

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 501 Selma Payne's POV:

I didn't know what Emma and Rhode had talked about. When I asked him, he only replied desolately, "I respect her choice."

I knew that everything was over.

Emma boarded the plane to the Spring Rain Pack on a cool autumn morning alone. When we parted, we hugged each other. I said, "I wish you all the best, Emma."

Emma chuckled and disappeared at the boarding gate.

"Maybe we should try harder," Dorothy said regretfully. "No matter what."

"But all of this is Emma's choice, we have no right to interfere." I shook my head. "Whether she stays or leaves, I only hope she can find true happiness."

Rhode didn't stay long and returned to the Shadow Pack the second day after Emma left. There were still endless government affairs waiting for him to deal with, and there was not much time left for him to be sad.

"I don't know what happened to General Aldrich, but if you need anything, I'll be here, Selma."

"What do you know?" I was a little shocked.

"I don't know anything. This is just my guess," Rhode said. "You're a mature and meticulous person, my sister, but you can't hide your thoughts from your close friends. If General Aldrich were going to carry out a secret mission, you would directly express your worry, but you wouldn't say anything about it. However, you haven't even mentioned General Aldrich once these past few days."

Bathing in Rhode's worried gaze, I could only smile bitterly and say, "I'm sorry, Brother, I can't tell you now."

"Alright." Rhode did not insist. He hugged me tightly. "I hope everything goes well. May the goddess bless us."

October passed just like that, and time quietly slowed down to November.

This year, the first snow came very early. One day, when I woke, the world was already covered in white. In my daze, I suddenly recalled the day when New Flow's power exploded. The pale-white, evil power was like the white snow, firmly wrapping the entire palace under its body.

I couldn't help but shiver at this and completely woke up.

I didn't know why, but I'd been listless and in a daze all day. Also, I didn't want to eat anything. It seemed my stomach was blocked by something, and the feeling of satiety was hard to ignore.

For this reason, Craig examined me, and the result was very surprising.

When he handed me the report, his awkward expression made me uneasy. When he announced the news dryly, I immediately stiffened on the sofa.

"You're pregnant, Your Highness." It looked like he wanted to jump out of the window and escape immediately. "Although it's only been a month, the test report shows you're pregnant. However, to rule out any accidents, I suggest you do more tests to confirm if other diseases have disturbed your hormone secretion."

Wait a moment.

What happened to me?

I was pregnant?

I looked at my abdomen in disbelief. My parents were also staring at me.

"That's impossible," I heard myself say. "I... I didn't betray my marriage."

He immediately put on an expression that said, "You don't have to explain it to me. I don't want to hear it. I swear." He pretended to be deaf.

My parents immediately adjusted their expressions after the initial surprise. My mother even said, "I heard you often summoned the boy from the Woof Anca Family..."

"There's nothing between us! I only called him here to report what I have told him to do!" I felt like I was going crazy. "Besides, it's not confirmed that I'm pregnant yet. I think it's a tumor or something. It can't be a baby!"

My mother immediately showed a disapproving expression. "Don't curse yourself like that, Selma. I'd rather that was a child."

I immediately decided to do an ultrasound examination, or else I'd be the scapegoat for no reason!

However, the results of the examination surprised me.

I looked at the embryo marked by the doctor in disbelief and confirmed with him repeatedly.

I had no hope at all.

“It’s alright, Selma. The arrival of a new life is a good thing.” My mother consoled me, although her expression was also difficult to explain. “As for the origin of this child... That’s not important, my dear. He still has the blood of the Oromalivira Family.”

I didn’t know how to explain it, so I only vainly emphasized, “That’s impossible, I haven’t... How could I be pregnant? How could I...”

Suddenly, a conversation in the spiritual world entered my mind. What did ‘I’ say? The current New Flow was incomplete. Once I accepted the power that was supposed to belong to me and fused with it, New Flow would have its consciousness sooner or later after receiving enough nutrients...

Could this ‘child’ be the incarnation of New Flow?

Chapter 502 Daughter

Selma Payne’s POV:

It turned out that my guess was very reasonable. After many complicated examinations by Master Mary and the others, they finally confirmed, “This is a unique life form, Your Highness. It’s a life form made of energy. Although this child tried to improve his mimicry, this childish disguise still exposed his true identity.”

“Mimicry?”

“Yes, although it looks like it’s only the size of a fingernail now, it doesn’t mean that its mental development is stuck in the delayed physical development.”

“So, there’s a mature spiritual body in me now?”

“I can only say that it’s relatively mature. For a completely chaotic baby, I think it has already developed a weak self-consciousness.”

This was a magical experience. A completely novel mode of pregnancy. What was this mythical ‘pregnant’ feeling?

I’d been looking forward to the day when New Flow gained self-awareness, but I didn’t expect it to be in such a way. However, if we were to have a mother-child relationship, would New Flow have to call me ‘mother’ after it was born?

After the werewolf grandmaster’s explanation, my parents finally understood that the ‘child’ in me was ‘single-sex reproduction’. ‘Thank you, goddess. I don’t want to be accused of having an affair!’

Then, there was another question. When would the child be born? Since the embryo form was just its mimicry, could he stimulate it to change the mimicry and speed up the process? I couldn't spare any energy for the pregnancy now.

Besides, I didn't get pregnant of my own will.

Master Mary thought it was possible as long as I could communicate with this child and let him understand my thoughts. This child seemed to turn a blind eye to Master Mary and the others, and any magic test was useless. Only I, the mother who was 'connected' to it by blood, seemed to have a little possibility.

But I didn't know how to communicate with it. In the past, when I wanted to enter someone's spiritual world, I had to use New Flow's help. Now that the person I would enter was New Flow, what should I do?

I didn't have to worry about it for long. The truth told me that I didn't have to do anything. New Flow was always connected to me.

As if sensing my eagerness, the embryo in my womb began to develop at a rate that was tens of times faster. However, it was only accelerating the maturation of its various biological organs, but it seemed to be consciously compressing its body size.

A week later, after giving me a physical examination, it was concluded that the child had already developed to the level of a normal nine-month-old baby – except for the size.

Looking at the 'Thumbelina' on the screen, I was quite curious.

Would I give birth to it like a normal delivery? Or would I need a C-section?

