

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

91 99% and 1%

Selma Payne's POV:

If that was what she really thought, then I was sure she was crazy. The mental hospital was where she should be.

I snorted coldly and said, "Get rid of filth? How to remove it? Do you want to use the silver needles you have? Moon Goddess, please forgive this old lady. She has obviously been driven mad by the weapon in her hand!"

"You're the crazy one! You dog! You're in cahoots with those witches! You're trying to trick Dorothy into betraying the werewolves!"

Dorothy's grandmother suddenly pounced on me like a rabid dog.

My persevering training wasn't for nothing. To deal with such a crazy woman, I only had to follow the steps.

The crazy old woman was thrown to the ground, but she still wouldn't give up and wanted to attack me.

At that moment, Dorothy suddenly stepped forward and grabbed her grandmother, carrying her to the sofa and then pulling me upstairs.

"Don't bother with her," she said coldly. "She's already gone crazy. She won't listen no matter how much you say."

She slammed the door hard, isolating herself from the barrage of foul language downstairs.

Dorothy's room was not big. It only had a small bed, a desk without a chair, a standing closet, and a few bookcases.

The furniture filled up the house, which was a little crowded even when we stood in the open space.

Dorothy said, somewhat embarrassed, "Sorry to make you laugh; I don't have a sofa here. You can sit on the bed first."

Although she tried her best to restrain her emotions, I could see that she was still very depressed because of the earlier conflict.

I held her hand and consoled her softly, "Has your grandmother always been like this? If you want to, you can send her to a mental institution where she can receive good treatment and recuperate. The Lycan King will pay for all medical expenses. You're a hero who fought against the enemy. You deserve this."

"Thank you," she said. She broke into a smile and shook her head. "But there's no need. She doesn't have any illness. She's just immersed in her past memories and doesn't want to wake up."

"Why did she treat you this way? What happened in the past?"

"Actually, I'm not too sure myself. You know that my mother and my wizard father eloped, and that's the only reason I know. As for the rest, no one can tell me. I can only bear the consequences of what the older generation has done."

"But this is abuse! Silver is a weapon used against werewolves. No one would use such a weapon against a traitor. So what right does she have to hurt you like this?"

"It's because I'm a witch. She hated my father for taking my mother away, so she could only vent her anger on me. Isn't it natural for the werewolves to hate sorcerers? After all, that group of monsters who believed in Satan had brought a huge disaster to the werewolves."

"But your father wasn't on the same side as those invaders, was he? You said that he believes in the goddess of fate."

"Of course!" Dorothy nodded. "Otherwise, with the prophet's participation, the war's outcome might not be certain."

"Then, all the more she shouldn't have done that. The war has nothing to do with your father and nothing to do with you!"

"But who would know about this relationship?" Dorothy looked at me. "How many people know that witches and wizards are divided into factions like the elves? In most people's eyes, Satan is the faith of all sorcerers."

"When 99% of a race does something bad, and the remaining 1% is insignificant. It's always convenient to round it up, right?"

Dorothy's words made me realize I was trapped in an extremely ridiculous logical lie.

The influence of the Blackwater War was too great. In addition to the witch's persecution of the werewolves in ancient legends, it seemed that every werewolf and every sorcerer were born to be enemies.

However, if there were differences among sorcerers, were our past acts of revenge all in vain? Would there be an injustice?

This conjecture made me shiver.

“However, I think my encounter is just an extremely special case.”

Dorothy’s words pulled me back to my senses.

“The survival of the minority is too difficult, so the sorcerers with other beliefs will always cautiously live in seclusion. For example, my father. No one knows where he and my mother live.”

“So, these minority groups never interact with people?” I asked.

“Of course not. They have to socialize and live. They can’t avoid contact with other people.” Dorothy shook her head. “However, they are usually very cautious in hiding themselves. My father wrote in his diary that he would use a special spell to disguise himself as another race when he left his territory. But, they would try to avoid disguising themselves as satan to prevent others from seeing through his disguise.”

This information made me feel much better. At the very least, the werewolves wouldn’t act rashly against other innocent races to avoid accidentally harming these innocent minorities.

92 The Invitation

Selma Payne’s pov:

However, no matter what, Dorothy should not continue living here. This home filled with pain was unable to provide her with a comfortable place to live and a learning space.

There were many empty rooms in the palace, weren’t there?

So, I carefully suggested, “Dorothy, perhaps you’re willing to move to the palace to accompany me? There’s no one of my age there. I’m really bored to death. When you’ve moved in, we can go to school together and train together. Isn’t that great?”

Dorothy immediately saw through my disguise and chuckled, “You can just say that this house is not suitable for living in, Selma.”

“I didn’t want to be too offensive.” I smiled awkwardly.

Dorothy shrugged.

I thought she wouldn't agree. After all, she had always been a slightly shy girl who was inclined to solve problems independently. But this time, she asked directly, "Will the Lycan King and Queen agree to this? The palace is a heavily guarded place. I don't think it will accept strangers as guests."

She sort of agreed.

"Don't worry," I promised immediately. "His Majesty knows you so well that you can see how much they trust and like you, right? I dare say that if you agree to move into the palace, Her Majesty will even ask Kara to drive me to another room and leave the most comfortable bedroom for you!"

"Are you jealous?" Dorothy put on an act of being put in a difficult position. "Then, I think I'd better not accept the invitation. To protect Miss Selma's unique and noble status in the Queen's heart."

I pounced on her and hugged her waist tightly, not letting her go. "No! You must move into the palace. This is the order of the noble Miss Selma!"

