemnity was a very relative thing. In the face of certain things, we subjectively believed that they would have this or that kind of limitation, but the facts told us that many things that we thought were covered in a veil were child's play. Perhaps only the scenes in the TV series would fit the atmosphere in people's imagination. Reality always made people wonder if this was right and reliable.

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No wonder all governments had to maintain their solemnity and secrecy. Who would believe that a group who could not wait to fight to solve problems at a conference could lead the country to a bright future?

In short, after a vote, the discussion was finally passed with a slight advantage of approval. This did not mean there were many oppositions, but the number of neutrals was surprising. Even the city-states that had cast a neutral vote looked a little surprised. It seemed that every city-state thought that someone would take responsibility and that they would watch from the side.

The meeting ended in a day. From nightfall, the Elven Capital City was busy. Messengers came and went, and calls and mail flowed into the Communication Department. Even the elders no longer stayed on the vine seats as if they had taken root. The old men, who looked like rotten wood, walked quickly as if they had a long-distance runner in their cores.

Prejudice was a biased spectacle. I always thought the internal situation of the elves was really worrying. However, once they decided to unite, the cohesion and action were really amazing, as if the previous discord and friction did not exist.

The Speaker of Parliament, who was pushing for new policies, and the first Prince, who was eager to inherit the throne, were usually at odds with each other. The two concepts were opposite. However, in the face of this, they could temporarily shake hands and make peace. Each of them was full of smiles, like real brothers.

In this regard, I once told my companions privately, "You can't judge a book by its cover. I think I was too arrogant before and thought of elves as fools. It has been proven that their wisdom and actions are on par with any foreign race."

"Who wouldn't think that way after seeing their previous situation?" Eve said, "Appearance is always the best at confusing people, even if everyone knows they need to guard against false appearances."

In just one night, the elven race, or most of the regions, were fully mobilized. I saw Kaya organizing her troops in the square outside the palace in the early morning hours. She

had received a mission to immediately lead her small team to patrol the area that bordered the royal city and the western city-states.

The palace had the rarest treasures. After a discussion, the elders decided that the palace was still the most dangerous area, so all the important passes needed to be strictly controlled. Kaya said, "But if that's the case, our cooperation will have to end for the time being. The elders are still discussing how to send a team to help you."

Of course, I understood her. This was a normal job transfer, so I said, "I wish you all the best in your work, all the best, and that you can get rid of your worries as soon as possible."

As expected, the elders came to find us again in the morning and told us about Kaya's transfer. They also introduced me to a new business partner.

Surprisingly, the candidate this time was still an 'old acquaintance' of mine. It was the commander who didn't have much authority among the soldiers, Klein.

"It's a pleasure to see you again. I hope everything has been going well in your life." We shook hands, and Klein was a little embarrassed. The last time we met, his behavior was embarrassing.

"Hello, Princess of the Werewolves," he vaguely said.

We tacitly didn't mention the awkward mutiny.

388 Flying To The Moon

Adele's POV:

The moon was hidden today because it was a cloudy day.

However, the clouds only appeared in the afternoon, so after looking at the sky for the whole morning, I was furious when interrupted by the disturbing clouds.

My father could always sense the changes in my emotions instantly. He gently asked me, "What's wrong, my dear daughter?"

I ignored him. I didn't want to talk to anyone.

But the next second, I paid the price for my indifference – a burning pain surged from my brain as if my entire spiritual world was suddenly submerged in hot lava, and everything was turned into abandoned scorched earth in an instant.

I shrieked and rolled around on the ground like a wild boar that had stepped on a trap. No one criticized my image because no one even looked at us – after the eyes of a wild

dog that used a casual look to wantonly size me up and torture me were dug out, and the brain was pulled out from the eye socket, the number of people who dared to look at us became very few.

After five seconds, or maybe fifty minutes, the torturous pain finally stopped. My father, the man who was happy to torture everyone who witnessed it, gently asked me again, "What's wrong? My dear daughter?"

I still didn't want to talk to him, but I was a madman, not a fool, so I said, "I want to see the moon, Father."

But that man only asked me casually, like he was casually kicking a quibbling dog. He didn't care about what I said and even shifted his attention to something else halfway through my words.

The hot magma seemed to still be in my spiritual world. However, I didn't want to care about it because it was useless to care about something that couldn't be saved. I lay on the ground like an old rag. The only thing I wanted to move was my eyes. I used them to search for the non-existent moon.

These days, there were fewer wild dogs on the team. It seemed that a wild dog named Locke had a fall out with my father. They fought, and an unlucky fellow lost his life.

However, his body was not wasted. These wild dogs sacrificed it to any god or demon in exchange for living resources to fight against this hostile forest.

The rest was over; we were going to continue. However, I suddenly found a small crack in the clouds. Through it, I saw the moon, which seemed to be insubstantial, annotating this land.

Someone came to pull me away. I didn't want to – I couldn't leave this place! Where was I going to find my moon if I left this place? Where was I going to look at my moon?

However, my limbs were as soft as noodles that had been soaked in water for three days, so the wild dogs efficiently carried me away. I didn't even have the chance to resist as I watched the moon disappear from my sight.

Alright, alright, the moon had left me again.

I wanted to lose my temper, but I suddenly realized proudly that I was an adult. Losing my temper was something only children would do, so I deliberately held my breath and stopped myself from shouting.

"You'll suffocate yourself to death." My father suddenly appeared. He had just left the wild dogs surrounding me and walked far away without a care. "Breathe, my dear, don't forget to breathe."

Oh right, how could I forget to breathe? People would die if they didn't breathe. Hehe, I was really a lunatic!

The wild dogs moved their limbs, but I knew they didn't know where to go. This forest didn't like them and trapped them. Unless they died, they would never be able to get out.

In my opinion, this group of headless flies was fools. Since they had no way to go, why didn't they go to the moon? As long as I waited for the moon to come out at night, I could grab a few butterfly wings or clouds in the sky and insert them into my body. Then, I could fly to the moon. By the way, I shouldn't forget to knock on the door first, because the moon didn't like rude people. Only lunatics would make her angry.

Since I couldn't see the moon, I gave up control of all my organs and let them go to sleep or do whatever they wanted. When someone brought a piece of hard bread to my mouth, I realized it was already dark.

I hurriedly looked up at the sky, and sure enough, the dark clouds had dispersed! The moon was hanging brightly in the dark sky, silently inviting a visitor to have a long talk with her.

This group of idiots! Hurry up and find it! Find butterflies, find clouds, or use leaves or anything to fly into the sky and meet the moon!

Hurry up!

Go quickly!

The dumb wild dogs didn't realize anything. They whispered to each other as if they wanted to break into a city and cause trouble. Someone pulled me over to join them, but I didn't have the time to discuss these useless plans. I was looking for butterflies, clouds, leaves, and the pass given to me by the moon.

Where did they go?

Did I lose them?

After searching for a long time, I could only sit on the ground dejectedly and cry silently as I looked at the moon that was so far away.

I'd lost such a good opportunity.

I was really a lunatic.

389 The Invitation

Benson Walton's POV:

I didn't have many friends in the Lycan pack, not even close acquaintances. So, when I received an invitation to dinner, my first reaction was, 'Is it because my identity has been exposed, and someone wants to get information from me?'

However, my suspicion immediately dissipated by half when I recognized the person on the phone. What information could a palace servant, and the acting head servant at that, not be able to get in the palace and yet still come to me?