"It's hard to say." With this unusual child, Craig was always in a dilemma. "By right, you can have a normal delivery, but your hormone level has gradually stabilized after the first few days, which is not like the standard of a pregnant woman, so it's hard for us to judge whether your uterus is ready for delivery."

His ambiguous words sounded like they came from a quack, but I knew he had done everything he could. My situation was not just related to the medical field.

No matter what, we'd already made two preparations. With my current physical fitness, accidents were unlikely unless this child were Azazel's reincarnation.

That night, the moment of labor came without warning. I was looking at last month's financial report when I suddenly felt a dull pain in my abdomen. With the experience from the last time, there was no resistance to this delivery. I successfully gave birth to a five-centimeter 'daughter' – five centimeters!

The midwife held her and was a little at a loss. She looked at the large thermal box, then at 'Thumbelina' in her hand, and finally, put her in.

The baby was also very unusual when it was born. It did not cry or make a fuss and opened its eyes early. It curiously stared at everything in the delivery room with its rice-sized eyes, showing a kind of maturity that differed from its small body.

Lying on the bed, I still felt that all of this was amazing – an inexplicable pregnancy, an inexplicable birth, and an inexplicable daughter, and all of this had only been seven days!

My parents didn't have any objections to this sudden appearance of a granddaughter. As for the name, I didn't follow the werewolves' habit of not naming newborns. "This child's name is Naiad, which symbolizes 'new flow'. That's right, she is the New Flow we all know."

My father asked in surprise, "So this child embodies your strange power? Did the power of New Flow leave your body after she was born? Will this affect you in any way?"

I felt the power in my body become more active and shook my head. "No, this made my connection with New Flow even closer."

Once upon a time, New Flow and I were like a cup and the water in the cup. We seemed to be one, but there was an invisible barrier between us. But now, the blood relationship had melted that barrier. I truly felt like I had become one with New Flow, and using it was as easy as using my fingers.

Selma Payne's POV:

How would one take care of a five-centimeter small child? The answer was that no one knew. This strange pregnancy didn't make me produce breast milk, so the nurse held the bottle and pointed it at little finger's needle-sized mouth.

Fortunately, Naiad didn't seem to need to eat. The child's stats had not changed since birth, maintaining a strange stability.

Rather than saying that she was healthy, it was more accurate to say that her mimicry was set to a fixed program, so it would never change. For some reason, I thought Naiad wasn't as young and ignorant as she looked. Her eyes were full of understanding.

However, her mimicry was still immature, and her vocal cords were not developed well, so she could not say anything except cat-like meowing.

Three days later.

I was currently handling some documents in my office. The ever more elusive Maxine had been unusually clingy these few days. Of course, she wasn't clingy to me. She stayed by Naiad's side, just like she stuck to the wolf cub.

The wolf cub, who could walk a few steps unsteadily, was also very curious about his sister, who had suddenly appeared. He often pulled little Sunflower to sit beside Naiad's cradle for dozens of minutes. This was already a difficult duration for a child to concentrate.

And today, I was just about to stamp a large seal of rejection on a jumbled-up government report when I was startled by Maxine's shout.

"What's wrong?" I subconsciously looked at her and saw her half-crouching and half-lying on the carpet. Her breathing had stopped, and her entire body was like a child's felt toy.

"It's her. It's her. Naiad," Maxine stammered. "Naiad... She... she's on my back!"

I looked over and saw a small head the size of a cherry on Maxine's furry back. It turned out that Naiad had somehow climbed onto Maxine and grabbed two tufts of her hair as if she were riding a horse.

I immediately walked over and tried to take Naiad down, but the child stubbornly refused to leave Maxine's body. I feared I would hurt her if I used too much strength.

Suddenly, she said in a clear voice, "Wolfie! Wolfie! It's soft and warm, don't leave!"

The broken sentences made me pause momentarily, and then I cheered in surprise. "You can talk! Goddess, Maxine! Naiad can speak!"

Maxine was also quite surprised and wanted to turn her head around, but it was still a little difficult for her to see her own back due to the body structure of a wolf.

"If you don't wanna leave Wolfie, let's play with her differently, okay?" I comforted Naiad gently. "She'll be in pain if you keep grabbing wolfie hair like this."

I thought Naiad understood what 'pain' meant. Although it was a killjoy, she had killed many people with me after all. As expected, she only thought for a moment before she let go of Maxine's fur.

I lifted her, and Maxine rolled her into a warm wolf-shaped cushion, letting Naiad sit in her arms. The small figure was almost submerged in Maxine's thick white fur, making one feel a soft warmth in their heart.

"It's incredible," Maxine said in a daze. "Although you said she would develop her consciousness, I thought it was like artificial intelligence, which had to be guided by

people. But look at her, this adorable little genius. We didn't even teach her anything, and she can speak!"

She was even more excited than me, the real mother, and couldn't wait to lick Naiad to show her love.

Even though I was extremely excited, I still maintained my rationality and called the doctor and the werewolf grandmasters over.

The medical results showed that Naiad's physical condition was as good as the textbook example, and the werewolf grandmaster did not think there were any bad signs.

"Besides, we think she's growing up." Master Mary was away on a business trip, so Master Hayley was in charge today. "The power hook in Naiad's body is constantly fluctuating. According to the value and past experience, this fluctuation was similar to the 'expansion' in witchcraft. Out of consideration for the mimicry structure, I think this is a kind of adjustment to her condition after absorbing the information from the outside world."

"Information from the outside world?"

"Yes, mimicry is not formed out of thin air. It must have enough model references. Your Highness, think about who has been by Naiad's side the most these few days. Then, she will most likely adjust herself in a certain direction."

The people who spent the longest time with Naiad these past days...

I was the one who personally took care of Naiad all this time. The wolf cub and little Sunflower also came to visit their little sister. My mother even wanted to come to me every half an hour to kiss her precious granddaughter. Three out of five times, my father accompanied her.

But the time was the longest...

Maxine! These few days, she had not left Naiad alone for a single moment, and she wished she could sleep with Naiad in her arms!

Could New Flow's final form be a wolf?

504 Mourning

Selma Payne's POV:

As I let my thoughts run wild, I heard Master Hayley say, "Of course, this reference standard is not absolute. It doesn't mean whoever spends the most time with Naiad will

become her learning model. There can be many reference models. We are more inclined to believe that she will have a comprehensive understanding of all the people she is familiar with since birth and use them as the basis for adjustment.”

