Chapter 209 -

Chapter 209

Chapter 209

That malicious look simply flickered across Agnes's face.

It had vanished when Westin turned around.

The softest smile appeared on his lips, "Agnes, you came."

They kissed each other's cheeks.

Agnes's little gang curtseyed to Westin and said in unison, "My King."

"I should thank you for taking your time and preparing Janet for this event," Westin said with a smile. "So how was she? Was she a good student?"

Janet looked at Agnes.

She was quite curious how Agnes would answer this question. Would she tell on her? Or would she smear her on purpose?

Agnes bit her lips, tears gleaming in her doc–like eyes, "My King...it is all my fault. I was not a good trainer. I failed to teach **Janet** how to behave properly. And all the guests saw her carrying a barrel walking in, which is just...obscene. I should be punished for my incompetence..."

She pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed her eyes.

"Obscene?" Janet let out an icy laugh, "That is a very strong word. I didn't know that helping out a maid is such a huge crime."

Kalinda raised her voice, eager to defend her leader, "Those servants and maids exist for a reason. We paid them good money, fed them, clothed them so that they could do these heavy labors for us! If you sympathize with the servants all the time, maybe you are not cut out to be a noble."

Janet rolled her eyes.

Agnes whispered to Kalinda with a frown, "Don't say that...I am sure Lady Janet meant well. She just didn't know how to behave properly in front of a distinguished. group of people... Again. Entirely my fault."

She bent her knees abruptly and said to Westin sobbing, "My King, please punish me. You trusted me with such an important task and yet I failed it completely. I blame myself so much..."

Her gang panicked seeing her bend her knees

They all bowed to Westin and begged, "Please forgive Lady Agnes, my king. We are partially at fault too. We were all there when Lady Agnes trained her yet none of us knew that she would behave this poorly..."

Janet found this whole scene so ridiculous that she almost laughed.

She had got to say though: Agnes was smarter than all the bad women she had met combined.

By blaming herself first, Agnes successfully painted herselt as a perfect victim. And the harder she blamed herselt, the more serious Janet's mistake would seem.

Westin was never going to punish her...Agnes knew that.

She just needed him to assign blame to Janet in the end.

Westin let out a sigh, "Get up, Agnes. I didn't say it is your fault."

He held her elbow and tried to help her up.

Yet Agnes remained in that posture, "No, my king, I won't stand up until you punish me for my mistake!"

Her voice was louder than usual.

Many people's attention had been drawn to her.

The surrounding crowd was watching them quietly, waiting for Westin's response. Westin straightened her back and gave Janet a meaningful look.

Janet's heart skipped a beat.

... Was he finally going to scold her?

"I should have known that a couple of days of training won't make a difference to you," he said deeply.

Janet sneered internally.

Was he saying that her poor manner was beyond help?

"Because you have such a distinctive personality," Westin chuckled. "Strong independent, fierce, and kind, which is exactly why I like you so much. I don't want to carve you into some upper–lady model. You are fine…just the way you are."

A ringing silence fell upon them.

Agnes snapped her head up, glaring at Westin in disbelief, as though she couldn't believe that Westin just complimented Janet.

Janet was stunned as well.

She felt her cheeks warm because of his words.

Westin seemed to enjoy the shocking look on her

"Come with me."

He whispered to her, taking her hand.

r face.

They held hands, walking past Agnes and her gang, through the astonished crowd,

and got up to the gazebo in the center of the garden.

Westin clapped her hands, getting everyone's attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, nobles and elders, welcome."

He announced to the large crowd in a booming voice:

"I am thrilled to let you know that I have found my mate. The Lycan's kingdom will soon have a Queen. So please join me in welcoming my mate, your future

Queen–Janet Manning!"

A round of applause broke out in the garden, sending birds flying off from the branches into the night sky.

Janet's face went red slightly.

She looked around and saw many excited faces. Most people were genuinely happy for their King.

Of course, there was one exception.

Agnes stood in the far back of the crowd with an expressionless face.

Her doe-like eyes were cold as ice.

When their gazes met in midair, Janet lifted the corners of her lips and gave Agnes a provocative smile.

She could tell that Agnes was furious inside.

And she looked forward to the day when she exposed Agnes for the hypocrite that she really was.

"Dance! Dance!" the crowd cheered in unison.

Westin grinned.

He held Janet's hand, spinning her into his arms, and gracefully waltzed her into the

dancefloor.

His dance moves were a seamless blend of confidence and fluidity as if he were born to waltz beneath the stars.

The guests couldn't help but steal glances at him, enchanted by the aura of sophistication that surrounded him.

Laughter and lively conversation filled the air.

The enchanting melody grew louder.

More guests poured into the dance floor and danced by the side of their King and future Queen.

"I thought you were going to blame me for helping that maid carry the beer barrel," Janet whispered into his ears.

He chuckled, "I would if you weren't my mate. But you are so I will support anything that you do.

She paused.

He really knew his way around women and what to say to make them happy.

It was hard not to fall into his sweet trap.

"Those nice things that you said about me, independent, kind and fierce-" "Yeah, what about it?"

"You were really saying those to the elders, right?" she asked. "You want them to believe that you are genuinely into me."

The smile on his lips faded slightly, "Maybe I really meant it. And I said those things because that was exactly how I felt-"

"No, you don't. You would never knock down a woman that you love and kidnap her to your home. So you can keep lying. Just don't get yourself fooled by your own lies."

His face turned cold.

"You really know how to sabotage a romantic moment," he said darkly.

Janet shrugged, "I am simply being realistic."

"Fine."

He said crossly, looking away from her, over the dancing crowd.

"You were right. I did say those things to make our relationship seem real. And next time before acting recklessly, you should really think about the deal we made first. Never put our cooperation at risk again."

"Duly noted," she replied indifferently.

"And apologize to Agnes when you have the time. It is not her fault that you almost embarrassed yourself in front of everyone."

Janet raised an eyebrow.

She found it amazing how a man could be so easily fooled by a woman's innocent face and tears.

"You really don't have any feelings for her?" she asked, "It is OK. You can tell me." "NO!" he snapped.

"Really? But she apparently has feelings for you. It has been years since her mate Keavy died and if she wants to remarry, you two would make a perfect couple-"

He tightened his grip on her shoulder, "Stop trying to pimp me out! I am not getting together with Agnes. And you are certainly not going anywhere!"

She pouted, grudgingly.

His chest heaved as he said, "You will marry me as planned and help me handle the Elder Council. As for what happens after that and whom I will marry eventually, that is none of your business."

She didn't say anything.

"You hear me?" he snapped.

"...Yeah," she answered unwillingly.

The rest of their dance passed by in an awkward silence.

As soon as the last note of the music ended, he let go of her hand immediately.

"Come. I want to introduce you to some elders," he said icily.

He took her to one of the tables that surrounded the dance floor. A couple of whitecloaked men were sitting by the table.

"Janet, meet Elder Randy and Elder Pierre, from the House of Light," he introduced.

Janet shook hands with the both of them, "Nice to meet you."

The man with a found face and red gin nose was Elder Randy. He let out a booming laugh, "The werewolf princess! We have heard a lot about you."

"You are everything that King Westin described," Elder Pierre chuckled.

Janet smiled, "I hope those are some nice things that he said about me?"

"Of course! He described you as the best woman in this world, the embodiment of the Moon Goddess. I think we should get a drink and toast to the alliance between werewolf and Lycan!"

"How about that barrel of beer that I personally carried into the garden?" Janet suggested, smiling.

Everyone around the table laughed.

"Great idea!" Elder Randy said loudly, "Servant! You heard the Queen."

The servants rushed over, bringing them four glasses of beer.

Westin raised his glass, "To alliance. To our mate bond. And...to my love for Janet."

"Well said!"

Elder Randy cried and took a great swig.

Janet raised the glass to her lips.

Yet before taking a sip, from a peripheral look, she saw Elder Randy freeze.

"...Elder Randy?" she lowered the glass, perplexed.

Elder Randy clenched his throat abruptly, his face quickly turning grey.

He looked at Janet in horror.

Blood ran down from his nostrils and the corner of his mouth.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 210

Chapter 210

"Elder Randy!" Janet cried./

Glass slipped from his fingers.

The next second, the man's large body was crushed down to the ground with a loud bang.

There was a moment of aghast silence.

Then somebody from the crowd let out a sudden scream of terror, "-Ahhh!!!" Janet jumped over the table and dropped down by Elder Randy's side.

She quickly examined him.

His face was pale like a piece of paper. His breathing was labored as though his throat was clogged. And his body trembled as though having a seizure-

"He is poisoned!" Janet yelled.

Elder Pierre gasped and tossed his glass on the ground. Beer spilled over the grass. The grass began to smoke and withered within seconds!

"Somebody helps him!" Elder Pierre screams.

Janet tore the man's collar open to help him better breathe. Her hands were slightly shaking in panic.

She couldn't feel his pulse anymore!

A steady hand caught her wrist.

"I got this," Westin whispered to her urgently.

He knelt and tilted Elder Randy's head backward and lifted his chin to open airway.

Then he started compressing the man's chest and gave him rescue breaths.

He carried on for a couple of rounds.

Elder Randy took an abrupt inhale of breath.

"It worked!" Elder Pierre gasped in thrill.

the

Janet put a finger underneath the man's nose. She could now feel a faint airflow. "We should get him to the hospital!" Janet said loudly.

"Guards!" Westin snapped.

A group of guards rushed over and lifted Elder Randy off the ground.

The crowd quickly parted for them to come through. There was a horrified look on every guest's face.

Westin wiped the sweat on his forehead with a grim look, "I should be at the hospital

as well."

"I am coming with you," Janet said.

The two of them hurried across the garden. The once lively dance floor had lapsed into a complete mess.

This year's Spring Ball ended on a very hasty and chaotic note.

When Janet and Westin arrived at the clinic room in the castle, Elder Randy had already been taken into the emergency room.

Doctors and nurses surrounded the bed, examining Elder Randy's condition.

Moments later, a doctor walked up to Westin, "We just did an initial exam of Elder Randy... He was indeed poisoned."

Janet clenched her fists.

One of the senior elders got poisoned right under the nose of their King and with everyone watching.

This was huge!

Whoever did this has a lot of guts.

"Is he going to make it?" Westin asked.

The doctor hesitated, "We are taking his blood sample to the laboratory to identify which poison it is...But I am afraid that we can't develop a cure for him in time-

"Then you will try!" Westin snapped, "I have got the best doctors in the Lycan's world in this very room, and you are telling me that you don't have the cure? Unacceptable!"

The doctor winced, intimidated by Westin's aura.

"T–There are very few poisons that can do this level of damage to a Lycan. I am afraid we have to study this poison from scratch before developing a cure. Yet Elder Randy's liver is failing. I am afraid that there is simply not enough time....

Westin looked enraged, "How long does he have?"

"In the best scenario, days. But liver failure can happen in minutes. So Elder Randy might...any seconds..."

Westin threw a punch at the wall, looking furious.

His most trusted elder got poisoned right in front of him.

Yet he couldn't save him.

"I don't care!" He huffed at the doctor with bloodshot eyes, "You will save him. That is an order from the King!"

The doctor trembled on his

spot

Just then, the monitor attached to Elder Randy's body gave off a sharp noise and the nurse screamed, His blood pressure is dropping!"

"Heart failure!"

"Hurry do something-we are losing him!"

There was **a** lot of commotion in the clinic room.

Just then, a group of people bust in through the door. Most of them were elders. Rushing upfront was Agnes, holding a small bottle of liquid in her hand.

"I–I have the cure!" she shrieked.

She shoved the bottle into one of the nurses' hands, "Hurry! Give this to Elder Randy!"

The nurse grabbed the bottle urgently and shut the curtain, beginning the emergency treatment.

"Why do you have the cure?" Westin asked in astonishment.

Agnes wiped her teary eyes and wept, "Keavy died of food poisoning, remember? Ever since he died, I have been carrying a bottle of cure with me whenever I go. Oh god, poor Elder Randy..."

"But you can't promise that your cure is effective **for** Elder Randy's poison, right?" asked an elder dressed in a grey cloak.

Janet remembered this elder. Elder Lamonte.

She met him once in the dining hall on her first night here.

Agnes shook her head, "No, father...

"Then we should find the criminal who poisoned Randy! And ask the criminal for the cure!" said Elder Lamonte boomingly.

Westin nodded, "I will have the soldiers search the garden right away and see if the security camera captured anyone suspicious-"

"You can do that. But I think the criminal is right by our side."

Elder Lamonte let out a cold laugh, his eyes gleaming maliciously, "For example...Her."

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd.

lanet rounded her eyes.

... Elder Lamonte was pointing at her?

Was he fucking crazy?!

"This is nonsense-" she huffed.

"Careful, Elder Lamonte!" Westin hissed darkly, "That is my Queen you are pointing at!"

Lamonte putted his chest arrogantly, "I am perfectly aware. But she is the one who carried this barrel of beer into the venue. Everyone saw her bringing it in. She is the best suspect!"

"That is your big reason?" Janet snapped, "I was simply helping out a maid who couldn't lift that barrel-"

"Where is this maid then? Nobody saw her," Lamonte pressed.

Janet snapped her head to Westin, "You saw that maid, right? When you walked up behind me?

Westin hesitated..

"...You told me that you were helping a maid. But I didn't see her with my own eyes,"

he said.

Janet couldn't believe this.

The maid was standing right by her side!

How could he not see her?

"Then where is Annie? Lady Annie saw the maid!" Janet snapped.

"Annie came with me. Let me go get her," Agnes said.

She left the clinic room and was back with Annie seconds later.

"Annie, you saw the maid with the barrel, right?" Janet asked in an urgent voice.

Annie held her head down, trembling like a leave in the wind.

I don't know what you are talking about, Lady Janet..." she said in a whisper.

Janet froze on her spot.

"What?" she stuttered in a trance, "You noticed that maid first. You even said to me that this maid would be punished by her supervisor later...How can you not remember?"

Annie said nothing and simply shook her head hastily.

Agnes rounded one arm around Annie's shoulder and gently patted her back, "It is OK Annie. You said the truth. You are a brave girl."

Janet snarled, "What truth! This is a fucking lie-

"Lady Janet!"

Agnes raised her head and looked at Janet with watery eyes:

"Cursing and scaring this poor girl won't make your crime disappear.

Maybe...maybe you should own up to it when there is still a chance and save Elder Randy's life. I am sure the King will be merciful **with** your punishment."

Janet stood perfectly still.

A chill was sent down her spine.

She suddenly understood what was going on.

...This was a trap.

Carefully designed for her.

She couldn't be sure earlier...but Annie's lie confirmed everything.

Annie lied to frame her.

And how had the power to manipulate Annie?

Janet glared at Agnes with cold eyes.

Seconds later, she turned to Westin, "Do you believe in me

Westin's jaw tensed.

...You have a motive," he said sullenly.

She wanted to punch him in the face, "What fucking motive?! I just met the man. You introduced him to me, remember?!"

Westin leaned in and whispered in a voice that was only audible to the two of them, "Let me guess. Do you think that killing one of my elders will free you from our deal? My people will never accept a criminal as Queen. Is that what you think?"

Janet found his theory so absurd that she almost laughed, "Is that what YOU think?!"

Westin looked straight into her eyes, "Yes. Because you are that smart to me. Hand over the cure and I can still protect you from the other elders. Or...you are on your own this time.'

Janet balled her fists, body shaking in rage.

How could she hand over the cure that didn't exist?

But she didn't have any proof of her innocence.

So what should she do now?

Fought back?

Or own up to the crime she didn't commit?

Right at this extremely tense moment, a voice came from outside of the room

-HOLD ON! I have a witness!!!

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 211

Chapter 211

People jerked around together to look at the source of that voice.

A young man pushed through the crowd and rushed in.

He was a teenager, roughly 15 years old, standing at a lean and agile figure.

His golden curly hair cascaded in unruly waves, framing a very youthful face.

He had a pair of piercing blue eyes, which reminded Janet of a certain person right. here in this room.

She looked to Westin, and then back to this young man again.

The similarity was striking

These two were definitely related.

"Prince Wells."

The group of people bowed to him in unison.

There was a tight frown between Westin's brows, "Not now Wells. We are dealing with important matters here."

That young man named Wells pouted, looking indignant, "You haven't even heard me out yet, brother! I know there was a poisoned barrel at the ball tonight and you are looking for the person responsible. I happen to have a witness!"

He beckoned to somebody outside of the crowd.

A maid with a freckled face, dressed in an apron, slowly made her way into people's sight, holding her head down.

"K–King Westin...Elders....Good day," said she in a small, shaky voice.

"This is Sammy, the kitchen maid," Wells introduced.

Elder Lamonte surveyed Sammy with piercing eyes, "What is she doing here? Prince Wells, we don't have time to waste on someone irrelevant."

Wells gritted his teeth.

A rumbling growl came from his throat.

"Watch your tone!" he snarled, "The only person who gets to scold me is my brother, the King! The rest of you should learn to respect your prince!"

The other elders lowered their heads in silence.

"Fine." Elder Lamonte said, looking disdainful still. "Do continue, my prince."

Wells turned back to Sammy the maid and patted her back, "Go ahead, Sammy. Tell them."

"I...I was in the kitchen, preparing for tonight's feast..."

Sammy clenched her apron, saying in a terrified voice.

"...I was counting the bottles of wine required at the ball and the maid bumped into me from the back. I fell and twisted my ankle. The maid saw that I couldn't walk, so she volunteered to get that wine to the garden for me...I agreed and let her do it... Then I bumped into Prince Wells in the kitchen. He said that I should have my ankle examined by a doctor, so we came to the hospital together...and that was when

we heard that someone was poisoned ... "

"Why was **Wells** in the kitchen?" Westin asked grimly.

"Prince Wells often came down to the kitchen for midnight snacks and night cups," said Sammy.

Westin turned to his brother with a tight frown, "Is it why you skipped the ball tonight? To steal food from the kitchen? You should be at my side entertaining the guests-"

Weils pouted, "Great, another lecture...But you are missing the point here, brother! The point is that Sammy saw the person who brought the barrels of beer from the kitchen to the garden! That person was the real criminal responsible for the poisoning!"

Janet perked up.

Finally!

Westin didn't see that maid.

Annie lied about ever seeing that maid.

She was at the end of her wits.

But now she finally had somebody to support her version of the story.

It was perfect!

She immediately took a step up and asked Sammy, "You are certain that you handed all the barrels to that person?"

"Yes. I am sure," Sammy nodded. "18 barrels. I just finished counting when that maid hit me.

"Then it was all clear now."

Janet looked around the crowd, saying in a loud voice, "This is a deliberately planned crime. Somebody knocked Sammy down on purpose to hijack the barrels from her and poison the beer. Then the person responsible brought the barrels to the garden, waited for me to show up, and then used my kindness to frame me- "That can't be right." Agnes said softly, "Annie said that she didn't say any maid. near the barrels."

"And I am telling you that there was one. Annie even pointed at her for me," said Janet in a freezing voice.

Agnes let out a small chuckle, "Annie, can you tell Lady Janet that she remembered. everything all wrong?"

Annie held her head down in silence.

Agnes tightened her grip on Annie's shoulder.

Annie shivered, and spoke up in a choking voice, "...L–Lady Janet, you remembered. it wrong... There was no maid. Nobody asked for your help. Y... You carried the barrels into the garden all by yourself..."

Janet felt a sudden burst of anger.

That poor girl was clearly taken hostage by Agnes!

Just then. Wells strode forward abruptly and dragged Annie away from Agnes by

Just then, Wells strode forward abruptly and dragged Annie away from Agnes by

force.

"Stop pinching her you evil woman!" he snarled.

Agnes rounded her eyes, tears welling up, "What are you talking about, Prince Wells? I didn't pinch anybody..."

"I saw you pinching her!"

Wells pointed a finger at her, crying furiously, "You were manipulating Annie's testimony, didn't you? Ha, I knew! You are behind everything!"

Agnes's face turned pale.

She looked to Westin with tears streaming down her face and sobbed pitifully, "My King, I brought Annie here to help...I won't have us insulted like this...not even by your brother..."

"CRYING? REALLY?!" Wells said loudly, "Don't get all teared up again. That only works for my brother. Not me!"

Agnes wailed.

She buried her face into her palms, her shoulders shaking, "I...I am just sad... If Keavy were still alive, he would definitely come forward and defend me...Yet right now I have nobody by my side...Just a helpless widow, bullied by everybody..."

"You manipulative bitc-" Wells cried.

Elder Lamonte cut him off sullenly, "Careful, Prince Wells. You don't want to call my daughter that."

He walked up to Agnes and placed a hand on her delicate shoulder.

"Keavy was my son," he said, staring at Westin darkly. "Ever since he died, I have sworn to protect his wife like she was one of my own. Agnes is now a proud member of the House of Shadow. If anyone bullies her, they are also making enemy with my entire House."

There was a clear hint of threat behind his voice.

Westin narrowed his eyes.

Lamonte turned to face the crowd, an arrogant look on his face, "Sammy said that there was a maid. Lady Agnes and my daughter said that there wasn't. So it was a maid's word against two ladies' words. It is clear whom we should believe in-"

"I voucher for Sammy! I am the Prince!" Wells cried, puffing his chest.

Lamonte snorted, "Then I voucher for Annie and my daughter. And I am an elder. Do you really want to keep playing this game, Prince Wells?"

"Don't forget about me, Elder Lamonte."

Janet spoke up in an icy voice, staring at him and Agnes, "I am also on Sammy's side. And I am supposed to be your future Queen."

Lamonte's lips twisted.

He cackled, "Future. Queen. With all due respect, you are nothing at the moment, Lady Janet. Just a lowborn werewolf, a potential suspect, who doesn't have a say in anything..."

"Enough," Westin said darkly.

He looked to Agnes.

His gaze softened.

"Relax, Agnes. No one can bully you," he said gently. "You still have me and the entire Lycan's Kingdom behind you."

Janet's heart sank abruptly.

Agnes looked up with tears still gleaming in her eyes and sobbed, "Then...When are you going to stand up for me? And punish the person who is really responsible?"

Janet clenched her fists.

Agnes was still pushing Westin to punish her!

No.

She couldn't let her-

Just then, the curtain that separated the room was wrenched apart.

The doctor stepped out.

"We just finished the emergency treatment for Elder Randy," he said.

"How is he?" Westin asked urgently.

Janet's heart jumped to her throat.

If Elder Randy's situation worsened, or even-if he died, it would be even harder for her to come out of this alright.

Chapter 212

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 212

Chapter 212

"The patient is stabilized now," the doctor said.

"But he hasn't woken up yet?"

"No," the doctor shook his head. "Lady Agnes's cure only kept him from going into a complete heart and liver failure. But to completely recover, he needs the actual cure for the poison."

Westin balled his hands into fists, "Thank you, doctor. How much time does Elder Randy have?"

"Hard to say. Our best guess is weeks. But I would say the sooner the better."

"So we still need the cure." Elder Lamonte said darkly. "Lady Janet, stop fighting with us and hand over the cure. The man's life is at stake here!"

"I said! I have nothing to do with this!" Janet snarled.

Westin raised a hand in the air, gesturing them to keep quiet.

"That is enough." he said in a commanding voice, "You have both made your point. No point keep arguing about it."

Elder Lamonte licked his teeth with his tongue, revealing an ugly grin, "My King, if" you can grant me the permission to interrogate this werewolf woman, I am sure I can force her to hand over the cure before tomorrow's sun rises..."

"No!" Wells cried angrily, "You can't let him, brother! You know that he will torture Janet-

"Silent!"

Westin snapped, pointing a finger at Wells, "We will talk about how you skipped the ball tonight and how you discarded the prince's duty later. Now just keep your mouth shut. And as for you, Elder Lamonte-

He turned to look at Lamonte, his eyes darkened, "...No one will interrogate my Queen."

"But my King-"

"Have I not made myself clear?" Westin narrowed his eyes.

Elder Lamonte swallowed.

He still looked indignant.

But he decided to keep his mouth shut, "...You have, my king, perfectly clear."

"Good."

Westin's eyes fell on Sammy, "Now Sammy. I want you to think very hard about the maid that bumped into you. Was it her?"

He pointed at Janet.

Sammy took a quick look at Janet and then looked down, "...No."

"Then was it anyone in this room?"

Sammy shook her head quietly.

"OK. Then what does she look like?"

Sammy bit her lips, pondering, "I...it was very dark in the hallway, so I didn't get a clear look...I think she is about average height, slim, and has porcelain skin..."

People exchanged baffled looks with each other.

Many maids working in this castle fit that profile.

Sammy's words

ut them nowhere.

Janet was also thinking hard at this moment.

... What did the maid look like when she met her?

The maid kept her head down on purpose. So like Sammy, she didn't remember the maid's face.

The only thing she could remember was the maid's hair...sliding down from behind. her ears and covering her face like a curtain...

Right.

Her hair!

"The maid that I met has chestnut hair," Janet raised her head and said. "Yes, chestnut hair!" Sammy clapped her hands together immediately, "I remember now! The woman I saw has chestnut hair as well! They must be the same person!"

One of the elders gave Sammy a skeptical look, "Are you making this up simply to echo with Lady Janet?"

Sammy winced.

Yet Wells stood up immediately to defend her, "Sammy said that she saw it. Then she must have seen it!"

The elder roiled his eyes but didn't argue back.

"Average height, slim figure, porcelain skin, and chestnut hair..." Wells rubbed his chin, "Wait. Isn't that Kalinda?"

"Prince Wells, are you listening to yourself?!" one of the elders cried. "Kalinda is a lady! And we are talking about a maid!"

"Prince Wells, we know that you are not a big fan of House of Shadows. But you can't smear our house member like this," said Elder Lamonte grimly.

Wells shrugged, "Fine. I saw just saying..."

Janet raised an eyebrow.

Funny because Kalinda did meet with those descriptions.

Yet, unfortunately, that woman was not Kalinda, or she would have recognized her.

She looked to Agnes, and Elder Lamonte behind her back.

Whoever the maid was, she was certain that the House of Shadow–especially Elder Lamonte had something to do with everything.

They wanted her gone.

As much as she hated to be trapped in here as well, she would not let these Lycans trample her.

She WOULD get to the bottom of this.

Game on.

"I will ask the soldiers to search the castle for people meeting the profile and conduct a thorough investigation. You are dismissed now," Westin said deeply.

People bowed and filed out of the room one by one.

Janet turned to leave as well.

"Janet..."

She heard Westin calling her behind her back.

Yet she didn't stop her pace for him.

She ran into the hallway and caught up with Sammy and Wells.

"Hey, Sammy!"

She got to Sammy's side and gave her a smile, "I want to thank you for standing up for me like that. It means a lot to me."

"D...Don't be." Sammy shook her head, "It was Prince Wells. He encouraged me to come forward..."

Janet looked to Wells, "Of course. Thank you so much."

"Hey, don't be!" Wells waved his hand, grinning brightly. "We are all sick of Agnes. As long as there is a fight against her, just count me in!"

Janet smiled.

Wells reminded her of Kass, only that this young prince had a more bubbly personality.

"What do you hate her?" she asked.

"God! Just look at her fake tears, unnatural manners, and superficial personality...Everybody hates her. Don't you hate her, Sammy?"

Sammy murmured in a small voice, "Yea... No, I am not supposed to comment on the masters..."

"She hates her," Wells confirmed. "Anyway, my brother is fooled by her. He has a soft spot for pretty women. But you are here now. You are his mate and a thousand times prettier than Agnes. I am sure you can turn his silly mind around!

Janet was swept away by his enthusiasm and couldn't help but smile, "I don't know, Wells. Westin seems to think very highly of Agnes-"

"Then you should rescue him from the evils, like a real heroine." Wells said and then suddenly clapped his hands together, "Oh you know what we should do?!"

Janet blinked in a daze, "...What?"

"I have a perfect idea!" Wells cried, looking very excited, "I will find you in your room tomorrow morning! It is a date. Don't go anywhere!"

He blew her a kiss before running away with Sammy.

Janet smiled.

Maybe she could make friends in the Lycan's Kingdom.

<hr/>Janet slept in the next morning.

At last, she didn't have to go to that tiresome lady's training and she could finally relax.

Yet a sudden, hurried knock on the door woke her up.

It was Wells outside of the door ...

"Why are you still in your pajamas?" he cried as soon as he saw her, "I told you we have a date."

Janet rubbed her eyes, still half-asleep, "...You didn't tell me where we are going."

"Belle, you are in charge of her makeover," Wells said in a commanding voice, which strikingly resembled his elder brother.

A petite girl stuck her head out from Wells's back, "Morning Janet!"

She had blonde, curly hair and crystal blue eyes, something that was carried in the family DNA.

"You are Westin's sister?" Janet asked.

"My twin sister, Belle." Wells dragged the two of them into Janet's room and urged, "Hurry. We don't have much time!"

Don't have much time for what?" Tanot aclzed

"Don't have much time for what?" Janet asked.

Yet neither one of the twins answered.

Belle wrenched her closet door open and started laying out clothes and accessories. on the bed for a match, while her twin brother walked around the room, looking at everything with a critical eye.

"This is the room Westin gave you?" he tsked, "As his Queen, you should be living in a grand suite, with your bed made of gold and walls adorned with diamond!" "Westin is so stupid," Belle rolled her eyes, measuring an Ivory dress on Janet.

"A total dickhead." Wells agreed, "How much longer, Belle?"

"Almost ready!"

Belle shoved a dress, a pair of high heels, and some accessories into Janet's arms and pushed her into the bathroom, "Go change, Janet. Hurry!"

Janet still had no clue of **what** these two were up to.

As soon as she finished dressing, the twins yanked her out of her room and took her rushing down the hallway.

"Th–Thank god you are pretty and don't need any makeup," Belle said between breaths, running by her side. "I envy your rosy lips..."

'Save your breath!" Wells hissed.

"Can somebody tell me where we are going?" Janet groaned.

They didn't stop until they reached the courtyard garden on the ground floor.

The courtyard garden flourished in a riot of colors and fragrances.

Delicate blossoms adorned the landscape like a vibrant tapestry, weaving hues of pink, purple, and white.

A gentle breeze carried the sweet scent of blooming flowers, while the soothing melodies of harp and violin filled the air.

Under the shade of an ancient willow tree, a group of ladies were gathered for an elegant tea party.

There was Agnes of course, and the rest of her little gang.

Chapter 213

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 213

Chapter 213

Belle took a moment to tidy her dress, which got wrinkled during running.

Then she puffed her chest, raised her chin, and walked over like a proud princess.

"Morning."

She said in a polite yet distant voice.

The ladies jerked around in shock. Especially Agnes. Her movement was so large that

she almost knocked over a teacup.

"Princess Belle, wha-what are you doing here?" one of the ladies stuttered.

"I am here for your tea party," Belle replied with a cool smile.

"Forgive me Your Highness, but you are not invited-

"Oh, is that so?"

Belle raised an eyebrow, glaring at her, "This is my house, my garden. The willow above your head was planted by my late mama and papa decades ago. And now you are telling me that I need to be invited to my own home?"

The lady flinched, biting her lips in silence.

Wells walked over and stood behind his twin sister's back, "Belle, looks like we have got a bunch of intruders in our house. What do we do to those intruders again?"

Belle said in her soft, silky voice, "We chase them out. Or we shoot them dead." "Great idea." Wells grinned, stretching his body, "Do you want to take the lead? Or should 1

"Wait!"

Agnes stood up abruptly with a pale face.

Her chest heaved. Then she forced out a smile, "You are more than welcome to join us, Princess Belle, Prince Wells...and Lady Janet."

"Awesome."

Belle held Janet's hand and led her to the long table set underneath the tree.

There were several intricately designed cushions on the ground. All the ladies were sitting on those cushions.

Yet there was only one empty cushion left.

"I am a dude. I can sit on the ground," Wells shrugged.

"Then we still need one more seat at the table."

Belle looked around the table and eventually fixed her gaze on Agnes's face. "...Agnes, you should stand up and make room for me and Janet," she chuckled.

The twin's target was quite clear now.

The ladies exchanged uneasy looks with each other while Agnes's face twisted with embarrassment.

Then she said in a strained voice, "I don't think that is necessary, Princess Belle. I can easily ask the maids to bring us one more cushion..."

"So now it is OK to add one more seat to the table? Then what about last Christmas?" Belle said in a loud voice, "You sat in MY seat last Christmas by my brother's side! When I walked up to confront you, you said that the table was full and asked me to sit somewhere else! I got angry yet you said to everyone, 'Look at Belle. Getting all teared up for such a small matter. But who can blame her? She is just a spoiled child.""

She did a vivid mimicry of Agnes's gentle, pitiful voice.

Some ladies wanted to laugh.

Yet Agnes glared at them. They quickly lowered their heads.

Wells crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow at Agnes, "Lady Agnes, you are not a child. Surely you won't get upset if we ask you to give your seat to Belle now right?"

Agnes clenched her fists, looking mortified.

She suddenly pulled a handkerchief and dubbed it at the corner of her eyes:

"You obviously hold a grudge against me, Princess Belle...But...But it is not that your brother enjoyed my companion more than yours..."

"What did you say?!" Belle cried.

my fault

"Bullshit!" Wells huffed, "Our brother would never choose to sit with you instead of with us-

"But it is true."

