

# Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 449

Selma Payne's POV:

I'd leave these things to Jordin to arrange. No one knew the Spring Rain Pack better than her, and I believed she could protect the little elves.

Not long after I left the Spring Rain Pack, Dorothy suddenly said to me, "Don't you think he looks a little familiar?"

Half of my mind was on the Lycan pack, and the other half was on my husband, so I didn't pay attention to anyone else. "Who?"

"One of the boys from the exchange, the one named Amario," Dorothy said. "I somehow feel like I've seen him somewhere before. I suddenly remembered this morning. Do you still remember the children we saved from the school's storage room? Amario was one of them. Although unconscious then, he still held the dagger tightly in his hand, which left a deep impression on me."

I thought about it carefully, and I did remember this child.

"We managed to save him and the other children, but there were no other living people in the city. This child is probably an orphan because of this," Dorothy said softly.

"I chatted with the teacher leading the exchange students and found out that most orphans were children who lost their parents in several attacks by the cultists. The teacher said that she guessed it was because the government was afraid that the children who suddenly lost their loved ones would be reminded of the past and that they had no time to care about such details, so they brought forward the time of the exchange. Otherwise, the exchange activities would normally be carried out in the winter."

I didn't have any particular impression of Amario. I only remembered that he was a delicate-looking and responsible little boy. Compared to his peers, he seemed a little thin and slender.

I hadn't really checked out the exchange team. On the one hand, it was because I didn't have the intention, and on the other hand, I was deliberately avoiding them. I was afraid to see the orphans who had lost their loved ones in the disaster. They would remind me of the mournful cries and tears colder than the flood under the city walls.

The Silver Moon Pack was as lively as ever. Neither the dark clouds in the Lycan pack nor the disaster in the Elf Forest had any effect on this prosperous border city. People

treated the news of the capital and their neighbors as funny stories, as if they were separated from their city.

In my opinion, the Silver Moon Pack was the most human-like city I'd ever seen, although I'd only seen a few. But the feeling it gave me was similar to the human cities under the Rocky Mountains.

The complex races, the young population, the accents of people worldwide, and the never-ending neon lights. Countless lives contributed their passion and youth to the Silver Moon Pack, shaping it into a paradise on earth.

Here, I could even see humans swaggering on the streets. In fact, it was difficult to tell the difference between humans and werewolves from their appearance alone. There was almost no intuitive way to distinguish a person's race without being rude.

The prosperity of the Silver Moon Pack and the Lycan pack was completely different. The latter carried years of prestige and a strong foundation, while the former fulfilled the fantasies of all guests with the promise of being forever young.

Once again, Francis welcomed us warmly. I liked his tactfulness, which let people know he was an intelligent man, but not too arrogant. He had defeated 99% of the world's officials and businessmen from this point alone.

His perfect attitude also made me heave a sigh of relief. Along the way, whenever I passed by a pack that was rather influential among the werewolves, countless people would come forward to ask me for information.

It was about the Lycan pack, the elves, and the Spring Rain Pack. Some were worried, and some were only here to gather information for others. The good and the bad were mixed together, and all forces were intertwined. It made me physically and mentally exhausted.

During the dinner, Francis showed me recent photos of Teresa. She and Daniel were smiling brightly while holding the children. Even I couldn't help but smile after seeing the photos.

But then I thought of Aldrich and my child. One was unconscious, and the other had an unsolvable mystery, which made my mouth drool.

Although it was only for a moment before I regained my proper expression, I knew that my momentary loss of self-control must have been noticed. Francis was a little embarrassed as he didn't understand why my attitude suddenly changed.

I knew that Francis didn't mean it. Showing off one's family was just a common way of socializing. I was the one who had a problem.

I didn't want to hurt this kind father and good grandfather's hearts, so I found an excuse. "I saw some bruises on little Allie's calf in the photo."

"Oh, please don't worry about that. Children at this age can't sit still and run away. It doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl. When they go crazy, they want to fly into the sky. It's normal for them to bump and fall." Francis smiled kindly as if his granddaughter was being naughty in front of him. "When your child grows up, you will have such sweet troubles too!"

My child?

I agreed on the surface, but I could only smile bitterly in my heart.

It would be great if he were like any other ordinary child in the world.

450 Going Home

Selma Payne's POV:

Due to a slight change in the route plan, we did not pass by the Shadow Pack this time. That was why, in the face of the video call from Rhode and my adoptive parents, I could only use my acting to pretend everything was fine and pray that they didn't notice anything strange.

Fortunately, I managed to fool my adoptive parents from this phone call. Unfortunately, I didn't fool Rhode.

"What happened? Do you know that you frown when you pretend to be happy?" Rhode confirmed his suspicion.

Sometimes, your family knows you better than you do. This time, I'd fallen into Rhode's hands.

I tiredly rubbed my head and brows before vaguely saying, "Something did happen, but you know, in my position, it would be strange if nothing happened."

"Can you tell me? However, from the perspective of a family member, if it's something confidential, then forget it. Don't make things difficult for yourself."  
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"Alright... I'm sorry."

I didn't say anything in the end. Like Rhode said, most of what I was going through had to be kept a secret. There was no need to reveal the parts that didn't need to be kept a secret as it would only add to Rhode's troubles. He was already very busy managing one pack, and there was no need to be distracted by other things.

“Alright, I know I probably can’t help, but you must remember that I’ll always be here. Mom and Dad will always be here, okay? If you’re looking for someone to talk to.”

“Thank you, Rhode. I know you’ll always have my back.”

I skipped these sad topics and mentioned the current development of the Shadow Pack.

“I saw the newspaper, Rhode. ‘The dark horse leader that emerged from the commoners’ in the Moon Economic News praised for its authority and sharp words. Using an entire article to praise a region and its leader is rare. How does it feel to be the new star of the werewolf pack?”

Rhode smiled shyly. “Don’t tease me, Selma. I just did what I should do. I can’t take so much praise.”

“Don’t be so modest. This means that what you’re doing now is right, and you’ve received good results and the people’s support.”

Rhode didn’t want to talk about the article that praised him. So, I asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know.” Rhode hesitated. “In fact, I don’t know if it’s completely correct. I’ve just taken office and only done a few insignificant things...”

Alright, seeing how he was hemming and hawing, I understood everything.

“I can swear that neither I nor the palace played any role in this matter. My dear brother, don’t worry about other factors affecting people’s judgment of you. In fact, if you want to worry, you can worry about something else. Others may not praise you because of me, but many people mock you, despise you, and even slander you because of me.”

I was consoling Rhode, but as I spoke, I became depressed.

“I’m sorry for putting you through this, Rhode. But I don’t know what to do...”

“Hey, hey, you were talking about me. Why are you suddenly blaming yourself?” Rhode didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He interrupted me, “Don’t think about this nonsense. I was ready to accept everything the day I chose to become an Alpha. Do you think I wasn’t criticized when I was a Beta of the previous Alpha? Some media outlets like to write nonsense to boost readership. I’m already used to it. Even mosquitoes can annoy me more than they do.”

“Anyway, it’s very late now, so I won’t disturb your rest. If you have time, we’ll reach out to each other when you return to the Lycan pack.”

I had a feeling that something was about to happen. “Why? Did you prepare something in the Lycan pack for me?”

“You’ll know when you get back.” Rhode smiled. “Don’t expect too much. There’s no gift. That’s all. Good night.”

He hung up before I could say anything.

Sometimes, I felt that Rhode hadn’t changed at all. He was still that annoying teenager in his adolescence!

However, this also gave me some hope. I’d be arriving at the Lycan pack tomorrow. What was waiting for me?

News of what had happened to the elves had long since reached the werewolves. As a ‘hero’ who had helped a friendly neighbor resist the demons, the welcome I received on my return this time was more than all the other times I had returned.

I knew many people were in Lycan pack, but the number of people surrounding the streets was beyond my expectations. There should be fewer people on the streets, even during the Moonlight Festival!

My parents gave me a big hug as soon as they saw me. They didn’t hide the pride in their eyes, which comforted my heart that was riddled with holes.

However, no matter how hard I tried to pretend to be okay, my parents could still tell I was deeply uncomfortable. I didn’t want to face so many people, even if they were here to welcome or bless and cheer for me.

However, when I saw the sea of people, I couldn’t help but think of the massacre at the city wall. So many people! There were so many people!

451 Self-destruction

Selma Payne’s POV:

My mother gave me a warm hug when I returned to a private family setting.

“Welcome back, my dear daughter.” She almost couldn’t hold back her tears. “I’m very sorry for Aldrich, for everything.”

I still wanted to pretend everything was normal, but as a child, I could never hide it from my parents. Besides, this wasn’t a video call thousands of miles away. I did not doubt that if it weren’t for Rhode covering for me, my adoptive parents would’ve seen through me in a minute, just like my biological parents.

I really wanted to tell them that I could take it all, but the words turned into aggrieved whimpers. It was as if my body had developed its own consciousness and was completely out of my control. I was like a child venting all of my negative emotions.

The sudden burst of tears completely broke down the psychological defense I had painstakingly built. Before anyone could say anything, I was the first to collapse in my mother's gentle embrace.

I heard myself crying and complaining intermittently. There was no logic at all. It was just some childish complaints. However, neither my father nor my mother said anything. They just held me in their arms and silently endured my venting.

The negative emotions that had been suppressed in the bottom of my heart exploded. I cried so much that I lost my memory. Other than crying, I didn't remember anything. By the time I remembered to look up at the sun outside the window, the moon had already replaced the sun.

Crying so much caused me to be a little dehydrated, and I couldn't help but sob. My face was covered in snot and tears. I didn't even need to look in the mirror to know that I was in a sorry state.

"I'm sorry, Father, Mother, I..." I guiltily apologized to my parents, who had been crying with me. I shouldn't have done such a childish thing. Even the 'Little Wolf' didn't cry so miserably as me.

'Little Wolf' refers to my child. He still didn't have an official name of his own. My mother always calls him 'Little Wolf' in a gentle voice, so our whole family slowly started calling him that.

My parents didn't blame me. Their eyes were filled with worry that I couldn't understand. "This isn't your fault, child. It's not your fault. You're too tired and need to take a good break."

My father, who had always been kind and generous, even took the initiative to give me a holiday for the first time. "How about a simple week of rest? This journey has been full of danger. It would be best if you had time to adjust your state of mind, child. Maybe being close to the wolf cub can help you calm down. Children are always mother's little angels."

However, I didn't think it was a good time to vacation. At this time, with internal and external troubles, everyone was carrying the burden of responsibility and moving forward. What right did I have to be free from everything?

So, I refused without hesitation and said I needed a good night's sleep and could continue working the following day.

However, what I got in return was not my parents' praise but my father's heavy sigh and my mother's suddenly red eyes.

"We all know, Selma." My mother held my hand in a sobbing tone. "It's about your fear and your self-isolation. I'm sorry that we secretly asked Dorothy about your recent condition, but we were really scared, scared..."

As my mother spoke, she covered her mouth with a choked sob. Tears rolled down her cheeks, but they corroded my heart like sulfuric acid.

I didn't blame them for privately asking someone else about me. Who would blame them for their concern?

I was just afraid that all my pretense would be useless. I knew I was sick. I knew I should see a doctor, but I hoped everything could be done in private, and it was best not to let anyone know except me because I didn't want to cause trouble for anyone. I didn't want any more accidents because of me. I didn't want...

I didn't want to be the seed of disaster.

I kept thinking, 'Why me?' Leviathan pestered me for no reason. I didn't do any forbidden rituals or contact any cult members. I just went to a friend's house to attend a party, and my life slipped into the dark abyss.

From the Rocky Mountains to the Elf Forest. Looking back, I swore everything I did was out of my conscience, but the Goddess of Fate didn't seem to care for me. She didn't even want to look at my future and past. She let the endless stream of demons, cultists, wanderers, and conspirators destroy my life.

So, why me?

No matter how hard I thought, I couldn't think of a reason. In the end, like all self-loathing people, I could only attribute everything to myself.

Perhaps I was born a curse, so I brought disaster wherever I went. To my adoptive parents, my parents, my lover, my friends, my neighbors, and even everyone I'd never met.

Selma Payne's POV:

Rationally, I knew there was a massive problem with my current state of mind. My self-denial and self-loathing state were wrong. However, if psychological problems could be solved by self-adjustment, there would be no such thing as a psychiatrist.

So, under my father's worried gaze and my mother's hot tears, I finally chose to listen to their arrangement, take a break, and receive psychological intervention treatment.

By the way, I finally knew what the surprise Rhode mentioned was.

I had to admit that I was dumbfounded when I heard Emma say that she was engaged to Rhode.

What followed was a piercing scream.

Dorothy and I hugged Emma excitedly, attracting the other people's attention in the garden.

"Oh my god, I didn't expect... Congratulations!" Moon Goddess! Damn it, Rhode! How dare he joke about something so important!

Emma immediately started to defend her fiancé. "In fact, you can't blame Rhode for hiding this from you, my dear. You know, my parents and my family have some... In short, although I didn't get my parents' approval, what era are we in now? He had long passed the time when he needed his parents' orders. The engagement is our choice, and we don't need anyone to interfere.

"However, the price of doing so is that I have completely broken up with my family. Actually, I feel as if a heavy boulder has been lifted off of my shoulders. Rhode didn't want me to be laughed at by my old acquaintances, so he didn't tell anyone about our marriage except my family and friends.

"You and Dorothy were still on a diplomatic mission to the Elf Forest. We all felt that it was better not to trouble you with such a small matter, so we kept it from you for the time being."

"How can this be a small matter!" I shrieked in a low voice, "Engagement, marriage, these things will last a lifetime! My god, compared to your marriage with Rhode, I don't care about those pointy-eared family affairs!"

When I was with the girls, I always had the illusion that I was still a college student with nothing to do. I could temporarily let go of all my worries.

Before we knew it, we were chatting until lunch. When Bertha came to ask, the girls and I were discussing whether to nail pearls or lace on the wedding dress, so we decided to have lunch in the garden.

When we were having lunch, the wolf cub was out for a walk under the sun. When we saw the little thing in Kara's arms, we suddenly lost interest in the food and started to play with the child.

"Time really flies," Dorothy suddenly exclaimed. "I feel like we just helped Avril deal with her heartbreak yesterday, and now that I look back, even your child has grown so big."



“Time flies. Unknowingly, our teenage years have come to an end. I couldn’t help but sigh at the mention of the past. When we complain about the professor’s inflexibility in public classes, how could we have thought about what we would experience in the future? Even at this moment, a few years later, when we think about it after experiencing more, we’ll feel that it’s a rare free time.”

However, speaking of Avril, I thought about how I hadn’t contacted her in a long time.

Emma, who had been in the Lycan pack, got along well with Avril. She said that she had officially become a soldier. Due to her previous service experience with the Imperial City’s guards, she did not enter the recruit camp but became an assistant in the medic training base.

Coincidentally, her direct superior was Kerner. In case anyone forgot, he was a medical member of the advance party of the Rocky Mountains.

It has always been Avril’s dream to become a glorious warrior. I was truly happy that she had taken the first step to realizing her dream.

“However,” Emma changed the topic. “Occasionally, Avril is troubled by her current life. As you know, the rules in military camps are stringent. The medic training camp is responsible for training recruits and advanced studies, so it’s even stricter. Avril only has one and a half days of leave every half a month, so she is away from Perrin more than she is with him.”

It was the time for a young married couple to be sweet. I completely understood Avril’s distress.

But we had to follow the rules of the military, so there was a period when Avril was in a dilemma. She even seriously considered applying for a transfer to another idle position.

“Why, though?” Dorothy exclaimed. “She can’t just give up her future for a moment of convenience!”

Emma shrugged. “That’s what I said to her. However, we don’t have to worry about Avril’s career. She gritted her teeth and got through the most difficult time. Perrin also fully supported her decision. In this day and age, although ‘equality’ has become a cliché. Isn’t it common to ask a wife to give in to her husband without any bottom line?”

“I have to admit that the happy life of Avril and Perrin has given me confidence in marriage. Otherwise, based on the influence of those seemingly harmonious but divided noble marriages I’ve seen, I shouldn’t be considering the date of my marriage with Rhode but when I should become a nun.”