‘... Master, please don’t take such a long breath the next time you speak.’

Although I’d become much stronger after fusing with Madeline, Master Hayley and Master Kevin were still far more knowledgeable and experienced than I was. For this reason, I had to ask a grandmaster to stay and help me observe the growth of Naiad to prevent any accidents.

Master Kevin volunteered to stay in the palace. “I’ve taken care of the young prince before. I have some experience. Let me stay this time.”

Although such a positive attitude was unlike Master Kevin’s usual stiffness, I didn’t think much of it and agreed.

My parents loved Naiad very much, and my mother even carried the child to her.

“Go do what you have to do. It’s so easy to be distracted with the child around. I’ll help you share the burden and send her back when you’re on your break at night.”

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “As long as you don’t find it troublesome,” I said. “You can take care of her as long as you like. I’m happy to have my quiet.”

The children that came one after another finally allowed my mother to close her eyes and catch her breath from her endless nightmares. Thus, I tried my best to create conditions for the grandmother and grandchildren to get along so my mother could enjoy her family’s happiness. I was too busy with work here, so it was inevitable that I’d neglect the children. They could get better and safer care with my mother.

Maxine also left with Naiad. The sudden silence here made me feel a little uncomfortable.

At this moment, Master Kevin, who had already left, suddenly returned.

“Is there anything else you need?” I asked. “You can tell Kara if you need anything. She will help you solve all your problems in the palace.”

Master Kevin suddenly became ill at ease. He rubbed his hands restlessly and wanted to speak a few times but did not get his wish. The brooch on the collar of his robe reflected a bright luster under the sun. It was a familiar Sapphire brooch.

I got it.

“You want to ask about Captain Layla, right?”

Master Kevin nodded and said, "I know there's no conclusion yet, and I shouldn't have disturbed you, but... But I really... I just want to know if there are any useful clues. Layla, it's been more than twenty years, I..."

He repeated incoherent words as if he had lost his usual rationality and calmness when it came to Captain Layla. He had become a trembling stray cat in the rain, looking for traces of the old ones by following the long-lost scent.

I didn't say anything. I took out Benson's investigation report from the pile of documents and handed it to Master Kevin.

"I'm sorry, we haven't found enough evidence so far, but the investigation has progressed. Whether or not we can solve this clue will become the key point of the entire case."

Master Kevin took the document and read through it carefully and quickly. He muttered, "Mind... Control?"

"Yes, not only those who have interacted with Julie but also Julie herself has probably been under mind control. Do you still remember what happened to Carey? Although the ability that burst out of young Sunflower's instinct was not very powerful, Carey was still mentally affected to a certain extent. And Julie's madness is likely caused by excessive mental control."

When he saw the page on Julie's death, Master Kevin's face suddenly turned pale. "She's dead!"

"Yes.: I nodded heavily. "Julie committed suicide, but this makes the whole thing even more unusual. Or, the murderer discovered that someone was investigating this old case, so he mind-controlled Julie again and forced her to commit suicide. Or, there must be some special reason that Julie did not dare to return to the Lycan pack and even ended her life this way."

For a moment, we didn't speak, as we all realized that the death of the key witness made the whole case become an unsolved case again.

After a while, Master Kevin suddenly said, "I would like to go and look at the Golden Bell Pack, Your Highness. Of course not now. After Naiad's condition is over, I hope to go in person... To the manor and take a look."

"If the case had been solved by then, I should personally go to confess to Layla. For all these years of running away and for my cowardice, I didn't even dare to go there to take a look..."

"If there's no conclusion to the case, I'll find the rat hiding behind the scenes and let him have a taste of being deserted by his friends and family and die in humiliation!"

Looking at Master Kevin's eyes filled with regret and anger, I didn't say anything in the end and nodded in agreement.

Selma Payne's POV:

The children learned to speak very quickly, and it didn't take long for the wolf cub and little Sunflower to be able to sing a few children's songs skillfully. Thus, the palace was suddenly filled with the tender voice of children.

Naiad's condition had also stabilized. Unlike her brother, she had not experienced the long process of ascendance. She was like a piece of clay in a child's hand, just like her true form. As time passed, her appearance changed.

So, one morning in early November, Craig officially announced, "Naiad's physiological condition has entered a stable period. A two-year-old, healthy werewolf girl."

The two-year-old Naiad was sitting on the soft white bed, reviewing her medical report. This child's mental maturity was much older than her older brothers'. Ten days felt like more than ten years. She had the appearance of a little girl, but at the same time, she had the heart of an adult.

"You know I'm different, Mother," the little adult said in all seriousness. "I'll have a day of maturity sooner or later. Or rather, I should have had this day long ago. My current appearance is also for convenience's sake. Otherwise, how can you explain that you, a twenty-five-year-old, have a daughter only a few years younger than you? You can't possibly adopt me under the name of your maternal grandparents and make me your sister!"

... This child could make people speechless at times.

New Flow had the power to contain everything, like water, so why did she have such a rigid personality after gaining the human heart?

But no matter what, Naiad's health was my greatest fortune.

After Naiad's examination results came out, Master Kevin packed his luggage and left the Lycan pack that night. He was so anxious and nervous that he could not even bring himself to say the words I had advised him to say. How long had Master Kevin waited, how many presumptions had he thought of, and how many preparations had he made?

As Naiad had not been made public like the wolf cub and the semi-public Sunflower, not many people in the palace knew of the child's existence. Most of the time, we still called her 'Thumbelina' and rarely called her by her real name.

Naiad had a different opinion about her name. She didn't care about the nickname 'Thumbelina', but she didn't like the name 'Naiad'.

“This name is too directional, Mother. Your daughter has the same name as your special power. Is it as simple as a young child inheriting the name of an elder? The people might not have any opinions and even felt that the royal family’s naming method was fashionable. However, in some people’s eyes, the situation was completely different. They would guess, spy, and spare no effort to prove their guesses were correct. What do you think would happen if they were even to touch a little of my secret?”

What would happen? Once some people knew that illusory power could also become a person in the human world, wouldn’t those ambitious people spare no effort to replicate this special situation in their homes?

By then, perhaps even the cruelty of illegal human experiments could not sum up the tragedies that had happened and were about to happen.

