

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 81 A Peaceful Afternoon

Dorothy's POV:

It was a peaceful afternoon. It was carefree and dull, and it was filled with Grandmother's hysterical screams.

"I've said it before! Don't put these disgusting weeds on my window sill!"

The furious old woman threw my herbs on my bed. She didn't seem to see me lying on the bed reading. The sharp leaves cut my cheek.

"These are disgusting! Stinky! Strange! Evil plants! It will bring bad luck to our family! It's all because of you, you traitorous b*stard!"

Grandmother's chest rose and fell like an old drum. Every time I saw her like this, I was scared that she would explode in anger.

I silently gathered the herbs and whispered, "These are just ordinary hemostatic herbs, props for the elective course. My teacher has already explained it to us in detail. So there won't be any problems."

"Oh, really?" Grandmother sneered disdainfully and said indignantly, "The werewolf pack is finished! No one remembers how despicable witches and wizards are. Children nowadays are chasing after their toys, and even schools openly teach students how to make poison."

"It's just a hemostat!" I raised my voice slightly. Of course, anyone would be impatient if they were nagged 365 days a year.

Grandmother's eyes widened in disbelief as if I had just burned her house. She said sharply, "B*stard! How dare you speak to me like that! Heartless little witch! Without me, you'd have been cooked by your heartless parents for satan's dinner!"

"They're not that kind of people!" I was furious. "If you didn't forbid them from coming back to see me, do you think I want to live with you? I've had enough of your pugilistic tricks of 'getting rid of filth'. They didn't change anything other than leaving me with injuries!"

Grandmother was practically screaming, "How dare you! As expected, the filthy witch's blood in your body has already gained the upper hand. You're not my granddaughter at all. The devil has already bewitched you!"

“Ha! The Lycan Pack actually allows a little spy like you to study in peace. The werewolves are going to be finished soon!”

I ignored Grandmother’s crazy complaints, packed up the scattered herbs, and ran out of the house.

I walked on the path in confusion. I didn’t know where I should go. The two-story building in the suburbs was just my prison. Where was my home? Where could I find a safe place?

There was no one on the quiet dirt road. Other than a few wildflowers, bees, and butterflies flying around them, there was no other living thing.

I suddenly felt that this place wasn’t that bad after all. At the very least, it was quiet and stable. There wouldn’t be any hysterical roars or boiling silver crosses.

Thus, I chose a slightly flatter patch of grass and continued to read the book that I had accidentally brought out.

“Principles of spiritual sorcery”. I found it among my mother’s belongings. Judging from the title page, the book probably belonged to my father, whom I had never met.

He was a powerful wizard who was said to be highly skilled in sorcery and secretive in his actions.

Thinking of this, I lost the mood to read.

What were Mom and Dad doing now?

I hadn’t seen my mother since I was three years old. The small photo hanging on the wall has long faded and turned yellow. Mom and Dad had never contacted me, be it a phone call, a text message, or a parchment letter that was more in line with the style of a mysterious race. It was as if they had already forgotten that they had a child.

Did Mom and Dad have a new child? Was that why they didn’t care about a dull daughter far away in the werewolf territory?

When I was a child, I often thought about it like this. Sometimes I would tell Grandmother, but she would scold me severely. If she were in a bad mood, she would take the opportunity to carry out an ‘exorcism’.

Once, she was drunk, and I learned from her mumbling that my father and I were made from the same mold. I understood then that Grandmother might not care about the so-called ‘evil’. Instead, she just wanted to get rid of me because I looked similar to my father.

Lying in the grass in a daze, I looked at the clear blue sky and suddenly thought, 'Perhaps it was not a bad ending.'

Surrounded by flowers, grass, bees, and butterflies, a young girl slowly closed her eyes and slept under the bright sunlight forever. Wasn't this very poetic?

As I was thinking, I suddenly heard someone call out to me from afar.

"Dorothy! Hey! Over here!"

I sat up and saw Selma running toward me.

The sun gave her a dazzling golden edge, like a divine ring in an oil painting, quietly setting off the angel's smile.

Okay.

I thought.

Perhaps today was not a good day to leave.

One should at least talk to the friend who came to play. That was basic courtesy, right?

82 The Pros And Cons

Dorothy's POV:

"Good afternoon, Dorothy!"

Selma was always so energetic.

I kept the book. "Good afternoon, Selma. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Oh, uhm..." she scratched her head uneasily and said with a smile, There is something...

"Let's talk on the way." She pulled me toward the city. "I know a very good pancake shop. Are you hungry? We can have afternoon tea together."

"Alright," I said.

I should bring my friend home. After all, it was only a few hundred meters away from us. But I didn't want to go back. Selma probably noticed my unusual behavior. She wanted to say something, but she stopped herself. In the end, she didn't ask anything.

I liked the tacit understanding because I didn't want to say anything.

Sitting in the pancake shop, I absent-mindedly poked at the vanilla syrup and asked, “Is it something urgent?”

“In fact, it’s not only urgent, but it’s also very dangerous,” Selma said dejectedly, “To be honest, I’m already regretting coming to you.”

“It doesn’t matter. Tell me about it.”

“Oh…”

Selma took a few seconds to organize her thoughts before she said, “You know the southern Duke, right? He is Carolyn’s father.”

I nodded. “Of course. He’s the famous war hero.”

“In fact, this hero is in a bit of trouble and needs a witch’s help.”

