

# Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 481

Selma Payne's POV:

"Maybe I shouldn't have come to her," I said. "Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone into labor so suddenly."

Kara gave me a cup of hot tea and comforted me. "No, perhaps it was good that you came to Miss Carey. If she could give birth to the child today, she would not have to worry about the baby's threat in the future. She could also start a new life in another city soon. This might be to her liking."

I didn't know what Carey was thinking, but she was definitely in intense pain right now, constantly facing the threat of death.

Craig's major was not in Gynecology and Obstetrics, so the chief surgeon of the operation was an obstetrician who had been arranged for a long time. He was constantly observing the process and would immediately report to me if there was any problem.

"It's not looking good." A thin layer of sweat appeared on his forehead. "Carey is losing energy too fast. She doesn't have enough strength to give birth. Considering the uniqueness of this child, we suspect that the fetus in her womb is absorbing the mother's nutrients to protect itself. But in this way, the child will grow, and the mother will have more difficulty giving birth."

"What about a C-section?" I asked urgently.

My heart sank when I heard his answer, "I'm afraid not. One of Carey's ancestors married a human. From the records, that human ancestor might have a 'rare blood type', and Carey's RH-O blood type might have been inherited from that. This blood type caused Carey to suffer from mild coagulopathy. Once the operation is carried out, no one can guarantee that the blood coagulate. If any accidents happen..."

A rare blood type...

My heart skipped a beat when I heard that. She couldn't give birth, and surgery risked her bleeding out. This was basically a death sentence for her.

Oh my god, oh my god.

I shouldn't have come, I shouldn't have come!

After hearing Carey's weak screams, my legs gave way, and I fell onto the sofa.

Was there no other way? Could this nineteen-year-old girl reach the end of her life today?

“Is there no other way?” With the last glimmer of hope, I asked. “The adults are the most important. If it doesn’t work, we can give up the child...”

“I’m sorry, Your Highness,” he said, shaking his head again. “Carey’s current condition does not allow us to induce labor.”

“Because there’s no way to stop the bleeding?”

“Yes, any tiny bleeding wound could kill Carey.”

“If there’s a way to stop the bleeding, wouldn’t all the problems be solved?”

He looked at me in confusion, but I had decided.

“Now, I need you to talk to the chief surgeon and ask him to allow me to join the surgery.” I said, “I have a way to stop her bleeding, but this process might not align with what you all know. Therefore, I need to gain the trust of the doctors and cooperate with me.”

Instead of answering me immediately, he asked seriously, “Please forgive my rudeness, Your Highness. But this operation is a serious matter. Are you sure you want to join?”

“Yes, I’m sure. To save Carey’s life. I was the one who took her into the palace and asked to raise the child in her belly, so I have the responsibility to protect her safety, no matter what the price is.”

He came back quickly and told me the chief surgeon had agreed after a few seconds. And so, under the nurse’s guidance, I quickly made a series of preparations and entered the bedroom that was temporarily used as the delivery room, fully armed.

The conditions in the delivery room were not good, not because of the sanitary environment or equipment, but because of Carey’s bed. Her amniotic fluid and sweat had made a mess of her. The midwife had tried unsuccessfully to help her. There had been no progress.

The chief surgeon quickly described Carey’s current situation to me. From that, I learned that Carey’s body progressed very slowly in her prenatal preparations. On the other hand, the child couldn’t wait to get out of its mother’s womb.

“Based on the current situation, C-section is the last option.” The chief surgeon said, “Dr. Craig told me you can help Carey overcome this. Usually, I can’t let any non-professionals into the delivery room. You’re an exception. This is not because of your

identity but because we all hope to save the young life in front of us. We have the same goal, so I'll try to cooperate with you."

I solemnly thanked the doctor and told him to prepare for the operation.

The nurse handed the chief surgeon a scalpel shining with a cold glint. He looked at me. I took a deep breath and nodded.

"I need you to tell me immediately when to stop the bleeding and where to stop the bleeding," I said. "After that, you just have to carry out the operation. I will make Carey's blood stay in her body."

The chief surgeon nodded. After the anesthetist indicated that the anesthesia was successful, he made an incision on the skin of Carey's lower abdomen.

Blood instantly gushed down the curve of my stomach like a rolling bead. Under the chief surgeon's guidance, I released the black-gold moth and carefully repaired the skin and flesh where the bleeding needed to be stopped. The medical staff at the scene looked at me in surprise but quickly put on a professional attitude and devoted themselves to the operation.

Selma Payne's POV:

A nurse observed the changes in Carey's blood pressure and oxygen. From her calm expression, there was no problem for the time being.

Although I'd faced many bloody corpses, the blood on the operating table and the blood on the battlefield were completely different. The blood on the battlefield meant plunder and death, so there was no need to worry. Defeating the enemy was the only goal.

However, it was different on the operating table. Losing even one more drop of blood could cause irreversible damage. Thus, as a complete rookie, I had to be careful and use all my strength to take any small action under the doctor's guidance. This made me feel a kind of stiffness and fatigue from the bottom of my heart.

This fatigue peaked when the chief surgeon cut open Carey's uterus. It was a giant baby whose plump limbs and fair skin was not the state a newborn should have.

This meant that he was absorbing a lot of nutrients from his mother's body to support himself, which was why Carey's weak body could not bear the heavy pressure of childbirth.

The chief surgeon also frowned when he saw such a big fetus. If the fetus was too big, it would be stuck in the mother's body and could not come out. After adjusting the angle many times to no avail, he had to consider widening the incision. However, this would cause more damage to Carey's body.

“I can repair all the damage,” I said. “Please don’t worry. I’ll be responsible for any accidents.”

The chief surgeon did not start immediately. Instead, he said bluntly, “I don’t understand the principle behind your power, but I must honestly tell you the risks. The incision was harmful to the uterus, and widening the incision meant increasing the possibility of subsequent complications. The best possibility is that nothing will happen, and the worst possibility is that Miss Carey will suffer from postpartum complications, lose her fertility, or even die from an infection.”

“No,” I firmly denied. “Nothing will happen to Carey. I won’t let any accidents happen.”

As time passed, everyone held their breath and stared at the operating table without blinking, praying that nothing unusual would happen again.

Finally-

As the chief surgeon heaved a long sigh of relief, the overly healthy boy finally succeeded in separating from his mother. The nurse quickly cleaned and examined him, and a loud cry announced the end of the first half of the operation.

The next step was to be even more careful: to clean and suture Carey’s wound.

Fortunately, the Goddess of Fate finally took care of us for once, and there were no more unusual situations during this process.

“Thank you for your hard work,” I sincerely thanked the chief surgeon. “Thank you for all your efforts. The mother and son would be in danger if it weren’t for you.”

The chief surgeon shook his head and said humbly, “This is my duty as a doctor, Your Highness. I should be the one thanking you for your help. Without your... Magical power to stop the bleeding, this operation would have failed.”

“I still haven’t asked for your name.”

“Kim Hopsky, the obstetrician of King’s Garden Hospital.”

Hopsky?

This surname was somewhat familiar to me. I probed, “Maybe you know Perrin Marshall?”

“Yes, Your Highness. He is my cousin. My father and Perrin’s mother are siblings.” Dr. Hopsky laughed. “I even saw you from afar at his wedding with Avril.”

What a wonderful coincidence!  
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However, I didn't have much time to chat with him. I was most concerned about Carey's condition at this moment, so I hurriedly bade Dr. Hopsky farewell.

With the black gold moth's effect, Carey's wound healed quickly, and the anesthesia's effect faded quickly. When I rushed to her bed, she was already awake.

When she saw me, she smiled calmly. "I'm very happy to see you again, Your Highness."

"Me too." I took her hand. "How do you feel? Does your wound still hurt?"

"I didn't feel anything at all." Carey shrugged. "I took a peek when the nurse wasn't around, and the wound was almost healed. If I didn't ask the nurse for the date, I would have thought I was unconscious for at least a week. I know that there must be some wonderful factors that caused all of this. Perhaps, it was you who helped me not to have to endure more physical pain?"

I nodded and didn't say much. I asked if she wanted to see the child.

Carey shook her head and said with a bitter smile, "Forget it. Since I've already decided to cut off all ties with him, why should I pretend to cry out of my motherly heart? The birth of this child only made me heave a sigh of relief. As for other things, perhaps I'm cold-blooded by saying this, but I don't love him.

"This is very strange. Logically speaking, I should be overwhelmed by my hormones and have no choice but to love him, but I just don't have any feelings for him. Maybe Moon Goddess thinks I'm too pitiful, so she gave me the right not to be a slave to her children?"

Carey seemed in a good mental state, but I was still worried, so I asked Madam Marcy to observe her psychological state and, if there was any risk of collapse, for her to please intervene in time for treatment.

483 Sunflower

Selma Payne's POV:

"To be honest, you're the most worry-free patient I've ever had," Madam Marcy said jokingly. "We only talked once, and then your mental condition miraculously improved. I should publish a paper based on this case. I believe that countless psychologists will be scrambling for my treatment method."

I smiled helplessly. "You're indeed a rather capable psychiatrist. How's my mother's condition these few days?"

"The Queen is doing well, but the stability is only on the surface. Her Highness's psychological problem is not caused by physiology, so we can only use simple medicinal treatment as an auxiliary. If we want Her Highness to get better, the most urgent thing is to untie the knot in Her Highness's heart, or else what I can do is limited."

What was the knot in my mother's heart? I, the wolf cub, the empty twenty years, and the silent criticism and pressure she had to face as a mother.

I had never experienced the pain of being separated from my flesh and blood, so I couldn't say in a calm and reasonable manner that I could completely understand my mother's illusory worries. I could only hope that my company would comfort my mother and that the wolf cub would quickly complete its evolution and resolve the disaster in front of my mother.

I went to see the boy that Carey had given birth to.

No one named the boy, and I did not announce my decision to adopt him to the public, so the nurses did not know what to call him, so they gave him a nickname, Sunflower.

This child had developed too quickly in the mother's body. It had only been born for less than a day but had grown as strong as a child of three or four months. Dr. Hopsky said he was very healthy, and all his indicators were as normal as those in the textbooks.

He didn't know the identity of Carey and this child, so I couldn't ask him some questions. Instead, I asked Lester.

"Is this child... Did he inherit his father's disease?"

"I can't tell yet, Your Highness," Lester replied. "There are almost no external signs of infertility. This child is still too young, and many of his functions have not fully developed. We must wait until he is older before we can examine him."

"What's his blood type?"

I hoped to get a positive answer, but Lester's expression told me my expectations had not been met.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness. This child has inherited her mother's blood type, RH-O."