“Okay, you’re right. I decided to respect the child’s first decision from the moment she was born. Do you have any good suggestions for your name?” I asked.

‘Thumbelina’ seemed to have already prepared a script, so she immediately suggested, “What do you think of the name ‘Cynthia’? It is clear and pleasing to the ears but doesn’t seem too out of place. It also has a kind of classical rhythmic beauty. According to some legends, ‘Cynthia’ was once the name of the Moon Goddess incarnated in the human world. It fits my identity as a Moon Goddess believer. I know you were a god for a minute, but who can say that the new moon is not the moon? I think it’s a good name.”

I looked at the opera album beside her and asked, “And this name once topped the ‘Best Actress of the Century’ list of operas, right? I think ‘the Beauty of the Night’ is a great drama. Even after centuries, the female lead’s elegance is still fascinating.”

Naiad’s face suddenly turned red like an apple.

She pretended not to understand what I was saying and asked calmly, “So what do you think? How’s ‘Cynthia’?”

I smiled and stopped teasing her. “It’s nice. The meaning is great too. Most importantly, you like it.”

“From today onward, please get Kara, Grandma, Grandpa, and Aunt Dorothy to call me ‘Cynthia’.” The little girl pouted a little. “Although ‘Thumbelina’ also sounds very good, it sounded too childish.”

“I wanted to say, ‘you’re just a child’, but considering my daughter’s heart matured early, I wisely swallowed my words.

When I thought this happy mother-daughter conversation was about to end, Cynthia silently set off a bomb for me.

506 Recipe

Selma Payne's POV:

"I know how to save Adric – Father's life," the little girl said calmly.

At that moment, I accidentally knocked over the cup of red tea in my hand. I didn't even have time to explain anything to Kara, who was looking at the situation. I anxiously asked Cynthia, "Really? How do you know how?"

Then, I realized this was not how I should treat a child. I tried my best to calm down.

"Although you may not be able to feel it, I witnessed everything through your eyes when I was still a mass of chaotic energy. That bottle of evil wine was disgusting, wasn't it? However, it is not impossible to resolve. The evil power entangled Father's soul and body, merging into one like salt and water. It thought that it could do it flawlessly, but it was wrong. People can't solve it because they don't know how to separate the salt from the water without hurting it, but this just happens to be my specialty.

"You can temporarily think of me as a reducing agent, Mother. I will be injected into the water to react with the salt, forming crystals at the bottom of the water. Pick that up with a tweezer, so it doesn't have to be boiled and evaporated to clear everything. Although some losses will inevitably occur, it's negligible, not even one in a million.

"You've tried to use New Flow to remove the impurities in Father's body, but you failed. You're in the right direction. The only obstacle is that you're not me. No matter how thoroughly New Flow has fused with you, an insignificant barrier still has not disappeared. And this small obstacle is enough to cause the reduction agent to deteriorate and cause everything to fail.

"But do you still remember? I'm not 'me'. The current me is just mimicry. My essence is still that mass of void and chaotic energy. I can temporarily abandon the simulated body and infiltrate Father's body and soul invisibly without any obstruction. Then, I can perform my essential job – devouring. Like how white blood cells devour bacteria, all negative factors will be eliminated."

Cynthia had been calmly explaining everything. Whether it involved herself or the 'reducing agent' or the theory on the essence of chaos, it was as if it was someone else's story that wasn't worth mentioning.

However, I could sense that this child was hiding something. Everything sounded so perfect, but wouldn't it cause her harm?

Cynthia seemed to have seen through my doubts. Before I could speak, she said, "Of course, it will impact me, but it's really small and not irreversible. As long as you continue to devour other energies in the future, there will be an unending stream of

nutrients flowing into me from you. It's like a person who ate too much and had a mild stomach ulcer. As long as there are enough nutrients and medicine, he will get better."

That was right, that was it! Everything was so perfect. As long as I nod and agree, Aldrich's crisis would be resolved, and my daughter wouldn't be harmed. Everything would develop toward a perfect ending.

But was that possible?

I fell into a dilemma again.

Could I push my daughter to a possible death to save my husband?

I unconsciously fell into deep thought. Cynthia didn't disturb me, allowing me to think silently.

After a while, it was Kara who broke the silence.

"I don't mean to disturb your family time, but..." She pointed to the tea stains on my body, the dirty carpet, and the pillow. "If I don't send them to the laundry room before the tea stains dry up, the cleaning servant will blame me behind my back. The tea stains on the carpet are always difficult to clean."

I watched in a daze as Kara cleaned up the mess and left with my soiled clothes, the carpet, and the pillow.

At this moment, Cynthia finally spoke, "What are you so conflicted about? Mother, the best answer is right in front of you."

"I don't know. Maybe I can't and shouldn't push you out to solve the problem," I said. "No mother will let her child face the danger on her behalf, not to mention that you're just a newborn, and there are occasional unstable internal forces. If something were to happen, then you and Aldrich... Just if... If it does, I can't accept that."

Cynthia looked at me quietly before suddenly asking, "When did you become so indecisive, Mother?"

I looked at her in confusion.

"You've been a kind person since the beginning. This is very good. Like what Grandfather said, this gives you the potential to become a benevolent ruler.

"But excessive kindness is called cowardice, Mother. Perhaps it started back in the Elven Capital City? The lives lost at the city gate have given you too much pressure and shock, so much so that you have turned everyone within your sight into a scapegoat, causing these unnecessary responsibilities to wear down your will?"

Selma Payne's POV:

Being lectured by a child who looked only two years old was a rather comical scene. However, I couldn't smile because I knew Cynthia was right.

I'd become weak, and I'd become more indecisive as time went by.

Cynthia calmly looked at me. Her almond-shaped eyes didn't carry any of the innocence of a child. Instead, she was so rational that even I found it hard to look at her directly.

She said, "I understand your concern for me, but Mother, the probability of this happening is even lower than if I were to buy a lottery ticket and win the first prize. To prevent that one in ten thousand chance of an accident, will you give up the remaining nine thousand nine hundred and ninety percent chance of survival?"

"To be honest, Father – General Aldrich is just a stranger to me without any blood relations. All my love and worry for him comes from you. Your influence on me is already so deeply rooted. As for yourself, how deep must your ardent longing for Father be? At the last moment, you retracted yourself into your turtle shell. Are you afraid of failure? Or are you already used to the current situation and would rather guard a breathing dead person for the one in ten thousand chance of an accident than gamble on a good outcome with a large possibility of success?"