Dorothy laughed and said, "Since it's your order, I can't refuse."

Just like that, Dorothy became the first permanent guest of the palace.

My parents agreed readily. I guess they'd already investigated Dorothy's family background in private, but they never told me.

Hmph! Although I was already involved in politics, they still treated me like a child sometimes. Did they think I would go to Dorothy's house and cause a scene?

While helping Dorothy set up the room, I told her about this.

"I have to say, I admire the foresight of His Majesty and Her Majesty." Dorothy did not even lift her head as she fiddled with her books. "The first time you met my grandmother, you had a huge fight. Do you still remember?"

"She was the one who provoked me first." I thought of the crazy woman my mother had sent someone to take care of. I muttered, "She has violent tendencies. It's not my fault."

"That's right. It's not your fault."

Dorothy stopped tidying her books and stared blankly into space as if she was recalling something.

"Did I say that? In fact, I've hated my grandmother since I was young." She said, "Although she didn't starve me to death and raised me, I still hate her. When the silver

was branded on my body, when I was scolded for no reason, when my things were thrown away like garbage, there was a moment when I wanted her to die.

“But I’ll soon regret this thought because she did raise me, after all, didn’t she? The grace of raising me is greater than heaven, and she had a reason for what she did to me.

“During my long childhood and adolescence, these two thoughts appeared alternately, constantly fighting in my mind. Sometimes, I wonder if I’ve gone crazy. Otherwise, why would I fight with myself like a schizophrenic?”

I gently hugged her, hoping to give this fragile-looking girl a little support and strength.

Dorothy chuckled a few times.

“I’ve been struggling like this until my bloodline awakened.”

“The shift and the bloodline awakening came together, and I became a witch with a wolf or a wolf with sorcery. This is even more difficult to solve.”

She rested her head on my shoulder like a little wolf cub. I silently stroked her hair and didn’t say a word. I gave her time.

“But later on, the Lycan King appeared, and you appeared. In a daze, I started learning witchcraft and even participated in a secret operation to protect the country. After coming into contact with the wider world and seeing more paths, I gradually thought, why should I make things difficult for myself? I should listen to my heart and choose the path I want.

“So, I believe in both goddesses at the same time. I promised you to move to the palace, and I also swore to live up to the reputation of the prophet witch.

“The only problem left is my grandmother...”

She chuckled.

“I used to think she hurt me, but she had suffered a lot herself.

“Now, I understand. She has indeed suffered a lot, but that was not a good reason for her to hurt me.”

93 A Young Girl’s Crush

Selma Payne’s POV:

“Good morning, girls!”
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Mara ran toward us with a paper box in her arms.

The graduation ceremony was just around the corner, and all the clubs were nervously setting up their venues. People came and went in front of the school gate, carrying some decorations and props. Mara accidentally bumped into a boy carrying a bunch of badminton rackets. The box in her hand fell to the ground, and the rose-red cards scattered all over the ground.

“This is bad!”

She hurriedly picked it up, and we quickly went to help. Unfortunately, it had just rained last night, so the ground was wet. The cards were covered with muddy water and could no longer be used.

Kara complained in a low voice, “Ryan will kill me! He especially made these cards to write the invitation for the special guests. It’s all over now!”

“Don’t worry,” I consoled her. “There’s still a week before the graduation ceremony. We’ll have time to get a new one.”

“But these cards are custom-made, and it’ll take more than half a month to complete.” Kara said dejectedly, “Ryan hopes it would become some kind of precious campus memento. He definitely will kill me!”

Well, no one knew the virtue of these ‘luxury goods’ with long construction periods better than the general affairs officer of the royal family. Of course, the production time didn’t have to be long, and the materials didn’t have to be precious, but the shelf must be set up.

Even if the goods were ready on the second day after the first order, he must let it collect dust in the warehouse for half a month, or it would lower his value.

“Ryan won’t have the chance to kill you,” I took the box of cards and said, “I’ll go back and ask the general affairs officer of the palace to think of a way. I think there should be similar cards in the palace warehouse.”

“Really!” Mara covered her mouth in disbelief and said excitedly, “That’s great! That’s the royal family’s stuff. Compared to this, any other luxury brand is weak!”

“You’re spoiling her too much, Selma. How can you simply give away the royal family’s things?”

“It’s just a few pieces of paper.” I didn’t care. “Can’t you just keep it a secret? No one knows this belongs to the royal family, so let it quietly become one of those precious luxury goods!”

We walked into the school side by side.

The final exams had just ended, and the students were no longer frowning while studying. Instead, they were cheering and reveling in the ball and party. Men and women were walking together shyly everywhere. The most popular and thin-skinned young man in the garden and the playground corner was always embarrassed to invite others in public.

The girls were chattering away. “Have you guys decided on a dance partner yet? My god, the third-year seniors are the most popular. The stadium and the opera hall are even more lively these days than the market. No boy can ‘protect himself’ and be divided by the crazy girls the moment they walk out of the door. They have to accept someone’s invitation.”

None of us had a dance partner. I wanted Aldrich to come, but the school rules forbade people from outside the school, be it a general or noble.

Avril seemed to have a crush. We urged her to tell the truth, and she pulled us to a corner and said shyly, “This is a secret. You must keep it a secret for me, okay?”

“Hurry up and tell me!” Mara could not wait.

“Alright, he’s... the president of the drama club, Ryan.”

“What?”

We were shocked.

