

# Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

## Chapter 71 The Confession

Selma Payne's POV:

Aldrich was flustered. He hugged me in a hurry and said incoherently, "Then let's not keep it a secret anymore. Let's go public immediately and announce our relationship, okay? Don't worry. I'll accept all the blame from the King and the Queen. I won't leave you alone, and I won't give up on you!"

"Not this one!" Now it was my turn to be a child, crying unyieldingly, but I couldn't speak clearly!

"What's that?" He pulled out a tissue and gently wiped my face. "It's okay. Cry it out and vent your emotions. We'll talk about it when you want to."

So I cried in his arms.

When I calmed down, I wanted to find a hole to hide in. I came to apologize to Aldrich, but why was he the one who coaxed me in the end? I was crying like a baby!

Maxine was silent the entire time, and now she came out and said in disdain, "I understand now. With your boring personality, you'd be waiting to die alone if you didn't meet a boyfriend like Aldrich who is willing to put down his ego and play straight shots."

"But I just had to meet Aldrich, didn't I?" I sniffed and retorted.

"Evil!" Maxine pretended to vomit. "Listen to yourself. It's more pretentious than a nursery rhyme. Don't cry. Come on now! Tell Aldrich."

I didn't say a word. Finally, Maxine asked in disbelief, "You've already come to this point. What are you still persisting for?"

"This is not something I can decide on my own!" I tidied my hair in frustration. "I'm a princess, not a delicate flower with no responsibility like in 'Roman Holiday'. My every move is related to the pack's fate and the werewolves! I don't have the right to decide whether to reveal my identity. I need my parents' approval!"

"But didn't you hide your identity to guard against bad people?" Maxine did not understand. "Is Aldrich a bad person? He loves you, and you love him. He's a good person, and you're not bad either. So what's there to guard against between the two of you?"

“You don’t understand what I mean.” I didn’t know how to explain the complexity of politics to a little wolf cub born less than a day ago. “This is not my personal choice. It has nothing to do with my feelings or our nature. This is a purely political problem! My identity isn’t just my identity, it also has political implications, so I have to be on guard against everyone, regardless of whether they’re good or bad.”

“Alright, you always have so many excuses. I can’t beat you in an argument. However, you have just told Aldrich you have a secret you are hiding from him. If he asks, what will you say?”

Yes, how should I put it?

Perhaps I didn’t have to say anything.

Aldrich was a person who respected me unconditionally. Even if I put the secret before him, he wouldn’t go back to investigate a word if I didn’t turn to the first page.

This made me proud and satisfied, but it also made me feel pain and guilt.

I’d always been determined to come clean with Aldrich, but I always found various reasons to escape at the last minute.

I hoped this would be the last time. But no, this must be the last time.

We’d be honest with my parents, and with their permission, I didn’t have to think about politics, emotions, escape, and quarrels. I only needed to show the real me before Aldrich.

The first person was Duke Frank.

He was sitting in the living room, reading the newspaper and drinking coffee as if he knew we were coming to find him.

“Good morning, Miss Selma. I hope this little brat didn’t make you sad,” Duke Frank said kindly.

I subconsciously rubbed my eyes to hide my reddened eyes. I smiled and returned the greeting. “Hello, Your Lordship.”

Aldrich and I sat on the sofa opposite Duke Frank. Neither of us spoke first. The Duke was still drinking his coffee but no longer reading the newspaper. Instead, he turned his attention to us as if he was trying to figure something out.

“You guys have something to tell me.” Then, not long after, he suddenly said with certainty, “So say it boldly. What are you hesitating for?”

Faced with the suddenly serious Duke Frank, Aldrich and I subconsciously sat up straight.

Then, just as I was about to speak, Aldrich suddenly said, "Father, Selma and I are together now. We love each other and will never be apart."

"Wait a minute!" I choked on my saliva, surprised by his recklessness.

That was too straightforward! Couldn't he, at least, lay the foundations first?

Duke Frank was expressionless and said, "Oh? Is that so?"

He looked at me, and I knew he had no reason to be dissatisfied with me, but I still felt myself getting even more nervous.

"Yes, my Lord. Your son and I are very serious about getting along with each other for marriage."

After that, Aldrich suddenly looked at me in surprise.

Only then did I realize what stupid words I had said. Here I was, saying that Aldrich was reckless when I mentioned 'marriage'!

72 Busted

Selma Payne's POV:

"I didn't! I didn't!" I spoke incoherently and wanted to make up for it, but the more I explained, the worse it got, so I could only shut up obediently.

Maxie appeared again. "Ha! Even junior high school girls are not that stupid! Silly girl, Selma! Hahaha!"

I didn't have the time to pay attention to her because Duke Frank was also surprised. He looked like he was about to crush the coffee cup.

"My Lord, I..." I didn't know what to say, so I looked at Aldrich for help. The latter looked like he wanted to persuade his father to calm down, but before he could say a word, the Duke's excited laughter interrupted him.

"That's great!" The Duke laughed as he said, "Thank you, Miss Selma. The rest of my silly son's life is finally settled. I wonder when I can meet your parents? Have you discussed the wedding date? Where will the wedding be held?"

"W-what?"

“Wait! Father!” Aldrich hurriedly stopped his father. “We are not at that point yet! Don’t talk about this! You’re too rude!”