“So, you came to me because of this? But I’m sure many warriors are proficient in witchcraft, and any one of them is stronger than me. I’m just a newbie who has only awakened my bloodline for a few days. I haven’t even finished reading the theory books.”

Selma revealed a conflicted expression as if she was weighing her options. Finally, her gaze suddenly became determined as she looked at me.

“Alright, Dorothy. I’m going to say something nobody else should know. Can you help me keep this a secret?”

“Of course. I have no reason to refuse. I swear I’ll keep any secrets my friend doesn’t want anyone to know.”

“There’s no need to make such a formal oath.” Selma could not help but laugh. “What kind of person do you think Carolyn is?”

I didn’t have much to do with Carolyn. We only met a few times, and she was always surrounded by many people, like a flock of ducks chasing after a peacock that had spread its tail.

So I said, “Probably a little girl who is as flamboyant as a peacock and likes to show off? She’s not too mature. Maybe she’s watched too many idol dramas and likes to scheme against other people, especially female students.”

Aside from Chloe, Carolyn had also targeted quite a few female classmates. They were either slightly famous or had outstanding looks. In short, Carolyn had turned her school life into a palace drama.

Selma sighed. "You think so too. But what if I tell you that the real Carolyn is not like this? The Lycan King said that when Carolyn followed the southern Duke to the royal court last year, she was still an elegant and cautious lady. Isn't it suspicious that she has changed so much in a year?"

"What do you mean?"

Selma moved closer to me and whispered, "Carolyn's body has either been possessed by or switched with a witch. That is why there's such a huge change in her."

"What!" I couldn't help but exclaim. The customers around me looked at me in surprise. I smiled apologetically and asked in an airy voice, "B-but that's the daughter of a Duke! Did the southern Duke not notice it at all?"

"That's the problem," Selma said. "The southern Duke is naturally aware of Carolyn's abnormality. He knows that his daughter has been switched."

I was dumbfounded. The Southern Pack was famous for being a powerful pack. So how could a witch infiltrate one of the strongest packs of the werewolves under such tight protection? That sorcerer even swapped the Duke's daughter?

Selma continued, "So far, we've confirmed that the southern Duke is not under the control of a sorcerer. However, he's being monitored by one. The sorcerer has even cast an imprisonment spell on him. That's why he has no choice but to put on an act with the fake daughter. The sorcerer must be an extremely powerful one to be able to cast a spell and hide the magic power fluctuations."

"The Lycan King is worried that this is a conspiracy against the werewolves. He needs someone to release the southern Duke from the witch's surveillance. This person's identity must be kept a secret, and he must be loyal and reliable. This will prevent any possibility of the sorcerer tracking him down."

"After thinking about it, I can only think of you, Dorothy."

"You are a sincere friend, a brave warrior. I absolutely believe in your reliability."

"But at the same time, it's also very dangerous. No one knows if the sorcerer has a backup plan. Once she finds out, you'll be in danger and become her number one target."

"So, Dorothy, are you willing to help us?"

83 Secretly Great

Dorothy's POV:

I didn't even think much about it and immediately said firmly, "I will do it. When are we going?"

Selma was stunned for a few seconds before she said in a daze, "You have to think about it carefully, Dorothy. This is not an imaginary exercise in an elective course. We are facing an unknown and powerful witch. This is worth your time to think about. "

"I understand, Selma, but I have to say that my choice was not made in a moment of impulsiveness." I shook my head. "I'm glad that you thought of me first. You have no idea that no one has ever trusted me so much, whether as a witch or a werewolf."

Grandmother had always tried ways to turn me into a pureblood werewolf. It was impossible; she and I both knew that. Other than scolding and beating me, we rarely had any other communication.

As for the other passerby in my life, such as my teachers and classmates, who would trust a mute freak who had not said a word for the entire semester?

"I won't let you down. I hope to do something for the pack," I said. "I know this risk, and I can't say I don't care. But I believe in you, Selma, and the King. You will not put me in danger. You will protect your friends, and the King will protect his people.

"This is a two-way trust, right?"

Selma looked at me in surprise. Countless emotions flashed through her sparkling eyes. Finally, she smiled.

"Of course! This was a two-way trust! I promise you'll be safe. You'll become the hero of the rescued pack!"

"Forget about being a hero." I chuckled. "I don't think the southern Duke is ready to give up this glorious throne."

We quickly finished the pancake and rushed to the palace.

The King greeted me in the living room of the King's suite. He wasn't wearing a crown and was dressed in casual clothes. He looked like he was going to play golf in the next second.

"Welcome, child," he greeted me warmly. "It's been a long time. How are you?"

I put aside the thought Grandmother's scolding and replied with a smile, "I'm doing well. I appreciate your concern."

However, it was as if the Lycan King had a pair of fiery eyes. His gentle and deep gaze exposed all of my pretenses.

It was as if I could see a slideshow of my past life in his eyes. If it were to be played on the streets, at least a thousand people would call social service on Grandmother.

I felt pain and tried to escape, but the King didn't say anything in the end, making me sigh in relief.

I didn't want to expose my rotten life to those close to me.

"I think Selma has already told you about the southern Duke," said the Lycan King. "We're worried about a suitable candidate, and Selma thought of you first.

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"To be honest, I don't really agree, even now. This is not because I don't trust you, Dorothy. I know you are a kind and tenacious young lady. That is why I cannot let you take such risks. You're still too young and have a bright future ahead of you. Any storm right now could bring you unknown negative effects."

Selma was puzzled. "But you promised to let Dorothy try. A King cannot go back on his word, Your Majesty."