Agnes peeked up from her handkerchief and sobbed, "He often said to me that... that he hoped he could have a break from his annoying brother and sister sometimes...

"LIAR!" Belle roared her cheek on fire.

Janet now saw what was going on here.

Belle and Wells took her to Agnes's exclusive tea party, hoping to wrap up the party and embarrass Agnes in front of her gang members.

Yet Agnes could easily get under their skins.

Janet hated to see the twins lose.

So she stepped up and said to Agnes with a faint smile, "Lady Agnes, are you saying that you are more important to King Westin than his own brother and sister?"

Agnes parted her lips, stuttering, "No, that is not what I said-"

"But it is what you are implying. Oh, and do remind me. What are you to King Westin again? You are not his mate nor fiancé, are you? You are just his dead friend's wife. Why are you so important to him?"

Agnes was rendered speechless.

A pink tinge appeared on her pale cheeks, "I am the King's friend-

"What kind of friend is more important than his own brother and sister?" Janet let out a sarcastic laugh. "Or are you saying that you and the King have an improper kind of relationship? I wonder what the King says about this

"NO!" Agnes snapped.

She let out a frustrated breath and stood up from her cushion.

"You can have my seat if you like, Lady Janet," she gritted.

Belle snapped her head to Janet, joy gleaming in her eyes. Wells grinned and highfived Janet behind their backs.

Janet felt exhilarating as well.

It did feel good winning.

They all took their seats by the table, leaving Agnes the only person standing.

Belle snickered, "Agnes, since you have nothing else to do while standing, why don't you play the harp for us?"

Agnes froze on her spot again.

at once, "Good

One of the ladies, with the intention to ease the tension, spoke up at once, idea. Lady Agnes is an expert in music."

Issa echoed, "It would be our pleasure to hear Agnes play!"

Many ladies started clapping, including Belle and Wells, even though the latter two... got an evil grin on their faces.

Agnes stuttered, "I-1 hurt my fingers. I can't play string instrument-

"How about the flute?" Wells suggested.

"No, I don't feel like.

"You talk about how you are an expert in music all day. But how come you don't know how to play any instrument?" Belle asked sharply, "All the ladies are trained. to play at least one instrument! Do you have a strong suit? Or are you just a fraud?"

All the ladies looked at Agnes with skeptical eyes.

Agnes balled her fists, scarlet in the face.

She shivered and then suddenly let out a sob.

"I see what is going on here..." she choked, dubbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "A widow like me is an easy target...What would poor Keavy think..."

"Indeed. What would he think? If he knew that you used him as an excuse to get out all of your lies and wrongs, leaving the dead with no peace?" Janet asked icily.

Agnes's back became stiff.

Then she suddenly let out a loud wail of sorrow and turned on her heels running away.

"YES! GO! Go tell Westin on us!" Belle yelled to her back. "See if we care!"

There was an unsettling look on the rest of the ladies by the table.

Issa straightened up, wanting to go after Agnes, yet Wells spoke up first:

"I brought pokers with me. Those of you who stay here are welcome to play. I am ready to toss away some gold. Who is it?"

The court never allowed young ladies to gamble.

It was such a huge temptation!

The ladies giggled excitedly nodding along, even Issa sat back at the table.

Wells blew a whistle and took out the pokers, starting to shuffle.

Belle leaned over and whispered in Janet's ears, "That Agnes was just a commoner before marrying Keavy. Yet she bragged about what a highborn she was all the time. She is so fake!

"Honestly we don't discriminate," Wells shrugged. "Take me and Sammy for example. We are best friends. It is OK for you to come from a poor family. But you can't lie about it."

"I wonder what Westin sees in that woman," Belle rolled her eyes.

After the tea party, the twins took Janet on a little tour around the castle.

Janet tried asking them if they knew the way out of the mist forest.

Maybe with the twins' help, she could find a way out of this place.

Yet to her disappointment, the twins had never left the mountains in their entire lives.

They had a great day hanging out together.

When it was nightfall, Belle was still not ready to say goodbye and begged Janet to go to her room and have a rematch of poker.

"Just one round!" Belle shook Janet's hand, "Pleeecaaaase!"

Janet laughed, "We can have as many rounds as you like!"

Wells cheered and his twin sister jumped, "I know you are the best Janet!"

They went back to Janet's room for a rematch.

The room was dark when they walked in.

Janet went to turn on the light in her room.

Yet before she could reach the switch in the darkness, she felt a chilling gush of wind

coming across the room.

...Weird.

Did she leave the window open this morning?

She turned around, perplexed, and looked in the direction of the window-

A sharp blade, glinting coldly, popped out from the darkness.

Coming directly at her!

Somebody was here to kill her!!!

"JANET! WATCH OUT!!!" Belle let out an earsplitting scream.

Chapter 214

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 214

Chapter 214

Janet urgently dodged to the right and narrowly escaped the blade by one inch.

The killer's move was swifter than she thought.

He swung his arm and threw a punch at Janet's shoulder.

Janet was a trained soldier.

She was confident that she could stop that punch.

So she raised an arm and tried to seize his arm

BANG!

She was sent flying backward and knocked into the closet. The loud, shattering noise echoed in the room.

Fuck!

She forgot that she was dealing with a Lycan!

Janet felt as though her organs were turned upside down by that punch.

Her body was in a huge pain. Her head was spinning.

"JANET! WATCH OUT!!!" Belle let out an earsplitting scream.

Chapter 214

Janet urgently dodged to the **right** and narrowly escaped the blade by one inch.

The killer's move was swifter than she thought.

He swung his arm and threw a punch at Janet's shoulder.

Janet was a trained soldier.

She was confident that she could stop that punch.

So she raised an arm and tried to seize his arm-

BANG!

She was sent flying backward and knocked into the closet. The loud, shattering noise

echoed in the room.

Fuck!

She forgot that she was dealing with a Lycan!

Janet felt as though her organs were turned upside down by that punch.

Her body was in a huge pain. Her head was spinning.

There was a bloody taste in her mouth.

The killer leapt forward raising the blade up high in the air and stabbed at her heart! There was no way that she could dodge this.

She sat there, her heart racing wildly, with her entire life flashing through her eyes-

Just then, a loud roar exploded in the room!

Wells rushed at the killer and tackled him to the ground.

The killer rolled over on the floor, raising his blade up.

"JANET! WATCH OUT!!!" Belle let out an earsplitting scream.

Chapter 214

Janet urgently dodged to the right and narrowly escaped the blade by one inch.

The killer's move was swifter than she thought.

He swung his arm and threw a punch at Janet's shoulder.

Janet was a trained soldier.

She was confident that she could stop that punch.

So she raised an arm and tried to seize his arm

BANG!

She was sent flying backward and knocked into the closet. The loud, shattering noise. echoed in the room.

Fuck!

She forgot that she was dealing with a Lycan!

Janet felt as though her organs were turned upside down by that punch.

Her body was in a huge pain. Her head was spinning.

There was a bloody taste in her mouth.

The killer leapt forward raising the blade up high in the air and stabbed at her heart!

There was no way that she could dodge this.

She sat there, her heart racing wildly, with her entire life flashing through her eyes-

Just then, a loud roar exploded in the room!

Wells rushed at the killer and tackled him to the ground.

The killer rolled over on the floor, raising his blade up.

Yet Wells shifted before he made an attack again.

Within the blink of an eye, the handsome young man had transformed into a Lycan with silver fur and sharp fangs.

His wolf was much similar to Westin's, only smaller in size.

The Lycan guarded in front of Janet and let out a deafening howl at the killer.

The killer knelt on the floor and hesitated.

His gaze flickered to Janet.

Janet finally saw that he was wearing a mask that covered most part of his face, with

only a pair of eyes exposed.

A pair of cold, smokey grey eyes.

"Who the fuck are you" Wells roared.

The Lycan flung his paw and went at the killer.

The killer jumped up from the floor urgently, dashed across the room, and jumped out of the window.

"STOP!!!"

Wells went after him at once.

Belle rushed to Janet's side. She knelt down, cupping her face with both hands and sobbed in a horrified voice:

"....JJanet, are you alright? Please...Please don't die...."

Janet breathed heavily, fighting with the pain.

She wanted to tell Belle not to worry.

Yet before she could say anything, darkness kicked in.

She passed out in Belle's arms.

Hours or probably even days-later, Janet opened her eyes again.

She was lying on her bed.

Bright sunlight flooded into the room through the curtains.

It was already the morning.

"JANET!" two voices gasped in unison.

Two faces appeared in her sight-similar golden hair, identical blue eyes...

It was Wells and Belle.

Janet held her shoulder and struggled to sit up straight, "...How long did I-

"A whole night." Belle answered with tears circling in her eyes, "I was so worried, Janet...are you going to be alright?"

Janet rubbed her curly hair, "I am feeling better already. You didn't tell anyone about this, did you?"

Wells shook his head with a tight frown, "Belle wanted to call the doctor, but I don't think it is a good idea to let people know about this before we identify the killer." Janet gave him a faint smile, "You did the right thing."

She trusted no one in this castle, not even the doctors.

"And thank you, Wells. You saved my life last night."

Wells scratched his head, a youthful and sheepish grin on his face.

Belle held Janet's hand and asked, "But at least you should let Westin know about this! Ask him to find the killer and execute him!"

"Belle is right. We will hunt that bastard down!" Wells snapped. "I want to see who dares to assassin you under the Lycan King's watch!"

Janet's eyes became cold.

She had made a lot of enemies since she arrived at the Lycan's land.

She wondered which one of her enemies did this as well.

"Did you catch up with him last night?" she asked Wells.

There was a frustrated look on Wells's face, "No. That bastard was incredibly fast. And he seemed to know the way around the castle.

So, an in-house rat.

"But he left this."

Westin placed a piece of grey cloth on the bed.

"I tore it off from his clothes at **night**," he said

Janet picked up the cloth and studied it closely.

She saw people dressed in cloaks made of similar cloth

The House of Shadows.

Which happened to be Elder Lamonte and Agnes's house.

Janet clenched the cloth with fury burning in her chest.

She knew that these two people wanted her gone.

But she didn't know that they were willing to make the killing move.

She underestimated her enemies.

A horrible mistake.

"Where is the Elder's Council?" she asked abruptly.

The twins exchanged a look of astonishment. Then Wells asked, "What are you doing? Shouldn't you alert Westin first?"

"No. I need to confront someone first."

If the House of Shadow was behind this, even Westin's hands were tied.

Janet didn't think he would offend the elders for her.

So she was in this fight alone.

"If you want to go to the Elder Council, I can show you the way," Belle said. "But your injury..."

"I am fine," said Janet getting off the bed.

The Elder Council sat on an isolated peak, overlooking the entire castle.

The architecture rose like a mountain of intricately carved ivory stone, reaching towards the heavens.

Pillars, hewn from the mighty trees that once guarded the mist forest, soared to dizzying heights, their branches intertwined overhead.

Lycan soldiers stood outside of the iron gate.

When they saw Wells and Belle approach, they immediately stepped aside and let them through.

The twins followed Janet up through the marble staircase till they reached the enormous, ornate doors that guarded the hall.

"Do you want us to come in with you? To keep you safe?" Wells asked in worry. Janet smiled, "No that is fine. I can go in by myself."

She pushed the enormous doors open and stepped into the hall alone.

It was a spacious, circular space.

Sunlight filtered through the stained–glass windows that adorned the walls, creating an ethereal ambiance.

A chandelier suspended from the apex, its gems glittering like descended stars in the

daylight.

Three large round tables took up most of the space. A golden throne was placed on **at** raised platform facing the tables and the doors.

A group of people were gathered underneath the platform when Janet walked in. "...We had made several attempted assassinations targeted at the Werewolf King, but each attempt has failed. And the werewolf soldiers are closing in. We have a reason to suspect that they have found out about our location..."

The elders stopped abruptly when they heard the sound of the door opening up. He jerked around with the others, a shocking expression on his face.

"Who allowed you in? This is the Elder Council!" he snarled.

Janet ignored him and made her way down the aisle, toward the throne.

Westin stood up from the throne with a frown, "Janet, what are you doing-

"You assassinated Daran?" she snapped, clenching her fists.

Westin narrowed his eyes.

"Yes," he answered in an indifferent voice.

"How dare you-"

"Forgive me, Lady Janet," said a black–cloaked elder. "But the werewolf troops are heading directly to our land. If they invade us and start a war, they become our enemy."

Janet gritted her teeth.

Daran didn't want to start a goddamn war.

He was coming because Westin abducted her!

"The werewolves are my people!" she growled, "Do not touch them!"

Elder Pierre from the House of Light cleared his throat, "I can promise you that the Lycans won't be the first ones to fire the gun. You are our future Queen, Lady Janet. We have much respect for you, and to your people as well."

"Is that so?"

Janet let out a cold laugh, "Then how come your future Queen almost got killed in her own room last night?"

The Elders gasped in unison.

Westin widened his eyes abruptly, "...WHAT?"

Janet reached into her pocket and took out the grey cloth.

"This piece of cloth was torn off from the killer's shirt," she said icily. "Now. Does anyone of **you** want to come forward and claim it?"

There was an outbreak of muttering at this.

Janet's gaze traveled through the crowd and fixed on Elder Lamonte's face.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 215

Chapter 215

Elder Lamonte's face was expressionless.

His calm eyes met with Janet's gaze for a brief moment and then looked away.

"Lady Janet, did you get a clear look at the killer?" Elder Pierre asked urgently.

"No," Janet shook her head.

"This is unacceptable."

Westin said in a deep, anger-filled voice, his sharp gaze traveling around the crowd,

"First my elder got poisoned, and then my Queen got assassinated under my roof? How did this happen!"

The elders held their heads down in silence, including Elder Lamonte.

Elder Pierre rubbed his chin, staring at the cloth in Janet's hand, "The color of this piece of cloth is intriguing...it is grey..."

Elders from the House of Shadow made a grumbling noise.

Elder Lamonte said in an icy tone, "What are you implying, Pierre? Simply because the killer chose to dress in grey, the House of Shadow became responsible?"

"The House of Shadow has been fighting with King Westin's choice of Queen from day one! You have a motive!" Pierre cried loudly.

"We want a Lycan as Queen. Yes. But that doesn't mean we would assassinate the King's fiancé. The accusation is outrageous-"

"Oh cut the crap, Lamonte, we all know that you are a rotten, sneaky person!"

"ENOUGH!"

Westin's enraged voice echoed in the large hall.

The crowd quieted down immediately.

"I don't want to hear another word of your argument," Westin said freezingly. "One thing to be certain is that I will hang the traitor's head on top of a flagpole very soon."

"...Yes, My King," the elders murmured in unison.

"Anything else we need to discuss today?" Westin rubbed his forehead impatiently.. A white–cloaked elder stepped up from the House of Light and bowed to Westin:

"My King, you and Lady Janet still haven't recognized your mate bond, right? I strongly urge you to do so as soon as possible. Once you are mated and give birth to an heir, the werewolf and the Lycan will be forever united-"

"What heir?" Janet gasped, rounding her eyes.

Giving birth to an heir?

What the hell was he talking about?

"An heir with the blood of a werewolf and Lycan. Only the birth of such an heir can secure a long–lasting alliance between werewolf and Lycan," said the elder.

But Westin didn't mention a word about this to her!

What the hell-

"I need a moment with my Queen," Westin said hastily.

The elders bowed and exited the great hall one by one.

The doors closed with a creaking noise, leaving the room to the two of them. Westin walked down from the raised platform and stood in front of Janet.

"No," Janet said quickly before he opened his mouth.

"...You haven't even heard me out yet."

"I don't fucking need to!"

Janet clenched her fists glaring at Westin, "Our deal is that I will pretend to be your Queen till you get your elders in line! I won't recognize the mate bond. And certainly won't give birth to your heir!"

Westin crossed his arms, a taunting look on his handsome face, "You think you have

a choice?"

"Of course I do!"

"In case you haven't figured out the situation you are in, let me remind you: you are in a dangerous, foreign land with no one else to protect you but me. If you decline. my proposal now, my love-"

He placed one hand on the back of her neck, drawing her close. His voice became hoarse.

"-you will definitely regret it later. And I will be very, very, very disappointed."

Janet looked straight into his enchanting eyes.

Then she let out a snort, "Let me remind you of your situation, Westin. Your elders want a werewolf Queen and an heir. But what if I tell them that our relationship is fake and you are simply a shameless abductor who kidnapped me from my loved ones, will the elders get so disappointed in their King that they turn their backs on you? It will be interesting to find out. Don't you think?"

Westin raised an eyebrow.

He didn't look mad but was smiling instead.

"You are very attractive when you make a threat, my love," he chuckled.

Janet glared at him.

"Too bad that your threat means nothing to me." Westin shrugged, "There are some resistances from the elders, yes. But no matter what happens, they will never, ever turn their backs on me. They won't dare."

Janet gritted in fume

Shit.

"Can't you find someone else to be your Queen?" she growled frustratedly, "I

alrandu told woul

already told you! My heart is with Daran

Westin clenched her chin abruptly.

"Then change your heart," he said in a deep, husky voice. "You are my mate, my Queen, the only person I want by my side. The sooner you realize this, the better.

She breathed heavily.

His gaze traveled down from her eyes to her lips. His eyes darkened.

He started leaning in, his lips falling on hers-

Janet placed a hand on his chest and stopped him.

"Don't make me hit you," she hissed by his ears.

He froze.

The smile faded from his face.

He let go of her chin and looked down at her with cold eyes, "I will give you one week

to think this through."

"I already told you! I don't-"

"One week." he interrupted her, forcefully. "That is the longest I can wait. Then we will recognize the mate bond and have a grand mating ceremony."

"You can't force me to recognize the mate bond!" she cried furiously.

He smiled an icy smile, "Oh yeah? Watch me."

Janet stood on her spot with her body slightly trembling in rage.

She was forced into a dead corner.

Could she find a way to escape this place within one week?

Could Daran arrive here and rescue her in time?

Either way, none of them could get themselves through that mist forest without getting lost.

One thing she did know for sure was that she would never, ever cave into Westin!

"Oh and there is another matter," Westin said. "You need a guard to protect you 24/7, especially when I am not around."

"Let me get killed and you can have a new Queen," she said acridly.

Westin smiled, "That is not going to happen. You will live a long and peaceful life right by my side."

He blew a whistle.

The doors opened up and a tall figure came striding in.

"Let me introduce you to Clemente, the best warrior within this Kingdom," Westin said.

Janet turned around to look at this warrior named Clemente.

She saw his eyes first.

A pair of cold, grey eyes.

The same pair of eyes that she met in the darkness last night. A freezing chill was sent down her spine.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 216

Chapter 216

Fear seized Janet's heart as she stared at Clemente, horrified.

Was this the person who assassinated her last night?

She couldn't be sure.

Because she didn't get a clear look at the man's face, just his eyes.

But those eyes...They looked exactly the same!

"Janet?"

Westin's voice snapped her back to reality.

Janet raised her head and found that Westin and Clemente were both looking at her.

"What is the matter? You look horrible," Westin asked.

"N-Nothing..."

Janet gulped and took a quick peek at Clemente again.

The young man was staring at her, expressionless.

She couldn't read his facial expression.

Westin gave her a skeptical look and backed to his introduction, "Anyway, as I was saying, Clemente is our best warrior. And now I am pointing him to you as a guard. He will keep you safe 24/7."

"Which house are you from?" Janet asked the young man.

"The House of Shadow," answered the young man in a cool voice.

That was Elder Lamonte and Agnes's house!

The exact House that wanted her gone!

Why would Westin appoint a soldier from the House of Shadow to her as a guard? Did he want her to get killed?!

"Westin!" she snapped her head back to Westin and gritted, "I need to talk to you."

"Fine but please make it quick. I have a meeting to attend to," Westin checked his watch.

Janet glanced at Clemente, seeing that the young man still remained firmly on his spot, and hissed, "ALONE."

Westin sighed and gave a quick nod at Clemente.

The young warrior turned on his heels and exited the great hall.

He can't be my guard," Janet said quickly as soon as the door closed.

Westin raised an eyebrow, "He is the best warrior I got. If he can't keep you safe in this castle, I don't know who can-

"I am not doubting his capability! I-It is that-"

She swallowed nervously.

I think he is the guy who tried to kill me last night," she said in a tense voice.

Westin's face went **blank** for a brief moment.

Then he suddenly burst out laughing.

"What is so fucking funny!" Janet snarled.

"Sorry my love, but you are dream-talking." Westin placed both of his hands on her shoulders, still chuckling. "Clemente? No. He is the last person who would do such at thing. I am even willing to suspect Wells and Belle than him."

"How can you be so sure?!"

"Because I know the man," Westin shrugged. "He is Keavy's younger brother. Keavy and I were best friends before he died. Clemente grew up around us, which makes him basically like a brother to me. Let us just put it this way...I trust Clemente with my life."

Wait.

Janet quickly did the math.

Keavy was Elder Lamonte's son.

Keavy and Clemente were brothers.

Which meant that...Keavy was Elder Lamonte's son?!

Westin was asking the enemy's son to protect her?!

"He is Lamonte's son!" Janet snapped, "And Lamonte wants me to die-

"Now you are accusing Elder Lamonte? Where do all your paranoias come from Janet?"

Janet glared at him.

He didn't get it.

How could he not get it?

"Hear me out." Westin said in a reassuring tone, "I know that Elder Lamonte left you a bad first impression in the hospital since he targeted you, but that was nothing personal. He just didn't like the werewolves."

Janet rolled her eyes internally.

Nothing personal my ass!

"And about Clemente..." Westin continued, "Even if Lamonte ever asked him to harm you and let us just say if-Clemente would never listen to his father. They have the worst father-and-son relationship. You have to see the two of them in the same room sometimes. It is tense."

Janet let out a heavy sigh, "So you are dead set on shoving Clemente my way."

"All I am asking is that you give Clemente a chance. Get to know him better. When you become my Queen, he will be like a brother to you as well."

"Westin"

"I really need to go to my meeting now Tall.

"I really need to go to my meeting now. Talk later. Alright?"

He stole a quick kiss on her cheek and then marched down the aisle, leaving the great hali

Janet sighed, frustratedly, and rumpled her long hair.

Westin didn't believe her.

Which was understandable.

Between his dead best friend's brother whom he had known for more than 20 years and then the woman he just met, of course, he believed in the former one.

But that meant that she was in this alone.

With a killer by her side 24/7.

She could kiss her goodnight and sleep goodbye.

Janet stumped out of the great hall.

Clemente was waiting by the doors.

He walked up to her as soon as she was not and followed her to the iron gate in silence.

Janet couldn't help but ask, "Are you going to follow me wherever I go?"

"That is the King's order," he said in a flat tone.

"And you don't have a problem with that? I am sure as a great warrior you have something more important to do than protecting a woman 24/7."

"No," he said briefly.

1. OK.

The quiet type.

They returned to the castle in silence.

Janet didn't have anything else to do, so she returned to her room.

Clemente followed her in.

"Aren't you going to stay outside?" she asked, astonished.

"I can't protect you without being in the same room with you," he said. "What if I need to take a nap? What if I need to get changed?"

He let out a light snort, "Trust me. I won't peek."

Janet's nostrils flared.

There was one thing she could be sure of.

That Clemente hated to be in the same room with her just as she did.

She ripped off her coat and jumped onto the bed, pulling the bedsheet over.

"Shut the drapes," she snapped. "I am taking a nap. You can stay here as much as you like. Don't make any sound."

Clemente went to close the curtain for her and quietly sat in an armchair by the

corner.

Janet lay down and closed her eyes.

She was not tired at all.

This was simply a test.

To see if Clemente would do anything to her when she was in a vulnerable state.

The room was dark and quiet.

Janet kept her breathing light and listened attentively.

But there was nothing to listen to really.

There was no sound of Clemente moving around in his armchair. She couldn't even hear him breathe.

He just sat there, perfectly still, as though he didn't exist.

But Janet knew that he was staring at her from the darkness.

A cold, emotionless gaze.

Janet kept waiting.

She wanted for so long that she was starting to get sleepy at some point-

Clemente suddenly stood up.

His footsteps were light. But they were coming directly towards the bed.

Janet's heart jumped to her throat at once.

...He was walking up to her!

What was he going to do?

Janet kept her eyes shut, pretending that she was still asleep. Yet her right hand had clenched onto the dagger that she kept underneath the pillow.

He stopped by her bedside and started to lean down.

Any seconds.

Janet held her breath.

As soon as he made a move, and she would draw that dagger right away-

His hand fell on her bedsheet.

He gently pulled the bedsheet up to cover her shoulder and tucked her in.

When that was done, he turned around and walked back to the armchair quietly.

Janet released the dagger.

She let out a silent breath.

....Looked like he was not going to kill her today.

Feeling relaxed at last, she soon fell asleep.

After a short nap, Janet woke up feeling regenerated.

Clemente was still in his armchair like a sculpture made of stone. There was food on the table to his right.

"The maid sent lunch. You should eat," he said nonchalantly. She yawned and stretched her body, "I am not hungry."

"You should eat," he repeated automatically.

She rolled her eyes, "Why do you care? The King simply asked you to be my guard, not my dietitian."

"The King asked me to protect you from dangers," he corrected. "Starving is a kind. of danger."

God, he was so stubborn.

Janet sighed and got out of bed, walking to the table.

"What do we have for lunch today?"

There were cold cuts, salad, bread, roasted chicken, and an assorted meat platter of her choice.

The food was great.

But for some unknown reason, a wave of nausea hit her at this very moment.

She clamped a hand over her mouth and made a puking noise.

"What is the matter?" Clemente asked, sounding tensed. Janet turned abruptly and dashed into the bathroom.

She jumped at the toilet and started vomiting, severely.

Clemente rushed in behind her.

He patted her back and shoved a napkin into her hand, "Here...What happened? Stomachache? Do you need a doctor?"

Janet wiped her mouth with the napkin and collapsed on the bathroom floor.

A horrified feeling seized her throat.

...When was her last period again?

Chapter 217

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 217

Chapter 217

She should have her period a week before.

Yet it was late now.

She couldn't breathe as fear and horror clouded her mind.

Calm down.

Girls got their periods late all the time and a week of delay didn't mean anything...

But she couldn't help but think back to the last time she had sex with Daran in the vineyard.

They didn't use any protection.

"I should call the doctor," Clemente said in a serious voice.

He turned to the door.

"I should call the doctor," Clemente said in a serious voice.

He turned to the door.

Yet Janet grabbed his hand abruptly and stopped him, "NO!"

"Why not?" he looked perplexed, "You are obviously sick. It is my duty to contact the hospital and report to the King about this."

"No. No hospital. No report."

Janet stood up and pressed the flush button.

She couldn't see a doctor.

If she was really...pregnant, nobody in this castle could know.

She had already got enemies looming in the darkness and wanting to kill her.

If those enemies or even Westin–found out that she was pregnant with the Werewolf King's child, they would definitely want to get rid of her and her child. She couldn't live with that consequence.

Of course, she didn't know if she was really pregnant or not.

She had to figure out a way to find out.

Clemente was still staring at her, perplexed.

"I don't want to get Westin worried," she said. "I get nauseous all the time. It is an old habit of mine. No big deal."

"Are you sure?" he still looked skeptical.

"Yes. Positive. Now let us go have lunch.

The smell of meat made her sick

Yet she had to pretend that she had a good appetite.

Because Clemente was keeping a closed eye on her.

She didn't want him to suspect anything.

The most urgent matter at hand was that she needed a pregnancy test from a pharmacy.

She couldn't ask any of the maids to go get it for her, and certainly not Clemente.

She had to go by herself.

Janet waited till the next day to mention the pharmacy to Clemente since she didn't want him to connect this to her former sickness.

"Was there any pharmacy store around the neighborhood?"

She brought this up casually over breakfast.

"There is one right outside of the castle." Clemente looked up from his coffee, looking alert. "Why do you need to go to the pharmacy? Are you not feeling well?"

Now he was a chatterbox.

Janet rolled her eyes, "I need a refill for my vitamins."

"The maid can do that for you.

Janet set her silvers down on the plate, **making** a clattering noise.

"Am I grounded, Clemente? I can't leave my room and can't take a walk outside of the castle. Is that what it is?" she snapped.

Clemente narrowed his eyes.

He directed a searching look upon Janet.

After a short pause, he uttered a single word, "No."

"Then I am going to the pharmacy after breakfast."

"Yes."

There was a small town outside of the castle, providing all kinds of utilities people needed.

Clemente walked Janet to the pharmacy.

Before he stepped into the store with her, she ordered, "You can stay outside."

She received another searching look from him.

Yet this time he didn't fight back and simply stood by the door like a loyal guard. Janet stepped into the pharmacy store alone.

She picked up a shopping basket and walked down the aisle.

She first tossed a couple of bottles of vitamins into her basket and then kept browsing.

When she passed the birth control aisle, she quickly took a pregnancy test stick and hid it in her pocket.

Then she went to the checkout counter.

"That will be 24.99, miss," said the cashier.

Janet handed him a 30-dollar bill, "Keep the change."

She grabbed the bag of vitamins and exited the store.

Clemente was still standing in the same spot when she left.

"We can go now," she said to him.

"One second. I just remember that I need something too."

Clemente went into the store and headed directly to the counter.

The cashier looked up and recognized him at once, "General Clemente, what a great honor-"

Clemente tapped his knuckle on the counter, "What did that lady buy just a moment earlier?"

"That lady? Just some bottles of vitamins."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. She didn't take the receipt. Here."

The cashier handed him Janet's receipt.

Clement looked it over. After making sure that there was nothing skeptical about

That receipt, he handed it back to the cashier, "Thank you."

He walked out of the store

"You done?" Janet asked with a tight frown.

Yes. Do you want to head back to the castle now, or take a walle?"

Janet wanted to return to her room and take the pregnancy test as soon as possible.

But she couldn't let Clemente feel that she was in a hurry.

And definitely didn't want him to get the idea that she was in town specifically for the pharmacy store

So she spent a couple of hours in this small town, wandering around.

She went into a bookstore, checked out a couple of boutique stores, and bought at pair of boots. She even got a huge bowl of chocolate chip ice cream from an ice joint. The funny thing was that Clemente insisted on paying for everything she set eyes on She found that very funny, "Why do you do that? You know I can pay for my own ice cream, right?"

"That is how I was raised," Clemente said in an absolute matter of course kind of tone.

"Your brother taught you that?"

Clemente's gaze softened at the mention of his late brother, "Keavy taught me everything in life. More than my father ever did."

Janet studied the look on his face.

So Westin was right. Clemente was very close to his brother and had a terrible relationship with his father.

Would such a man listen to Elder Lamonte if he ordered him to kill her?

She couldn't be sure.

"But did your brother tell you that you only need to pay for your girlfriend's bill, and not any other women?" she asked.

Clemente blinked.

That was the first time Janet saw a blank look on this young man's face.

Amused by it, she started laughing.

"Stop it!" he groaned, a blush on his cheeks.

She giggled and sent a spoon of ice cream into her mouth, "Don't worry. I will pay you back."

They didn't return to the castle till the night completely fell.

As the maids and Clemente set the table for dinner, Janet snuck into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

She took out that pregnancy test from her pocket. Her palm was sweet.

She followed the directions on the box and took the test.

Setting the stick on the water basin, she stared at it, waiting for the result to show.

W

She was praying internally.

Please don't be positive.

Please don't be positive.

Please...

As much as she loved to have a kid with Daran, this was the worst time she could get pregnant.

The result showed in half of a minute.

POSITIVE

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 218

Chapter 218

Janet's mind went blank for a second.

Although she had seen this coming, she had not prepared for this.

There was actually a baby inside of her body, a baby she could not protect.

How would Westin react to this?

He would certainly be enraged.

He hated Daran to his gut, and he would hate Daran's kid equally as much.

She placed a trembling hand on her belly.

NOBODY could know about this secret.

And she had to start moving forward with her escape plan.

When she started to show, everybody would know, which would be too late by then.

A knock on the door snapped her back to reality.

"Are you doing alright in there?" Clemente's voice came from the outside.

...Yes."

"The dinner is ready."

"OK. Just one second."

Janet looked at the pregnancy test stick in her hand and found that there was another question:

What should she do with this?

She couldn't simply leave it in the trash bin.

Clemente was hyper-alert to her every move. She already made him suspicious when she went to the pharmacy. Who knew if he would go over her trash?

The most secure way was to

out when Clemente was not wat the stick with her till she found a way to throw it

So she put the stick back in her pocket and left the bathroom.

Yet unfortunately for her, she didn't find any chance during the following couple of days to get rid of that stick.

Clemento

to was watching her lika a haude

He followed her everywhere she went. He even slept in the armchair in her room at night

He was like a robot that never grew tired.

His cold, emotionless gaze sometimes made Janet want to hang herself.

And it made Janet wonder too-

Who was Clemente doing this for?

Westin simply asked him to protect her, not spying on her.

Elder Lamonte and he had a bad relationship. He probably wouldn't listen to his father.

Who could this mysterious master of Clemente be?

In the meantime, Westin was starting to prepare stuff for the ceremony.

One night when he came over for dinner, she overheard him on the phone with a party planner, nailing down details about the Mating Ceremony.

Once it hit the one-week time limit, he would start pushing her to recognize the mate bond.

Her time was up.

On the third day after she found out that she was pregnant, Belle and Wells came to

visit.

"Janet-"

Belle came rushing down the hallway with her arms wide open and dashed right at

her.