Dorothy frowned. “If I remember correctly, Ryan is famous for his ‘career’? Besides his studies and the drama club, he doesn’t pay attention to anything else.”

“I don’t have a good impression of him either! And he has a bad temper! Previously, because of Carolyn, he got into a fight and was usually very fierce to the club members.”

Mara nodded with fear. “Listen to me, girl. Ryan is a big fire pit,” he said. “I admit he’s very handsome, but compared to his cold heart, that handsomeness is nothing!”

Maybe we were too agitated because Avril said unhappily, “He’s not what you think he is! In fact, he is a very kind and gentle person. You only see the superficial appearance!”

After that, she pushed us away and ran away.

“Oh, a silly girl who has fallen in love.” Mara sighed. “She won’t listen to anything now. Ryan’s charm is more powerful than the witch’s spell on her.”

“How did Avril fall in love with Ryan?” I didn’t understand. “She’s from the boxing club, isn’t she? What kind of contact does she usually have with Ryan?”

Mara felt a little guilty. “It’s my fault. I always ask Avril to help out at the drama club. Maybe she fell in love with Ryan then.”

“We have to stop her.” Dorothy suddenly said, “Carolyn has agreed to Ryan’s dance partner’s invitation. We can’t just watch Avril’s heart break, can we?”

“What?” Mara exclaimed, “This b*stard! He even rejected a girl before he instructed me to go out and pick up the delivery. He pretended that he would ‘consider’ it! He lied to everyone!”

Dorothy replied calmly, “I heard it from a passing student. Maybe it’s just a rumor? We have to find Avril now. We should not let her run into a wall in a moment of hot-headedness.”

94 Standing Up

Selma Payne’s POV:
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“Yes, this silly girl...” Mara muttered as she ran away. She then turned back and said to us, “I’ll go look for her, then I’ll go back to work in the drama club. See you at the cafeteria at noon!”

After watching her leave, I turned to Dorothy and asked, “Did Carolyn really agree to Ryan’s invitation?”

“Yes, I saw it.” She nodded. “Just three minutes ago.”

I was puzzled. “Could Carolyn have used magic to control Ryan? Ryan is quite an influential figure in the Sivr Academy, so having him as her fan is very befitting Carolyn’s personality, who loves to show off.”

“No, it was Ryan’s idea,” Dorothy denied. “Everything else aside, isn’t Carolyn beautiful? Moreover, she’s the heir to a great noble family. She’s fatally attractive to any male college student.”

“Well,” I sneered. “I should have known she was not a good person from her attitude toward Mara and Chloe.”

“Let’s not talk about this,” Dorothy said calmly. “How’s the preparation for the marchers?”

“It’s all ready,” I said, “They’ve already entrusted Maple Leaf Entertainment to sign a contract with the school. They’ll be hired as external actors on the day of the graduation ball. Nothing will go wrong. ”

“I hope everything goes well.” Dorothy prayed.

By the way, I chose to join the student council in the first half of the semester and was now the secretary.

Dorothy had joined the sorcery research society, and it was said that there were only two people in it, herself and the president.

At noon, we found a little wolf crying uncontrollably in the cafeteria.

“Not only did he reject me, he even humiliated me!” Avril was heartbroken. “He said that my muscles are harder than stone. He didn’t want to dance with an ancient Greece statue for the whole night! So many people, his friends, were all laughing! I can’t stay in this school anymore!”

Mara was furious. “This is too much!” she said. “Who does he think he is? The sun god? How can you humiliate a lady like this?!”

Dorothy and I were equally infuriated. We didn’t expect Ryan to be so mean.

“Let’s get even with him.” I stood up and dragged Avril away. “Who the hell is he? Did he really think he was some big shot? Since that’s the case, I’ll let him see who the real king of this school is.”

Avril did not want to and sobbed, “Forget it, Selma. Don’t stand up for me. It’s all my stupidity. Ryan has the right to reject me, doesn’t he?”

“Of course, he has the right to reject you,” I said. “But he has no right to humiliate you. No one can humiliate another person for no reason. Is ‘thank you, but please allow me to refuse’ too difficult to say? It seems that his brain capacity isn’t that big. His pitiful talent and pride have already taken up all the space, and he can’t even hold a little bit of courtesy.”

Avril didn’t want to let this go, so after hesitating for a while, I managed to pull her away.

Ryan was currently munching on a peanut butter sandwich and bragging to his scoundrels about how he had made Carolyn’ fall in love at first sight’.

I didn't have the patience to listen to him brag, so I grabbed the orange juice and splashed it on his face.

"What the hell is this?!" he screamed, looking like he wanted to punch me. "Are you crazy? What's wrong with you?"

I glared back at him without fear. "You deserve it, little genius. I hope the orange juice can wash your dirty mouth clean."

"I'm sorry," Ryan laughed. "Do we have any grudges? Is it worth it for you to bark at me like a madman?"

I didn't want to waste my breath on him. So I grabbed another glass of orange juice on the table and splashed it on his face again." I don't think an egoist has the right to call others lunatics."

I didn't have the patience to waste my breath. "Now, apologize to this girl you've hurt. I promise you won't use that dry metaphor to mock others again. Keep your talent and write third-rate novels."

Ryan flipped the table, sneered, and roared, "Who do you think you are? Do you think I won't hit a woman? Then you're wrong. Today, you will have to kneel and lick my shoes clean! B*tch!"

He threw a punch at me, but the weak fist was as ridiculous as a child's game to me.