The person on the other end of the phone continued, and my silence made her lose her confidence. "I'm sorry for the sudden call. I saw you on the street when I was out on business, so I called the address you left me when you sent Anjay back. I haven't had time to repay you for the last time. As a servant, I don't have much to show off except for my cooking skills. Please don't reject me..."

My first reaction was to reject her. There was no need for a mobile patrol team member to interact with a palace servant. It was only my duty to send Anjay back. There was no need for me to be repaid.

"... Anjay also misses you very much. He often tells me stories about his time with you on the road. I've never seen him so obsessed with someone in his life. I think this is a special kind of fate. Of course, it's okay if you're busy. Please don't mind my abruptness..."

The voice on the other side became softer and softer. I didn't know why, but I suddenly asked, "What time?"

"What?"

"What time?"

"Uhm! If you're free, what about tonight? Or you can tell me when you're free. I've saved my annual leaves and haven't used them yet..."

"Tonight it is. Where?"

The woman gave me a series of addresses. To my surprise, I thought she and her brother would be staying at Mrs. Charlie's house, but that wasn't the case. The address was in a very quiet street, which was ordinary for a royal head servant.

I only realized what I had done after I hung up the phone. Why did I agree so easily? What if there was an emergency mission tonight? What if there was important information to be transmitted tonight? It was not my style to delay my work for a dispensable relationship.

But Bertha's eyes, as quiet as a fawn's, suddenly appeared before my eyes. If I were to reject her, this pair of sparkling gemstones would be covered in a shadow of disappointment, right?

... Forget it. It was just dinner.

Bertha's house was within my patrol range, so it wasn't difficult to find it. I stood before the door for a while and thought about it. The social department in my brain finally remembered to remind me that it was not very polite to come empty-handed. So, I went to buy a bunch of flowers at the last minute. I didn't know the name of the colorful flowers, but they are very pleasing to the eye.

The one who opened the door was Anjay. When he saw me, he screamed excitedly and rushed into my arms like a small cannonball. He hugged my waist and did not let go. I froze for a moment, not knowing how to react. In the end, Bertha saved me.

She rushed out of the kitchen with a soup spoon in her hand. She reprimanded Anjay in a low voice to behave and smiled at me embarrassedly. "This child is insensible and has caused you trouble. Please come in quickly!"

"It's okay," I said dryly and handed over the flowers in my hand. "A small gift. I hope you like it."

Bertha exclaimed softly. She put down her spoon and took the bouquet in a hurry. The bouquet wasn't much to me but was too big for Bertha. Half of her face was hidden behind the bouquet, and she was a little red.

"... Thank you, I really like it. "

She walked over to look for the vase with a spring in his step while Anjay winked at me like a mischievous child. I didn't react for a moment, and only when I was led to the sofa by Anjay did I suddenly understand. A single man sending flowers to a single lady was inevitably a little ambiguous.

I realized my actions were very abrupt, and I subconsciously wanted to say something. However, Bertha appeared, holding a vase with flowers arranged in it. Looking at her cheerful smile, I realized it would be awkward to say this now, so I kept silent.

After fiddling with the flowers for a while, Bertha caught sight of me sitting quietly on the sofa. She suddenly reacted and said, embarrassedly, "I'm sorry to leave you outside. I rarely have guests in my house, so I don't quite understand what to do... Why..."

Looking at her face, which was getting redder and redder, I said, "It's okay, don't mind me."

However, this made things even more awkward. Bertha nodded quickly and ran back to the kitchen.

Anjay sighed loudly and exaggeratedly at the side. He even looked at me and the kitchen resentfully.

'This silly kid, does he think I don't know what he's thinking?'

But no, no matter what he thought, he couldn't.

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With my status, I no longer have the right to think about those things.

390 The Northern Border

Selma Payne's POV:

The reason for Kaya's transfer was simple, so simple that I could tell without anyone explaining – she was a capable officer. Although she had a bad temper, she was undoubtedly qualified to be a captain. It was time for her to shine and contribute to the elven race.

The reason Klein was transferred to be my temporary partner was simple – he was indeed a flower vase as he appeared on the surface. The soldiers' contempt and disregard for him were not without reason. He did not even have a single permanent soldier under him.

In other words, my new partner was a light pole commander named officer.

However, this arrangement wasn't meant to make things difficult for me. On the contrary, this was a tacit agreement between the group of elders and me. The elves needed a decent person to 'monitor' me, and I needed a 'monitor' who could let me do as I pleased. After weighing the two, Klein was pushed out.

As external help, my companions and I didn't completely listen to the elves' orders. On the surface, we were relatively free. Since the elves had set up layers of defenses in the western region where Azazel's party and Leviathan followers were suspected to be active, I decided to focus on the relatively neglected northern border.

The northern border of the Elf Forest was close to the ocean. Compared to other areas, the population was sparse, and there were fewer city-states, so it needed to be more eye-catching.

Dorothy stayed in the elven kingdom to wait for her father's arrival. "I'll tell you as soon as I get news from the Elf King," she said.

I pray that 'synchrony vision' would take effect. That way, we'd have real-time surveillance of the wanderers twenty-four hours a day, and the pursuit would undoubtedly be smoother.

In short, we silently set off toward the north at this special moment when the elven race was on high alert.

From the moment they set off, Klein had been silent. He was the opposite of Kaya and didn't like talking unless necessary. But we were destined to work together for some time, and it was impossible not to communicate with each other. So, in the end, I was the one who broke the ice.

"So, you are a noble?" I asked when we were taking a break in the forest.

Klein looked at me in surprise as though he didn't expect me to take the initiative to talk to him. After a moment of silence, he nodded. "Yes, my mother is the Queen's cousin. She is from eastern Thousand Lakes City."

The Queen's cousin? This was a relative that I'd never expected. However, as the Queen's nephew, how could Klein be doing so badly?

Although I didn't ask, Klein noticed my doubts. He smiled bitterly and said, "You don't have to worry about anything. Everyone who sees me has the same doubts. I don't care about it anymore."

Even though he said so, I wasn't stupid enough to actually ask.

However, Klein poured out everything he knew. "Although my mother is the daughter of the mayor's sister, my grandmother and her sister, who is my grandaunt, are not close, so my mother is not very close to Her Majesty. Moreover, ever since Her Majesty the Queen... After that, no one took an insignificant figure like me seriously. But even if I've always been treated as nothing, I'm quite satisfied with this life. At least I don't have to be caught up in those bloody storms of power struggles, and my life is easy and comfortable."

Klein said it so easily and didn't seem worried about not seeing her. Obviously, he might have had a hard time in the past, but he had now let it go. His open-minded attitude made me change my opinion of him. Not everyone could bear to be ignored and looked down upon every day. To be able to be indifferent, one must have a broad mind that ordinary people couldn't reach.

As for the Queen, who he did not elaborate on, it was a well-known secret among the elves. When I was with the werewolves, I heard rumors about the elven royal family, but I didn't know if they were true. I had never seen the Elf Queen since I came to the elf territory as if she didn't exist.

But I was not interested in the secrets of the other royal families. I was eager to know now where Azazel's party and the Leviathan followers were hiding to discuss their schemes.

It took me almost a week to get to the Elven Capital City from the border because I had to scout for clues on the way. Although Cage didn't have to go through so much trouble, as a wizard, he had to go through as many security checks as I did. As the best friend of the Elf King, he didn't have any special privileges, so it would take him about three days to get there.