"That's why I think you've changed, Mother. You were so decisive and brave when you fought against Azazel. Perhaps because you've taken too many lives, this has become your nightmare at night, constantly eating away at your willpower. But are you going to be defeated by them like this? Step back bit by bit, slowly forget your original decisive self, let the ghosts expand in your world without limit, and let yourself be buried with them in the future?"

Unknowingly, my face was already covered in tears.

How could I not know that Cynthia was right? I once thought I could return to my powerful self after I fused with Madeline, but I was wrong. The power only made my armor stronger, but my heart was still as fragile as a piece of tofu. It trembled and shivered under the protection of the layers of armor. No one needed to hurt it before it slowly cracked and shattered into a pile of sticky debris.

I knew this wasn't right, just like how people with mental illness know they were sick. However, no medicine could cure me. No medicine could drive away the vengeful spirit in my heart.

Their deaths weren't my fault. I understood this, but I couldn't get rid of this darkness. I was like a rabbit in a swamp, struggling on my deathbed, only to sink deeper and deeper.

Such a gentle and melodramatic mentality made me sick, so I hated myself even more, making my obsession deeper and deeper.

I tried to correct myself. I drowned myself with endless work, diverted my attention by fighting against the Evaria Family, and healed my heart that was riddled with holes with the innocent smiles of children.

However, there would still be a silent midnight when I couldn't find any driftwood to climb on. I would drift alone and fearfully in the vast ocean of my dreams, watching as the water drowned frightened faces.

Then, the furious undead congealed into a thick rope and wrapped itself around my body, making me unable to move at all. It then dragged me into the cold, dark abyss.

This was something that had never happened before. This was just my fantasy.

This was my lingering fear, something that could have happened in another timeline. It passed through the barriers of time and space, punishing me by making me pay the price for me in another time and space.

I'd asked for help, but neither my parents nor Miss Marcy could help me. I couldn't collapse just like that, so I forced a smile and did everything possible to pretend I had completely walked out of it.

But only I knew I was gradually rotting, like a weed soaked in flood.

I thought that I could continue living like this, but Cynthia came. She was the creation of my flesh and power. She was connected to my heart. She knew everything about me, just like how I knew her.

I had nowhere to hide in front of her.

I suddenly wanted to escape from Cynthia. Why did she expose everything? My pretense and false peace crumbled at this moment.

I couldn't run away anymore. I couldn't pretend to be the little girl who jumped into the river to commit suicide. I no longer had that right. Whether I wanted to or not, countless factors pushed me forward. Whether I wanted to or not, there were some things I must do.

"I pretended that everything was fine, everything... Whether it was my heart that was riddled with holes or Aldrich's life that was so close to the edge of the cliff.

"I..."

I wanted to say something, but I couldn't.

Defend?

Escape?

Now that things had come to this, what choice did I have left?

I didn't want to think about it. This highlighted a fact: I had undoubtedly become weak, and I even tried to numb myself by avoiding the truth.

I had no other choice.

"... Alright, alright, this moment would come anyway. I know..."

I mumbled to myself. After a long while, I met Cynthia's silent gaze.

Selma Payne's POV:

"You're right, child. You should go to the Spring Rain Pack to save your father's life.

"As for me, I also have things I should do. Since I have no choice but to push my daughter to the edge, let me, this incompetent mother, accompany you. I will go to the Spring Rain Pack with you and witness the end of this mess. If anything happens during this time, I will be your protective umbrella. I'll do my best to ensure your safety at all costs.

"Compared to self-deception and escape, if you don't want a tragedy to happen, then you should be the right choice to become a protective umbrella, right?"

Cynthia laughed and nodded enthusiastically.

This little brat.

In her protest, I ruffled her hair that Kara had carefully combed into a bow.

She lowered her head. Under cover of her hair, a tear at the corner of her eye silently evaporated into the air.

'It's not the time to escape, Selma.

'Remember your responsibility and feel your emotions. Even if the nightmarish night never stops, even if the dead souls can no longer be resurrected, life still has to go on, and there are lots of happiness and challenges waiting for you in the future. Wouldn't it be a waste to just stay in the same place and not look at the scenery in the future?'

Fortunately, there weren't many official duties recently, and there weren't any spies eager to drag our family down from the throne. It could be said that I was given a relatively peaceful 'vacation', which gave me the time to go on another patrol.

I had originally thought this trip would be kept a secret, but my father felt that the royal family's prestige was in a delicate vacuum. After judging the Evaria Family's evil deeds, our family's prestige among the people naturally returned to its peak. However, at the same time, the other crimes that were involved in this series of farces could not be underestimated.

Those high-ranking officials and wealthy merchants who committed many evil deeds were more or less related to the government. As the leader of the government, even if the royal family was unaware of this, it didn't affect the people's guesses about our abilities and morals. Monitoring was the royal family's responsibility. So many atrocious and brutal tragedies had happened under our noses. This was our dereliction of duty.

These shocking cases silently eroded the foundation the Oromalivira Family had accumulated for many years. However, it was still insignificant, a dam of a thousand tons could collapse at the hands of an ant nest.

Therefore, in addition to quickly solving these chronic diseases, it was also necessary to appropriately show the achievements of the royal family to the people. Perhaps you would think this was a case of a farmer selling melons at the market, but the truth was that one had to shout in this noisy world. A mute who did things silently would not be respected and liked by others.

As the best example of innovation, what could be more inspiring than the success of the Spring Rain Pack? The werewolves still followed the system set in ancient times. In some places, this worked, but in other places, it became a shackle on the people.

The tide of anticipation for reform had long been surging among the people. Even the royal family had to obey the public's will in order to survive the tide of the times.

As a result, the news of 'Princess Madeline's upcoming Spring Rain Pack tour' quickly overtook major media outlets' headlines the next day.

The preparations were done very quickly. Cynthia and I didn't want to waste any more time. Dorothy was still a little dazed when she was packing her luggage. Yesterday, she heard me say that I wanted to take the children on an outing, and today she suddenly had to go on a business trip. The change from a good mother to a workaholic was too sudden.