The Duke calmed down a little, but he still looked very happy. Finally, he said, “I’m sorry, I lost my composure. I was just too happy. You have no idea how worried I was that my son, whose head is filled with career, would die alone, Miss Selma. If that were the case, I wouldn’t be able to meet his mother, would I?”

I laughed awkwardly and looked at Aldrich, feeling a little shy.

Getting married...

It sounded so far away. Would I get there with Aldrich? I was suddenly a little uncertain.

Perhaps he could feel my emotions. Aldrich held my hand and whispered, “Don’t worry, I’m here.”

Yes, he would always be here.

I felt at ease.

Duke Frank chatted with us for a while. The way he looked at me had changed. If it was an appreciation for an outstanding junior in the past, it was now mixed with undisguised love.

They were really father and son.

I thought.

Their feelings for each other were so strong and passionate.

After Duke Frank, it was my parents’ turn. In Aldrich’s eyes, they were my uncle and aunt.

“You know that this is a tough battle, right?” I said.

Aldrich nodded so seriously that it made people feel he was going to the battlefield.

However, in less than three seconds, he broke down. He leaned on my shoulder and whispered, “The Lycan King will take away my title and get the guards to throw me out. The Queen will get people to throw me out of the Lycan Pack and tell all the packs not to take me in. I’ll become a sad rogue.”

“I won’t let that happen!” I pretended to be angry and ruffled his hair as if I were petting a dog. “The Lycan King and Her Majesty the Queen are both good people. They won’t do that to you. At most, they’ll order the guards to beat you up.”

He let out a strange cry and started to mess with me.

“Alright, I’ll stop joking.” I panted as I straightened my hair. “Are you nervous? To be honest, I’m a little nervous.”

I couldn’t imagine what my parents’ expressions would be like. Although they weren’t old-fashioned people, Aldrich was in charge of training me, so he was my teacher, right? A teacher-student relationship? This did not sound good.

“Do you want to tell me the truth?” Aldrich shrugged. “I’m not going to waste time, okay? Actually, a little. I’ve kidnapped their niece without them knowing. Moreover, we can barely be considered a teacher-student relationship. I can’t imagine how the King would look at me.”

“But I won’t be afraid with you by my side.” He held my hand. “You are the source of all my courage. With you around, I am the most invincible warrior in the world.”

“Even if it’s the spear of the palace guards?” I teased.

Aldrich pretended to be stabbed, grimacing in pain, and then said in an uncaring tone, “It’s a little painful, but it’s nothing. After all, you’re here.”

The atmosphere was so good that we unknowingly hugged and kissed each other, so much so that we forgot where we were.

This was the living room of the King’s suite, so it was not strange for the King and Queen to be here, right?

“What are you guys doing?”

My mother screamed in disbelief. Aldrich and I immediately separated. First, we met my parents’ shocked gazes, and then after looking at each other for a second, we squeezed to the two sides of the sofa as if we were running away.

“Argh! Greetings, Your Highness.”

Aldrich hurriedly saluted. I dared say that this was the most unqualified bow he had ever made.

“Good day, Sir Aldrich.” My father’s voice was as cold as ice. I shivered. “If I may be so presumptuous as to ask, what were you and Selma doing in my living room?”

In case my father really ordered the guards to drive Aldrich out, I quickly stood up and confessed to them, “Father, Mother, Aldrich and I are currently dating. We came to see you today to tell you this.”

As soon as I finished speaking, three voices spoke at the same time.

“What are you saying, Selma?”

“Moon Goddess, am I still sleeping?”

“Father? Mother?”

I looked at the three shocked faces and didn't know what to do.

### 73 An Oath Under The Moon

Selma Payne's POV:

“Moon Goddess, please summon me away.”

I sat on the sofa with Aldrich, opposite my serious parents. Although it seemed like we were divided into two distinct camps, Aldrich also gave off an ominous aura.

This was purely a tri-party trial for me!

“We have to talk,” my father said. “Let's have a sincere and honest talk.”

I looked at them. “It's what you see. I'm in a relationship with Aldrich. Father, Mother. We're both very serious. We're not just fooling around.”

Since I'd already been exposed, I decided not to hide it from anyone and openly addressed my parents.

Aldrich looked a little angry at me but said respectfully, “Just as Selma said, we will be with each other seriously.”

My mother didn't seem to find it so unacceptable, but her gaze showed she was a little picky. “Serious in what way? Kissing in the living room of the Lycan King in broad daylight? With all due respect, I've always thought that you were a gentleman who abides by etiquette, so I was at ease to leave my niece... My daughter in your care. However, you've disappointed me too much, Sir Aldrich.”

“Don't say that about him, Mother,” I defended my lover. “Don't make it sound like he seduced me. In fact, I was the one who took the initiative in the first place. I was the first to fall in love, the first kiss, and I was the one who pulled Aldrich into this relationship.”

My mother cried out in shock and looked like she was about to faint. My father held her; his broad palm seemed to be transferring energy to my mother so that she would not faint from her daughter's nonsense.

I wanted to say something, but Aldrich suddenly took my hand and gave me a comforting look. Then, he said to my parents, "Please forgive me, Your Highness. My relationship with Selma does not seem to align with the world's view of perfect love. We're not fated mates. There's a big age difference, and we have a teacher-student relationship.