The Lycan King helplessly gave Selma a comforting look before telling me, "However, just as Selma said since I promised to give you a chance to try, I can't go back on my word. So, I have to ask you, do you really want to do this? You don't have to put up a front for your reputation, good child. We all know the seriousness of this matter."

"You're provoking her to give up," Selma mumbled.

The King pretended not to hear her.

I thought he was indeed, as Selma said, trying to lure me into giving up on the idea. This wasn't as simple as just undoing the curse. Once I got involved, I'd be tied to this ship that would sail for who knew how long until the entire incident was resolved.

The villain was not as 'friendly' as in the anime. I'd read many books and notes left by my mother, and I knew that the ruthless and evil sorcerers were a combination of lunatics, executioners, and serial killers.

However, just as I said, since Selma trusted me, I trusted her too.

Let me be impulsive for once and have a dream of becoming a hero who runs for the light. In the dream, there were no Grandmother's hysterical screams, no pain from the conflict between the two bloodlines, only touching adventures and flowers dedicated to glory, or boiling blood and hidden but great sacrifices.

"Yes, sir," I said firmly.

After a moment of silence, the King suddenly smiled at me. His tone was full of praise and relief, "Alright, young lady, an impulsive and brave young lady. Let's see what you need to prepare for this."

84 Summer's Here

Selma Payne's POV:

The moment my father agreed, I cheered excitedly, and even Dorothy, always calm and steady, grabbed my hand excitedly.

This was a dangerous mission, but it was also a hard-won opportunity to persuade Dorothy to reconcile with her witch bloodline.

I hoped she could realize her power was not evil and stop self-loathing. She was such an intelligent and kind girl. She should not pay for the disputes of the previous generation.

In short, the days of learning had begun.

I shouldn't be surprised. Wasn't it normal for Dorothy to be unable to dispel the curse on the southern Duke immediately? She was very talented, but that didn't offset the fact that she was a rookie.

My father had arranged for three werewolf masters proficient in sorcery to teach Dorothy and me. Yes, I wanted to learn too.

"Know yourself and your enemy; you will never be defeated," this was what my father said. He hoped that even if I couldn't learn witchcraft, I would at least could distinguish them so that I could ensure the safety of myself and the people around me.

Our busy lives became even more intense after we joined the witchcraft class. We didn't even have time to go to the club to enjoy the fun. Mara and Avril complained for a long time, "You guys have a little secret! We're no longer close friends!"

They swore to cut off all ties with us, but ten minutes later, they came back to have lunch together.

And there was also Aldrich, Moon Goddess. Ever since he made our relationship public with his father, he'd become more and more intimate with me. He'd limited it to exclude the Duke's mansion and the palace, always sticking to me at all times and places. We were so intimate I couldn't stand it.

This situation became even more serious after the magic class squeezed out my free time.

“We have to restrain ourselves,” I said as I got out of his warm embrace. “You know, there have been several times when Father looked at you as if he wanted to exile you to human society.”

Aldrich wrapped around me like a big dog, and I was squeezed into the corner of the stairs and stands, unable to move.

“For you, I’m willing to be exiled to the sorcerer’s swamp.”

“Let’s not.” I struggled to find a way to speak through his kisses. “But we have to restrain ourselves. The fake Carolyn has been giving me a hard time in school several times. If we weren’t in the same department, I think she would have been here 24/7. It’s not a good time to disrupt her now. It’s easy to alert her if she turns her eyes to me.”

Aldrich laid on my shoulder unwillingly and said dejectedly, “Alright, I understand.”

“There’s no choice. You’re the general, and I’m the princess. We are both responsible for protecting the werewolf pack, don’t we?” I rubbed his thick hair and suddenly thought, ‘In the past, he was always the one who treated me like this. Now the situation has completely reversed. It’s really wonderful.’

Aldrich suddenly burst out laughing. “You know what? Every time you say the word ‘responsibility’, I have the urge to turn into a wolf and take you away so that we can elope to a place where no one knows.”

“Don’t say such childish words.” I laughed. “The youngest, handsome, and promising general of the werewolves eloping for love. The writers and scriptwriters will be happy, but our fathers will be worried.”

Time flew by quickly as I studied. During this time, I suddenly learned ‘human-wolf shift’. When Maxine appeared, Dorothy and the other teachers were shocked. But Dorothy soon released her wolf, Elaine, to communicate with Maxine.

Tracy said I suddenly awakened my wolf because I was under too much stress from studying. It was a little embarrassing, but the result was good.

I didn’t expect the first person to meet Maxine as a wolf to be Dorothy. Aldrich complained about it for a long time, and I had no choice but to give him countless kisses in exchange for his smile. I felt that something was wrong.

In the blink of an eye, another summer had arrived. It was May.

There was still a month before the new graduation ceremony round.

Dorothy’s learning was like with the help of god. In just half a year, she could use all the knowledge taught to her by the three werewolf masters. The masters believed that she

had the qualifications to become a qualified witch, so she reported to my father and resigned.

It had to be said that this was a pleasant surprise because Carolyn would be entering the university after the graduation ceremony. This meant that she would no longer be bound by the strict high school rules and could move freely and relaxedly in the university. Unfortunately, the difficulty of monitoring her would also increase exponentially.

If Dorothy could help the southern Duke dispel the curse in time, then in the remaining one month of school term and summer break, my father was confident that they could solve this problem, or at least solve the problem of the fake Carolyn.

“We’re old rivals,” my father said. “The werewolves understand the sorcerers, just like the sorcerers understand the werewolves.”