Selma Payne’s POV:

I never knew the specific process of psychological intervention treatment. The first time I met the psychiatrist, she only briefly talked to me about my current life and the unexpected things in life. This made me feel less conflicted, and I had a very good impression of Madam Marcy.

Carrey Marcy was not a native of the Lycan pack and was not even a werewolf. As a dwarf, Madam Marcy moved to the werewolf pack with her parents, who went abroad for work when she was very young and spent her childhood and youth here.

She didn't inherit her parents' business legacy and devoted herself to the field of psychology. Now, she had become a well-known psychiatrist.

I was very surprised when I first saw Madam Marcy. It was my first time seeing a dwarf, but she wasn't short at all. She was an astonishing two meters tall. This didn't make her look burly or unapproachable. Instead, her gentle temperament made her look like a character from a fairy tale.

When I realized what was going on, it already seemed impolite of me to be sizing her up. However, Madam Marcy did not mind. Instead, she explained in a somewhat forgiving manner, "A lot of people were surprised when they first saw me. How can a 'dwarf' grow so tall? I understood this was just a simple wonder and had no ill intentions. In fact, my height is not a special case. I just passed the average height of the female dwarves."

Madam Marcy naturally started conversing with me. Without realizing it, the atmosphere between us loosened.

"When I was young, I also wondered why I, a dwarf, am so tall." Madam Marcy poured me a cup of sweet honey tea.

"Later, I read in the picture book that the gods created the dwarves alongside the giants. When the giants saw the dwarves, they would laugh at our petite bodies and disdainfully call us 'dwarves'. This was the first sentence the dwarves heard after coming to this world, so 'dwarves' became a synonym for our race. Compared to the giants, I think everyone else in the world is a 'dwarf'."

This was a fascinating legend. With this as the base, I had an unprecedented good conversation with Madam Marcy without the slightest bit of uneasiness I would have when meeting a stranger.

We spent more than two hours together, and then the first treatment ended without us knowing. I didn't see Madam Marcy use any superb skills, but this conversation made me feel a lot more relaxed, even if it was only temporary.

When I returned to the palace, Bertha said that Master Kevin had just come to see me. Seeing that I was not around, he left after leaving a notebook.

“A notebook?” I subconsciously thought it was something related to witchcraft, but I wasn’t interested in it and never discussed it with Master Kevin. Why would he send a notebook to me for no reason? Was he going to give it to Dorothy but was mistaken?

Bertha handed me the notebook, which was tightly wrapped and thin. The yellowed craft paper and the dark red seal indicated that the notebook had been carefully sealed and had not been opened for many years. This confused me, so I cut open the wax and took an ancient book from the craft paper package.

The book’s cover was painted with a bright red pattern of a thousand birds, a popular style twenty years ago. I flipped through it and found that it was a diary. The owner was Master Kevin’s former lover, Layla.

The diary recorded some of Layla’s daily life as the captain of the palace guards, including her interpersonal relationships and some secrets that she had discovered due to her job.

Madam Marcy was Layla’s best friend.

Layla had offended the Evaria Family during her term of office because she refused to accept bribes and knew some ‘court secrets’.

As for what this incident was, Layla did not really write it down in her diary. However, her cautious approach made me believe this must be shocking and important. Otherwise, a person would not be so distrustful of her own diary.

Layla only wrote that it was a ‘secret affair, the crystallization of sin’, so I could only guess that someone from the Evalia Family was having an affair in the palace. She didn’t know anything else.

What kind of relationship could make Layla keep her mouth shut? Other than the Evaria Family, the other person must be of high status and might even be a royal family member. The palace was no longer the same as hundreds of years ago, where the nobles gathered in groups. In the recent 100 years, the only owner of this gorgeous palace was the Oromalivira Family.

Layla thought that this relationship had happened long ago, and when she found out about this secret, both parties had already passed away.

Why was an affair buried in the torrent of time worth the Evaria Family’s attention? One had to know that in history, there were more unspeakable relationships between the rich and powerful than the weeds in the garden. This was simply an unspoken rule for the nobles.

In any case, I believe that Master Kevin must have his reasons for giving me this diary. Thus, I met him after dinner and asked him about the diary.

Selma Payne's POV:

Master Kevin looked at his lover's relic with a look of nostalgia, but he knew little about it. "I found this among Layla's relics. She was rule-abiding and never told others about her work, even me.

"But there is one thing I can be sure of; the Evaria Family is involved in Layla's death." Master Kevin's eyes were full of pain and hatred when he talked about the death of his lover.

"As she refused to accept the Evaria Family's recruitment and was unwilling to be their spy in the palace, she became a thorn in their side. The Evalia Family has been trying to elect one of their lackeys as the head of the palace guards, so they've been making things difficult for Layla. They've even pushed all the blame onto her, forcing her to commit suicide to apologize..."

After the agitation, Master Kevin suddenly calmed down.

"I know what the Evaria Family wants to do now. Like more than twenty years ago, they still treat you as a baby in swaddling clothes and try to step on you to ascend to the upremse throne."

Master Kevin's behavior made me realize that he wasn't the pure scientific researcher he appeared to be. His silence and inflexibility were his best protective mask, so much so that he knew many secrets that had not been made public.

Perhaps because his lover's death was something he couldn't get over, he had watched the murderer's every move for decades. He knew he couldn't fight against this behemoth with a deep foundation, so he could only bear with it and remain silent about everything he knew. He was secretly planning who could become his ally and pull the murderer down from the pedestal.

This notebook proved that he chose me.

"You know a lot of things," I said. "And most of them should be confidential."

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Master Kevin did not hide anything. He said calmly, "Secrets are only for those who don't care. If you know what I've been through for the past twenty years, you'd know that I'd been paying more attention to the Evaria Family than the Intelligence Department. Maybe scientific researchers are a group of bookworms in the eyes of the outside world, but the connections of people with wooden brains like us are unimaginable. Scientific research is a complicated network of relationships. As long as you want to find it, you can always find the relationship that meets your requirements.

“Do you know why the Evaria family has been investing in test tube babies for decades? This was because a certain family branch suddenly became infertile starting from a certain generation. In fact, the loss of fertility is very common among the nobles. Their ancestors married among themselves for the so-called noble bloodline, and it was time for their offspring to suffer the consequences of their actions.

“But it’s not right for the Evaria Family to be so stubborn to continue this branch of the bloodline. This is not the main branch nor a branch of high power. The nobles would not care much about such an insignificant branch. So, I found some information about a research workshop that serves the Evaria Family.

“The ancestor of this infertile Evarian bloodline was the illegitimate child of a certain generation’s female patriarch, and you can guess what the most interesting thing is? Please forgive my rudeness, but... The leader of the werewolves at that time was your great-grandfather, and his Queen came from the Evaria Family and was the sister of the head of the family from the same mother.

“Looking at your expression, you might have just realized something, right? That’s right. For such an immoral and appalling scandal, the parties involved would certainly not leave any evidence. However, there was no such thing as an impenetrable wall in the world. For a long time, the scandal of the King and the Queen’s sister having an affair had been secretly circulating among the servants. So, I’m sure the ‘secret affair’ in Layla’s diary refers to the scandal between your great-grandfather and his wife and sister.”

There was no need for Master Kevin to say anything. I already understood what he was implying. “So, the reason why the Evaria Family is so eager to continue the bloodline of an illegitimate child is that this descendant has the royal bloodline, which is a very close bloodline. Based on the current situation of the royal family’s lack of heirs, if the matter of that illegitimate child is made public, other than me... That descendant is the highest-ranked successor.”

Master Kevin nodded. “So, I think you should understand by now. The reason the Evaria Family is so arrogant is not because of the royal Princess from hundreds of years ago. It’s because of your great-grandfather’s... gift. I know that it’s far too serious for that illegitimate child’s offspring to be infertile. Thus, if they miss the opportunity to usurp the throne in your generation, this advantage will be lost entirely in a dozen years.”

“That’s why they’re so anxious now. Or rather, they’ve been anxious since twenty years ago.” I tiredly rubbed my brows. I suddenly felt that the comfort from the pleasant conversation in the morning had disappeared entirely.

455 The Child

Selma Payne’s POV:

I didn't care about what happened in the previous generation, not to mention that they were relatives so far away from me. Personal issues weren't something that I, as a younger person, could casually judge.

But now, the hidden danger from decades ago had finally ushered in the moment of eruption. It was normal for a king to have a few lovers, but it was rare for a loving couple like my parents.

I didn't know what my great-grandfather was thinking. He would allow such a powerful family with a longer history than the Oromalivira Family to have a royal descendant. Didn't he know how dangerous this was? Did he not know that ambition could be nurtured by time?

I couldn't help but feel hatred toward this ancestor of mine that I had never met before. If only he could control his sexual urges. If only he could think for just one more minute in his sweet words, then that illegitimate child would no longer exist, and all the challenges we faced today would no longer exist. At least it wouldn't be so complicated.

"Thank you for your information." Heavy fatigue overwhelmed me, making it difficult to maintain a dignified posture. "I will continue to pay attention to the movements of the Evaria Family. As for that unique descendant, I hope you continue to pay attention to the situation with your friends. It would be best if there are no results, but if there are... You know what to do."

After receiving my approval, Master Kevin's eyes glowed strangely. It was a mixture of satisfaction, hatred, and eagerness. I did not doubt that even without my permission, Master Kevin would try his best to make the test-tube baby research fail.

He was a persistent and loyal man who would not let the murderer who killed his lover live a good life.

After sending off Master Kevin, I couldn't hold on any longer and lay down on the sofa dejectedly.

The schemes and plots were temporarily put behind the scenes. At this moment, I recalled what order I had just given and what it would bring.

Perhaps one or a few little lives about to be born would disappear with a single sentence from me. They had the blood of my enemies, and they would bring me endless trouble.

But no matter what, the existence of flesh and blood was not fictional. Killing a strong assassin wouldn't shock me much, but to deprive a child of the right to live, especially an innocent child who knew nothing and had become a tool for power and profit, I couldn't help but feel a sense of guilt spread in my heart, whipping at my already tattered heart.

When did I become so cruel? I was becoming more and more like a political animal. I would solve all problems from the roots. This was a decision that any politician would praise. But what about sympathy? What about human nature? Where was the courage to press forward to protect the outcome?

When did I become a cold-blooded person who was afraid of trouble and would not hesitate to sacrifice lives?

Where did Selma go? Was the only thing in my body now the high and mighty Princess Madeline?

The intense regret made me immediately call for Master Kevin to return. I want to revoke the previous order. Those unborn children... the least I could do was to keep them alive and send them to an unknown place to start living or arrange for them to be orphans raised by childless families. There were many ways, and it didn't have to be death sentences to solve everything.

However, when Master Kevin returned, he gave me a shocking piece of bad news.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Your Highness. I've just received news that the first test-tube baby successfully fertilized is seven months old. From the fetal test, it's a well-developed and healthy boy."

Master Kevin coldly stated the cruel truth.

"This is an absolute secret. The Evaria Family hid him very well and even told the research institute that he had been aborted after the failure of fertilization to ensure his safety. If it wasn't for the severe rejection from the fetus's mother this time, the Evaria Family would have had no choice but to seek help from the research institute. No one would have known that such a sinful b\*stard existed in the world."

A seven-month-old fetus was not so easy to deal with without anyone knowing. Furthermore, the Evaria Family valued him more than gold. Even if they used some secret means, the survival rate of a premature seven-month-old baby was still very high.

"Furthermore, if there's a first, there will be a second. All the information we have before is unreliable. Who knows how many of the 'miscarriages' the Evaria Family reported were true and how many were false? Perhaps this boy isn't the only one. There might be a second, third, or even countless other supplies waiting to be born.

"But at least we can deal with the trouble in front of us. Now, the poor pregnant woman and the b\*stard in her stomach are in the institute. If you want, my poor friend, who was deceived, is willing to find herself a trustworthy investor..."

"So, what do you mean?"

What did I mean?

I didn't know what I should do.

The Selma half of me told me, 'Don't be so cruel. There are ten thousand ways to arrange life for a baby, and death is the cruelest and most inhumane way.'

456 Acute Illness

Selma Payne's POV:

'You had so many ideas, didn't you? An orphanage supported by the royal family and countless families eager to have a child, there were many ways to achieve the best of both worlds. Why let your conscience be tortured for a lifetime?'

However, the part that belonged to Madeline said, 'Don't be naive. You know how worried the Evaria Family is about this precious baby. Unless they found a corpse, they would not give up on finding this hard-won bargaining chip.'

'No matter where he goes, there would be traces. Who could guarantee that the child would leave the power struggle stage forever? If the Evaria Family found him, what would you do? Won't I still have to walk the path of silencing people?'

Both sides argued endlessly in my mind, their soft-heartedness and viciousness taking turns to attack my weak mental defense. What should I do? Leave one person alive or cut the weeds and eliminate the roots? It was just a child, a tiny unborn fetus! However, it was still a spark, a fuse that could cause a war the moment it was born!

Let him live?

End his life?

I could feel Master Kevin's strong realization falling on me. He rarely had such a moment of rudeness, but I believed he had already seen through my cowardice, chaos, and avoidance.

"Your Highness, you know how cautious the Evaria Family is. They won't allow pregnant women and babies to leave their territory for too long." He gently placed his chips on the scale in my heart. "The rejection of a pregnant woman is not so serious that it is incurable. At most, in three days, the Evaria Family will be able to bring her back healthy. By then, we will not be able to implement any of our ideas."

"I know..." When the ethereal voice entered my ears, I realized that I had started to tremble. "You can go back first. Let me think, let me think..."

Master Kevin said nothing more and left respectfully.



At this moment, a baby with a blurry face suddenly came to mind. His entire body was red and wrinkly like a little monkey. His cries were soft, and he tried to attract the adults' love.

A premature infant, a weak but healthy premature infant. One could imagine that if he were given eighteen years, he would grow into a tall and handsome young man. He could take on the responsibility with his broad shoulders and leave a colorful mark on the world.

But suddenly, the baby's cries became agitated, his chest twitched rapidly, and he made a gurgling sound from his throat. His four limbs began to flap around, and his cries gradually became shrill because this chaotic and ignorant baby could also feel the pressure of approaching death. Survival was the basic Instinct of all living creatures.

"No... No... " At this moment, it was as if my senses were connected to the baby. His pain was my pain, and his struggle was my struggle. I couldn't help but reach out to touch the child struggling to survive, but when my fingertips touched his skin, all the illusions disappeared.

"Ah!"

I suddenly stood up, and my cold sweat dripped onto the silk lace around my collar. The cold and wet fabric stuck to my skin, making my hair stand on end.

What was that?

My fantasy? Was I hallucinating?

That scene was too real. It was not just a fantasy in my mind. It was as if the child was lying on the pillow beside me just now. It was extremely real.

As I was bewildered, Bertha suddenly ran in hurriedly and said anxiously, "Your Highness, the Little Prince suddenly started crying and wouldn't stop. Please go and take a look!"

What?

I couldn't care about anything else and ran to my child. My little wolf cub's body was burning hot like a piece of iron. He cried sharply; every cry was like a sharp blade stabbing my heart.

I immediately became a mother at a loss. I could only hold him up and comfort him softly. However, releasing my breath to comfort him, which was effective for ordinary babies, did not work on my child. He was still crying sharply, and I could not find any reason for his sudden high fever.

“Make way. Please make way!” A man with soft flesh on his cheeks squeezed into the room with great difficulty and hurriedly drove out all the irrelevant people. “Don’t allow so many people to gather around. His Highness needs fresh air!”

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Since Tracy was in the Spring Rain Pack, the current acting royal physician was her disciple, Craig. It was a middle-aged man with a baby face. Even though he looked like an intern, he had worked at Central Hospital for many years, and Tracy had always praised him as her disciple.

He did a complete examination on the wolf cub, and before the blood test results came out, he told me seriously, “Although the test results will have to wait, I have to tell you the worst outcome, Your Highness.

“The Little Prince’s physiological structure differs from that of an ordinary baby. In my examination just now, I found that the Little Prince’s bones and muscles have undergone a certain degree of displacement, which is still ongoing. There are even some symptoms of dissolution.

“There’s no precedent, so we can’t judge whether this situation will continue. But even if it stops in the current situation, it’s very likely for the Little Prince to... It’s more likely than not.”

Selma Payne’s POV:

“What do you mean... The odds are against him?”