I subdued him with just one move and stepped on his twisted arm. Then, hearing his wailing, I coldly said, "B*tch? Ha, do you know what happened to the last person who said that to me? Alex, the former football captain. How long have you not seen him?"

This disturbance attracted the attention of everyone. Avril timidly tugged at my sleeve and said, "Gorget it, Selma. Don't get the teacher here."

"So what if the teacher is here?" I said, "I'll accept the punishment, provided I've taught this b*stard a lesson."

Ryan raised his head with difficulty and sneered at Avril. "It's you, Miss Statue. What's wrong? Did your hard muscles hurt your self-esteem? Get your little sister to cause trouble with me? You'd better be honest, girl. Who would like you if you're so rough? Do you want to win the title of 'best loner' at the prom?"

Avril burst into tears, and Mara and Dorothy quickly pulled her behind them. Mara kicked Ryan a few times in anger. Dorothy also said coldly, "Watch your tongue, wolf cub."

Selma Payne's POV:

"Hey, hey!" Ryan's friends finally couldn't stand it anymore. "What is this? Do you think you are in 'Charlie's Angels'?"

A ginger said to Ryan with a smile, "That's enough. Stop acting. Get up and teach these little girls a lesson, Ryan."

"Are you blind, kid?" Ryan's face turned pale as he roared. "Just shut up!"

Realizing that Ryan had really been subdued by me, the expressions of the ginger, the black-haired guy, and the blond guy beside him turned serious.

"Hey, Miss," the blond said. "I know you're a relative of the Queen, but you don't want to see the news of a royal family member bullying people in the newspapers tomorrow, do you? Don't you think the Queen will be angry?"

Ha, he was threatening me?

"Guess which media outlet would dare to report gossip about the royal family? But you, little brat, does your police chief father know that you're making sarcastic remarks about the royal family at school?" I asked.

"You!" The ginger gritted his teeth.

I'd seen the photo of the police chief on the list of officials. He and his son look exactly the same. Who would have thought that the middle-aged man with a righteous face would have such a b*stardly son?

The ginger and the blond stood on the same side as their friends, like a stupid wall. "Calm down, Miss. Let's talk this out."

"I don't have any other requests. I just want this b*stard to apologize to Avril." I stomped on Ryan with all my might, and he wailed again.

"Alright! Alright!" he said perfunctorily, "I was wrong. I'm sorry, okay?! Take your foot off!"

"That's insincere!" I pouted.

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"What do you want?" Ryan roared, "Just tell me what to do when the time comes!"

I let go of my foot and lifted him, pushing him in front of Avril. "Apologize respectfully to her for your insult. And bow! Don't think that your little pride is too valuable, kid."

Ryan reluctantly did as he was told. In the end, he unwillingly said, "Is that enough, young ladies?"

I reluctantly let him go. "That's more like it. Girls, let's go."

The crowd of onlookers was strangely silent and spontaneously made a path for us.

Dorothy and Mara supported the sobbing Avril as they walked forward. I was at the back of the group. Suddenly, I turned around and said to Ryan, "I heard you've been waiting for an email?"

"How did you know?" Ryan was stunned.

"Just take it that I'm kind enough to tell you some inside information!" I chuckled. "The list of the Midnight Opera House's summer performances has been confirmed, and the staff's invitation cards were sent out three days ago. I don't think you'll be on the list, you genius director. What a pity, haha!"

Looking at Ryan's face, which looked like he had just eaten three pounds of rotten eggs, I felt incomparably good. I quickly led the girls away.

In the small garden, Avril was still sobbing.

"Don't be sad, girl. That b*stard is not worth you spending so much energy on him." Mara gently said, "You saw it yourself. He's not a good person at all. His friends are also b*stards. Do you think you're the first girl they've insulted? You don't know how mean Ryan is in the drama club. It is as if everyone is his slave."

Mara sobbed. "I know, but... Oh my god, I don't want to go to the boxing club anymore. I hate these annoying muscles!"

Surprisingly, Dorothy had the biggest reaction to this. "Don't think that way, Avril. You did nothing wrong. You don't have to hate yourself for this.

"Who said that girls can't be muscular? Who made the rule that ladies cannot join the boxing club? The werewolves have always regarded the body as beautiful. I think those boys have been infected by the decadent atmosphere of human society and are now worshipping the sickly and thin straw!

"Just do whatever you like. If anyone dares to talk nonsense in front of you again, just give him a hard punch and show him the proud results of your persistent training!"

Avril was stunned by Dorothy's words and forgot to cry for a moment. She stared at Dorothy with her mouth wide open.

Dorothy felt a little embarrassed and said softly, "I mean, just do what you like and don't care about what others think. Although their pointing and gossiping are indeed annoying, if you think carefully, this didn't bring you any substantial losses, did it?"

"If you really change because of what they said, you'll become the disadvantaged group instead. Because people will think that you're easy to bully, and those bullies will humiliate you even more.

"Take Chloe, for example. Why did Ryan dare to strip her of her role? Was it because her acting skills are bad? No, it was because Ryan is a b*stard, and Chloe is a gentle and good girl. A good person can't fight a b*stard."

"The wicked will be tortured by the wicked," I added. "That's the logic."

Avril wiped her tears and whispered, "Thank you. I feel much better. In fact, I also know that Ryan is a b*stard, but I can't help but feel sad. When I think of what he said, I want to immediately dig a hole and bury myself in it!"

96 Mr. Principal

Selma Payne's POV:

"It's normal to be sad." I hugged her, and Dorothy and Mara did the same. "It takes a while for the wound to heal. After being sad, you need to vent your emotions to calm down. Cry as much as you can. Just cry out all your sadness and misery."