After half a year of anticipation, the southern Duke entered the palace again.

“This time, besides my parents and me, there was also Dorothy, who was full of confidence.

85 The Secret

Selma Payne’s POV:

It was an ordinary Saturday, and the southern Duke was ‘reminiscing’ in the living room with my father. At the same time, Carolyn was sent away with my mother with the excuse of ‘choosing her graduation dress’.

She was a little reluctant, but even a witch should know that the Queen’s room was not a place that other men could enter as they pleased.

“See you later, Dad.” She kissed the southern Duke’s cheek. “I’ll miss you.”

The southern Duke kissed her again and smiled as he watched his daughter leave.

What a good picture of a loving father and filial daughter. If I hadn’t heard the threat in Carolyn’s words...

“I’ll miss you.” Did that mean that she would always be monitoring the scene here?

The werewolf grandmaster had disguised himself as an attendant to supervise my mother. He would not use sorcery unless necessary to prevent magic fluctuations from leaking and alerting the enemy.

However, any strange movements from Carolyn would not be able to escape his eyes.

My father teased the southern Duke like an old friend, “Come on, Lennon. Don’t be so reluctant. Women always have a unique understanding of beauty. I believe that Carolyn will have a happy day, right?”

He placed his hand on the southern Duke’s shoulder to give him a hint. Perhaps it was a unique tacit understanding that they had developed during the war. In short, the southern Duke instantly relaxed. The smile on his face was no longer as friendly as before.

“Stop joking, Your Majesty,” he said half-jokingly and half-seriously. “No father can be at ease with their daughter. You should know that.”

He looked at me as he spoke, making me feel like I had fallen into an ice cave.

What did he mean by that?

Father, daughter... Could it be that he already knew my identity?

But that was impossible. Only a few people knew my true identity. My parents, Aldrich, and Duke Frank, Kara, and Tracy. They were either close or loyal friends. No one would reveal this secret!

My father clearly understood the seriousness of the matter. He immediately said with a dejected expression, “Oh, old friend, you know how much I want to experience the heart of a loving father, but my Madeline... Sigh, you know.”

In the eyes of the outside world, ‘Princess Madeline’ was killed shortly after she was born. If the southern Duke did not know the inside story, he should comfort my father as a friend.

But he didn’t. He just looked at my father and then at me without saying anything.

This made the hearts of everyone present sink.

Unless the southern Duke had installed a surveillance camera in the palace, there was no way he would know about this. Unless someone told him that – the witch pretending to be Carolyn, or perhaps she had used some method to verify my identity.

This was not good.

“I was wondering if you would like to have some tea?”

Duke Frank broke the deadlock and motioned for Kara to prepare some refreshments for us.

“Of course,” the southern Duke replied. “Is there a special recipe for the black tea in the palace? After drinking it, Carolyn really liked it. I think she’s currently pestering Her Majesty for some desserts to go with the tea. A girl in her youth always has a great appetite.”

My father exchanged a look with him and then said to Kara, “In that case, please send some refreshments to Helena as well. If Carolyn has any needs, do your best to satisfy her. Don’t let our little guest suffer.”

‘Keep Carolyn in check and send more guards to wait for orders. Don’t let her become a threat to Helena.’

I understood this.

Dorothy had been standing in the corner of the living room without saying a word, like a real servant, silent and inconspicuous. The southern Duke did not seem to notice her. He was talking and laughing with my father and Duke Frank.

“Time really flies. In the blink of an eye, Carolyn is about to graduate from high school.” He said, “This time last year, she was still a shy little girl. This year, she has completely changed. Her personality has also become more cheerful. A girl changes eighteen times as she grows up.”

That meant, ‘You guys guessed it right. A witch has completely replaced my daughter. I don’t know who this person beside me is.’

My father took it with a smile. “That’s how children are. They grow up in a blink of an eye.”

‘When did this happen?’

“Do you still remember last year’s Moonlight Festival? I was going to bring her to the Lycan Pack to meet you and the Queen. Unfortunately, I don’t know which of the girl’s sensitive heartstrings I touched, but Carolyn, who has always had a mild temper, got angry with me and secretly ran away from home. I was so scared that I searched for her for more than a week before I found her in a manor near the edge of human society.”

‘My daughter was kidnapped by a witch during the Moonlight Festival last year. That should be the time.’

“I don’t know what grievances she suffered outside, but Carolyn’s temperament has changed greatly. I’ve talked to her before, but she would not tell me anything. She’s also very against psychologists and even has suicidal tendencies.”

'The witch hasn't made any threats so far. The werewolf master I sent to disguise as a doctor has also been seen through. She threatened me with Carolyn's life, so I can't act rashly.'

86 Baby's Breath

Selma Payne's POV:

"Perhaps the Southern Pack has some bad memories that outsiders don't know about, so Carolyn suggested that she wanted to transfer to the Lycan Pack. I just so happened to want her to take a break, so I agreed. I hope we can find a way to cure her here."

'The witch's target was the Lycan Pack. We must restrain her here and not let her harm others.'

My father was unmoved. "Don't worry. If there's anything I can help you with, please let me know. After all, Carolyn is your only daughter and the only heir to the Southern Pack. I don't want my niece to waste her life because of a rash decision during puberty."

'We will do our best to ensure Carolyn's safety. After this is over, her right to inheritance will not be questioned.'

"Thank you, Your Majesty," the southern Duke replied.

'Thank you, my old friend.'