I felt like I had fallen into an ice cave.

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“I have to be honest with you... The existing medical records and standards may not be of any help toward His Highness’s condition. This means... it means...” he stammered.

At this moment, my parents arrived. They were at a ribbon-cutting event at a nursing home funded by the royal family, and now they had rushed back after cutting short their trip.

Craig told my parents about my son’s condition, and my mother’s legs immediately gave out as she fell to the ground.

My father’s expression did not look good either. He said seriously, “I allow you to use any method or medicine as long as you can ensure the safety of the little wolf.”

His hands trembled slightly, obviously not as calm as they seemed.

Craig could only nod in agreement, even though everyone could see the ominous feeling in his nervous expression.

My son was transferred from the warm nursery to the ICU. We watched the medical staff working in and out of the window, but the little wolf's condition deteriorated. My mother had already stopped crying. She understood that as a grandmother, she had to be strong. But now, I wanted to cry again when I saw the little wolf's heart rate and blood oxygen decreasing.

"Selma, my child." My mother embraced me, and my tears could no longer be held back. "He will get better. Don't worry. We will do everything to ensure his safety."

My father pulled my mother and me into his arms, silently comforting us.

But fate had abandoned us once again.

My son's condition had stabilized for now, but this did not mean he was safe. On the contrary, his condition was still on the bottom line, and if he were not careful, he would be consigned to eternal damnation.

My father did not even care about the little wolf's secret and called the best experts in the Lycan pack for a consultation, but it was to no avail. Just like Craig had said, the current medical methods could not help my son.

The werewolf grandmasters also researched the little wolf's condition, but this time, neither medicine nor sorcery was of any use, as if...

It was as if the heavens were determined to take back this child, cutting off all the paths he had left.

'Fate, why are you so cruel to me?'

'After my lover, you're going to take away my child too?'

I practically stayed in the accompanying room outside of the ICU. Dorothy and Emma took turns accompanying me. My mother stayed by my side all the time. Even my father put off all the government affairs that he could and stayed in this small accompanying room to pray for a miracle.

We spent three days anxiously. In these three days, I threw everything to the back of my mind. Other than my son, I couldn't think about anything else.

On the third day, Master Kevin came to me. Only then I remembered I had to deal with a child I had never met.

I immediately connected these two things. Could this be retribution? Was it because I intended to murder someone else's child, so my child was the first to suffer the backlash of the evil consequences?

Thus, I didn't wait for Master Kevin to state his intentions and said directly, "We won't do anything. That child, that child of the Evaria Family, let him live."

Master Kevin did not say anything. He asked obediently, "As you wish, Your Highness. So do we need to take him away? To an orphanage or somewhere else?"

Indeed, I could keep this child alive, but I must make him disappear.

However, which place could guarantee absolute safety, an orphanage or a foreign place? The Evaria Family might come after hearing the news, so I must ensure this child was completely free from their influence.

However, I couldn't think of a better idea with my chaotic and exhausted mind. Sending the child away was the only and safest way.

Suddenly, I saw my child, my dying wolf cub.

"If I want the pregnant woman and the child to disappear together, can your friend do anything?" I asked Master Kevin, "Fake their deaths or run away from home. Do anything. Make the pregnant woman and her child disappear from the Evaria Family's sight, and then... Bring them to me."

Yes, bring them to me.

Why did I have to send that child away? I just needed to ensure he disappeared from the Evaria Family's world. Was there anywhere safer and more reassuring than being by my side?

Besides...

I always had a secret and couldn't show it to anyone. Perhaps my evil thoughts toward this child caused my child to suffer retribution. Since that was the case, I must double the compensation to him and let him grow up without any worries and live a wealthy life. Call me a hypocrite or a superstitious person, but as a mother, I was willing to do anything to ensure my child's safety.

Master Kevin didn't expect me to make such a decision, but he didn't say anything. He only said, "If that's the case, my friend will have a falling out with the Evaria Family..."

458 A Parasite

Selma Payne's POV:

“From tomorrow onward, the royal family would become his primary investors. No matter what amount he quotes, the research funds would be paid on time every season.”

I understood what that person was thinking. Besides, since I wanted him to work for me, it was only right for me to protect him.

“Thank you for your understanding, Your Highness. Lester will complete your request as soon as possible.” It was only then that Master Kevin revealed the man’s name to me. “The Little Prince is a lucky man, and he will definitely get better.”

I forced a smile and sent him off.

I didn’t hide this from my parents, and they consented to all my decisions.

Three days later, an inconspicuous corner of the newspaper reported the disbandment of a well-established test tube baby research institute. On the same day, Master Kevin brought the medical scientist named Lester and a panicking pregnant woman to the palace.

“Greetings, Your Highness.” Lester saluted me slowly while the pregnant woman beside him cowered, followed in Lester’s lead, and bowed to me.

I stopped Lester from correcting her, asked this frail woman to sit down, and asked someone to make some simple soup for her—her eyes were glued to the snacks on the coffee table.

“Don’t be shy. Have some snacks to fill your stomach.” I pushed the pastry stand before the woman and looked at Lester.

“Please don’t misunderstand, Your Highness. I swear on my reputation that I have never mistreated this lady or the child in her. You might have to hold the Evaria Family responsible. After all, from the logs they provided, even the food of the lab rats is more appetizing than the three daily meals of this lady. Sometimes, paying too much attention to the nutritional ratio will ignore people’s wishes, making a nutritious meal a torture.”

Perhaps it was because she realized that I wasn’t that ‘scary’, or perhaps it was because she hadn’t eaten normal food for a long time, but even though the pregnant woman still didn’t let down her guard, she couldn’t help but help herself to the dessert.

Lester passed me a stack of documents. It was the pregnant woman’s basic information and medical report.

Her name was Carey, and she was born in a small pack in the west. She had a high school degree and no family. Three years ago, she came to work at Lycan pack alone, but her education and birth token were not very smooth.

Later, she participated in an experiment initiated by a medical institute under the name of the Evaria Family, thinking that she could get a high reward, but she did not expect to put herself in a pit of fire. After confirming she was pregnant, the Evaria Family put her under house arrest and used their connections to erase all her files, causing her to 'die' in society's eyes.

The Evaria Family only used her as a vessel for surrogacy and did not treat her well. I believed that was why she went from a sunny girl in the photo to this timid and haggard woman before me.

I didn't waste any time and directly told her, "I hope to be the adoptive mother of the child in your stomach. You know who I am and what kind of living conditions I can give this child. I swear in the name of the Moon Goddess that I will treat this child as my own. Besides the right of inheritance, he will have all the rights a prince has.

"And you, my dear lady, will receive a considerable sum of money and a villa located in the best area of your hometown. The internal affairs officer of the royal family will give you an annuity of five hundred thousand every year until you die. You'll have a new identity. You can choose from a scholarly family, a rich family, or a minor noble family. No one will be able to disturb your peaceful life, and you will live the rest of your life in wealth and peace.

"The price for all this is that you will never see this child again. He will no longer have any relationship with you. Your medical records and birth records will also be erased."

Carey's mouth was still stuffed full of cakes. Upon hearing my words, she only looked at me in a daze. She didn't seem to have the resistance and pain of being separated from her flesh and blood that I had expected.

"... May I ask how much the annuity will be?" She swallowed the food in her mouth and asked with her gaze lowered.

"I don't care how much you want. Name your price: one million, ten million, ten million, one hundred million."

"... I don't need that much. Just one million is enough. This is a huge sum that I can't even earn a fraction of in my life."

Carey took another bite of the cake and suddenly burst into tears.

"I can become anyone, right? A daughter of a rich family or a noble lady."

"Yes, if you're worried, I can even introduce the best plastic surgeon to you."

She continued to chew on the cake and silently calculated everything. With money, reputation, and family background, she was indifferent to the child in her stomach.

“To be honest, I’ve been thinking about how to abort the child, but those people are watching me too closely. They don’t even allow me to keep a spoon by my side. I can’t even abort it if I want to.”

Carey calmly said those disturbing thoughts out loud.

459 The Parasite

Selma Payne’s POV:

“All of you are distinguished figures; perhaps you’ve never seen me with such dark thoughts. However, I’m not afraid of everyone sneering at me. To me, the ball of flesh in my stomach is not my child at all. It is a parasite, a demon, a countdown to my life. I knew that I would die the moment he was born. Who would love a child who was destined to bring death to herself? Besides, this isn’t the fruit of my love for anyone. It’s just a b\*stard forced into my stomach through schemes and intrigues.

“I’d tried many methods, such as going on a hunger strike, pretending to be crazy, and banging my stomach against the wall, but I’m as weak as a kitten in front of those people. They started injecting me with nutrient fluids, tied me to the bed with a tie, moved all the furniture, installed soft sponges on the wall, and sent people to watch my every move 24 hours a day. They even asked someone to watch me shower and use the toilet!”

Tears of pain flashed in Carey’s eyes as she clutched her head and cried. All I could give her was a useless and dry comfort.

“I’ve been in despair for a long time. I counted the days one by one. They refused to tell me the due date, but I could feel their malice and my death approaching. Until...

“Until that day, the ball of flesh in me suddenly started to reject me for some reason. Isn’t that ridiculous? He’s the parasite in my body absorbing nutrients without restraint, but he wants to reject me, the mother. However, thanks to this, I could finally escape this dark hell.

“Dr. Lester was the doctor who operated on me in the past. At first, I was terrified of him, and I thought he was with them, but he suddenly asked me quietly if I wanted to run away, and the price was to lose my child forever. At that time, I was petrified. I thought this was some boring probing game, so I resolutely refused. Although I wanted to kill this b\*stard then, I had to save myself. If I anger those people, I’m really afraid that I won’t even be able to wait until the day this vile spawn is born.”

I looked at Lester, who nodded. “Yes, Miss Carey didn’t agree to leave with me, but I could see the will to live in her eyes, so I stole her away.”

He then turned to Carey and apologized sincerely, "I'm very sorry, Miss Carey. I decided on my own. I don't expect you to forgive me. As long as the current situation can give you a little comfort, I will rest easy."

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Carey shook her head nervously and looked at Lester with a hint of shyness. "Please don't say that. If it wasn't for you... I..."

"That's enough, Miss Carey," I interrupted this one-sided love destined to end due to the suspense. I'm very sorry for what you've experienced. It's not just the Evaria Family's fault that such an appalling imprisonment case happened in the Lycan pack. As a princess, I apologize for the royal family's negligence."

Carey was extremely nervous. She kept shaking her head and became restless.

I didn't want this poor girl to suffer anymore, so I arranged the documents on the table and handed them to her. I comforted her and said, "You can consider the contract terms. If you have any requests, you can tell the servant in charge of taking care of you anytime. They will report to me immediately."

"Servant? Do I have to... Do you live in the palace?" Carey's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Yes, the Evaria Family will turn the Lycan pack upside down when they find out you've disappeared. Now, other than the palace, no place can guarantee your safety. Don't worry. I'll arrange a safe and secluded corner for you. You can recuperate in peace and don't have to worry about the drama outside."

Carey burst into tears again. "Moon Goddess bless you, Your Highness. I'm such a lowly person, but you're taking care of me. The palace, oh my god, the palace..."

Kara then took Carey away.

Master Kevin did not say a word the entire time. He had become the quiet bookworm again as if the madness of the past few days was just a fantasy. He left the stage completely to Lester, who was more like a businessman or politician than a medical scientist.

Lester was not originally a test tube baby researcher, but his field of expertise was genetics. However, this was a challenging and profound medical field. Finding a suitable research object was difficult, and it would swallow money like a bottomless pit. For the sake of his career, Lester accepted the hero position from the Evaria Family – hereditary infertility was also a genetic disease, wasn't it?

Although he didn't help with infertility, he still managed to get them a child. This made the Evaria Family love and hated him. They loved him because he might give them more children with royal blood, but they hated him because he was a famous medical



scientist. They could not make him 'disappear' from the world and only serve the Evaria Family.

460 Lester

Selma Payne's POV:

Lester keenly felt the change in the Evaria Family's attitude. Coupled with the fact that the baby was being kept a secret, he realized that if he did not leave now, he would be stuck in this huge fire pit forever.

So, he immediately forsook the dark and joined the light, using Master Kevin's way to switch to my camp.

In fact, other than that child, I was also very interested in Lester. There was no need to doubt his professional standards. Although he was a fence-sitter, it didn't matter much. I didn't need him to enter the Council of Elders to charge through the enemy lines for me.

Tracy would come back sooner or later. The Spring Rain Pack needed an extremely capable and highly respected medical leader to develop an advantageous medical industry.

Moreover, I urgently need to expand my network in the medical field. Although my identity as a Princess could make countless medical scholars flock to me for various reasons, this couldn't guarantee my confidentiality. I needed someone I could trust to treat Aldrich. No matter the price, I was willing to pay.

Lester was very slick. He didn't mention anything about investment or research at all. He answered all my questions as if he was here to give a private medical lecture.

We chatted for a while. I was worried about my child, so I was going to take him to the ICU ward.

"You know, I'm different from the Evaria Family. Once you're on my ship, you won't have the possibility of getting off," I said.

"I believe that the werewolf pack won't have a stronger and steadier ship than yours. As for the Evaria Family or anyone else, perhaps I can't predict their ending, but from my observation, no matter how gorgeous the disguise is, a small boat can't ride the wind and waves in the storm."

"Now, I have a patient that I need you to see. This is a patient who is completely confidential to the outside world. I hope you can abide by the rules of silence. No matter what you see, pretend not to see it after you leave the ward."

Faced with my serious attitude, Lester's attitude changed, but he still said, "As you wish, Your Highness."

I looked at Master Kevin, and he nodded.

My child's ward was far away from the heart of the palace's chaos. It was initially a secret garden built by a king over 200 years ago for his youngest daughter. After a hundred years of loneliness, the peaceful atmosphere was finally broken by the cold hum of medical equipment.

The doctors on duty were doing their routine checks. When they saw me, they all stood up and saluted.

I introduced Lester to them. "This is Professor Lester, a geneticist. He might be your colleague in the future."

Lester did not react to the word 'might' and warmly greeted his possible 'future' colleagues.

I didn't see my mother. A nurse told me that she was exhausted, and after getting some medical advice, she finally agreed to go to the adjoining room to rest for a while.

I heaved a sigh of relief. My mother's desire to protect my child had reached a level I couldn't bear to watch. If she were here, she probably wouldn't trust Lester so quickly to let him treat my child.

The moment his gaze penetrated the glass window, Lester's expression changed. Under my cold gaze, he smiled bitterly. "Alright, Your Highness. I swear in the goddess's name that I will keep everything that happens in this ward a secret."

"The little wolf is different from ordinary children when he was born. I think it's because of some... maternal genes. This is a secret, I can't tell you yet. In short, the wolf cub had no gender, and its physiological structure was completely different from that of an ordinary baby. I don't expect you to find a way to treat him immediately, but please give me some good news for the sake of an anxious mother."

In the end, I heard my voice gradually become ethereal, and the wet and hot feeling filled my eyes again.

"... I'll try my best, Your Highness."

Lester went to make the preparations. Master Kevin was standing beside me now.

"I think the child is almost at its limit." I heard myself say coldly. "It's been too long. From the moment she was born, this child might have been suffering. It's because we, the useless adults, didn't realize it, so everything accumulated and exploded like a volcano."

Master Kevin didn't say anything, and I didn't need anyone to agree with me.

"I don't know if I should continue... There is no other way. He is just hanging on to his life in vain. This might only make the child suffer more. But should I just give up? Shouldn't I wait for a miracle to happen? But will the outcome be better if we continue to wait?"

Silence, a suffocating silence.

With my numbness, I could sense everything in the ICU, from the instrument's operation and the airflow from the exhaust to the weak breathing of my child.

Master Kevin moved and seemed to hesitate, but he still said, "Your Highness, there are some things I don't know if I should say."

"Speak. It's fine."

"Then... Don't you think the Young Prince's current situation is somewhat familiar? It's as if you've experienced it before?"

461 Another Way

Selma Payne's POV:

"Familiar?"

"Yes, please think about your experience in the Snowy Mountains, the strange giant pine tree, the demon fragments, and what made you... The cocoon that is reborn from the fire."

Master Kevin adjusted his glasses that had slid down his nose, and his voice was as calm as ever.