"... But he's very healthy."

"Yes. Blood type only determines what kind of blood flows in the child's body. Most of the time, negative blood would not bring diseases to the person involved, but there were

still some effects, such as coagulopathy. I'm glad the child is still healthy. Otherwise, any minor surgery could have taken his life."

The child in the incubator knew nothing about the conversation between the adults. He squinted and observed the world curiously with his huge amber eyes, even though he could not see anything clearly.

I had subtly asked Carey if she wanted to know more about young Sunflower's situation, but she had rejected me just like before. I didn't say anything more. I respected the choice of this girl who had gone through so much.

A few days after Carey gave birth, the public opinion war between the Evaria Family and us peaked. Even if the Evaria Family refused to admit it, key pieces of evidence had already been announced to the world.

In their anger, the people launched wave after wave of denouncement against the Evaria Family, and one by one, the properties under the name of the Evaria Family were made public. As a result, the turnover of these hotels, shopping streets, and car shops fell sharply.

Even the school that the Evaria Family had sponsored joined in. Some students held banners and paraded in the streets around the school, claiming that they were ashamed to accept the money of executioners and rapists.

The school stopped the students in time, but as usual, the old-fashioned adults messed up the matter. Threatening the students with a repeat semester or expulsion would only intensify the conflict. The students thought the Board of Directors was the lackey of the Evaria Family and only cared about money and power. They did not care about the same-age students' abuse in the Evaria Family.

They used the slogan 'she should be studying just as I am studying' and sat quietly in the school to protest. And the situation had developed to such a stage that it was no longer a conflict within the school. More and more students joined the support team, and the momentum grew.

This incident had become a hot topic second only to the 'human experiment case'.

When I learned about all this, I already had a bad feeling about it. It seemed that many media outlets had selectively forgotten the content of the students' protest. They could also lead the public's attention to the 'students' protest' behavior and weaken the root of all contradictions.

This was how public opinion worked. It was unrestrained but limited everywhere. No one could control it, but anyone could come forward and meddle.

Obviously, the Evaria Family was pulling ropes behind the scenes to divert attention.

But it didn't matter because the battlefield had shifted from public opinion – after the mediation of many parties, an investigation team for the human experiment case was finally established.

484 Strange Things

Selma Payne's POV:

Now, those superficial verbal attacks were already out of date, and the contest for power had finally arrived.

One might be confused. Using a woman as a surrogate might be controversial, but how could it be considered a serious matter of human experimentation?

Carey's experience made her understand that it wasn't as simple as just combining sperm and ovum. The research done at Lester's research institute was only on the surface, and the 'legal procedures' at the institute did not affect what the Evaria Family did behind closed doors. All in all, everything was chilling, filled with the blood and wails of women.

In addition, the Evaria Family was also accused of human trafficking, kidnapping, illegal imprisonment, and other crimes. The murder was pending because although we all thought the missing girls were likely to die, there was no conclusive evidence to confirm that the Evaria Family was the murderer.

This was a war that I couldn't relax in. The family history of countless rich and powerful families made me understand that a starving camel was still bigger than a horse. Fairness and justice weren't very solid in the face of money and power. The moment there was the slightest bit of relaxation, everything would be in vain.

Carey's wound healed quickly. She did not want to live in the city where the Evaria Family was and wanted to leave this place as soon as possible.

When I asked her about her decision, she rejected the option of being the daughter of a wealthy merchant, hoping to become a small noble in name.

"Don't laugh at me for being greedy. It's just that identity might give me a more secure feeling than money."

She clenched her hands and smiled bitterly in embarrassment. "With your gift, I won't be short of money for the rest of my life. I hope to have a solid identity to give me the courage to continue living. You don't know to what extent some people in the world can bully the weak and fear the strong. In some people's eyes, a single and rich lady is a target for them to pester and harass. However, they would not dare to say anything wrong to a 'noble' upper class, even if she is the daughter or sister of an unknown lord."



Even though I thought I had seen too many sarcastic remarks in the first twenty years of my life, in front of a strong girl struggling to survive at the bottom of society, the youthful thoughts I disturbed myself were so laughable.

In this world, some people would do their best to survive.

I had my men prepare two identification documents. I handed the one that Carey had chosen to her.

“From now on, your surname will be ‘Teal’. At your request, you don’t need to change your name. Miss Carey Teal is the posthumous daughter of a lord from a branch of the Teal Family. As your mother was afraid that you would be persecuted for your property, she kept you in the countryside under a different name until you became an adult at age twenty. You’ve been receiving family education at home, so you don’t have a primary or secondary school diploma. As for whether you want to go to college in the future, it’s up to you.

“You’re not nineteen this year, but twenty. Your mother passed away in January due to illness. In your grief, you decided to return to your mother’s hometown to live in seclusion, which is the Spring Rain Pack, previously known as the Saber Tooth Pack. Madam Sheedy Charlies is your distant cousin. She pitied you for being an orphan, so she often takes care of you. Madam Charlies’ niece, Jordin Charlies, is one of the people in charge of the Spring Rain Pack. You can look to her for help if you have any difficulties.

“That’s all the background. The details are in the file. You can slowly study it.”

Holding the kraft paper bag, Carey’s eyes reddened. She mumbled for a long time and choked, “I don’t know how to repay you, Your Highness... I can only give you my useless body to do as you please. Please don’t think that my return is too little. I just don’t know... Goddess, is all the suffering in my life for today?”

I hugged Carey and patted her back to comfort her.

“Don’t talk about repaying me, my dear. You don’t owe me anything. From now on, you just have to live a good life for yourself. A beautiful tomorrow is waiting for you.”

It took a long time for Carey to calm down. She hesitated for a while before saying hesitantly, “There’s something I don’t know if I should tell you.”

“Do you have any requests? Don’t worry, please speak.”

“No, no, this is all very good!” Carey shook her head and subconsciously touched her belly. “The other day, you told me the child in my belly might kill me. This made me think of something... Strange.

“I wanted to die when I was still imprisoned by the Evaria Family. However, I had a strange dream that night. Someone said something to me. I always felt this was like the hypnosis or mental suggestion I read in novels. Because after that night, I inexplicably calmed down. Although I still wanted to die, I couldn’t take action no matter what.

“After that, I heard from my servants that the girl imprisoned with me ‘disappeared’. I was so scared that I almost broke down. However, I had this dream at night, and then I inexplicably calmed down.

“After these two dreams, I had a serious pregnancy symptom. The second time, I almost died, and those people had no choice but to send me to Dr. Lester for treatment.”

Selma Payne’s POV:

I understood what Carey was saying, even more so than she herself. All of this was because of young Sunflower.

Her words almost confirmed all my previous conjectures.

A baby who had the power to bewitch people. Should I be glad that his thoughts didn’t grow in advance like his body? This kind of power was too terrifying. If it were good, there would be hundreds of good; if it were bad, there would be hundreds of destruction.

I thought about it over and over again. Due to Carey’s attitude of avoiding young Sunflower as much as possible, I decided to hide this from her. Her life was about to have a peaceful and bright new beginning, and she no longer had to bear more secrets from the past that would only add to the pressure.

So, on an ordinary morning, Miss Carey Teal boarded the train heading for the Spring Rain Pack with her limited luggage. Her distant aunt, Madam Charlies, had come to send her off. Although she had not spent much time with her niece, she had done her duty as an elder.

Everything was perfect, and there was nothing to criticize.

I heard the sound of the train starting up from my earpiece. “Miss Carey has left, Your Highness.”

“Thank you for sending her off on my behalf, Madam.”

“She’s my niece. As her aunt, how could I not come to see her off?” Madam Charlies smiled warmly.

I believed Jordin must have been greatly influenced by this elder, such as this smooth and slick personality that didn’t disgust people at all but rather like a spring breeze.

Madam Charlies was not a noble, and neither was her husband. In fact, the branch of Charlies that Jordin belonged to was very far away from the family's title of nobility. Jordin's parents had personally fought for this title for their daughter. Although it should have belonged to them, the war had taken everything away.

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The Teal Family belonged to the middle level, and they had long understood that they were no match for those sly old foxes in the officialdom. Therefore, they moved back to their hometown during Jordin's grandfather's generation and lived like they were in paradise.

But how could there be a real paradise in this world? The Teal Family, who had left the center of power, quickly realized that there were losses to every gain. A peaceful life had returned, but something had also been lost quietly. For example, the power that was better than nothing, the status of being respected, and the right to return to the center of power.

The vanity fair was packed. Everyone wanted to come in and get a share of the pie. Once they went out, it would be difficult to come back. The nobles who had lost power were like fresh flowers in a vase. They were beautiful, but how long could they last by relying on that shallow pool of water? The Teal Family realized that if they continued like this, they would gradually become mediocre and become a truly rich man in the countryside. They would never be able to touch the once unattainable position.

However, the process of regaining power and status was difficult. A noble family that was neither high nor low was of much use. It was difficult for the Teal Family to sell themselves to any powerful person then.

But at this time, the war arrived. Countless werewolves had been sacrificed on the battlefield, including the people of the Teal Family, such as Jordin's father and mother. Jordin's father was conferred the title of Count of Mirror Lake posthumously, and Jordin, still learning to speak, became a Baroness. She was the third person to have a title in the Teal Family.

This gave the Teal Family infinite hope in Jordin – a young descendent who had lost her child and was now a noble. The most amazing thing was that she was not much different in age from Princess Madeline, who had just been born. The adults' attempts to drag things out were useless, but what could be stronger than the friendship between childhood sweethearts?

Unfortunately, I went missing halfway through my plan, and the Teal Family's plan fell through again, giving up on the idea of sending Jordin to live in the Lycan pack.

However, they were still humane and did not ignore Jordin because of this, nor did they use the sinister means of snatching the title of nobility and property on a child. Madam

Charlies and her husband treated Jordin as their own, raising her into an upright and intelligent young woman with great effort.

My mother wanted to choose a female companion for me, and the ambition of the Teal Family that had been extinguished for twenty years was ignited again. My mother chose Jordin, and the Teal Family obtained the opportunity to reach the sky in a single step that they had dreamed of.

However, this was a smart family. They were not in a hurry to rely on Jordin to gain power. Instead, they became more low-key and careful, as if they did not care about the benefits at their fingertips. Count Charlies even gave most of the family's resources to Jordin to use as she pleased, which meant that she was under my command, showing loyalty.

This was where they were smart because no superior would like to see their subordinates anxiously greedy for power and money. Being humble and cautious was a great help in reaching the sky in a single step.