Janet stood up laughing.

She wanted to open her arms and waited for Belle to throw herself into her arms. Yet she suddenly remembered something very important-

Her child.

She was pregnant now.

So she slightly tilted her body, with one hand protecting her belly, she used the other hand to hug Belle, "How are you doing?"

"I am good!" Belle grinned, "Just a bit exhausted."

"Our tutors are drowning us with homework," Wells said.

Janet smiled.

Yet from a peripheral look, she suddenly noticed that Clemente was staring at her-more precisely, at her hand on the belly.

A chill was sent down her spine as she quickly retracted her hand and put it into her pocket instead.

"Do you want to go take a walk around the lawn?" Janet asked.

The twins beamed and said.

yes.

It was a beautiful day out with a crystal clear sky and a gentle warm breeze The

pocket instead.

"Do you want to go take a walk around the lawn?" Janet asked.

The twins beamed and said yes.

It was a beautiful day out, with a crystal clear sky and a gentle warm breeze. The weather was so good that they got a perfect view of the majestic mountains and peaks in the distance.

Janet gazed at one of the high peaks with a heavy heart.

...She wondered where Daran was at the moment.

Was he safe?

How far away was he right now?

Did he know that they were going to have a baby together...

"Janet, what are you looking at?" Wells asked by her side.

"At those mountains." Janet gave him a smile. "I was just wondering, during a sunny day like this, will the path to the outside world still be blocked by fog in the forest?"

She needed to know more about the mist forest in order to escape.

"Of course, it will!"

Belle answered right away:

"The fog in the mist forest had nothing to do with the weather. It is a magical power that protects our Kingdom 24/7..."

She paused.

And then started to giggle, "...kind of like Clemente!"

Wells rolled his eyes, "I didn't know why Westin sent this guy to protect you. He is so dull and creepy, kind of like a sociopath."

Belle grimaced at her brother, "You are just jealous because Westin likes him more. Clemente is like the perfect younger brother that Westin never had."

"Then what am I!" Wells jumped.

Belle started laughing, "A relative, perhaps?"

Wells's face went tomato red as he snapped, "I am not jealous of him! That dude is seriously off! Hey Janet, don't you think that Clemente is weird too?"

Janet smiled, "Clemente seems like a nice person. Although...I have to admit that it would be nice if I could take a break from him."

"Of course, you can."

Wells turned around to Clemente, who was following behind them a few meters. away, and cried, "Hey Clemente! Can you go somewhere else and leave us alone

OUCH!!!

His sister pinched him on the back.

"Clemente, I hate to ask, but can you bring us some fresh lemonade from the kitchen?" Belle asked softly with a sweet smile.

Clemente said nothing.

He simply turned on his back and started heading back to the castle.

Janet stared at his back till it completely disappeared into the distance before quietly letting out a sigh of relief.

Great.

The hawk that had been watching her was finally gone.

This was her chance to get rid of that pregnancy test stick, which had been sitting in her pocket for 3 days already.

She looked around.

There were no trash bins nearby.

She couldn't simply dump this thing on the lawn.

She spotted a few gardeners, who were clipping the roses with a sack of fallen leaves and twigs by their feet.

Janet immediately walked over to the gardeners.

"The roses look really pretty," she said to the gardeners with a smile, "You did a wonderful job."

The gardeners looked flattered, "Thank you, my lady. And if you like, I can pick out a

bouquet for you."

"Oh, we would love that!" Belle cried in joy.

The gardeners immediately got to work.

Belle and Wells's attention was on the roses.

Janet casually dropped her arm.

And let the pregnancy stick fall right into that sack of leaves and twigs.

Nobody noticed anything.

"Janet, you should bring a bouquet back to your room. It smells wonderful!" Belle cried.

"Yeah, great idea," Janet beamed.

She felt relieved.

A huge pressure was off her shoulders now.

<hr/>Clemente returned from the kitchen with 3 glasses of lemonade half an hour

later.

He crossed the lawn and walked towards the twins and Janet.

On his way, he encountered a group of gardeners who just come back from the rosebeds.

Those gardeners were all chatting ensuthiastially:

... That is the King's fiancé that we just met right?"

"What a nice lady. Coming over here and complementing our works personally..."

"She will be a great match to our King ... "

Clemente halted abruptly.

"You talked to Lady Janet?" he asked one of the gardeners.

"General Clemente!" the gardener gasped, "Y–Yes. Lady Janet and the prince and princess came over just a moment before-

"What did she say?"

"Nothing really...Just that they liked the roses, and we picked out a bouquet for them."

Clemente's eyes fell on the sack in the gardener's hand.

"Leave the sack. And you can go," he ordered.

"But general, it is just a sack of dirt and leaves. It will dirty your hand

"Leave it."

Still looking bemused, the gardeners dropped the sack on the ground and walked

away.

Clemente set the lemonades down.

Then he turned the sack upside down, emptying the sack.

A test stick fell out of the sack and dropped on the pile of leaves and twigs. Clemente held his breath and picked the stick up.

He stared at the word Positive shown on the stick.

His eyes gradually darkened.

Chapter 219

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 219

Chapter 219

After a long while, Clemente put the pregnancy stick into his pocket and picked up the lemonade again.

He crossed the lawn and found Janet and the twins by the water fountain.

"You are back!" Belle jumped up as soon as she saw him, "Come and smell the roses, Clemente. The gardener just picked it out for us."

"Thank you, Princess Belle, but I am good," Clemente replied in a polite yet distant voice.

Then he turned to Janet, "Lady Janet, I was wondering if I could ask for a day off today."

"A day off?" Janet was stunned, "W–What for?"

She couldn't get him out of her sight for even one second when she tried to dispose of that pregnancy stick.

And now he was asking for a day off?

It sounded too good to be true.

Clemente's face remained expressionless, "My brother died on this very day, 6 years

ago."

A deathly silence fell upon them.

"...I am sorry. I didn't know about that," Janet said lowly after a long pause.

"It is alright. But I want to visit him at the cemetery. Bring him some flowers. Let him know that I am doing OK."

"Of course," Janet nodded hastily. "Go."

"And can you stay with Prince Wells and Princess Belle before I come back? That way I will know that you are safe."

"Just go, man. We are with Janet," Wells said.

Belle picked up a bunch of roses and handed it to Clemente, her eyes misty,

give this to Keavy? Let him know that we all miss him very much."

"I will. Thank you, Princess Belle."

can you

With the bunch of roses in his hand, Clemente turned and left the water fountain. 45 minutes later, he arrived at the Lycan's cemetery, which was perched on the summit of the mountain, overlooking the sprawling valleys below.

The air was thin, and the distant echoes of nature's melodies seemed muted by the weight of grief that clung to the place.

As Clemente climbed up the winding path, he could feel the crisp mountain breeze carrying the scent of pine and damp earth, intermingled with the aroma of roses in his hand.

Keavy was buried at the center of this graveyard, underneath an ancient tree.

When Clemente arrived, there were already two people standing by Keavy's grave. One was a lady dressed in a black dress, and the other was a boy at around 7 years old.

"You are late."

Agnes turned around, with tears still glittering in her eyes.

"I was with Janet and the twins," Clemente said.

He bent down to rub the boy's hair, "How are you, Bryn?"

Bryn was Keavy's kid.

The resemblance between them was so sticking that sometimes Clemente felt that he could see his late brother through Bryn.

Yet their personalities were nothing alike.

Keavy was cheerful, outgoing, and a people person. He was like a magnet, drawing everyone around to him.

Yet Bryn didn't pick that up. This boy was quiet and sullen, eyes always looking down at his own shoes.

Just as now, he not only didn't answer Clemente's question but even tilted his head.

slightly to avoid his uncle's touch.

Clemente let out a sigh internally.

He turned to his brother's tombstone and set the bunch of roses down on the ground

Princess Belle asked me to bring this.

"Take it away!"

Agnes's voice became sharp abruptly, "Keavy hated the roses. You know that. Clemente frowned, "No he doesn't."

Agnes rounded her teary eyes, looking hurt, "Are you...Are you saying that I have forgotten what my husband likes or doesn't like? Clemente, how could you!"

The frown between his eyebrows grew deeper.

He didn't want to argue with Agnes.

So he moved the roses a little to the right, away from the tombstone.

"Happy?" he asked quietly.

Agnes blinked her tears away, "...What do you have for me?"

Clemente hesitated for a few seconds.

Then he took out that pregnancy test stick and handed it to Agnes.

"What is this?"

Agnes took it from him, "A pregnancy test? Why am I looking at it? Don't tell me you

are dating someone right now. Wait...

Her voice suddenly grew shrill again.

"...Are you dating that obnoxious little princess?!" she snapped.

Clemente looked offended.

"Belle is not obnoxious," he said deeply.

"And you are defending her!"

Tears streaming down Agnes's cheeks as she shrieked:

"Do you know what a hard time she gave me a couple of days ago? She expelled me from my own tea party, Clemente! How can you ever hang out with her? You swore to your brother on his deathbed that you would always help and support me. Have you completely forgotten what you said-"

"Enough!" Clemente growled.

He closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath to organize his feelings, and then opened them back up again.

"I won't talk to Belle again if it upsets you," he said coldly. "But that pregnancy test

Belle's...I took it from Janet."

is n

Agnes froze on her spot.

Her eyes grew wider and wider, with a mixed emotion of disbelief, rage, and panic flickering across her eyes-

"That BITCH!" she screamed abruptly at the top of her lunge.

Bryn winced by her side.

"Agnes!" Clemente snapped.

He gently nudged on his niece's shoulder, "You can go play, Bryn. Your mother and I

need to talk."

Bryn gave his mother an anxious look and ran off.

Clemente turned back to Agnes, a very serious look on his face, "Can you watch yourself around the kid? You scared Bryn. And it wasn't the first time."

Yet Agnes was not listening to him at all.

She was pacing back and forth in front of Keavy's tombstone, biting her nails anxiously.

"That bitch is pregnant...pregnant with Westin's child..."

She jerked around to Clemente, "It is Westin's child, right?"

Clemente's face tightened, "I don't know."

"I bet it is!"

Agnes snapped.

"She can't get her hands off Westin! You should have seen the way she stared at Westin...it was like a dog drooling over fresh meat...disgusting..."

"Agnes…"

Agnes suddenly stopped pacing.

She covered her face with both of her hands and made a sobbing noise.

Clemente looked at her helplessly.

He took out a handkerchief and walked close to Agnes, handing it to her, "Here. Stop crying..."

Yet she didn't take the handkerchief.

Instead, she buried her face onto his shoulder, crying even louder, "Why can't I have anything good in life? Why does the Moon Goddess hate me so much that she hates to take away everything I care about? First Keavy, and then...and then this....

She hit him on the arm.

"Why didn't you kill Janet when you had the chance!" she cried.

Clemente stood on his spot stiffly.

"...I tried once. On the night that you asked me to," he said lowly. "But I didn't know that Belle and Wells were with him... Then the next day, Westin asked me to be Janet's guard-"

"And?" Agnes demanded, "You were staying with her 24/7! You could have killed her in her sleep with a pillow, you could have pressed her head down to the water when she took a shower, you could have pushed her down from a goddamn window...and yet you did NOTHING! Give me one good reason why you did nothing, Clemente!"

Clemente's chest heaved, "I have the King's order to protect her-

"Westin doesn't know what is good for him!"

Agnes yelled at him, a hysteric look on her face.

"That bitch Janet is toxic! She is bad to Westin and to the entire Lycan's Kingdom! We have to get rid of her...for Westin's sake!

Clemente lowered his head, saying nothing.

Agnes grabbed his arm and shook it with more tears pouring out from her eyes: "Clemente...Clemente, I am begging you. Go kill her and that bastard in her body. You will do that for Westin, right? Remember what Keavy asked of you? To protect me and

to look out for Westin. How can you watch that woman destroy Westin like this? You have to do something..."

Clemente shook off her hand abruptly.

He raised his head.

His gaze became cold.

"Is it really for Westin? Or for yourself?" he asked icily.

Agnes parted her lips in panic.

...W–What do you mean?" she stuttered.

"Do you want Janet to die because she is bad for Westin? Or because you want Westin yourself?!"

His angry voice echoed in the silent graveyard.

Agnes's face turned pale.

"Answer it, Agnes!" Clemente hissed, "To my brother's grave!"

Chapter 220

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 220

Chapter 220

Agnes stared at him.

The horrified look faded from her face.

Eventually, her face became expressionless.

"Yes," she uttered.

"What?"

"I said yes." Agnes let out a light chuckle, "You were asking me for an answer. I am answering you right now–Yes. I do want Westin for myself."

Clemente gritted his teeth, glaring at her.

"Are you going to judge me, Clemente? That a widow wants the most handsome and powerful man in the Lycan's land."

"No. But-"

Agnes cut him off, "Keavy said that he wanted me to be happy. He said that he was sorry for leaving me in this world alone at such a young age. He said I could pursue my own happiness! If he didn't have a problem with this, why should you!"

"Westin was his best friend!"

Clemente raised his voice staring at her, startled and questioning:

"Honestly, Agnes, when did you develop such a feeling towards Westin? Was it...Was

it hot.

it betere or after my brother died

"WHAT?!"

Agnes cried, "What the hell, Clemente! Are you seriously questioning my love for Keavy?"

Clemente bit his lip, looking uncertain, "Sorry. But I have to ask-"

"I LOVED YOUR BROTHER"

Agnes balled her fists, het angry doe-like eyes round with tears

"No one —not even the Moon Goddess can question that I was still carrying, Bryn when he died. Everyone said to me...even your father. They said that they wouldn't blame me it I decided to get an abortion. But I kept that child! I gave your family an heit! I raised him! By myself! For 5 fucking years! Why would I do that if I didn't love

your brother?!!!!

Clemente's face was pale.

He stared at Keavy's tombstone for a very long time before whispering:

Sorry. I was being a jerk."

They stood there face-to-face.

The only sound that could be heard in this quiet graveyard was Agnes's heavy breathing and sobbing.

"I don't blame you for loving Westin. Any woman would easily fall in love with him." Clemente said in a low voice, "And speaking from the bottom of my heart, you

two would have made a great couple. But he ready has Janet now..."

Agnes stopped crying.

She looked at him, her eyes very cold.

"And that is why you are going to kill her for me," she said.

"NO!" Clemente snapped, "I tried once already. I failed. Maybe fate rolled the dice and decided that Janet deserves to live-"

"I don't care what fate wants! I only care what I want! And you are going to do this for me because you OWE ME!"

Agnes advanced on him, pointing a finger at his chest.

"Remember what happened on the night Keavy died? You were supposed to go home and have dinner with him till I came back from my mother's. Yet you got delayed at your mighty patrol job. Keavy had to order a takeout, which was the exact reason he got poisoned! Think about it, Clemente! If you didn't skip your dinner plan that night, Keavy would be still alive-"

"STOP!!!" Clemente roared.

He clamped a hand over his eyes and inhaled sharply, his body shaking.

"You remember now?" Agnes asked cruelly.

"...How many times are you going to remind me of that?" Clemente asked in a weak

voice.

your entire life."

"Just enough times for you to remember that you owe me and Bryn your

She crossed her arms and sneered, **"So**? When **can** I hear the good news about Janet's death?"

"...You won't."

Clemente dropped his hand.

His face was still pale.

But there was a firm look on it.

"You **can** guilt me as many times as you want. And I will try to make it up to you the best I can. But killing Janet? The answer is no."

Agnes widened her eyes, looking furious, "Are you kidding me? How did she get into your dumb head?! Don't tell me that you are in love with her-"

"I am not!" Clemente snapped, "But she is a nice person! A pregnant woman! I won't get that kind of blood on my hand!"

He turned to leave abruptly, striding down the winding path.

Agnes chased him for a few steps and cried, "If you don't do it! I will find somebody else to do it!"

Clemente halted abruptly and turned to gaze at her with cold eyes:

"

"...Then you will leave me with no choice but to report this to the King."

"Fine! Go tell him! Then I will tell him you tried assassinating her once yourself! We are in this together, Clemente! Clemente–WAIT!!!!!

Yet Clemente didn't slow his pace.

He kept going till her angry screams completely faded in the distance.

<hr/>When Clemente returned to the castle, it was already approaching nightfall.

He immediately wanted to report back to Janet.

Yet a soldier by the front gate said that the King needed him in the training field.

So he turned and headed to meet with Westin first.

The field's light was out when he got there.

Just when he was about to call Westin's name and see if he had arrived, the overhead

light was turned on by somebody, illuminating the entire field.

Clemente looked around, astonished.

The training field was made into a temporary baseball field.

"Hey, you like this?"

Clemente jerked around and saw Westin walking up to him from the other side of the field. Janet was by his side, with a baseball bat in her hand.

"I asked the servants to help me draw the line. Not so bad, huh?" Westin grinned, tossing a ball at Clemente. "Come. You will be the pitcher this round."

Clemente still looked in a daze, "But my King, why...I thought you had a whole day. of meetings today..."

"Remember how you, I, and Keavy played baseball in this very training field all day

when we were kids?

Clemente blinked. Then he started to smile, "Yes. Keavy taught me the rules. You taught me how to swing my bat."

Westin nodded, looking nostalgic, "I asked my parents if we could turn this place into a baseball field instead and ask all the soldiers to play with us. Hell did I get a good spanking from my father that time."

Clemente laughed. "Now that you are King, you can ask everyone in this castle to play with you all day"

"Well, I have outgrown that. But I want to at least spend today with you doing our thing. If Keavy were still around, he would definitely make us do this more often." Clemente's lips trembled slightly, "You know that today is..."

"Janet reminded me." Westin said, "Sorry. I should have remembered that myself." "I hope you don't mind that overstepped," Janet said with a soft smile.

Clemente shook his head. His eyes looked misty.

He loosened his top 3 buttons and rolled up his sleeves, "OK! I am about to kick some King's ass!"

Westin laughed, "Or maybe I kick yours! Hey Janet, you want to play?"

I will be on the bench over there."

Westin beckoned over a couple more soldiers and they started play.

The sun continued to set on the horizon. The night completely fell. The training field was filled with the sound of people laughing and cheering and the crisp noise of the bat hitting the balls.

During halftime, Clemente ran over to the bench, drenched in hot sweat..

Janet handed him a towel, "Here."

He took the towel, looking nervous. After a little pause, he carefully took a seat by her side, "I...I..."

He couldn't get himself to say in a full sentence. He looked super embarrassed.

"You want to apologize for being a jerk. And you want to thank me for reminding Westin," Janet giggled.

Clemente bit his lips, his cheeks going red, "...Yeah... Yes. That."

"It is fine. I wasn't too nice to you either. It's even now," Janet waved her hand, "And I am not doing this to get you like me."

"...Then what for?"

"I have a big brother myself. I miss him...so much. The thing I want the most right. now is for him to take me hiking one more time, like we used to."

Clemente stared at her. His cold, grey eyes looked soft now.

"Your brother is Alpha Casper," he said abruptly. "A great werewolf soldier, an outstanding Alpha."

Janet smiled, "You have heard about him?"

Clemente nodded, "I am sure that Westin **will** say yes if you want to invite your families to the mating ceremony. It is your big day. They should be there."

"No. He won't agree."

"Have you tried asking? I can ask him for you if you like."

Janet chuckled-this young man could be so stubborn sometimes.

There was no way Westin would say yes.

A war would officially break out the moment Westin let werewolves set foot into their land.

"Thanks for the offer but there is no need," she patted his shoulder. "So are we good?"

He nodded solemnly, his eyes brighter than the glittering stars.

Janet smiled back at him.

She lied earlier..

She WAS doing this on purpose to get him like her.

He had to like her.

Because he was an important part of her escape plan.

Chapter 221

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 221

Chapter 221

"Hey, what are you talking about over there? We need our pitcher," Westin cried to them in the distance.

Janet laughed and patted on Clemente's shoulder, "You should get back in there."

The game lasted for hours till the moon moved to the center of the night sky.

Eventually, stewards had to step in and remind them that they had completely missed dinner.

"Wow we really lost track of time, didn't we?" Westin walked off the field with Clemente while wiping his sweat damp hair with a towel.

"The soldiers had fun," Clemente grinned.

"Of course, they did. They just got a chance to beat their King in the field. How often does that happen?"

"It happens pretty much every time you play baseball?" Clemente joked.

Westin punched him on the shoulder, "Don't get cocky. I will rub your smug face on the home base next time."

They burst out laughing together.

Janet was still waiting for them on the bench.

Westin walked up to her and pulled her into his arms, "Hey sorry my love, the game went on for too long. You should have returned to the castle yourself."

Janet didn't push him away this time.

"No. I want to wait," she smiled. "Are you hungry?"

"I am starving. I will ask the maids to bring something to your room right away."

Westin turned to Clemente, "Come and have dinner with us."

Clemente looked at Janet and then back to him, looking reluctant, "Umm I think I will eat in the kitchen...I don't want to bother you two..."

"Don't be silly." Janet smiled, "It is just one dinner. The king and I will have plenty of alone time together in the future."

Westin's eyes lit up with joy hearing her say that.

He planted a soft kiss on her forehead and chuckled, "The queen is right."

The three of them returned to Janet's room.

The food had been brought up from the kitchen and was waiting for them on the table, from soup to salad to roasted meat.

The smell of meat made her feel sick again.

She wanted to puke.

But she couldn't do it in front of these two men.

So she swallowed back her sickness and took the seat far away from that platter of meat, pretending that everything was normal.

Westin and Clemente discussed a few business matters over dinner as Janet had her soup in silence.

Then Clemente asked, "For your mating ceremony, my king, there will be many guests coming into the castle. How should we handle security?"

Westin rubbed his chin, "Security is a major issue... Have we found out who poisoned

Elder Randy?"

"Not yet, my king."

"Which meant that there was still a criminal out there. Let us have a meeting with the head of security tomorrow, to make sure that the castle is one hundred percent secured on the ceremony day. Can't afford to have another incident like the Spring Ball."

"I will arrange that meeting right away."

Westin cast a casual glance at Janet before saying, "Especially with the werewolves this close to our borderline, we can use some extra precaution."

"Yes. My king."

Janet's heart skipped a beat!

THIS close to the borderline?

How close exactly?

Did it mean that Daran was already right here in these mountains?

If that was the case, that damn mist forest was the only thing that stood between them right now.

She was thrilled internally. She was also desperate to know more.

But she didn't want to act recklessly and peet Westin suspicious.

But she didn't want to act recklessly and get Westin suspicious.

She would stick to her plan.

"Oh, and there is something I want to tell you."

Janet set her silvers down and looked at Westin, "Earlier today, when Belle and Wells

came over, they said that they wanted to introduce the elders from House of Light

to me."

"It is a great idea. "Westin nodded, "The elders in the House of Light are very friendly people. You should get to know them."

"That is the idea. Wells said that there would be a hunting organized by the House of Light. He said I am welcome to join them."

"...A hunting?"

Westin narrowed his eyes, "Where?"

"Wells didn't say. In the mountains, perhaps?" Janet shrugged.

She was acting cool about it.

But only god knew that her heart was about to jump out of her throat. Her palms were drenched with sweat.

This was the most important part of her plan.

If Westin didn't approve...Everything fell apart.

"Is it really a good idea to leave the castle?" Westin leaned back in his chair, directing a searching look upon Janet, "Especially since we haven't located the person who poisoned Elder Randy yet?"

"How dangerous can it be? We will be traveling in one large group."

Janet paused and then looked over to Clemente.

"Plus, Clemente will stay closely by my side, keeping me safe. Won't you, Clemente?"

Clemente nodded firmly, "I will."

Westin raised an eyebrow, saying nothing.

Janet secretly gave Clemente a pleading look.

Receiving her hint, Clemente turned to Westin and said, "You can trust me, My King.

I won't let anything happen to your Queen-"

"Oh, it is not you that I don't trust, brother." Westin chuckled and patted his shoulder, "But I will think about it."

After dinner, Janet went into the bathroom to freshen up..

When she came out of the bathroom, Clemente was gone.

Westin was on the bed, leaning against and bedhead, flipping through a book she left

on the nightstand.

It was just the two of them in this room.

Her body became tense involuntarily as she asked, "Where did Clemente go?"

Westin emilad

"I gave him the night off. I will be your guard tonight," Westin smiled.

Ψ

Janet stood stiffly on her spot.

He chuckled, "Do you need me to carry you to bed?"

She darted him a glare, walked around the bed, and climbed up to the bed from another side.

Yet he grabbed her waist and drew her close, rounding his arms around her.

He buried his nose in her neck, taking in a deep breath.

"...You smell amazing," he whispered in a hoarse voice.

"It is the shampoo."

"No...it is not the shampoo....it is you."

He nibbled the sensitive area on her neck, causing her body to hum with electricity.

Her breathing became heavy, "What do you think you are doing?"

He raised his head and looked at her through his thick, long eyelashes.

There was passion and lust burning in

e gorgeous pus

"Trying to please my mate?" he said huskily, "Get her to agree to marry me?"

She caught his chin, a faint smile on her lips, "Acting horny won't help you with that."

He narrowed his eyes, looking disgruntled.

"You gave me a week to think about it." She reminded him, "I will have 3 days left."

"I remember that. But...Come on, Janet."

He leaned down to kiss her again, his voice sexy and seductive, "Stop lying to yourself. You obviously want me...

She pushed his face away, putting a little distance between them, "I will let you know if I want you...but not now.

His chest heaved, his eyes growing dark.

"The hunting," he said abruptly.

Her heart skipped a beat, "...What about it?"

"I have a gut feeling that there is something wrong with it."

He caught her earlobe with his teeth, breathing into her ears.

...So tell me this my love...you are not planning on something behind my back, are you?"

Chapter 222

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 222

Chapter 222

Her heart was thumping so crazily that she was afraid that he might hear the sound of her heartbeat.

But she didn't let her panic show.

"Do you have a trusting issue, Westin?" she asked, pretending to be vexed.

Her heart was thumping so crazily that **she was** afraid that he might hear the sound of her heartbeat.

But she didn't let her panic show.

"Do you have a trusting issue, Westin?" she asked, pretending to be vexed.

'Don't make this about me, my love." He raised an eyebrow while saying, "First you managed to win over Wells and Belle, and then this effort you made with the baseball game tonight...Clemente is now on your side as well. It is hard to believe that you are not orchestrating something behind my back-"

"You asked me to be nice to Clemente! And your brother and sister...Don't you want us to be friends?"

"Of course I do. And I can see that you have really tried, which almost gave me the impression that you were ready to accept my proposal...Hell was I thrilled. But when I saw the rejection on your face just a moment ago, I knew that this wasn't the case. So tell me, Janet, what are you trying to do here?"

Janet's body became tense.

Westin was smart.

And as reluctant as she liked to admit to it...He could see right through her.

She had to find a way to ease his mind..

Her entire escape plan hinged on this.

"Fine. You want the truth?"

She looked straight into his eyes, "The truth is that I am not ready to accept your proposal. And my heart is still with Daran."

His face darkened abruptly.

A storm was building in his eyes.

"But-"

She hurried to continue before he snapped.

But we are where we are right now. And I am trying to get used to this place, to befriend people, to build a connection here. Because I was hoping that if I could ever begin to see this place as home...only then would you and I have a true future. together."

He stared at her, unblinkingly.

She took in a deep breath, her voice shaking, "I am doing the best I can, Westin! To adjust to this new environment...But if you are going to deny all my efforts and be paranoid about everything that I have done, honestly, I don't know why I am still trying! Maybe I should just give up already! Lock myself up in this room and never see anybody...because that would have been easier..."

Some heavy emotions surged up in her chest.

Those were lies that she told. But the feelings were real.

She felt cornered, frustrated, and alone with no help.

She was pregnant with the child of the man she really loved but trapped here with another man.

How could fate do this to her?

Overwhelmed by those emotions, she began to choke.

"Oh Janet...Come here, my love."

Westin let out a long sigh and pulled her into his arms again.

"...I am sorry," he whispered hoarsely into her ears.

She ignored him and kept sobbing

"I am a bit over–anxious," he admitted. "I really want you to fall in love with me....I want it so much that sometimes I push too hard..."

"But there is a process! You have to wait for me to be ready.. Or this is not going to work-"

"It is going to work," he said firmly, without a shred of doubt. "Because I know that I am the right one for you.... But you are right. There is a process. So I will wait...no matter how long it takes."

She buried her face to his shoulder.

...And secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Good.

Her approach worked.

His doubt was removed, for now.

"So the hunting..." she asked about the thing that she cared about the most.

"Of course you can go," he reassured her. "When is this hunting again?"

"The day after tomorrow."

Precisely one day before the deadline that he gave her.

"I have an entire day packed with meetings that day. So are you going to be alright by yourself?" he asked with a frown.

"Don't worry. Clemente will stay with me."

It was actually a relief that he wouldn't be there.

Westin tightened his arms around her and rested his chin on her head.

"If there is going to be no sex tonight..." he said.

"There isn't!"

He chuckled lowly, "Fine. Then what should we do before bedtime?"

"You can read to me. There is a novel on the nightstand."

With one arm still wrapped around her shoulder, he reached over and grabbed the book.

Turning the book to the page that she folded, he started reading.

He had a beautiful voice, deep and sexy, like a velvety river.

She closed her eyes and let her mind drift away in that soothing sound.

The hunting team gathered by the front gate of the castle and then headed out to the

designated hunting site together on horseback.

The sun bathed the landscape in a warm, golden glow, casting a majestic hue over the sprawling mountains.

The elders from the House of Light, all dressed in rich hunting attire, moved gracefully on horseback, flanked by a vigilant escort of soldiers and guards.

The crisp mountain air kissed Janet's cheeks as she rode alongside the royal entourage through the towering peaks, with Clemente by her side.

"You are a very good rider," Clemente said.

"My brother taught me how to ride," Jane shrugged. "But why aren't we taking the cars?"

"The paths in the mountains are not accessible to any kind of vehicles."

"OK? But in case you have forgotten, we are werewolves. Why can't we all shift into our wolves and run to the hunting site? It would be definitely faster."

She had not had any chances to shift since she arrived at the Lycan's land.

Her wolf craved a good run.

"Because that would be a very ungraceful thing to do," said an abrupt voice **from** her back

Janet turned on her horse and found that an elder with a goatee was coming close to her.

"Elder Robert from the House of Light. Elder Robert, this is Lady Janet," Clemente introduced the two of them.

Elder Robert eyed her up and down with a critical look, "The werewolf Queen...so I have heard."

"Nice to meet you, elder." Janet bowed to him on the houseback, "But did I just hear it wrong? Did you say that shifting is an ungraceful thing to do?"

"It is."

Elder Robert raised his chin, his goatee fluttering in the mountain breeze:

"The Lycan is a noble species. We never let the primal animal instinct control us. We are first human, then wolves."

That was the most ridiculous thing that she had heard.

She rolled her eyes internally.

Her wolf let out a disgruntled growl inside of her at the same time.

"lf

you want to be accepted into this community, Lady Janet, you need to change some of your thinking," Elder Randy said in a condescending kind of tone.

"Thank you for your advice. But unlike the Lycans, I fully intend to embrace my animal instincts. I think it is what empowers me."

Her wolf made an approving purr.

"Ha! Stubborn." Elder Randy snorted, "Very well. Let us see how far your animal instinct can get you. I will see you at the hunting site."

He hit the horse with his riding whip and ran off.

Janet narrowed her eyes at his back, "Does he have a problem with me?"

Clemente let out a sigh, "Elder Randy, the elder who got poisoned, is his best friend. There are rumors saying that you are responsible for the poisoning, so..."

Janet frowned.

Right.

The guy who poisoned Elder Randy still hadn't been found yet.

She had a theory that Lamonte and Agnes were responsible.

But she didn't have any proof to back it up.

And she wouldn't have a chance to find those proofs.

Because if everything worked out according to her plan, she would be out of this. damn place by the end of today.

"Clemente, can you do me a favor?" she turned to ask Clemente.

"Anything," he said solemnly.

"I want to show these elders what I can do," she smiled a confident smile. "So when the hunting begins and we venture into the mountain to chase the prey, I don't want you to follow me. I want to go out there and do this by myself.

Chapter 223

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 223

Chapter 223

"

Clemente looked stunned, "You don't want me to follow you? But the King clearly said that!!

"The King is not here," Janet's voice turned cold slightly. "And you saw how those people treated me, Clemente. There is no respect. I need to turn this around and convince them that I can be Queen. This hunting is my opportunity."

There was a tight furrow between Clemente's brows, "You can do the hunting all by yourself, Lady Janet. I won't partake. But I have to follow you into the woods and keep you safe. It is my duty..."

"The thing is, Clemente, if you follow me into the woods, nobody will believe that I killed those prey by myself. They will all think that you helped me. And what is the point of that?"

Clemente bit his lips, looking reluctant.

If she asked him to stay back a week before, he would never, ever agree to that.

But they had developed some sort of trust after the baseball game.

Janet was counting on that trust right now.

"Give me a chance to prove myself, Clemente. That is all I am asking," she said.

Clemente took in a deep breath.

"...Fine," he gave in eventually.

Joy exploded in Janet's chest, "Thank you, Clemente!"

"The King will kill me if he finds out about this " he groaned.

"The King will kill me if he finds out about this," he groaned.

She smiled, "I will make sure that he never finds out."

That was a lie.