While exchanging pleasantries, Kara had already prepared black tea and refreshments and handed them to Dorothy, who was guarding the door.

Without a word, Dorothy poured hot black tea for each guest. When she served it to the southern Duke, she specifically asked, "Do you want lemon slices, milk, or sugar cubes?"

'Everything is ready. Can you accept the curse removal ceremony now?'

The southern Duke smiled and said, "Sugar cubes are enough. Thank you. My daughter doesn't have any special preference. She likes to drink her tea with baby's breath. Can you please inform the servant in Her Majesty's suite?"

'That witch likes to add baby's breath when she makes potions. That's the only abnormality I found on her.'

Dorothy nodded and left silently like a well-trained servant.

In my magic class, I learned that adding all kinds of plant extracts to magic potions was common, but these plants usually have some obvious or special effects.

The baby's breath was just a common plant. Other than the legend of 'Moon Goddess and the Valkyrie', there was nothing special about it. Even its fragrance was very weak, let alone being used in medicine.

This very special abnormality could help us narrow down the scope of our investigation.

My father had realized this as well. Two werewolf Masters disguised as attendants outside the door had left quietly at his behest.

We had tea and chatted for a while. This time, it was an honest chat. We waited for Dorothy to return to the living room silently and nod to my father.

I gave Dorothy a look, then turned to the southern Duke and said, "Do you still remember the day of the Moonlight Festival? It seems that Carolyn wants to go to the float parade, but she didn't manage to. It just so happens that the school will hold a small parade at the graduation ball. Do you think Carolyn will like it? The Student Union wants to send her an invitation, and she might be very surprised."

'If the spell on your body can be broken, we will set a trap at the graduation ball and arrest the witch.'

"Oh, of course!" The southern Duke said in surprise, "Carolyn is a sensitive child. She likes to be praised by others. I think the parade is a good idea. May I know the details?"

'I agree, this witch likes to show off, and it's easy to expose her flaws when she's too smug. Can I hear your plan?'

I started, "The school hopes to use the legend of 'the Moon Goddess and the Valkyrie' as a reference. The Moon Goddess, the Valkyrie, and the witch will each have a float. Perhaps Carolyn will like the character of the witch? I think she's a girl very interested in taking difficult characters. The members of the drama club are very satisfied with her talent."

'Perhaps the role of the legendary witch would make it easier for the fake to let her guard down.'

"Of course, Carolyn is very talented in acting. As long as she wants to, she can deceive everyone, be it parents or classmates."

'I agree, but this witch is very cunning. Be careful not to hurt the students.'

"The school has arranged many scenes of witches and Valkyries fighting against each other. Carolyn will like it when she hears it."

'My father will arrange for guards to sneak into the convoy to stop the witches, so please rest assured.'

As we were talking, Dorothy came in with freshly baked black tea biscuits.

“The black tea biscuits sent by Her Majesty the Queen are fresh out of the oven. Please enjoy.”

‘The Queen said that Carolyn is starting to get agitated. There’s not much time left. When do we start?’

“Thank you. I was thinking of having some desserts,” the southern Duke said.

‘You can do it now.’

Dorothy nodded. She took out some magic tools wrapped in silk with the pattern of the moon and began to draw the spell on the southern Duke’s body.

At that moment, Dorothy seemed to have disappeared. Everyone in the living room turned a blind eye to her actions, talking and laughing as if nothing had happened.

Cold sweat started to form on my forehead without me realizing it. I tried to calm myself down. ‘Selma, don’t look at Dorothy. Don’t think about her. Make her presence as low as possible. Only then can I ensure her safety.’

As time passed, Dorothy had already finished half of the incantation. Then, Kara suddenly knocked on the door and loudly said, “Your Majesty, my Lords, Miss Carolyn suddenly felt a stomach ache. Her Highness the Queen would like to invite you to take a look.”

87 Broken Curse

Selma Payne’s POV:

This was bad!

Perhaps the witch had discovered something and was using this to test the southern Duke.

If nothing had happened to him, then to cooperate with the witch’s act, he had to play the role of a ‘kind father’ and immediately get up to take care of his sick daughter.

The problem was that Dorothy’s incantation was still incomplete. If he gave up now, everything would be in vain. When the witch noticed the abnormality, she might not allow the southern Duke to act alone.

“Oh! Carolyn!” The southern Duke immediately stood up like a good father and said anxiously, “Quickly take me to see her!”

Contrary to his anxious expression and tone, his movements were as steady as earth. He didn't even twitch.

"Don't worry, Lennon." My father stopped her in time. "Why don't we ask the doctor to take a look first? I'm sure Carolyn wouldn't want her father to worry either."

"The Queen has asked for Dr. Tracy," Kara replied. "She said everyone, especially the southern Duke, doesn't have to hurry."

"Thank you, Your Majesty, for your generosity!" The southern Duke exclaimed. "Forgive me for my rudeness just now. Perhaps I can be pardoned by Your Majesty and enter the Queen's suite to see my daughter?"

"Of course, Lennon." My father said, "Now, I'll ask the head servant to lead us."

Dorothy picked up her speed as the few spoke and quickly finished the last few words. The complex incantation glowed like fluorescent light and disappeared after a few seconds.

The southern Duke stood up and stretched his body. Then, he nodded at Dorothy and said, "Thank you, child."

Without the imprisonment of witchcraft, he was finally free from the witch's constant monitoring and could speak freely.