"I don't know what you experienced in that cocoon, but from its appearance, it was extremely similar to a moth's cocoon. "We all know that in order for a larva to transform into a moth, it must go through the process of dissolving and reconstructing its entire body before it can undergo ascendance. Now, it seems that your situation is very similar."

Dissolve and reconstruct ...

Most of the things were just as Master Kevin said. I lost my physical body in that strange cocoon, and then I used the power of the demonic shard to reconstruct a new body, and then I got New Flow.

Could my child be experiencing the changes I'd experienced?

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This thought gave me some hope for no reason. At least my child wouldn't die.

Master Kevin continued, "Now it seems the Little Prince's situation is like a moth larva about to spin a cocoon. The gradually dissolving muscles and bones may not be a strange disease. It's just an inevitable process that must be experienced to be reborn from the fire. Of course, this is just my personal opinion. I have no basis for it. Please consider it carefully."

I chose to ignore the last part of Master Kevin's sentence.

My wolf cub, my child, might not be on the verge of death as we thought. On the contrary, this was a new journey of breaking out of the cocoon and becoming a butterfly. It was just that we were too concerned about it and ignored such an obvious clue, which in turn allowed useless factors to drag this progress.

Various infusion bags were hanging on the metal frame, on which various drugs were used to maintain nutrition and prevent muscle dissolution. So far, they had been somewhat effective. My child's self-dissolving speed had indeed slowed down. Ten minutes ago, I was still happy about this. Now, I knew that I had to do something.

"How is my mother?" I asked Kara.

"The Queen is still asleep," Kara said softly. "She has been exhausted these days."

"That's good," I said in a soft voice. "Keep an eye on my mother and tell the servants to be quiet. Don't wake her up."

"Are you going to..." Kara looked at me hesitantly.

I didn't answer. I waved my hand gently, indicating for her to leave.

At this time, Lester returned. He had a general understanding of my child's condition and said with regret, "I'm very sorry, Your Highness. With my meager power, it's really difficult for me to help solve this difficult and complicated illness."

I looked at him steadily and finally evaluated Lester's ability and credibility.

My child's condition would be recorded, but to keep my bloodline a secret, the medical record must not exceed the scope of the medical field. So, I needed someone completely trustworthy, capable, and under my control to lead this matter, and Lester was the best option right now.

All of his information was already on my desk. This slick and sly medical scientist wasn't evil. In fact, even his resume didn't match his sly character, which was honed over a long time. He was a 'bookworm' who yearned for knowledge. His character was the polar opposite of Master Kevin's, but they were the same kind of people inside.

In the end, I chose to believe in him. There was no time to find a more suitable candidate than Lester.

Thus, I temporarily dismissed all the medical staff and announced my plan.

"I've decided to give up on all treatment for the wolf cub. I believe everyone can see that neither medicine nor witchcraft is of any help to my child."

I said this, but my heart trembled because I didn't know if my decision could be trusted. Would it bring happiness to everyone, or would it cost a life?

"Now, remove all life-support equipment and no longer provide medicinal assistance to the wolf cub. These things will only slow him down and will not help him in any way. From today on, this ward will become a secret forbidden area. No one can enter except for the three of us and those with my authorization.

"And your mission, my dear grandmasters, is to record every change in the wolf cub. The records have to be written in two copies. One will be based on the actual situation and write whatever is available. The other will be for others to see. This record will not deviate from the framework of medicine. Anything that science cannot explain should be covered with a layer of medical science."

Looking at the weak little wolf cub through the glass window, I muttered, "After all, we don't know how many more times this kind of thing will happen. It's better to have some reference records."

With my words, compared to Master Kevin's calmness, Lester was slightly flustered. He realized I was serious, so he couldn't even maintain the optimized disguise on his appearance. "Will this really work? What if... Your Highness..."

"There's no 'what if'," I interrupted him. "This is the last way. I have to try..."

462 The Confrontation

Selma Payne's POV:

I knew what Lester was worried about. After all, he had been in contact with many powerful people. These people had always been like this. If they could cure the patient, it was what they should do. They would hold the patient responsible if they couldn't cure the patient. It was as if the doctor brought the patient's illness.

So I consoled him. "Don't worry. I'm not the kind of person who implicates my subordinates for no reason. I make all the decisions. Even if something happens to the wolf cub, it has nothing to do with you. I swear to the Moon Goddess."

Lester was embarrassed by my serious attitude. "As you wish, Your Highness."

"Then, let's start now."

I gathered the medical staff again and announced my decision to them. They would no longer be in charge of treatment and only assist Master Kevin and Lester.

As a doctor in charge, he was the first to question my decision. However, my decision could not be overturned, not to mention that the blood of the wolf cub could not be easily publicized. I could trust Master Tracy, but he could not. So, he went to his new post with doubts.

At that moment, Kara told me that my mother had woken up.

I sighed, knowing that the next battle would be a tough one.

"Selma!"

My mother ran in with red eyes and a rare serious expression.

"What are you doing? How could you send away the wolf cub's doctor? Don't you know what's going on with this child? The wolf cub needs a doctor. Otherwise, he will... He will... He will die!"

Under my gaze, the crowd silently left, leaving only my mother in the room and me.

As far as I could remember, ever since I acknowledged my family and returned home, my mother had never given me any face. She was practically the mother who dotes on her daughter the most in the world. In her eyes, I'd never made a mistake. Even if I wanted to blow up the palace immediately, she would have found an architect in advance to plan a new palace that would suit my preferences.

But now, she was looking at me angrily, and the warmth in her eyes was gone as if I had made a terrible mistake that even the indestructible kinship could not make up for my 'evil deed'.

But I knew she was not angry at me but at herself.

My mother blamed herself. She might seem to dislike the whole world, but I was too familiar with this situation. As the self-blame in her heart had already overflowed in the eyes of others, it seemed that she was always blaming others, but who knew that she had long declared in her heart that her crimes were unforgivable?

I was just too similar to my mother in that we were too obsessed with a dead end and demanding of ourselves.

“What are you talking about?” My mother still couldn’t understand. “If the doctor doesn’t come, can the wolf cub recover? What evolution? What did that mean? Tell me, Selma. I know you won’t harm your child, but you must convince me!”

“Alright... Mother.” I was thinking about how to speak. “Do you still remember what I told you about my encounter in the Snowy Mountains? At that time, I thought I was about to die, but a strange cocoon allowed me to break out and be reborn. I used the demonic fragment to reconstruct my body, and my situation was similar to the wolf cub’s. My body was dissolved bit by bit, leaving only the basic framework of the soul. I was like a larva wrapped in a cocoon, using myself as nutrients to give birth to a new evolutionary form.

“This sounds like a fantasy, but there’s some truth to it. Do you still remember the moth-like marks on my body? I didn’t know where they came from in the past, but now I gradually understand. The moth is a follower of Azazel. I borrowed his power to evolve, so he affected me and made me carry some moth characteristics.

“And the wolf cub is my child. He has inherited the moth attribute like me. That’s why he’s born in wolf form. This is different from atavism, as we’ve guessed. Instead, the correct starting point for him is gradually evolving from a wolf cub to a true werewolf. He’ll compensate for his shortcomings in evolution like a larva breaks out of its cocoon and rebirths.

“That’s why I stopped all treatment because the drugs we gave the wolf cub are slowing down his progress. Good intentions will cause bad things and put the wolf cub in danger.

“I know you’re worried, Mother. You’ve spent more time with the wolf cub than I have as its mother. Compared to the incompetent me, the wolf cub grew up in your arms. But please believe me. This is the pain of growth that the wolf cub must experience, the price he has to pay to bear the innate superior strength.”

After hearing my explanation, my mother looked at me fixedly and suddenly cried.

463 Falling Apart

Selma Payne’s POV:

Large teardrops fell from my mother’s eyes. Her legs gave way, and she fell onto the sofa, trembling uncontrollably.

“Heavens, heavens... I’m very sorry, Selma, I’m very sorry...” She bent over, and her hunched body was like a cracked vase that would break into dust with a touch. “I don’t know. Maybe you’re right... Oh my god, I’m sorry. I didn’t know. I really didn’t know...”

“Mother, are you alright? Don’t blame yourself. It’s not your fault.”

I realized my mother’s situation was not normal, so I carefully patted her back. However, my mother was frightened and pushed me away.

I was stunned. My mother reacted when she saw this, and the guilt in her eyes grew stronger.

“Selma, I... I...”

My mother was in a daze. Suddenly, she ran out like a gust of wind, not even having time to wipe her tears.

“Mother!”

I quickly chased after her. I saw my mother running into my father’s arms when I reached the door. My father looked at my mother’s teary face and asked anxiously, “What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

My mother only cried and even began to twitch in a sickly manner. She was about to stop breathing.

My father and I were shocked and immediately called for the doctor. “Doctor! Doctor! Someone come quickly!”

My mother fell into her father’s arms and twitched uncontrollably. Her windpipe was blocked, so her lungs could not breathe any air. Her face was red and swollen from holding it in. She tried to open her mouth, hoping to draw in some living resources. Her tears and snot mixed with a comical and desperate expression on her struggling face, making people feel like their hearts were being cut by a knife.

“Mother, mother...” I was so anxious that I cried and handed my mother over to the doctor, who rushed over. I watched as the doctor began to perform emergency treatment on my mother. My legs turned soft, and I fell into my father’s arms.

“Don’t worry, child. Your mother will be fine. She won’t...” Father consoled me, but his arm supporting me was trembling slightly.

Finally, her mother was out of danger. The doctor said that she was over-breathing because she was too nervous.



Her mother was lying on the soft bed in the accompanying room with a pale face. The snow-white bedsheet set off her ashen face. Her tears that had yet to dry left traces of haggardness on her face that had been blessed by time, like the hideous cracks on a vase.

Mother stared at the ceiling in a daze, her eyes not moving. For a moment, I thought she was dead.

This thought shocked me, so I held my mother's hand. "Mother..."

My father also silently hugged my mother.

"Selma..." My mother's voice was as hoarse as a rusty cello. "I'm an irresponsible mother. I'm an unqualified elder."

I immediately retorted, "Why do you think that way? You're the best mother in the world."

"Right?" My mother gave a sad smile. "But what have I, as a mother, done? I lost my daughter and made her suffer for so many years. I had watched her run toward the Rocky Mountains formed by the curse with my own eyes. She had experienced life and death, but I could not help her at all. Someone is trying to take my daughter's throne away, but I can't do anything to help her. I can only let her fight against the storm of evil intentions..."

"Mother! What are you talking about? How can this be your fault?" I didn't know why my mother would think so, but I noticed that my mother seemed to have fallen into a bigoted dilemma. Simply put, my mother had a psychological problem, depression, or some other bad outcome that no one wanted to see.

My mother ignored me and continued to mutter, "And my Little wolf cub, I should have cared for him in every possible way and watched him grow up without any worries. But what have I done? I turned a blind eye to the wolf cub's illness. I spent day and night with him but didn't find any signs.

"Perhaps I'm not suitable to raise a child at all. Be it my daughter or my grandchildren, they've all experienced misfortune at my hands. Moon Goddess, is this a sin I committed in the first half of my life? Why do you have to punish me like this? Is my family relationship so fragile that my child will suffer an undeserved disaster because of me?"

As she spoke, my mother started crying again. She cried so hard that she was out of breath. She was about to show symptoms of hyperventilation again.

My father anxiously comforted my mother, but she was completely immersed in her sad world. She did not react to her lover's whisper, let alone to him.

It was as if I had become a time bomb to her, and she refused to even make eye contact with me. She sealed herself in a maze of thorns and poison, and I was the end she couldn't reach.

"Mother..." I looked at her sorrowfully, not understanding why our family had come to this.

Aldrich's life and death were uncertain, the little wolf cub's life was on the line, I had a psychological problem, and now my mother was following in my footsteps.

464 Harmony

Selma Payne's POV:

My father was the only one who was barely holding on, but his environment was not optimistic. Those conspiracies, those open spears and hidden arrows, those daggers hidden in smiles, those wind blades and frost swords had tormented my father for so many years. His lover and family had always been the solid pillars that supported him. Now that the house was about to collapse, how much longer could my father hold on?

If my father fell, what would the future hold?

Could our family be destined to face a catastrophe? Otherwise, why would so many inexplicable disasters befall our family?

Looking at my mother's dodging expression and resistant movements, my father's tired expression, and undetectable sadness, I suddenly felt the air thin. Every breath seemed to hide invisible needles, blowing up my windpipe and lungs.

The cold blood flowed through my body, turning me into an ice sculpture from head to toe. I could only helplessly endure the endless torture.

I felt pain and nausea in my stomach as if something had dissolved. A strong acid erupted and gradually eroded my bones and internal organs.

Intense pain struck my body, and my overloaded nerves sent a danger signal to my brain. My self-protection mechanism tried to escape the torture by fainting.

In the last moment of the darkness, I saw my father's anxious face and mouth opening and closing.

I didn't hear anything.

'Father...'

'I'm sorry...'

The wind, the melodious wind.

No matter how chaotic the outside world was, this wasteland was always calm and peaceful. The stream flowed to an endless distance. The breeze swept the low or lush grass, bringing a few black and gold moths flying toward the sky.

I woke up in the stream. The cold water washed over my body. My soft wet hair floated in the clear stream, gently swaying like seaweed and goldfish.

“Are you alright?” she asked.

I remained silent.

The fluttering black-gold moth rested on the tip of my nose for a while, giving me an itchy feeling. I sneezed, scaring away the black-gold moth and breaking this moment of silence.

“Are you alright?” she repeated.

“I don’t think so,” I replied.

“Oh, really? Why?”

“There are many reasons, but I can’t explain them all.”

“Alright,” she said. “If you don’t want to tell me, forget it.”

So we fell silent again.

This wilderness was always high and wide, making people feel open and happy, wishing there was such a pure land in the real world.

But how could there be so many wishes in life? I was already fortunate to be able to come to this paradise in my fantasy.

After lying in the stream for a long time, my body didn’t feel cold, but my heart told me it was time to get up.

The stream water evaporated and brought a cool sensation to my skin. Then, the soft wind wrapped around my naked body like a veil. Only then did I realize I was completely naked, not wearing anything. But I didn’t feel ashamed at all. In front of myself, there was nothing to be ashamed of.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked.

"I'm wondering..." I raised my hand and looked at the dampness in my palm. "Why can't I move?"

My feet were firmly stuck to the mud at the bottom of the stream, like a lotus root, ready to move and grow into a lotus.

"That's normal because you're melting," she said with a smile.

Was I melting?

I looked down. My feet had mysteriously disappeared. They had turned into something like the roots of the plant. They were inseparable from the mud and the stream water.

"Why is this happening?" I asked.

"Because the time is up," she answered.

"What time is it?"

This time, she didn't answer me. She disappeared, and the field was silent again.

More and more parts of me 'melted'. I became a root, a flower bud brewing an unnamed matter. However, I still maintained my human form, but my inner self had changed. My concept was being shattered and reassembled.

This was a mysterious feeling. It wasn't painful, but it wasn't uncomfortable, either. On the contrary, the joy of a new life was gradually seeping into my soul.

All the negative things had disappeared. At this moment, I no longer cared about my husband, my children, my parents, and my friends. It was not that I had become cold-blooded, but I had temporarily lost things like 'emotion'. Everything was being shattered and reassembled, and nothing could be ignored.

This was an experience that no one was familiar with, just like the time at the Rocky Mountains. However, I managed to retain my full consciousness the last time. I could clearly sense what was happening and control the direction of every piece of flesh and blood.

But now, I could let go of everything and give everything to...

All to...

To whom?

I was lost for a moment, and then the confusion disappeared.

It didn't matter. It didn't matter whom I handed it to.

I thought optimistically.

No matter who it was, I knew I could trust her. Even though I didn't know her, even though I didn't know her name nor who she was, I could trust her.

As time was up, everything should be complete.

Madeline's POV:

I looked at her, this girl who had the same name as me but also a different name.

We had the same face, shared the same body, had the same origin, and were entangled with each other's souls.

I was a ghost of the past, and she was a breeze of the future.

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I had always existed. She knew me, but most of the time, she forgot about me. This was my doing. She was too deeply entangled with those gods, but she didn't have the power to match them. It wouldn't do her any good to remember everything too early.