"No matter how you look at it, we aren't a match made in heaven.

"But... Everything just happened. Even without the Moon Goddess' will, we are like two butterfly wings. We couldn't help but fit together. It was hard to separate, and we don't want to separate."

He looked straight into my father's eyes. Yet, in front of this majestic king, he did not flinch at all.

"I love Selma, and I will always love her. I once swore an oath under the witness of the moon. If my feelings for Selma were to waver even a little, I would ask Moon Goddess to immediately take my life and put me on eternal night's trial."

"An oath under the moon?"

I was shocked. Aldrich never told me about this!

The 'oath under the moon' was the most solid, sincere, and unrepentant oath of the werewolves. It was equivalent to making an oath in front of the Moon Goddess and receiving the protection and support of the Moon Goddess. On the other hand, breaking the oath would be equivalent to cheating the Moon Goddess. The one who broke the oath would be punished by the Moon Goddess and would be rejected by the werewolves forever.

My parents were stunned by this 'resolute' oath and were momentarily speechless.

"I don't know what to use to show my sincerity." Aldrich lowered his head in shame like a child who had done something wrong. "I think, only by letting the omniscient and omnipotent eternal moon monitor me, I am willing to use my entire life to show Selma and Your Highnesses my eternal love for Selma."

"But you never told me..." I mumbled.

"Even lovers have to keep some small secrets, don't they?" He winked at me playfully. "At least you know now."

What kind of 'little secret' was this?

It was not that I didn't trust his feelings for me, but I was thinking from my point of view. If Aldrich lost confidence in me one day and wanted to give up on this relationship, I

thought I would let go. This was because feelings were not a one-person show, and conflicts were not one-sided, right?

Time would prove everything.

But Aldrich doing this was equivalent to being unable to separate himself from our relationship forever.

Even if he showed any weakness, the oath's power would give him a painful punishment.

Did he not trust himself that much?

Did he trust me that much?

"You shouldn't have done this." I had completely forgotten that my parents were there. I shook Aldrich, hoping that he would wake up. "Do you understand the power of the oath under the moon? You're shackling yourself with chains that you can never escape."

Aldrich held my hand and kissed it gently. He said, "Before I made the first promise, I had already fully understood what the oath under the moon was about. I don't care how many chains I'm shackled with. For you, I'm willing to do anything."

74 Heartbreaking

Selma Payne's POV:

As we looked at each other, my mother cleared her throat awkwardly. "Ahem, we're still here."

Aldrich and I let go of our hands as if we had been electrocuted; our faces were pink like peaches.

He looked at me, and I looked at him. We looked at each other's blushes and chuckled.

My father rubbed his brows helplessly and said, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "Alright, alright, young man."

"You're not angry with us anymore?" I asked carefully.

"How can I be angry? Even the moon has acknowledged your relationship." My father said, "Young people are always impulsive, but young people's feelings are also always passionate. In the face of such a beautiful relationship, what reason do I have to object?"



My mother still found it hard to accept for a while, but she was not so picky about Aldrich.

“Good boy, I didn’t expect you to have such courage and determination,” she said.

“Because Selma is by my side. She is my inexhaustible source of power.”

My mother couldn’t take it anymore and rolled her eyes. This wasn’t how a queen would act. She then said unhappily, “Alright, Victor and I won’t interfere in your business. Now, don’t show off your love before us. We’re old, and our teeth will ache!”

I cheered and threw myself into my parents’ arms. I laughed and said, “You’re not old! Father isn’t old either. You’re the most beautiful and handsome people in the world!”

I laughed, and from the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Aldrich’s smiling eyes, so gentle, so charming.

After we left, we walked hand in hand in the garden.

At first, the atmosphere was wonderful, but when the problems we both tacitly hid surfaced, everything was not so wonderful.

“So, I heard you addressing both King and Queen as ‘father’ and ‘mother’?” Aldrich seemed to ask casually.

What was meant to come would come!

I wailed in my heart, which received an undisguisable mockery from Maxine.

“Yes, I did,” I said. “Actually, I’m not the Queen’s relative. I’m her biological daughter.”

“So, you’re the ‘Princess Madeline’ who went missing more than ten years ago?”

“That’s right.”

I thought Aldrich would fly into a rage because of what I said, but I did not expect him to say, “What about the ten years you were missing? Did you do well? Did you get bullied?”

His concerned expression was so sincere I couldn’t help but kiss him.

Aldrich was surprised for a moment, but he quickly wrapped his arms around my waist and deepened the kiss.

I touched his forehead and felt as misunderstood as a child, which I had not felt for a long time. Finally, I choked and said, "I lived very well. I met my adoptive parents and brother, who truly loved me. They gave me a happy family and a happy childhood.

"But I did not do well either. Do you know? The Lycan bloodline made me smell like a real human since I was young. No one wanted to play with me, and my so-called 'friends' always teased me.

"In the past, I met my mate."

Aldrich's hand on my waist tightened.

"He was one of the few people who would take care of me. When I was young, I always thought it was love, that he liked me, but it was not until he coldly rejected me and spoke ill of me that I realized it was all just my imagination. He took care of me only because he had a responsibility on his shoulders, so he had no choice but to endure his disgust for me.