I kept in contact with Dorothy through my mind-link. She told me that her identity had been exposed through some unknown means. Now, quite a few nobles and mayors had secretly come to find her in hopes of 'getting a glimpse of the true meaning of fate'. Even the Crown Prince, the chairman, and many other western powers had secretly sent people over. She didn't accept any of them for fear of getting into trouble. However, she was annoyed by them.

I was immediately infuriated. 'The moment I left, someone came to look for Dorothy. If this isn't bullying the weak and fearing the strong, what is it?'

391 The Nitraria Fruit

Selma Payne's POV:

"Go find the Council of Elders and tell them to spread the word that they're not here to bother you. If those old men don't even dare to do such a thing, you don't have to care then. You can stay in the palace and close the door to the guests. You can also use some witchcraft to lock the door or hide your traces. Don't be afraid of causing trouble, my dear. When I return, I will settle the score with the Council of Elders!"

Before I left, they promised me they would take care of Dorothy. Now, trouble came knocking on my door the moment I left. These old men really know how to put on a front!

Moreover, the 'synesthesia vision' plan was a secret, and Dorothy's ability was even more confidential, be it her identity as the witch of fables or the more top-secret Eye of Insight. Now that so many people knew Dorothy's identity, it would be a lie to say that he had nothing to do with the Council of Elders!

This group of old men made it sound like they were cowards. They didn't dare to come into contact with this power, and that power didn't dare speak, but they didn't delay their secret little tricks!

On the other hand, Dorothy was much more open-minded about this matter. She even said, "It doesn't matter. It's not like I didn't gain anything. At least, I've gotten to know quite a few forces and have sorted out the relationships between them. In fact, I can't

hide forever. Since I've already been exposed, I will wait for the right price and use my ability to exchange for some real benefits.

"The Spring Rain Pack is still waiting for us to feed it with more resources. Isn't the best of both worlds if we could take the opportunity to discuss several trade routes with the elves? Besides, aren't we planning to start our revival plan at more borders in the future? With such a huge and powerful neighbor, it's a waste not to use it."

"You're really open-minded... Alright, you can do whatever you want. But you have to know your limits and not get yourself into trouble, okay?"

"Don't worry. I'm just saying. If anything goes wrong, I'll run faster than anyone else."

After cutting off the connection, I couldn't help but worry. Those elves had lived for at least hundreds of years, and each had 800 tricks up their sleeves. Could Dorothy really beat them?

This group of old men who had become sly and experienced said it so nicely and acted so pitifully, but they were still acting one way on the surface and another behind the back! And the Council of Elders thought I didn't know what they were up to! There were too many forces gathered in the capital now. They were afraid of internal strife, so they threw Dorothy out to share the pressure.

I wished I could fly back to the capital, grab the Great Elder's beard, and give him a good scolding. However, this was impossible, so I could only temporarily satisfy my mouth's craving in my mind.

Dorothy's situation made me look forward to Cage's arrival even more.

Finally, three days later, when we reached the northern border of the Elf Forest, Dorothy finally sent us news that Cage had arrived.

Although the Council of Elders wanted to use Dorothy as a tool, they still remembered their ultimate goal and still needed to reveal that the Elf King was about to undergo the insight. Thus, this matter was not hindered.

"Before that, the elves have to pray to the Elf King and ask for forgiveness from the Goddess of Nature for prying into the king's heart," Dorothy said. "So we have to wait until nightfall before officially beginning the investigation."

"Alright, let me know if you have any news. We've already reached the northern border. The defense here is a little sparse compared to the other places, so nothing can help."

Perhaps it was because it was close to the sea, but the plants on the northern border were slightly different from the core of the Elf Forest. Low shrubs that were more resistant to salt and alkali were everywhere, which caused a little trouble for our pace.

While resting, Klein told us about the legends circling the northern border.

“It’s said that in ancient times, the Goddess of Nature and the Moon Goddess once had a gathering by the sea. One of the incarnations of the Moon Goddess had secretly mated with her lover and got pregnant. The Goddess of Nature saw her and said, “Your child will have a short life.” The incarnation was very afraid, so he asked the goddess for help. The Goddess of Nature then gave the Moon Goddess a nitraria fruit. The Moon Goddess then extracted the child’s father’s blood, stuffed it into the fruit, and gave it to her incarnation.

“After that, her incarnation broke up with her lover, and the man wanted to kill her and her child in a rage. No matter where she hid, she would be found. After the incarnation lost the fruit, her lover could no longer find them.

“That’s why there’s a custom in the northern border. When the child is born, the parents will take a drop of their child’s blood and drop it on the nitraria fruit, then throw it far into the sea to protect the child from disasters and a life of peace.”

What a beautiful wish... I couldn’t help but smile as I unconsciously thought of my child. I wondered how he was doing now. Was he nursing? Or was he sleeping soundly in his grandmother’s arms?

When we contacted the werewolves, most of what we talked about was just official business. In addition, the situation was getting tenser and tenser. Let alone the child, I hadn’t even seen Aldrich for a few days.

There was a dense cluster of nitraria fruit trees not far from me. Perhaps, when everything was settled, I would pick one fruit from here and bring it home to protect my child.

392 The Annoying Visitor

Dorothy’s POV:

The days I spent alone in the elven territory were boring. Besides the endless number of visitors, I had a good time.

Many people came to ‘visit’ me and were all here for my ‘prophecy’. I knew this was related to the Council of Elders, but I couldn’t be bothered to argue with them. Since they were so fickle and did one thing in front of me and another behind my back, they must have been prepared to be devoured by fate, right?

I sent most of the visitors away perfunctorily, but I still had to deal with a few of them slowly.

For example, the handsome youth in front of me, the Crown Prince of the elven race.

Although the werewolves were also considered a race with a long lifespan, they did not live as long as the elves. Even their appearances were blessed by time. Thus, I felt a bit of a contrast to a sixty-year-old who still looked like he had just returned from middle school.

The Crown Prince's purpose for coming here was very simple. Although he intended to cover it up, such a contradiction made him seem a little ridiculous.

Like the other visitors, he had come to ask me to help him see if his future was going well. He was thinking about whether he could succeed or not and whether he would reencounter those obstacles.

However, I could promise anyone but him because what he wanted to see was not a tiny matter – whether or not he could become the Elf King in the future and when he would become the Elf King.

I would be crazy to help.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness. I think you've misunderstood me." I tried to say the same things I told others. "Fate is a very mysterious thing. I can't see it just because I want to. I can't do without the right time, place, and people. So I can't help you. I hope understand."

However, the Crown Prince had obviously come prepared. "But I've heard that your father can receive instructions from fate at any time and place. As his daughter, I don't think you need to belittle yourself. I want an answer and a time. I don't want anything else. I'm the Crown Prince of the elven race. I can give you any reward you want, and I can guarantee the safety of this matter."

"This has nothing to do with gains, Your Highness. It's just that I'm not as powerful as my father, and the Goddess of Fate doesn't care much for me. I had no choice but to tell this lie."

"Come on. Excessive modesty is regarded as arrogance. Could you please be honest with me? I'm very familiar with your father. If he were here, he would agree to your help."

I began to get tired of this little brat who was humble on the surface but arrogant on the inside. It was impossible that he didn't understand what I meant. Not only did he pester me, but he also used my father's name to pressure me. Since he was familiar with my father, why wouldn't he ask my father to take a look? 'You just don't dare to, so you came to pressure a weaker person like me!'