"It's my honor, my Lord." Dorothy handed a small crystal bottle to the southern Duke. "The monitoring spell has been broken, but to hide it from the public, I have set up a new set of sorcery on you. Its logic and structure were completely copied according to the previous spell, and it is guaranteed that no flaws would be seen. The crystal bottle contains the essence of the moon. Drink it at midnight tonight. The Moon Goddess will protect you from destroying your new spell."

"What's the use of the new spell?" the southern Duke asked.

"No." Dorothy shook her head. "Its only use is to distort your actual situation and hide it from those who want to monitor you. It will ensure that every message she receives is logical but wrong. In fact, the old spell on you only has the monitoring function, which has dramatically made it easier for me to work."

"Advanced witchcraft," the southern Duke said. "Young werewolves rarely have talents like yours. You will become a great master."

"Thank you," she said.

Dorothy didn't respond more to that. Finally, my eyes met hers, and she smiled at me.

Although he tried to delay, he still took much time. Finally, to not give himself away, the southern Duke had to run to my mother's suite to keep up with the image of a good father who gave up his manners because he was worried about his daughter.

Carolyn was lying in a room filled with gorgeous silk and jewelry, frowning and groaning. Tracy looked solemn as she examined her. Tracy was also in a difficult position because she couldn't find anything unusual with Carolyn.

Of course, the cunning witch was just pretending to be sick.

"Carolyn! How are you?" the southern Duke asked sincerely. "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

The fake Carolyn opened her eyes weakly and muttered, "Father, my stomach hurts."

"Oh, my child ..."

Her acting skills were so good that the father and daughter were about to cry.

However, this also meant that Dorothy's efforts were effective. This witch had not discovered our secret plot and was acting weakly.

My mother stepped forward and said apologetically, "I think this was my mistake, Lennon. I allowed Carolyn to drink too much black tea with added ice, which might have caused her to catch a cold."

A pot of black tea and a half-filled ice bucket were on the exquisite round table.

"Don't say that," the southern Duke said, putting on the act of an anxious but still respectful father. "We all know how much you love Carolyn. This is just a small accident caused by the young person's gluttony."

At this moment, Tracy finished her examination and said with certainty, "Your Majesty, my Lords, please do not worry. Miss Carolyn only has some stomach spasms. She will be fine after drinking some hot tea."

My mother quickly asked the servant to prepare hot tea. The spacious Queen's suite was filled with servants busying around, ending the farce.

In the afternoon, my parents asked the southern Duke and Carolyn to stay for lunch. Aldrich, Duke Frank, and I accompanied them. I was physically and mentally exhausted after eating this hypocritical meal. All my thoughts were on communicating with Carolyn, and the food tasted like wax.

Before she left, Carolyn took away a lot of fine clothes and jewelry, finally revealing some of a witch's characteristics. Her unconcealed greed was just like in the legend.

88 Settlement

Dorothy's POV:

Even though I'd been training for half a year, I still felt intense nervousness when I entered the king's reception room as a servant.

Winking, speaking riddles, going in and out of the room while providing service, and setting up magic circles were done very well.

I racked my brain to remember these obscure and rigid scribbles. I only hoped to finish them quickly before my memory messed up.

Just as I was about to wrap things up, I was interrupted. The head servant brought me bad news. Carolyn was already suspicious.

I had to quickly end the curse-breaking process to prevent her from finding out.

Fortunately, the elders' cooperation bought me enough time. After that, I successfully helped the southern Duke remove the surveillance spell and replaced it with a reverse interference spell.

The mission was completed perfectly. The King complimented me kindly and suggested that I transfer to a sorcery academy.

"Your talent is very rare even among the orthodox witches," the kind elder said, thinking for me. "It's your freedom to make full use of it. I hope it can become your wings to fly high."

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A pair of wings that spread its wings and flew high?

I lowered my head and thought to myself.

Perhaps, it was just a shackle deep in my bone marrow.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I'm interested in history," I declined politely. "I think it's more suitable for me to be a historian."

The Lycan King did not try to persuade me anymore. He only told Selma to send me home.

We walked on a small road on the outskirts. Selma looked as if she wanted to say something but stopped herself. I waited for a while, but she did not know how to start. Thus, I said first, "Do you have anything to say?"

“Oh...” She nodded in a dilemma. “Yes, Dorothy.”

“Then, there’s no need to hold back. Please speak.”

“Well, I don’t mean to point fingers,” Selma tidied her hair and said softly. “But why don’t you accept the Lycan King’s suggestion? You’re very talented, Dorothy. Even I can see that, not to mention the werewolf grandmasters who are full of praise for you. You’ll make great achievements in witchcraft.”

I smiled and shook my head. “This isn’t really pointing fingers. I didn’t choose this path because I didn’t want to. Talent doesn’t decide everything, right? The path of history is more suitable for me, and my family thinks so too.”

“But you like to study sorcery. I can see that,” Selma said. “Do you know when I see you smile the most? During the sorcery class. Be it listening to classes, practicing, or doing research, there is always a smile playing on your lips. This is completely different from you in the Sivr Academy. You love magic from the bottom of your heart because it makes you happy.”

‘Does witchcraft make me happy?’

I was stunned.

This was a question I’d never thought about.

From the moment I was born, my witch’s bloodline seemed only to bring me pain. The scolding from my family, the cold looks from my classmates, the self-loathing, and the tragedy of my life were all because of my body’s half-witch bloodline.

How could magic make me happy?

I should hate it. I should hate this derivative of the witch’s blood.