"The moment he rejected me, I was so ashamed that I wanted to die. Why didn't he push me away earlier? Why did I have to wait until Moon Goddess' will show itself to let me know I was just a clown who acted in a one-person show? Why did I love a bastard for so long and treat him as my family, as my salvation?

"Back then, I was so desperate that I lost the desire to live. Hence, I got rash and recklessly jumped off a cliff."

"What!" Aldrich shouted in disbelief. "This shouldn't have happened! Who was he? Tell me, which pack is he in? I should beat that b\*stard up and make him pay for playing with your feelings. I should kick his \*ss and drive him out of the werewolf pack!"

I was afraid he would do what he claimed, so I vaguely said, "Don't be angry, darling. It's all in the past. I think the Moon Goddess took pity on me too. She asked the river to send me back to my parents and you.

"That b\*stard was just a passer-by in my life; just a little pain of puberty.

"Right now, only you are important, my shepherd, my follower, my closest lover, my precious Aldrich.

"I'm your love, and I love you."

75 The Pure White Witch

Selma Payne's POV:

Aldrich hugged me tightly. He looked like he wanted to melt me into his bones and blood.

We fell into a sea of daisies, hand in hand, head to head, like newborn wolf cubs taking warmth from each other.

“Flowers in winter. This is amazing.” I picked up a petal. “Actually, sorcery isn’t completely useless, is it? At the very least, it allows one to feel the warmth of spring in the harsh winter.”

Aldrich plucked a purple daisy and put it on my ear, gently saying, “That’s right. How can there be so many good and bad things in the world? Unfortunately, there are only a few evil witches and wizards, just like the dead leaves in the stream.

“However, these rare dead leaves are the most eye-catching, so much so that when people mention streams, they think of dead leaves, and no one cares about the clear water and fresh fish.”

I thought of Dorothy, that silent but kind and determined girl.

She felt inferior about her blood, but the witch’s blood did not turn her into a bad person who would commit all kinds of evil. Instead, it gave her a delicate and sharp heart.

However, few werewolves liked witches, and even Dorothy’s family did not seem very kind to her. So the innocent girl could only carry the secret and move forward, constantly fearfully observing whether this not-so-warm world showed any malice toward her.

There was also Carolyn, the girl who might have been controlled or possessed by a witch.

I knew there was a reason for this. So no matter what, I couldn’t push the blame onto Carolyn. However, when I thought of her pestering my lover, I couldn’t help but feel annoyed.

Toward Carolyn, and toward the witches.

This was a form of venting my anger. I understood that, but I couldn’t stop myself.

“Speaking of witches, this is a sensitive topic.” Aldrich said, “You know the legendary wizard Fitch, right? The southern Duke became a famous warrior because he killed him.

“The demon who killed more than 300 werewolves in the Backwater War? Of course, I know. This notorious sorcerer is probably stuck under the feet of all the families.”

The Backwater War had been around for over twenty years. It originated from the old grudge between the werewolves and the sorcerers and the insatiable expansion mentality of some sorcerers. In this war, my grandparents, who were in their prime, died. At the same time, my father, the southern Duke, Duke Frank, and others were also famous for their heroic performance in the war.

“Actually, this is only part of the truth,” Aldrich said. “Do you want to hear what happened back then?”

Of course, I wanted to. Unfortunately, the dry praises in the textbooks were not relatable at all.

“Back then, my father was ordered to join the army with the southern Duke. On the way, he captured, or rather, saved a witch who was on the verge of death. She was a rare ‘pure white witch’, meaning that all the sorcery she had mastered was healing and not invasive.

“This ‘pure white witch’ saved many people, be it witches, wizards, or werewolves. Gradually, everyone let down their guard and sincerely accepted her, including my father and the southern Duke.

“However, the war was still going on, and there can never be true peace between the two races. When my father and the southern Duke let their guards down the most, Fitch secretly contacted a few of the radical sorcerers in the captive camp. They attacked us from the inside and outside, killing 346 werewolves, including soldiers and ordinary citizens. They caused our army to be defeated, and our capital city, also known as the Lycan Pack, was almost breached.

“It was also during this period that the relationship between the werewolves and the sorcerers worsened. All the captives were killed except for a pure white witch. She was spared after the southern Duke pleaded for her life. The price was that she swore to Moon Goddess and satan that she would never use witchcraft again.

“On the day of the final battle, the southern Duke used an arm, an eye, and a leg as the price to defeat Fitch and successfully killed him. However, his injuries were too severe, and he wouldn’t live for long.

“In the nick of time, the pure white witch broke her oath and used sorcery to exchange her life with the southern Duke’s to save him. She was killed by Moon Goddess’ blessings and satan’s punishment.

“When the southern Duke was young, he was an extreme radical. After the incident with the pure white witch, his attitude gradually eased. He became completely different from when he was young, at least in my father’s opinion.”

A pure white witch...

This was a story that was easy to understand. Although it was not explicitly stated, it was obvious that the southern Duke and the pure white witch were probably in love. Otherwise, who would plead for mercy on behalf of a witch who belonged to a hostile force that had killed hundreds of his compatriots? Who would be willing to use their lives as the price to save the life of a werewolf who caused their pack's cause to fall short?

It was ill-fated and nothing more than this.