Her expression immediately softened when she knew this trip would send us back to reunite as husband and wife.

“You had no idea, but the entire palace is waiting for this moment.” She hugged me and said softly, “We all hope you will be happy forever, Selma. I wish you success in everything. Let me tell you a secret. This is what I ‘saw’.”

Dorothy rarely used the power of the Eye of Insight anymore. She believed that there was a price to pay for peeking into fate. All insight had a corresponding price. Sometimes, knowing too much would not help the future and would instead cause more trouble.

She had used the Eye of Insight several times, and even though she knew the future, she always received malicious feedback from fate. This caused her to become cautious, just like me.

She had once said, “Perhaps I shouldn’t have peeked into young Sunflower’s future – can death be avoided just by knowing it? Or is it because we know the future that death will befall us?”

This was an unsolvable paradox. Dorothy could not solve it, and no one could.

Now, she was focused on the study of herbs and witchcraft. I believed her ability was no less than Adele’s.

However, she was a peace-loving person. She was more interested in history and runes than those destructive spells. The werewolf grandmasters all liked a student who was eager to learn. This allowed her to mingle in the Sorcery Research Association like a fish in water. She was so happy that she even forgot about home.

She had so much fun that she forgot about her home – this was a nice escape.

Benson Walton’s POV:

Goddess, I suddenly have a new partner.

It was a thin and gloomy man of medium build. He looked weak and fragile, like a middle school teacher with nowhere to go after work. Kevin Mark, an ordinary man, from his first name to his last name, was sent by the higher-ups to investigate with me.

I knew who he was. He was Princess Madeline’s confidant, the werewolf grandmaster of the Sorcery Research Association, and Layla’s fiancé, a poor widower.

I knew this poor pair of lovebirds didn’t have time to get married, but when Kevin introduced himself as ‘Layla’s lover’, I respected the black veil he put on himself.

Kevin was a complete intellectual. His heart was filled with grief and hatred, but he knew nothing about our upcoming work, so he listened to me most of the time. This made it convenient for me to arrange my work.

The murderer hid very well behind the scenes, but that didn't mean there were no traces. This proud mind controller thought erasing memories would make all evidence disappear without a trace. After our relentless investigation, a few clues finally surfaced.

While tracking Julie's past, we found a very old ticket record book at a private long-distance bus station. The record showed that it was an account book of an unlicensed car company more than thirty years ago. Julie had bought a long-distance bus ticket from this unlicensed car company when she was twenty-three years old, and the destination was the Lycan pack.

Coincidentally, after questioning Julie's relatives, they remembered that Julie had suddenly left home at the age of twenty-three and said she would work in another city and had disappeared for several years.

After that, they had no impression of Julie at all. When they thought of her again, she had already gone crazy. Back then, Layla had already 'committed suicide', and the manor had been abandoned.

Julie had once been to the Lycan pack, and perhaps this trip had left some psychological trauma in her, so she never dared to set foot there again.

Let us start investigating this unlicensed car company. The profit of the unlicensed car company was not good, often only making about ten orders a month. Although the unit price was high enough to make people want to call the police, it was still not enough to make ends meet. After only two years of operation, it was acquired by the current private long-distance bus station.

Finding the dusty account books in the warehouse wasn't difficult, but we couldn't find any more clues about Julie. She only bought a one-way ticket, and there was no return record.

Julie took the black car because she didn't have any identification. After she dropped out of school, she was tricked into being a stripper in an underground bar, and all her documents were confiscated. Her relatives also thought she was embarrassing and were unwilling to vouch for her to get a new identity.

This meant that even if she were in the Lycan pack, she could only work illegally. She would have to take an illegal car if she wanted to return. In general, the 'customer retainment' of unlicensed taxi companies was not low because the 'professional ethics' of unlicensed drivers were often not credible, and many passengers were also wanted, so looking for acquaintances often increased security.

In this case, Julie's return trip was not recorded in the account book. So, either Julie was bold enough to find a new snakehead in the unfamiliar Lycan pack, or she did not return to the Golden Bell Pack in any way.

It was more difficult to investigate the former, as the underground forces would not be as honest as the documents in the Traffic Bureau's archive room. However, I'd rather it be a more troublesome situation because it meant that this incident had nothing to do with the Lycan pack.

If it was the latter, then it was great. In a city where a billboard could crush seven rich businessmen, five senior executives, and three aristocrats to death, any force's participation would increase the investigation difficulty tenfold. Compared to some powerful figures, the leaders of the underground forces were not even a dish.

But what was that saying again? Fortune never came in pairs, but misfortune never came alone.

Kevin found a faint trace of magic residue on the floor of a nanny's room in the manor, no different from the air. He examined it and concluded that this residue was left over twenty years ago and did not belong to any sorcery known to the werewolf pack.

"Compared to magic power, this is more like a new form of power. Although it has a very similar structure to magic power, I'm sure they are two completely different forces."

Kevin used a small glass bottle to store the rotten floor fragment. I didn't know what kind of spell he cast on it, but even I, a mortal with the naked eye, could see a layer of faint fluorescent spots on the wood.

It looked like some kind of water stain.

What kind of water stain would not evaporate after decades? This was enough to explain how strange it was.

Moreover, the period of twenty years was very ambiguous, and it involved Layla's death.

"We've found his tail," Kevin said, his eyes flashing with excitement and stubborn hatred.

510 Remnant Soul

Benson Walton's POV:

Kevin had 'examined' Julie's body, and what he had examined was Julie's remaining soul. Even her soul was incomplete, which made her unable to find the way to the Moon Palace's courtyard. Even the messenger who guided the soul seemed to have forgotten her. She could only wander around the grave like a homeless ghost.

Kevin realized that some kind of power had long corroded her soul. Furthermore, unlike the normal state of the soul, which could repair itself, there was no trace of repair. He found a strange power in Julie's soul, which was exactly what we found today.

With all the factors mixed, a conclusion was already obvious.

More than twenty years ago, perhaps before Layla's death, the murderer used a strange power to control Julie, the servant of the manor. This caused Julie's soul to be damaged, and she became a lunatic.

Who would be so free as to lay their hands on an ordinary servant?

The alarm in my heart was frantically reminding me: it was this person. Whoever controlled Julie was most likely to be the murderer who killed Layla.

However, I was woken up by a basin of cold water.