“Did you find anything? You always unconsciously pay attention to everything related to magic.” Selma continued, “Before your bloodline awakens, you loved to read books on philosophy and history. However, after your bloodline awakened, you always held all sorts of research notes and books about witchcraft in your hands, so much so that Mara and Avril thought you’d chosen to take classes in this area!”

“That’s just... Just some books I picked up...” I mumbled.

This wasn’t right!

I suddenly felt very frustrated.

Witches and witchcraft only brought about pain in the past nineteen years of my life!

Why would I like it? What was this? Stockholm Syndrome on an academic level?

The depression in my chest was getting increasingly intense, and I realized I was gasping for air like a fish in the desert. Selma was frightened by me. She quickly helped me to sit on the grass by the side of the road and helped me rub my chest.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" She said anxiously, "I shouldn't have told you this. Oh my god! Just take it as I'm talking nonsense and forget it, Moon Goddess. I'm such an idiot!"

I tried my best to suck in every bit of oxygen in the air and suddenly laughed out loud.

"You're not wrong, Selma. It's just that I've been avoiding it."

That was right. I'd been running away. I'd been running away from my bloodline, talent, and the scales that had long tilted in my heart.

I always find many excuses for myself, such as my father, whom I'd never met, my irascible grandmother, and the memory of being tortured by hot silver when I was a child.

But did these excuses make me feel any better?

No, they didn't.

They were just a match on a winter night, disappearing after providing a little warmth. I still had to face this icy cold world of wind blades and frost swords.

It was too cold and too tiring. I didn't dare to fight against the wind and snow, so I could only pretend that I didn't have the ability and silently wait for the judgment of the harsh winter.

However, the wind was already so cold, and the snow was already so heavy. So why didn't I stand up, give the raging blizzard the middle finger, and say, 'Go to hell'?

I should reconcile with myself.

I thought.

I'd listened to what many people had said and been a marionette for so long. Now, it was time for me to listen to myself.

89 Religion

Selma Payne's POV:

The moment I saw the tears in Dorothy's eyes, I knew I had said the wrong thing. The great werewolf Princess Selma had made her friend cry!

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't have said this!"

I could only apologize stiffly for my arrogant behavior.

Dorothy looked extremely frustrated. She frowned and suddenly shook her head violently. She grabbed her hair and mumbled something that I could not hear clearly.

"Are you alright?"

I was a little worried and started considering if I should call the werewolf grandmasters.

Some witches would be affected by the profound sorcery they cast, resulting in some emotional and psychological side effects. Some of them had their strengths and weaknesses. Dorothy might have been affected by it!

Fortunately, she suddenly returned to normal just before I made the call.

"You're not wrong, Selma. It's just that I've been avoiding it."

Dorothy suddenly said something that had no rhyme or reason.

"What?"

I couldn't keep up with her emotions. So I stood there like a stupid deer that couldn't understand words.

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Dorothy seemed to be lost in her world. She thought silently for a while, crying and laughing simultaneously. "It's nothing, Selma. Let's go. Do you want to have some dessert? I found a wizard's cake recipe in my mother's notes. Apparently, you will have a good dream after eating it."

"Oh, oh okay!" I was like a puppet being led by her.

We walked silently on the country road, the flying bees and butterflies brushing our cheeks from time to time. A blue butterfly stopped by my ear. Dorothy gently picked her up, and with a wave of her hand, the lively little spirit disappeared into the flowers.

I pursed my lips and thought about it again. "It's fine already?"

'Moon Goddess, please don't make me look like a busybody!'

"What?"

Dorothy smiled.

“It’s fine. I have to thank you, Selma. You showed me that I was too stubborn in the past.”

I was still confused. “Really? Alright. Although I don’t know which of my words took effect, as long as you’re happy, everything else doesn’t matter.”

“Every word is useful. I know you don’t want to hurt my self-esteem. You’re only saying this for my good.”

Dorothy’s eyes glowed under the sun. I noticed her pupils had a thin layer of dark green under the sun for the first time. Her original eye color did not cover this green at all. But instead, it was like the brilliant reflection of a gem.

Perhaps I stared into her eyes for too long. Dorothy blinked uncomfortably, lowered her head, and asked softly, “You noticed that too?”

“What?” I came back to my senses and nodded. “Are you referring to your pupils? That’s right, that dark green ring of light is really beautiful.”

Dorothy said, “This came from my father. Although my mother and grandmother had green eyes like me, only sorcerers with the gift of prophecy would have such a halo around their pupils.”

“Wow, this is amazing.” I couldn’t help but exclaim, “It seems I still know too little about witches. I only know the knowledge taught by the werewolf masters.”

“That’s normal. In fact, most wizards and witches don’t know about this. After all, they don’t have the talent for prophecy. So the minority has to find a way to protect their secrets from the majority, right?”

Dorothy chuckled. “It is said that this halo is the mark that the goddess of fate has given to those with the gift of prophecy, ensuring they can swim in time and not be torn apart by the waves.”

“The goddess of fate? But don’t sorcerers believe in satan?”

“But most of the mayflies, or most people, believe in satan. Some special small groups believe in other gods. Don’t the werewolf grandmasters believe in the Moon Goddess like us?”

“But the werewolf grandmasters are werewolves, after all.” I still didn’t quite understand. “What about you? Dorothy, where does your strength come from?”

As soon as I asked, I realized that I was a little too offensive to the faith of the mayfly. It was a serious problem, especially for mixed-bloods. Their special bloodline caused them to waver naturally.

“Please pretend I didn’t say anything just now,” I said, annoyed. “I’m a fool, really.”