She was very powerful. Perhaps she didn't know it herself, but she did have a heart as firm as a diamond. However, even the strongest diamond had its limits. Fate was not friendly to her. Seeing that the road ahead was blocked, even if hope was in front of her, who could see it?

I turned into a moth and stayed on her branch.

The stream was filled with blooming lotus flowers, and the beautiful light pink embellished the monotonous wilderness with gorgeous colors. Selma had disappeared, but she had always been there. The physical body was just a vessel that didn't matter. She could be a werewolf, a creation of god, a moth, or a lotus flower waiting to bloom.

A gentle breeze blew, and the pistil swayed slightly.

"Do you feel comfortable?" I asked.

Another gust of wind stirred up faint waves on the water's surface.

"Alright, we have plenty of time," I mumbled as I sat on the shore.

Time in the wilderness was eternal. She could stop for a second or forever.

The sky was high, the wind was far away, and there were not even a few clouds.

I still remember that blizzard. After so many years, Azazel still hadn't changed. He was still as arrogant, mischievous, and stupid as ever.

He treated me like the moon. How funny.

That blizzard almost destroyed Selma, and it also destroyed me. But I guessed that the moon had been quietly watching me from the sky, so Azazel failed in the end.

If he had persevered a little longer, he would have discovered the truth.

Unfortunately, he missed it again, just like before.

A lotus flower swayed gently, and the wind brought a soft petal.

"You can wait. I sent the petals into the stream and watched her go away with the water. You're still far from a complete fusion.

"Are you worried about your parents and child? Don't worry. I'm watching over them. They're fine. Nothing will happen.

"Fine, you never trust me, but you know I am you, and you are me. You should trust me more.

"Besides, even if you want to, you can't leave now. Nothing can stop this process before the fusion is complete."

The wind was a little stronger, and the long grass cut a thin white mark on my ankle. It didn't hurt, but it was a little itchy.

"Are you angry?" I laughed. "There's no need to be, Selma. I'm just telling the truth. Fusion isn't a bad thing. You're taking back your original power. You've realized that, haven't you? It is a mutant born from the fusion of our powers and that of Azazel. It should have been our helper, our creation, but now it is just a dull, cold tool.

"You've given up the power of a god. Actually, that's good. Azazel's divine persona is not suitable for us. Even if he accepts us, we'll only become the weakest gods. You don't like to be a god. You want to be a human. That's good, I support you, but that doesn't mean we must give up on great power.

"Humans are powerless in front of gods, not because of this so-called natural identity, but because of violence. If a man could have power greater than a god, then a god would just be an insignificant ant. Just like the great men who killed gods in myths, the history that once existed is evidence that gods are not invincible.

"Think about it. Your husband, your children, your parents, your territory, and your people do not need a weak King. We all know what kind of era this is. Humans, gods,

demons, enemies, and any other factor can easily destroy the hard-won peace. This is not what we want to see.

“I’ve always been watching you, watching you regret, watching you suffer, but I was powerless. The only thing I can give you is the power that should have belonged to you. It may have come late, but it’s not irredeemable yet.

“The war is coming, and in front of it, those conspiracies and tricks for power and profit are just some appetizers that can’t be put on the table. I don’t need to worry. I believe you can handle those people.

“We have to look forward a little and see the shadows in the lava and the tentacles in the deep sea.

“I can’t tell you too much now, but when you think about it in the future, you’ll realize that be the gods or demons, the titles are just boring attributes that we impose on them. There’s no difference between gods and demons at all. They’re all the same. When they’re kind, they can’t wait to sublimate the whole world, but when they’re evil, they treat everything they see as a toy for fun.

“That’s it. There’s no reason to it.”

Selma Payne’s POV:

Was I a flower?

My roots greedily absorbed the stream water and spread the nutrients throughout my body. The cool stream water allowed me to stretch my branches to my heart’s content, extending my vitality.

This was an endless stream. I would always run far away.

I didn’t know how much time had passed, but I seemed to have many flowers blooming and dying and dying and blooming again. The petals covered the water’s surface and were carried away by the wind. When the stream dried up, I withered to death. The stream filled up again, and I was reborn.

Just like that, time passed by, and everything fell silent.

“Wake up, Selma.”

Who was talking?

“Really, you’re the one who’s worried, but now you can’t be woken up!”

Who was it?

A moth stopped at the tip of my nose. I couldn't help but sneeze and open my eyes.

There was nothing, no one. It was as if everything was just my imagination.

I was not a flower. I woke up on the grass.

The field had changed its appearance. At some point, the trickling stream had turned into an endless sea. There were no fish or rocks in the ocean, only blooming lotus flowers.

How could lotus flowers grow in the sea?

It was strange but also beautiful. The gentle wind caressed the petals, making small splashes on the sea's surface. The water splashed onto the lotus, reflecting a clear radiance.

I was mesmerized by the beautiful scenery and unknowingly sat down.

"Why are you still in a daze? Let's go! Weren't you in a hurry?"

That voice came again.

I looked left and right but couldn't find her.

"Who are you? Where are you?"

She laughed. "You're so silly. I'm right here. Go to the water and take a look."

I came to the water's edge, and the water only reflected my reflection.

"Do you see it?"

The voice sounded again. What surprised me the most was that I laughed at the water.

I was shocked and fell to the ground.

"Did I scare you?" The reflection on the water chuckled. "But you know me very well, don't you? Every time you came here, we would meet – it's inaccurate to say we would meet. I can see you, but you can't see me. But we always talk. Don't you remember me?"

My muddled mind gradually cleared up. I remembered her.

"... I don't like pranks," I mumbled.



“Actually, I don’t like it either because we’re the same person.” Madeline’s shadow disappeared from the water. I couldn’t see her, but I knew she was there.

I held up a handful of seawater and watched it quietly slip through the gaps between my fingers, leaving only the faint fragrance of the lotus flower lingering in my palm.

“I’m leaving now,” I said.

“I know, but you’ll come back eventually,” Madeline said calmly.

“Will I still forget you after I leave?”

“Yes, I’m sorry, Selma. Don’t blame me for acting on my own. It’s not the time to think about everything now, not just for you, but also for your enemies.”

“What about you? Will you disappear?”

“Me? Why do you think so?”

Madeline burst out laughing. “So that’s what you’ve always thought! Don’t worry, my dear. You are me, and I am you. You are Madeline, and I am Selma. We will always be one. My power is your power, and I have never relied on any power to exist. The basis of my existence is you, just like the basis of your existence is me. I will never disappear. We will never disappear.”

Yes, I was her, and she was me. We were the same person.

I wasn’t talking to anyone. I was only talking to myself. I was facing my heart and gradually saw through the fog in my previous dreams.

Why was I unable to build a mind link with my family? Why did Maxine get separated from me? Why did I have so many mysteries that were different from the werewolves?

This was because my physical body wasn’t that important to me. I could be a werewolf, a moth, a flower, or even nothing at all.

That was why nothing could restrain me.

Nothing could form a connection between the world and me.

This fact made me feel empty momentarily, but Aldrich and my child’s faces suddenly flashed before me.

No, it wasn’t like that.

I was engaged to my lover, and my child's blood was in resonance. I'd take root and sprout in this world. Although I was not physically here, my emotions would last forever.

I would never be alone.

"Alright, we've already wasted too much time," Madeline said.

It was time for me to leave. This field had calmed me, but I had to face the helpless reality.

Before I left, I suddenly thought of something. I asked the empty air, "Since I can't establish a connection with anyone, why can Dorothy and I build a mind link?"

"About that," she said cheekily. "It's a secret for now. You will have to go find out for yourself..."

Everything had disappeared. The field, the sea, and the lotus.

I opened my eyes and met my father's worried gaze.

...

"Are you alright? Child, you fainted because of low blood sugar." My father held my hand, and I saw my mother lying on the bed next to me.

"I feel much better." I sat up and felt slightly dizzy for a few seconds, but it quickly disappeared.

Selma Payne's POV:

The feeling was very clear – I didn't experience any changes on display, but something was different. It was like a missing piece of a puzzle, and the missing pieces were slowly being pieced together. Although the speed was a little slow and the loopholes still existed, everything would be in place one day.

My soul gradually regained its brilliance. Selma, Madeline, and me, everything was clear now. Everything was clear now. The lingering fog quietly dispersed, leaving behind the truth that made people feel relieved – all the worries were unnecessary.

My father told me that my mother's condition wasn't very good. It was not about her body but her mind. My child was the last straw that crushed her, and the self-blame for not caring for her grandson made her go into a strange circle of self-doubt. Miss Marcy had another patient. She believed it would be difficult for my mother to escape this situation unless the child could be cured.

“I should’ve cared more about Mother,” I blamed myself as I leaned against her bed and held her cold hand. “I lived with the child every day, and Mother spent most of her time on the child every day. But I didn’t notice anything; I didn’t notice anything but just stayed aside and complained...”

My father pulled me into his arms, his broad chest making me feel at ease. “Don’t blame yourself, Selma. This is not your fault, just like how none of this was your mother’s fault. All these coincidences happened simultaneously, and these negative factors are not something one person can easily bear, so the disease came to us.

“We will urge your mother to receive treatment actively. Not to mention that the child is not sick at all. He will come back to us healthy and happy one day, won’t he? Your mother will suddenly see the light by then, and everything will be better.”

Everything would be better.

I silently repeated this sentence in my heart. I looked at my mother’s pale, sleeping face and heard the machinery buzzing in the ICU. It was as if I could smell the disinfectant in the underground ward thousands of miles away.

I wouldn’t let off any villain who wanted to break the peace and extend their evil hands to my family, lover, and friends. The smiling face was a weapon in times of peace. If your enemy had already reached your doorstep, all you had to do was put away your stupid smiling face and punch them back to their hometown to cry.

No matter who it was.

It didn’t matter if you were a human or a ghost.

Everything would be fine, I promised.

I went to take a look at my child’s condition. As I expected, after removing all the useless medicines, his ‘evolution’ speed was even faster.

To be honest, even if I was the child’s mother, I couldn’t go against my conscience and say that he was in such a bad condition... was acceptable. The melted muscles and bones bulged his skin into a soft water balloon. I thought that WAS why all the medical staff in the observation room except Lester and Master Kevin avoided his eyes.

You couldn’t blame them. You couldn’t expect the descendants of the ancient gods to evolve to suit human aesthetics. After all, humans didn’t even exist at that time.

A lot of strange and familiar memories rushed into my mind. I vaguely remembered that I had been through this a long time ago, but everything was blurry, and I couldn’t see clearly.

The first 'evolution' only took thirty days. Counting the time before, the child would 'break out' in twenty days at most.

At that time, he might still be in wolf form, become a fair and chubby child, become a boy or girl, and still not be bound by gender.

In short, this was an opportunity to choose and lay a solid foundation.

"Little wolf, Little wolf, get well quickly. Mommy hasn't shown you how beautiful this world is."

As if it heard my words, the little wolf twitched its ears in response.

Soon, someone told me that my mother had woken up.

As the Queen of the werewolves, my impression of my mother was that she was always bright and beautiful, like a musician playing the harp in the Moon Goddess' courtyard. The fragrance of flowers and a quiet tune surrounded her. Even the moonlight couldn't steal her charm.

However, she looked extremely haggard now. Wrinkles appeared on her haggard face, indicating she was getting on in years.

"Mother."

When my mother saw me, she smiled absentmindedly. Then, she laughed at herself helplessly. "I've made you worry, my child. This is not something that a mother and grandmother should do."

Before I could say anything, she asked again, "Where's the child? How is he?"

"He's doing well. He's already entered the next stage. I sat by the bed and held my mother's hand. I think he'll return to us in twenty days at most."

My mother looked at me, and my father looked at me. They seemed to want to ask something, but in the end, they said nothing.

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Selma Payne's POV:

"From the moment we met again, Selma, I felt you were an extraordinary child." My mother ran her fingers through my hair. "You have a lot of secrets, and that's what makes your father and I feel the most helpless. We don't want to get to the bottom of this, but you should be free of pressure on your own. As parents, we can't do anything other than comfort them. How irresponsible is that?"

“No, Mother...”

“You’ve always been a good child. You’re always thinking about us and everyone around you but often ignore yourself.” My mother interrupted me and looked at me with both relief and sadness. “You should rely on us once in a while, Selma. Rely on your useless father and mother. You’ve never been alone, child. If you’re tired, we’ll always be your resting arms.”

My mother rarely took the lead in a conversation. She was always reserved and gentle, leaving the scene to my father or me and looking at us quietly and contentedly.

But now, my father and I had given everything to her. Perhaps my father had long realized that I was the only one still doing things to hurt my mother. My mother also needed a sense of security. She also needed to experience the feeling of being needed.

She was never just a Queen with more symbolic significance than actual power. I’d often ignored what she wanted because of her seemingly rich and happy life.

It was a happy, seamless family. It was a nightmare that had haunted my mother for over twenty years, starting when I was taken away from her. Even though I was standing in front of her, perfectly fine, this nightmare still hadn’t ended. Perhaps it would take a month or perhaps a lifetime. This was a painful journey of joy in the bitter, and I could not let my mother endure it alone.

My mother talked about her concern and worries for me and the child. Perhaps I used to hate this kind of nagging, but now I only felt lucky and happy. It was still not too late before that nightmare crushed my mother.

Just like that, we spent a slightly depressing but still warm night. My mother, who had spoken her mind, looked much more energetic. The anger in her chest could finally be released, and she had a good sleep that she had not had for a long time.

Looking at my mother’s peaceful sleeping face, I muttered, “Am I a bad daughter?”

My father laughed helplessly. “I’ve just coaxed your mother to sleep. Why are you also depressed now?”

He held my mother’s hand and hugged me. As if he had fallen into deep thoughts, he sighed and said, “Does everyone have to go through this in their life? When I was your age, my heart was full of contradictions and guilt. One moment, I felt that I wasn’t sweet enough to your mother, and the next moment, I felt that I didn’t care enough about your grandparents. Family and career tore me apart, and I seemed to never find the balance point in the middle.”

“Then, how did you do it?” I asked.

“Me? I didn’t do anything, just like 99% of the world’s young people, I had no clue. I couldn’t find the clue where this pile of wool is.”

My father said in relief, “Everything came to an end just like that. In my aimless struggle and pain, as time passed quietly, everything would have been resolved when I suddenly reacted one day. I didn’t seem to need to do anything. Everything is like an alarm clock that will ring when the time is up, and then everything is over.”

“Just like that?”

“Yes, just like that. So, my dear child, I’m sorry I can’t give you any advice in this regard because I passed my young age in a daze.

“But there is one thing I can tell you for sure-don’t worry, don’t worry. Everything will pass, no matter how unsolvable the problem is, no matter how sorrowful it is. We are a beach, and time is the waves. The waves will remove all traces, and we will still be ourselves.”

“... What you said is so poetic.”

My father laughed but was afraid of waking my mother up, so he said in a funny voice, “Oh, really? To be honest, I’m actually getting goosebumps all over my body. I thought it wouldn’t be so mushy if I used some poetic words, but it sounded even weirder.”

“No, you’re right.” I smiled thoughtfully. “But you’re wrong about one thing. Time won’t solve everything. Time knows nothing. Time is just a non-existent concept we put forward for convenience. The one who solves everything is the person who stays strong in the situation. Little by little, step by step, until everything was solved. Perhaps you don’t remember what you did back then, but the results show that everything was effective.”

“That’s right. It’s not time, but people.” My father smiled at me.

It was only then that I understood my father’s deep words.

Selma Payne’s POV:

It was a sunny day today.

It was as if the weather had suddenly brightened after one’s mood lifted.

With my father’s and my persuasion, my mother finally agreed to move out of the accompanying room.

“The child needs a quiet environment now,” I said. “I’ve even withdrawn the unnecessary medical staff, leaving only Master Kevin, Professor Lester, and Jeff. I

promise you that the child will be safe and sound. If you miss him, you can come to see him at any time. But you must ensure your health, okay? The child misses his grandmother very much. If you are down because of an illness, the child and we will all be sad.”

Before her beloved grandson, my mother gave in easily.

Other than that, there was one more thing.

Carey came to me through her servant. She said that she had already considered it.

Coming to my guest room again, Carey was still ill at ease, but her anxiety and fear had mostly dissipated.