Because she is fully prepared to disappear into the woods and mountains once the hunting begins.

She could aiready imagine Westin's rage when he learnt that Clemente let her into the woods alone.

She felt sorry for using Clemente...But she would not apologize for doing what was necessary to escape this place.

Oh, and there was one last step of preparation to do....

Janet faked a sneeze.

"Are you cold?" Clemente asked immediately, "Where is your jacket?"

Everyone else was wearing a thick jacket that could protect them from the chilly mountain breeze.

Yet Janet only had a thin shirt on her.

"I left my jacket in my room," she said.

Which she did on purpose.

"You can take mine," Clemente offered.

Which was exactly what she was hoping for.

Clemente's jacket was warm and-most importantly-it carried his scent.

A jacket with Lycan's scent would help cover her own scent and make it harder for them to detect her.

Janet wrapped his jacket around her body and gave Clemente a big smile, "Let's go. Don't want to keep the elders waiting."

They urged the horses to keep going, the rhythmic clip–clop of hooves echoing through the mountain pass.

In the distance, the jagged peaks reached towards the azure sky like ancient sentinels guarding the secrets of this land.

As they approached the designated hunting site, the barking of hounds and the heated chatters of people became clear.

The team came to a halt at the edge of a vast clearing, surrounded by towering pines.

People got off their horses and checked their bows, arrows, pistols, and food supplies before departure.

Elder Robert climbed up to a big rock and called out to the entire group:

"Morning! My fellow hunters! So the hunting will take place in this part of the mountain. There will be enough prey waiting for you, deer, boars, bison, or even bears...Just don't go too far into the North, which is close to our borderline and where the mist forest is at. I know the Lycans can find a way back home but why waste your time in the fog while you can shoot at the pheasant?"

The team burst out laughing

Janet marked that piece of information at heart.

Ok, so the North.

It would be where she was heading.

"And as you all know, we have a special guest here today. A werewolf."

Elder Robert pointed a finger at Janet.

People all turned their heads to look at her.

"Lady Janet here is very confident with her hunting skills," Elder Robert said with an insolent smile on his lips. "But don't worry, Lady Janet, no one will blame you if you come back empty-handed tonight. Nevertheless, you are competing with the

Lycans."

The crowd jeered.

Janet raised **her** head, "Oh careful with the big words, Elder Robert. I will rub it in your face when you lose to a werewolf."

Elder Robert's face darkened.

Wells and Belle were in the crowd as well.

The twins applauded and cheered for Janet together, "Go, Janet!"

"OK!"

Elder Robert snapped, casting a sullen glare at Janet, "Fine...Without further ado, let the hunting begin!"

A round of cheers broke out in the vast clearing.

The hunters exchanged eager glances, and the lead guard signaled to unleash the hounds.

The dogs bounded ahead, their eager barks mingling with the natural symphony of the mountains. The hunters rushed into the woods hastily following their hounds.

"You wanna come with us, Janet?" Wells yelled to Janet.

Janet waved her hand, "No you guys go ahead! I will catch up with you later!"

"OK. See you later!"

The twins ran off into the forest.

Janet felt the loaded pistol in her pocket for the last time and turned to Clement with a grin, "Wish me good luck."

...Good luck," Clemente murmured with a worried look. "Cry for help if you need me."

"I will."

Janet leaned in to hug him, "Thank you, Clemente."

If everything went well, this would be the last time they saw each other. She would miss him. And the twins. And everyone who had helped her.

But she had to return to Daran's side.

But she had to return to Daran's side.

Janet let go of Clemente and turned, rushing into the woods.

The sun filtered through the branches, creating dappled patterns on the forest floor. The scent of pine needles and earth wafted through the air, blending with the excitement of the hunt.

Janet quickened her pace and dashed forward, heading straight to the North.

She shot a couple of pheasants along the way, in case anyone was watching her from the back.

The northern she went, the quieter it got.

Eventually, the sound of shooting, hound barking and people yelling faded into the distance.

The only audible noise was the crunchy sound of her foot stepping on the fallen leaves and her heavy panting.

Yet she didn't dare to slow down.

She had to outdistance and elude them as far as possible before they found out that she was gone.

She kept running like this for an hour, only making a few brief stops to check the compass and make sure that she was in the right direction.

Her mouth was turning dry. And she was sweating like hell.

So she stopped to keep herself hydrated.

It was when she realized that the bright sunlight overhead was now blocked by heavy clouds. The sky turned an even murkier grey

The clustering pines and the outlines of the forest margin were now dusky and indistinct.

A heavy fog had fallen at some point.

Janet straightened her back and stared at the path ahead.

She gulped, nervously.

She had entered the mist forest.

Which meant that she was close to the borderline!

"....Daran..."

She closed her eyes and murmured the name of her love.

Daran, if you can hear me, please lend me the strength and help me find the way back to you....

<hr/>Daran halted to a complete stop abruptly, staring deep into the heavy fog ahead of him.

The soldier behind him almost bumped into his back, "What is the matter, My King?"

Daran frowned, listening with all his ears.

After a long pause, he asked, "Did you hear anything?"

The soldier scratched his head, "...I don't think so my king."

They had been circling around in this mist forest for more than a week now.

Although Daran insisted that the Lycan's land was right beyond this strange nobody could find a way across it.

fog.

The soldiers were losing their patience-it seemed like a dead end.

Yet nobody had the guts to bring it up to the King, who was dead set to find a way out of the fog.

"Maybe it was a deer that you heard, My King?" the soldier suggested.

"...No, it was not a deer," Daran said in a low voice.

It was Janet.

She was asking for his help.

Chapter 224

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 224

Chapter 224

Daran was certain that he heard Janet's voice at some point.

But he didn't know if that was just another of his hallucinations.

He heard her voice all the time during the past few weeks, sometimes during the daytime, sometimes in his dreams.

She was calling for his help and telling him that she was trapped and alone, which made his heart ache.

The love of his life was waiting for him to rescue her.

Yet he couldn't find a way across this damn forest!

Daran took in a deep breath, letting the crisp mountain breeze clear his mind a bit.

"Let's return to the campsite," he said deeply to the soldier.

The werewolf's campsite was built on the edge of the mist forest.

At first, the campsite had more than 100 people.

Casper, Kass and soldiers from Blood Moon Pack and Riverside Pack were all gathered here, attempting the rescue of Janet.

But Casper was called back to Blood Moon Pack a week later because Balvina was pregnant.

Then Kass left as well. As the rogue king, he had a duty back at the Grace Ruin.

Now they were approaching the one-month mark, and Daran was the only one who still kept his post.

Daran strode into the tent.

The room quieted down immediately at his appearance.

"Any progress today?" he asked in a deep voice.

People exchanged frustrated looks with each other in silence.

Daran asked the same question every day.

Yet he knew everyone knew-that there would not be any progress as long as the log was still there.

"No?"

Daran didn't look too surprised, "We will continue the rescue tomorrow. Thank you, everyone."

He turned to leave the tent.

Yet a general from Riverside Pack stood up abruptly and yelled, "King Daran, if I may-"

Daran turned his head to look at the general, "No. You may not.

His freezing gaze sent a chill down the general's spine.

The general gulped in fear.

Yet he plucked up the courage and continued, "King Daran, I am speaking for the entire room here...I really think that we should call off the rescue...We haven't made any progress in a month! This is just a complete waste of time. The rogue king and Alpha Casper have all left...And Alpha Casper is Princess Janet's brother-"

Daran interrupted him icily, "Alpha Casper has an expecting wife. Kass has to rule. What is your point here?"

"You have to rule as well, My King! You are the master of the entire werewolf world now!" the general cried, "Think about the power that you just inherited. This is a golden opportunity to strengthen our own pack, yet you are wasting time in **this** middle of nowhere..."

People in the room stirred, some muttered and nodded their heads.

"Alpha Casper has given up already. Why should we keep doing this?" someone in the crowd said, "Princess Janet isn't our Luna..."

"Princess Janet probably won't appreciate our effort," a soldier grumbled. "There are rumors saying that she left with the Lycan King willingly. They are probably living a happy life together-"

"One more word and you won't have a tongue for the rest of your life," Daran said coldly.

The crowd lapsed into a deathly silence.

Daran looked around the room, "The search is still on."

"But my king-"

'Anyone who has a problem with it will be expelled from Riverside Pack," Daran let out a cold laugh. "If you think that I am failing at being your Alpha and King, you can figure out a way to dethrone me. But until then, you will stay here and keep your

fucking mouth shut. Are we clear?"

People shivered in fear.

Nobody dared to say another word again.

"Good."

Daran turned on his heels and left the tent.

The sun was setting on the horizon, which meant that another day without Janet by his side was gone.

But no matter how many days it took, he would keep searching and keep waiting. Until Janet returned safely to his side.

<hr/>Today was the third day since Janet entered the misted forest.

Yet she still hadn't found a way out of this place.

Although she had packed enough food and water in her backpack, her supplies were still running out.

If she still couldn't find the correct path by the end of today, she could begin to starve and thirst herself and her baby to death.

Fuck!

She threw a punch at the tree, frustrated.

This was harder than she thought!

Her compass stopped working when she entered this area. She tried to tell the direction based on the sunrise and marked the tress that she had passed, but none **of**

that worked.

She couldn't keep going in circles like this.

She had to think of something new.

Just then, her ears caught some distant noises.

She perked up her ears with her guard up, listening attentively.

...Footsteps!

She hadn't heard any noises like that in days. There weren't any wild animals in this part of the forest.

So it must be man's footsteps-possibly her pursuers.

Without a second thought, Janet climbed up a pine tree next to her and hid herself. among the branches and leaves.

She held her breath and gazed at the direction of the footsteps.

Eventually, two figures appeared from the heavy fog.

Lycan soldiers.

"...Still no sign of her?" one soldier asked.

"No. The king is furious. Hell, I haven't seen our king this mad in my entire life! General Clemente is in deep trouble because of this. The King had him strapped to a tree and forbade anyone to get him down or give him any food or water..."

The first soldier gasped, "For a missing werewolf? He has never punished anyone like this even when they lost a battle! Has the King lost his mind?"

"Who knows? And the King has made it clear already. If we can't find that she–wolf, he will let General Clemente starve to death."

Janet bit her lips.

A horrible feeling surged up in her chest.

God Clemente...

It was all because of her.

He was innocent. Yet she got him into all these troubles.

"But how did a werewolf hide herself from us for so long anyway?" the soldier sounded perplexed, "We saw the marks she left on the trees. She is still in the woods. But why can't we smell her?"

"Who knows? But one thing I do know is that all of us will be in trouble if we can't find her."

"Fuck...Let's take a break. I am exhausted."

The two soldiers sat down underneath the pine tree to rest their feet.

Janet looked down at them from the top of the tree.

These two Lycan soldiers came at perfect timing.

Because she just had an idea.

An idea that could point her to the correct way out of the forest.

Chapter 225.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 225

Chapter 225.

Janet quietly took the crossbow from her back.

She pointed the arrow at one of the Lycan soldier's heads, narrowing her eyes, holding her breath.

The two soldiers had no idea that death was looming.

They were still talking.

"Looks like our King is really in love with that she-wolf. Don't you think?"

"Hell yeah. And that she-wolf has no gratitude at heart. The Lycan King wants her

for Christ's sake! If you ask me, she should get on her knees and wiggle her fucking butt like a good dog, begging our king to take her-"

WHOOSH!

The arrow flew across the air and went right into the back of that soldier's skull, freezing the rest of those words on his lips.

The head of the arrow stuck out from between the soldier's brows.

Blood streamed down his face.

A horror expression froze on his face as he was crushed down to the forest bed, dead.

His companion was terrified.

He jumped up, clenching his pistol, and looked around, "WHO IS THERE! You are killing the Lycan King's guards! I fucking warn you-"

He looked from left to right.

Yet he didn't check his overhead.

Janet leaned off from the tree and fell right on top of his shoulders.

one hand.

And held **a** blade against his throat with another hand.

"...Don't move," she leaned down and whispered into his ears.

The Lycan soldier froze, his body shivering.

..L–Lady Janet?" he stuttered.

He tried to turn his neck and got a good look at her.

The blade cut into his skin right away.

"Do you want me to slit your throat?" she warned, "Keep your eyes ahead!"

The soldier's neck became stiff, staying perfectly still.

"Tell me everything back at the castle. How is the search coming along?" she demanded.

"I...If you were up there the whole time, you have heard everything already..." the soldier stuttered, "General Clemente is being punished. Prince Wells and Princess Belle are grounded. The King is pulling every soldier in the castle into this search...There is no way he will stop until he finds you!"

Janet tightened her grip on the hilt.

Fuck.

She was hoping that Westin would give up at some point, hence buying her more time to escape.

Yet he was more determined than she thought.

Did he really want her that much?

"Lady Janet...you–you should really go back and turn yourself in when there is still chance..." the soldier begged, "You don't know the way...How long can you last in this forest anyway? The elders are trying to stop the king from coming to look for you personally...But sooner or later he will set foot in this forest, and you will be found! Just think about his rage when he catches you with his own hands..." "SILENT!" Janet snapped.

Her heart was thumping wildly.

She didn't need this soldier to remind her of Westin's rage.

She could imagine it.

Westin probably wouldn't kill her.

But he would make sure that she lived in misery, which was a thousand times worse. than a clean death.

Which was why she had to find a way out of there before he found her.

"You are right. I don't know the way," Janet let out a cold laugh. "But you are here. now. Lycans know how to get out of this damn forest, don't you?"

Yes.

That was her plan.

To take a Lycan soldier hostage and to force him to show her the way.

Has her compass stopped working?

She would find herself a human compass

The Lycan soldier started to shiver, "Y–You want me to… No, I can't! The King will kill me-"

"If you don't cooperate, I will kill you before he does," Janet threatened, pointing the dagger at his throat. "So which way is it going to be?"

The Lycan soldier gulped nervously, "Please...Please don't...I have a family..."

"So cooperation it is."

Janet jumped off from his shoulder and replaced the dagger with her pistol.

She gave him a nudge with her pistol, "Now move! Don't play tricks with me. And don't try circling me back to Westin's! I will blow your head the moment I sense something wrong."

The Lycan soldier took in a deep breath.

He started moving forward.

Janet immediately followed him, keeping pointing the pistol at his heart.

They traveled in the forest in silence, with the heavy fog still accompanying them.

Janet couldn't tell if the path they were on right now had any difference from the path that she had taken.

The forest looked exactly the same no matter where she went.

But she didn't see any marks on the passing trees.

Which meant that she hadn't been to this area of the forest before.

The sun continued to set, the forest growing darker.

It was getting harder to see the path ahead of them.

Just when Janet's patience was wearing out, a long howl from the distance swept the

forest, sending startled birds flying off branches and into the night sky.

The Lycan soldier snapped his head up and gasped, "It...It is the King..."

"How can you tell!"

"All soldiers can recognize the voice of their King..." the soldier trembled on his spot, "He is coming to get you himself...Lady Janet, you can't escape! Even if you escape this forest, he will find a way to take you back–Just return when you have the chance– AHHH!"

Janet withdrew her dagger and stabbed it into his left shoulder!

The soldier staggered holding his injured shoulder, groaning in pain.

"Next time it will aim at your fucking heart!" Janet hissed under her breath, "How much longer to the borderline?!"

"Not...Not far...Just another half of an hour..."

"HURRY! GO!"

"HURRY! GO!"

They picked up their paces, dashing across the dark forest.

Janet's heart was beating so crazily that she could even hear the sound of her own heartbeat.

She could sense the danger approaching.

Westin was coming.

She was racing against him.

They kept going like this for another 15 minutes and suddenly heard a loud hound bark from behind their backs.

Janet jerked around in panic-

A giant hound leaped out of the darkness and snapped at her jacket!

"Fuck!" Janet cursed.

It was Clemente's jacket.

She tried to pull it back from the dog, but the damn beast would not let go and made a dangerous growl at her, showing pointed fangs!

"It is General Clemente's hound! It must have recognized its master's scent! They are not far from us-" the soldier yelled.

Janet stripped herself out of that jacket and shifted into her wolf.

She abandoned the hound and the soldier and dashed forward.

Faster...

FASTER!

The wind gushed at her face, rustling her furs. Her wolf was as anxious as she was. Just then, she smelt something in the wind.

An enticing scent.

The scent of her mate, the love of her life!

In the distance, behind the trees, she saw a familiar figure standing by the edge of the forest.

It was him!!!

"-DARAN!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

That man jerked around and looked in her direction.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 226

Chapter 226

She could already see his face, even with that distance between them.

-Daran!!

She opened her mouth to call to him again.

But a great force came from her back, knocking her to the ground.

She snapped her head around to bite the attacker.

Yet her neck got hit the next second

The piercing pain coursed through her body and caused her to shift back to human.

She lay on the ground, kicking her legs in vain, panting roughly. The attacker bent his back and caught her throat with one hand.

With the help of the dim moonlight, she saw the attacker's face.

...Clemente!

"Cle"

She didn't have the chance to utter a single word, because he had clamped a hand over her mouth and dragged her into the bushes.

She was furious. She tried to fight back with all her might.

Yet he easily pressed her body to the cold hard ground and tied her fours, taped her mouth shut.

"...Don't force me to knock you out," he whispered into her ears.

Heavy footsteps came from the near distance.

Daran rushed over from the edge of the forest.

He looked around. His handsome face was consorted by anxiety and panic.

"...Janet!"

He started to yell, his voice trembling, "Is that you, Janet?"

Tears streamed down from Janet's eyes.

She could see him from behind the bushes.

They were just a few feet apart!

She twisted her body and made a muffled cry, trying to get Daran's attention.

Yet Clemente held a cold dagger against her belly.

Janet froze.

A chill of horror swept across her.

...How did Clemente know about her pregnancy?!

Clemente looked down at her, his grey eyes gleaming coldly.

DON'T

He warned her eyes his eyes

Daran was still calling her name, "JANET! Fuck...Janet...Please just answer me-" "Looking for someone, King Daran?"

A cold voice came behind the woods.

A tall and muscular figure stepped out of the darkness, directing an icy gaze upon

Daran.

Daran clenched his fists, hatred burning in his eyes as he gritted, "...Westin."

"I haven't personally congratulated you on your coronation yet," Westin said with a

cool smile on his lips. "Congratulations, you finally got what you wanted. But that doesn't give you the right to come here and make a fuzz in my land."

"Where is Janet!" Daran snapped.

Westin spread his hands, "What makes you think that I have her? Maybe she grew tired of you and ran off herself...since you are such an obnoxious

person."

"Cut the craps!" Daran roared, his eyes bloodshot, "You fucking took her!!!"

Westin suddenly burst out laughing.

"No. She left with me, voluntarily," he said, chuckling. "And she is very happy in the Lycan's land. She has also agreed to recognize our mate bond in the following few days...Oh, and here is a message from her and it comes down to two simple words: FUCK OFF"

Janet shook her head in the bushes.

Tears running down her cheeks.

No.

That was not what she thought!

Don't believe in any of that Daran!

"Fucking lies!" Daran growled. "Hand her over now or-

"Or what?" Westin asked defiantly.

-Or I will bloodshed your entire Kingdom. Staring with YOU!"

He leaped forward, shifting into a giant wolf in midair, and stuck at Westin!

Westin dodged urgently.

A hint of shock flickered across his eyes when he saw Daran's wolf.

The giant black wolf had its whole body imprinted with intricate patterns, and a patch of golden fur on its forehead.

It looked like a mythical creature depicted in the ancient tale!

Westin gritted his teeth and shifted as well.

The silver–white Lycan and the black werewolf lunged at each other simultaneously, aiming to kill!

Their fangs flashed like daggers in the moonlight as their bodies collided.

Westin was sent flying backward and crashed into a pine tree, making a huge crashing noise!

Daran lunged forward, his jaws snapping at the Lycan's back.

He tossed his head and ripped a huge chunk of flesh off the Lycan's body!

The silence of the woods shattered as the white wolf howled in rage and pain! Janet rounded her eyes in shock.

Daran didn't stand a chance when he first met Westin.

But the crown empowered him.

He had become stronger...Even stronger than she thought.

Maybe he really had a chance of defeating Westin!

She wanted to see the end of that fight.

But Clemente didn't give her a chance.

In the noise of the brutal fight, he threw her onto his back and carried her dashing into the misted forest.

NO!!!

She roared internally.

Don't take her away! She worked so hard to get this far! She was already so close to the man she loved.

Yet she was still moving away from Daran.

The sounds of their howls and fights grew fainter and fainter.

Clemente didn't stop until they reached the heart of the mist forest.

He set her down on a rock and ripped off the tape on her mouth.

She took a sharp inhale of breath, panting heavily, and glared at him.

Clemente bent down to untie her fours.

Yet she snarled, "-DON'T TOUCH ME!"

He froze.

And withdrew his hands.

...It was a stupid idea to run," he looked down at her with cold.

eyes.

"Stupid?! Your King kidnapped me! He is a shameless abductor! When Daran kills

him-

"He can't," Clemente said in a flat tone.

"Of course, he can! You saw how he ripped off Westin's flesh-

"They are equally strong, yes. But he won't be able to kill my king. I know that for a fact."

Janet let out a loud sarcastic laugh.

Her chest was about to explode with anger and frustration.

"The king will come back within an hour. And when he does

Clemente glanced at Janet.

There was a hint of pity in his eyes.

You better pray that his mind is clouded by rage."

So they sat there and waited.

Janet rested her head on her knees, keeping her eyes on the dark forest.

She really hoped that it could be Daran who stepped out of the woods the next second, walking up to her and telling her that they were going home.

After what felt like an eternity, a blundering figure came into her sight.

Janet's heart started racing wildly.

Then it sunk the next second as though she missed a step going downstairs.

....It wasn't Daran.

Westin walked up to her at a slow pace. His right leg was injured. And there were numerous bleeding wounds on his body.

He looked horrible, defeated..

Those blue eyes of his, once gentle and soft, were now dark with a storm building in

them.

Janet glared at him..

"....Fuck you," she hissed.

She had nothing to lose now.

She couldn't be bothered to hide her hatred.

Westin let out a cold sneer.

He caught her chin and caressed her skin with his thumb.

"I love you so much, Janet...and I can be a really good lover. You know that..." he said in a light yet dangerous voice. "... But why do you have to turn me into a complete jerk?"

"You are a jerk. You always are!" she trembled under his touch.

Westin lifted his lips into a faint smile, staring straight into her fearful eyes, "You just got yourself into a lot of trouble, my love."

Chapter 227

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 227

Chapter 227

When Janet woke up again, she found herself in a pitch-black room.

Actually, she couldn't even be sure if this was a room, since it was so dark here, without a single light source for her to study the surroundings.

She tried moving her arms and heard the clattering noise of shackles.

She was chained to the wall.

She cleared her throat and said tentatively, "...Hello?"

Her voice echoed in the quiet space. Nobody answered.

The darkness was dreadful. And the imagination of what could be within that darkness was even worse.

Janet bit her lips, trying to calm herself down.

When Westin knocked her over, she thought she would wake up to some horrible scenes, a dungeon filled with torture devices perhaps, or the Elder Council packed with people ready to sentence her.

Yet instead, she was locked here, alone, without a single person by her side. "...Westin! Are you there?" she cried again.

Yet again, nobody answered.

She curled her body up on the cold hard ground, spacing out.

What was Westin trying to do here?

Was this the horrible torment that he was talking about?

Then she started to think about Daran.

What was Daran doing right now? He must be anxious like hell. Would he try to rescue her? But he still couldn't cross that damn forest...Fuck...

She sat there, wondering about all kinds of things.

There was no way to tell the time. Hours passed, no, or maybe just some ten minutes, she couldn't tell....

Janet fell asleep again with her heart filled with anxiety.

When she woke up again, nothing had changed.

It was still pitch-black.

And the darkness was starting to drive her nuts..

"Hello?! Can anyone hear me?" she cried, rattling her shackles and chains, "Westin! Clemente! Where the fuck are you!"

Yet again, nobody answered.

She shivered, involuntarily.

Her throat was so dry as though she just swallowed a burning coal.

Was this what Westin was trying to do? Drying her out and starving her to death?

No, compared to thirst and starvation, darkness was what really scared her.

She once read about an experiment. A patient was locked in a pitch–black room. And it didn't take a week before he completely went crazy.

She was starting to lose her mind as well.

She fell asleep and woke up another couple of times. Darkness was the only thing that accompanied her.

How long had it been now?

Days?

A week?!

When was the last time she talked to someone? Or heard the voice besides her own?

She was desperate to see a living thing.

She was even willing to talk to Westin!

She couldn't stand the silence and darkness anymore...She started to see things or hear things...Couldn't tell reality from illusions anymore...Just please... Let her talk to someone!

"Westin! Westin! P–Please...are you there?!" she cried in a hoarse voice, choking, "Just come out and let's talk...Don't...Don't do this to me..."

She was begging. And crying.

And she started to bang her head against the wall to create some noises in this silent room, acting like a crazy woman.

Westin succeeded.

He broke her.

But still, all was gloom and silence.

Ruthless silence.

The last time Janet woke from her slumber, she felt something in the darkness.

There was another being here with her.

"Who is there!" she asked immediately.

Before that person answered, she begged hastily, "Don't...Don't go! Talk to me please..."

Lights went on.

Being in the darkness for so long, her eyes couldn't adjust to the light anymore. She snapped her eyes shut.

Footsteps approached her.

And then, a large hand fell on her fluttering eyelids.

A hand! An actual human hand!

Janet grabbed that hand with both of her hands, hungry for the touch and warmth of

a human being.

A light kiss fell on her lips.

"...Look how good you are now," said a husky voice beside her ears. "If you can be this obedient from day one, we wouldn't have a problem, my love."

The hand moved away from her eyes.

She slowly opened her eyes and saw Westin's face.

He looked into her eyes and smiled, "Did you enjoy the darkness and silence?"

She took in a deep breath, trembling, "...How many days have it been?"

"3 days," he chuckled lowly.

Three?!

She couldn't believe this.

It definitely felt more than 3 days, more like an eternity of hell.

If he kept her in here for just one more day, she would definitely become insane, for

sure.

"I was told that this is the best way to tame a wild beast," he smiled, depicting her profile with his fingertips. "It worked even better than I thought. Hearing you cry for

my name again and again and beg for me to come out like that...Do you know how happy I was? I wish we could stay like this forever, Janet. My name should be the only thing that comes out of your mouth."

A cold chill was sent down her spine, causing her to shiver.

...You are fucked," she cried shakily, with tears streaming down her face. "You are crazy! You have a fucking mental issue-

Westin narrowed his eyes.

"Looks like you haven't learned your lesson."

He straightened his back, looking down at her frightened face, "I was too soft **on** you. Maybe 3 days wasn't enough. I should lock you in here longer."

He stood up and gestured to leave.

A horrible dread seized Janet's heart.

No, no, she didn't want to go back to that pitch-black, silent environment again! It would drive her crazy....

Fear dominated her mind.

She leaped forward and grabbed Westin's pants, "Don't-"

He turned abruptly and lowered his back, catching her lips hungrily.

That was a wild and brutal kiss.

He pressed his lips on hers roughly and forced her to open her mouth with his tongue. She gritted her teeth and refused to comply.

He bit her lips, hard, and slid his tongue in as a bloody taste filled their mouths.

He explored every corner of her mouth, dominating her with his might.

She started to feel a lack of air and struggled to tilt her head, trying to breathe.

But he wouldn't let her.

Holding her waist with one hand and grabbing her neck with another, he fixed her firmly in his arms and continued to ravage her with this kiss.

It almost felt like he wanted to eat her up.

Like he was the predator. And she was his prey.

Her legs were turning soft. Light-headed.

On the verge of her passing out, he finally released her.

...I wanted to do this to you the first day we met."

He breathed heavily and rubbed her reddened lips with his thumb, "But I controlled. it... Win *her heart* first, I said to myself...I adored you. I treated you with respect and offered you my heart. And what did you give me in return?...Lies and betrayal. God was I stupid... You didn't deserve my love. Rough procession is the only thing you will

get from me now!"

He backed her body against the wall and caught her lips again.

His hand traveled down her body.

He started ripping her clothes apart.

"...NO!!!" she screamed.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 228

Chapter 227

When Janet woke up again, she found herself in a pitch-black room.

Actually, she couldn't even be sure if this was a room, since it was so dark here, without a single light source for her to study the surroundings.

She tried moving her arms and heard the clattering noise of shackles.

She was chained to the wall.

She cleared her throat and said tentatively, "...Hello?"

Her voice echoed in the quiet space. Nobody answered.

The darkness was dreadful. And the imagination of what could be within that darkness was even worse.

Janet bit her lips, trying to calm herself down.

When Westin knocked her over, she thought she would wake up to some horrible scenes, a dungeon filled with torture devices perhaps, or the Elder Council packed with people ready to sentence her.

Yet instead, she was locked here, alone, without a single person by her side. "...Westin! Are you there?" she cried again.

Yet again, nobody answered.

She curled her body up on the cold hard ground, spacing out.

What was Westin trying to do here?

Was this the horrible torment that he was talking about?

Then she started to think about Daran.

What was Daran doing right now? He must be anxious like hell. Would he try to rescue her? But he still couldn't cross that damn forest...Fuck...

She sat there, wondering about all kinds of things.

There was no way to tell the time. Hours passed, no, or maybe just some ten minutes, she couldn't tell....

Janet fell asleep again with her heart filled with anxiety.

When she woke up again, nothing had changed.

It was still pitch-black.

And the darkness was starting to drive her nuts..

"Hello?! Can anyone hear me?" she cried, rattling her shackles and chains, "Westin! Clemente! Where the fuck are you!"

Yet again, nobody answered.

She shivered, involuntarily.

Her throat was so dry as though she just swallowed a burning coal.

Was this what Westin was trying to do? Drying her out and starving her to death?

No, compared to thirst and starvation, darkness was what really scared her.

She once read about an experiment. A patient was locked in a pitch–black room. And it didn't take a week before he completely went crazy.

She was starting to lose her mind as well.

She fell asleep and woke up another couple of times. Darkness was the only thing that accompanied her.

How long had it been now?

Days?

A week?!

When was the last time she talked to someone? Or heard the voice besides her own?

She was desperate to see a living thing.

She was even willing to talk to Westin!

She couldn't stand the silence and darkness anymore...She started to see things or hear things...Couldn't tell reality from illusions anymore...Just please... Let her talk to someone!

"Westin! Westin! P–Please...are you there?!" she cried in a hoarse voice, choking, "Just come out and let's talk...Don't...Don't do this to me..."

She was begging. And crying.

And she started to bang her head against the wall to create some noises in this silent room, acting like a crazy woman.

Westin succeeded.

He broke her.

But still, all was gloom and silence.

Ruthless silence.

The last time Janet woke from her slumber, she felt something in the darkness.

There was another being here with her.

"Who is there!" she asked immediately.

Before that person answered, she begged hastily, "Don't...Don't go! Talk to me please..."

Lights went on.

Being in the darkness for so long, her eyes couldn't adjust to the light anymore. She snapped her eyes shut.

Footsteps approached her.

And then, a large hand fell on her fluttering eyelids.

A hand! An actual human hand!

Janet grabbed that hand with both of her hands, hungry for the touch and warmth of

a human being.

A light kiss fell on her lips.

"...Look how good you are now," said a husky voice beside her ears. "If you can be this obedient from day one, we wouldn't have a problem, my love."

The hand moved away from her eyes.

She slowly opened her eyes and saw Westin's face.

He looked into her eyes and smiled, "Did you enjoy the darkness and silence?"

She took in a deep breath, trembling, "...How many days have it been?"

"3 days," he chuckled lowly.

Three?!

She couldn't believe this.

It definitely felt more than 3 days, more like an eternity of hell.

If he kept her in here for just one more day, she would definitely become insane, for

sure.

"I was told that this is the best way to tame a wild beast," he smiled, depicting her profile with his fingertips. "It worked even better than I thought. Hearing you cry for

my name again and again and beg for me to come out like that...Do you know how happy I was? I wish we could stay like this forever, Janet. My name should be the only thing that comes out of your mouth."

A cold chill was sent down her spine, causing her to shiver.

...You are fucked," she cried shakily, with tears streaming down her face. "You are crazy! You have a fucking mental issue-

Westin narrowed his eyes.

"Looks like you haven't learned your lesson."

He straightened his back, looking down at her frightened face, "I was too soft **on** you. Maybe 3 days wasn't enough. I should lock you in here longer."

He stood up and gestured to leave.

A horrible dread seized Janet's heart.

No, no, she didn't want to go back to that pitch-black, silent environment again! It would drive her crazy....

Fear dominated her mind.

She leaped forward and grabbed Westin's pants, "Don't-"

He turned abruptly and lowered his back, catching her lips hungrily.

That was a wild and brutal kiss.

He pressed his lips on hers roughly and forced her to open her mouth with his tongue. She gritted her teeth and refused to comply.

He bit her lips, hard, and slid his tongue in as a bloody taste filled their mouths.

He explored every corner of her mouth, dominating her with his might.

She started to feel a lack of air and struggled to tilt her head, trying to breathe.

But he wouldn't let her.

Holding her waist with one hand and grabbing her neck with another, he fixed her firmly in his arms and continued to ravage her with this kiss.

It almost felt like he wanted to eat her up.

Like he was the predator. And she was his prey.