When I was looking for a family that could hide Carey, the Teal Family was the first to stand up and express that they would share my worries. Didn't they know the hidden danger that Carey could bring? No, they knew, but it was not worth mentioning compared to what they could get.

Now, the Teal Family was tied to my ship and had become my trusted subordinates.

486 Old Cases

Selma Payne's POV:

Jordin did not obtain this. On the contrary, the Teal Family had a double guarantee: There's no conflict between the main family and Jordin's personal loyalty. You can't put all your eggs in one basket. Since ancient times, how many families with a long history have relied on this wisdom to stand out in the tide of the times?

In short, this was a win-win situation. The Teal Family had returned to the center of power, and I had also obtained more help in the fight against the Evaria Family.

Those Evaria officials were either removed from their positions or investigated, and the vacant positions were filled with suitable candidates. This also became a reason for me to conduct an investigation and replace even more officials with ulterior motives or were completely useless, replacing them with suitable candidates.

The Evaria Family's temporary defeat was already a foregone conclusion. Many families still on the fence sensed the change in the situation and began to recommend themselves to me. My father turned a blind eye to this. I knew that he was preparing for my succession. I couldn't always rely on my father's confidants to do things.

The human body experiment case greatly damaged the Evaria Family's reputation, and they lost completely in politics and business. This was not an unexpected result. In the end, the werewolves still had a monarchial system.

According to the humans, the power of the nobles is only the extension of the royal power. Our fight with the Evaria Family was just an internal struggle for the royal power. As long as the king still held this core power, it would be useless no matter how much the other nobles jump around.

I didn't expect that this also involved many other problems. For example, the student protest. Although we managed to kill the rioters in the cradle before the situation got out of hand and dealt with the board members involved in illegal cases, the matter continued to ferment and was no longer just a conflict between a group of students and the school.

This incident became a trigger that led to more missing people cases surfacing. Some of these cases were from last week, and some were older than me, most of whom were women and children.

Their families' search was fruitless, and they all harbored a beautiful hope that they would be reunited with their children one day. However, the human experiment case completely shattered their hope and exposed the ending they were most unwilling to accept, but also the most likely one.

For a time, the number of visitors to the police station multiplied, and the number of calls the operator received in a day was more than in the past month. However, it was too difficult to crack the missing people's case. There was still hope for the recent cases, but there was little hope for the long-term cases that were decades old.

The families of the missing people had formed a mutual assistance association, hoping to find some clues on their own. Many of them were not completely unaware of the disappearance of their relatives. They had produced evidence to prove that their daughters, sisters, mothers, or children had participated in some organization or activity and then disappeared from the face of the earth.

The police found out that a large number of these organizations and activities were inextricably linked to some aristocrats or rich businessmen, and there was no lack of frequent headlines.

These organizations did various things, from volunteer groups to poor areas to 'legal drug experiments', from mutual aid groups to official institutions. It caused a big uproar.

The missing women and children, the strange organization, the powerful and influential background, and the support of the rich gave people a sense of *deja vu*.

Hence, when everyone was caught off guard, the bomb exploded.

Suddenly, the public's doubts about the officers peaked, especially about the rich merchants and nobles involved in the disappearance case. When the police discovered that a rich local philanthropist was related to a missing boy case, their dissatisfaction and anger peaked.

It had only been a week since I sent Carey off.

If I were to fight against the Evaria Family, I would still have some confidence, but I would only be left with a terrible mess that had been created over the years.

I didn't even need to think to know what was going on with those rich merchants and nobles. They were disgusting, despicable, and completely disregarded the law and morality. But everything had to be based on evidence, right? This week, I'd read over a hundred case reports. Some were wronged, some were purely coincidental, but many facts made me want to vomit.

This wasn't even the most difficult part. The Evaria Family was simply pervasive. They were unwilling to fail, so they secretly began to make all kinds of obstacles at this chaotic juncture. Solving a case was harder than doing it. Under the instructions of the Evaria Family, many 'family members' began to create false appearances to cause trouble at the police station.

Once the police saw through their trick and refused to accept the false case, the incident would appear in the headlines of the local newspapers the next day. Of course, it would not be written as the truth. How could 'a scammer wreaking havoc at the police station' be as eye-catching as 'the police pushed and threatened the family of the missing person'?

The direction of public opinion was always ever-changing, and this false news undoubtedly intensified the already boiling public opinion. The government's reputation, which had been gradually restored by the police's painstaking efforts to solve the case, began to decline rapidly.

However, at this critical moment, the wolf cub's evolution ended.

487 The Naming

Selma Payne's POV:

Although I knew what was happening, I couldn't calm down before I saw the wolf cub – what if something went wrong? What if he failed? What if he suddenly had an idea and pushed himself onto a strange path?

Everything returned to normal the moment I saw the wolf cub.

It was a cute child who was curiously looking at the world with his young eyes.

The moment I saw him, I couldn't help but cry. Dorothy, who was by my side, supported my limp body and said happily but helplessly, "Isn't that good? The child is very healthy, you should be relieved now."

I choked and couldn't say a word. I only felt that the mountain-like pressure that had been pressing down on me suddenly dissipated.

I wanted to go forward and hug the child, but the child opened his arms one step ahead of me and wobbled to my side. Then, he leaned on me lightly and hugged my thigh.

"Look at how smart this child is. He knows that you're his mother," Dorothy said gently.

I picked up the child and felt he was more fragile and precious than any treasure I had ever seen. The child only chuckled and grabbed my hair with his lotus root-like hands.

"Oh my god, my baby..." I gently rubbed the child's tender cheeks, and his skin was wet with tears, but he didn't seem to notice it and just smiled at me.

Then, my mother ran in. This anxious grandmother couldn't care about her image as the Queen at the moment, and her hair was loose. When she saw the healthy and cute little child in my arms, her legs immediately went soft, and she fell to the ground.

Dorothy and Bertha quickly helped her up. My mother struggled to get up and reached out as if she wanted to hold her child, but she stopped halfway and retracted her hand in embarrassment, looking a little helpless.

The child stared curiously at his grandmother and waved his little arms in response to her. But he didn't receive a soft and warm embrace, so he looked at his grandmother curiously and suddenly laughed, mumbling some baby language that adults couldn't understand.

"Mother." I moved the child toward her. "Hug him. He misses his grandmother so much."

My mother, however, hesitated and flinched. "No, I don't have the strength. I'll fall."

"How heavy can a child be? Don't worry, I'm sure you can hold him." I pretended not to understand what my mother was saying and stuffed the child into her arms. "He's so well-behaved and cute!"

The child chuckled at his grandmother, grabbed a strand of long hair that was hanging in front of him, leaning on his grandmother's chest, and yawned.

My mother immediately asked nervously, "Is he sleepy? I think I should put him down. He should go to sleep."

“I don’t think there’s any warmer and softer crib than your arms,” I said, shrugging. “If you’re okay with it, why don’t you try to coax the child to an afternoon nap?”

My mother seemed still in the dark about everything and had not yet reacted to what had happened. She stiffly held the child and half-laid on the soft sofa bed under our comfort. Then, she unconsciously patted the child’s back as if she was really coaxing the child to sleep.

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This shocked her when she reacted as if she didn’t realize what she had just done.

However, the child’s gentle breathing and warm body temperature gradually brought her back to the real world from her dream. She stared at the child’s heaving chest and suddenly burst into tears.

“Oh, little wolf cub, my baby, my baby...”

She buried her face in the child’s chest, her tears quickly wetting the bib printed with the evergreen flower.

Dorothy and Bertha left silently. I sat beside her and gently hugged her. “Everything is in the past. Everything is developing in a good direction, Mother. Look at this child, he’s so healthy and energetic. Nothing bad happened, just like what we saw, nothing happened. All I have is a healthy and adorable child, that’s all.”

My mother raised her head. Behind her teary eyes was a deep worry and depression that pierced my heart like a sharp needle.

“A... A child?” My mother muttered.

“Yes.” I nodded and gently touched the child’s snow-white cheek. My mother’s eyes were also drawn to the child’s peaceful sleeping face. “The wolf cub – oh, we still call him that. Perhaps we should seriously think about his name. Perhaps this child is unwilling to turn himself into a boy or girl for the time being, but I think he must be unwilling to introduce himself as a ‘wolf cub’ to the students at the opening ceremony.”

My mother’s tears turned into a smile. “Yes, yes. A name. We must think carefully, just like your father and I named you back then.”

I heaved a sigh of relief as I watched my mother’s emotions gradually stabilize. However, a certain part of my heart started to ache again.

My parents named me. What about my little wolf?

‘Aldrich, my love, I know you definitely wouldn’t want to miss such a big event like naming your child, so when will you open your eyes?’



488 Crazy Julie

Benson Walton's POV:

I'd been released, which meant they'd found the real murderer. But there was no news, and everything was still quiet as usual.

However, I knew that things weren't as simple as they seemed on the surface. From the Spring Rain Pack's increasingly orderly security to the shocking scandal of the influential family, the Lycan pack, to the fact that even the arrangement of the mobile patrol team had changed significantly.

This sent out the same message: A war without smoke was about to begin.

To be honest, I didn't think that the Evaria Family could win. Don't be fooled by the fact that this family was in full bloom, but that was only on the surface.

Even if there was discord in the past, I couldn't go against my conscience and say that the current Lycan King was muddleheaded. On the contrary, he was a qualified monarch and even considered wise. This made his prestige among the people as solid as a rock, which was not something that the Evaria Family's soft, sponge-like foundation could compare to.

I was not too arrogant. In my line of work, I could come into contact with too many hidden secrets whether I wanted to.

On the fifth day of my freedom, my transfer order came – I was going to the Golden Bell Pack to investigate an old case.

Layla, the former captain of the palace guards, committed suicide because of a scandal.

The vague information revealed a dangerous feel.

The higher-ups had given me a lot of clues, such as the in-laws between a noble and a local lord, the sudden appearance of the Woof Anca Family, and the fact that Layla was once Master Kevin's fiancée, and that Master Kevin was now Selma – Princess Madeline's trusted aide.

The contact had a meaningful look in his eyes, and I understood that the outcome was already decided.

There was no need to talk about Evaria. As for Woof Anca... they were unlucky to be on the wrong side. Moreover, they were the prime suspects.

However, as time passed and the personnel moved back and forth, my contact was quickly changed. When he learned about my progress, he said, "Just investigate as it is. There's no need for any tricks."

I realized that Selma had sent him. This was just like her. Her supporters always maintained a sense of integrity in the dark world that no one could evaluate.

I was just an errand boy. I'd just do what they say.