Just as Selma said, I was not an elf anyway. I was not afraid that I wouldn't be able to stay in the elf race even if I offended a Prince. So, I rejected the Crown Prince directly,

causing his face to turn red and white. Ultimately, he couldn't even maintain the gentle expression he had deliberately put on and left in anger.

What a detestable and slow-witted fellow. No wonder the elders did not support him in inheriting the throne!

In short, after three days of disturbance, my father finally returned to the capital, travel-worn.

The Council of Elders said it would take a day to make the leading sacrifice, so we had to wait until night to start the observation officially.

Before that, I had a short meeting with my father. The atmosphere was more relaxed than I had imagined, but it wasn't much better either. Although I already knew that my parents 'abandoned' me to protect me, the gap between us for more than twenty years couldn't be melted quickly. So, we only exchanged a few words and then nothing else.

In the end, I couldn't help but ask, "Where is Mother now? Is she doing well? I didn't see her in the capital."

My father was stunned and said uneasily, "She's at home... In one of our houses in the depths of the elf forest. She's fine, don't worry. Actually, I don't usually come to the capital. I'm invited to be a guest this time, and I just happened to be in time for these things. Your mother doesn't like crowds, so she rarely comes with me."

"Mother is home alone? Isn't that dangerous? What if she runs into the Azazel's party or Leviathan believers?"

"It won't happen. Our house is hidden in a folded space. No one can break this defense other than your mother and I."

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Then, we were left speechless. A heavy silence spread in the air.

After a while, my father bade me farewell in a hurry. I looked at his back as he left, but I didn't ask him to stay.

Not all family relations were closely connected by blood. Fate was fair. I had obtained a special power that others couldn't get, so I would inevitably lose something to maintain the balance. Perhaps my family was the price I was destined to pay in my life.

393 Obstruction

Dorothy's POV:

I'd been to the Elven Palace many times, but I'd only been to a few areas. It was either the Town Hall or the conference room, and I had to go through some routine inspections every time. This was the case for the place open to the public, not to mention where the Elf King's 'body' was preserved. Thus, my father and I went through three layers of inspection. I felt we were just short of explaining to my three generations of ancestors.

Although such a cold attitude was understandable, it was indeed insulting. I was only holding back my complaints for a win-win situation for both sides.

However, someone leaked the news at the last moment, and this matter was still revealed. When the Crown Prince, the president, and the others aggressively barged into the Elf King's bedroom, I knew that this wouldn't end peacefully when I saw the astonishment on the face of the Council of Elder members.

The Great Elder was the first one to regain his composure. He gently nodded to the man and said, "Good evening, Your Highness, Your Excellency."

Obviously, his gentle attitude was taken by the other party as a kind of guilty conscience and concession, so they did not give the same respect to the Great Elder.

The Crown Prince's expression almost said, 'I've caught your little braids'. He asked sternly, "What are they doing? Grand Elder, why did you lead a group of foreigners into my father's bedroom? I'm sure you're well aware of Father's current condition. Any accident could be fatal to him."

How beautifully said! He couldn't wait to put my father and me into the 'dangerous people' faction. What a filial son!

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I couldn't pay any attention to this idiot. Come to think of it, could it be that a successor like Selma was rare? I crossed my arms and stood expressionlessly to the side as I counted how much time I had left for them to waste.

The Great Elder was not a fool. The Crown Prince's words were full of criticism, and the president, who had always been at odds with him, was actually on his side. Of course, he knew that this group of people had come with ill intentions.

"That's confidential, Your Highness. I'm sorry I can't reveal it to you." He chose a roundabout way and easily blocked the Crown Prince's path. "The group of elders has carefully discussed everything. Please believe that we will not disappoint His Majesty's trust in us, old men. Also, you're being rude by criticizing our guests. They're our honored guests who our clan has invited to come all the way here to help. You should show some diplomatic etiquette."

The Crown Prince's face reddened, and he revealed an expression as if he wanted to retort but was weak on the inside. After stammering for a long time, he still couldn't say a word. In the end, he vented his anger on us and glared fiercely at my father and me.

Now, I kind of understood why the Elf King didn't pass the throne to this eldest son. The Great Elder hadn't even said anything harsh, but he was already so angry. With such shallow thoughts and easily angered emotions, he was an excellent seedling for a tyrant of the generation.

Seeing that his disappointing teammate had been defeated in one round, the president, who had been silent, finally spoke, "Forgive our sudden arrival, elders. The Crown Prince was really worried about his father. He had rushed over after hearing some rumors. His Highness is straightforward and doesn't have any ill intentions. Please forgive him."

'Look, this is a true old fox.' The president reminded me of those ministers and officials who were even more slippery than mud skits I met when I was with Selma. There was no doubt that they were the same kind of people.

As for the Crown Prince... Oh my god, I didn't even want to talk to him anymore. This idiotic Prince didn't realize that he had been used as a tool. He was even proud of himself for 'bowing down' to the president and 'explaining' himself.

I called out to Selma in my mind. She was currently keeping watch at night, so I shared with her the drama of our internal strife.

The upper president's rank was higher than the Crown Prince's. Under his superficial questioning, the Council of Elders gradually could not hold the fort anymore.

The other elders kept looking at the door of the bed chamber or their time-measuring tools as if they were worried that more disrupters would come or that their plan would fail if they were delayed too much time.

Some elders even looked at us, but my father and I were no fools. This was an internal conflict within the elven race, so how could we casually join in and let it go? Besides, I always kept in mind the 'principle of non-interference in internal affairs'. Our goal was to eliminate the cultists, so let us forget about the rest.

This confrontation lasted more than ten minutes, and this group of people seemed to have taken root at the entrance of the bed chamber, not entering or leaving. Looking at the moon outside the window, I could feel that my strength was gradually increasing with the blessing of the moonlight. Now was the best opportunity. If I missed it, it didn't mean that the plan would fail, but the chances of success would be smaller.

The group of elders also realized that they were gradually approaching the time set in their plan, so they also became a little anxious. The Great Elder was no longer as

friendly as before when he faced the president and the Crown Prince. He was just short of shouting, "Get out of here and don't delay the crucial matters".

In fact, I'd also wondered why the Council of Elders didn't directly tell these people about the plan. It was an excellent opportunity to eliminate the bandits in one fell swoop, so there was no reason for them, as high-status elves, to stop it.

394 Turbulent Undercurrent

Dorothy's POV:

However, I quickly thought it through. I shouldn't be fooled by their act of filial piety and loyalty. If they were truly one, they would be working together to overcome this crisis instead of fighting each other with ulterior motives.

To the Crown Prince, the president, and the other mayors and nobles who weren't present, the Elf King was more of a political symbol than their family or monarch. Whoever controlled his sleeping body would occupy the high ground of legitimacy.

Therefore, they would never agree to this plan. First, they were afraid that I would hurt the elven King. Second, they were afraid that this plan would work. In this way, the interim government with the group of elders as the core would undoubtedly gain more support and stronger legitimacy from the outside world. Then, wouldn't other forces that wanted to seize power lose their chance?

They were more likely to take this opportunity to doubt the interim government's ability and then try to stir up chaos to fight for the power of 'feeding' the Elf King.

Everyone hoped to use the King to command the vassals, but it could not be stopped once the dispute started. Even if they did not have the heart to fight for power, everyone caught in the whirlpool had to rack their brains to protect themselves in this internal struggle. In this way, who would have the energy to spare for the external threat eyeing them covetously?