As expected, the matter had blown up. The principal had invited us.

"Good afternoon, Miss Payne." The grey-haired principal gestured for me to sit down. "Please sit."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Principal. You asked us here for that b*stard Ryan, right? I knew what he was trying to do. I'll say this first; I won't apologize to him. This is all karma for that b*stard."

"Mind your language, kid," the principal said with a frown.

"Alright. I don't care what he thinks of me. So what are you going to do? Invite his parents? Public criticism? Or do you want me to be suspended from school to reflect?"

"In fact, I don't plan on doing any of these." The principal shook his head. "Young people are always loyal to their friends. I understand that you were standing up for your friend, but isn't it too much to beat someone up in public? Have you ever thought about how you and your friend will gain a foothold in school now? Have you ever thought about how Mr. Ryan would face his classmates from now on?"

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I rolled my eyes. “Oh, come on, Mr. Principal. There’s no need to instill in me those great rhetoric principles. It’s been a long time since you were a student, so I can tell you very clearly that your concept of honor and disgrace has long been outdated among the students.

“My girls and I will have a good time in school, better than before because those who bully people will understand that we are not to be trifled with. As for Ryan, what do his actions have to do with me? When he was bullying the other students, did he ever think about what the students would do in the future?”

The principal seemed to be a little angry. “Correct your attitude, miss. This is not the palace. You can’t throw your noble temper here!”

“So you know that I’m a noble.” I twisted my hair and looked at him casually. “Then, guess how much I know about you? Is it all just about outstanding resumes and honor on the exhibition board, or is there something more behind this?”

I leaned closer to the desk, almost sticking my entire body on the table. I looked at his twitching mouth and said, “Do you think the Queen hadn’t investigated you before I came here? Have you investigated the students and teachers in this school? Did she tell me about your shady business?”

“I believe that Her Majesty is a just and kind ruler,” the principal said with a fake smile. “She won’t simply look into a citizen’s privacy.”

“Ha.” I chuckled and leaned back on the sofa. “Of course, Her Majesty is as wonderful as you said. May the Moon Goddess bless her.”

The principal looked as if he wanted me to disappear from this world.

In fact, I had lied to him. My parents were so busy every day. How could they have the time to pay attention to a small school? The security department had indeed investigated the Sivr Academy, and I was the only one who had seen the report.

The principal took a deep breath and tried his best to put on a kind smile. “Let’s not talk about irrelevant things, Miss Payne. You have to know that it’s very common for students to have small conflicts. You can’t always use violence to solve it... ”

“A small conflict?” I interrupted him. “Do you think insulting a girl in public is a ‘small conflict’? Forcefully stripping a member of a deserved role is a ‘small conflict’? To show off in front of the person you like, fighting with someone with a knife is a ‘small conflict’?”

I looked at him expressionlessly. “Forgive me for being blunt, but your judgment standard is a little low.”

“Don’t talk about those off-topic things!” A few veins bulged on the principal’s head. “Let’s just judge the matter as it is. Mr. Ryan’s words and actions are a little inappropriate, but didn’t Miss Mara provoke him first? A woman should maintain some reservation...”

“Did the rules of this year’s graduation ceremony change? Didn’t everyone have the chance to invite their favorite dance partner? How come I’ve never heard of a girl being deprived of this right?” I interrupted this rotten old man again, not having the patience to continue talking nonsense with him.

“I know why you’re so protective of Ryan. In the face of the glory he brought to the school with his pitiful talent, other students are nothing, right? After all, Ryan’s success and the increase in your political achievements are real. You won’t be able to get this benefit from other students.

“Ryan’s father seems to be keen on contributing to the school. Huh, no wonder he could serve as the drama club president for four consecutive terms since high school. I heard that you’re running for the community council seat this year. Will you sell your official position as a student official in the future?”

The principal’s eyes widened in shock, and he panted like a broken wind box. “This is slander! This is vicious slander! Miss Payne, you don’t have to threaten me with this. I...”

“Whether it’s slander or threat, what you think is your business. This is just a small lesson, dear Mr. Principal. If you still want to sit firmly in your current position, you’d better pick up what little conscience you have left and do good things for the students.

“Also, don’t provoke me.”

After saying that, I didn’t care what this old man had to say and left.

Alpha’s Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

97 Rule Awareness

Selma Payne’s POV:

It would look so cool to slam the door and leave, wouldn’t it?

But not everyone thought so, at least not in my parents’ eyes.

“That’s a bit of a joke.” My father frowned and said sternly, “Going against the principal? She even threatened him? Baby, this is not what a good student should do.”

My mother’s eyes told me she didn’t agree with my actions.

I wrung my fingers and retorted softly, “I know I shouldn’t have contradicted my teacher, but does that old man look like a principal at all? He became the protective umbrella of the bullies, allowing them to bully ordinary students as they pleased, just because the bullies brought honor to the school and added to his resume. With all due respect, such a person is not qualified to sit in the school office. The prison is his best place!”

“That’s still not a reason for you to do this.” My father rubbed his brows tiredly. “Even if you don’t like him, why don’t you use a gentler and more subtle way? When you want to do something, it’s best not to leave any evidence. My dear daughter, your principal has already submitted a protest letter to the palace. What do you want me to do? Cover for you? Are you going to be punished?”

His words shocked me. A subtler way? Not leaving any evidence?

This didn’t sound that righteous!