## 76 Forced Conversion

Selma Payne's POV:

The love story was sad and beautiful, but Aldrich and I thought more as a princess and a general.

"So, this story shows that the southern Duke and the witches have personal grudges other than national grudges?" I guessed.

Pure white witches were extremely precious existences. Satan's power was dark. To turn this power into a life-saving ability was no longer something that could be described as a genius. The right time, place, and people were all indispensable.

The pure white witch died for the southern Duke. The sorcerers didn't care how much sadness was hidden in her death. They only wanted to vent their anger on the southern Duke.

Thus, he and his daughter Carolyn were perfectly expected to be attacked.

"My father and I think so, too," Aldrich said. "My father thinks the southern Duke survived because of the pure white witch, so there must be a witchcraft primer in his body. It will be much easier for any sorcerer to cast a spell on him without anyone noticing."

"We have to tell my parents about this immediately!" I immediately stood up. The daisies fell on the grass and disappeared.

"Of course, my father was planning to come to the palace today to report to the Lycan Pack."

"Do you think my father knows about the old relationship between the southern Duke and the pure white witch? I can't imagine that he would ignore this."

"Actually, it's a secret. Other than the southern Duke, my father, you, and I, no one else knows. After all, it was a time of war. No matter how beautiful love is, it can't win over the hatred of blood and fire. It's not good to be in love with the enemy. "

Oh, that was true. If the southern Duke had been discovered back then, one less noble hero would be known to everyone, and one more traitor nailed to the pillar of shame.

I was ready to find my parents, but Aldrich was still in the same place, not moving.  
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“What’s wrong?”

“Can I ask about your identity?” he asked after a moment of hesitation.

Ah, right, this problem hadn’t been solved.

“About that,” I answered stiffly. “Actually, I went to you this morning to confess my identity.

“As I said, I am Selma and Madeline. Eighteen years ago, I was an orphan taken in and raised by my kind adoptive parents. From now on, I am the princess of the werewolves, the future Queen.”

“B-but why did you hide it from me?” Aldrich asked dejectedly. “Whether you are Selma or Madeline is unimportant, and your identity is unimportant. I still love you, as always. But I’m sad you’ve been hiding it from me, my love.”

“I’m sorry,” I said guiltily. “I had just returned to my parents’ arms. Everything was so strange to me.

“You know that not everyone supports my father. Many people in the Council of Elders are trying to make things difficult for him. If I were to admit my identity rashly, what awaited me would be endless suspicion, blame, and even assassination. My parents asked me to hide my identity and pretend to be their relative to protect me so that the public would accept my existence.

“It’s not that I don’t trust you. On the contrary, I want to be honest about my identity almost every time we meet.” I held his face and looked into his eyes, hoping my true feelings could be transmitted to his heart. “It’s just that my identity is not only related to me. I must be responsible for my parents and the werewolf pack, so I could only lie to you.

“I’m sorry, Aldrich; I swear I will not hide anything from you from now on. Please forgive me for my past lies.”

Aldrich was silent for a moment. I didn’t know what he was thinking, so I said, “I have awakened my wolf. Her name is Maxine, and she’s a carefree girl. We are twins, and we share the same blood. We can never hide anything from each other. If you don’t believe me, then please believe in the wolf that has been blessed with eternal honesty by the Moon Goddess.”

After saying that, I summoned Maxine, wanting to exchange control of my body with her.

Aldrich was shocked and rushed over to stop me, but I had already decided.

“Are you sure you want to do this? We haven’t gotten used to the stage where we can freely switch forms yet. You’ll be in extreme pain if you force me to take over your body. Not only now, but you’ll have to endure nausea and fatigue for the next few days until your body recovers.”

Maxine strongly disagreed. This was the first time she spoke in such a serious tone.

“I’m sure. Come on!” I said, “Just like what Father said, young people should always be a little impulsive, right?”

My entire body felt light after the intense pain of my skull being torn apart. I felt as if I had lost control of my body and was hiding inside my body to observe the outside world like a ghost.

At the same time, my tightly shut eyes opened, revealing a pair of eyes that shone like stars.

“Hello,” the other me said.

“I’m Maxine. Nice to meet you, Aldrich.”

77 Spiritual Link

Maxine’s POV:

Selma was a fool, without a doubt.

There was a saying that love made people stupid.

One second ago, she was still thinking about taking on the responsibility of being a princess. The next second, she was willing to give up her body for her boyfriend. I could only say that the influence of love was truly remarkable. Perhaps Selma had always been a sensitive and impulsive girl.

Aldrich didn’t expect things to go this way and was extremely remorseful.

“I’m not angry because she hid it from me,” he said, pulling his hair. “I shouldn’t have asked her this question. I wouldn’t have forced her to do it. You haven’t reached the stage where you can shift freely, right? Otherwise, you would not have appeared in Selma’s body.”

I nodded. "You know how much it hurts your body. So, let's end this quickly. As for whether Selma really loves you or not..."

Aldrich interrupted me and quickly said, "Wait, this is not fair to Selma. Please let me call my wolf out. His name is Morgan."

"As you wish." I nodded indifferently.

They were really a silly couple, but they weren't annoying. In fact, they were a little cute, right?

A few seconds later, Aldrich raised his head again. His eyes had changed. I knew that the person standing in front of me now was Morgan.