It was difficult to investigate this case because it had been long, and they couldn't find any strong evidence. Even that year's Alpha had already passed away, even if he knew something, he certainly didn't tell his son, who didn't know anything about what happened.

I came to the manor that I used to live in. It was almost deserted. I couldn't find anyone else except an old man guarding the door. The bedroom where Layla had committed suicide still had traces of the blockade that had been left behind that year. It had already rotted into rags. A cold wind rushed in from time to time from the broken glass window, blowing the rags up like wandering ghosts.

Even if there were any evidence, it would have been taken away or destroyed twenty years ago. Of course, I didn't find anything.

However, when I was leaving, I met a strange person.

It was a crazy old woman with messy hair and dementia. She leaned against the withered bushes in the green belt like a pile of mud. She was wearing a few clothes that were obviously from decades ago, but they were so dirty that one couldn't tell that they had once been fashionable. They were piled up like broken sacks.

She remained calm and lifeless in the bush, not even noticing my arrival and departure. I tried to communicate with her, but she didn't say anything, as if she couldn't see or hear me.

I asked the old man who she was, and the old man looked up to take a look and lazily said, "She's a madwoman who's been crazy for decades, but no one has cared about her. She was originally a servant in this manor and the first to discover... That person's corpse. It's said that she went crazy because she was too shocked."

"Does her family not care about her?"

"They did care a few years ago, but who would have much patience for a madwoman? She kept coming back here to make a scene. Her relatives were exhausted and embarrassed, so they slowly stopped caring about her. They've all moved out of town, leaving this madwoman alone."

“She’s alone? How does she survive then?”

“How? Heh, just survive, I suppose. This madwoman isn’t crazy all the time. When she’s thirsty, she knows to look for water. When she’s hungry, she knows to look for food. She’s either going through the trash can or begging. That’s how.”

“What’s her name?”

“I don’t know. She was already here when I came to guard the door. But I heard others call her ‘crazy Julie’, so I just called her that. I guess her real name is Julie.”

I thanked the old man but didn’t leave. Instead, I returned to find that crazy woman.

She was still curled up in the bushes, motionless as if those sharp branches were made of plasticine. She turned a blind eye to me, even though I stood before her.

“Hey, Julie, are you hungry? Do you want a ham and egg sandwich?”

Julie looked up at me. Her muddy eyes made me shudder, and only then did I realize she was blind.

Julie was blind. Her eyes were like quail eggs that had been exposed to the sun for three days, and the dark and turbid color gave people goosebumps.

489 Forgetfulness

Benson Walton’s POV:

She only ‘raised her head’ to look at me but didn’t say anything.

I began to suspect that she had also gone mute, but she asked in a hoarse voice the next second, “A sandwich?”

Her voice was as sharp and piercing as glass sliding across a blackboard.

“Yes.” I nodded. “Are you hungry? Or maybe a cup of blackcurrant soda?”

Julie fell silent again. Half a minute later, she began madly whipping the withered bushes around her. The flying leaves and branches suddenly splattered all over my body, but I didn’t sense any evil intent from her, so I didn’t stop her. I just quietly stepped to the side – who could stop a lunatic from going crazy? Why stop a lunatic from going crazy?

Julie was crazy for a while before she suddenly calmed down. A few seconds later, she replied with a completely different calmness, “I’ve made a fool of myself, Sir. Although I don’t know who you are, I don’t think a crazy woman like me is worth your schemes.”

She was not crazy anymore, and she rejected me.

At this moment, she showed extraordinary wisdom and calmness, not like a lunatic at all. Perhaps she had a split personality or something, and her conscious personality was why she was still alive.

“I just want to provide some help,” I said.

Julie sneered. “No one would come to an abandoned old house just to help a wandering madwoman. You can just state your purpose of visit.”

“You don’t look like a lunatic.”

“I don’t look like one now, but I don’t know when I will. Lunatics don’t always go crazy, just like normal people aren’t always normal.”

“Okay. Would you like a ham and egg sandwich?”

Julie stopped talking again. A few seconds later, she sat on the ground, and just like before, she sat in the bushes in a daze, ignoring everyone.

I didn’t know if she was crazy or awake, so I went to the store and bought a sandwich and a soda. Julie was already gone when I returned, so I went to the old man to ask about her.

“I don’t know. I haven’t seen anyone in ten days to half a month.” The old man shook his head. “Why don’t you go into the house and look for her? Crazy Julie is very strange. Although she is a lunatic, she is very smart. She knows that there would be a rainy day before anyone else. Maybe it’s going to rain soon? Maybe she went into the house to take shelter from the rain?”

I searched the manor again and found her in a storage room. She was wrapped in a tattered blanket and hiding under a pile of torn cardboard boxes. I saw pustules and scars on her exposed joints. When it rained, these things would hurt and itch like ants gnawing on her heart.

“If I had known it would rain, I would have brought you a hot tea.” I handed the bag over. “But there’s no ice in the soda. Maybe you’ll like it?”

Julie looked at me for a few seconds, then reached out to take it. She then tore open the sandwich’s packaging and gobbled it up.

A series of muffled thunder sounded outside the window, and dark clouds soon covered the cloudless sky. After Julie swallowed the last bite of food, the light rain fell on the window sill, leaving dark marks on the gray cement board.

“How long have you been living here?” I asked.

“I can’t remember. It’s been many years,” Julie answered.

“Your name is Julie?”

“Maybe. I don’t really remember.”

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“Do you still remember your last name?”

“I’ve forgotten.”

“You’ve worked here before?”

When I asked this, Julie fell silent.

After a long while, she replied blankly, “Maybe... Maybe, but I don’t really remember.”

I took a look at the real-time weather forecast. The situation was not very good. There would be rain on and off from today to tomorrow afternoon. Julie twitched slightly unconsciously. I guessed the disease of her joint must have brought her a lot of pain.

“The rain will continue for another day and night, and you probably know better than me that this is not a warm enough place to live. If you want to, I can send you to the rescue station. There will be a blanket, hot soup, and some medicine that will help your joints.”

Julie refused without hesitation, “That’s not a place for someone like me, sir. I’d rather go to a mental hospital than a rescue station.”

“It sounds like you don’t have a good impression of the rescue station.”

“If you’ve ever been close to being used as an inflatable doll by homeless people and the volunteers don’t care about it, you’ll never want to set foot there.”

I fell silent.

Julie was in a strange state but was undoubtedly familiar with the manor. This house was a product of the last century, inheriting the gorgeous decoration style and bloated room structure of that time. The steep spiral staircases and cobweb-like corridors were not where a blind madwoman could come and go as she pleased.

I was pretty sure that Julie lived here before she went blind. It wasn’t a short stay because of her familiarity with this place. She might have stayed here long or been one of the aboriginals.

Julie's dirty clothes revealed a dark green collar full of stains. The collar was embroidered with a fine olive branch pattern with white thread. I had seen this pattern in the file about Layla's suicide case. It was the uniform of the servants in this manor back then.

Benson Walton's POV:

Julie used to work as a servant in this manor, but the strange thing was that I didn't see her in any of the files. Whether it was the investigation team from more than twenty years ago or the Intelligence Department that came in to bring up the past, there was not even a trace of Julie in their reports.

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All the people who used to work in the manor had been strictly interrogated, and even the guard dogs were traced back to the trainers and kennels to be investigated for suspicion. Had Julie, a living person, been forgotten by everyone?

There was a problem with the investigation of Layla's suicide case from the beginning, or there was something wrong with Julie.

Julie wasn't willing to leave with me, so I didn't force her to leave. It was raining outside anyway, so she couldn't go anywhere. I asked the old guard about Julie, but he knew nothing about it. He only said, "Before I came here, she had been here for many years."

"You've been guarding the gate here for so many years. Haven't you heard any rumors about Julie?"

"Tsk, what new information can come out of the rumors? A lunatic would only talk about how miserable her life was when she was young, how her husband abandoned her, or how her child died, and then she couldn't take the blow and went crazy. In my opinion, it's all just groundless accusations. It's too easy to spread rumors about a lunatic."

"So you don't believe these rumors?" I handed a cigarette to the old guard. He kept glancing at the corner of the cigarette box in my pocket. One couldn't smoke in this line of work. If someone hired you to guard a house, you might burn the entire manor with a cigarette.

The old man took the cigarette, put it under his nose, and greedily took two deep breaths. He was not in a hurry to light it up. He just held it in his mouth and gently chewed the cigarette as if he was tasting the fragrance of tobacco through cotton.

The cigarette quickly closed the distance between us. The old man no longer drooped his eyes and ignored me. I asked him a little, and he told me all the 'gossip' he knew.

"I heard that crazy Julie was beautiful when she was young, but her family wasn't well-off. She met some gangsters in school and dropped out of school later. After dropping

out of school, she went to a strip club and became a dancer, living a lavish life. Although her relatives avoided her like a snake, she heard that when she was young and rich, one of her cousins had pursued her! This family, heh!

“After that, for some reason, she went crazy. Many people said that she was too shocked after being dumped. However, I heard from an aunt who cared for her for a few days that she didn’t want to strip and dance anymore. She was thinking of looking for another job, but she suddenly disappeared before she could find it. When she reappeared, she was already like this, crazy.

“Not only did he go crazy, but she also went blind. Some volunteers came to check on her and take her to the rescue station, but she didn’t go and secretly returned.”

The building was dusky under the rain and fog. I looked at the broken window and asked the old man, “You’re just letting her stay here? The owner of this manor doesn’t have any objections?”

“It’s not my house, why should I care who lives here? Besides, the owner of this manor doesn’t really care about it. You can tell from this dilapidated house. I’ve told them twice, but they didn’t care, so I didn’t want to make fun of them.”

The manor owners were undoubtedly the Lycan royal couple, but the royal family had countless properties. The manager basically managed the real estate in a small place like this.

For this kind of ‘haunted house’ that the royal family might not return once in 800 years and someone had died, even the manager would not take care of it much. Maintaining the manor required money, and no one would come anyway. So, instead of giving the maintenance money to the renovation company, it was better to fatten his pockets.

I’d seen this kind of thing many times. Loyalty was worth a few stacks of cash in front of real money.

However, Julie’s behavior was so suspicious. Even if she only appeared after the suicide case was settled more than twenty years ago, how could the Intelligence Department not notice her? It couldn’t be that they came to investigate just in time to see Julie begging, right? Just asking the old man, I got quite some information.

After chatting with the old man for a while, I found no other clues, so I returned to the villa.

Julie was still curled up in a small corner of the storage room. She was covered with more tattered blankets and sheets. The tattered blankets and wet sheets obviously could not resist the water vapor and cold air invasion.