Kevin brought me some fresh information. From him, I learned that a person was suspected of having mind control abilities in the Evaria Family.

The situation that I least wanted to happen had happened. Once it was related to any of the abilities of the Lycan pack, the whole thing would only become more and more confusing.

Even though the Evaria Family was now in a state of collapse, their past power and influence had truly existed. The family would not easily confess what he had done to protect themselves. Those who had helped them before would also keep their mouths shut. The umbrella was already too busy to take care of himself. Once he admitted it, no one could get them out.

If the criminals were really from the Evaria Family, their motives were not difficult to guess.

As a once-well-known ambitious man, there were many different opinions on what role the Evaria Family had played in the attack on the palace. Unsurprisingly, they wanted to eliminate a loyal officer with great power who could not be recruited. Moreover, by doing so, they could find a scapegoat for the whole incident and end the influence and suspicion brought by the attack on the palace as soon as possible.

Things seemed to have reached a stalemate again, but Kevin suddenly said he would take Julie's remnant soul back to the Lycan pack.

"Do you know that the soul can repair itself? There is a limit to the power of the soul. Once this limit is broken, the soul would activate its self-recovery mechanism and absorb all the power it could absorb to repair itself. This power may come from

witchcraft, sacrifice, worship, or even doing nothing. It's fine because any living creature is a part of nature and can absorb the power of nature.

"And if a soul is visibly damaged but has no tendency to repair itself, there are only two possibilities: First, the thing eroding the soul is active and constantly devouring it. The soul's expenditure was balanced, and it seemed to be still. The second is that the soul is not incomplete at all – it is just split up and carried to different places by the wind like the petals of a flower. Too far a distance will make it impossible for the soul fragments to gather and merge, but the soul is not generally missing, so it did not trigger self-healing.

"It's very difficult to control a person's mind, even if born with this power. This is because you have to consider the resistance of the controlled. Even a lamb would struggle before being slaughtered. Julie's soul couldn't have split into two for no reason. Her resistance likely caused it.

"You're saying that because Julie resisted, the murderer had no choice but to increase the strength of his control over her. But Julie was just an ordinary person, and her spiritual world couldn't bear it, so her soul was torn apart?"

"Yes, I do think so."

Kevin stared at the traces on the floor fragments and suddenly said, "Don't you think this looks like a tear stain?"

"What?"

"The water stain on the floor is round, and there are traces of splattering around. Most importantly, there are still remnants of special power. This is very similar to a person's tear falling on the ground, isn't it? Of course, it could also be saliva or something else, but I don't think the murderer is a French bulldog that can't shut its mouth."

The topic changed very quickly, but Kevin pulled the topic back at an even faster speed.

"In short, the other half of Julie's soul must still exist in some corner of this world, and its track of activity is extremely limited. The soul couldn't be too far from where it died unless someone took it away. So, either it's still in the Golden Bell Pack, or it was taken away by the murderer."

We immediately searched the Golden Bell Pack with Julie's remnant soul but found nothing.

There was only one possibility left.

Although I couldn't be sure that the murderer was the suspicious person from the Evaria Family, this special power was usually passed on by blood, so getting rid of the relationship with the Evaria Family was impossible.

I looked toward the Lycan pack and suddenly felt a wave of fatigue wash over me. Could I really settle this grudge that had been going on for decades so easily?

511 The Treatment

Selma Payne's POV:

After a long time, I came to the Spring Rain Pack again. This time, it gave me an even more obvious sense of novelty. The Spring Rain Pack was rapidly developing like bamboo shoots after the rain. No one would have thought that a few years ago, this place was just a small town about to disappear in the long river of history.

Seeing me again, Jordin seemed very excited. She had become increasingly mature at work and had a watertight appearance in front of everyone. Only when she saw her old friends like us she'd temporarily turn back into that innocent noble little girl.

When I asked Emma about it, she helplessly replied, "To be honest, even I haven't seen Emma often. This little brat could finally let herself go. She is no longer the girl who stays home and does not leave the house. Instead, she is running everywhere in the Spring Rain Pack. Today, she went to collect the wind. Tomorrow, she would go to do volunteer work. Occasionally, she would go to the surrounding packs. Last week, she went to the Silver Moon Pack and contacted me occasionally, but she didn't say when she would be back."

Hearing this, I felt even more at ease. It would be good if I could go crazy and have fun. Seeing the vast world would be much more beneficial in resolving the knot in Emma's heart. If she were to stay at home all day, there would be problems.

As for Cynthia, Jordin quickly accepted that I suddenly had a daughter. "After going through so much, I don't think I'll be surprised by anything that happens to you now," she said.

The secret ward was still the same, clean, pale, and dark.

Tracy and Master Hayley were silently making pre-operation preparations for this strange 'operation'. Sophisticated medical first-aid equipment and ancient sorcery tools were placed together, giving off an absurd feeling of time and space being torn apart. After a while, Tracy called me, "Your Highness, the disinfection is done."

With the help of the nurses, I sanitized every part of my body. The nurses were extremely careful with Cynthia, who appeared to be only two years old. However, she didn't seem to care much about her.

“Mimicry is just a type of illusion. Although it can be seen and touched, the reaction to external stimuli is only the mimicry’s simulation function. How could there be hidden viruses and bacteria? I’m not even a lump of air.”

She mumbled to herself but obediently accepted all the preparation work.

‘This is for me. She knows that I’m worried; by doing this, she won’t put another stone on my tight heartstrings.’

Finally, everything was ready to end.

I suddenly felt a little timid when I stood in front of the door. I hoped that everything would go smoothly and succeed as I expected, but I was also afraid that if I failed, I would not be able to bear the final consequences.

“Your Highness?” Master Hayley urged softly.

I took a deep breath. After the nurse pushed the door open, I walked in with trembling hands.

My lover, my Aldrich.

He was lying on the bed with some tubes I recognized or didn’t recognize inserted into his body. He was like a butterfly falling into a spider’s web, unable to struggle or escape.

He had lost a lot of weight. Even with regular massages, his muscles inevitably shrank slightly. A long period of not seeing the light of day had caused him to appear sickly pale, like a blooming cereus under the moonlight, as if a gust of wind would quickly wither him.

I walked to his bed and wanted to touch his cheek, but I couldn’t raise my hand. I greedily listened to his breathing and heartbeat. This was proof that he was still alive.