Her legs were turning soft. Light-headed.

On the verge of her passing out, he finally released her.

... I wanted to do this to you the first day we met."

He breathed heavily and rubbed her reddened lips with his thumb, "But I controlled. it... Win *her heart* first, I said to myself...I adored you. I treated you with respect and offered you my heart. And what did you give me in return?...Lies and betrayal. God was I stupid... You didn't deserve my love. Rough procession is the only thing you will

get from me now!"

He backed her body against the wall and caught her lips again.

His hand traveled down her body.

He started ripping her clothes apart.

"...NO!!!" she screamed.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 229

Chapter 229

Westin said that they would talk again when she was ready to recognize the mate bond.

Which meant that he was ready to lock her in here forever if she didn't comply.

No food. No water.

Darkness would be the only thing by her side when she starved to death. With a shaky hand, she wiped his cum off her belly, pulled her ripped clothes.

Daran's face came into her mind.

Did he miss her?

Did he know that they were about to have a baby together soon?

And her child....

Was it going to be a boy? Or a girl?

She kept her mind on those joyful things and tried to ignore the dreadful darkness, which helped, a little.

She felt a little less afraid while imagining the look of her baby in her head.

Fortunately, silence lasted shorted than she expected this time.

After what felt like a couple of **hours**, she heard blurred voices from behind the door. Someone was talking in the next room!

She sat up at once and moved to the door.

But the iron chain was not long enough for her to reach the door.

So she held her voice and listened with all her ears.

"...The werewolves set fire to our forest last night," said an old voice vaguely. "I think they got frustrated by the fog and was trying to chase the fog away by burning down trees..."

"Fools." Westin said with a sneer, "Let them do it. Soon they will realize that the fog **will** still be there even though they burned the entire forest to the ground."

"But are we going to let them do this, my king?" asked another voice, "Jitters are spreading...Our people felt threatened. Maybe it is time for us to take some actions-"

"Like what? Declare a war on them?" Westin asked icily.

"No, of course not. The whole point of you marrying a werewolf princess is to unite the two species. The werewolf should be our subject one day, not our enemy. So we are all thinking...maybe we should send Princess Janet out to have a word with her own people."

"...What?" Westin gritted.

"The werewolves clearly didn't want to engage in a friendly dialogue. But they might listen to their own princess. Let Princess Janet tell them that challenging the Lycans. is foolish, and their savage behaviors must stop now."

"No," Westin said without hesitation.

"But my king..." cried another voice, "We don't know why the werewolves are attacking us. You are marrying their princess. It should be a good thing, for both sides. Let's send Princess Janet to them and clear whatever misunderstandings that they have."

Janet let out a sneer internally.

It sounded like Westin was having a meeting with the elders.

And none of those elders knew that she was abducted by force

They all believed that she chose to come here, willingly.

And now the werewolves were causing troubles at the border...Westin must be frustrated, being the victim of his own wrongdoing.

He totally deserved it.

"I said no already," Westin spoke up in a freezing voice. "The werewolves hit us, we hit back harder. The Lycans are superior beings. Let's teach them that with a good fight."

"But Alpha Daran is King now. We can't ignore the power that he now possesses. If we lose-"

"Lose? Lycans never lose." Westin sneered, "That's it. I have made my decision."

There was a long silence.

Then they murmured a yes in unison.

"May I ask where Princess Janet is at the moment?" asked one of the elders. carefully.

"We haven't seen her around for the past few days. She didn't even come down to the dining hall for dinner. Is she...not feeling well?"

Janet's heart jumped to her throat.

... The elders didn't know that Westin imprisoned her!

She should cry for help!

Blowing the whole lid off this thing by showing everyone what Westin really was–A monster!

HELP!" She cried at once, pounding at the stonewall. "Somebody help!"

Her voice was hoarse and weak.

Yet people in the next room still heard her.

"...What is that noise?" someone asked, alert.

Westin chuckled, "Oh, it is my kitten. It has been acting very jumpy after a change of

environment.'

Janet was furious. Kitten her ass!

She wanted to cry for help again.

But Westin raised his voice, "This kitten definitely needs to be taught some disciplines."

"And about Princess Janet...

"Oh, she is in my room," replied Westin in a light tone. "She is a bit...exhausted recently. My bad. But don't worry. She couldn't be healthier."

There were some light chuckles.

"We are all happy to hear that," said an elder. "We look forward to your mating ceremony...and of course, the birth of your heir."

"I do too. Now let's get back to business. What else do we need to discuss today?"

They went on to talk about the patrol plan and military expenses.

The meeting lasted for about an hour. And then all the elders were dismissed.

Janet heard Westin's footsteps approaching, followed by the scrapping noise of something being moved around, probably bookshelves.

Finally, the door to this hidden room opened up.

Westin appeared behind the door.

Janet looked at him and then glanced behind him.

She saw his study.

So he was keeping her in his own study like a sex slave...Perv.

"Enjoying what you heard?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

She dropped her eyes, "...I didn't hear anything."

She didn't want to provoke him.

He was a totally different person when he got mad. She had learned that lesson. Westin sneered, "Lie. You heard everything. Now you know about our patrol plan. Don't you want to leak that top secret to Daran?"

Janet avoided his gaze and stayed in silence.

She didn't know where he was going with this. Better be cautious.

Westin paced over and put his hand on her head, stroking her long hair, "You want to, but you can't. Since you are locked here with me...forever with me."

He pecked her forehead.

Janet flinched involuntarily-it was like being kissed by a cold snake.

"When you recognize our mate bond, my love, I will free you out of here immediately. Aren't you tired of the darkness already?"

His voice was soft and sweet like it was dipped in honey.

"You will become my righteous queen. Daran will know that there is no hope for him. He will be out of your life, permanently. Those werewolf soldiers will be gone as well. No war. No meaningless sacrifice. Everyone will be happy."

Yes, everyone, except for her and Daran.

The thought of losing Daran forever made her heartache. She felt hard to breathe. "...I need more time to think," she said in a low voice.

His face darkened immediately, "Didn't you have enough time already?"

"I need more time," she repeated numbly.

He straightened his back abruptly and left the room.

Moments later, he returned with a box in his hand.

He dumped the box at Janet's feet and sneered, "Open it."

With a shaky hand, she lifted the lid-

It was a werewolf's head!!!

She clamped her hand over her mouth, gasping for breaths.

At first, she thought it was Daran's...but on a second look, this werewolf had brown fur...So it wasn't Daran thank god.

"We attacked the werewolf's campsite last night. Killed a number of Daran's soldiers. My men took this guy's head back as a trophy," Westin said icily. "You really think Daran as King will make any difference? He is strong, yes, but there is

one of him. All of the other soldiers are lowborn werewolves. Thousands of lives will be lost when a war starts. You are their Gamma. Show some sympathy to these poor men."

just

Janet snapped her head up, glaring at him, and cried, "You killed them! YOU are fucking responsible-"

"But you have a chance to end this war before it starts. Yet you declined it," Westin said crudely. "So the blood is on your hand."

Janet trembled.

The splitting headache made her want to throw up.

No... Don't let him get into your head... It is his fault, not yours....

"Think if you must," Westin sneered. "But remember-the longer you wait, the more people will die."

He left, closing the door behind him.

That dead werewolf's head was still sitting in that box.

Its rounded eyes were staring at Janet in the darkness. She could feel its gaze. Janet pulled her hair, sobbing lowly in pain.

She was their Gamma.

She should be protecting them.

But instead, they were sacrificing their lives for her.

Fuck... How did things turn out like this...

A few hours later, the door opened up again.

Clemente walked in this time, with a candle and a plate of sandwiches in his hand.

She winced at the sudden appearance of the light.

"The King asked me to bring you some food," he said lowly.

He set the plate on the ground in front of her.

Seeing that she was practically half-naked, he cleared his throat awkwardly and took off his jacket, placing it on her shoulders.

"...Thank you." Janet murmured hoarsely, "And ... sorry."

Clemente got punished because of her.

He was innocent.

Just like all those dead werewolf soldiers.

There was a long silence. And then he asked, "**Why** didn't you tell the King that you are pregnant?"

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 230

Chapter 230

She raised her eyes abruptly.

"How do you know I am pregnant?" she asked.

"I found your pregnancy test," he said.

...Shit.

She thought she got rid of that stick without anybody noticing.

But it seemed that it didn't escape Clemente's eyes.

And judging by his tone...He believed that her child was Westin's.

"I honestly don't understand why you were running away with the King's child in your belly," Clemente said in a frustrated voice. "He loves you. I haven't seen him this care about a woman in my entire life...But anyway, mistakes have been made. You should tell him that you are pregnant and ask him to free you. Is it fun being locked up in here?"

No.

Telling Westin the truth would only worsen the problem.

Because both she and Westin knew who the father of her child was.

She and Westin never slept together once. There was no way they could have a child.

Janet stared at Clemente.

"So you knew about my pregnancy and yet haven't told your king about it. Why?"

she asked.

Clemente frowned, "Forget about me. We are talking about you. You should really-"

"Because you told someone else and that person asked you to keep this secret," Janet said firmly, watching his every reaction closely.

He froze, a guilty look on his face.

"That person is Agnes, isn't it?" she concluded.

Clemente's face contorted. Yet he didn't deny it.

An honest person like him couldn't deny the truth.

Janet let out a cold sneer.

It was not hard for her to connect the dots.

Elder Lamonte and Agnes were her biggest enemies in the Lycan's kingdom.

Clemente had a bad relationship with his father and would never listen to him.

So there was only one possibility left.

Not to mention that Agnes was his late brother's wife, which explains why he was loyal to her.

It was so simple.

Why didn't she think of this sooner?

"The person who assassinated me that night was you, wasn't it!" she snapped, "How ironic. Westin trusted you so much that he assigned you to protect me! But you were working for another woman, trying to kill me behind his back. I wonder how Westin will feel about this-"

"I am not working for Agnes!" Clemente was shaking with rage and grief. "It–It is very complicated...I am sort of responsible for Keavy's death...I–I owe Agnes so much...I just can't refuse her request..."

Janet was not listening to him anymore.

She placed a trembling hand on her belly. Fear seized her throat.

Agnes knew about her baby and was convinced that the child was Westin's.

What would Agnes do?

A vicious person like her would definitely try to kill her and her child.

They were both in danger!

"...Agnes wants to be Westin's Queen." Clemente said in a shaky voice, "She sees you and your child as a threat. I am not getting into this mess again. But she will send another assassin...She is capable of that."

Janet glared at him, huffing in short breaths.

"Tell the King about your baby." Clemente said, "He is the only one who can protect you now."

No.

Westin was not her protector.

He was the perpetrator.

She has no one here to help her. She was desperate, and alone.

Clemente sighed and turned to leave the room.

"...Leave the candle," she whispered. "...Please."

He paused. And then did what she asked.

"The King said he didn't want to talk to you. So I will check in with you before this candle burns out. Let me know about your decision then."

He said that before walking out.

Janet crawled to the candle.

This faint candlelight became her only source of warmth in this cold, dark world.

She was cornered.

Her enemies were looming in the darkness, waiting to kill her.

She could take Westin's deal and ask him to protect her.

But her baby...

She would start to show in a couple of months. Westin would know about her

pregnancy sooner or later.

What should she do?

Was there really no way to keep both her and her baby safe?

With all that mess in her head, Janet picked up the sandwich and took a small bite.

She didn't have any appetite.

But her baby needed to eat.

Janet was numbly chewing her food when she heard footsteps in the next room.

She perked her ears up immediately.

It was night.

No one should be in the King's study.

Westin didn't want to talk to her. Clemente just left.

So who could it be?

The scrapping noise of the bookshelf moving came. The doorknob turned.

The door swung open, bringing in a gush of cold wind.

The candlelight flickered in the wind. Janet jumped to protect the flame with her hand.

When she looked up, she saw Agnes's ghastly face in the dim light.

A wave of genuine fear hit her, raising the hair on her arms.

... Agnes was here to kill her!

A grim smile twisted Agnes's mouth as she sneered, "...Surprise to see me?"

Janet's heart was racing in her chest.

Yet she pretended to be calm as much as she could, "Does Westin know that here?"

you are

"No," Agnes shrugged, shutting the door. "But he can thank me later for this little favor. When I get rid of you...and that bastard child in your womb, he will be back on the right track...no more misleading by you!"

She reached into her pocket and drew out a dagger.

Janet balled her fists.

Her palms sweating.

"Have you ever killed a person before?"

She hissed as Agnes approached her with that dagger, "You don't even know how to work with a dagger! Drop that down and I won't tell Westin about this-"

Agnes burst out laughing.

Her hysterical laughter echoed in the small room.

"You, my mighty Gamma, have a bad habit of underestimating people," she giggled. "Oh, I know the sweet feeling of killing...And I bet it is so much more thrilling when I kill you!!!"

She raised the dagger in the air and jumped at Janet!

Janet rolled on the ground urgently and narrowly dodged that attack.

Agnes struck again immediately but Janet caught her wrist.

"I am not your enemy!" Janet snarled, wrestling with her. "I don't even love Westin

"

"LYING BITCH!" Agnes shrieked. "How did you get him to breed you? How did you get him to FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU?!"

Janet gritted her teeth.

She used her whole might to stop that dagger from falling

But she was weak after 3 days of starvation and Agnes was a Lycan...

That dagger was coming closer and closer to her face!

"I thought a Gamma was supposed to be stronger," Agnes's face twisted with excitement. "If 1 knew you are such a puss, I would have done this sooner!"

"AH!"

With a grunt, Janet shoved Agnes off her.

The dagger fell anyway-it stabbed into her left shoulder.

A sharp pain shot through her body as she let out a painful cry.

"YES! Scream you bitch!" Agnes pulled the dagger and struck at her belly, "How do you like this one!"

The point of that dagger cut into Janet's belly for one inch and froze-

Janet was holding the blade with both of her hands.

Blood oozed out from her palms, streamed down the dagger, and pooled underneath

her body.

"Do...Do not..." she breathed heavily in the pain, "...touch my baby!"

She kicked her left leg abruptly and knocked the candlestick over.

The thin layer of dry hay laid on the ground caught on fire immediately. The fire. quickly spread across the entire room.

"FUCK!" Agnes cursed.

The tail of her hair got burned.

She jumped up immediately and patted her burning hair.

Janet seized that chance and snatched the dagger, pointing it at Agnes.

"Come at me again-" she panted heavily, firelight and rage burning in her eyes.

-I will fucking drag you down to HELL!"

Agnes gritted her teeth/

She was intimidated by Janet's aura.

Taking a small step back, she sneered, "Doesn't matter... The blood loss and fire will kill you anyway."

She turned and quickly fled the room.

Janet crushed onto the ground, lying in her own blood, shaking faintly.

She was surrounded by the soaring fire. The air was getting thinner as the fire stronger.

She coughed and choked. Her vision was getting blurry.

grew

Would anyone notice that the room was on fire before she got suffocated to death?

It was getting harder to breathe.

And the blood loss made her feel so cold...

On the verge of passing out, she heard the noise of the door bursting open.

"-JANET!" Westin's voice roared.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 231

Chapter 231

Westin dashed into the room.

He held Janet in his arms, his hands shaking.

"No...NO!!!"

He pressed his hand to her wound and tried to stop the bleeding. But it didn't work.

Her breathing was shallow. Her face was pale.

It almost felt as though she was dying.

"Janet... Janet please..." he pressed his forehead against hers, choking in panic, "Come back to me...God please..."

Tears welled up in his eyes.

He hadn't shed a single tear since he buried his parents at 7 years old.

A mixture of strong emotions overwhelmed him at this very moment, fear, sorrow, and rage...

WHO DID THIS TO HER!

"My King!" Clemente rushed into the room with a bucket of water.

He poured the water on the roaring fire. But it didn't kill the fire.

"King! We should get out of here!" Clemente grabbed Westin's shoulder, crying hastily. "The fire is getting stronger. And Princess Janet needs treatment!"

Westin was snapped back to reality from his sorrow.

He reached his hands out to pick Janet up from the ground.

Janet struggled her eyes open a slit.

"...Cle...Clemente..." she murmured weakly, stretching out her hand to Clemente.

Westin's face changed abruptly.

Why did she want Clemente instead?

Did she trust Clemente now more than she trust him?!

"My King," Clemente bent his back. "Do you want me to-"

"NO!" Westin snapped.

He spooned Janet off the ground and held her closely to his chest as though she was his possession.

Then he went dashing out of the room and headed straight to the hospital.

It had passed midnight already.

There were no patients in the hospital at this hour, just a sleepy receptionist at the front desk.

She jumped up when the hospital door flew open and hit the wall with a loud bang and saw Westin dashed in carrying a woman covered in blood.

"DOCTOR!" He snarled, "She needs a doctor!"

The receptionist blundered inside to call for the doctors. A couple of nurses rushed out with a bed on wheels.

Westin set Janet down on the bed. His hands were shaking so badly.

"...Save her."

He stared at the nurses with bloodshot eyes, "You must save her."

"We will try our best, my king-"

"I don't want you to fucking try!" his gorgeous face consorted with rage, "I want you to do whatever it takes to save her!"

The nurse winced at his furious growl, "U–Understood, my king

"That is YOUR QUEEN! If she leaves the emergency room with a single scar on her body, you will all be going down to hell!!!"

The nurse staggered backward in fear.

Their King was very charming. He was even friendly to the commoners.

Never in their entire lives had they seen their King this furious, this worried, this out

of control.

Clemente gently tugged at Westin's sleeve, "My king, they get it...Let the doctors do their jobs."

Westin breathed heavily and took a step back.

The nurses and doctors finally rolled the bed into the emergency room and shut the door.

Westin slumped onto the bench chair.

He arched his back and buried his face into his hands.

His whole body was shaking...Even his soul was trembling.

He didn't even know that Janet meant this much to him until he saw her lying on the

ground covered in blood, her eyes losing focus.

The fear was losing her...

That fear was so strong that it almost consumed him.

Even though he was furious to find that she tried to run away from him, he couldn't do any physical harm to her.

The worst thing he was capable of was locking her in a dark room and that was it.

She should be happy-if not happy then at least safe under his protection.

...Yet somebody stabbed the love of his life and almost burned her right under his

nose.

Westin put his hands together, his knuckles turning white.

His eyes blazed with fury.

Whoever did this...He would make that person regret ever being born!

"My King."

Clemente came back to his side and handed him a clean towel, "...For the blood."

Westin finally noticed that he had put some of Janet's blood onto his clothes.

Yet he didn't take the towel from Clemente.

He stared at Clemente, his eyes dark and grim, "...Why did she ask for you?"

"What?" Clemente was stunned.

"She stretched out her hand to you." Westin looked at him coldly, "I didn't know you two are this close."

Clemente licked his dry lips. He looked nervous.

"Princess Janet...was very lonely in this castle. And as his guard, I was the only person she could talk to...I guessed," he said lowly.

"You are saying that she is lonely by my side," Westin sneered.

"No! No, it is not what I meant my King-"

"Since she trusted you this much, did she tell you anything when you brought the food to her?" Westin asked him, unblinkingly.

Clemente gulped. He lapsed into silence.

Westin rose and took a step forward, eyeing him intimidatingly, "What did about? Did she mention anyone who could do any harm to her?"

Clemente couldn't handle his piercing gaze and lowered his head.

"...No," he muttered. "No, she didn't..."

you talk

"Are you sure?" Westin gritted, "You are Keavy's brother, and you are my best warrior. I have never questioned your loyalty but...first you let Janet escape and then

this happened right after you went into that hidden room–You are hiding. something! I fucking knew it, Clemente!"

Clemente's lips trembled.

"My... My king..." he stuttered in a shaky voice, "I-"

Yet before he could make his confession, the emergency room flew open, and a doctor rushed out.

Westin jerked around and grabbed the doctor's arm, "HOW IS SHE!"

"Princess Janet is safe!" the doctor said, "There are a few wounds but nothing fatal. And congratulations my king-

Westin frowned, "For what?"

"Princess Janet is pregnant now. You will have an heir!"

Chapter 232

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 232

Chapter 232

Westin stood on his spot, frozen.

He didn't look excited or happy at all. He was purely stunned.

A short moment later, astonishment was replaced by anger.

He snapped his head up and glared at the doctor, gritting, "...What?"

All the doctors and nurses were still basked in this wonderful news, and nobody noticed the strangeness of his tone, "That is right, My King! Princess Janet has been. pregnant for one month right now. In nine more months, this kingdom will have a prince or princess and you will have an heir! Congratulation!"

There was a round of applause.

Everyone cheered.

The doctor said with a big grin, "Do you want me to let the others know about this wonderful news? I bet Princess Belle and Prince Wells will be excited to know **that** they will be having a niece-"

"SHUT UP!!!" Westin roared abruptly.

People widened their eyes in shock and flinched at his sudden outburst.

...What was going on here?

Why didn't the King look happy?

The woman he worked so hard to win over was now pregnant with his child. Wasn't this the best thing in the world?

People were bewildered.

Nobody could fathom what was going on in Westin's mind.

Westin looked around the room, a ferocious look on his face, "The news does not leave this room. Do you understand?"

"...Y–Yes," the doctor stuttered.

"If anyone who is not here today finds out about Princess Janet's pregnancy, I will hang the snitch's head on a fucking flagpole. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!"

People nodded, horrified..

Westin huffed a heavy breath, "Where is she?"

"Princess Janet is currently in the emergency room. We gave her some tranquilizers to help her with the pain. She might be asleep right now... This way."

Westin followed the doctor and got up to a room.

Janet was lying on the bed, asleep. All her wounds had been treated. Yet her face was still very pale.

"When will she wake up?" Westin asked the doctor while still fixing his eyes upon

Janet

"Approximately 2-3 hours."

"Leave us."

The doctor bowed and exited the room.

Yet Westin turned and found that Clemente was still in the room.

"Why the hell are you still here?" he asked gruffly.

Clemente got down on one knee abruptly.

He raised his head and looked at Westin with excitement gleaming in his eyes, "I want to personally congratulate you again, My King!"

Westin took in a deep breath as though he was trying hard to suppress some very strong emotions, "I told you! There is no need"

"Please let me offer you my congratulations, my king, this is very important to me." Clemente insisted, "You are like a brother to me, and I can't tell how happy I am right now. I know that Keavy would be just as thrilled if he were here-"

Westin gritted, "Clemente look-"

"Do you think the child will look like you?" Clemente grinned, "Have you thought about the name? Shall we start preparing nursery and baby's clothes right away-" "ENOUGH!"

Westin's furious roar echoed in the hospital room.

Clemente was startled. He looked back at Westin uneasily, "What is wrong my king?"

"Can you just-"

Westin said through gritted teeth, clenching his fists.

-give me a few minutes along with Janet?"

"...Sorry, Of course!"

Clemente hastily turned to leave.

Before he exited the room, he murmured a few more "congratulations" to Westin.

When the door finally closed behind Clemente's back, Westin directed his gaze upon Janet.

His face darkened.

Bending his back, he leaned close to Janet's face and whispered into her ears, "Everyone is congratulating me, my love...But none of them know—"

The child was not his..

The love of his life was pregnant with another man's child.

Daran's child.

Rage and jealousy....He felt overwhelmed by those strong emotions.

He placed a trembling hand on Janet's belly.

It had been only one month. Her belly was still flat.

He could hardly tell the child existed.

Slowly, he moved his hand to her skinny neck.

She was still unconscious at the moment. All it took was a hard snap and it would take both the lives of her and that bastard child!

Yet...

Westin took in a shaky breath and dropped his hand down.

He couldn't lose Janet.

Pregnant with another man's child or not, she would have to remain by his side.

That was how much he craved for her....

<hr/>When Janet slowly woke up from her slumber, she found herself lying on an operation desk.

The light was so bright overhead, temporarily blinding her.

She blocked the light with one hand and murmured in a hoarse voice, "What the hell...Where am I..."

"Princess Janet, you are awake!" A nurse's face appeared in her vision, "Don't worry. Just lie perfectly still. The operation will be over in less than an hour-

A chill was sent down Janet's spine as she snapped, "What operation! I am not sick!"

"We are terminating your pregnancy, Princess Janet," replied the nurse.

...WHAT?

Janet rounded her eyes, horrified. It felt as though a bucket of ice was dumped on her head.

How the hell did they find out about her pregnancy?!

And then she remembered, before she passed out, Westin came dashing into that hidden room, calling her name.

He must have brought her to the hospital and found out about her child.

Genuine fear clouded her mind.

"No...NO!!!"

Janet screamed, struggling to get off the operation desk.

"You are not touching my child...No...Get away from me–FUCK OFF!"

Before her feet could touch the ground, 3 to 4 people jumped at her and dragged her back to the operation desk.

With a series of crackling noises, they started chaining her hands and legs to four corners of the desk.

Janet felt her heart was about to race out of her mouth, "Stop! STOP! Why are you doing this? I am warning you-"

"Don't worry Princess Janet, this is the King's order," said one nurse in a reassuring voice. "The King said that he sensed that this child's aura was not strong enough, so

it was better **to** perform the termination operation now. Rest assured that you and the King will have another baby very soon, a healthy one next time..."

BULLSHIT!

Aura is not strong her ass!

Westin knew that this was Daran's child and that was why he wanted the child gone!

That weak aura nonsense was only something he made up to fool the others!

That lying piece of shit!!!

"Where is Westin?" she cried, "Bring him here! I want to see him. NOW!"

A nurse came over with an injector in her hand, "You will see the King right after the

operation. Now I am giving you some anesthetic-"

"NO! FUCK OFF! I am doing this until I see Westin! Get his ass in here!" she screamed.

Although her hands and legs her tied up, she was still struggling with all her might, making it incredibly hard for the nurse to do her job.

"Someone help me hold her still!" the nurse gasped.

Right at this very moment, the operation room's door flew open.

A tall figure came striding inside.

"Give us a moment," Westin said deeply.

The nurse wiped the sweat off her forehead and exited the room with the others.

Janet propped herself up on one elbow.

Angry tears were circling in her eyes as she glared at Westin, "You heartless jerk-"

Westin let out a snort.

He placed his hand on her belly, staring down at her with icy cold eyes, "It is not my child. Why should I show it any mercy?"

"It is a human life for Christ's sake.

"I don't give a fuck!" he snapped, "Come on, Janet, you really think that I will let you keep that bastard child?!"

Chapter 233

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 233

Chapter 233

Janet's eyes were slits of rage.

"My child is not a bastard child!" she hissed.

"It is a bastard in my kingdom!" Westin snarled, "I will not let you–my mate, MY QUEEN–give birth to that lowborn werewolf's child-"!

"I didn't even want to be your queen! If I had a choice, I didn't even want you as my mate!!!" Janet cried,

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Now that he had discovered her secret, she had nothing to be afraid of.

What did she have to lose?

Her only option was to defend her child with her own life.

Westin's chest heaved. He looked furious.

He waved his arm abruptly and swept everything on the operation desk off the table and onto the floor with a huge clattering sound..

"That was another lie, wasn't it?"

He glared at her with bloodshot eyes, "When you said that you were willing to try. and fall in love with me again...That was a FUCKING LIE! I can't believe that...I let you fool me again!"

More tears gushed from her eyes.

Janet looked at him in silence.

She didn't deny it.

He raked his hair with his fingers and paced back and forth by her bedside anxiously.

"I should have never trusted you...I should claim you as mine when we first met in the Grace Ruin!" he gritted. "I have given you too many options...That was a mistake. Your only option should be me and me alone-"

He looked enraged...frantic with fury.

Janet sat up slightly on her bed and protected her belly with both hands, looking at him with alertness.

"I am not going to let you touch my child," she said warningly.

He let out a cold sneer, "Like you have a choice. Look at you. You are tied to an operation bed with a whole bunch of doctors and nurses waiting outside, ready to put you down and operate on you-"

"If you do that, I will kill myself right away!" she growled, shaking her shackles, "You can have my dead body if you like... But that is the only thing you will ever get from me!"

His lips trembled.

An expression of terrible anguish came into his face.

It almost looked like that sorrow and anger were about to crush him.

'...Looks like we have reached an impasse, my love."

He grinned bleakly.

"I will never let you go nor allow that child to survive. But I also can't watch you harm yourself...So what should we do?"

He walked to her bedside, reaching out a hand to stroke her face.

His ice–cold fingertips sent a chill down her spine.

"Maybe I should chain you to my bed...all day long and all night long..." he

murmured in a crazy sort of way, "That way you won't be able to kill yourself...and I get to see you and hold you whenever I want...Isn't that perfect?"

She winced at his words.

Like she was his sex slave or pet?

No...No! She couldn't let that happen.

She'd rather die if she had to spend the rest of her life like that.

"Or...Alternatively."

She gulped, her heart racing in her chest, "I have a better solution."

He sneered, "I am not interested in an alternative solution. I am perfectly happy with the one I have in mind."

"Westin please-"

"You have fooled me enough times!" he snarled, his voice strained. "That never happened to me before...I am not a gullible person! I only let you do that to me because I love you too much! But that stops NOW!"

He turned to leave.

He was going to summon the doctors and nurses and carry on the operation. She was about to lose her child-

"...It can be your child!" she blurted out urgently.

His hand froze on the doorknob.

Then slowly, he wheeled around to stare at her.

"What?" he gritted.

She took in a deep breath to ease the sick feeling that her racing heart brought her and repeated herself once again:

"The child in my belly...It can be your child, Westin."

He looked at her with a vacant expression.

After a long pause, he let out a short laugh, probably finding what she said way too ridiculous:

"Have you...Have you lost your mind, Janet? Or do you think that I am stupid or anything? That is Daran's kid for fuck's sake-"

"I know. But the rest of the people in your kingdom don't, right? And you are desperately in need of an heir...My child can be your heir, Westin."

She had thought about this before... What would she do if Westin discovered that she was pregnant with Daran's child?

And this was the only way to keep both her and her child safe.

She would have to offer her kid to Westin.

She knew that he was facing a lot of pressure from the elders, who were pressing him for an heir.

The child in her belly was right here, ready to solve his crisis.

It was a crazy idea...a désperate move.

But it might work.

"FUCK NO!" Westin growled, "Why would I want Daran's kid? And why would I hand over my crown to the son of the man whom I hate the most?! You and I will have our own child

"We won't!" Janet cried, "If **you** want to kill **my** child, you will have to do it over my dead body!"

"Do not fucking threaten me with your life Janet-"

"Just think about this, Westin! With this child, you can finally have a break from the elders. Haven't you had it enough? The elder's babbles and yammers?"

His face contorted and he was shaking with rage, "I do not give a fuck about what the elders think-"

"And I will recognize our mate bond," she said, raising the chips.

He froze on his spot, looking at her in disbelief.

You will?" he asked hoarsely.

Janet let out a bitter laugh, "Yes I will. And I will stay here and be your queen...if you agree to recognize my child as your heir and treat the child as your own."

He closed in upon her, "I have heard of something similar from you before and how do I know if this is not another lie of yours-

"Once I recognize the mate bond, it is settled. No turning back. And you will have my kid as hostage. Where else can I go?"

She was basically pushing herself into a dead corner.

But if she didn't do this, Westin would not believe her.

He grabbed her wrist and tightened his grip. The iron shackle pressed into her flesh. ...You are asking me to raise Daran's child," he said in a shaky voice, with pain in his eyes. "Me, a Lycan King, to raise somebody else's child-"

She looked right into his eyes, "You don't need to do it. Just let me go or let me die with my child."

"NO!" he snarled.

Breathing heavily, he glared at her, "Swear to me-

"I swear that I really meant it this time-"

"No. Not that!" he leaned in closer to her face, gritting his teeth. "I want you to swear to me that this child will be forever mine. You cannot tell another living soul. who the father of this child really is, not to Daran, and definitely not to the child itself. You will take this secret into your grave!"

There was a quaver in her throat.

She parted her lips but couldn't utter a single word.

He let out a cold sneer, "I am not stupid, Janet. I am not taking the risk of you. returning to Daran's side with this child in the future. If you want me to be the father, I will forever be this child's father!"

His grip hurt her.

She tried pulling her hand back.

But he wouldn't let go.

"...Fine," she gritted, breathing very fast.

What other options did she have?

She had to guarantee the safety of her child. If a simple swear could do the trick, so

be it.

He indicated her to make the swear with his cold eyes.

So she began in a trembling voice, "I swear that I will never-"

"Make the solemn swear!" Westin snapped, "Swear to me in the name of your late parents, your unborn child, and the Moon Goddess!"

She was forced to raise her voice, "I swear in the name of the Moon Goddess that I will never disclose this secret to another living soul! You will be my child's only father and nothing can change that. Let the Moon Goddess watch over me. If I ever break this oath, punish me at the Moon Goddess's will!

That was it.

She said it. Couldn't take it back anymore.

There must be consequences if she broke that swear later. She didn't know what that

consequence was, but she bet it must be severe.

So sorry Daran...

But she really didn't know what else to do...

"Good."

at face.

Westin looked down at her with a dark, nonchalant

"Now recognize the mate bond," he said forcefully.

"Now?" she breathed.

"Yes, now. I am cashing in on your promise right here and right now in case you regret it again later...I will begin.

He took her hand to his lips, with his eyes glued to her.

"I, Westin Lockhart, ruler of the Lycan's Kingdom, hereby recognize Janet Manning as my mate, to cherish and to hold, till death do us part."

He planted a hot kiss on her fingertips.