“You used to be a servant here, Julie.” I went straight to the point while observing Julie’s expression. “You may not remember, or you don’t want to mention it, so you deliberately hid it. But that doesn’t matter because I don’t care about your profession. I only care about what happened in this house.

“So I’ll ask you again, are you willing to leave with me? I can provide you with hot soup, blankets, and a stable and safe place to stay so you don’t have to hide here and there like you do now.”

At the end of her sentence, Julie finally looked at me.

That was right. I was sure that Julie must be hiding from something, and her completely transparent existence in everyone’s eyes might have some connection with Layla’s death.

Selma Payne’s POV:

The Evaria Family accepted everything, at least on the surface.

Earl of Marlowe had resigned from his position as the Royal Academy of Sciences president and did not say a word about what the family had suffered. He used a closed-door attitude to convey his position subtly.

With irrefutable evidence, the truth of the human experiment was finally revealed. The number of girls who died at the hands of the Evaria Family couldn’t be counted with two hands. The youngest among them was only fifteen years old, and from the logs, they died of complications after the operation.

After being taken home from the research Institute and imprisoned, the girls did not receive the care they deserved, especially those who had ‘failed to conceive’.

The head of the Evaria Family, who was in charge of this experiment, believed that they ‘did not have the qualifications to be the mother of the King and had angered the Moon Goddess’, so he left the girls to their own devices.

Little did they know that if Moon Goddess knew that someone was using her name to do such a brutal thing, she would personally destroy all the villainous people in a thunderous rage.

The girl that Carey missed also couldn’t escape her misfortune. She couldn’t stand the unusually violent pregnancy symptoms and died.

What disgusted me the most was that the person in charge believed that the stillbirth was the ‘incarnation of the King who died early’. He actually... Mixed the baby into Carey’s food and made her eat it without her knowing so that the ‘incarnation of the King’ would become one.



This report made my stomach churn. I couldn't keep calm when I read this, and I retched.

Dorothy didn't even want to read this report a second time. From her expression of righteous indignation, I did not doubt that if the Evaria Family couldn't give an explanation to the outside world before sunset, Dorothy would unhesitatingly use some dangerous witchcraft to drag this rotten family into hell.

At this point, I knew the Evaria Family could not turn the tables. Those small fights that caught wind of the situation would no longer pose a threat. As long as the label of 'murderer' was stuck on its head, they would never have the chance to touch the throne, and all their ambitions would be in vain.

Even if I didn't summon any intelligence personnel, I could imagine how badly the Evaria Family must be in trouble. Some even thought of me, such as Emma's parents. They hoped that my brother and Emma were about to get married, so they would show mercy and at least not make things so ugly.

"Ugly?" Looking at the letter personally written by Mr. Evaria Jr., the paper that exuded a faint fragrance made me scoff. "Would it be more unbearable than the dead faces of girls who starved to death? Would it be more disgusting than the blood of a stillborn?"

I threw the letter back onto the tray. I didn't want to give those people any chance. "Tell him to get lost. If he knew this would happen, why did he do it? By the way, tell him to sit down and think about what mistakes he has made and what troubles he has caused. It's too late for me to wipe their butts, so he's asking me to let them go? Does he hear what he's saying?"

Kara left with the letter.

The Evaria Family was just a small opponent. From the beginning, I knew their chances of winning were too slim, but they had brought me a shocking problem – Azazel and Leviathan. Neither of them was easy to deal with. It was easy to invite a god, but hard to send him away. How could a person who made a deal with the devil eliminate the devil's shadow?

I couldn't care less about the elves, but I had to do my best to ensure the safety of the werewolves.

It was impossible for Azazel to let go of our past grudges, and Leviathan was unwilling to miss the 'good show' for some unknown reason. It was impossible for the Evaria Family to be willing to go down so easily. As long as there was a chance, they would definitely contact the demons and try to find an opportunity to overturn the outcome.

I was at a loss about whether to cut off all signs of this as soon as possible or leave a sliver of 'survival' to follow the vine to find the melon and capture all of them in one fell

swoop... This was unlikely. At the very least, we had to seize the opportunity first so that we wouldn't be completely clueless even when disaster was about to hit us.

Now, my think tank was in a mess. Jordin was far away in the Spring Rain Pack, and Emma had no choice but to enter the secret prison temporarily. The only person I could ask was Dorothy.

Dorothy thought we might let the Evaria Family take a breather. "When cornered, they'd do whatever they could. I didn't doubt at all that they'd be able to summon Azazel from the city center tomorrow," she said. "After doing such a terrible thing, coupled with the new kindness and old grudges, His Majesty will definitely not let the Evaria Family off. They won't be able to cause any trouble on their own. So why don't we use yesterday's enemies as tomorrow's tools and use them to find out the evil demons' movements?"

"Maybe we should shut their ears for now and monitor them secretly. It's best if they don't do anything. If they really dare to collude with the demons, then at least we can know that this family is beyond redemption, and they wouldn't be unprepared when the demons come."

Selma Payne's POV:

I was also inclined to cast a long line to catch the big fish, and Dorothy also reminded me not to forget the arrangements I'd made.

However, I would be reminded of the elves' capital city's tragedy whenever I thought of the demons.

Was this really the right way? Any mistake in the details could cause the tragedy of that day to repeat itself. Did I have the right to use my life to exchange for victory?

Dorothy could not answer my question, so I asked my father for his opinion. Although he had given me full responsibility for this, I urgently needed the guidance of an experienced elder.

Bertha told me that my father was meeting with the ministers, and the heads of many departments were present today. Handling the Evaria Family was a complicated process involving many interests, not to mention that it was a long-standing noble family.

There was no lack of nobles among the officials, and seeing the tragic end of the Evaria Family today, they inexplicably had some unnecessary 'kindness' to plead for the Evaria Family, as if the lives of nobles were lives, and the dead girls were street cats.

I listened to the entire conversation from behind the screen. Most people supported punishing the Evaria Family, while some felt it was better to be more restrained. The

last time the werewolves publicly tried a noble family was 200 years ago, and if this got out of hand, it would affect the government's image in the public eye.

Upon hearing this, I sneered silently. Did we still have a good image in the eyes of the people? If we didn't explain, we'd all be in the same boat as the Evaria Family!

Thus, I pretended to have Bertha report to my father and then walk out of the screen three seconds later.

Even a fool could tell I had already heard the entire story from behind the screen. Thus, the faces of those officials who tried to smooth things over and even opposed the punishment of the Evaria Family turned pale. This was because I was an open and severe party, and my grudges with the Evaria Family were no secret in the officialdom.

I thought I would have a war of words with the group of Confucians, so I had already prepared a draft. Who would've thought these weaklings could adapt to the situation? After a few words, they saw that my attitude was unyielding, so they all fell silent. It seemed like they were unwilling to drag themselves and the family behind them into the water for the sake of the Evaria family.

As a result, the Evaria Family, who everyone had deserted, finally received their judgment. The people involved in the human experiment were sentenced according to the law. The person in charge and his minions had taken human lives, and there was a high probability that they would pay the price with their lives.

The Evaria Family would bear the compensation to the victim's family, and any other tainted family businesses would be seized and subjected to a strict investigation.

What I didn't expect the most was that my father actually seized Earl of Marlowe's title because of 'not being strict enough, negligence of duty, and causing a disaster'. Although he retained a part of his fief and the title of 'knight' for his past contributions, this was a devastating blow to the Evaria Family.

This family, which had always been proud of their bloodline and noble status, had suddenly fallen from its branches and into the dust. Without the title and land, anyone would understand that the family would never be able to rise again.

So what if they had children with royal blood? When one had power and influence, even if one randomly found an orphan, someone would write a perfect family background for him.

However, their flattering faces had to take a 180-degree turn in front of ordinary people. Only fairy tales would give the wandering princes and princesses a happy ending. In the world of power, twisting the truth was a basic skill.

I realized why my father didn't make a fuss from the beginning to the end. It was because he had already seen how to defeat the enemy in one move before I did.

No one had any objections to this. Everyone could see this as killing the chicken to warn the monkeys. If they tried to stand out now, they would be blaming themselves.

After the officials left, I didn't tell my father about my worries. Under his questioning gaze, I simply said I was here to ask about the Evaria Family's punishment results. Now that the dust had settled, I had nothing more to ask.

Seeing that I had returned, Dorothy asked for my father's opinion. I told him about my father and the ministers' decision to deal with the Evaria Family and that I already had an idea.

'We're all together for good or bad. The Evaria Family ends up like this, and so will we.' I said, 'If I turned a blind eye to the Evaria Family from now on, we will not be prepared when the demons attack. Blood and death will be inevitable. Since that's the case, why don't I grab the clues I can find now and work hard to find a way out for me and everyone else?'

'You might die if you do it, but you'll definitely die if you don't. It's a simple multiple-choice question.'

I ordered the Intelligence Department and mobile patrols to monitor the Evaria Family closely. Not long after, another piece of news reached me first.

Benson's investigation had a lead.

493 Loyalty

Selma Payne's POV:

Benson found a homeless woman named Julie. After some investigation, he was convinced that Julie had worked part-time as a servant in the manor for a short period of time. However, the strange thing was that no investigation had mentioned her; not then, not now.

Moreover, it seemed everyone had forgotten that such a woman had once worked in the manor. Not to mention Julie's former colleagues, even she herself had completely forgotten that period.

All the people who had been investigated had forgotten about Julie, so no investigation involved her.

This was obviously strange. Julie was a lunatic, and the manor obviously would not hire a lunatic as a servant, so Julie must have gone crazy after she left her job.

However, her records in the manor had also been completely erased. If not for the fact that she was still wearing the servant's uniform, even Benson would not have been able to find any clues.

Who was it that wanted to lay their hands on a servant, and what was the point of eliminating her? Could Julie be related to Layla's death?

Benson was certain she had something to do with the incident twenty years ago, and my intuition told me so.

There was another suspicious thing about Julie. Julie remembered that several people like Benson had come to investigate her. According to her vague description, they were probably members of the Intelligence Department.

But when I asked them about it, they said in unison that they had never seen Julie. No one was in the manor except for an old man guarding the door.

Unless Julie was a ghost, and Benson happened to see a ghost, someone must have done something to the intelligence agents. It was basically impossible to bribe them. The Intelligence Department had thoroughly investigated their internal affairs but still couldn't find any evidence of bribery.

There was only one possibility: someone had somehow erased their memories of Julie, just like how they had erased the memories of the people who had been related to the manor.