"Hello," he said, slightly reserved. "You're Maxine, right? I'm Morgan. Nice to meet you."

"Likewise." I shook his hand and jokingly said, "Don't be nervous because we're likely to be family for the rest of our lives, right? Judging from the current situation of these two idiots..."

Morgan lowered her head shyly. He was surprisingly introverted, which was completely different from Aldrich.

"Then, shall we start?"

He nodded and held my hand.

"Just like how wild wolves can distinguish the state of their companions or enemies by smell, 'wolves' like us also have a unique way of communication.

Unlike werewolves who relied on their scent, the 'wolf's ability' was more inclined to an illusory spiritual link. We couldn't lie under Moon Goddess' gaze. Once the spiritual link was successful, everything in our minds would be the most real.

A few seconds later, I connected with Morgan. It was a mysterious state. I felt like I was examining Morgan in his body, and he was examining me in mine.

Morgan first asked about Selma's identity. "Does Selma Payne selflessly, sincerely, and unreservedly love Aldrich Leopold?"

"There's no doubt," I answered sincerely. "Her love cannot be doubted."

Morgan then asked about her identity as Princess Madeline. "Does Madeline Moon love Aldrich Leopold with all her heart?"



“Her love is harder than a diamond and more affectionate than the moonlight,” I replied firmly.

“Do Selma Payne and Madeline Moon share the same soul and love?” Morgan continued to ask.

I continued to answer; each time, my answer was incomparably firm. “They are like the dark and the light sides of the moon, never separated. Their love is like the eternal moonlight, never dissipating.”

Morgan promised solemnly, “I am done with my questions. Under the Moon Goddess’ gaze, we will be honest and never lie to each other.”

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I promised, “We’ll be honest and never lie to each other.”

We heaved a sigh of relief when the spiritual link was disconnected.

“It’s a strange feeling to have someone else see through my soul,” I grumbled. “I hope this couple doesn’t have any more problems. Otherwise, we’ll probably have to suffer.”

“But it’s all worth it, isn’t it?” Morgan said with a forgiving smile.

It was indeed worth it.

Although I didn’t ask Morin a single question, his heart was open to me without any reservations. Thus, I could see Aldrich’s various emotions when he faced Selma.

With all due respect, that would be so beautiful that it would be a little disgusting.

Was he a general who killed decisively?

“Anyway, everything is going well,” I said. “We should return and leave some time for those who need it.”

Morgan nodded. “You’re right. It’s a pleasure to meet you. It’s been a good time with you. See you.”

“That’s a bit of a templated speech,” I joked. “You don’t sound very accepting.”

“I am! I’m just... fine. I’m just not very good at communicating with others,” Morgan said helplessly.

We said goodbye again, and the next second, Morgan became Aldrich.

“I understand. I understand,” he said, slightly agitated. “Now, please let Selma come back. It’s been too long. She’ll be in pain for many days.”

“But she’s willing to do it for you,” I said.

The second before I switched back, I heard Selma say, “I’m a little regretful now. Was I too impulsive? Would it make me look childish? I don’t want Aldrich to think I’m immature!”

A fool in love!

I sighed and didn’t say anything.

I’d just let this pair of lovers be mushy on their own!

78 The Parents Meet

Selma Payne’s POV:

Honestly, it was a little awkward the moment we switched back.

I wanted to return ten minutes ago and give myself two tight slaps to wake up that impulsive little girl.

This wasn’t some mushy idol drama. Was it necessary?

Thinking back to my immature actions, I felt embarrassed!

I couldn’t bear it and squatted down to hug myself. Then, I shouted in embarrassment, “Don’t look at me! Don’t laugh! Quickly go away!”

Aldrich wouldn’t leave. He also squatted down and took me into his arms. He smiled and said, “I’m very touched, baby. This is the first time you’ve said you love me so passionately.”

“That’s what Maxine said!” I shrieked and tried to avoid the truth. “It has nothing to do with me!”

“Alright, alright, it was Maxine who said it.” Aldrich laughed as he surrendered. “Although she only read your heart, everything that happened was said by Maxine. It has nothing to do with you, okay?”

“Oh... ”

I sat on the ground, discouraged, and said in frustration, “I feel like a little girl who’s watched too many TV shows. I’m so rash, and I don’t care about anything else. How embarrassing!”

Aldrich kissed my cheek and said, “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, my dear. Isn’t it normal to express your love? It’s just like how we tell each other that we love each other. So you and I will both feel happy.”

“I’m happy,” I said. “But it’s still embarrassing! I wasn’t thinking about those words, but Maxine said them like she was reading a sonnet from a primary school student!”

Aldrich couldn’t hold it in any longer. He hugged me and laughed out loud in the sea of flowers.

After tidying up the plants we had crushed – I hope the gardener won’t tell Kara – we set off to find my father.

Unfortunately, my father was receiving a guest, which happened to be Duke Frank.

“It seems that we are not needed,” Aldrich said. “Father will take care of this.”

However, my father had someone lead us into the meeting room. Seeing his bright smile, which was the same as Duke Frank’s, I anticipated what the next topic would be.

“This is a little sudden,” I quietly told Aldrich.

“I didn’t expect our parents to meet so soon. I hope they don’t want us to get married next month.”