She handed me the document, which she had already signed.

“Your offer is very good... It’s more like it’s too generous, I have no reason to refuse.” She said, “There’s only one thing. You said you would give me a real estate in my hometown... Can I change that?”

I didn’t ask her for a reason. This sad girl needed someone to respect her secret.

“Of course, you can. Where do you want to go?”

Carey smiled shyly and clenched her hands, not knowing what to do. After a while, she whispered, “Perhaps... The Spring Rain Pack?”

“The Spring Rain Pack?” This was beyond my expectations.

“Yes, I think the Spring Rain Pack is good. Carey seemed afraid I would disagree, so she quickly explained, “I’ve heard about the bold and decisive reforms you made in the Spring Rain Pack. Sometimes, in the Evaria Family, the housekeepers who care for me secretly gossip... I admire what you’ve done. You broke through tradition and turned a poor border town into a new city in just a year. If, if...”

Carey lowered her head in disappointment. “It would be great if my hometown could be like that, but... It’s not a good place. I don’t have any precious memories there and don’t want to return there.”

She smiled in embarrassment, looking uglier than crying. “After this child is born, I want to start a new life and cut off my past completely, even if it’s my hometown... If there’s nothing to reminisce about, it can’t be considered home.”

I agreed to her request. The Spring Rain Pack was under my sphere of influence, so it would be better for me to protect Carey from the Evaria Family.

Lester handed me Carey's medical report and said, "Miss Carey's current physical condition is very good, and the child's condition is also stable. The expected date of delivery is in the middle of November. During this period, we will do our best to ensure Miss Carey's and the child's health."

"Thank you," Carey said softly.

I hoped this girl could get rid of the shadow of the past as soon as possible and at least have a good sleep in the palace, so I tried to talk to her about some common topics.

"Are you used to living here? The bad thing about the palace is that it's too big and empty. If you feel lonely, you can go to the game room or walk in the garden."

"I'm living very well," Carey replied softly. "I can't live better. The servants are very good people and often chat with me to relieve my boredom. I don't feel bored at all."

"That's good." I was relieved. "You can relax here. I've forbidden the Evaria Family from entering the palace. Those b\*stards won't disturb you again, I promise."

"Thank you, Your Highness. I'll come out more often to bask in the sun. I heard this is good for the child... and the pregnant woman."

"Yes, my dear, nothing is more important than health." I couldn't help but sigh when I thought of my relatives who had fallen sick one after another in the past few days.

I didn't ask Carey to stay for lunch. She would be so nervous that she wouldn't even be able to hold her spoon properly. Seeing her discomfort, I had someone send her back to her residence.

As soon as Carey left, Master Kevin came.

"Something happened to His Highness an hour ago." He handed me a report. "I think you need to take a look."

Even without looking at the report, I could guess what had happened to the child. These were just like data from a USB drive. As 'Selma' and 'Madeline' fused, they were naturally transmitted into my brain.

The child had 'evolved' into a cocoon, just like a larva that had undergone the initial preparation stage and finally wrapped itself in a soft silk cocoon, officially beginning to move on to the next stage of life.

This 'cocoon' wasn't the same 'cocoon'. In fact, it didn't have any similarities with a cocoon. It was about the size of two ostrich eggs. It was furry and warm to the touch, like the fur of some animal – wolf fur.



The cocoon looked more like an 'egg'. It lay quietly in the thermal box and trembled slightly as if it was breathing.

In just one night, the child had undergone such rapid changes. I couldn't help but sigh at the wonders of life.

470 Collusion

Selma Payne's POV:

I touched the soft fine hair and said to the observers, "Continue to observe any changes. If there are any unusual movements, report them to me immediately."

"So far, we still don't have any effective way to detect all the physiological changes in the little prince-"

"It's okay. Your job is to observe and record. It's best if you can come to some conclusions. It's okay if you can't. After all, this is only the first time." I said, "But everything must be kept a secret. Is that clear, gentlemen?"

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The three didn't seem to react when I said "It's only the first time ". They faithfully guaranteed that they would keep everything that happened in this ward a secret.

It was already afternoon when I left the child's place. I was hurrying to tell my parents about the child's condition, so I didn't even have lunch. In addition, there was suddenly some official business for me to deal with. By the time everything was over, I was already famished and had to eat before dinner.

During this period, the atmosphere in the palace had been very gloomy. No one wanted to eat, so the kitchen was quite quiet. When they suddenly received the news that I would eat, the chefs seemed to have been injected with chicken blood and used all their knowledge to make this meal that was neither late nor mid-day, even more sumptuous than the one on my wedding day.

Looking at the table full of food, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "I can't eat so much..."

Kara placed a fruit platter on the table as she replied, "You need to eat more to nourish your body. Look at how thin you've become recently. Your skirt has loosened by two inches."

"It's not that bad..."

The dessert was doughnuts. Looking at the raspberries and cheese on the doughnuts, I suddenly remembered the night Avril announced her engagement. I was 'drunk' back then, and Aldrich bought me doughnuts from a dessert car to dispel the alcohol.

I'd forgotten the taste, but that uneasy night was vividly imprinted in my mind.

Back then, how could I have expected this day to come?

Aldrich...

The Spring Rain Pack reported Aldrich's news to me steadily, it was still the same, neither good nor bad, and there was no progress.

The Crown Prince of the elven race was in cahoots with the cultists, but he had no reason to poison Aldrich. From him, I realized that the heretic cult believers weren't a bunch of completely irrational lunatics. They would also form cliques and factions, so it was normal for them to rope in some werewolves for their use.

The progress of the intelligence organization in this area was always fast. A detailed investigation report was placed on my desk three days after the child had finished spinning its cocoon.

"Why don't I find it strange at all..." After reading the report, I rubbed my forehead tiredly. "The Evaria Family... Are they really not crazy?"

"This bunch of sons of b\*tches," Duke Frank cursed viciously at the people who dared to poison his son. "Are they crazy? Just to fight for power? How dare they cooperate with the cultists? Did they know who was behind this group of lunatics? The devil! An evil god! Dealing with evil will only result in you losing your soul!"

"When people were blinded by fame and fortune, they would be willing to exchange even their ropes for a second of authority. With the Crown Prince's example, I finally understand how crazy people can be. I was afraid that the cooperation between the Evaria Family and the cultists is not as simple as we think. Aldrich... might not be the first person."

Everyone present looked at me. I explained, "Do you still remember Layla? More than twenty years ago, she was slandered as the culprit who colluded with the wandering forces and caused my disappearance. Although the royal family trusted and protected her, she finally committed suicide amidst the rumors."

My father immediately understood what I meant. "You think there's more to Layla's death?"

“Yes.” I nodded. “The Evaria Family tried to kill me when I was a baby. However, they failed in the end and didn’t clean up the traces. Therefore, they urgently needed a scapegoat to shift the suspicion.

“Layla became the best candidate. She controlled the armed forces in the palace and was deeply trusted by the Lycan King, so she could move freely in the palace. On the surface, she seemed able to cooperate with the wandering forces. Not to mention that she was born as a commoner and strictly abides by the boundaries. She has no supporters other than her parents and a powerful force.

“If I’ve heard from others that Layla was a strong and principled warrior, then her suicide is really suspicious. She had always emphasized her innocence when she was at the heart of the struggle and never compromised with slander. Why did she commit suicide when she was about to be exonerated?”

Selma Payne’s POV:

Master Kevin didn’t believe that his lover would ‘commit suicide to escape punishment’, and I didn’t believe it either, even if I didn’t know Layla at all. But I trusted my father. If Layla were really a fragile person, my father would never have given her such an important task as the captain.

Obviously, there were other reasons for Layla’s death, and it was very likely that the Evaria Family had done it.

“Yes, I also investigated this back then,” my father said helplessly. “But there was too little evidence. I thought that Layla would be completely safe under the royal family’s protection, but the other party also took advantage of this. So everyone related to Layla’s death is our people. We can’t investigate it rashly, let alone suspect it.”

“Did you find any reliable evidence back then?” I asked.

Arkadius answered me, “I was responsible for this case back then. At that time, I had not entered the presbytery and worked as a criminal investigator at the police station. However, all evidence shows that the Evaria Family did not seem to be involved in it. To a certain effect, what we suspected back then was another family.”

“Which?”

“The Woof Anka Family.”

Who was that?

I was confused for a moment before I realized that this family was an old acquaintance of ours.

The previous elder, Eric, was from this family. At my wedding, a young man from this family was quite rude.

At one point, the Woof Anka Family had been glorious, and they had once become an existence like the Evaria Family today. However, this family did not rely on a leader who was a Duke and the president of the Royal Academy of Sciences, nor did it rely on the illegitimate son of the royal family hidden in the corner of the mansion. Instead, it relied on the endless stream of talents like a goddess's wisdom.

The Woof Anka Family was at its peak in my grandfather's generation. There were officials from the family in every department. The number of elders with the surname Woof Anka in the Council of Elders couldn't be counted on one hand. Countless medical scientists, architects, and werewolf grandmasters also came from this family.

Intelligence and loyalty were synonymous with the Woof Anka Family.

However, perhaps due to the decline of the family, or perhaps due to some kind of 'regression theory', the family inevitably declined in the later years of my grandfather's reign. The quality of the next generation fell like a cliff, and no one could take over the baton of this huge family. Originally, the Woof Anka Family still had time to change the face of the next generation, but war came to them at this time.

The talented seniors had no choice but to temporarily hide their descendants in the air-raid shelter and rush to the battlefield to shed their blood.

After the previous generation retired and sacrificed themselves, there was a huge vacuum within the Woof Anka Family, and internal strife began for the position of power.

Just like that, when my father was in power, the Woof Anka Family declined rapidly. Eric was the last person with high authority in the family in recent years.

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"Captain Layla was placed in a hidden manor to recuperate," Arkadius continued. "The Alpha in this manor happened to be in-laws of the Woof Anka Family. This Alpha confessed that the Woof Anka Family had asked him to place his family's people in the manor, but he refused."

"That's all?"

"Yes, that's all." Arkadius laughed bitterly. "This is why we can only suspect the Woof Anka Family. Although I don't think the Woof Anka Family will give up their plans just because of the rejection of a small local Alpha, but in the follow-up investigation, all the people in the manor have a background of the royal family, and there is insufficient evidence to prove that anyone has been bought over by the Woof Anka Family."

“And there’s no motive for the crime. Captain Layla was a noble person. She doesn’t have much contact with the rich and powerful. She has no enmity with the Woof Anka Family. What reason does the Woof Anka Family have to harm her?”

Woof Anca...

Indeed, they had no reason to get rid of Layla.

Did we really wrong the wrong person? The Woof Anka Family didn’t do anything back then? But why did they plant people in the manor? This didn’t make any sense at all!

If they really didn’t have any plans, they would have stayed as far away as possible to avoid suspicion since they knew that Layla was recuperating in the manor, and she was that pack’s in-law.

This was put on hold for the time being. There were other more important matters to be discussed in today’s meeting.

The Evaria Family finally could not sit still. Their unborn ‘master’ had disappeared without a trace, and they were suddenly in a mess. After many days of fruitless search, they finally began to probe the palace.

Some of the Evaria Family’s officials began to secretly do things that were outwardly obedient but inwardly disobeying, with the Foreign Trade Department being the most obvious.

They used some excuses to detain a few foreign trade goods and used ‘random checks’ as an excuse to carry out indefinite inspections, causing the Lycan pack and other well-known companies to be in a lot of trouble.

472 The Provocation

Selma Payne’s POV:

‘Coincidentally’, these companies were all injected by the royal family, and some were even the royal family’s assets. The trouble was neither big nor small, but it was a dangerous signal – the Evaria Family had finally given up on those insignificant means and began to dig for the real interests of the royal family.

This was easy to resolve. Such an act of stepping on the loopholes of the law did not even require the intervention of the royal family to resolve it. But that was where the problem lay-strictly speaking; all the actions of these officials were in accordance with the legal process, so even if they failed this time, they could unscrupulously repeat such practices.

Could it be that they had to change the law because of this? However, some 'loopholes' were not loopholes. They had to exist for various reasons. If they were forcibly 'perfected', it would lead to more contradictions.

If it were before, we'd just bear it. If heaven wanted them to die, it must first make them crazy. It was in our interest to nudge the Evaria Family to act more arrogantly.

But now, the Evaria Family could easily figure out that their missing 'master' was in my hands, so we had officially shed all pretense of cordiality. There was not much meaning in backing down. It was better to go all out and strike a blow to the Evaria Family's arrogance.

So I suggested, "An officer should be punished for making a mistake. In that case, why don't we just take advantage of the situation and get that muddled officer to step down? You must know that the Evaria Family has always been good at using the power of public opinion to achieve their goals. This time, why don't they have a taste of being drowned in condemnation?"

"They're still dreaming of becoming the king of the game. How can they lose the public's support if they want to be the king? This time, they have to swallow their anger. Not only do they have to swallow their anger, but they also have to take the initiative to make that official step down."

Duke Frank couldn't wait for the Evaria Family to explode on the spot and support my proposal with all his might. However, he was a veteran in politics. He frowned and said, "I'm afraid it won't be that simple. Your Highness knows these vile people are the best at inciting people's hearts. Public opinion is the most difficult thing to control. Be careful of the backlash."

"Don't worry. This time, the Evaria Family is doomed." I smiled with confidence. "The people have heard and seen countless jokes in the officialdom. Perhaps they can tolerate a stupid officer. However, in the face of human experiments, especially on innocent girls, pregnant women, and babies, such heinous things, could the people still tolerate it? How many mouths does the Evaria Family have to shut?"

"Human experiments?" Other than my father, everyone else was confused. Master Mary was taking it better. Master Kevin had disclosed some relevant information to her at my behest, but she didn't know about the existence of Carey and that child.

Duke Frank and Arkadius didn't need to know. Carey and that child had special identities. They were involved in scandals related to the royal family, so the more people knew, the better. We only needed to use human experiments. We didn't need to let more people, especially Carey, bring unbearable pressure and potential danger to these two innocent lives.

I briefly and in detail explained the Evaria Family's attempt to continue the bloodline of the illegitimate royal child through test-tube baby research, when they heard that my great-grandfather had committed adultery with his sister-in-law, the expressions of a few old foxes in the officialdom changed slightly, but they tactfully pretended not to hear it.

Lester's report showed that out of the seventeen 'experimental subjects' he had handled, twelve girls had failed their fertility treatments and suffered from an illness that caused irreversible body changes.

Of the remaining five girls, three miscarried at the research institute. The Evaria Family did not listen to Lester's suggestion to leave the girls at the research institute to recuperate and took them back to the Evaria Manor, never to be seen again.

As for the other two, one of them was Carey. The Evaria Family lied that she had a 'miscarriage'. She had experienced seven months of life without dignity, like a female horse that had been bred. She had finally escaped from the devil's den and was now under my protection.

The other one was also declared to have 'miscarried' by the Evaria Family, but the statement's authenticity was unknown. Carey said that she had not seen the girl since she was five months pregnant, so it was likely that the girl was also dead.

Anyone who read this report would be furious. I wanted to go directly to the Evaria Family and make the b\*stards who led these experiments pay for the girls' torture.

Now, everyone in the study had ugly expressions. In addition to the shame and hatred for the Evaria Family, there was also a trace of guilt on their faces. They were at the top of the pyramid and should have protected innocent people.

However, the people who claimed to know the Evaria Family like the back of their hands had allowed this tragedy to happen right under their noses. They could not ignore their responsibility of dereliction of duty against their conscience.

#### 473 Public Opinion

Selma Payne's POV:

The scandal could not defeat a deep-rooted and powerful family, but it was like an ant that had wormed a small hole in a strong river dam. The river bank was no longer impregnable from then on, and the flood rushed out of the insect's eye.

At first, it was just a few harmless drops of water, which evaporated before they could even fall to the ground. However, the bug eye would continue to expand under the erosion of the water flow, and eventually, countless cracks would appear on the riverbank. Then, the broken riverbank would disappear in the waves of the flood.

The Evaria Family was well aware of this principle. They had used their own tongues to defeat many of their enemies openly and secretly. What goes around comes around. Had they ever thought that one day it would be their turn?

With Carey as the starting point, a storm of public opinion against the Evaria Family quietly unfolded one morning.