There was a high possibility that the same person or force committed the crime.

The first thing I thought of was the Woof Anca Family. They immediately tactfully restrained themselves after the Evaria Family collapsed like a collapsing mountain, even though this had something to do with the beating I gave them before.

Due to my suspicions, the Woof Anca Family was again in the limelight. This time, not only them but many institutions under their name or funded by them, especially those related to witchcraft or supernatural powers, were also under strict interrogation.

This caused this seemingly strong but actually weak clan to be filled with fear. They had already lost all the power in the imperial court and could not obtain any information. As a result, they could only anxiously come to me and beg for mercy.

Casti Woof Anca. We hadn't seen each other for a few months since he was summoned. That little wimp who had once spoken wildly at my wedding had already grown into a tall and slender noble youth. That doll-like pretty face of his should have been extremely likable before the elders, but the uncontrollable panic made him look bitter.

He trembled as he kissed my hand, then half-sat on the sofa, as if ten assassins were hiding behind my screen, ready to rush out at any time and chop him into a pulp of flesh, and he was ready to jump out of the window and escape.

“Don’t worry. No one else is in the room beside you and me, and I know why you’ve come to me.” I asked, “Did you follow my instructions?”

Casti trembled and said weakly, “Yes, Your Highness. Per your instructions, I’ve contacted everyone in the Evaria Family I can contact. From what I’ve observed, there’s nothing different about them. If I have to say something, it’s that they’re like a group of roosters who lost a fight. Everyone’s gloomy and depressed as if going to the countryside could take their lives.”

“There’s no one suspicious?”

I deliberately looked at him deeply, and as expected, this shallow kid began to panic. He furrowed his brows and sucked in his cheeks tightly. He seemed to be thinking hard but also seemed to be hesitating.

He had suspicions about some things or people, but he was hesitating whether to tell me.

He knew the consequences of hiding it from me, but he still intended to hide it. Casti wasn’t a bold person. Even being alone in a room with me made him feel like he was sitting on pins and needles. What gave him the courage to resist me?

What was it worth for a stupid boy who had just turned twenty and had no ambitions to do this?

I didn’t think anything other than ‘friendship’ could give a boy of this age more courage.

The person or thing he was hiding was related to his ‘friend’ in the Evaria Family, or it might even be that ‘friend’ themselves.

I didn’t want to torture this poor boy anymore, so I asked directly, “Let me guess. Perhaps that person from the Evaria Family is more important to you than I thought, so much so that you’re willing to bet your life and even the future of your entire family to hide it from me.”

“What?!” Casti was so shocked that he could no longer maintain the polite posture he had forced himself to maintain. He lost his composure and fell back onto the sofa.

Selma Payne’s POV:

I was right.

Casti couldn't help but tremble. I could even hear the sound of his teeth chattering. The boy completely broke down because of an ambiguous question. Tears welled in his eyes as if he was about to cry the next second.

I was a little helpless about this because most of the men I'd met in my life weren't like Casti. Compared to the arrogant and despotic boy he was when he was young, this boy was now more like a delicate little rabbit. Even the slightest movement could hurt his fragile heart.

For example, right now, I was afraid he'd burst into tears the next second, and if word got out, it'd look like I was bullying the weak.

The thing that I was most worried about still happened. Casti began to sob uncontrollably. Large teardrops fought to escape from his eyes, leaving puddles of water on the light green brocade mat.

"I swear to the goddess, I have no intention of hiding anything," the child cried and spoke like a duck. "I did my best to follow your instructions. I really didn't find anything unusual. Be it my family or the Evaria Family, there's nothing. I was too useless, Your Highness, please forgive me, please forgive me!"

I helplessly handed him a few tissues. "Alright, alright. If you don't have it, then you don't have it. Why are you crying? You're really not like a man."

Due to my sarcastic words, Casti cried even harder.

Fortunately, his tears came and went quickly. Seeing that I had been silent, he carefully put away those spring-like tears and nervously curled up in the corner of the sofa furthest away from me as if he was afraid of provoking me for any reason.

I didn't want to spend any more time with this boy made of glass. I told him to continue doing what I told him to do and let him go.

Dorothy happened to be waiting for me. When she saw that Casti had left quickly, like a rabbit escaping from a tiger's den, she asked in confusion, "He seems to be crying. I hope there won't be any strange rumors spreading the next day."

Even though she said that, the way she looked at me was already very strange.

"It was just a routine question," I replied grumpily. "The child's mental strength is too weak."

Dorothy shrugged and changed the topic.

“About the wolf cub and the other child’s examination reports.” She handed me two stacks of documents. “The child has entered a stable growth period. Lester said he won’t have any more premature growth for now.”

The wolf cub’s current appearance had already grown to the age of a two-year-old child. It could crawl and walk and could also speak some simple words. It seemed no different from any ordinary two-year-old child.

The child was still genderless, but there was no hormonal disorder. Lester and the others believed the so-called human form was just a temporary choice of the wolf cub’s form. Based on what I told them, the wolf cub would experience a few more transformations in the future, so we couldn’t simply look at the wolf cub with human standards.

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As for young Sunflower, his situation was much simpler. He was a pure, ordinary baby, a toddler, no different from any other child.

Other than the fact that he had grown to the size of a two-year-old in his mother’s womb, this healthy and strong child had saved a lot of effort for medical care, and he had never experienced any more excessive growth.

I didn’t have to worry about the children’s health, but another thing came up: the people were curious about my child, whom they had long heard of. It had been two years since the wolf cub was born, and the outside world might spread rumors that something had happened to the child. This was not a good thing for social stability and the royal family’s image.

In addition, since I’d decided to adopt little Sunflower, what identity should I give him? The royal family’s side branches were withered, and I had no reliable relatives on my mother’s side. I couldn’t even use the title of ‘relative’s child’ if I wanted to.

However, it was not yet time for the children to show up. At the very least, Aldrich was still carrying out his ‘top secret mission’. Before his ‘return’, this could be put on hold. After all, it was not good for the child’s father to be absent.

Speaking of this, Aldrich’s current situation made me increasingly worried.

The Evaria Family could not provide the antidote because the bottle of poisoned wine was not made by them but by the cultists.

The other ingredients were fine, but the evil power contained in the wine made us helpless. This power became a curse after Aldrich drank it. New Flow could only devour power with form but could not do anything to invisible things. Even the most experienced and knowledgeable werewolf grandmasters were helpless against the curse personally cast by a demon.



“It’s a very ancient curse,” Master Mary said bluntly. “It’s a completely lost ancient curse. Given its unique form, I’m unsure if it can be identified as a ‘curse’ by current standards. I believe that other than the demon himself, there is a high probability that no one else can remove it.”

This was practically a death sentence for Aldrich.

495 Suicide

Benson Walton’s POV:

Someone was watching me. He or they were well-hidden, but I still found them.

This seemingly invisible stalker had appeared without me realizing it after I came into contact with Julie. After I confirmed Julie’s identity, the stalker seemed to be a little impatient.

Sometimes it was a middle-aged man reading a newspaper in an open-air coffee shop, sometimes, it was an old lady who brought her little granddaughter to buy ice cream. I could even feel a faint sense of prying from a stray dog or sparrow.

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At first, I thought I was under too much pressure and hallucinating, but intuition in our line of work was always important. Someone was watching me, and there were many of them, but strangely, there were no traces.

This was almost impossible. No matter how large the power was, it was impossible to infiltrate every corner of society. It was not like a TV drama. To be able to do this, it was either the official company or the entire Golden Bell Pack that some force had swallowed up.

There was no need for the officials to monitor me. I’d directly contact the princess in the palace. The possibility of the Golden Bell Pack turning on them was even lower. After all, ever since the Woof Anca Family fell, the prosperity of the past was only maintained with the support of the Lycan King.

So, who was monitoring me?

Under my persistent persuasion, Julie finally agreed to leave the dilapidated manor and go to the sanctuary with me. As a crazy blind old man, Julie was surprisingly easy to deal with when she was not sick.

She sat before the window all day and basked in the sunlight with her muddy eyes. Even her aging wrinkles did not change. The staff told me that Julie didn’t like to sleep. Sometimes, while on night patrol, she was shocked that the old lady was still sitting on the chair by the bed and looking at the muddy night sky.

Julie didn't like to sleep at night. She didn't say anything. I believed it was because the dark terrorized her, and she could only stay awake to protect herself.

What made her so afraid? This was probably related to the incident more than twenty years ago.

It was easy to investigate the first half of Julie's life. She was born into an ordinary family. Her parents divorced because of a broken relationship and eloped, and Julie became an orphan living under the roof of a relative.

She dropped out of school at the age of fifteen and moved out of an aunt's house to make a living on her own. She had worked as a waitress, a night driver, a cleaner, and so on.

However, there was a sudden lack of information in the second half of her life. The blurry information only included her registration form at the homeless rescue center, the hospital's psychological examination report, and a few social charity news that had little to do with her.

There was no record of what Julie had done or why she had gone crazy, just like any homeless man in the world who had been forgotten in society.

But no matter who had erased Julie's existence, he didn't do a good job. A clear loophole was right in front of me.

No matter how reliable the man thought his method of erasing Julia's memory was, the uniform of the manor's servant became an inexplicable doubt. Following the clues, I could easily outline Julie's general work trajectory from the blank borders in the memories of the servants, gardeners, and others.

She had worked in this manor for a while and had not left even after Layla's death.

Everyone else was fine except for Julie, who had turned out like this. She must have had a very close relationship with Layla's death. It was very likely that she had seen the murderer, or she was an accomplice who had been bribed to kill Layla, and then she was 'dealt with' by her worried client.

However, no matter the situation, killing her was the safest way. Why did that person or force let Julie go? Was he naive enough to think that the world's forgotten past could be flawless?

And why was I fine? If the people who came to investigate had their memories erased, they had no reason to let me go.

This situation was getting stranger and stranger. I knew that there was no point in staying any longer. It was time to bring Julie back to my Lycan pack and report on my mission.

However, just as I decided to leave, an unexpected accident disrupted all my plans and guesses.

Julie was dead. While the caretaker was preparing dinner, she hung herself on the balcony with a sheet.

When I saw Julie's dangling legs outside the balcony, I realized I couldn't leave. Whether Julie committed suicide or was killed, I couldn't just roll back to the Lycan pack and tell Selma I had found nothing.

The forensic report came out soon. There was no trace of resistance, no hidden poison or knockout powder. Julie had committed suicide.

This confused me.

A lunatic, no matter what she did, it would not be surprising. However, the timing of Julie's suicide was very suspicious. I told her last night that I would take her to the Lycan pack, and she committed suicide today.