As I thought about this, I suddenly felt a sense of pity for the King lying on the bed without feeling anything. Did he exchange his life for the ending he wanted? Would he regret his decision to sacrifice himself to save the elves when he saw his descendants and his former subjects forget about the safety of the elves to fight for power?

Soon, both sides finally revealed their true intentions.

"We have no intention of questioning any of the government's decisions, but as a member of the elven race, when your decision concerns my King, I have the right to question the safety of your decision."

The hypocritical face of the higher-ups in the Council made people feel uncomfortable. “We have to know what risks are hidden in this matter, what the purpose is, and whether it will bring any hidden dangers to His Majesty.”

As soon as he said this, the guards he brought with him raised the long spears in their hands aggressively, and the Crown Prince’s men did not give way. Obviously, they would immediately force the palace to rebel if the Council of Elders did not agree. The palace guards immediately became alert when they saw this. The two sides were in a confrontation with murderous intent, and it looked like a fight was about to break out.

The Great Elder wasn’t made of mud. Seeing this situation, his face also sank. “Are you all planning to rebel? His Majesty is looking at us from his bedroom! Any member of the elf race should unconditionally obey the decisions of the interim government. This was the royal order of His Majesty before he fell into a coma. Suppose you are truly as loyal as you claim. In that case, you should always remember His Majesty’s teachings and immediately withdraw this group of arrogant people who dared to brandish their weapons outside His Majesty’s bed chamber!”

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I gave Selma a real-time report of the situation here. She mercilessly commented, “Well said, very imposing. But isn’t this imposing behavior shown a little late? If he had such determination to face those forces eyeing him covetously from the start, he wouldn’t have to face such a chaotic mess now.”

“Do you think these people will listen to the Great Elder and leave?” I asked.

“What do you think? Who would be afraid of a tiger he knows has no teeth?” Selma asked in return, “This so-called ‘top-secret’ plan was leaked so easily. Either there’s a mole in the Council of Elders, or the Council of Elders can’t control all the movements in the palace. If even we can see their distress, the others must be well aware of the Council of Elders’ powerlessness.”

It was just as Selma had said. Although the soldiers had put away their weapons, the Crown Prince and the president did not leave just like that. They seemed to intend to drag out the battle with the group of elders.

The Council of Elders had no way of driving them away. First of all, most of their forces had been sent out to search for the cultists. Second, once this matter was blown out of proportion, more and more people would know about it, and it would be even more challenging to clean up the mess.

Suddenly, the president turned to look at my father and me.

“If I’m not wrong, this should be related to the two of you, right?”

The president was a man with a gentle and delicate appearance. Even with the werewolf's aesthetic sense, he was very approachable. However, his current gaze was like a venomous snake hiding in the dark, ready to bite me at any time. This destroyed his gentle temperament and made me vigilant.

This person came with ill intentions, but before I could say anything, my father stood before me. "It's confidential, Your Excellency. Without the permission of the interim government, we can't tell you the specific details."

So, the matter returned to the Council of Elders. The Great Elder looked extremely tired. I kept feeling that he wanted to quickly send a meteorite to smash the palace and destroy everyone so there would be no more mess.

The current situation was not looking good. The Crown Prince and the president had made it clear that we would mess this up no matter what we did. We really only have a little time left. It was almost dawn, and I didn't know how long it would take for my vision to find the information we wanted.

395 Showing Weaknesses

Dorothy's POV:

Once the sun was up, we had to abort the plan. It was not as easy to hide a secret during the day as at night. There were too many people around, and it would be a joke if we were exposed to this mayor or that noble.

After weighing the pros and cons, the group of elders finally helplessly relaxed a little. They vaguely said that they needed to use some external forces to seek communication with the Goddess of Nature.

Their words were vague and had no substantive comments, but everyone present was brilliant and quickly understood what the Council of Elders was trying to do.

No matter what they thought in their hearts, on the surface, they were naturally strongly opposed to it.

The Crown Prince believed that outsiders were not to be trusted easily and that the only way to get close to his father was to step over his dead body. I couldn't help but roll my eyes again. 'With such ambition, why didn't you seek revenge on Azazel's party that harmed your father to this extent?' He was quite capable of showing off his power here.

The president was much gentler, but no matter how much more gentle his attitude was, it did not change his determination to mess this up. The reason was still that the safety of the omnipotent Elf King was of utmost importance, and he could not cast unknown sorcery on him at will.

In short, this group didn't agree, so everyone began to be deadlocked again.

Helplessly, the Council of Elders could only discuss with us. After my father and I agreed, they revealed some of the principles behind 'synesthesia vision' and hid the part about the Eye of Insight and only said that my precognitive abilities were slightly stronger than my father's. This caused the Crown Prince and the president's gazes to change.

"In other words, would the one who acts as the middleman have the same right as His Majesty to communicate with the goddess?"

"You can't compare it like that," the Great Elder said with a frown. "We can only say that we've obtained a certain degree of vision, but the right to communicate is still in the hands of His Majesty."

But now we all knew that such an explanation was no longer useful. The Crown Prince and the president had been tempted by such 'privileges'.

As expected, a more senior elder immediately said, "I think this plan needs some modifications. Instead of troubling our guests to choose the information for us, why don't we let our people do this?"

"Unless the middleman is replaced, I will not agree to this plan." The Crown Prince was much more straightforward. 'Father has countless confidential information in his mind. Even his best friend can't read it at will!"

If it had to be 'someone else', who would it be?

Of course, he was the most suitable candidate!

Therefore, the fragile, temporary Alliance between the Crown Prince and the president was broken before the Great Elder could say anything.

"Please allow me to recommend myself, everyone." The president was still watertight. "Of course, to ensure confidentiality, I'm willing to accept any level of monitoring until His Majesty returns to us."

It was the same as not saying anything. Would he arrange for an enemy force to monitor him? It would be strange if it were useful for one's own people to monitor themselves.

"I believe in your loyalty and moral character, but I think this has to be done by me." The Crown Prince stood up proudly. "Who is more suitable than me, my father's child? One day, I will inherit the throne. I will not bring any harm to my race and compatriots!"

Just like that, the battlefield instantly shifted to the two people who were allies a minute ago.

They argued endlessly, and no one asked for the opinion of the elders, as if the replacement was already set in stone.

However, Selma said to me, “Old ginger is spicier. The Great Elder has lived for so many years.”

“What do you mean?”

“He resolved the local alliance with a few words and even shifted the conflict away from his side. Isn’t this old man terrifying?”

Only then did I discover, much to my surprise, the crisis on our side had been resolved without us even realizing it. And all of this was only because of the Great Elder’s seemingly soft words.

The Great Elder had done this many times. At least, from the moment we came to the Elf Forest, he had constantly been using his seemingly weak appearance to maintain the internal balance.

Selma sighed. This is the reason the Elf King passed the heavy responsibility to the group of elders. These seemingly weak and incompetent little old men are very intelligent! Who said that showing weakness wasn’t a form of survival wisdom? If it wasn’t for the interim government making people feel weak, incompetent, and harmless, would it have been able to exist in peace for so long? However, such a weak and incompetent government shouldered the heavy responsibility of turning the tide and opened up a way for the elves to survive in the internal strife.”

The Crown Prince and the president were at odds with each other, and neither was willing to give in. With the mentality that ‘no one can get what I can’t’, they gradually began to unite against the outsiders and forced the elders to abandon the plan.