"Now. It is your turn, my love," said him in a threatening voice.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 234

Chapter 234

Janet was in so much pain right now, physically and emotionally.

By recognizing their mate bond, she would forever tie herself to a man that she didn't love and kill the possibility between her and Daran.

Yet what options did she have left?

Nothing.

She closed her eyes and spoke up in a shaky voice:

"I, Janet Manning, princess of the Blood Moon Pack, hereby recognize Westin Lockhart as my mate, to cherish and to hold, till death do us part..."

Till death do them part.

That was how long she would be trapped with Westin in this foreign kingdom-her whole life.

The moment she finished saying those words, she felt a strong spiritual connection being built between her and Westin.

She used to have one with Daran.

Now that old connection was replaced by a new one. Snapped. Gone.

She choked, with tears pouring down her face. She didn't want to open her eyes to face the cruel reality.

Cold lips pressed onto hers and roughly kissed her tears away.

"I want this to be the last time you cry for Daran," Westin's hoarse voice rang in her ears. "You will be my queen, my mate from now on. Do not shed tears for another man ever again. I will not allow that."

Janet stayed perfectly still and said nothing.

She didn't want to talk to him, the man who caused her a lifetime of happiness.

Westin saw that she was going passive-aggressive here. He let out a cold snort:

"...Fine. It is not like that we are in any rush right now. We have a lot of time ahead of us.'

He straightened his back and looked down at Janet icily, "I will announce our mate bond to the entire kingdom right away. The mating ceremony will be held half a month later. Learn to be a queen in the meantime. You have a lot of duties on your shoulders right now."

With that said, he went straight out of the operating room and slammed the door shut behind him.

Janet didn't open her eyes until he was out of the room.

Her heart was filled with so much pain, anger, and grief.

Daran...

He must have felt the snap of their mate bond already.

He must be in so much pain right now.

Would he feel betrayed? Angry? Or sad...Would he give up on her completely?

God she hoped she could have a chance to explain everything to him...

Those strong emotions were about to crush her.

She was desperate to find a way to vent it out or she would simply explode.

Breathing heavily, she clenched onto the sheet.

...Agnes.

That vicious bitch Agnes.

If it weren't for Agnes, Westin would not have found out about her child this soon and she could probably try escaping once again.

She wouldn't need to recognize the mate bond.

And she could still go back to Daran's side again.

Yet now, all those possibilities were gone.

Janet gritted their teeth as fury burned in her chest. She was practically in hell right now.

She would have to drag Agnes down with her.

...She would fucking destroy Agnes!

<hr/>At the same time, outside of the mist forest, the werewolf's campground was being attacked.

The moon hung low in the ink-black sky, casting an eerie glow.

The

campground was now echoed with the savage snarls and howls of the Lycans, their eyes ablaze with a feral hunger.

They jumped out of the darkness and leaped at the werewolf soldiers.

Teeth snapped. Primal roars reverberated through the night sky.

The campsite flickered with the light of raging fires, illuminating the horrible scene of werewolf soldiers falling, one by one, to the relentless onslaught.

The werewolves were losing.

Because they were lacking their King.

In the tent located at the center of the campground, a soldier knelt by the bedside and called in an urgent voice:

"King Daran...Wake up...God please wake up....Please..."

Daran lay on the bed, unconscious.

Sweat formed on his forehead. There was a tight furrow between his brows.

A few groans escaped his lips as though he was being haunted by his nightmares right now.

The soldier threw his fist into the ground, frustrated.

Daran passed out all of a sudden about half an hour ago. Nobody knew why.

Before they could wake their King, the Lycans attacked.

They were being slaughtered right now.

If King Daran didn't wake up in time, everyone would die!

"My King...My King! The Lycans are here!!" the soldier cried into Daran's ears.

This time, Daran's eyelids fluttered.

Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"My King!" the soldiers yelled in thrill. "Thank god...The Lycans-"

"I know," said Daran hoarsely.

He got out of bed.

He even lurched a little when his teet touched the ground.

Panicked, the soldier offered his hand to Daran to help him restore his balance, but Daran had already shifted into a giant black wolf.

The wolf let out a long howl and leaped out of the tent.

Its fur, a silky black, rippled as he bounded across the clearing, agile and lethal.

All the werewolf soldiers cried out in joy when they saw him:

It is the King! The King is here!!!"

"Thank the Moon Goddess we are going to be alright!"

Daran lunged forward, attacking any Lycans that stood in his way.

His golden eyes glowed with an otherworldly intensity as he rallied the remaining werewolf soldiers.

The clash of fangs and claws erupted like thunder, and the earth shook beneath the weight of the battling beasts.

The Lycans didn't fight for long after Daran appeared.

They quickly retreated back into the mist forest.

Before they were gone, one of the Lycan soldier turned around and shouted at them: "The Lycan King sent his regard! Consider this little attack a gift from the Lycans. Share our joy on this happy occasion!"

The Lycans dashed into the woods and disappeared into the darkness.

The werewolf soldiers stood among the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers, an angry, perplexed look on their faces.

"Happy occasion?!" one of the soldiers snapped, "What the fuck are they talking about!"

Another soldier suddenly raised his hand and pointed at the distant skyline:

"-Look!"

A golden glow of light shot up into the night sky. It exploded into millions of little colorful sparkles, painting the black canvas into a pink and orange halo.

Fireworks!

"Why are they doing fireworks? Is today a Lycan's festival?"

Just then, more fireworks went up into the sky and they formed two giant letters that dominated the skyline: W&J.

"Wait..." a soldier gasped, "...W&J... Isn't it...Westin and Janet?!"

All soldiers wheeled their heads around and looked at their King.

Daran stood alone, gazing at the distant fireworks with a bleak look on his face.

He felt it.

The snap of their mate bond..

Their mate bond vanished when he first rejected Janet. Yet parts of it had been built since be and Janet reconnected again.

And now the bond was gone once again..

Because Janet was the one ending their relationship this time, it was he who needed to handle the pain.

It hurt so much that he passed out.

But no physical pain could compare to the pain in his heart.

Janet was with Westin now.

She recognized their mate bond.

Was she doing it willingly? No...No, she couldn't be...She must get forced into this...She was still waiting for him to rescue her...

But at the same time, a small inner voice was ringing in his ears:

What if she did it voluntarily, Daran? What if she was really in love with Westin and had completely forgotten about you?

You weren't exactly nice to her when you had the chance. You made her suffer the extreme pain of rejection and betrayed her once and once again.

You deserved all of these.

Daran suddenly clenched his chest and arched his back, breathing heavily.

"My King!"

Soldiers gathered at Daran's side.

"My King, you may not like to hear this, but I really think we should retreat back to Riverside Pack!" a general said urgently, "Look how many lives have been lost tonight? And if it was really Princess Janet and Lycan King's initials up there, it probably meant that they are happy together right now. So what is the point of us doing this anyway?"

Daran coughed a few times and slowly stood up straight.

His face was pale like a sheet.

"You guys can leave." he said in a hoarse voice, "I am not going anywhere."

"My King-!!"

"Janet is still waiting for me."

He murmured, gazing at the distant night sky blankly.

"What if she needs me again after I left? I can't go...Can't abandon her....Can't take that risk..."

He would try going into that mist forest again.

He would find the love of his life.

He wanted to look her in the eyes and hear her reasons with his own ears.

Explain it to me, Janet,

Why did you turn your back on me?

Did you really not love me anymore?

Chapter 235

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 235

Chapter 235

Janet stayed in the hospital and listened to the fireworks going on all night long. Cheers could be heard in the distance.

Everyone in the Lycan's Kingdom was happy, except for her.

She couldn't stop wondering if Daran had seen those fireworks as well and if he would blame her for the decision that she made.

She would never have the chance to find out what he really thought.

The next morning, doctors went into her room and inspected her condition.

"It will take a couple of days for the wounds to recover. But other than that, you are in a very good condition," the doctor said to her with a big smile. "And the King's heir is very healthy. Congratulations, Queen Janet."

They already started to address her as queen.

And her child....

Janet placed a hand on her belly.

Officially starting today, her child was Westin's kid, the heir of the Lycan's Kingdom.

She better get used to that sooner.

"Thank you. So can I check out of the hospital today?" she asked the doctor.

"We strongly encourage you to stay here a bit longer. The nurses will apply a special ointment to your wound daily so that they will not leave a scar..."

"Scars do not bother me," said Janet calmly.

Actually, she preferred to leave the scars.

It would serve as a constant reminder of what her enemy had done to her.

She wanted revenge.

An eye for an eye.

"I will check out of the hospital today," she said to the doctor in a firm voice.

The doctor still looked reluctant.

But there was nothing he could say to change Janet's mind, so he signed her release. eventually.

Janet left her room.

Yet she didn't leave the hospital right away. Instead, she went into Elder Randy's ward.

If she wanted to destroy Agnes, she would have to first weaken Agnes's influence in this kingdom.

She needed to find something on Agnes, something she could use.

As for now, she hadn't gotten anything yet.

Agnes did go into Westin's study to assassinate her. But Janet asked the servants already and nobody had seen her. There wasn't any surveillance camera in King's

study.

So Janet couldn't prove the assassination.

The only loose end was Elder Randy's poisoning, in which Janet felt strongly that Agnes must have been involved.

If she could prove that Agnes was responsible for poisoning Elder Randy and framing her, she could definitely ruin that vicious woman.

A few nurses were taking Elder Randy's blood pressure when Janet came into the ward.

They immediately curtseyed to Janet, "Good day, Queen Janet.

"How is Elder Randy?" Janet walked up to the elder's bedside and asked.

"He still hasn't woken up...And the doctors said that he might stay like that forever without a cure, and die in the endless coma," said a nurse.

Janet inspected the elder.

Elder Randy's face looked sickly grey. He lay on the bed, perfectly still with his eyes shut. He looked as though he was already dead.

Janet wanted to find some clues on him that could lead this incident to Agnes.

But she didn't know what she was looking for.

And she knew that it was almost impossible for her to find anything on Elder Randy.

Almost half a month had passed since the spring ball, and even though there was evidence left, they must have been destroyed already.

Yet refusing to give up so soon, Janet started a thorough search on Elder Randy.

"What are you looking for, Queen Janet?" the nurse asked, "Maybe we can help?"

"I got this. Thank you."

She checked Elder Randy's clothes. Nothing weird.

And his pocket. Empty.

His skin and nails. Perfectly normal.

At last, she lifted his eyelid to inspect his pupil.

And that was when she froze on her spot.

"... Why are his eyeballs red?" she turned to the nurses and asked in a strained voice.

"What?"

The nurses gathered over, and all cried out.

It was true!

Didn't know when but there was no white in Elder Randy's eyes. Just black and red!

"Oh my it is so weird..." one of the nurses clamped a hand over her mouth and gasped.

"The doctors didn't see this?"

"He wasn't like this when he was first brought into the hospital....And he hasn't

opened his eves since so nobody noticed

"Report this to the doctor immediately," Janet said firmly.

"Yes, Queen Janet!"

One nurse rushed out of the ward.

The head nurse rubbed her chin, with a pondering look on her face, "Red eyeballs... Why does this sound so familiar to me?"

Janet immediately looked at her, "You saw a similar symptom before?"

"Yeah...I think so... But it probably isn't poisoning related, or I would definitely remember..."

Janet didn't want to let go of any possible leads.

So she asked, "Are there any medical records? Can you look it up for me? Please, it is really important."

"Of course! I am happy to serve the queen," said the head nurse immediately. "When I finish today's shift, I will go into the archives and look this up..

Yet Janet couldn't even wait a single day longer, "Where is the archive? I can go by myself if you don't mind."

problem at all! If you don't mind the dust and musty smell...Here is the key."

Janet took the key and thanked the head nurse.

The archive was located underground, in a vault.

Janet found the medical section and opened the iron gate with the key the head nurse gave her.

The door opened and she immediately started coughing.

The air was heavy with the scent of age and decay. Her nostrils must be filled with dust right now.

Covering her nose with one hand, Janet stepped into the archive, looking around. Ancient medical records, cloaked in layers of dust, loomed on shelves that seemed to

stretch into the ceiling.

The soft glow of a flickering light bulb swung overhead, casting eerie shadows as Janet walked down the aisles.

She first went to the computers.

She crossed the references "poison" and "red eyeballs" and clicked search.

Yet nothing showed up.

She deleted "poison" and searched again.

Still nothing.

The head nurse warned her about this already: medical records from 3 years ago or more hadn't been logged into the computers yet. They still existed in papers.

Janet turned around and looked at the shelves of files, letting out a small sigh.

...Lots of work ahead.

She plunged herself right into papers and files.

The atmosphere within the underground vault was hushed.

The only sounds were the whisper of her breath and the gentle shuffle of her footsteps on the worn floor.

She sifted through crumbling files, cautiously.

The musty scent clung to her clothes as she looked, her fingers tracing the spines.

Time blurred as she scanned the archives.

Nothing. Nothing. Still nothing.

She had flipped through files that dated back to 5 years ago yet nothing about "red eyeballs" popped up.

She started to get frustrated.

Maybe this was a dead end.

A complete waste of time.

She was ready to give up when her eyes settled on something.

....A solitary file tucked away in a shadowy corner.

A surge of anticipation quickened her pulse.

She carefully took the ancient document off the shelf.

Its cover is brittle beneath her touch.

Janet laid it on the ground and studied its content with the help of the dim light.

"Died of food poison" "suspected allergy" "Red eyeballs after death"

Her finger stopped on the patient's name-

Keavy Hernandez.

A creeping chill stole through her chest.

She shivered.

...Keavy Hernandez?! -

That was Clemente's brother, Agnes's former mate!

Keavy had a similar symptom when he died.

Janet suspected that Agnes had something to do with Elder Randy's poison.

If her suspicion was correct, plus the evidence that she just found, didn't it mean that-

...Agnes killed Keavy?

She killed her own mate!!!

Horror surged up in Janet's chest.

No...this was crazy...Killing her own mate? How could anyone be capable of such a cruel thing?

Ridiculous as it seemed, Janet's head had begun to connect the dots.

Agnes was the only one who had a cure when Elder Randy was done.

Clemente told her that Agnes wanted to be with Westin...She could never achieve that

with her own mate still in the picture....

And there was something that Agnes said to her in the hidden room.

She said, You, my mighty Gamma, have a bad habit of underestimating people...Oh, I

know the sweet feeling of killing ..

Agnes admitted that she killed someone before!

Could that person be her own mate...Keavy?

Janet was so immersed in her own thoughts that she didn't even notice the sound of door opening, and gentle footsteps crossing the aisles, approaching Janet from her back

The footsteps stopped.

...What are you looking at?" asked a soft, silky voice from her back.

Janet's heart lost a beat.

She jerked around abruptly and stared at the person who snuck up on her. Agnes stood a few feet away, looking down at Janet.

A grim smile on her beautiful face.

Chapter 236

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 236

Chapter 236

Janet looked at Agnes, frozen, her eyes wide with alarm.

...What was Agnes doing here?!

Had Agnes found out what she was up to already?

"What was with that horrified face?" Agnes raised an eyebrow, "And what were you looking at?"

Keavy's medical record was still lying on the floor, at Janet's feet.

Janet took a small step back and kicked the file with her heel.

The file slid right underneath the shelves.

She didn't want Agnes to know that she was tracing this lead until she could find some concrete proof.

"Shouldn't I be horrified? Last time we saw each other, you fucking tried to kill me!" Janet hissed, "What are you doing here now? Finish up your undone job?"

"Look, Janet," said Agnes, unsmiling, "We probably have a misunderstanding-"

Before she finished, another series of heavy footsteps came into the archive room.

Clemente came dashing in.

He glanced at Janet and then directed his gaze to Agnes.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he said in a complaint kind of tone.

Now Janet was truly starting to get nervous.

She could probably take down Agnes by herself. Agnes was just a delicate lady, nothing to be worried about.

But Agnes plus Clemente?

She would have zero chance of escaping.

"Clemente."

She stared at Clemente, clenching her fists behind her.

"I thought you said that you were done with this mess. So what are you and Agnes doing here? Trying to betray the King's order again?".

Clemente looked stunned.

"What? No! You-You got this all wrong!"

He took a hasty step forward.

Seeing the tensed look on Janet's face, he withdrew his feet and dragged Agnes to Janet's face.

"We are not here to hurt you! It is the complete opposite...Agnes is here to apologize," said him urgently.

... Apologize?

For a brief moment, Janet thought that she had probably heard it wrong.

It was so ridiculous that she couldn't even believe her own ears.

Janet let out a loud, sarcastic laugh. "You? Want to apologize?"

"...Yes, I do."

Agnes pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed it at the corner of her eyes.

"I am so sorry Janet...I lost my mind that day...I didn't know what I was doing!" she said in a broken voice, "I let jealousy take over my brain and sanity...I–I really hope that you can forgive me..."

"Forgive you?!"

Janet couldn't help but raised her voice, growling, "You came into the room and tried to stab me with a fucking dagger! You almost caused me, my child! That is something I cannot forgive my entire life!"

Agnes burst out wailing.

She dropped to her knees, buried her face into her palms, and cried, her shoulders. shaking violently.

"Then what do you want me to do?" she sobbed, pitifully. "You want me to die? Will you forgive me then?"

She suddenly pulled out a dagger from her pocket and pointed it at her own chest.

"Just say

the word, Queen Janet!" she stared at Janet with teary eyes. "Say the word and I will kill myself, right here and right now, to show you how sorry I am!"

Janet gritted her teeth in fume.

.. That manipulative, cunning bitch.

"Agnes!"

Clemente lunged forward and grabbed Agnes's waist, an anxious look on his face.

"Don't be stupid!" he snarled.

More tears poured out of Agnes's eyes, "Then what I am supposed to do, Clemente? Queen Janet wouldn't forgive me. If...If she tells Westin and the elders about this, how will people think of me? More importantly...how will people think of Bryn? I better kill myself right now to save me from all those humiliations..."

Janet let out a cold laugh.

Now she saw what was really going on.

Agnes was afraid that she might tell Westin about her crime.

So she came in here, pretended to be sorry, and hoped that she could bury what happened once thing for all.

Clemente rounded one arm around Agnes's trembling shoulder and raised his head. to look at Janet.

There was a pleading look on his face.

He said in a low voice, "I know that you are furious, and we are in no position to ask for your forgiveness...But Agnes is mentally unstable. She really has been through a lot since my brother passed away..."

Janet snorted.

Bullshit.

Agnes looked perfectly normal when she raised that dagger at her screaming "DIE

BITCH."

Agnes's mental condition couldn't be harder.

"... You once said that you owed me one, Queen Janet," said Clemente, breathing hard. "Remember? You said that it was your fault that I got punished by the King....So. I am begging you now. Please...forgive Agnes."

Janet didn't even know whether to call Clemente kind or stupid.

"You want to cash in my favor now? For Agnes?" she asked coldly.

"Yes."

"You sure you won't regret it later?" she sneered,

Clemente shook his head with a firm look, "No I won't. Agnes is my family. She is my responsibility."

"Funny. I see."

Janet crossed her arms and directed a searching look upon Agnes.

Agnes was still sobbing into her palms. But she was also peeking at Janet's reaction. through her fingers.

Janet could tell that Agnes was on edge.

She pondered for a few moments and raised her chin, "...Fine."

Clemente widened his eyes with joy.

Agnes snapped her head up, exhilarated, "Really?!"

"Yes," said Janet, unsmiling, "As long as you promise to leave me and Westin alone."

"Yes. Yes. I swear! You are the Queen now. You and Westin have a mate bond. I will not dare to bother you two again!" Agnes grinned through tears. "Thank you so much, Queen Janet, for your forgiveness. You are a very nice person."

"You are welcome," Janet chuckled.

Forgiveness?

Forgiveness her ass!

What this wicked bitch did was beyond forgiveness.

Janet wanted her to rot in hell.

Yet Janet didn't have any hard proof to crucify Agnes. She could only pretend to forgive Agnes, lower her guard, and then carry on with her investigation.

And when she had enough evidence to prove Agnes guilty...

Janet stared at Agnes's gleeful face and let out a cold laugh internally.

That would be the day Agnes went straight to hell.

"Now will you leave me alone?" Janet waved her hand idly, "The head nurse told me that I could find some good maternal books in here. I haven't finished with my research vet."

"May I help? My queen?" Agnes asked eagerly.

"Oh, I can't bother a lady."

Janet chuckled and looked over to Clemente, "Clemente, if you are not too busy at the moment, can you help me? Some of the books are on the top shelf. I can't reach

them."

"Of course," Westin agreed without hesitation.

Agnes curtseyed to Janet and then left the archive room.

"Where is the book that you were looking for?" Clemente asked, "It is too dusty down here. Why don't you head upstairs first, and I will gather all the books you want and brighten them in your room later?"

"Forget about the books," said Janet icily.

That was simply an excuse to get rid of Agnes so that the two of them **could** talk

alone.

Janet got on her knees and retrieved Keavy's medical record from underneath the shelves.

"Look at this," she handed it to Clemente.

He took the file, perplexed, and opened it up.

"This is...my brother's file?" he asked, looking stunned. "Wait. You were here to look. for my brother's file? Why?"

Janet pointed at the symptoms, "Look here."

'Red eyeballs after death.'

Clemente read out the part that Janet pointed at and frowned, "Yeah, I remember that. The doctors said that it is a result of Keavy's allergy-"

"What kind of allergy caused people's eyeballs to turn red?!" Janet snapped.

She lowered her voice and whispered, "...And earlier today, I found a similar symptom in Elder Randy as well."

Clemente looked as though he had just been struck by thunder.

"But-But Elder Randy was poisoned!" he stuttered.

"Exactly." Janet stared at him, "Now you see where I am going with this?"

Clemente shivered.

He clenched onto the brittle cover of the file and shook his head hastily, "No. No. Impossible! My brother died of an allergy. The doctors confirmed that..."

"The doctor could be wrong...Now, tell me what happened on the day that Keavy died?"

Clemente took in a deep breath to calm himself down.

Slowly, he spoke up in a low voice:

"...It was a night...almost 5 years ago. Agnes was pregnant with Bryn at the time and she went to her parents to collect some of her sister's hand–me–down. She called. me and asked me to keep Keavy company and have dinner with him. I was about to head home when an emergent patrol duty came up...A girl was attacked by bears.

near my patrol point. So I headed over immediately but that turned out to be a false alert. And when I got home, Keavy was already on the floor with a takeout box. dropped at his feet...died..."

His voice broke.

Janet patted his shoulder, "Agnes wasn't at home when you came back?"

"No! She was still with her parents. Keavy was at home alone, all night long. We even checked the security camera at the front door. Nobody stopped by except for the delivery guy..."

He jerked his head up and looked at Janet, anxiously, "You see? Nobody except for Keavy was in that house that night. No one had the chance to poison him!"

"One doesn't need to be in the scene to poison somebody," Janet shook her head. "I have a wild guess. But can I trust you with this, Clemente?"

"Of course!" Clemente growled, "God...This is about my brother's death for Christ's sake...Just tell me...

"I think it is Agnes," said Janet coolly.

Chapter 237

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 237

"I think it is Agnes," said Janet coolly.

Chapter 237

Telling Clemente seemed like a reckless move since he was on Agnes's side right now and was very loyal to her..

But Janet had thought this through already.

First of all, she needed an errand boy.

This was the Lycan's kingdom. She needed someone from the inside to conduct her investigation.

Clemente was a general, a very capable soldier. He was the perfect choice.

Second, Clemente was only loyal to Agnes because of his brother Keavy.

When he found out that Agnes had something to do with Keavy's death, that loyalty would be gone by then.

Telling Clemente was a gamble.

But a worthy one.

"...Agnes?"

Clemente repeated in a strange tone as though there was a stone stuck in his throat.

"Agnes?!...No. No, Janet, you are crazy! She is my brother's mate! They were a perfect couple. Everybody knew that! Do you know how devastated Agnes was when she lost my brother?!"

"I didn't. All I know is that sadness can be faked. And Agnes is a very good actress," said Janet icily.

Clemente glared at her, "You are only saying this because you hold a grudge against Agnes! Because she tried to kill you! But this and my brother's death are completely two different things-"

"They are not!" Janet snarled, "Agnes did both of these things for the same reason– Westin! She wanted me dead because she couldn't be with Westin with me.

his mate, still alive. And the same goes for Keavy..."

"FUCK!"

Clemente threw a punch at the shelves, which wobbled and a couple of files fell off.

He stared at Janet with bloodshot eyes.

Anger and pain gleamed in his eyes.

"I don't care if you are the King's mate and the Queen," he hissed. "But if you say another word of groundless bullshit, I will fucking hit you!"

He was furious. His world just turned upside down.

But Janet knew that he wouldn't hit her.

He was too nice for that.

"It isn't groundless. And it isn't bullshit!" Janet snapped, "Agnes framed me for Elder Randy's incident! She was behind Elder Randy's **poison**. And if Elder Randy and

Keavy share the same symptoms, she must be responsible for Keavy's death as well! Just connect the dots here-"

"Can you prove that Agnes poisoned Elder Randy?!"

Janet bit her lips, frustrated.

No. She couldn't.

She still hadn't found that maid who asked her to help carry the barrel. And Annie wouldn't testify for her.

"So it was all in your head," Clemente sneered. "Groundless conjecture!"

Janet took in a deep breath.

Shit.

Maybe she went in too strong and pushed too hard.

Clemente needed time to process all these.

"Fine. Forget what I just said," Janet said irritably. "But Elder Randy is poisoned, and he and Keavy share the same symptom. That part you can't deny, right? You

have to see that there is something more to your brother's death. It isn't simple food

allergy!"

Clemente lapsed into silence.

Yes. That part was black and white on paper.

He couldn't overlook that.

"Let's look into it, OK?" Janet placed a hand on his upper arm, saying in a pleading tone. "It probably is Agnes, it probably isn't. But you need to find out the truth. It has been 5 years already...You owe your brother the truth."

Clemente rubbed his face with one hand.

"Fuck..." he murmured, "Fuck...OK. You are right. A little investigation will not hurt. Let's do this."

Janet smiled.

She knew that she could get Clemente on board.

"But where should we start?" Clemente asked.

"Well...I am thinking, maybe we should start with the restaurant that Keavy ordered that takeout from?" Janet said, "That is the source of everything, isn't it?"

Clemente nodded and they left the archive room together.

The restaurant was located in a small town outside of the royal palace.

An upscale little place that served fusion cuisine.

A waitress greeted them when they came into the door, "Good afternoon. Table for two?"

"We are here to see the manager of this place," Janet said.

"The manager is out at the moment. You can let me know if there is anything you need-

"It is above your pay range," said Clemente icily. "Just tell him that General Clemente is here to see him. I believe that he can spare a few minutes for **me**."

The waitress picked up the phone at the front desk and whispered something into the speaker.

Then her face changed abruptly, "OK...I see."

She dropped the phone and looked at Clemente and Janet with an awe-stricken look, "My apology...This way please, General Clemente."

They were shown to the manager's office.

A chubby, middle-aged man was expecting them. A tall brunette was with him in the

office.

"General Clemente, to what do I owe the pleasure?" he shook Clemente's hand with both of his hands, "I...I thought the case was closed already...It has been 5 years..."

"It was closed. But I am reopening it now. Any problem with that?" Clemente replied in a freezing tone.

"Yes! Yes, there is!" cried the tall brunette grumpily. "Mr. Keavy didn't tell us about his allergy when he placed his order. Maybe he had some strange allergies that nobody knew of and the food came from us...So fine! But we have paid the fine already. We fired our chef. The restaurant was shut down for a year. My husband even spent his time in jail for a couple of months. What else do you want?" "That your wife?" Clemente gestured to the brunette.

...Yes."

The owner mopped at his brow with the back of his hand nervously, "Look General Clemente, we really don't want any troubles...It was a tragedy, yes. But people have to carry on living their lives. Don't you think?"

"You won't get into any trouble if you cooperate. Now, walk me through that night again."

"I have told the police about this millions of times already-

"And I want to hear it one more time," said Janet.

The owner and his wife directed a skeptical look upon Janet.

The owner and his wife directed a skeptical look upon Janet.

"This is the King's mate, Queen Janet." Westin introduced them.

The couple gasped and bowed to Janet immediately.

"So?" Janet demanded, "What happened that night? I want all the details."

"O–OK…let me think…"

The owner licked his dry lips, recollecting the past.

"I received Mr. Keavy's order at around 6... Took me half an hour to prepare the food and I left the restaurant at around 6:30. It was a clear night, a smooth drive...I didn't. run into any traffic and arrived at Mr. Keavy's doorstep at around 7-"

"Wait."

Clemente interrupted him abruptly, "Clear night? That can't be right. It was pouring rain that night!"

The owner's jaw tightened, "No, no, the weather was very good I think...

"It was raining," Clemente said firmly. "I remembered that clearly because I got caught up in a traffic jam on my way back. I even drove past a few horrible car accidents along the way."

"R–Really?" the owner stuttered, "I don't know...Maybe it was raining...I didn't remember. It was so long ago..."

Janet frowned.

The owner even remembered the time he left the restaurant, but he couldn't remember the weather that night..

Something was not right.

"Continue," she said. "What happened after you arrived at the doorstep?"

"Then I rang the bell. Mr. Keavy came out himself and took his food. He tipped me 20 and thanked my service. I left. That was all. Are we done here?"

Clemente leaned in and whispered into Janet's ears, "Everything matches with the testimony that he gave to the police."

Janet fixed her gaze upon the owner's face, "Where did you go after the delivery?"

The owner's body became stiff, "How does that have anything to do with Mr. Keavy's death?"

"I will be the judge of that. Just answer the question."

The owner shook his head, "I...Did I go back to the restaurant perhaps? I don't remember..."

"Oh I remember!" said the wife abruptly. "You went home to me and brought me dinner from your restaurant!"

Janet narrowed her eyes.

So the owner did two deliveries that night.

One to Keavy. And one to his wife.

The wife gave a shudder, "Just think about it... If you accidentally gave Mr. Keavy's

food to me, the dead person would probably be me instead..."

A strange expression twisted the owner's face as he snapped, "What the fuck are your

saying? You don't have that allergy!"

The wife was startled by his sudden **snarl**, "I am just saying! That is a possibility. Nobody knows what that allergy is anyway..."

The owner ignored his wife and turned back to Janet and Clemente, "I have told your everything I know. So, please...I am begging you...Stay out of my life from now on."

Janet and Clemente left the office together.

"What do you think of that owner?" Clemente asked her in a low voice.

"Shifty," said Janet briefly.

"Yeah, I agree. That is so weird. Why didn't I feel that way before?"

Janet stopped a waiter in the restaurant.

After telling him who they were, she asked, "How are things between the owner of this restaurant and his wife? Are they close?"

"Close? Oh hell no!" the waiter gasped, "Boss hates his wife! Called her a skanky cunt a couple of times in front of everyone. I heard him fighting with his wife in the office...he was yelling and threatening to kill her. There were even rumors saying that he bought chemicals online to drug his wife.

Janet and Clemente exchanged a look of shock.

Janet came in here hoping that she could find evidence to prove Agnes guilty. Yet somehow, she found another potential suspect...The restaurant.

Things were getting complicated.

Who was really responsible for Keavy's death?

"I am bringing the owner in for questioning right now!" Clemente said hurriedly.

Chapter 238

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 238

Chapter 238

The owner of the restaurant was brought back for questioning.

They shoved him into the interrogation room.

Janet went in to talk to him first.

The owner sat stiffly behind the table. There was a mixed expression of anger and panic on his face.

"What is this all about!" he cried furiously, "I told you everything already! Why did you bring me in here? I didn't do anything wrong!"

Janet sat down across the table, "You haven't given me the whole picture.

"That is the whole picture. What else do you want..."

"We believe that Mr. Keavy was poisoned, and you have something to do with it, said Janet icily.

The owner's jaw dropped. He started sweating.

"W–What? That is ridiculous! Mr. Keavy died of an allergy. Everybody knew that.

You can't dump that shit on my head.... It has been 5 years already..."

"You won't be falsely charged with anything if you are innocent!" Janet snapped, "So tell me what really happened that night!"

The owner shifted uneasily in his chair as though he were sitting on a thrones.

"I told you everything already..." he shook his head hastily, "Mr. Keavy died out of allergy...I have nothing to do with it..."

They were talking in circles.

But Janet could tell by the look on his face that he was hiding something.

The only question was was he hiding his own crime?

Or was he covering for somebody else?

She leaned her upper body forward, staring at the owner across the table, and asked,

"Do you

know Lady Agnes?"

There was a black look on the owner's face, "Lady Agnes? Who is that?"

His facial expression looked sincere.

He really didn't know who Agnes was.

Janet sat back in her chair, pondering.

Did she get this wrong?

But all the evidence showed that Agnes poisoned Elder Randy and Elder Randy and Keavy shared the same symptom.

So which part did she miss?

Just then, the door to the interrogation room flung open and Clemente came striding

into the room with a file in their hand.

He slammed the file on the table in front of the owner and snapped, "Look what we just found! Are you still going to deny what you did?"

With a trembling hand, the owner turned the cover and opened the file.

The first page listed his online shopping records for the past 6 months: duck tapes, ropes, sleeping pills, and detergent...

Everything a serial killer needed for the work.

The second page was a photo captured by a surveillance camera. It documented a car

accident that happened on the same night that Keavy died.