Did I give Julie a bad feeling unconsciously? Or was it because Julie was unwilling to go to the Lycan pack for some reason? Did that reason make her so afraid that even death was nothing?

Selma Payne's POV:

The Evaria Family held a funeral, and the main character was a man who was not even forty years old. To the outside world, he was the nephew of Sir Evaria.

However, after I found out about my ancestor's clandestine love affair, I sent someone to investigate the Evaria Family's current bloodline and confirmed that this man was the descendant of the illegitimate child.

Less than a week after the fall of the Evaria Family, the son of the illegitimate child died of illness. I vaguely felt their eagerness to seize the throne had something to do with this sickly invalid's illness but ended up with nothing.

The dead man was well-protected by the Evaria Family. It was reasonable to say that he must have had something to do with the girls treated as breeding machines, but no investigation found any trace of him, as if he was not the sperm provider.

His death was another huge blow to the Evaria Family. After the funeral, the family seemed to have finally accepted their fate. They no longer tried to stall for time with all

kinds of underhanded tricks. They ran to their fief with their remaining forces as if they were dead. They had the momentum of living their lives out.

The night before they left the Lycan pack, Casti had sneakily gone to the huge manor that had once belonged to the Evaria Family to meet someone.

I wanted to know who could make this weak and timid boy dare disobey my orders, so I told the people monitoring him to keep quiet and follow behind him to observe quietly.

The surveillant was one of my subordinates, an experienced and capable secret agent of the Intelligence Department.

I had no doubt about his ability, but the news he sent back surprised me – two children had actually found him, and one of them seemed to be trying to use some kind of ability to control his mind.

However, he didn't know that this person had already become my kin, so his spiritual world didn't completely belong to him, so he could stay awake despite some struggles.

The child immediately ran away after his failure, leaving only Casti to be captured. Casti seemed to have suffered some kind of severe mental shock. He had a high fever and remained unconscious. He would occasionally convulse and say some crazy nonsense. He had not woken up yet.

"You're saying the boy tried to control you and almost succeeded?" I confirmed again.

"Yes." The secret agent lowered his head in shame. "I tried to resist, but my willpower seemed to have no effect. If it wasn't for your help, I think the boy would have succeeded. I would have become a walking corpse and hide all the secrets I have seen from you."

Mind control... The Evaria Family...

I immediately thought of young Sunflower. This child had a terrifying power to control people's minds while still in his mother's womb. Could this be not a mutated individual but the power of a bloodline that had been secretly passed down?

I'd have my secret agents temporarily detain Casti and pay close attention to his condition. To inform me immediately when he regained consciousness.

As for the Woof Anca Family, I immediately sent someone to inform them that their beloved youngest son had a close relationship with the rebel's descendant. I didn't even have to say anything, and this opportunist family, who was used to taking advantage of the situation, obediently shut their mouths.

The nanny brought little Sunflower and the wolf cub to play in the garden in front of the Sunflower House. The children's laughter was innocent and pure, but it could not calm my tightly furrowed brows and the waves in my heart.

I had always thought that little Sunflower was the descendant of the sickly man who had died, but the unique power of this child made me doubt my previous idea.

Was that boy related to young Sunflower?

Could my speculations have always been wrong? Young Sunflower was the brother of that mysterious boy or... His son?

However, the only descendant of that illegitimate child was the dead sickly man. Why would the Evaria Family have so much trouble raising an ordinary descendant? It couldn't be that they had all gone crazy and used this to deceive themselves, right?

A few days had passed, and Casti had yet to wake up. The doctor believed that continuous epilepsy and coma had caused a very serious burden on Casti's body. If this continued, he would die in less than a month.

"I'm guessing this is beyond the scope of medical treatment, Your Highness," said Craig. "This is obviously not something that can be done by mental problems caused by psychological or pathological causes."

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Master Kevin was also not optimistic about this.

Misfortunes never come alone. Before they were resolved, another accident happened on Benson's side. Julie was dead. She had committed suicide.

The sudden disappearance of the clues annoyed me, but at the same time, it also reminded me of another direction – what a déjà vu Julie's encounter was. It was an inexplicable memory loss as if everyone's memory of her had been wiped out overnight. This was an obvious form of mind control.

With regard to this, I once again placed my suspicions on the Evaria Family.

Perhaps the Woof Anca Family was involved in this, but who said they couldn't be a shield?

Since there was someone in the Evaria Family who could control minds, and they had once had a good relationship with the Woof Anca Family, it was not impossible for these two ambitious schemers to join forces.

Selma Payne's POV:

Two days after I detained Casti, the Woof Anca Family finally sent someone to see me.

Casti's mother, Madam Woof Anca, had a terrified expression. Her family must have advised her before she came, but that could not stop a mother from worrying about her child.

"Greetings, Your Highness." She trembled as she lifted her skirt, but suddenly, her legs gave way, and she fell onto the soft carpet. This frightened her, and she tried to get up in a hurry.

However, the gorgeous emerald buttons on her high heels hooked onto the cashmere carpet, causing the well-dressed lady to lie on the ground in a sorry posture.

Mrs. Woof Anca apologized to me in a hurry and tried to untie the thread entangled with the shoe buckle with a wry smile. However, her trembling hands made everything difficult.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, the lady cried. She tried her best to maintain a smile, but tears kept flowing out of her eyes, leaving traces of the foundation on her pale face.

I supported the lady and called the servant outside to help her escape. Madam Woof Anca acted like a ball of messy cashmere and repeatedly apologized to me for her disgraceful behavior.

"Don't take it to heart, Madam. It just so happens that I intend to have someone change this carpet. If I had known earlier, I would have done it earlier."

I comforted her gently, even though we both knew the problem had nothing to do with the carpet.

Just like Jordin, Madam Woof Anca was born into a traditional aristocratic family. She was ranked in the middle of her siblings. Her appearance was not outstanding, and she did not show any amazing talent in any aspect, so she was naturally ignored by her parents.

After graduating from university, she immediately married into the Woof Anca Family, according to her parents' arrangements. Her husband was the youngest son of the family head. The pampered, uneducated, and incompetent second generation made this quiet, submissive, traditional noblewoman destined not to enjoy any love.

Her only spiritual sustenance was her son, Casti. The head of the family loved Casti as the youngest son of his youngest son. Madam Woof Anca carefully protected all of this, as if she feared that her son would follow her and embark on a dull, endless, painful life.

Her life was like a pool of still water that could be seen at a glance, and the Intelligence Department did not even encounter any resistance when it came to collecting information.

As such, I could understand her anxiety and loss of self-control. If anything were to happen to Casti, I did not doubt that this pitiful mother would immediately follow her child into the embrace of death.

“I’m sorry to disturb you, Your Highness.” Madam Woof Anca carefully put down her teacup and always observed my expression. “I should have come to see you earlier, but you’re busy with state affairs, so I couldn’t disturb you. Please forgive me for my rudeness.”

Such refined aristocratic behavior always gave me a headache. I didn’t have much time to waste on her, so I got straight to the point. “I understand why you’re here, Madam. He loyally carried out the tasks I gave him. I’m satisfied and grateful for that.

“I let him stay in the palace to recuperate because he was accidentally injured in an incident. I think I have an obligation to provide some medical convenience to the people who work for me, so I let him stay in the palace temporarily. I promise he’ll be well taken care of, so you don’t have to worry.”

Madam Woof Anca’s eyes suddenly turned red. She seemed to want to say something, but in the end, she could only stammer, “Then... Can I see him? This is merely a humble request from a mother. Your Highness, I haven’t seen Casti for many days.”

I remained silent for a few seconds before firmly shaking my head.

Mrs. Woof Anca gasped for breath as if her heart was about to burst. She clutched her chest and lowered her head, but she couldn’t help but let her tears fall on the fabric of the dress, making the glistening expensive fabric wet and dull.

I promised again, “I’ll let Casti return home when he recuperates. I understand your concern, Madam. No mother can not worry about her child for even a second. But I don’t think Casti would want you to see him lying in bed, right? He would blame himself if he knew his mother was crying for him.”

Mrs. Woof Anca obediently took the tissue I handed over but used her handkerchief to wipe the tears on her face. Her makeup was already mottled, and without the cover of makeup, this woman, who was nearly 50 years old, finally revealed a trace of fatigue and old age that belonged to her age.

“I understand, Your Highness.” Mrs. Woof Anca nodded while sobbing. “I think we don’t have to waste our breaths. What about you? Do you have anything you want me to bring back?”

I couldn't help but sigh at how terrifying the education of the nobles was. Even such a weak woman who grew up under neglect and suppression still had such a sensitive political sense.

It was as if her emotions and rationality could be clearly separated into two independent individuals in her body, and her sadness did not stop her from being a qualified messenger.

Selma Payne's POV:

This was an enviable quality in the vanity fair.

"Thank you for your visit, Madam." At this point, I should also put on the air. "Your words and deeds make me feel familiar. If you want to, please come to the palace more often in the future. I don't mean to deprive you of the right to be a good wife and mother, but I only ask that you spare a little time for me when you're not caring for the family."

Madam Woof Anca nodded respectfully. "I'm honored by your grace, Your Highness."

"I vaguely remember that your husband's family had disputes with the Evaria Family. Fortunately, the evildoers have already received their retribution, so you don't have to fear their arrogant, domineering attitude and pervasive revenge."

Her fingers trembled slightly, but I ignored them. "Time can always wash away everything, as long as you're willing to make up for your past mistakes. It doesn't matter if it was a week, a month, or... twenty years, right?"

Madam Woof Anca left with weak steps, and Kara shook her head. "This is a pitiful lady."

I looked up at her with interest. "Do you understand her too?"

"I've heard some of it," Kara said. "When I was young, the Queen liked to gather the girls of the noble families into the palace to hold banquets. I was still a low-ranking servant who served tea and poured water then. I came and went between the guests, and after a while, I heard some rumors about this lady.

"She had just married Mr. Woof Anca, but can you imagine? A girl in her early twenties. On her wedding night, her husband, who was not a good-for-nothing, introduced her to three illegitimate children. The eldest one is even in primary school.

"People say that this marriage is just a deal. The old Viscount of Dark Night Mountain used his youngest daughter to exchange for the support of the Woof Anca Family, while the Marquess of Anca used a little help from the officialdom to exchange his youngest son, who was unable to find a wife at the age of thirty, for an arm candy with an impeccable background and character.



“This lady was a hot topic in social events for a long time because three months after she married, her husband brought home a pair of one-year-old twins. That day, Madam Woof Anca entertained a guest, and her husband used his illegitimate child to trample on her dignity.