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What surprised me even more was that the Council of Elders agreed.

Tonight’s result did not satisfy either side. In order not to be taken advantage of by others, the Crown Prince and the president both asked for people to be stationed in the bed chamber of the Elf King to ‘protect the safety of His Majesty’.

The Great Elder refused sternly, “The palace is well-guarded, and there’s no need for Your Highness and the president to worry. Moreover, everyone is loyal and wants to do something to protect His Majesty. Today, I’ll let everyone’s men station in the bed chamber under my watch. Tomorrow, the nobles and mayors will hear the news and come. Should I agree or not?”

Dorothy's POV:

These words reminded the Crown Prince and the president of the Supreme Council of the current stalemate. They did not have the confidence to break the stalemate rashly, so they could only leave with their men unwillingly.

Even if they didn't leave any spies, they didn't lack channels to get information about the palace. There were still thousands of servants and guards here.

It was unlikely that there were spies in the Council of Elders, so it was apparent who had leaked tonight's plan. The servants' intelligence network was sometimes enough to shock the masters, who thought they had everything under control.

"Are we just going to give up like this?" I asked the Council of Elders.

The Great Elder winked at me but didn't say anything. I couldn't figure out what he meant, so I could only follow them and leave the bed chamber.

Tonight's plan was ruined, so I had no reason to stay in the palace any longer.

The Great Elder personally sent my father and me off. Before he left, he said somewhat apologetically, "I've troubled the two of you to make a wasted trip and even made you watch such a big joke. I'm truly sorry."

I could only dryly console this old man, who was hard to read, before immediately bidding him farewell and leaving.

My father had a fixed residence in the capital. Perhaps it was because of the unstable atmosphere between us, or maybe it was because of the curse, but in short, my father always avoids spending too much time alone with me. He hurriedly explained some safety issues to me and left halfway.

The embassy was empty, and a member on night duty asked me if I needed supper or a bath. I waved my hand tiredly and dragged my heavy feet back to my room.

The Elf Forest was indeed a natural treasure trove. My room was messily filled with books, notes, and plant specimens. If it weren't for the suffocating atmosphere here, I would have stayed here for eight to ten years to study the plants and herbs here.

I was exhausted after a night of high tension. Without realizing it, I put on my clothes and fell asleep.

I didn't sleep for long before a knock on the door awoke me.

“What happened...”

I opened the door in a daze. To my surprise, besides my team members, my father was also standing outside.

“Pack up. We’re going to the palace,” he said.

I subconsciously looked at the clock on the wall. It was one o’clock in the morning. It had been less than an hour since I returned to the embassy!

“Why are we going to the palace? Didn’t the plan get canceled?”

“That’s just an excuse to the outside world.” My father gave me a meaningful smile.

Thus, I followed my father back to the palace. This time, we used an invisibility spell, and within fifteen minutes, sparks almost came out of the soles of our shoes.

The Great Elder was waiting for us in a hidden room in the palace. He didn’t even light a candle, and his old face seemed kind under the moonlight.

“We meet again, Miss Dorothy.” He blinked at me, just like before. “I hope I’m not disturbing your rest.”

At this point, I finally understood what was going on. It was a lie to give up on the plan. It was a temporary measure to stabilize the Crown Prince and the president. In fact, the Council of Elders was determined to eliminate the external threat in the Elf Forest, so the plan became even more covert.

“But how do we get close to His Majesty the Elf King?” I asked, “After the previous incident, the Great Elder definitely can’t send away the guards and attendants guarding the sleeping chamber. We can’t just swagger in, right?”

The Great Elder quickly answered my doubts. Following him, we passed through the darkness and arrived in front of an ordinary-looking wall.

“This Palace has a history of more than 4000 years. When it was built, the elven race had just experienced a catastrophe. For this reason, the Elf King then had no choice but to move the capital and build the new palace.”

The Great Elder placed his hand on the wall. Then, under my astonished gaze, countless lush vines grew rapidly with his palm as the center. In a few seconds, they had covered the entire wall.

“Legend has it that when this palace was being built, a princess fell ill due to the previous catastrophe. Before she passed away, she wished the Goddess of Nature to become the guardian spirit of this palace, to protect a warm and safe harbor for her

family for generations. As a result, this palace has always been called the 'women's palace'."

The vines began to twist and transform, forming a pattern that looked like a door.

"As time passed, more and more people thought this legend was just a story made up by bards to coax children to sleep. However, it is true. The nameless princess from a thousand years ago is still guarding the palace. She never revealed herself, but she was rational and silent as she watched everything that happened here. Not all of her kin can be recognized by her, except for the previous Elf Kings."

A door made of vines slowly appeared from the wall. The branches and leaves gradually fell as they moved. Finally, an actual door appeared in front of us!

The Great Elder pushed the door open. Inside the door was a resplendent bed chamber. A blurry figure could be vaguely seen on the wide and soft bed through the soft gauze hanging from the sky.

"Now that His Majesty is in a deep sleep, he temporarily gave his authority to me before he closed his eyes. Therefore, the Princess has also acknowledged me. I can open a 'door' to any place in the palace, including His Majesty's bed chamber."

397 Start Of Insight

Dorothy's POV:

"We've already wasted too much time tonight. Now, let's restart our original plan."

Even after I passed through the door, I still felt that tonight's encounter was really magical.

What was the principle behind this door? Was it some kind of sorcery? But I didn't sense any magic fluctuations. Or was it some kind of mysterious power exclusive to the elves? Had it always existed? Or was it because of the princess's sacrifice?

'Guardian spirit' was a broad concept, so what kind of existence did the princess have? An eternal soul? Or had it already merged with the palace?

Was she a part of the palace? Or was the palace a part of her?

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I might never get an answer to these questions, and the Great Elder obviously wouldn't tell me such secrets.

The ceiling of the bed chamber was very high, almost twenty meters high. All kinds of plant branches and vines were hovering on the ceiling and in the air. Through the

slightly withered branches and leaves, many inconspicuous or colorful birds could be seen hidden among them.

A long veil hung down from the ceiling, forming a mist-like barrier around the wide and soft bed, gently but seriously rejecting the visitors.

Through the mist, I could vaguely see the Elf King's figure. He lay quietly on the bed. Other than the slight rise and fall of his chest, he was like a wooden man.

The Great Elder apologized in a low voice, pulled open the curtain, and led us to the bed.

To be honest, if I didn't know about the Elf King's situation, I would have thought that the handsome man on the bed was taking a nap. His face was ruddy, and his expression was peaceful, as if he had a beautiful dream.

The Great Elder took a step forward and kneeled on one knee on the soft cushion scattered on the side of the bed. He was reporting something to the sleeping Elf King in the elf language. I barely understood what he was saying, so I could barely recognize that he was talking about the current situation of the elf race.

A few minutes later, the Great Elder stood up and gave his seat to my father and me.

"Time is of the essence. I'll have to trouble the two of you."

Before I started the ritual, I tried to contact Selma. Her voice was muffled. She had finished her night duty and was resting.

"I'm going to start my inspection of the Elf King," I said. "The results will probably be out in the morning."

Selma sounded much more clear-headed now. "I'll stay with you."

"No," I refused. "Have a good rest. You still have to search tomorrow. Besides, I won't be able to divert my attention to contact you during the journey."

Selma had no choice but to agree. We cut off contact. I took out the various tools I had prepared long ago and placed them by my side.