“Don’t look at me like that, child!” My father said slyly, “A 100% good person can’t control such a big and complicated country. The rules are for those who follow the rules. For those who don’t follow the rules, we should have a way to deal with them outside the rules.”

It was as if I had only just discovered another side of my father today, a side that was very different from his great, majestic, and benevolent image of a king. Just like the shadow under the sun, it was incompatible with the sunlight, but it was also an indispensable part of the world.

“To be honest, this is a little beyond my expectations.” I mumbled, “I thought I’d be lectured when I got home.”

My mother hugged me gently and pinched my face. She smiled and said, “Of course, don’t think you can escape the punishment!”

“But Father, you’re going to teach me the best way to deal with those who don’t follow the rules, right?” I pounced into her arms and acted coquettishly. “Forget about the family punishment. I’d rather hear the way to do it.”

My mother held me and fell onto the sofa. I lay in her arms and stared at my father with bright eyes.

My father laughed and said, "What a strange girl! Alright, Selma. Listen up. The most effective way to deal with those who don't follow the rules is to be even more lawless than them.

"Why do these people have the confidence not to follow the rules? They either think they have the confidence and ability to challenge the rules, or they think that they are the ones who made the rules so that they can play with the rules in their hands."

I raised my hand high like a curious primary school student and said eagerly, "So, Mr. Principal is the kind of person who thinks he's the one who made the rules, so he doesn't follow them?"

"I think so." My father smiled. "As a principal in charge of so many teachers and students, it's not difficult to understand why he would have such an arrogant thought. It's also very easy to deal with this kind of person. As long as we let reality tell him who the real owner of the rules is, it'll be fine."

"Of course it's you! The great Lycan King, the absolute leader of the werewolves, the agent of Moon Goddess in the human world. No one has more power than you to control the rules!"

My father rubbed my head and scolded me with a smile, "You glib-tongued cheeky brat. I'm going to check your social circle and see who led you astray!"

I pulled my father to the sofa and squeezed myself between my parents "Warm arms," I said happily. "I don't have a glib tongue. This is my respect for you from the bottom of my heart!"

My mother pinched my nose and said sweetly, "What a smart little mouth! Look at your father; he's being praised so much that he can't even find the north anymore!"

My father tried to regain his dignity, but his smiling eyes betrayed him mercilessly.

"I'm very happy my daughter has such a high opinion of me, but unfortunately, even I can't control the rules." He shook his head and said seriously, "One or a few people do not make the rules. From the moment they are born into the world, they are destined to restrain everyone. Therefore, everyone will have them.

"In other words, everyone is the owner of the rules. We use rules to restrict ourselves and the actions of others, to protect our and the rights of others.

"Some people are used to being in a high position and think they can restrain the rules in their palms, using rules to hurt others. This is simply too arrogant.

"When they are hurting others without restraint, isn't he someone with a higher status than him? On the other hand, a person's identity will change. Economically, politically,

emotionally, and in terms of value, no one can always be established in an undefeatable place.

“Just like your principal, he can use the power granted to him by the rules to do whatever he wants. You can also use the higher power granted to you by the rules to punish him.”

“That’s why rules aren’t the root of everything. Only the human heart can cause such waves.”

98 Grounded

Selma Payne’s POV:

The views on the rules and the knowledge of the King were a bit profound. But, to be honest, I didn’t really understand it.

Perhaps my confused expression was too obvious, but my father consoled me patiently. “It’s okay if you don’t understand now, child. You’re still young and have a long way to go. Time will teach you everything.”

I lay between my parents, staring straight ahead as I silently digested what I had just heard.

In fact, the moment I walked out of the school gate, I regretted it a little. Of course, it was cool to punish evil and promote good and every student’s dream to teach an unscrupulous principal a lesson, but that didn’t stop it from being out of line, right?

The looks of adoration from my classmates were cool, but, Moon Goddess! It made me look like a rebellious junior high school student!

Moreover, as a princess, although not many people knew that I should be an idol of respecting my teachers, I was still a princess.

In addition, this principal didn’t have any good qualities that deserved my respect.

I was tangled up in these two thoughts.

My father’s words gave me a new idea.

“So, as leaders, we don’t have to be too rigid with the so-called rules, right? “I suddenly asked. “Sometimes, we should use the rules as a weapon to fight back and protect our people?”

My father pondered for a moment and said, “No, child. No matter what, we should follow the rules. Once you think you have the power not to do so, you will be punished by the rules, just like your principal.

“But at the same time, we don’t have to follow the rules. Everything changes constantly. You must use your wisdom, listen to other people’s opinions, and learn how to use the superposition or cancellation of rules to achieve a good goal.”

With a smile, he winked and said, “We can also create a new rule.”

“But didn’t you say that one or a few people can’t create the rules?”

“Of course, my child.” My father nodded. “But you don’t have to write down the rules to create them. It’s enough to recognize them from the bottom of your heart. Acknowledgment is the source of the law’s ‘inexhaustible vitality’.

I nodded thoughtfully, feeling that I had benefited a lot.

At this moment, I was extremely glad that I was the child of my parents. They didn’t indiscriminately chastize because of the principal’s complaint. Instead, they kindly taught me some wise principles.

“I love you, Father, Mother.” I gently kissed them on the cheek. “It’s such a blessing to be your daughter.”

“Oh, my baby.” My mother hugged me tightly while my father hugged the two of us. We enjoyed this quiet and warm moment together.

After a long while, my mother suddenly stood up and said, “But don’t even think about escaping punishment.”