The owner sunk, weak-kneed, into his chair.

"You and your wife aren't exactly the perfect couple, are you?" Clemente looked down at the owner coldly, "Waiters from your restaurant told us that you threatened to kill her. And your online shopping record proved that inclination." The owner gulped, nervously, "What I like to buy with my own money is my own business... And that waiter who spoke with you is a lying piece of shit-"

"You are still lying!"

Clemente banged the table with his hand, "Do you want us to bring in your wife as well? And see what she has to say about this evidence?!"

The owner shivered, "No...No don't get her in here...Please...

"Then just spit it already!"

The owner mopped his forehead with the back of his hand, looking even more tensed

1. up.

"...Fine! Alright?" he snarled abruptly, "My wife is a skanky old cunt! I did think about it...once or twice...of killing her..."

Janet looked at the man with disgust.

It was like what they said-It was always the husband.

"BUT!" the owner roared, "That was just a thought! I never put it into action! My wife is still alive, and you just saw her earlier today. You can't punish a man for having evil thoughts!"

"Are you sure that you never put it to action?" Clemente asked in an intimidating voice, "Then explain this car accident. It was your car. And it happened 5 years ago, on the same night that Keavy died, at 6:45, which was the exact time that you left the restaurant and were heading to Keavy's house. Why did you exclude it from your

testimony!"

The owner shook like a leaf in the strong wind, "I...I didn't think it was relevant...

"LIE!"

Clemente roared as he braced his hands on the table, leaning forward, and stared at the owner with ice–cold eyes.

"We have a theory already," Clemente said through gritting teeth. "And we are going to do more digging. Sooner or later, the evidence we find will convict you. The only question is are you going to tell us the truth now and plead for mercy or are you going to keep on lying and be sentenced to death eventually? YOUR CHOICE!"

His roar echoed in the interrogation room.

The owner's face was paled with frigid.

After a long pause, he suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't...Don't kill me! PLEASE!" he wailed, "I have a career! A daughter! A whole family to support! And I didn't mean it...It was an accident..."

"What accident! What happened!" Clemente growled.

"I...I poisoned the food...5 years ago..." the owner sobbed.

Janet's heart shot upwards into her throat.

He admitted it!

"You poisoned Keavy?!" Clemente cried in rage, "WHY! My brother never wronged you in his entire life-"

"NO! Not Mr. Keavy! I...I was actually meaning to kill my wife!" the owner choked. "That night...I left the restaurant with two bags of food...One was for Mr. Keavy and that one was clean... And the other was for my wife, poisoned..."

"Then how did the poisoned one end up in Keavy's hand?" Janet couldn't help but

ask.

The owner gave a shudder, "It was raining heavily that night…I–I hit someone on the way to Mr. Keavy's house. I got out of the car too hastily to check the person being hit… Maybe….Maybe the two bags of food got swapped during that process…" "You didn't label the poisoned one?!"

"I did!" the owner cried desperately, "The poisoned one had a red little sticker on the bag! I even double–checked to make sure that the food I gave to Mr. Keavy was the one without the red sticker...But still...When I saw that my wife was still breathing after dinner, I knew instantly that I got it wrong...I–I fucked up..."

He melted down and cried.

Janet let out a shaky breath.

So it was clear now.

The owner meant to kill his wife on that **night**.

But because of a car accident, the food got mixed up and he accidentally gave the poisoned one to Keavy.

Clemente's brother died because of a stupid mistake.

So...was this the whole truth?

"I–I am not going to be sentenced to death, am I?" the owner cried urgently, "It was an accident! A mistake! You can't punish someone for making a mistake!!"

Clemente straightened his back and stormed out of the interrogation room.

Janet ran after him, "Clemente!"

He strode down the hallway and then suddenly halted to a sharp stop.

Janet almost bumped into his back.

Clemente wheeled around and held her in his arms, tightly.

"...Thank you," he murmured in a broken voice.

"Clemente...

"If it weren't for you, I would still be in the dark right now," he choked. "You pushed

me to investigate. You unveiled the truth. I owe you for a lifetime...Janet...

Janet patted his back, "Don't say that. You did most of the work. Keavy would be very glad."

But deep down in her heart, she was still confused.

Nothing about Agnes came up.

Was Agnes really clean?

Or did she miss something down the road?

Chapter 239

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 239

Chapter 239

Janet hesitated for a while and decided to share her doubts with Clemente.

"Clemente, I still feel that there are missing parts in this thing..." she said.

"About what? The owner admitted to his crime already," Clemente looked confused.

"The owner is responsible for Keavy's death. But what about Elder Randy? The owner had nothing to do with Elder Randy and he wasn't even at the Spring Ball..."

Clemente let out a cold sneer, "That is where things get really interesting. Hear this: the owner's restaurant is one of the caters of the spring ball."

...WHAT?

Janet gasped.

So the owner WAS at the spring ball! He even prepared the food himself, which gave him a chance to poison Elder Randy.

But what did the owner do? Was it another mistake?

And what about Agnes?

Based on the information that they had gathered so far, Agnes had nothing to do with this whole mess.

But that couldn't be right...

A thousand thoughts sped through her addled brain.

"Cheer up Janet. You just did something really awesome today. I am going to let the king know about this!" Clemente grinned.

"Clemente wait-"

She wanted to ask him to keep it quiet before they could know more.

Yet Clemente had turned hastily and rushed away.

Standing stiffly for a few more moments, Janet returned to the interrogation room.

The owner was still in his chair, sobbing miserably.

"Queen Janet! Have you talked to General Clemente yet?" he looked at Janet with hope, "Did you tell him that I didn't mean any of these? And I definitely don't deserve to be sentenced to death?"

"The King and the elders will mete out your punishment." Janet studied his tear-stained face and asked, "And now I have one more question for you: do you know Elder Randy before this?"

The owner's expression was vacant, "Who is Elder Randy? I don't know him."

"He is one of the elders that attended the Spring Ball a couple of weeks back, and you were the caterer of that event. Elder Randy got poisoned at the Spring Ball and his symptom matches with Keavy's."

The owner rounded his eyes as his brain processed the information.

Then his breathing became heavy.

He burst out crying, "WHAT THE HELL! Are you blaming me for that case as well?! Am I responsible for all the poison cases in the whole world?!"

"I didn't say that. Calm down-"

Yet the owner had completely lost control of his temper under pressure.

"You rich and powerful people can't do this! Can't dump shit on my head like that!!! I won't be somebody else's scapegoat!"

He roared, his face twisted by horror and panic, and he banged his fists on the table, "I don't know that goddamn Elder Randy! You can't blame me for that! You fucking

can't-

"CALM DOWN!!

Janet shot up and tried to contain him.

Yet he slapped her hand away, breathing very fast.

"No...NO! You are going to sentence me to death, aren't you!" he shouted, "Then I take it back! I take all my testimony back! I won't let you powerful fucks walk over my head-"

Just then, the door to the interrogation room flung open.

Westin strode in with a large group of soldiers and elders behind his back.

"Chain him! And toss him into the cell," Westin ordered the soldiers icily. "**This man** is responsible for Keavy's death and Elder Randy's poison case. He will be brought to trial later!"

The soldiers piled in and yanked the owner up from his chair.

The owner was still crying miserably, "I didn't do it! I didn't poison that elder! You can't do this to me-"

The soldiers clogged his mouth.

And they dragged him out of the interrogation room.

"...Wait!"

Janet wanted to chase up the owner. Yet Westin stood in her way and placed a hand. on her shoulder.

"Great job," he said with a smile on his lips.

"Westin listen-"

He bent his back and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"I owe you a thank you," he said hoarsely by her ears. "You unraveled the truth. Your helped my best friend. I am so proud of you my love..."

She frowned in silence.

Did she really unravel the truth?

Yet why did she feel that she was getting further and further away from the truth? Somebody cleared his throat behind Westin.

Janet looked over and found that it was Elder Lamonte.

By his side was Agnes, with her head held down.

"...Queen Janet," Elder Lamonte gave a nod to Janet.

There was an awkward smile on his face.

It looked as though he was trying to show his gratitude yet wasn't quite used to that expression.

"Thank you...for what you did for my son," he said briefly in a hoarse voice. "You

Will be a good queen.

You are welcome."

The man who was once her enemy now changed his attitude and was expressing his gratitude.

Yet it gave Janet less pleasure than she thought.

Her eyes flickered to Agnes.

"Why don't you look happy, Lady Agnes?" Janet asked abruptly, "Aren't you happy to learn about the truth of your mate's death?"

Agnes gave a small shiver.

Slowly, she raised her head and forced her face into a strained smile, "O–Of course I am happy..."

"It doesn't look like it," said Janet icily.

Enmity flickered across Agnes's eyes as she said, "I was just wondering...why did you suddenly become so interested in Keavy's death? It has been so long ago.... "I stumbled upon it while looking into Elder Randy's case. And I won't stop my investigation until I have the FULL TRUTH," Janet said.

She stressed the "full truth" on purpose.

Agnes gave another shiver and lowered her head again.

... This woman was definitely involved.

Janet could be sure of that.

Yet the only question was...HOW?

"My Queen accomplished something great today," Westin announced proudly. "Let's celebrate her contribution over dinner at the dining hall tonight!"

The room erupted into applause.

Westin lowered his head to Janet, "Do you want to head back to the castle with me my love?"

Janet shook her head, "No...you go ahead. I want to stay here a bit longer...to clear my head."

They all left the room to prepare for tonight's celebration party.

Janet wandered down the hallway along. Pacing to think.

She brought herself back to the very beginning of this investigation.

OK, from the start.

Clemente told her that he should be having dinner with Keavy that night, but he caught up in patrol duty and couldn't get back in time.

And that was why Keavy ordered that takeout, which killed him.

Assuming that it wasn't an accident, and somebody did poison Keavy with that takeout on purpose (Janet was still convinced that it was Agnes), Clemente couldn't be home during dinner that night...

And what did Clemente say about that patrol duty?

....A girl **was** attacked by bears near my patrol point...but it turned out to be a false alert.

False alert!

Someone probably designed that emergent patrol duty to divert Clemente from home!

Janet turned on her heels abruptly and headed downstairs.

The Patrolling Center was a few floors beneath the interrogation room.

Janet walked into the center and stopped a passing soldier, "Excuse me, I need help with something..."

"Queen Janet!" the soldier gasped, "Yes of course. What do you need?"

He recognized her, which definitely made things easier.

"Do you keep records of the calls people made into this center asking for help?" Janet asked.

"Sure we do."

"How long do those records date back to?"

"We still have records from 10 years ago."

Awesome!

Janet gave the soldier the date and time and asked him to dig up the phone record of Clemente's patrol duty.

It didn't take long. 30 minutes later, the soldier brought Janet into a meeting room. and played the record for her on a laptop.

That record started with some static.

And then a few seconds later, a female voice suddenly started screaming:

..Help! I–I am being attacked by a bear! Hurry and send someone over to help me...NOW!"

"Do you need to hear it again, Queen Janet?" the soldier asked.

"No need," Janet said with a cold smile on her lips.

Although the record was short, she could still recognize that voice-

Agnes's voice!

Agnes should be at her parent's that night. Why would she call into the Patrol Center

calming that she was attacked by a bear?

The reason was simple: To divert Clemente away from the house so that she could carry on her plan of poisoning Keavy!

Gotcha, bitch.

Janet looked at the soldier and said, "Can you ask General Clemente to come over? There is something important that I need to tell him."

Chapter 380.

He came in with a big grin on his face asking, "What are you still doing here Janet? You should head back to the castle with the King. I want to stop by my brother's grave and let him know about the truth that you found. Do you want to come with me or should I see you at the party-"

"Clemente wait!" Janet had to raise her voice to stop him. "Listen. Have you listened. to the phone call that was made into the Patrol Center on the night that Keavy died?"

Clemente frowned, "No. The Center had operators who took the call and assigned duties directly to us. Why are you asking about this?"

Janet nodded.

That was what she thought.

If Clemente had taken the call himself, he would have recognized Agnes's voice.

"Listen to this."

She hit "play" and played the record for Clemente.

"...Help! 1–I am being attacked *by a* bear! *Hurry* and send someone over *to help* me...NOW!"

Agnes's voice echoed in the room.

The grin faded from Clemente's face, and it was replaced by a horrified expression. "W– Wait....What is this?" he stuttered, trembling. "Where did you get this? How on earth-"

"I asked a soldier to dig this phone record from 5 years ago. The person who called in for help was Agnes," Janet said.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" Clemente roared, his face twisted by anger. "Agnes was at her parent's house that night! There was no way she could be attacked by a bear-"

"Precisely!" Janet snapped, "Because she lied about it! She made that call to divert you from home so that Keavy would have to order a takeout-"

"You are still dwelling on that! The owner admitted to his crime already-"

"He didn't admit to everything! The owner strongly denied having anything involved in Elder Randy's case!"

"And you believed him? A wife murderer who happened to kill my brother as well?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, I believe him," Janet said icily. "That man is a piece of shit. But he doesn't have the gut to touch a well–respected elder and he has no motive to do it."

She stared at Clemente's rage–filled face and added, "And if you really think about it, there are so many parts that don't add up in the owner's testimony. For example, he labeled the poisoned food carefully. But how did the poisoned one still end **up** in Keavy's hand?"

"He was clumsy! He panicked. He grabbed the wrong one," Clemente said gruffly.

'Now you are just purposely neglecting the evidence," Janet sighed.

There was a moment of silence.

The only audible sound was Clemente's labored breathing.

Janet could understand his frustration: just when he thought that he had the whole truth already, he was told that it was yet another lie...It must have been hard.

But she couldn't let him back away from the truth just because it was hard.

"Clemente..."

She softened her tone and wanted to keep on persuading him.

Before she could say anything else, he turned to her with bloodshot eyes and asked, "What else do you need then?"

"About this case?"

"Yes, about this case!" Clemente clenched his fists, "I can see that you won't **drop** this case until you look into everything. Fine. I can help you. But you have to promise

me that you will leave Agnes alone when you are done! She has been through enough already!"

Janet raised an eyebrow, "If she is proven innocent... Yes. I promise that I will leave her alone."

"Good."

Clemente ran his fingers through his hair, irritated, "Now, what are the loose parts that you were talking about?"

The loose parts.

Janet rubbed her chin, pondering.

The biggest mystery was how the poisoned food ended up in Keavy's hand.

The food was labeled.

Assuming that this whole thing wasn't just a clumsy mistake, then someone must have swapped the labels somehow and let the owner believe that he was giving Keavy the clean food.

But how?

The only time window was when the owner was still in the restaurant.

But according to the man, he prepared the food himself and never let the food leave his sight for a single second until

"The car accident!"

Janet snapped her head up and gasped, "If someone were to swap the labels, they could do it during the car accident! The owner said that he hit somebody with his car

on his way to Keavy's. Remember?"

Clemente looked skeptical, "That is far-reaching..."

"But possible! Can we find out the identity of the person hit by the owner?"

The fastest way was to ask the owner himself, of course.

But Westin had already thrown that man into prison. And a whole lot of paperwork would be required if they wanted to question him in person.

"Yes...Can you ask him that? That is all we need to know..."

Clemente was on the phone with the prison.

Seconds later, he covered the speaker with one hand and turned back to Janet.

"The owner said that he could remember," he said with a tight furrow. "He simply said that it was a person wearing a baseball hat and a mask—"

"Male or female?" Janet asked urgently.

"He couldn't be sure. Since it was so dark and raining so heavily at the time."

"Any official police record for the car accident?!"

"None. The police weren't involved."

Clemente shook his head, "The person being hit simply twisted the ankle. The owner let that person rest on his car while he ran to the nearest convenience store to get an ice pack. But that person was gone when he came back to his car."

Which meant that the person had a moment alone with the food!

And had a chance to swap the labels!

But if there wasn't any police record and the owner couldn't remember...how

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 240

Chapter 240

could they determine the identity?

Janet bit her thumbnail, thinking hard.

Clemente said "thank you" to the prison guard and hung up the phone.

"The surveillance camera," Janet said abruptly. "They didn't call the police. But the surveillance camera along the street must have captured the car accident...and the face of that person being hit!"

Clemente was looking at her with a mixed expression of awe and frustration.

"Are you always this stubborn?" he asked. "You could be in the hall right now, surrounded by people, hearing them call you a hero and telling you what a great job you

did today... Yet you choose to waste your time here, chasing a lead that doesn't exist. Do you hate yourself?"

Janet let out a cold sneer.

She didn't hate herself.

She just happened to be very, very vindictive.

When Agnes destroyed her life, she swore to herself that she would shove that bitch. into hell.

She would not stop until that goal was achieved.

"To the surveillance room. Now."

room

She said icily and went striding out of the room, with Clemente on her heel.

20 minutes later, they sat down in the surveillance room in front of a large screen playing all the surveillance footage from that night.

They didn't know the exact location of the car accident, nor the precise time when it

took place.

So they had to look camera to camera from the restaurant to Keavy's house, frame by frame, inch by inch.

Clemente looked for about 15 minutes and his eyes became sore.

...This is torture...

He leaned back in his chair, rubbed his eyes, and sighed.

Janet still had her eyes glued to the screen.

She let out a snorting laugh, "Giving up already? I was expecting more willpower from the great general Clemente."

Clemente blushed, looking embarrassed.

"What if it turns out to be a complete passerby?" he asked, "A passerby who had nothing to do with this case and just happened to come out for a walk and got hit by a car...What then?"

"Then I will buy you some eyedrops and thank you for your assistance. Can we get back to work now?"

Janet was feeling agitated as well.

Deep down in her heart, she was also afraid that all these efforts would turn out to be nothing.

But nobody could tell until they found the footage.

Another half an hour of silent searching.

Then Clemente gasped, "Here! I found it...This is the owner's car, isn't it?!"

Janet slid over in her chair and stared at the screen.

It was the owner's car! The scene where the car accident took place!

"Play it from the beginning!" she snapped in a strained voice, "Can you see that person's face?"

They stared at the screen, hyper–focus. Didn't dare to miss a single frame.

They saw the owner hit that person.

The owner jumped out of the car walked that person into his car and then hastily ran

off to the convenience store.

"Can you see what that person is doing in the car?!" Janet snapped.

"No. The car window is tainted. I am seeing exactly what you are seeing...Stop pinching me!" Clemente groaned with a grimace.

The person got out of the car a short moment later, holding their head down, and disappeared at the edge of the frame.

The person was very careful. Didn't reveal his or her face for a single second.

"Well."

Clemente rubbed his face, "That is it. No face. We tried everything..."

"The fuck we did!" Janet snarled, "Pull out the camera on the next block! NOW!"

Cremene rubbed his face, Ildt IS IL. INO lace. We шieu everyшng...

"The fuck we did!" Janet snarled, "Pull out the camera on the next block! NOW!"

"OK, OK-I said NO PINCHING!!!"

He opened the footage captured by the surveillance camera on the next block.

They saw the person walking into the frame and stopped by a trash bin.

The person started taking down the baseball hat and mask and tossed them into the trash bin.

Janet hit pause and zoomed in.

The screen froze on that person's face.

A beautiful face with an evil grin on those lips.

It was Agnes.

...Fuck..." Clemente murmured, utterly shocked.

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 241 -

Chapter 241

Chapter 241

In a great rush of excitement, Janet let out a small That ought to nail Agnes down!

gasp.

"You see it, right, Clemente?" she cried, shaking Clemente's hand. "That is Agnes! She claimed to be at her parent's house, but she first called to the patrol center to divert you from home and then ambushed the owner so that she could swap the labels...Everything makes sense now!"

There was another tiny problem.

How did Agnes know that the owner was going to poison his wife that night?

Janet didn't know that for sure yet. But her guess was that the owner got his poison directly from Agnes. And it was Agnes who abetted the owner to kill his wife with poison.

To prove her guess, they needed to talk to the owner again and confirmed the source

of his poison.

"Clemente!"

She shook his hand again, "Let's talk to the owner in the prison. Can you get the paper works done? How long will it take...Clemente?"

He was sitting in his chair stiffly, his face pale like a ghost.

Janet touched his hand and felt that it was ice cold.

"Clemente..." she called his name again, watching his reaction carefully, "Clemente are you alright-"

"FUCK!"

Clemente jumped up and swept everything on the table to the floor.

A huge noise echoed in the room.

As though that still wasn't enough to vent his anger, he jerked around to lift his chair and threw the chair at the wall-

BANG!

The wall and the door trembled followed by a heavy fall of dust.

The door flew open the next second and a couple of soldiers came rushing in, horrified, "General Clemente! What is going on-"

"OUT!" Clemente roared with bloodshot eyes.

The soldiers froze on their spots, startled by his sudden outburst of cry.

Janet stood behind him and gave the soldiers a nod, "We are good here. General Clemente and I need a moment alone."

"Y-Yes, Queen Janet...

They backed out of the room and shut the door for them.

Janet turned back to Clemente and placed a hand on his arm.

She could feel his muscles flex because of rage under her touch.

"Let it all out, Clemente. You have a reason to be angry," she said in a low, calming

voice.

Clemente turned his neck stiffly and looked at her.

His eyes were round with anger and blurred by tears.

"She killed my brother..." he said in a trembling voice. "And she fucking lied to me...for years!"

Tears streamed down his cheek.

He hastily wiped it with the back of his hand. Yet more tears came pouring out.

"I knew that she had a thing for Westin...but Keavy and she were mates! They were FUCKING MATES! And my brother loved her...so, so much. How could she do this to him? HOW COULD SHE!"

His voice broke.

"And...And me..." he choked, "I thought it was my fault...I didn't go home on time that night and he ordered that fucking takeout...D–Do you know how many times Agnes guilt me with that over the years? She never let me forget that it was my fault for a single second! And the things she guilts me into doing... But it was her the whole

time! She played me like a fucking puppet! And she watched me suffer!!!"

There was a heavy feeling in Janet's chest as well.

Agnes was the most cunning, ruthless, and manipulative person she had ever met.

There was not a shred of humanity left in that woman.

She was purely evil.

"I am so stupid..." Clemente let out a devastated laugh. "If it weren't for you...God knows how long she will keep playing like that...She will probably let me live under guilt for the rest of my life."

"But you know the truth now. You can finally take back control," Janet said in a deep voice.

"I am killing her. NOW!" Clemente hissed.

His handsome face was contorted by fury.

"We know the truth now. But the rest of the people don't. Don't you want to see her get socially destroyed before being sentenced to death?" Janet asked icily.

She knew this type of woman.

Harper, Agnes...they were all the same.

They fed on other people's adoration.

Their reputations were everything to them.

To destroy their type, exposing them in public was the best way.

And the stage had been set already...Westin was throwing a celebration party for her tonight.

Janet couldn't think of a better occasion to destroy Agnes.

"Then let's bring the evidence to the dining hall and show them to everyone!"

Clemente said hastily.

"No. We still need direct evidence of her crime. I suspect that she gave the owner the poison. If we fill that blank, there is no way she can deny it!"

Clemente checked the time really quickly, "Fuck...the office is off duty now. There is no way we can get the paper works for the visit done today."

Janet raised an eyebrow, "You are the general. You don't need any paper works. Just wave your badge in the air and tell whoever dares to stop you to fuck off."

Clemente gave Janet a look of disbelief.

"Which underground mob did you come from?" he gasped.

"Do you have a better way?"

"No but..." he groaned. "...Alright fuck it. I am breaking more codes and disciplines in a single day than I did in a lifetime!

They hurried and left the Patrol Center and headed to the prison.

The Lycan's prison was a dungeon located underneath the castle. Its only entrance is

guarded heavily by soldiers.

The leader of the security team stopped them at the entrance.

"General Clemente, and Queen Janet, good day." the leader bowed to them humbly, "What brought you to the prison?"

Clemente cleared his throat, "We...We need to see a prisoner."

"Of course. May I see the paper works?"

Clemente cleared his throat again, an awkward look on his face, "...We don't have the paperwork."

The leader looked stunned, "No paperwork? But General Clemente, you of all people should know the rules..."

"Yeah... Yeah, I know the rules...But it is an emergent situation..."

The furrow between the leader's brows deepened, "No matter how emergent it is, the paperwork must be presented at the entrance. There was a lecture on army disciplines at the beginning of this month, hosted by you, General Clemente! How can you forget?"

Clemente took in a deep breath and cast a pleading look upon Janet.

... This **guy** was not cut out to be a thud.

Janet let out a sigh internally and stepped up to face the leader.

'Move aside," said she in a freezing voice.

The leader was taken aback, "Queen Janet-"

"A bomb is about to go off and the prisoner we are talking to is the only one who knows about the location! People's lives are at stake! Now do you really want to waste time on red tape?!" she snarled.

The soldiers were agitated.

And the leader gasped, "What? A–A bomb? But where..."

"We don't need to come down here if we know where now do we?! I am telling

"We don't need to come down here if we know where now, do we?! I am telling you-Move aside and let us in. NOW!"

"But...But..." the leader looked to Clemente, panic–stricken.

Janet raised her voice, "But what? It will be your fault when that bomb goes off and people die!"

"Listen to your Queen!" Clemente snapped.

"Yes!"

The group quickly parted and let the two of them through.

The leader cried to their back as they hurried downstairs and into the dungeon,

Let us know if you need help with that bomb..."

"You are a natural," Clemente whispered into Janet's ears.

"All it takes is practice. Congratulations, General Clemente, you just made your first. step toward becoming a master fraud."

Clemente let out a sigh, "No thank you very much...This is the last time I lie to my own soldiers."

They stopped a soldier on the way, who told them that the owner was locked in the -3 level, the last cell down the hallway.

So they went lower still, down to the third level.

They encountered a prison guard on the staircase. The guard had just come out of the third level, probably finishing up his patrol.

Janet walked past that guard.

She stopped abruptly the next second, looking over her shoulder, confused.

.. Why did she smell blood on that guard?

The guard had climbed upstairs and disappeared around the corner.

"Janet, hurry!" Clemente urged her.

"...Coming!"

The two of them came into the third level and dashed down the hallway.

The motion sensor light turned on automatically when they reached the last cell, illuminating the darkness.

"-FUCK!" Clemente roared.

Janet rounded her eyes with shock.

The cell room's door was open. And the owner was collapsed on the cold ground with.

a pool of blood underneath his body.

"What the hell...HEY!" Clemente rushed inside to check the owner, "Hey stay with

me-"

Janet followed him in and checked the owner's pulse.

"He is dead," she gritted.

"But how ... WHO DID THIS?!"

Janet noticed that the owner's pocket was turned inside out.

Looked like the murderer emptied the owner's pocket after the job.

...That guard that she walked past by in the staircase! He got a blood smell on his body!

"The guard!"

Janet grabbed Clemente's hand and cried, "He probably took the owner's phone! There must be evidence on his phone! We must stop him before he destroys all evidence!!!

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 242

Chapter 242

Clemente and Janet came dashing out of the prison and bumped right into the leader.

"Are you done talking to that prisoner? Did you get the location of that bomb?" the leader asked eagerly.

"That prisoner was dead! murdered!"

"WHAT?!" the leader cried in panic, "Impossible! This prison was heavily guarded! Permit and paperwork are mandatory at the entrance-"

Janet grabbed his shoulder urgently, "A prison guard came out about a minute ago. Where did he go?"

The leader pointed a shaky hand in a certain direction, "He went that way. But I checked his permit. He is clean-"

"Forget your stupid permit! This system doesn't work!"

Clemente rushed forward urgently and shifted into a Lycan. Janet was at his heels, shifting into her wolf as well.

They followed the direction that the leader pointed to them and rushed outside of the castle, dashing down the mountain road.

"There is a bloody smell forward!" Clemente cried.

"That is him. Keep going!"

The full moon hung low in the night sky, casting an eerie glow over the rugged mountain landscape.

Their fur fluttered in the gushing wind as they picked up the speed.

In the near distance, they could already see the killer.

He was desperate and panting, stumbled over the uneven ground, the rhythmic thud.

of his footsteps echoing through the night.

They pressed on, closing upon the suspect.

Looming ahead of them was the edge of the mountain. A sheer cliff dropped into a dark abyss below.

As the three of them approached the edge, the killer realized he had reached a dead

end.

He skidded to a halt, turning to face Clemente and Janet with fear in his eyes.

"Hand over the stuff that you took from his pocket," Clemente took a step forward and hissed.

There was a twisted grin on the killer's face as he out a phone, "You mean this?"

"Who hired you to do this job!" Janet snapped, "Give us **a** name and turn over the phone! We might-"

"You what? Spare my life? I don't think you will do that," the killer snorted.

"No. We will make sure that you die without suffering," Clemente bared his fangs, which gleamed coldly in the silver moonlight. "But I can see that you are looking for a fight!"

A loud growl rumbled from his throat as he lunged forward!

The killer shifted as well.

The two Lycans met head on. A brutal fight has begun!

Janet circled them, her eyes glued to the phone in the killer's hand.

She could tell that Clemente was way stronger than the killer and she was not worried that he might lose.

The only problem was whether they could secure that phone, which may contain all the evidence.

With a powerful strike, Clemente knocked the killer down and pinned him to the ground.

"Who sent you!" he roared to the killer's face, "Was it Agnes? Just give us a name!" The killer cackled with blood streaming down from the corner of his mouth, "And you...you will never know..."

He flung his arm and hurled the phone off the cliff!

"NO-" Clemente snarled.

Janet dashed forward and leaped off the precipice, diving into the abyss.

reyes

The wind rushed past Janet as she rolled down the mountain, her eyes fixed on the glinting evidence that tumbled through the air.

With a swift and calculated maneuver, she caught the object in her jaws just before it

disappeared into the darkness below.

The evidence was secured! She clutched it firmly between her teeth.

Now she was clung to the cliff with her four paws scrabbled against the rocky surface.

She tried to climb.

But as soon as she moved her legs, she slid with small rocks tumbling down and falling right into the abyss.

The drop was too steep!

"JANET-"

Clemente's voice came from above her head.

He had lunged to the edge, extending his upper body over the precipice.

"Give me your hand!" he cried.

"HOW?!" Janet cried back. Her four paws were all nailed to the cliff to stop her from falling.

"Oh right...Wait for me!"

He descended down the cliff himself. Lycan's four legs were built for climbing and moving effortlessly along the rocky surface.

With a determined grip, he seized Janet by the scruff of her neck and pulled her back. onto the solid ground.

Janet shifted back to human and gasped for breath. The phone was securely in her hand.

"T–Thank you," she breathed very fast.

"Don't mention it," Clemente waved his hand.

Janet looked at the killer. He lay by the edge of the cliff, his body cold and stiff.

He was dead.

"He killed himself," Clemente said with a frown. "Mercenaries like him **commit** suicide after a failed job so that no one can get the name of their hirer out of mouth... Now we will never know who hired him."

"It must be Agnes. And she helped him take care of the permits needed for the prison. And don't worry. We have the phone now."

'Hurry and see what is in his phone!"

Janet turned on the phone and browsed his call lists, his inbox, his online shopping records...But she found nothing suspicious.

"This app!" Clemente pointed at the screen and gasped, "I have heard of it before....It is used for shopping on the deep web. You can get anything you want in there."

Janet opened that app immediately.

In there, she found chats between the restaurant owner and an anonymous seller. The seller sold the owner a strong poison that was designed to kill Lycans and made the death look like allergies.

This seller even also asked the owner to label the poisoned food so that it wouldn't get mixed up with the others.

The owner showed much gratitude.

He shared his entire plan with this seller, along with many other things, like he was going to use this poison on his obnoxious wife, mix the poison in her favorite food, and pair it with a bottle of good wine.....

Now Janet could finally piece the whole thing back together.

Agnes wanted to kill Keavy to free herself from their mate bond.

But she couldn't do it herself.

So she carefully chose a guy, the owner of Keavy's favorite restaurant, who was also looking for a way to kill his own wife.

The perfect scapegoat.

She sold the poison to the owner through the Deep Web and learned the date and time the owner planned to do this.

She told Keavy and Clemente that she would be at her parents, creating an alibi for herself, and waited on the owner's delivery route to stage a car accident.

The owner ran to the nearby convenience store to get her an ice bag. She took this chance and swapped the label.

This way, the labeled poisoned food would end up in Keavy's hand, whereas the clean takeout would go to the owner's wife.

When all the works were done, she left the car accident scene quietly **and** waited for Clemente to come back from his duty and discover his brother's body.

What a ruthless, perfect crime.

Keavy's death would look like an allergy.

Even if the police began a thorough investigation, they would never trace things back to her.

Because the owner did put poison in the food.

Even the owner himself was convinced that it was him who killed Keavy by accident.

And she got to live her perfect life under the protection of Elder Lamonte, guilting Clemente into doing all kinds of dirty work for her.

Nobody would suspect a thing.

If Janet hadn't come to the Lycan's Kingdom and vowed to take vengeance **on** her, the truth of Keavy's death would have been hidden in darkness. Forever.

"That...That cruel bitch..." Clemente gritted with hatred.

Janet raised her head and looked at him, "The Deep Web protects all user's identities. So can we prove that the seller is Agnes?"

"Yes. I have a friend at the tech center who specializes in these things. I will send the phone immediately for decoding!"

Janet stood up and dusted her clothes.

An icy smile was on her lips.

"And then..." she chuckled coldly, "we have a party to attend to."

<hr/>The Dining Hall was packed with people.