I took a deep breath and looked at the moon outside the window. I said, "Let's start."

It was a wonderful feeling to establish a connection with one's family. This feeling was different from the mind-link with Selma or my grandmother. It was as if I had extracted a specific object from my soul to construct a bridge. It was not a good feeling.

My father said he was my family, but we were no different from strangers. It was always contradictory to open up your soul to strangers.

This caused the link between my father and me to be unstable at the beginning.

After trying several times to no avail, under the anxious and puzzled gaze of the Great Elder, my father said, "How about this? Rather than letting me enter your spiritual world, why don't you enter my spiritual world?"

Thus, this time, he took the initiative to invite me to contact his spiritual world. It went very smoothly and was completed without any obstacles.

My father's spiritual world was plain and unremarkable. At least, it was not very 'compatible' with the mysterious identity he wore in the outside world.

Ordinary forests, lakes, and even the wildflowers on the ground were all typical in the real world. Besides an ordinary wooden house, this place was no different from any other natural scenery I had seen in the Elf Forest.

It seemed that my father really liked his seclusive place.

After the connection structure with the middleman was completed, the next step was to gain insight into the Elf King.

He must have been a powerful King in the past, but now, the power of the past had been sealed with his sleep. Prying into the fate of a King should have caused a great shock to me, but in the face of an unconscious person, this shock was better than nothing.

"Remember your goal, Dorothy," my father's voice suddenly rang in my ear. "The lifespan of elves is very long, and their life experiences are much longer than that of werewolves. If you can't find what you need in time, it will be a waste of time."

Alright, remember my goal.

The mark of nature...

The Goddess of Nature...

Contact...

I rummaged through my complicated fate for the information I needed. The Elf King's life flashed before my eyes in a chaotic and fuzzy way. This was because I didn't have the time to sort them out carefully.

I tried to touch the information I thought was close to the target, but most options were wrong. The rest were tightly bound by a layer of green light. I realized that this was a secret that I shouldn't be hearing.

"Why do you understand so much about this, to the point that you know what I should and shouldn't be looking at?" I couldn't help but ask my father.

My father asked in return, "What do you mean 'understand'? I haven't even done anything yet."

398 The White Wildflower

Dorothy's POV:

Could the information that rejected my investigation not be my father's doing? Who was that? Could it be...

The Elf King?

Was he the one who did it? Was he still conscious?

I tried calling the Elf King, hoping for a response. However, no one answered me. Only a few soft green light orbs circled me a few times before leaving with some 'locked' information.

As expected, the Elf King still had some consciousness left. Although it was so weak that it couldn't respond to me, it operated purely on instinct. However, this was still good news. This meant that the evil forces had not gained the upper hand, and the stalemate between the Elf King and the evil forces had not worsened.

I quickly searched for the information I needed, but the other party deliberately hid from me and did not appear.

In desperation, I tried to communicate with the Elf King's consciousness again. "I know you can hear me, Your Majesty. My name is Dorothy, and the interim government invited me to help the elves eliminate the stray werewolves. The stray werewolves have been fleeing ever since they attacked the capital. Now, they may be planning another attack in search of a sacrifice to be offered to Azazel, just like they did in the capital.

"To prevent a tragedy from happening, we have to eliminate them as soon as possible, but we haven't even found their location yet. I know that before you fell into a deep sleep, you had asked nature to mark these stray werewolves so that you could always sense their movements.

“Now, I implore you to tell me the whereabouts of these wandering werewolves. For the sake of your people and the elven race, every minute earlier that you find them, fewer people will be able to escape from the shadow of danger!”

I called out for a long time, but no one answered me. On the contrary, more and more of the green light balls appeared. They were locking up more information, but these little things made of pure spiritual energy did not have self-awareness, so they could not say anything for their master.

As I searched, I called out to him. My father said, “Perhaps you can sort out all the information first. Instead of searching in such a messy way, why don’t you start from the most recent period? That’s the most likely place.”

However, arranging the timeline was not an easy task. It was like weaving a ball of messy sheep’s fur into yarn with one’s bare hands. It would take more time than searching for information, but as my father had said, I might never find anything in a messy search, so it was better to spend more time on the early work.

I could feel that moonlight’s power had reached its peak and was gradually declining. This made me sort out the sequence of events faster. This was not like how I used to look at Selma or the others, which would roughly see a ‘past’ or ‘future’. Instead, it was all truly accurate to the date.

Suddenly, I heard a faint chirping sound, which made me temporarily leave my insight state.

“These are the birds raised by His Majesty. These natural creatures are the most accurate time devices.” The Great Elder explained, “However, as His Majesty fell into a deep sleep, the birds became increasingly dispirited, and they rarely reported the time.”

I raised my head and saw a grey sparrow peeking out from the branches and looking at us curiously. It tilted its head and disappeared into the dense branches as if bored.

I returned to my insight state and tried my best to sort out the Elf King’s long life. Even if I arranged it chronologically, what was left for me was still a huge project.

“The mark of nature...”

“Contact ...”

The continuous use of the Eye of Insight rapidly consumed my physical strength. I began to feel dizzy, my hands and feet weak, and my sweat gathered into a winding stream, wetting my collar. As the water evaporated, a bone-chilling chill seeped through.

I was almost at my limit ...

I gritted my teeth and persevered, but I knew that tonight would be a waste if I couldn't find what I wanted in a few minutes. Next time, I would have to wait for my body to recover, and I was curious to know how much time would be wasted.

Just as everything seemed set in stone, a sudden bird's cry caught my attention.

At first, there were only a few intermittent crisp sounds, like a lonely bird talking to itself in boredom. Then, the crisp chirping gradually increased. Different kinds of birds chirped in different ways. They seemed to be singing in a disorderly manner, but there was a natural law in their chaotic chirping.

Somehow, I realized that was the answer I needed.

Thus, I tried my best to get close to the time when the birds were chirping and plunged into that time as if I was diving.

Suddenly, I arrived at the Elf King's bed chamber. If it weren't for the lush green plants, I would have thought that I had already left my insight state and returned to reality.

The Elf King stood in the middle of his bed chamber, with the birds flying around him or perched on a branch to look at me, their uninvited guest, with curious eyes.

The Elf King looked at me kindly and didn't say anything. He only extended his hand. An ordinary white wildflower was lying in his palm, its soft petals gently swaying with the air.

"Is this it?" I asked, but the Elf King didn't say anything.

I thought this was the answer I'd been searching for, so I stepped forward and made a grab at the white wildflower in his palm.

399 The Thrush

Dorothy's POV:

When I grabbed the flower, a lustrous green air flow suddenly wrapped around me. It was strong but extremely gentle, like the willow branches dancing in the spring breeze, gently wrapping around me.

I lowered my head to look at the wildflower in my hand. When I raised my head again, the Elf King had disappeared.

As the green light dispersed like fireflies, the birds were silent for a second before they started singing loudly. One by one, they charged down toward me. The moment their sharp beaks touched me, they turned into soft petals and merged into my spiritual world.

I felt something forming in my spiritual world. It was a tree, a flower, or a lake. It did not have any intention of an invasion. Like a restrained and polite guest, it chose an ownerless land with the permission of its master to take root and sprout.

In that instant, I felt more images appear before my eyes. This wasn't a gift from fate but a different type of broadcast.

I realized this was a 'connection' between the Elf King and the Goddess of Nature. It had temporarily been transferred to me, allowing me to know anything that happened in this forest at any time.