“That’s right.” My father kissed my mother’s forehead and said to me seriously, “Although there’s a reason for this, you still have to be punished for your behavior of going against your teacher. This is the power of rules, do you understand?”

I wailed as I had no choice but to accept the next week’s miserable grounding.

Since the school had entered the ceremony preparation week, all the official classes had ended. For the week, my after-class activities and training with Aldrich were canceled. My life was only filled with boring activities like ‘go to school, go home, and copy scriptures in my grounding, then back to school the next day’.

Why hadn’t the student union expelled me for talking back to the principal? This way, I could openly stroll around the school!

During the lunch break, I lay weakly on the dining table, feeling as if my spine had been bent by life.

“This is reasonable revenge within the rules! That cunning old man!” I grumbled softly, “The number of documents I have to deal with has increased five times! Five times! I don’t even have time to drink water right now. Those overwhelming venue applications and reimbursement bills are simply drowning me!”

Mara chewed on the vegetable curry rice in satisfaction and comforted me. “Don’t overthink, my dear. Do you know how many clubs are fighting for the venue and funds? If you ask me, they’ll be considered restrained if their workload is five times more. With the royal family’s reimbursement, they can’t wait to include the rubber residue in the reimbursement list.”

That was right. The royal family would pay the bill for the Sivr Academy’s graduation ceremony as compensation for ‘Miss Selma’s unfortunate little argument with the esteemed school’s principal’. I would be even happier if this compensation weren’t deducted from my pocket money.

Dorothy was the only one in the school who knew about this. However, she could only give me a bitter smile, telling me that her move to the palace was a secret.

By the way, since Ryan had been stripped of his presidency status in the drama club. I thought my ruckus in the cafeteria had some positive effects. At the very least, it had removed Ryan’s paper tiger mask.

A few girls, who were usually bullied by Ryan and his small group, joined forces to complain about him. The principal might have wanted to cover it up, but the royal family was closely watching his movements because of me, so he could only do what he had to do and kick Ryan out of the drama club.

What a happy ending, right?

99 Tuxedo

Selma Payne’s POV:

Thank god my grounding was lifted on the day of the ceremony.

Although it wasn’t a full week, my father said he would pardon me today. As for whether I would make up for the remaining day, it depended on my performance.

I was so excited that I didn’t sleep much the entire night. I got up at three in the morning and dressed up with Dorothy, who had also not slept the entire night.

Maybe it was because of the fight in the cafeteria, but the students didn't dare to come near us, so no one invited us to the ceremony.

And we didn't want to bring a trembling quail for the opening dance, so we did it internally and the whole night side who our dance partners would be, Dorothy and I, Mara and Avril.

"I'm about to fall in love with the Queen," Dorothy said, leaning toward the mirror. "Her dressing room is the paradise that every girl in the world dream of."

"Hey! Be careful that the guards will capture you for coveting the great Queen." I squeezed in front of the mirror with her and said with a smile, "However, your outfit is really amazing. I feel you will swim in love letters for the next three years."

Dorothy wore a white strapless fishtail dress with a gorgeous smoky-gray fur coat. Her hair was combed into a classic bun with a mini diamond crown in the shape of a shooting star. She looked like the incarnation of the goddess of fate in the human world.

"If I were a gentleman, I would definitely do everything I can to beg you to be my dance partner for tonight." I pretended to bend down and reach out my hand. "Please take pity on me, beautiful lady."

Dorothy laughed and pushed me.

"It's my first time wearing this," she said, suddenly flinching. "It's my first time attending a dance. Isn't it a little too flashy?"

"You don't have to worry at all," I consoled her. "Do you think we're all dressed up? Don't say that I look down on myself. It's just that we're not the stars of tonight's event. Those who have graduated, no matter which department they are from, will be dressed in a way you can't imagine. To them, we're at most a stalk of green bristlegrass in a flower basket."

"Although I'm not nervous anymore," Dorothy said. "Your comfort is really... down-to-earth."

The stylist came to give us the finishing touches and covered me with long overalls to prevent the makeup from dirtying my embroidered dress.

"I must say, although it's my first time seeing real black opals, they are indeed worthy of you." Dorothy kept complimenting my jewelry. "Especially this pendant, Moon Goddess. I can see the magnificent universe in it."

"Thank you." I smiled sweetly.

This was the graduation ceremony. Although I wasn't graduating, it was a pity I couldn't dance with my lover and make him feel a little more involved!

I especially wore a deep v-cut dress to match the pendant Aldrich gave me and found a set of less conspicuous black opal earrings to complement the pendant's beauty.

Aldrich found it a little funny when he found out about it. He gently laughed at me for being a little girl who liked to show off her candy.

I didn't want to listen to what he had to say. Was it wrong to want a boyfriend by my side?

I only wanted to show off? Humph!

Mara took our invitation and smiled. "Ladies, the chauffeur is ready. Shall we leave now?"

It was only six o'clock, and the ball would only start at five in the afternoon.

However, the Sivr Academy had a tradition of holding a grand 'servant ceremony' on the day of the graduation ceremony to commemorate the legendary servants who served the Moon Goddess.

Otherwise, why would the clubs compete so fiercely for the venue? Everyone wanted to find a place with good energy to prepare for recruitment and sponsorship next year.

Dorothy and I took two different cars. She had to pretend to take a taxi from the suburbs, so she arrived much later than me.