Dorothy smiled indifferently. “Don’t say that, my dear. It’s not that big a deal to me. Why can’t I worship two gods at the same time?” When I am a witch, I worship the goddess of fate. When I am a wolf, I worship the Moon Goddess.”

I was shocked and speechless by this shocking statement. I muttered, “But there has never been such a precedent. Shouldn’t one’s faith be focused on one thing...”

“Then, what is the deciding factor for loyalty? Now, it seems that our bloodline and origin naturally dictate our faith. You’re a werewolf, so you believe in the Moon Goddess. Elves believe in the goddess of nature, and sirens believe in the sea god. Faith is linked to race.”

At that moment, Dorothy was like a philosopher.

“But do these rules work on me? I’m a werewolf and a witch. Can I use witchcraft in peace if I only believed in the Moon Goddess? If I only believed in the goddess of fate, then should I pretend that my wolf, Elaine, doesn’t exist?”

90 The Crazy Grandmother

Selma Payne’s POV:

“Actually, if it was me a year ago, I would have chosen the Moon Goddess without a doubt.” Dorothy’s eyes were blank as if she had recalled something. “But times have changed, and everything has changed.

“Since I’ve chosen this path and chosen to become a werewolf witch, I don’t have to be so unreasonable and waver between the two gods because I will never be able to calm my will. No god will accept such an impious believer, and I will lose everything.

“If my identity cannot be separated, why should faith be separated? I’ll pray under the moonlight like every devout werewolf and explore the path of fate like every rigorous prophet. I’ll treat all faith with caution. Isn’t that enough?”

I had to admit that she made a lot of sense.

But at the same time, it was also very unconventional. If the stubborn elders in the Council of Elders had heard what Dorothy said, they would have clamored to destroy this ‘blasphemer’.

“But how can one person worship two gods be considered pious?” I mumbled, “Shouldn’t faith be one’s heart and soul?”

Dorothy suddenly blinked slyly and said rather embarrassedly, “Actually, I was just thinking about this when you suddenly asked me. Of course, I have some doubts too, but this is enough for the current me. Maybe after another nineteen years, my mentality will change again? Intelligent creatures are so fickle!”

My unintentional question caused my good friend to have such a complicated reaction. I felt deeply guilty. Just as I was about to apologize, Dorothy suddenly stopped me as if she could read my mind.

“What about you? Selma, why do you want to apologize to me again? Did you realize that you’ve been apologizing to me all day?”

“As a courtesy, I’ll also say something to you – be more confident in yourself. My girl, sometimes your power is greater than you think.

“Don’t take your kindness too lightly. To those who love you, this is a priceless treasure.”

I had never seen such a dazzling side of Dorothy. If she was a star hidden behind the clouds and buried by the moonlight in the past, she was now a bird flying high in the sky under the sun.

I realized that I had the mentality of a ‘mother chicken’, looking down at the infinite sky, the young eagle chirping, and the wind sending us to the place of hope that was infinitely far away. Everyone had their fate. I could provide help, but why should I be so self-righteous and try to control everything?

“Okay.” I chuckled like Dorothy. “So, my dear prophet, when can we eat a cake that makes people dream good dreams? Maybe we can pick some berries for the stuffing?”

Dorothy pounced on me and tickled me, grumbling in dissatisfaction, “Hey! You’re not allowed to copy me!”

We laughed and ran away.

Behind us, the grass was lush, and hummingbirds were chirping.

Dorothy’s grandmother was a little fierce. She did not have the slightest bit of politeness for her guests. Or rather, she had no manners at all. From the moment she entered the room, she didn’t even ask for my name. Instead, she just rudely waved her hand and shouted, “Who is this? Don’t casually bring some shady little b*stards into the house! I don’t want my house to become a breeding ground for little traitors.”

Gosh! That was very impolite!

I was just about to retort when I heard Dorothy say coldly, "It's my freedom to invite friends to my house. If you don't like it, then please leave. And this is my mother's house, not yours."

"What did you just say?" The white-haired old lady said in disbelief, "The heavens have been overturned! You dare talk to me like that! You little Satan's b*stard. I think you're itching for a beating!"

As she spoke, she pulled out a bundle of tightly intertwined wool needles from the messy pair of yarn on the sofa and waved it at Dorothy.

This was too much!

I subconsciously tried to stop the fight but accidentally became the scapegoat for the violence. The knitting needles weren't that thick or heavy, but they were like whips smeared with chilli water, causing me to feel a piercing pain.

These were not ordinary knitting needles!

After looking at it, I realized that the knitting needles were silver. Dorothy's grandmother held the end tightly wrapped in wool, so she was not injured.

Dorothy anxiously checked the red burn on my arm. "Selma, are you alright? We have to go to the hospital as soon as possible. Wounds caused by silver won't heal so easily, especially now that it's summer!"

I didn't have the time to care about my small injuries. So instead, I looked at the crazy old woman and shouted angrily, "How could you do this? Dorothy is your biological granddaughter, and you used silver to hit her. Do you want to kill her?!"

Dorothy's grandmother did not take it to heart and snorted coldly in disdain, "What do you know? Only silver can expel the dirty witch's blood in her body. She deserves it!"

"I think you've gone crazy!" I was extremely angry, but I calmed down instead. "I should call the mental hospital and lock you in for treatment."

"You can't do this!" She roared angrily, "I have to stay and expel the filth from Dorothy!"

She looked serious, as if she really cared about her granddaughter.