After the connection was stabilized, the temporarily subsided fatigue came back like a tide. The sharp pain felt like someone was stirring my brain with a blender. I removed my insight and collapsed to the floor.

My father and the Great Elder quickly came to help me, but I didn't even have the strength to speak. Fortunately, my father had been sharing my vision. I could vaguely hear him talking to the Great Elder. The Great Elder's old gaze became more and more energetic as he spoke.

I couldn't hear the words after that. My heavy eyelids felt like sandbags were tied to them. Without realizing it, I fell asleep.

A bird's cry woke me up.

I thought I was in the Elf King's bed chamber for a moment. I reflexively sat up and looked around vigilantly; no father or the Great Elder was there. There was only a tiny bird that looked like a drawing on its brows standing at the head of the bed and looking at me with its small head tilted.

Beside it, my Soul Sparrow was eager to try to greet it, but the thrush was very cold and ignored it.

I realized I was in my bedroom in the embassy, so I relaxed and waved to the two little creatures at the head of the bed. "Come here, little ones."

The little birds obediently flew to my arm, and I rubbed their furry little heads one by one. The thrush looked at me with her head tilted, and my Soul Sparrow gently pecked me.

My nervousness disappeared under the comfort of the two little cuties.

"Hello, little guy. What's your name?" I asked the thrush.

It wasn't a true natural creature. Even though it appeared like a thrush, it was essentially a messenger between nature and me.

My poor Soul Sparrow, its love would stay unrequited.

The thrush didn't answer me, so I decided to call it 'Nature' for the time being. My Soul Sparrow tugged a strand of my hair down with dissatisfaction. It looked angry because I didn't give it a name.

Due to this, its good impression of the thrush immediately disappeared. It chirped at the bird in all seriousness, trying to drive it out of its territory.

"Hey, hey, calm down. 'Nature' can't be considered a name, okay?" I quickly separated the two birds. This was, at most... Well, an essence? Anyway, you're not a real thrush, so don't be so mean to me. Speaking of which, you're not a little bird yourself!"

My dissuasion was taken as favoritism toward Nature by my Soul Sparrow. It turned its anger toward me and flew around twice before disappearing.

I tried to call out to it, but it was angry and refused to answer me. Was my own soul angry at me?

It sounded like I was a lunatic.

In the blink of an eye, Nature disappeared as well. A few seconds later, the reason for its actions appeared. Someone knocked on the door and entered with my permission.

It was my father and the Great Elder.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dorothy," the Great Elder said affectionately. "I heard that you were feeling dizzy and unwell. I want to send my regards to you on behalf of the elf race."

Not feeling well? No, I was still alive and kicking.

The next moment, I understood what the Great Elder and my father meant. I immediately put on a weak expression and said, "Thank you, I think I'm not used to your place. Since I came to the capital, I've had some symptoms, and it's finally erupting. I really need to recuperate for a while, and I'm very sorry for the inconvenience caused."

"Please don't say that. It's our fault for not taking good care of you. If you have any needs, please don't hesitate to let us know."

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The Great Elder acted as if he was really just here to go through the motions and left after saying some empty words to me. My father didn't leave with him, so our father-daughter relationship was the most natural excuse for us.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to suffer for a while, Dorothy,” he said. “Trouble is coming. Pretending to be sick is the best choice now.”

400 Have A Good Rest

Dorothy’s POV:

Last night’s confrontation and turn of events were indeed exciting, but the president and the Crown Prince were not fools. It was already good enough that they could be fooled for one night.

By the time they come to their senses, they definitely wouldn’t believe that the Council of Elders would give up on their plan so easily. On one hand, they’d monitor the Council of Elders even more closely, and on the other hand, they’d make a move on me.

I could imagine that if I didn’t take any measures, countless people would come to ‘interview’ me in the coming days, trying to get some information from me.

As long as I didn’t relent, they wouldn’t give up. By then, it’d be hard to say whether my freedom would be restricted in secret, let alone if I wanted to meet up with Selma and the others.

Therefore, instead of letting others check and balance me, I should strike first and claim I was sick. In any case, I was the envoy of the werewolves. As long as the elves weren’t crazy enough to provoke another enemy while suffering from internal and external problems, no one would take the risk of breaking into the embassy, which was no different from declaring war.

This would save me a lot of trouble, and the embassy was a place that could be trusted, so we could communicate without worry.

The Great Elder came but didn’t ask me about the Elf King. My father said it was because he had already told him most of the situation last night. In addition, the Great Elder needed help with his current situation. He would choose a safer time to meet with us.

“I remember that I fainted last night. What happened after that? Did anything go wrong?” I asked.

“No, everything went smoothly. After you fainted, the Great Elder and I immediately brought you through the door we came from.”

“I saw and heard birds chirping in my spiritual world. I’m guessing that not all of the birds in the Elf King’s bed chamber are natural creatures. A large portion of them was probably products of natural power. I’ve shared the right of the Elf King to communicate with nature. Did they have any strange reactions?”

Speaking of this, my father's expression was a little strange. "I think it's a strange phenomenon. When countless birds of all kinds surround you without you knowing, it's a hair-raising thing. However, they didn't make any noise or attack us. They just quietly watched us leave."

It seemed that the exchange went smoothly. The Elf King in the spiritual world was not an illusion. Only with his approval would the birds under his control watch us leave so meekly. Otherwise, they would not be so docile to the 'thief'. The energy in nature could not only help it condense its form.

As the saying goes, 'When the moon is dark, and the wind is high, it's time to kill and set fire. Of course, our plan was not so cruel, but for the sake of secrecy and privacy, the contact between the elders and us could only be done in the dead of night.

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"How are you feeling?" my father put the picnic basket in his hand on my bedside table. I smelled a strange but delicious fragrance coming from inside. "I brought you some restorative food that helps you recover energy. It's an exclusive secret."

I was feeling hungry, so I thanked him and took out a buttered bread from the picnic basket. It was wrapped in the sauce that I had for the first time. Other than the fragrance of the buttered bread, there was also a faint herbal fragrance.

"I heard that you've been studying herbology recently," my father said uneasily as he glanced at the messy specimens and papers in my room. "If you're interested, I can write you the recipe for the herbal dish. It's passed down from your great-grandmother's generation. She was once a famous herbalist..."

As he spoke, he stopped moving, and the awkward atmosphere quietly spread again.

Perhaps he felt that his clumsy way of expressing goodwill was funny. After that, my father hurriedly made small talk and told me to rest well before leaving.

I stopped him and smiled at his confused expression. "Thank you, Father. The bread is delicious. If you don't mind, can we discuss the composition next time you come? I would also like to know a little about my great-grandmother's story, her theories, and achievements."

My father's eyes gradually lit up like a candle. He nodded, seemingly a little excited, but he didn't want to lose his composure. He only nodded repeatedly and left in a hurry.

I thought he had left, but a few seconds later, he turned back and said, "Don't worry about anything else. Have a good sleep. You need more rest to recover your energy."

I knew what he meant. Even though he said it stiffly, a wonderful telepathic connection was established between us for a short time.

“Yes, Father,” I replied with a smile.

The dizziness still lingered in my body, and the faint ringing in my ears reminded me that my body was suffering from the consequences of overexertion. Part of the reason why nature’s mimicry was removed was that my weak body was temporarily unable to withstand the power of nature. Naturally, I was unable to obtain any information from nature.