At first, it was just some tabloid that revealed 'the skeleton of the glorious family's closet' and 'the manor built on blood and tears' ambiguously and indirectly.

This attracted little attention. After all, many tabloids used this as a gimmick every day.

After that, under my father's instructions, more and more official newspapers began to expose bits and pieces of the Evaria Family's human experiments. From compiled rumors to confuse the public to the most important points, this caused a storm in the city. People on the streets and alleys were discussing this topic after dinner.

The Evaria Family was not made of mud. They liked to fight public opinion, so they quickly realized that someone was messing with them, so they immediately retaliated.

Some key evidence could not be overturned, so they began to confuse the public and explain everything with some harmless medical accidents. Those that could not be explained were dismissed as 'rumors' and 'sincerely' issued an apology, trying to cover everything up peacefully.

But how could we let them go? Lester walked out from behind the scenes the day after the statement was issued. As the former director of the research institute, he disclosed many specific reports of human experiments to the public. In addition to the victim's privacy, he also exposed the Evaria Family.

There was no other way. No matter how much the Evaria Family struggled, they could not overthrow the mountain-like evidence. The families of the victims also stood up. Their daughters or sisters had been missing for several months, and they had all said they would participate in a well-paid experimental project.

The Evaria Family was immediately pushed to the forefront of the storm. The victims' families demanded an explanation, and the people were also filled with righteous indignation. For a time, the Evaria Family was being roasted on the fire.

At this time, even the stupidest person would realize they had been set up. The Evaria Family immediately confirmed that the royal family was behind everything, and many political enemies contributed to it.

Everyone pushed a fallen wall. Under the deliberate push of some people, this fermented extremely quickly, causing this seemingly indestructible giant family actually to be on the verge of collapse.



Who would have thought that a deeply rooted noble in power would be hurt at the root by a seemingly ordinary public attack? It could only be said that the Evaria Family was a big tree that attracted the wind, and their arrogant style had made too many enemies for themselves in the past.

The officials and merchants trampled under their feet had finally found an outlet to vent their anger. They used the excuse of righteousness to refuse to work for the members of the Evaria Family or unilaterally cut off cooperation.

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As a result, the Evaria Family suddenly found it difficult to move forward in the officialdom and business world, and the reputation among the people also plummeted.

Everyone was clamoring to avenge the innocent girls who had been harmed, but how much was true, how much was false, and how much was to vent their grievances?

When Emma came in and told me that her grandfather was about to resign from his position as the Dean of the Royal Academy of Sciences, I was flipping through a book called 'The Moon's Proverbs'. It was a well-known scripture among the werewolves. Legend had it that it was a mantra that the Moon Goddess had personally taught the first king of the Lycans.

"... All evil would suffer a backlash. Everything good would be rewarded. Evil deeds ask for traces but not sincerity. Good thoughts ask for the heart but not the traces..."

The karmic debt was the simplest, and the truth was always an 'old saying' that people had repeated over and over again. However, looking all over the world, how many people's actions could escape these ' clichés'?

Emma was a little disappointed. After all, he was her grandfather, her family. Although she wasn't close to Earl of Marlowe, in that fire pit of a home, Earl of Marlowe was already a rare person who truly loved her.

"Grandpa has decided to officially announce his resignation and retirement next Monday," Emma said in a muffled voice. "He just handed in his resignation. His Majesty asked me to inform you."

I was speechless for a moment.

To be honest, my impression of Earl of Marlowe was average. He was a knowledgeable scholar who had taught countless wonderful and brilliant students. However, he was too selfish and tried to keep the students firmly in his hands to replicate the legend of the Woof Anca Family.

There was no doubt that he would fail. Although my father trusted him, he was not a fool. Of course, he would not allow such a thing to happen.

## 474 Accidental Injury

Selma Payne's POV:

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However, from a certain perspective, Earl of Marlowe's loyalty was not to be doubted. Even though his family had almost broken off from the royal family, and everyone knew that they coveted the throne, he, as the head of the family, had never supported everything that his people did.

Yes, he did not stop it. However, anyone in his position had no other choice. He could not be a rebellious minister, nor was he willing to break off relations with his family. So, silence and turning a blind eye were the only choices.

But who could say his cowardice did not help push things to the abyss of no return?

He couldn't stop what happened more than twenty years ago because back then, the old Earl of Marlowe was still the head of the family. However, in the nearly twenty years that he had been in charge, if he had once been able to firmly cut off the ambitions of his clan at the waist, if he had given his father more trust and revealed the descendant of the illegitimate child to his father, then everything would not have come to this point.

As the head of the clan, he was responsible for controlling his own clan. As a subject, he should not hide the royal family's secrets from the king.

He wasn't the main culprit but an accomplice that couldn't be neglected.

"Earl of Marlowe is a good man who did his job well," I comforted Emma. "He's old now and should retire and enjoy life."

Emma was still unhappy. I knew she had something on her mind. "How did things come to this?" she asked after a few minutes.

She had been a trainee secretary for a long time and had seen many conspiracies around her father. The cheerful girl became quieter and quieter, often looking like she had much on her mind.

This reminded me of myself when I first came into contact with politics. The world of power was too bizarre and grotesque. Anyone who barged into it from a peaceful world would sigh at everything they saw and inevitably doubt their morals and common sense.

I'd thought about it before. Was it right to encourage Emma to enter the political arena? She was a girl who yearned for freedom. Unlike Jordin, who was naturally sharp, Emma was not enthusiastic about politics. The fundamental reason she desperately wanted to climb to a high position was to get rid of her family.

And now, her wish was about to come true, albeit tragic.

“No matter what, this is how things are. No matter how much we hypothesize or how much we regret it, it will be of no use.” Emma and I snuggled up to the bay window and whispered, “Even if we always think that we are the masters of power, we are the ones who are dominated by power most of the time. The Evaria Family is like this, and maybe we are the same. Perhaps there was an opportunity to resolve everything peacefully, but it was simply too dim and insignificant in front of the brilliance of power. Up until now, we have no other choice.”

Emma was silent. After a while, she said, “I have never regretted it. Be it leaving my parents, leaving my home, or stepping into the vanity of power.”

She sniffed and mumbled, “We are no longer children. This is the world of adults. The new world of dreams, where we are carefree and full of curiosity, may not exist at all. Only the days we struggle to live are real.”

I hugged her tightly and felt her tremble in my arms.

“... But I just don’t understand. There was no need for anything to happen, so why did things have to come to this? I’m glad that I could escape from that place and didn’t have to follow in the footsteps of my aunt and cousins. But... But I just can’t let it go. Even though a voice in my heart keeps telling me, ‘Don’t be a b\*tch, that’s not your home at all, no one treats you as a person’, I can’t help but pay attention to it, get close to it... I always think, that’s the place I grew up in for more than twenty years. How can I break it off and leave it?”

“I’m sorry, Selma, I’m sorry... I can’t help it. I’m always wavering like this...”

Emma began to cry in a low voice.

The sun shone brightly outside the window, but the gorgeous doorposts of the veranda blocked the sunlight at a certain angle, leaving only a faint gray shadow in front of the bay window.

“I swear I didn’t do it on purpose. I really didn’t know... After that quarrel, my parents changed. They have behaved very well since. They no longer forced me to do anything and cared for me like any normal parent. I thought... I thought they had changed. They had seen all my efforts and finally understood me...”

“... That’s why I didn’t doubt it when they said it was just a gift for you and General Aldrich. I thought it was a sign that they were going to give in. I thought that accepting their kindness would help you soften your stiff relationship with the Evaria Family...”

“I asked the servants to put it in the supplies I gave to General Aldrich. This should have been a bottle of wine to create a romantic atmosphere for you, husband and wife, to reunite after a long separation. But... but-

“Heavens! Forgive me, Selma, I didn’t know! I don’t know! What have I done? Oh, Moon Goddess, how can you forgive me? How can I forgive myself?”

Selma Payne’s POV:

A lightning bolt suddenly struck the cloudless clear sky, followed by a light rain that fell like beads of rain, bending the camellia seedlings that the gardener had carefully taken care of.

Emma sobbed silently while I looked at the rain outside the window and sighed heavily.

There were already clues about this.

Starting from Benson, the Intelligence Department had already investigated all the people related to that day, including the most suspicious, Bertha. But be it the servant or anyone else, there was no suspicion. After many investigations, the Intelligence Department finally confirmed that the wine was not poisoned that day but had long been swapped.

From the very beginning, this bottle of wine was poisoned.

So, I followed the origin of each bottle of wine and found that everything was normal. No compelling clues regarding the origin, transportation, or other aspects could be found.

It was obvious that there was a mole on our side.

Maybe Emma’s parents and the servant who had been bribed thought that they had done it flawlessly. Everything that existed would leave traces behind, and everything would eventually leave behind traces.

I knew Emma didn’t do it on purpose, and I believed she wasn’t guarded against her parents’ tricks, but my trust didn’t play a decisive role.

Emma was crying. She was scared, regretful, and lost. I could sense that she was sending a distress signal to me. She knew what was waiting for her, even if it was an unintentional mistake, even if she was also a victim.

“The guards who set off to secretly arrest Mr. And Mrs. Evalia have probably arrived. They will be sentenced for intentional murder and treason. Perhaps they will be permanently exiled, or perhaps... It’s the death penalty.”

Emma couldn't help but tremble when she heard what I said. All I could do was hug her tightly and continue to say the cold words, "I believe you, Emma. I know you didn't do it on purpose. You didn't want to do anything. But... I can't guarantee you'll be exonerated from the crime. I'm sorry, girl, I can't do anything about it."

At the end of the day, I was only the Crown Princess. My father still held all the power. No matter how much I trusted Emma, my father might not let it go on my account even if I had forgiven her. Emma was not only my female companion and friend but also the trainee secretary of the Lycan King, one of the places closest to the center of power.

Not all mistakes could be forgiven. My father was a generous elder, but he was also a king as majestic as thunder.

Emma didn't blame me. She trembled and choked, "I understand, Selma. All of this is my fault. If only I had been more cautious... If only I had not been so stupid, if only I... It's completely my fault that I've come to this point. I've already seen through my parents' true colors. How could I so easily have believed them? I've always been naive and foolish. I've paid a great price for this foolishness, but now someone else has to bear the consequences of my foolishness."

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"I should've said it from the beginning. I backed off when I heard the 'intelligence personnel' conversation that night. I was afraid. I didn't know what would happen to me if I told the truth, so I chose to remain silent. Now that I think about it, I made a stupid mistake again. It was a chance to redeem everything, but I missed it, and once I miss it, it will never return.

"Today, Grandpa came to hand in his resignation letter. I realized that I had no way out. My family is already an arrow at the end of its flight. Although they fantasize about soaring to the heavens in one go, the bystanders see this rotten ship slowly sinking. Grandpa's resignation was a concession, but it was also a tacit consent to the collapse of the Evaria Family in exchange for the only chance to survive.

"I can't... I can't let my cowardice destroy everything. Grandpa's concession, the opportunity you and his Majesty gave me, I can't let everything be in vain."

Soft footsteps came from outside the door. After a while, they stopped in front of the door.

Emma trembled again. She clutched the tassels on the back of the sofa tightly and bit her lip to stop sobbing.

"Your Highness," Kara's voice came from outside the door. "They are here."

Emma's trembling body suddenly tensed up, then relaxed and fell limp on my body.

“... Come in,” I said.

The intelligence department’s specialists filed in, bowed to me, and politely said to Emma beside me, “Miss Evaria, we have found out that you are related to a murder case. Please cooperate with our investigation.”

Emma wiped her tears, stood up, and tidied her crumpled dress. She tried her best to maintain her dignity and then nodded with a smile. “Alright, this is what I should do.”

I shook my head at the commissioner about to step forward, and he kept the handcuffs he had taken out halfway. Emma smiled at me gratefully and left with the Intelligence Department.

When she reached the door, she turned back and whispered, “Please tell Rhode not to wait for me.”

Facing my stunned gaze, Emma only laughed at herself and didn’t say anything else.

476 Chekov

Selma Payne’s POV:

I remained sitting on the sofa for a long time after she left.

“Your Highness.” Kara came over and covered me with a blanket. “Miss Emma will be fine.”

“I know.” I nodded blankly. “She’s innocent. Father knows that too.”

“So, you don’t have to worry about anything.”

“I’m not worried about Emma’s safety. I just feel a little empty...”

I’d always known that Emma’s goal wasn’t in politics. She loved literature and the arts. She chose to enter the vortex of power because she knew this was her only chance to be independent of her family. Another reason was because of her strong sense of responsibility.

Sometimes, we would chat. She would say, “My childhood is over. It’s time to take responsibility.” Therefore, she gave up her childhood dreams and ideals and worked hard to learn all the abilities needed in the officialdom. Good and bad, she had no choice but to accept them all.

But what did give up and responsibility bring her?

Her parents had used her.

Even though she was infinitely close to the center of power, she still could not escape the shackles of conspiracy. When she tried to break free from the shackles of her family, she was shocked to find that she had fallen into another trap.

I was not worried about Emma's safety but about her heart.

When her dreams were abandoned and her reality shattered, could this sentimental girl still bear it?

"Who's in charge of Emma?" I asked.

"Ms. Eve will take over the secret operation," Kara replied.

This candidate made me feel more at ease. Eve was one of my people, so at least I could guarantee Emma's safety.

"Could you tell Eve to immediately lock Emma into a secret prison after picking her up? No one is allowed to visit her except my father, those who we have authorized, and me. The guards in charge of keeping Emma safe will be my subordinates, who will be absolutely loyal to me. "

Judging from the Evaria Family's way of doing things, they could use Emma, so it was normal for them to do more excessive things, such as blaming the scapegoat.

Speaking of scapegoats, I thought of Layla again...

Woof Anca.

Evaria.

An assumption gradually formed in my mind. Were these two attacks, which had been separated by decades, really just a coincidence?

One was a fading family who wanted to rise again.

One carried a wolf's ambition to go further.

Was there really no intersection between them?

"Ask the person in charge of the mobile patrol to come to the palace to see me," I muttered as I stared out the window at the sunny rain that had stopped at some point. "I need to know everything that happened to the Golden Bell Pack over twenty years ago.

The person in charge of the mobile patrol team was a tall man of few words. As the mobile patrol team manager for over thirty years, his sideburns were inevitably gray, but

under his droopy eyelids were a pair of bright eyes that could see through people's hearts.

This secret organization usually did not take the initiative to contact the royal family. They were like crows in the shadows, only spreading their black wings when their master needed them. The last time I saw him was because of Benson, which had been a long time.

Chekov wasn't as polite as the others. He bowed to me silently and then turned back into a hard stone.

"Good afternoon, Captain Chekov." I didn't want to waste my time on useless small talk, so I went straight to the main topic. Perhaps you still remember the mission you carried out in the Golden Bell Pack twenty-four years ago and everything about the lady named Layla?"

"Yes, Your Highness." Chekov nodded. "I was in charge of this mission at the time."

"I think Kara has informed you in advance. Have you been able to bring all the information related to this mission?"

Chekov handed me a tightly sealed document and said, "This mission is a secret and has not been activated for decades. But I must remind you in advance that the mobile patrol team's information is not much more than the Intelligence Department's. We have yet to conclude about Ms. Layla's sudden suicide."

I didn't rush to open the folder. Instead, I asked Chekov, "How did you carry out this mission? 24-hour close protection of Layla? Or were you trying to investigate the people and things around her?"

"The focus of this mission was not on Ms. Layla." Chekov shook his head. "The mobile patrol team was more responsible for the Golden Bell Pack. We were closely monitoring the Golden Bell Pack to prevent suspicious people from sneaking in."

"Did you know the Woof Anca Family tried to plant people in the manor?"

"Yes, Your Highness, but the Alpha of the Golden Bell Pack back then was smart compared to his in-laws. He understood that His Majesty was the one who could decide everything, so he firmly refused."

"Can you guarantee that no one has tried to infiltrate the manor since then and succeeded?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Including the Evaria family?"



“Including the Evaria family.”

477 Secret Collusion

Selma Payne's POV:

Chekov told me everything he knew, but I got no new information.

Thinking about it, it made sense. He had reported this mission decades ago, and the information I had now came from that report. Of course, there wouldn't be any new information.