“Mother,” Cynthia reminded me in a small voice. “It’s time to start.”

I nodded as I finally had the courage to touch Aldrich’s thin face. The cold touch made me shiver, and I quickly retracted my finger.

“... Let’s start.”

Right after I said that Cynthia’s appearance suddenly began to expand slightly. Immediately after, all of the colors on her body rapidly faded away. As she expanded, she gradually transformed into a milky-white, mist-like sphere. Immediately after, the faint milky white color began to fade, and then she disappeared without a sound, like the air that could be seen but not touched.

I realized this was the process of Cynthia's reverse removal of her mimicry. If I were to reverse the sequence, I could imagine how she slowly formed her human form in my stomach.

I couldn't see what happened after that, I could only 'feel' it.

The power in New Flow was gradually drained away. It was as if every time Cynthia corrected a mistake, she had to use the same amount of power to fill in the gaps. It had been long since I'd met an enemy I could 'eat'. Since New Flow was still growling for food, it wouldn't be long before it ran out of 'food' to supply Cynthia. I could only use it to fill up a large number of holes.

Slowly, I felt a little dizzy – not a pathological feeling. Cynthia was gradually fusing with New Flow. This was an inevitable side effect of using New Flow.

However, I had to consciously control New Flow so that it didn't separate friend from foe, which meant that I would inevitably come into contact with Cynthia's consciousness. Everything was tangled together like a ball of yarn. I had to use all my attention to prevent a tragedy from happening.

Gradually, I felt like I was in the clouds, and my consciousness blurred.

Chapter 512 Regaining Consciousness

Selma Payne's POV:

I wasn't worried that my body would suffer any damage. The medical staff had all been sent out of the house, but Tracy and Master Hayley had closely monitored Aldrich and my condition. They would immediately take the emergency measures we discussed earlier if anything went wrong.

However, this feeling of being out of control still made me very uncomfortable. I hoped to be able to see everything and see every detail of this so that I could kill any unexpected factors in the bud.

Thus, my consciousness began to struggle violently. I continuously stimulated myself to return to a completely sober state. However, the pressure on me grew as Cynthia and New Flow's entanglement grew.

Suddenly –

“Good girl, let me help you.”

A gentle female voice rang out, and I felt a sudden, violent, cold wind blow through my spiritual world. It blew the wild grass to the side, causing waves in the ocean, but it also

blew away the fog that was gradually gathering, allowing the light to once again cover every corner of the field.

I suddenly opened my eyes, and only then did I realize that I had almost fallen asleep.

Fortunately, Madeline woke me up. It was strange to say that because she and I were the same person. Otherwise, I would have missed everything that happened.

The instrument that was used to detect Aldrich's vital signs suddenly screamed. I subconsciously looked at Tracy, who was observing outside the window. Her expression was serious as she immediately pushed the door open and walked in.

At the same time, Cynthia told me, "Mother, everything has ended."

"What?"

Before I could react, large amounts of pitch-black, viscous, oil-like blood clots suddenly gushed out of Aldrich's seven orifices. I subconsciously wrapped myself around Tracy and Master Hayley with New Flow's river.

Sure enough, in the next second, the blood clots began to look for its next host as if it had its consciousness. After eliminating both candidates, it finally extended its pitch-black tentacles toward me.

But guess what? I was 'hungry'.

Thus, I unceremoniously swallowed these 'desserts' that had walked right into my trap, even though their taste was even weirder than I had imagined – cold and sticky, with a strong smell of sulfur and rust that was so strong that it made me want to vomit. It was like lava was mixed with blood and more disgusting than all the evil powers I had 'eaten' before.

And just as the blood clots gushed out of Aldrich's body, the wildly ringing instruments gradually returned to silence.

I felt my body stiffen as I waited for the moment of judgment.

White smoke suddenly started to gather before my eyes. They gradually took shape, colored, and then transformed back into my serious yet adorable little daughter.

I looked at her and quickly looked away. I felt like I had returned to my primary school days, waiting uneasily for the teacher to reveal the report card to the public.

Finally, Cynthia's mimicry stabilized.

"Mother," I heard her say clearly. "It's a success."

It was a success.

Success...

Instantly, it was as if the mountains were falling and the seas were crashing. I felt as if the pillar supporting me all this time had collapsed. The pillars were covered in acid and thorns, hanging me above the burning fire. But now, the terrifying fire had been extinguished, and what replaced it was the soft lawn and fragrant flowers.

I fell onto the grass and felt a sense of relief and powerlessness. 'It's over. It's over. There's no need to worry or be anxious.'

I seemed to hear someone exclaiming, but before I could turn around to see who it was, my vision turned black, and I fell.

'Aldrich.

'Aldrich...

'Please wake up.

'I can't wait any longer.

'Please wake up slowly.

'I wish I was the first person you saw when you opened your eyes.'

Drip, drip, drip.

The sound of water droplets falling could be heard. I was woken up from my deep dream. Accompanied by this rhythmic accompaniment, I opened my eyes again.

What I saw was Cynthia's curious smile. Seeing I had woken up, she happily turned around and shouted, "Tracy, Master Hayley! Mother is awake!"

Then, I heard the sound of soft footsteps again. Tracy, Master Hayley, and a few nurses appeared before me.

Only then did I realize I was lying on a hospital bed.

My hazy mind instantly woke up. I abruptly sat up, grabbed Tracy's sleeve, and anxiously asked, "Where's Aldrich? How's Aldrich?"

Tracy staggered after being grabbed by me, but she didn't get angry. Instead, she smiled gently.

“Everything’s fine, Your Highness.” He moved aside and revealed the bed behind him.
“Sir Aldrich’s physical indicators are rapidly recovering. I think he will wake up soon.”

On the hospital bed, Aldrich was still lying silently between the bedding. However, his face had already started to regain its color, and his breathing was more powerful than before.

I looked at all this in a daze and let the medical staff examine me. In the end, I didn’t even notice that they had left quietly.

We had succeeded. We had succeeded.

“What are you looking at?”

Just as I was in a daze, a hoarse voice suddenly sounded in my ear.

I raised my head in disbelief and met with Aldrich’s tired but bright eyes.

“It’s been a long time since we last met. Aren’t you going to hug me, my dear?”