Avril and Mara were already waiting for me at the gate when I arrived at the school. Today, they were wearing light pink gowns of the same color. The difference was: Mara's long dress trailed the ground and was full of light and color, while Avril wore a rather handsome woman's tuxedo.

"To be honest, I'll trip and fall into a dog's shit if I danced in that gorgeous dress," she said indifferently. "Why should I let myself suffer because of other people's opinions? I'm going to wear a tuxedo. This is the latest design from the fashion street. I used up half a year's worth of my pocket money for it."

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Mara pretended to roll her eyes. "I'm very happy you can be yourself again, but I won't let you freeload on my snacks next semester, ever."

"That's not up to you, my dear," said Avril proudly. "I know you can't bear to. "

When Dorothy arrived, everyone showered her with another round of compliments. When it was time, we went into the school hand in hand.

With the support of the rich and overbearing royal family, the academy had very bluntly set up a gorgeous colored canopy for the venue of each club. This effectively blocked the early summer breeze and dust so that the ladies and gentlemen's hair and dresses were not dirty.

100 A Secret Affair

Selma Payne's POV:

Everyone put on their school uniforms at the same time. First, they feared their outfit would get dirty, and second, they wanted to maintain a sense of mystery.

Dorothy had no choice but to lock the fur shawl in the storage cabinet. Unfortunately, the school's insurance probably could not cover the cost of her dress which was worth two hundred times more than it.

"If I had known, I would have brought the dress to school and changed into it before the dance." Mara complained, "It's too long. It looks good during dances, but it's hard to walk in."

Many other girls had the same idea as her, but they still put on their 'battle robes' as if nothing had happened.

How many times in a year do you have the chance to wear a gown? Even if I were strangled to death, I'd hold on until the end of the dance!

This was what many people were thinking.

Of course, quite a few students didn't care and chose to wear the light school uniform. Their swift-like lithe figures made others envious. Thus, I said with uncertainty, "Why don't we change into our school uniforms first? We can change into our gowns before the dance. Otherwise, it'll be too uncomfortable."

Dorothy could not stand it and agreed, 'The price of beauty is too great! We're not the ones graduating, so let's leave the stage for them to compete. I miss my flat shoes so much right now.'

Avril did not care. In her tuxedo, she had no qualms.

So we headed to the stadium's locker room.

Sure enough, the place was packed with people, and many girls were waiting to change out of their torture devices.

Mara suggested we go to the drama club's room. The second floor was not open to the public, so we could change clothes in the props warehouse.

Due to the previous conflict, the once glorious drama club was no longer as glorious as it used to be. After Ryan stepped down, the drama club had no choice but to elect a temporary president to manage all the affairs. Guess who that person was?

That was right. It was Carolyn.

"It's only been half a year," Mara's exaggerated expression showed how dissatisfied she was. "A newcomer who has only joined the club for half a year and has no achievements. She only wears her costume and is a decoration in the rest area every day. How can such a person be the president?"

"The acting president," I reminded her softly.

Mara was even more dissatisfied and thought aloud, "She's the acting president? Do you know what the first thing she did after taking office was? Kicking out all the actors who had formed plays and re-selecting them. Moreover, she was on the candidate list for the female lead of every play. Isn't it obvious? She likes to be in the limelight so much, she shouldn't be an actress. Instead, she should be a projector; she'll have the stage all to herself. How cool would that be?"

"You liked Carolyn a lot when she first came," said Avril, trying to provoke her.

"That was then, and now is now." Mara rolled her eyes. "Who would refuse an angel who has fallen into the mortal world? Unless she has a heart that is the complete opposite of her appearance, no one in the drama club doesn't hate her. Even those boys who were so fascinated by her before would roll their eyes at the mention of her now."

"So how did she become the acting president?" I asked in confusion.

"I wasn't born with a great father." Mara shrugged and opened the door of the prop warehouse with the key. "If my father was a duke, I could do whatever I wanted to."

I told myself that the real Carolyn wasn't such a person and that the southern Duke wasn't a stupid father.

Dorothy gave me a look, and we sighed helplessly together.

I'd never felt so comfortable in my school uniform before. The dress with stars embroidered in the silver thread was indeed beautiful, but I felt like I was a piece of ham wrapped in it, and I didn't dare to move.

After changing our clothes, we were about to leave when we suddenly heard some movement in the corridor. I gestured for the girls to keep quiet and peeked through the door crack.

It was Carolyn and Ryan.

What were they doing here?

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I quickly found out they were kissing each other impatiently, not caring that they were in public.

The girls looked at each other in shock.

“Drama!” Mara mouthed.

We were done for. We couldn’t leave now, and we couldn’t stay either. So we stood in place at a loss and prayed that we wouldn’t be blinded by whatever was coming next.

At this moment, Carolyn spoke.

“Go slow, baby. We still have a lot of time,” she moaned coquettishly. “Can you satisfy me? Oh, good doggy, I know you’re mighty...”

Ryan was like a real dog, licking Carolyn’s tender neck like ice cream. Then, he mumbled, “I will satisfy you, Carolyn. I will...”

For a moment, I was burning with anger. How dare that despicable witch use Carolyn’s identity to do such a thing!

But it was obvious that someone was even angrier than me.

Before we could even react, Avril kicked open the door to the storage room and strode out like a proud flamingo, mocking the dumbfounded couple by the curtains.

“Good day, Mr. Genius, Miss Duke.

“Are you guys rehearsing? Oh, this is really a good show, but it’s a pity that it’s a little R-rated. Otherwise, we could’ve put it on stage, right?”

Moon Goddess, she was really cool at this moment.