Aldrich squeezed my hand and said, “Actually, I can’t ask for more.”

I glared at him, and we sat on the sofa together. My father was opposite me, and Duke Frank was on my left.

“Look at this pair of lovebirds,” the Duke said resentfully. “They can’t take my eyes off each other’s faces even a moment.”

I was a little embarrassed and let go of Aldrich’s hand, but he took it back.

“Alright, Devin, give the children some space.” My father stopped Duke Frank, even though he was also smiling like a sunflower.

“You know, Your Majesty, I’m just too happy.” The Duke’s eyes were a little wet. “From the moment I received the good news this morning, I’ve looked at Aldrich like I’m in a dream. My silly son has fallen in love. And the person he’s in love with is your daughter!”

Moon Goddess! Is it because you can't bear to see an old man like me think about it day and night that you've given him this love?"

"Thank you, Moon Goddess, for letting me meet Aldrich," Aldrich and I looked at each other and smiled. "Otherwise, your son might have been alone for the rest of his life."

The atmosphere in the meeting room was very lively. We chatted for a while and got down to business.

"Devin and I suspect that, although a witch is controlling Lennon, he has not lost his consciousness," my father said. "On the contrary, he is trying to send us a distress signal."

"In other words," I said thoughtfully. "The southern Duke knows the truth, but he can't speak for some reason?"

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"Yes, and so we decided to do a simple examination of Lennon. We've already invited him to the palace, but Carolyn is always by his side. Your mother is entertaining them so she can send Carolyn away at the right time."

This meant that my father had already confirmed that a witch had possessed Carolyn. Otherwise, he would have inspected Carolyn and the southern Duke together to find clues about her witchcraft.

"From now on, you'll see her often at school, child," my father said worriedly. "Don't get into a direct conflict with her. The witch's power of pretending to be Carolyn is unfathomable. You might get hurt."

"I understand, Father," I said. "Besides, we still need to find clues behind her through the fake Carolyn. So I won't do anything that will alert the enemy."

"There's also the marriage proposal," my father said. "Lennon seemed forced by Carolyn to propose her marriage to Aldrich. Although we don't know what the witch is thinking, we will reject it."

To be honest, I'd already made preparations for my father's advice to accept Aldrich and Carolyn's 'fake engagement' so that it would be easier for us to investigate her.

This was a bit comedic, but one had to be prepared for the worst in the face of an accident.

So I didn't expect my father to say this and was a little surprised for a moment.

79 Probing

Selma Payne's POV:

"Don't be surprised, Selma. I'm not so useless as to use my daughter's happiness in exchange for benefits."

"I must admit the witch is very powerful, but werewolves are not bad either, right? We don't have to use marriage to please her. There's no need. She's not worthy."

There were many moments when I realized that my father was a great king, but only this time did I realize what he was shouldering.

Other than fighting for the safety and benefits of his people, he also fought for the dignity and glory of the entire race.

I was ashamed of my cowardly thoughts.

At this moment, Kara reported, "The Queen had invited Miss Carolyn for a walk in the garden. I have been ordered to invite the southern Duke here under the name of the 'Lycan King.' He is waiting outside."

We looked at each other, and my father said, "Please invite my friend in."

A few seconds later, the southern Duke strode in. He was still as tall and strong as ever and did not look like he was controlled by a witch at all.

He saluted my father and Duke Frank, "Good day, Your Majesty, Devin."

Then, he nodded to Aldrich and I, "Good day, children."

We had a meaningless conversation, and the topic gradually shifted to the engagement between Carolyn and Aldrich.

"In fact, I've come to you today for this matter," said my father, a little embarrassed. His acting skills were really good. "Regarding Carolyn and Aldrich, I'm afraid I can't do as you wish, old friend."

"Why?" The southern Duke did not understand. "I think Carolyn and Sir Aldrich are a match made in heaven. If it's too soon, the children can get along first."

"That's not the problem," Duke Frank said. "In fact, we only found out this morning that Aldrich has secretly fallen in love with someone, and the mate is sitting in front of you."

The southern Duke looked at me and then asked in surprise, "Are you saying it's Miss Selma?"

“Yes, she’s my niece,” my father nodded. “This morning, I was also shocked by the news. The young people these days are bold and smart, aren’t they? They were right under my nose, but I didn’t notice anything.”

The southern Duke looked like he wanted to say something but didn’t know what to say. After a long time, he could only smile bitterly. “I understand. The younger generation paves their paths. We can’t force this kind of thing.”

We continued to exchange some unnecessary pleasantries. Finally, he got up to leave, but my father asked him to stay.

My father asked, “Do you want to stay and enjoy some extra hospitality? Helena made a lot of black tea cookies. I remember that you liked to secretly eat some black tea cookies during our war when you were on sentry duty. I don’t know where you got them from, but we were in short supply back then!”

The southern Duke was stunned for a moment, then he sat down and nodded.

“Then, I’ll... Accept your invitation.”

Kara brought out a three-story pastry tower and a few cups of hot lemon tea. The elders reminisced about their glorious years when they were young with the help of hot tea and snacks. Aldrich and I listened quietly and learned many secrets that had never been mentioned in history classes.