“After that, the two lived separately. After eight or nine years, they had a child, the one lying in the ward. However, young Mr. Woof Anca did not like this son very much. There were even rumors that Casti was not his child but Madam Woof Anca’s illegitimate child. However, who knew if that b\*stard was slandering his wife? After all, his wife is chaste and quiet, while he has illegitimate children everywhere.”

These things were all mentioned in the investigation report. However, compared to the cold and concise words, Kara’s description gave me a better understanding of the trivialities of this family.

“So the husband and wife had a complete fallout. Mr. Woof Anca and his lover started a new family outside.” I glanced past the thick stack of documents on the desk. The investigation on Casti and his parents was lying on a few of them.

“Who could say otherwise?” Kara suddenly sighed. “The Woof Anca Family was once a famous family that everyone praised. It has only been a few years, but it has become a laughingstock used to liven up the atmosphere at the table.”

The prosperity of a family might require the persistent efforts of several or even more than a dozen generations, but it was so easy to lead it to its downfall.

Building a building took thirty years, but it collapsed in an instant.

After that, I dealt with some work and checked on the children’s condition. Then, I went to a secret villa.

This was private property under my name and had never been made public. Even my parents had never asked about it. After the Evaria Family’s collapse, Emma, who was no longer a suspect, could finally leave the secret prison.

However, the outside world’s condemnation of the Evaria Family was far from over. At this point in time, I couldn’t let Emma go to the front to take the public’s anger on behalf of her relatives who had gone to the countryside, so I temporarily settled her in this private villa.

After I was released from prison, Emma told me she was in a daze about everything that had happened.

“It’s like a dream. Just a moment ago, I was still the King’s secretary in training with a bright future. But the next second, I woke up from the dream. I walked out of the prison

gate with nothing on me. It was like twenty years of being at the top of society was just an illusory fantasy.

“But I don’t think losing all of this is a pity. I don’t like that feudal and old family, and I don’t have any attachment to that job that many people have forced on me. Instead, I felt relieved and even grateful for all of this. In the past, I’ve made up my mind many times to cut off the ropes that bound me to where I am, but every time, I find an excuse for myself. Family, power, responsibility, everything has to come first... I only have to step back.

“Now that external forces have helped me cut off all of this, I no longer need to find excuses for myself painstakingly. I’m finally free.”

499 The Confiding

Selma Payne’s POV:

Emma refused to return to her previous position. She looked at me apologetically but firmly. “That’s not my place, Selma. I can’t feel freedom and would suffer there. I’ve tried my best, but I’ve only barely passed. To assist you, just passing is not enough. There will be someone more suitable to take my place. I can’t be selfish and not let go.”

“No, that’s now how it’s like.” I shook my head, hoping to make her stay. “No one can do this well from the beginning. Even I have made countless childish mistakes. Don’t belittle yourself, Emma. You’re improving, and we’ve all seen it. You’ve been doing very well by my father’s side, right?”

Emma smiled gently. “But you and I both know that there’s a limit to this kind of progress. My upper limit is there. Mediocre is the best evaluation for me. Besides, although you and I don’t say anything, we both know: My family name has determined that I can’t go far.

“I know you have never blamed me, Selma, but this does not mean that others will not be self-righteous and try to figure out your feelings. Can you forgive me? Can anyone else tolerate a descendant of the Evaria Family? Would the people want to see a murderer’s offspring stand by the side of the King and the future Queen of the Lycan kingdom?”

I looked at her sorrowfully, this intelligent, gentle, and strong woman. She stepped onto a shooting star and, after a brief moment of light and heat in the night, fell into the deep sea, never to return to the clear sky.

It wasn’t until Emma wiped the tears from the corners of my eyes that I realized I was crying unconsciously.

"It's a good thing for me," Emma said. "There will be fewer eyes staring at me, and no one will use those boring tricks to get rid of me. I can pursue things I couldn't get in the first half of my life, such as studying painting at an art university, becoming an artist, and even being invited back to teach at school. When I think of this, I feel extremely excited and proud. This is the life I want, Selma."

"Just this?" I asked, choking with sobs.

"Yes, that's all. Be it the title of nobility or wealth, I've experienced enough glory and wealth in the first half of my life. I've had enough of the pain of being controlled by these things. Now, I'm going to start my own life."

"As you wish, my dear." I nodded after a long silence.

I didn't harp on this issue; instead, I started talking about Rhode.

Rhode rejected the proposal to cancel the engagement. I said, "Although I didn't say anything as you said, he still guessed that this was related to your family. He doesn't want to give up on you for no reason. He wants to see you and ask you what you really want."

Emma was a little flustered. "What's there to see... Now that things have come to this, there's no way we can be together. Selma, your brother cannot marry the descendant of a sinful officer. You know what kind of storm this will cause among the people. And I can't marry your brother. This is a dangerous signal. My family will have unrealistic hope again, bringing countless troubles we don't want to see."

"It's just a possibility. I'm only asking you, do you still love Rhode? If you didn't have all the concerns you mentioned, would you still be willing to marry Rhode?"

Emma fell silent. She rubbed her skirt uneasily, frowning, and her unfocused eyes seemed unable to focus.

"... Even if I'm still in love with Rhode, I can't-"

"Nothing is impossible, my dear. I only want one word from you. Do you love him or not?" I said firmly, "Marriage is very important but also very simple. It's only related to the bride and groom. Other factors are not important at all. There's always a way to solve it."

Tears rolled in Emma's eyes, but she bit her lip and tried not to cry.

"Yes, I still love Rhode. I still love him. There's not a day that I don't miss him."

Tears finally fell from Emma's eyes, and behind her nonchalant appearance was a deep pain. How could a girl who yearned for freedom and romance give up her love so

easily? She was suppressing her desire, afraid that such feelings would once again bring misfortune to the people around her.

However, I knew that this wasn't her fault. She was a pitiful person who had been used and implicated. She had already suffered enough coldness in her life. If she also lost her love, would she still be able to live a sunny and romantic life with her ice-cold heart?

I should do something. As a friend and monarch, I couldn't just watch Emma regret it for the rest of her life.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you beforehand, but..."

I walked to the door and gently turned the doorknob.

"Since you can't let go, why don't you meet Rhode and tell him your thoughts?"

The door was gently opened, and Rhode was standing outside with tears streaming down his face.

500 An Extension

Selma Payne's POV:

I left some space for Rhode and Emma before leaving.

It was enough to let them confide in each other. I would only be embarrassing myself if I stayed there.

It was already the end of October, and the weather had already begun to turn cold. I asked the driver to drive me around my Lycan pack, and I looked at the scenery through the window.

The storm of public opinion caused by the Evaria Family had gradually subsided. The newspaper's front page had long been occupied by other news, and the public no longer criticized the family at the table or on the streets.

I saw a poster of the Association of Missing Persons on the board. After exposure to the sun, the color began to fade and become tattered.

Everything was on the right track, and nothing could change this world's laws. Be it good or bad, food, clothing, housing, and transportation were the eternal truths of the people.

And I needed to protect these and not let anyone or anything destroy the peaceful lives of the people.

The monitoring on the Evaria Family's side did not yield any results, but there was news from the elves. The exchange students, little elves, should have finished their studies. They were supposed to return to the elves in early October.

However, the new government sent a brief message, hoping to extend the time for these children to study abroad, and they would cover all the expenses.

Even though the Crown Prince had been executed, the internal strife would not stop just because of the fall of a certain power. The Great Elder resigned from his position, and the president, Sirius, obtained the opportunity to control the Elven Capital City as he wished.

Although he wasn't a great character, he governed the country well. Putting aside the complicated reform process, in the short span of a year, the Elven Capital City, which had suffered a great loss in vitality, had rapidly recovered. The people lived and worked in peace and contentment, and the negative effects of the disaster were dispelled as quickly as possible.

This led to the development of the Vatican region, and for a time, the new government had a very good reputation among the elven race.

Unfortunately, the public's opinion couldn't affect the other forces' dislike of the new government. After a few rounds of a game that outsiders couldn't see, the elves finally split.

The temporary western alliance first announced that it would break away from the new government's control and establish an autonomous union, no longer subject to the new government's rule. After that, the southern border area also became restless. It seemed that they did not take the order of the new government seriously. Without permission, some cities and states openly moved into the four cities of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, which had become dead cities. They had the intention of taking the opportunity to expand their territory.

On the other hand, things were still peaceful in the north. I still kept in touch with Garland City through my personal relationship. Although the mayor of Garland City occasionally complained that the new government was oppressing the nobles and lords too much, he didn't seem to intend to start a new business.

The president was a reformist, so after he came to power, he strongly advocated reform to weaken the power of the nobles and lords so that more ordinary people could come to the stage.

Although he still used the power given to him by the unconscious Elf King in name, the name and official seal used in the public documents completely belonged to the new government, and there was no trace of the Elf King.

However, after a year of observation, I noticed that the new government had promoted many large merchants and financial groups without any titles to join the government, while the ordinary people merely shouted their slogans loudly.

It seemed that the reform was not so thorough. Rather than saying that he wanted to break the situation of blood-related politics, it was better to say that he understood that it was difficult for him to get much support from the nobles and lords, so he supported the giant merchants and rich people to fight against the old forces.

As for these exchange students, most of them were orphans, and only a few of them were of noble birth. I didn't understand why the new government would find an excuse to banish them. A group of ten-year-old children couldn't rise and drag him down, right?

After a few rounds of probing, the new government was still unwilling to let the exchange students go home. Of course, I could force them to go back. They were not my people, and it was only natural for the elves to return to the elves.

However, I wasn't sure what kind of treatment these helpless orphans would receive when they returned, so after signing the disclaimer agreement, I agreed to extend the study period for exchange students.

As the representative of the exchange students, Amario attended the signing of the agreement. He looked indifferently at his country's diplomat, who seemed to have thrown away a hot potato and used a piece of paper to exile them from their hometown. He showed a kind of indifference that did not match his age.

I then went to inspect the exchange student's residence.

It was a coincidence that these children were studying at Sivr Academy, my alma mater. The male and female dormitories were in different dormitories.

The young elves were living together with the children of the werewolves. According to my observations, there had been no vicious bullying incidents in school.

I had dinner with the elves. Before I left, Amario suddenly said to me, "Your Highness, can we still go home?"

I looked at him and the little elves behind him. Their faces were filled with fear and uneasiness, like little puppies that had been abandoned on a rainy day.

"Yes, children." I nodded firmly. "When you finish your studies, you can return home and contribute to your people."