After a moment of silence, I suddenly asked, “How is your understanding of the entire werewolf pack?”

Chekov was unmoved by this and replied calmly, “I know everything I should know. I don't know more about things that I shouldn't know than an infant.”

“Have you always been this cautious?”

“Being cautious is a lifelong virtue, especially for people in my line of work.”

“Alright, I respect your caution, and I hope you can continue to be cautious in the future.”

Chekov finally seemed confused.

Although the Intelligence Department and the mobile patrol team had the same monitoring function, the mobile patrol team, which could freely move around the country, could always find more subtle clues that were hidden in the dust and smoke.

“What do you think of the Woof Anca and Evaria families?”

“What do you mean?”

“The relation – or rather, the relationship between them.”

“I think that these two families are no different from other families on the surface, maintaining a polite but hypocritical social relationship. Their side branches have unimportant marriages as fragile bonds to sustain this relationship.”

“On the surface? What about the truth?”

“They are no different from any other family. They collude for money and power.”

“Do you think that this kind of relationship only comes from the interests of other families?”

“It’s hard to say, Your Highness. No relationship is pure, and no exchange of interests is pure. Every family had their own plans, and even the mobile patrol team could not cut open the core of these behemoths. Therefore, I can only conclude the rules from what I have seen and heard. Most noble families and wealthy merchant families are like this. They maintain hypocritical etiquette on the surface but secretly calculate the gains and losses of every interest exchange.”

“Is there no difference?”

“No, Your Highness. This kind of relationship is ever-changing.”

I didn’t say much more, and Chekov didn’t open his mouth either. We sat silently for a while before I said, “Thank you. You may leave now.”

Like when he came, Chekov left the suite like a silent gust of wind.

After a while, I called for Kara.

“Lord Eric Woof Anca, ask him to enter the palace.”

Kara nodded and left silently.

Chekov was a very cautious person. There was only one outcome in his position if he wasn’t careful. He was an eye with his thoughts. He had seen a lot and would not hide anything from his master, but he would not say more.

After all, any subjective thoughts would affect the master’s decision. He would be the first to be sacrificed if anything went wrong. Since that was the case, keeping his mouth shut forever and being an eye was better.

I was sure he must’ve seen through the secret connection between the Evaria and Woof Anca families. Otherwise, he would’ve denied it just now and not said some specious words to hint at me.

The decline of the Woof Anca Family had become inevitable, but would they willingly sink into the long river of history with their glorious past? A dying struggle was unavoidable. If its current master didn’t care about it, it would be expected for it to want to change its master.

I suddenly remembered the day of the wedding, the boy who hid behind the screen and publicly slandered me with his companions, Casti Woof Anca.

He spoke with fervor and assurance, but he wasn't the central figure in the young boys and girls group.

Who was the boy who was surrounded by the stars? Even a proud person like Casti listened to his commands?

I felt like I had touched upon a corner of the mystery, but I still lacked some key evidence to make up for the truth.

At this moment, Kara came to report. She didn't look good, and Eric Woof Anca was not with her.

"Your Highness, the Woof Anca Family said Eric is not feeling well and has been in bed for a week. His health doesn't allow him to see you now, please forgive him."

"Not feeling well? Oh, that's sad news. Why don't we send a royal doctor to treat Lord Eric?"

"I don't think a doctor can cure Lord Eric," Kara said in a low voice.

"I know." I casually picked up an apple and took a bite. "The old man's illness may be cured in a minute, or he may never be cured."

Without my next instruction, Kara did not move. After a while, I said, "There's no need to send a doctor. Since Lord Eric is not feeling well, we don't have to force him. We can just ask someone else from that family.

"What's the boy's name? Ah, Casti. Casti Woof Anca. Ask him to come to see me. A strong young man can't possibly fall sick because of a drizzle, right?"

478 The Cradle

Selma Payne's POV:

Ever since I was separated from Maxine, I rarely saw her. Now, she had completely become independent and maintained a wolf's demeanor. As she grew older, she no longer liked crowded places. More often, she hid among plants or in the corners of buildings, observing everyone in her sight with sharp eyes.

I entrusted the task of protecting Carey to her, and I was completely at ease.

Maxine was no longer as lively as before. She had matured and was gradually becoming more stable. So, when she approached me after a long time, I suddenly had a strange feeling of 'who is this?'

However, she revealed she was still that little wild wolf when she opened her mouth. "Don't show that stupid expression, Selma. It's like I'm an exhibit that escaped from a zoo."

"I'm sorry, my dear. We just haven't seen each other for a long time." I touched her thick hair and peeled a banana for her as compensation. "Why are you here? Is there a problem with Carey?"

Maxine finished her banana in two or three bites and said, "It's not a problem, but my intuition tells me that something is brewing in the dark."

"You mean to say...?"

I think the child in Carey isn't ordinary. I'm not saying that she has some natural disease or something. The child always gives me a dangerous feeling, 'he will bring trouble', my instinct tells me so."

A beast's instincts were always accurate, so I asked, "When did you start feeling that? Are you sure it's that child?"

"Just a few days ago, the day the wolf cub suddenly evolved. As usual, I monitored everyone's every move. But suddenly, I felt my heart palpitate. A blurry illusion suddenly appeared before my eyes, but it disappeared a second later. Many servants have the same symptoms as me, but for some reason, they all think it's just dizziness caused by overwork.

"This is very abnormal, Selma. Be it the illusion of that second or the servants' strangely uniform calmness, it's not normal. Since then, I've been observing the people even more carefully, but I didn't find any clues on anyone except for Carey.

"At first, I thought something had happened to Carey, but I soon realized the child in her stomach was more suspicious than Carey. Do you still remember why Carey was sent to Lester's research institute? The unusual rejection happened again just after I had that second hallucination. I suspect this child has some kind of power we don't know about. He can cast illusions on people or even control people's minds in more serious cases.

"But I think this power isn't without a price. But because the child is still in the mother's body, Carey has paid the price.

"The specific manifestation is the strong rejection of the fetus by the mother, but this is not a kind of rejection, but a variety of physical symptoms caused by the mother bearing the price for the fetus. However, people subconsciously think that pregnancy reactions are ever-changing, so pregnancy has become a cover for everything.

"There's definitely a big problem with this child, Selma. I wonder if the Evaria Family has done some secret experiment on him or if this child is born with such power. But no

matter what, controlling people's minds, or powers similar to controlling people's minds, was too dangerous. If we aren't confident in controlling him, we shouldn't have left such a huge threat in the palace."

As I listened to Maxine's deductions, I suddenly recalled the scene from a few days ago...

The crying baby, the cold and wet touch, and the despair that seeped deep into the bones.

So that wasn't my fantasy.

Maxine's guess was correct. The child had some strange powers. Perhaps he could not directly control a person's mind, but this kind of illusion could change a person's thoughts to a certain extent. Didn't I give up on dealing with the child and decide to adopt him instead?

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The truth made me break out in cold sweat.

He was just a baby – a baby who had not even fully developed self-consciousness and only survived on his biological instincts.

He was still in his mother's womb, but he could already break through the limitations of space and affect the abilities of others. What if he was born? What if he grew up?

At this moment, my thoughts were the same as Maxine's – we couldn't keep this child. The sooner we dealt with him, the sooner we could be at ease.

Seeing my hesitation, Maxine said, "What are you worried about? This is not the time to be kind, Selma. He is not an ordinary baby. His background and power made him extremely dangerous. Now that you've let him stay because you're soft-hearted, what if in the future... What about you? It won't be as simple as aborting a child!"

I knew that the safest thing to do now was to put an end to everything in the cradle. If that child died, countless troubles in the future would disappear.

But was this the only way?

I didn't believe that a fetus without self-awareness would have bad intentions. Rather than saying it had a will, it was better to say that everything it did was out of survival instinct.

Should I immediately sentence a child trying to survive to death?

479 Maternal Instincts

Selma Payne's POV:

Maxine silently looked at me, waiting for my final decision. I knew that what happened next would have nothing to do with me once I made up my mind. She would become a real wild wolf and disguise everything as a terrifying beast attack, and then the dust would settle.

I had lost a future threat, the palace had dealt with its threat, and Carey had gotten rid of the parasites that kept her awake at night. It seemed like there were only benefits and no disadvantages.

But was the truth really as simple as it seemed?

If someone had to kill this child, I believed the only one with power in the palace would be Carey. It was because she was the mother who was forced to live her life. She was the victim who had been tortured and almost lost her life. Also, no one could easily decide whether the child would stay or leave.

I believed I should talk to her.

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This old King's Garden was secretly called 'the Sunflower House' by the servants because the garden had once been planted with large patches of sunflowers. The sunflowers had been enchanted with a seasonal spell by a werewolf grandmaster under the instruction of the former Lycan King, so they bloomed in spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

Now that he was gone, the sunflowers that had never withered had long turned into nutrients for the soil under the fermentation of time. Since a pregnant woman was living in the garden, fragrant or pollen-spreading flowers were no longer there. Instead, many green and tender shrubs and large-leafed plants were planted, lifting people's moods when they saw them.

Carey was reading a book in the pavilion, occasionally exchanging her reading experience with the servant beside her. Occasionally, she would subconsciously touch her bulging lower abdomen. It seemed to be a habitual action, but it exuded a full maternal glow.

"Hello, Carey. How have you been?"

I walked over to her with light steps. Carey immediately stood up and bowed to me when she saw me, but her heavy body made bending her knees a form of torture. I quickly instructed the servant to support her. "Your health is more important, forget these formalities."

We sat in the pavilion, and the evening breeze brought a refreshing coolness. I could smell the freshwater vapor of the plants, which made me relax a little. But when I saw Carey's stomach, I felt my breath choke again.

Perhaps it was because my expression was a little obvious, but it made Carey ask carefully, "Is there something you want to tell me, Your Highness?"

Kara sent the servants away at the right time, and Carey looked even more ill at ease.

Facing her bewildered expression, I tried to organize my gentle words and asked tentatively, "How have you been feeling recently? Is the child giving you a difficult time?"

Carey shrugged and pursed her lips. "Just... As usual. The child is very quiet, but I still had symptoms like morning sickness and insomnia. Sigh, how should I put it? Maybe every pregnant woman has to go through this. As long as you're pregnant, you can't escape."

Carey grumbled, but I could keenly sense that her attitude had softened. She no longer rejected this child as sharply as she had before.

"Dr. Lester will come to check on you regularly. If you feel discomfort, don't be shy to let him know. Your health is the most important."

"Thank you, Your Highness." Carey smiled shyly. "I feel fine. Perhaps it's because of the change in the environment. Once my tense mood is relaxed, even those annoying reactions are much weaker."

She subconsciously touched her lower abdomen again. This pierced my eyes and made me look away in a panic.

I stiffly chatted with Carey about some random things. She gradually relaxed and asked me, "Speaking of which, Your Highness is already a mother. The little guy must be a lovely child, right?"

My child?

I couldn't help but smile when I thought of the tiny body of the wolf cub. However, this made my current situation even more awkward – I was also a mother, but was I going to take the life of another person's child?

"Oh... Indeed, he's very cute," I replied uneasily.

"So it's a boy?" Carey winked slyly. This made me realize she had misunderstood the pronoun I used for the wolf cub.

After this ascendance, should I use 'he' or 'she' to address the wolf cub? Or was this child still unwilling to make a choice?

I realized that the more we talked about children, the more I couldn't open my mouth. Thus, I went straight to the point and asked her, "If... What would you do if something happens to the baby in your stomach and the problem can't be solved?"

Carey's face gradually turned pale with every word I said. Ultimately, she hugged her swollen waist in fear and asked, trembling, "He... what's wrong with him?"

"I can't reveal the details, but I have no intention of deceiving you, so I must let you know that this child has some trouble, and it's very difficult to solve. Do you still remember the pregnancy symptom that almost killed you? It wasn't entirely a pregnancy symptom, at least, it shouldn't be that serious. The child brings you fatal danger.

"Furthermore, this child is still young. No one can guarantee whether the situation will escalate when he grows up. The unconscious danger is always the most dangerous, I... I've broken my promise because I can't promise you your safety now."

#### Chapter 480 Premature Labor

Selma Payne's POV:

I couldn't bear to continue because tears of despair were already gathering in Carey's eyes.

"So, you mean that this child is very likely to... To kill me?"

I didn't know what to say as Carey gradually cried.

From a mother's point of view, I didn't want to kill a little life like this.

However, from a woman's point of view, I was also confused and angry. Did mothers deserve to sacrifice for their children? Why did fate impose more suffering on a person like Carey, who was forced to become a 'mother'?

If she kept this child, she would have to live in fear of death every day until the day of delivery. The next 'price' might even make her unable to wait until the day of delivery.

If she chose to let this child go, this would haunt her for the rest of her life. Perhaps she could never get rid of the guilt, even if the child was forced on her, even if the child could have killed her.



Carey sobbed. I stiffly tried to comfort her, but it was to no avail. I knew she didn't need comfort now. Tears were Carey's criticism of her enemy and the pressure she had accumulated to vent.

After crying for a while, she stopped crying. She showed unprecedented coldness as she stared at the void listlessly and sobbed. The intertwined tears cut her face into several parts under the dim sunset, which sent a shiver down people's spines.

"... Will I die for sure?" After a long while, I heard her mutter.

"No, not necessarily. It's just a possibility."

Silence lingered between us again.

The sky turned dark. The servant brought the light over and then silently returned to the darkness.

"If the child is born, can you control him?" Carey asked hoarsely.

"I promise I'll do my best," I said firmly.

"Alright then." Carey suddenly laughed. Her laugh was desolate and sarcastic. "I still choose to keep this child, even if he might kill me."

"You don't have to force yourself..."

"I'm not forcing myself, Your Highness. I know what I'm doing," she said firmly. "It's not a hormone or anything else. On the contrary, I hate this child so much that I can't wait to turn him into a pool of blood."

"Ever since I could remember when I was young, my life seemed out of my control. Poverty, loneliness, ill-intentioned relatives, and a cold society. In my childhood, I had no control over my life. I could only muddleheadedly go on under the arrangements of others. If they wanted me to drop out, I would drop out. If they wanted me to work, I would work. I was forced to give up on my dreams and end my unhappy childhood prematurely because I had no choice."

"After that, I could finally escape the person who controlled me. I thought the Lycan pack would be as wonderful as I had imagined that I could start over here. However, I fell into someone else's trap and became a vessel, an experimental subject. This time, I can't even control my own body. I became someone else's possession, and no one asked me if I wanted to."

"Now, I think I've finally escaped and can live the rich life I've dreamed of. But fate played with me again – I'm actually going to die? Because of this weak, chaotic, rotten meat? Ha!"

Suddenly, she picked up the book and the cup on the table and threw them on the grass. The servants were about to step forward, but I silently stopped them.

Carey started crying again. She screamed and ran around like a headless chicken, pulling her hair. Her swollen body was on the verge of collapsing. I feared she would hurt herself, so I quickly, half-forcefully, and half-placatingly carried her back to the soft outdoor sofa.

“I just... I just want to make my own choice! I don't want to be held hostage by anything anymore. I don't want anything to decide my future! If my future will be decided by something else, then I'd rather die!”

Carey suddenly clutched her stomach and groaned. The sobbing and pain made it hard for her to breathe. She clutched her chest and struggled, and the veins on her forehead bulged.

“Someone, call the doctor! Hurry up!”

The medical team on standby in the Sunflower House immediately came forward to examine Carey. Not long after, Craig rushed over, but the news the medical experts brought back caught me by surprise.

“What did you just say?” I asked in disbelief, “Is Carey in labor? But she's only seven months in, far from her due date!”

Craig frowned and said, “That's true. It's considered a premature birth, and her condition is very dangerous. Your Highness, you have to be prepared.”

“Prepared for what?”

“To kill two people.”

Medical equipment of all sizes turned Carey's bedroom into a cold operating room. I couldn't see what was happening inside, but Carey's weak wails made my heart palpitate.

How could this happen...

I didn't know how I moved, but when I returned to my senses, I was already sitting in the living room. The medical team and security guards were on high alert. Occasionally, a nurse would rush in and shout the names of all kinds of medicine.

Carey's voice was getting weaker and weaker.

I stared at the tightly shut door, my hands trembling uncontrollably. I couldn't help but pray silently.