“But there’s one thing. I think Duke Frank has already told Father about the old relationship between the southern Duke and the pure white witch, but neither of these insiders mentioned it. When talking about the Backwater War, they only fought against the legendary wizard Fitch against a common enemy and had a tacit understanding to spare the pure white witch.

Furthermore, the southern Duke’s favorite had not had a single ‘black tea cookies’. Not a single one!

“I think it’s time for me to go back,” the southern Duke finally said. “Carolyn must be looking for me.”

Duke Frank smiled. “You’re still the same, Lennon. Carolyn is already sixteen years old. You should give your daughter some freedom. Otherwise, she’ll become a loathsome of you.”

The southern Duke was expressionless. He mumbled, “You don’t understand...”

“You’re not staying for lunch?” My father invited him. “There’s a new head chef in the palace. You haven’t tried his cooking yet. The vanilla lamb chops are amazing.”

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“No,” the southern Duke replied politely. “Carolyn has made a reservation at a restaurant she likes very much. It’s not a good habit to miss an appointment.”

So we exchanged a few more pleasantries and watched him leave.

God! I had to admit that I was about to suffocate. Although the elders put on an act of familiarity and talked loudly, the real embarrassment still couldn’t be ignored.

Were they really good friends?

“As expected,” my father rubbed his forehead tiredly, “Did you catch Lennon’s hint?”

Duke Frank’s expression was not very good either. “Although I was certain, seeing the truth, I still... Sigh.”

What were they talking about?

80 The Powerful Witch

Selma Payne’s POV:  
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I looked at Aldrich in confusion, and he explained softly, “When the southern Duke and the pure white witch were in love, the pure white witch often made black tea cookies for the southern Duke as a gift. From then on, black tea cookies became the southern Duke’s favorite. He would never reject them, except today.

“This means that he’s asking for help. He’s using extremely abnormal behavior to ask for help.

“What’s even worse is that even without Carolyn by his side, the southern Duke cannot speak freely. Either Carolyn can monitor his movements at all times, or he’s unwilling to take risks and tell the truth. This means that he’s under an extremely urgent threat.

“The southern Duke is a brave warrior, and the witch’s power can’t possibly be strong enough to threaten Southern Pack, so there’s only one option left.

“His daughter, the real Carolyn, might be hovering on the edge of death.”

I was still an amateur regarding recognizing schemes and couldn’t compare to any old foxes here. If no one had explained it to me, I wouldn’t have been able to notice anything.

“The southern Duke did not surrender to the witches. He is on our side.”

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have shown anything unusual today.

“You’ve improved,” my father praised me.

Although the southern Duke’s position was clear, it was not an effective help given his current situation of being surrounded by wolves.

“We have to think of a way to rescue Lennon. At least, he can speak as he wishes and not be constantly monitored by Carolyn.” The elders said tiredly, “But we can’t be sure if the witch has completely replaced Carolyn or just possessed her body. We can’t start with her.”

Aldrich suggested, “Maybe we can ask for outside help? There are also some wizards and witches who are friendly or neutral to us.”

My father shook his head. “No, you can’t know a person’s true nature. We can’t guarantee the confidentiality of our transactions with outsiders.”

“Some werewolves in the pack who are proficient in sorcery, right?” Aldrich continued, “There are a few officers in the army that I know. I can guarantee their complete loyalty.”

My father still shook his head. “That’s too risky. The identity of an officer isn’t completely confidential. If a little magic fluctuation is revealed, Carolyn could bewitch the secret bureau’s personnel and follow the fluctuation to find him.”

Now that things had come to a standstill, where could we find a sorcerer whose identity was unknown?

Wait a minute.

Was there... Such a person around me?

Dorothy!

How could I have forgotten about her?

However, Dorothy’s identity was a complete secret, so I could only suggest this candidate to my father after sending Duke Frank and Aldrich away.

“Dorothy?” My father was very surprised. It was obvious that he had not thought of her. “No, Selma. She’s still a child. This is very dangerous. We can’t put the innocent in danger.”

“But we don’t have any other choice, right?” I retorted, “Other than Dorothy, who else meets the requirements?”

“Besides, how do you know she’s not willing to get involved? In my opinion, Dorothy is a very enthusiastic and adventurous person. It’s just that the people around her either



overprotected her or suppressed her too much, so she couldn't find an opportunity to realize her value.

"If she knew she could help but was rejected again, she would be sad!"

Perhaps it was because I was protecting my friend like a chirping angry chick; my father couldn't help but laugh. He shook his head. "Even if Dorothy is willing, does she have the ability? The one controlling Carolyn is a very powerful witch. Dorothy has only awakened her bloodline recently. Does she have the power to fight back?"

"Don't underestimate her!" I said. "Dorothy is not an ordinary witch. She can prophesy and is naturally gifted in sorcery. Moreover, she's an outstanding learner. She might not be able to help the southern Duke with the spell, but she'll be able to learn it quickly if someone teaches her!"

With my sincere recommendation, my father quickly surrendered and helplessly said, "Alright, little princess. Let's first ask Dorothy's opinion. You have to be neutral and not force her, okay?"

"What kind of person do you think I am?" I mumbled unhappily, "Dorothy is my friend. If she doesn't want to, I will hide her even if you personally order her to do it!"

"So, I'm the bad guy now?" My father patted my head lovingly. "Go! Go and find your friend. Dorothy is a good child, I know."