All elders were sat at their designed long tables.

Westin was in his chair on the raised platform facing the 3 long tables. The Queen's seat by his side was empty.

Cold cuts, appetizers, and aperitifs had been served already.

Yet the spotlight of this party still hadn't shown up.

Westin turned to the servant for the fifth time and said, "Call the Queen. See where she is at.'

"We already called her Her phone went strainh the voicemail

"We already called her....Her phone went straight to the voicemail..."

Westin's face darkened.

He stared at the servants and said in **a** freezing voice, "Gather the guards and find her. Otherwise...you know the consequence."

His cold words sent a shiver down the servant's spine.

"Y-Yes...My king..." the servant stuttered.

Just then, the double door flung open.

Everyone jerked around to look at the entrance.

Janet strode inside with Clemente behind her back.

Their clothes were ragged and covered in dust.

"... What the hell happened!" someone in the crowd gasped.

Westin stood up abruptly. He hurried down the platform and walked up to Janet.

"Did you go hunting at this hour? You should take me with you," he said with a doting smile.

Then he leaned in and whispered in a voice only audible to the two of them and it was very cold, "...I know you left the castle without my permission. Again, Explain what happened or you will be in very huge trouble."

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 243

Chapter 243

Janet raised a brow and stared back at him defiantly, "Huge trouble? Like what? Are you going to lock me in your study again?"

Westin grinned, flashing his white teeth, "That is a very good idea. And this time. when you beg me to stop....I won't stop."

Janet gave a huge heave and forced out a cold smile as well, "Relax. I won't escape. your side again. Nevertheless...you ARE the father of my child."

Now it was Westin's turn to darken his face.

They glared at each other with only an inch of gap between their faces. The others would probably think that they were intimate. But only the two of them could see the

cold gleam in each other's eyes.

"Queen Janet, why are you still standing there?"

Elder Lamonte stood up from the House of Shadow's table and raised his glass,

"Please take your seat. Let us toast to you!"

"Hear! Hear!" a lot of elders echoed with him, "Let us toast to the hero who found. out the truth of this conspiracy!"

Agnes was sitting by the table as well, holding her head down.

Many elders had stood up. But only she remained sitting, hiding her face in the shadow.

"Not so fast, Elder Lamonte." Janet said with a cold smile, "There is still one more business to be tackled before we start celebrating."

She gave a nod to Clemente, who bore down upon Agnes and grabbed her wrist.

"You! OUT!"

He snarled and yanked Agnes up from her seat.

A round of gasps could be heard in the room.

"What is going on here!" cried an elder in shock.

A tiny figure rushed at him and clasped his leg, taking a bite at his leg.

It was Agnes's son, Bryan.

"Let go of my mom!" the child shrieked.

Clemente grabbed the child by his collar and shoved him at a servant.

"Take Master Bryan to another room!" he ordered.

Then he dragged Agnes to the center of the hall and tossed her on the ground.

Agnes remained quiet during this whole time. Her face was a complete blank. Nobody could guess what she was thinking right now.

"Clemente!" Elder Lamonte snarled, "Are you fucking crazy?!"

Clemente jerked around to his father, his eyes wide with rage, "No…I am not crazy, father. It is you who was blinded by this bitch's lie!!! We all were!"

"What the fuck-That is Agnes! Keavy's mate! Your sister-in-law..."

"And SHE KILLED KEAVY!" Clemente cried at the top of his lungs.

His roar echoed in the room, bringing the entire hall into a deathly silence.

Shock, perplex, and doubt...flitted across people's faces as they stared at Clemente as though he was insane.

Elder Lamonte's jaw dropped.

A laugh of disbelief escaped his mouth as he gasped, "Clemente...for Moon. Goddess's sake Clemente! Did you bump your head somewhere? And completely lost your fucking mind?! The restaurant owner killed him by mistake! You told us yourself-"

"That is what Agnes wants us to believe!" Clemente said with tears in his eyes. we are all fooled...BY HER!

"But

He pointed a shaky finger at Agnes.

Agnes still hadn't said anything.

She sank to the floor with her eyes gazing into the distance as though she had lost her entire soul.

"Where did all these come from?" Westin asked, a tight furrow between his brows. "We haven't found the guy responsible for Elder Randy's poison case yet. What makes you believe that/Agnes did it?"

"We have proof!"

Clemente stepped up and pulled out his phone from his pocket.

He had saved all the evidence on his phone so that he could present it to people.

"The red eyeballs...Elder Randy's symptom matches with Keavy's, which is why we started reinvestigating Keavy's case-

"We?" Westin interrupted him.

"Queen Janet and 1." Clemente's eyes fell on Janet, "I couldn't have done these. without here."

Westin followed Clemente's gaze and looked at Janet. Different from Clemente's, his eyes were very cold.

Janet let out a snort internally..

Westin was probably pissed that she went on digging the ancient history behind his back.

But what could he do?

She had done it already.

She ignored Westin's cold gaze and added, "So we started looking into Keavy's case and noticed the restaurant owner's crime. That part you already knew..."

"Yes, we did! So why are we still talking about it?" Elder Lamonte snapped.

"Because we found Agnes's involvement. Clemente, can you show them the phone record and the surveillance footage?"

Clemente did what she asked. And Janet explained her theory.

After seeing this evidence, many people's faces changed.

They started casting skeptical looks upon Agnes.

Yet Elder Lamonte still stood firmly by Agnes's side, a tough look on his face. "That proves nothing!" he snarled, "Agnes was hit by the owner's car, but can you prove that she swapped the labels? No. Agnes called the patrol center, but did she do it to divert Clemente? I don't think so. She was probably asking for help on behalf of a friend-"

"FATHER!" Clemente cried with bloodshot eyes, "How did she get into your head?! The truth is laying plainly in front of your eyes-"

"SHUT UP!" his father roared back at him, "This is Agnes for Christ's sake. She loves. your brother! She raised his only child! She is like my own daughter! No...No! Everything you showed us **is** shaky! I won't buy it..."

Janet looked at him from the side with calm eyes.

People didn't like to admit to their own blindness. She got it.

Which was why they needed something strong to convince Elder Lamonte.

Just then, a servant came rushing into the dining hall and handed a file to Clemente.

Clemente opened the file.

His eyes were lit with excitement.

"We found the hard proof!" he cried, "Agnes sold the poison to the restaurant owner! And we have all the chat records between her and the owner! She even hired a mercenary to kill the owner tonight. The owner's body is still lying in the prison cell at this very moment....Agnes! Are you still going to deny all these?!"

All eyes were on Agnes right now.

Elder Lamonte's lips trembled his expression a complete shock.

"A–Agnes…darling….Aren't you going to say something?" he shook Agnes's shoulder, "They got things wrong, didn't they? Tell them that…Hurry…"

Agnes's shoulders trembled.

She started laughing. Gradually, her laughter grew louder and louder. It became hysterical.

"What are you laughing at? Tell them that they were wrong!" Elder Lamonte snapped.

Agnes's body shook with laughter. She stared at Janet. His lips were twisted by an evil grin.

"I...I already sensed that I was losing...When Westin brought this skank back to our Kingdom..." she giggled. "This skank...she ruined everything..."

Westin balled his fists and gritted, "Agnes-

"Oh, Westin....the things I have done for you...like you wouldn't believe it..."

Agnes laughed so hard that she had to gasp for breath, "But why do you have to love.

this cold skank? Does she even love

you back? But I do, Westin! I DO!!! I love you fiercely! I am willing to destroy the whole world just to be with you-"

Elder Lamonte grabbed her collar and yanked her to his face.

"You love the King?! Then what about my son?!" he snarled shakily, "MY SON! He gave you his heart and soul and an adorable child-"

"He is the reason why I can't be with Westin!" Agnes shrieked, grinning savagely. "Why did the Moon Goddess assign me to him? He was so soft and weak! He was not half as attractive as Westin! I wanted him dead the day we mated!

"My brother is the noblest man I know!" Clemente cried.

"Noble my ass. Keavy was a puss," Agnes snorted. "So. If you need to blame anyone, blame Westin. He is the reason why I killed Keavy."

Westin gave a shudder.

Janet looked at him and found that his gorgeous eyes were filled with pain and

sorrow.

Chapter 244

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 244

Chapter 244

Janet touched his hand, which was cold and clammy, and it sent a shiver down her body.

"Get it together, Westin," she whispered into his ears.

He took a deep, shuddering breath and nodded, "Yeah I know...Thanks."

Janet turned to look at Agnes and sneered, "Blame Westin? You have got to be fucking kidding me. Is this how you guilted Clemente over the years? Nobody will be blamed tonight, except you. Get ready to be punished!"

Agnes's face twisted with rage, "Shut up! You have no right to talk to me like

what she has to say!"

Agnes trembled, her eyes filled with tears, "Westin! I did all of these for you! Can you find a single person on this planet who loves you as much as I do? We grew up together. We are meant to be together! The Moon Goddess must have got it right...Let's fix her mistake now..."

Westin gave her a look of deep disgust.

"Your love disgusts me." he hissed, "I would have rejected you on the spot if the Moon Goddess assigned you to me."

"NO!" Agnes cried, "No you are lying...You just need time to process this...You will come around eventually-"

"Unfortunately, time is what you don't have," Janet said icily. "You will be sentenced and start paying for your own sin."

Agnes gritted, "You-You shameless ugly lowborn-"

"Oh, and you talked about how you hated Keavy so much. But why did you stay married to him for years? Why didn't you ask him to reject your mate bond? And why did you give birth to his son?"

Agnes flinched, "It...It is none of your business..."

"Let me guess. Because you can't give up on the extravagant life and noble status that he gave you," Janet said with a taunting smile. "You enjoy being called a lady. You love hanging out with the elder's daughters and pretend that you are a highborn

yourself. Unfortunately, no matter how hard you fake it, none of this is real.

"Shut up! SHUT UP!"

Agnes roared, her beautiful face smudged by tears, "I AM a lady! A member of the House of Shadow! All the girls look up to me-"

"Not anymore!"

Elder Lamonte snapped and turned to Westin with a stern face, "House of Shadow officially waives our protection of her! I ask for the King's permission to expel her from our house-"

"Your permission is granted," Westin said icily.

Agnes collapsed on the floor. Her face carried a glazed expression of shock.

"No...No...my title..." she murmured.

"Your title is stripped away! You are a commoner now!" Clemente snapped.

"No...You can't do this...I will die a lady..."

Just then, a cry came from behind their backs and a small figure came dashing into the crowd.

Bryan rushed to her mother's side and stood firmly in front of her, keeping her behind his small body.

"You bad guys!" he shrieked, "Stay away from my mom!"

Agnes pulled him close and wailed to his shoulder, "My son... My poor son...Do you know what they are doing to your mother?"

Bryan hid in her arms and kept a wary eye on everyone around them.

"Bryan!" Clemente called his niece's name and took a step forward, "Come over to me. Don't listen to what she said-"

"You swore to protect my mom! But you are hurting her! You big old liar! You all are!!!" the 5–year–old's cry echoed in the room.

Clemente froze on his spot.

How could he explain to his niece that his own mother killed his father?

No....it was too cruel.

Janet looked to Westin and lowered her voice, "We can't let this go on. You need to make a decision quickly."

"...Yeah, you are right."

Westin inhaled deeply and looked down at Agnes coldly, "Hand over the poison's cure now. You have killed Keavy already. Don't make Elder Randy your second mistake."

Agnes gritted, "No... You will never get that cure...Never...'

"Then I am striping the title of your son as well," Westin said cruelly. "Think about it. When you die, your son will be a commoner living on the street, with no title, no family, and nobody to protect him-"

"NO!!" Agnes shrieked, tightening her arms around her child.

"Mom! Mom!" the child burst into tears, "You can't let them do that! I don't want to live on the street!"

Westin's eyes gleamed coldly, "It is your choice to make."

Agnes cried, devastated. Her tears drenched Bryan's jacket.

After a long pause, she whispered in a broken voice, "The cure...is in my

room...bottom drawer of my dresser..."

Clemente let out a sigh of relief and hurried to get the cure and save Elder Randy.

Westin waved his hand, "Take Master Bryan away."

Two soldiers closed up upon the mother and son and snatched Bryan from Agnes's

arms.

"My son-"Agnes screamed.

"Mom!!" Bryan cried, kicking his tiny legs and starching the soldier's face. "I hate you! I hate all of you! I will kill you one day! Go to hell! All of you—"

His voice disappeared into the distance.

Agnes sank to the floor. She looked as though she just lost her soul.

"I don't want to wait for the trail. I am making my decision about her right now, Westin said in a freezing voice, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. "I think we can all agree that a simple death would be too easy for her."

All the elders nodded in unison.

"The water dungeon."

Westin said with cruelty gleaming in his eyes, "She will spend the rest of her life in the water dungeon, at the bottom level of this castle. She will be soaked in ice-cold water and be beaten by snakes and mice every single day. Let **this** endless torment be her punishment."

"Agreed!" everyone cried.

The soldier yanked Agnes up, chained her, and shoved her out of the room.

Janet watched her out of sight.

The Lycan's punishment was even harsher than she thought. Compared to living in endless torment, maybe a clean death could be more merciful.

But she didn't feel sorry for Agnes.

Agnes deserved this...

And if she didn't take down her enemy, she would be the one who suffered.

"You are all dismissed," Westin said in an exhausted voice. "I need a moment with my Queen."

The elders bowed to them in silence and filed out of the room.

The hall was vacant soon.

Janet thought Westin was going to blame her for acting solo. She was ready for his scold.

Yet the next second, she was pulled into a pair of strong arms.

"Westin!" she was startled.

"Stay..." he murmured hoarsely, his voice shaking. "I am not doing anything...Just... let me hold you for a bit longer...Please..."

She stopped struggling and stood there still. She could feel his quickened heart rate at this proximity.

"What should I do..." he sighed by her ears.

"What?"

"I think I just love you even better, which I didn't think was possible... Janet, what should I do with this love?"

Chapter 245

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 245

Chapter 245

Love?

Janet let out a cold sneer internally.

What Westin said about love was ridiculous.

He didn't love her. He was just possessive of her. And there was a difference between

the two.

Westin buried his head down to her neck and murmured hoarsely, "Please tell me

Janet What should I do i

"...Don't poison anyone," she said dryly.

Westin was stunned for a short moment and then he burst out laughing.

"Well, I can't promise that."

He picked up a lock of her hair and wrapped it around his index finger, playing with

1. it.

"There is a certain person that I really want dead," he said with a cold smile. Daran.

Her heart ached at the thought of him.

She wondered what he was doing right now and whether he had already left the mountains already.

"I am beginning to understand Agnes," Westin let out a sigh. "Jealousy...it can make people do crazy things."

Janet snapped her head up and looked straight into his eyes, "Do not touch him. And don't you dare hurt my people!"

"You are the Queen of Lycans now. Lycans are your people," he reminded her coolly. She ignored his warning and repeated, "Don't touch them. Give me your word now!" His eyes became even colder, "It makes me mad seeing how much you still care for him-"

"Westin!"

He twisted his lips into a faint, taunting smile, "But I won't let that bother me. You are going to be mine soon. My mate, my queen, my wife, and the mother of my child. This fight between me and Daran...I am the ultimate winner."

She didn't want to respond to that at all, "Are you done here?"

"The mating ceremony is two weeks from now. I have a couple of party planners. working on it. And our best tailors are making your wedding gown. Do you have any special requirements?"

"No. Whatever you like," she said exhaustedly.

He sighed, "You can't even be bothered to pretend to be interested in our wedding." He was right.

She was not interested.

She just wanted to get this drama over with.

"Janet..." he murmured her name in a husky voice. "Will there be a day when you respond to my feelings? Or will that day never come?"

"You can wait and see."

With that said, she detached herself from his arms and curtseyed to him.

Avoiding his intense gaze on purpose, she turned on her heels and marched out of the dining hall.

That day would never come.

She added internally.

Because she was a very vindictive person, and she would never forgive Westin for abducting her and taking her away from her loved ones.

The only person she had ever forgiven was Daran.

She wouldn't give anyone else a second chance, not even Westin.

<hr/>hr/>The entire Lycan's Kingdom became very hectic during the next 2 weeks.

Maids and servants were busy cleaning the castle, arranging guest rooms for the coming guests, and getting the venue ready for the mating ceremony.

The venue was located at the summit of the mountain.

Since they were having a sunset wedding, the entire venue would be bathed in glamorous sunset glows with the view of the distant snow–covered peaks, forest, and the entire basin.

Belle went to check out the venue and reported back to Janet, saying that it was the most beautiful wedding venue she had ever seen.

She was excited and giggling like a high school girl.

Yet Janet couldn't share her excitement.

She was down in the dumps.

The more effort Westin put into this, the more often she was reminded how unwilling she was to marry him.

So she hid in her room, refused to talk to any maids or party planners, counting the days till the ceremony.

3 days before the big event, Janet was dragged out of her room by Belle to do a fitting of her wedding gown.

"Can you try to be more involved in this?" Belle said in a complaining tone. "You are acting as though it was somebody else's wedding and not yours! Even Westin was more devoted than you. I once caught him in his study after midnight, picking tablecloths for the dinner party after the ceremony...Do you know what tablecloth you are going to have for your party?"

"Satin?" Janet guessed absentmindedly.

"No!" Belle cried, looking infuriated. "Lien! You are having a lien tablecloth? Why would you guess satin? Satin does not go with the outdoor setting!"

Janet let out a sigh, "Sorry. Lien is great. I like lien."

Belle looked very disappointed, "You don't even have a preference. But at today's fitting, I want you to give me your undivided attention! You have to give at least 5–no–6 ideas of how we adjust your gown!"

Janet sighed.

... It was going to be a long day."

They arrived at the fitting room and the maids opened the door for them.

Everyone in the room stood up and curtseyed to them upon their arrival.

"Queen Janet," they said in unison.

Janet's eyes flickered to a girl in the back of the crowd.

Annie.

She hadn't seen her since Annie lied about that beer on the day of the Spring Ball.

And not just Annie, Kalinda, Issa, and all the girls from Agnes's former gang were

here.

"What are they doing here?" Janet turned to Belle with a frown, "I thought this is just a simple fitting."

Belle rubbed her nose, looking embarrassed, "They are your bridesmaids. I thought you should at least meet with them before the ceremony...Please don't be **mad**!"

Janet turned back to the crowd.

"You can all leave," she **said** nonchalantly. "I don't need any bridesmaids."

The girls exchanged awkward looks with each other.

Kalinda shifted her body, looking nervous.

"It is not up to you," Issa from the House of Dark said in an icy voice. "The Queen's bridesmaids are the most prestigious ladies from the 3 houses. It is part of our tradition."

Janet narrowed her eyes, "Your King is marrying a werewolf Queen. So I say that we can kiss tradition goodbye."

Issa looked indignant. The rest of the girls kept their mouths shut.

There was a moment of awkward silence.

Just then, a cry broke out in the room.

_

Annie pushed through the crowd and threw herself at Janet's feet, sobbing loudly, "My My Queen...I know that you don't want us as your bridesmaids because I lied...I betrayed you once...

Janet gave a long sigh, "It really has nothing to do with you."

Yet Annie kept on wailing, "But I didn't mean it! A-Agnes forced me to! She planted

that maid at the Spring Ball's entrance and told me to lie about it...I didn't have a choice..."

"Me neither!" Kalinda added hastily, "We are all...fooled by Agnes! Who would have known that she was a mate killer? Queen Janet, please forgive us!"

Janet frowned again.

She really didn't care what these girls think of her.

They liked her? Great.

They didn't like her? She was fine with that too.

Her biggest enemy was Agnes and Agnes was gone now. Her former gang didn't pose any threats anymore.

Janet wanted to tell Annie to rise.

Yet Issa let out a loud snort before she could say anything.

...What a bunch of weak puss!" she snapped.

The girls gasped at her foul choice of language.

Belle clenched her fists, her face red with anger, "What did you just say?!"

"I said-WEAK PUSS."

Issa crossed her arms and twisted her lips, "It is sad enough that our King has to marry a lowborn werewolf, and now you are bending your back to her? Agnes might be a killer, but at least she has a spine."

"You—You are an egomaniac!" Belle cried, "If you have such a huge problem with this, why bother showing up today?"

Issa rolled her eyes, "Please. If my House hadn't made me, I would never have. come."

Belle stomped the floor angrily, running out of cursing words to say, "You–You-" "Get out of this room," Janet said icily.

Issa rounded her eyes, stuttering, "...What did you say?"

יווכו

"Oh, was my language too elegant for you to understand?" Janet raised an eyebrow, "Or should I say...Fuck off?"

Issa's cheeks seemed to be on fire.

"You can't ask me to leave! I represent the House of Dark-" she cried.

"Then the House of Dark can have a word with me. But right now, I want you out of my sight," Janet chuckled lightly.

She had no interest in playing these silly girls' mind games.

Her time was too valuable to be wasted on Issa.

Right at this very moment, the door to the fitting room was wrenched up and a freezing voice came from her back:

"-Who wants my daughter gone?"

"MOM!" Issa gasped.

Janet turned around and was face-to-face with a tall, middle-aged woman..

She stood at an imposing height. Sharp hazel eyes, high cheekbones, and a firm jawline.

Silver streaks thread through her once chestnut hair, pulled into a severe bun, underscoring her no-nonsense demeanor.

The woman glanced around the room and let out a cold chuckle, "One lady knelt on the floor and another lady insulted...Queen Janet, aren't you nice to your subjects or what?"

Janet narrowed her eyes....Who the hell was she?

Belle leaned in and whispered into her ears, "That is Elder Medline, from the House of Dark, Issa's mom...and-"

She paused, and then added in an awe-stricken voice, "-Westin's godmother."

Chapter 246

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 246

Chapter 246

Chapter 246

Janet held her breath involuntarily.

Westin didn't mention that he had a godmother.

And she didn't remember seeing Elder Medline on any occasion before. It almost felt.

as though Elder Medline had been deliberately avoiding her.

Elder Medline cast a warning look upon Janet and turned to Annie, "Rise on your

feet, Lady Annie. You didn't do anything wrong. Why drop your knees to a werewolf?"

Annie shivered, "B-But..."

"Please stand up, Annie. I didn't blame you," Janet said.

Annie mobbed her cheek with the back of her hand and slowly stood up.

"Now, Queen Janet." Elder Medline looked at Janet with a raised eyebrow, "Can my daughter stay? Or do you want both of us out of this room?"

"Lady Issa can leave if she doesn't want to be my bridesmaid. I won't force her to stay. And the same goes for you, Elder Medline," Janet said coldly.

Elder Medline sneered, "It is not about what Issa wants or what I want. It is what the

King wants. The King shoved a werewolf queen down our throat despite the House of Dark's resistance...so what can we do now? We can only obey."

Janet clicked her tongue impatiently, "Then let us forego the bridesmaid tradition."

"Forgoing the tradition?" Elder Medline let out another sneer, "Oh, no, no, no. I am letting a werewolf queen change our precious tradition on the first day she is crowned. The tradition remains the same."

... There was no way to please this woman!

Janet was losing her patience.

Yet before she could cool down her attitude and teach this woman a lesson, Elder Medline's eyes flickered to her belly and snorted:

"You probably want to ask me to fuck off as well. But don't forget that I am the King's godmother. Do you really want to be my enemy? And you are pregnant with the heir now...Do you really want your child to lose all support from the House of Dark?"

A chill was sent down Janet's spine.

Right.

She was not alone anymore.

She had a child now.

Brow un in

Like it or not, her child would the Lycan's Kingdom. She had to plan for her child's future.

She met Elder Medline's gaze.

As though knowing that Janet would back down, Elder Medline let out an icy chuckle:

"This is the part where you apologize."

There was a moment of silence in the room.

All the girls looked at Janet, nervously. Belle bit her lips with a face of sympathy.

Janet took in a deep breath and said in a calming voice, "My apology, Elder Medline. Both you and your daughter are welcome to stay. And I would love to have Lady Issa as my bridesmaid."

An arrogant smile spread across Elder Medline's face, "Good. Now go change into your wedding gown. The girls are all very excited to see you in white."

The way she gave that order was like Janet was her own puppet or doll.

Yet Janet didn't say anything in return.

Elder Medline was right about one thing-she didn't need any more enemies.

The father of her child was not Westin.

That terrible secret was like a ticking bomb ready to go off at any second.

Her child was already in danger before it was born.

She couldn't create more enemies...Better keep a low profile from now on.

Therefore, Janet simply turned on her heels and went into the changing room, with maids and tailors right behind her.

Her gown was crafted from shiny ivory satin that cascaded in a gentle, flowing silhouette.

It has pretty lily flowers embroidered all over. Each delicate bloom seemed to dance along the fabric.

The top part is strapless with a sweetheart neckline, and it fits nicely around the waist. The skirt is wide and flowing, creating a lovely train behind the bride.

When Janet finished dressing and stepped out of the room, astonished gasps were sent around the room.

"Oh my god–Janet!" Belle covered her mouth with both hands and cried, "You–You look stunning!"

Annie and Kalinda's eyes gleamed with joyful tears.

Issa didn't say anything. Yet her face carried a mixed expression of astonishment and jealousy.

Elder Medline was the only person who remained sitting.

She crossed her arms and looked at Janet with a critical eye.

"What is with the waistline?" she asked.

"What about it?"

"It doesn't fit. And it makes your waist look like a bucket," she said with a tone of asperity. "The tailors should close up the waistline. Or you should wear a girdling."

The tailors flinched in fear.

Janet waved her hand gesturing to the tailors to relax and said to Elder Medline, "I asked them to loosen the waistline. I am pregnant now. A tight waist makes it hard to breathe."

Elder Medline curled her lip at Janet contemptuously, "I didn't know that a pregnant woman is this delicate. The ceremony is only half an hour. I am sure that you can

woman is this delicate. The ceremony is only half an hour. I am sure that you can survive that half an hour without passing out."

She looked to the tailors and ordered, "Give her a girdling."

This woman was unbelievable!

Janet felt her temper rising again, "No need. I won't be wearing girdling."

"Yes, you will. It is embarrassing enough that our King is marrying a lowborn werewolf, and the guests are going to see your man's waist? Unacceptable. Get that girdling. NOW!"

Janet wanted to punch that woman in the face.

Just then, a knock came on the door, and somebody said behind the door, "Mind if I come in?"

It was Westin's voice.

What was he doing here?

Belle jumped up abruptly and hurried to block the entrance, "NO NO NO! You can't come in! It is bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding-"

Yet Westin had already pushed the door open and stepped in.

"Westin!" Belle cried in fume.

Westin completely ignored his little sister.

His eyes were glued to Janet with astonishment and passion glittering in them. "Christ." He murmured, holding his breath, "You look...it is beyond words."

Janet smiled, "Thank you."

"Westin! Bad luck!" Belle shook her brother's shoulder violently, "Get out!"

Westin contained her with one hand and chuckled, "We have enough love to conquer

a little bad luck...Oh and Medline, I see that you have met Janet?"

"With pleasure," said Elder Medline in a distant voice.

"Great. Now I called a meeting of all elders. The others are already in the Elder's Council. Can you head down there first? I will catch up with you later."

Elder Medline nodded and stood up from her seat.

"Remember the girdling," she told Janet that before leaving the room.

Janet rolled her eyes internally.

The day she wore that girdling would be the day she died.

"And I need a moment alone with my beautiful Queen," Westin said to the girls with a charming smile.

There were some giggles and the girls all filed out of the room.

As soon as they were alone, Westin let out a sigh of relief.

"I hurried down here when I heard that Medline came. How did it go? Did she give you a hard time?" he asked.

Janet snorted coldly, "Your godmother tried to strangle me with a girdling. So you

"Westin, do I have a thick waist in your eyes?"

"...What?" Westin was stunned.

"Just answer honestly. Your godmother said that...I have a man's waist," Janet complained.

It was stupid to care about what Medline said but....

She couldn't help it.

Westin cleared his throat, "Let's just put it this way: I would like to describe how beautiful your body is in my eyes, but I am afraid that it might come off as....horny and desperate."

Janet burst out laughing.

Westin lifted the corners of his lips as well, staring at her deeply.

"I would die to hear that laughter every day for the rest of my life. But when was the last time I made you laugh?" he asked in a low, hoarse voice.

Chapter 247

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 247

Chapter 247

Janet stopped laughing.

A nostalgic and slightly sad feeling surged up in her chest. Yeah...When was the last time that he made her laugh?

"...Back in the Grace Ruin," she said lowly eventually.

"The Grace Ruin." Westin nodded, "We were facing a lot of dangers and you didn't even know who I am. But it was a fun time."

It was actually the best time for the two of them.

Janet didn't want to dwell on that subject, which made her sad, so she quickly changed the topic:

"Will your godmother Medline be a problem? I can feel her hostility against me." Westin shook his head, "Don't worry. Medline is just like that: harsh, stern, and a little mean. But she adorns me. My mom and Medline were very close, and she asked Medline to look after me, which Medline has done a great job since my mom passed. away. So relax. Medline would never do anything to hurt me, or my mate, or my child."

Janet took a deep, shuddering breath, "But if she ever finds out that this kid is not yours..."

Westin lowered his voice, "Then we need to make sure that she never finds out...Oh, and about that, how long before a werewolf goes into labor?"

"10 months. Why?"

"The Lycan is 5 months. And we give birth to pups, not human babies," Westin said with a frown. "Which I just found out myself."

"What?" Janet gasped.

This was fresh knowledge to her as well..

She was already approaching the 2-1

another 3 months, people would start to get suspicious.

The elders found that she was bearing a bastard child...that was a consequence that she could not bear.

"Then what should we do?!" she said in a hurried, urgent voice. "5 months and 10 months...That is a huge difference. There is no way we can fake it. It is not like I can push the baby out of my body."

"Janet-

"And when I give birth, there are going to be nurses and doctors in the delivery room, right? They will see that my child is a human baby and not a pup. Then there is no way we can keep that secret!"

"Janet!"

Westin grabbed her hand and squeezed it, "Relax Janet...relax."

She shivered involuntarily. He held her in his arms.

"Don't panic. There are ways to solve this," he said in a deep, calming voice. "I will arrange a delivery room outside of the castle. You will give birth there with only my most trusted people around you. So no one will find out about the secret. And about the pregnancy time... Well, this child is going to be the first Lycan and werewolf hybrid. So common knowledge doesn't apply to this case. We can find a way to fool the others.

That was the ideal plan.

But there were so many places where things could go wrong.

One mistake. She and her child would be doomed.

"You forced me to stay. You have to fix this," she gritted.

"I will."

He promised solemnly, planting a kiss on her forehead, "You and this child are my responsibilities from now on...I will keep my family safe."

Janet closed her eyes as a feeling of uneasiness stole over her.

She was on a single path right now.

The only way was to keep going...and not to think about what kind of dangers were looming in the future.

<hr/>s days later, it was the Mating Ceremony of King Westin and Queen Janet. The castle was packed with

guest

traveling from distant places to attend the

ceremony. There was not a single guestroom left empty.

The castle was open to commoners for the first time in history. Villagers swarmed in to get a glimpse of this wedding of a century.

The ceremony was outdoor, held on the summit of this mountain.

At 6 o'clock, right before sunset, a carriage arrived at the castle to pick up Janet and ride her to the summit.

Janet was dressed in that stunning satin wedding gown, with her face covered by a sweeping cathedral–length veil, intricately edged with matching lily embroidery.

lage ascended the winding path.

hite roses, calla lilies and tulips.

The streetside was lined with people, their faces lit with joy, waving and sending their blessings.

The air buzzed with excitement, and the cheers of people echoing through the streets as she approached the summit.

As the carriage pulled to a stop, Janet stepped out.

Her heart skipped a beat upon seeing the wedding venue.

This was the first time she had been here. Belle asked her to come for a couple of times but she never bothered...

Not she had got to admit it-this was a place where dreams come true.

This outdoor, summit-top venue had transformed into a fairyland.

Lilies adorned every corner, their petals glistening as if sprinkled with a touch of magic. The fragrant aroma of the flowers wafted through the air.

Amidst the sea of lilies, fairy lights on the archways and trees twinkled like stars, casting a soft, warm glow.

The gentle rustle of leaves, the occasional flutter of butterflies, and the distant murmur of a mountain stream added to the dreamy serenity.

A path paved by pedals winded through the seating area and led to where Westin was

1. at.

He stood next to an elder, facing Janet. There was a dazzling smile on his lips. Behind his back was the breathtaking view of the distant snow–capped mountains. The sky had transformed into a canvas of hues–soft pinks, oranges, and purples and casted a gorgeous glow on Westin's handsome profile.

The quartet started playing, a cue for the bride to make her entrance.

All guests rose and watched Janet walk down the aisle alone with excitement gleaming in their eyes.

At the front roll sat Belle, Wells and Clemente.

Belle was sobbing a little too loud.

Wells rolled his eyes and turned his face the other way. Eventually it was Clemente who lent his handkerchief to the princess for her to blow her nose.

Janet arrived at the end of the pedal path and stood face-to-face with Westin.

They stared at each other for a few seconds and suddenly started smiling at the same time.

"I have got to admit....I am very nervous," Westin said in a small voice.

Janet smiled behind her veil, "This is very nice. Thank you."

"You like it?"

She didn't want this wedding, nor this man standing in front of her.

Yet she couldn't deny that the wedding itself was perfect, and Westin must have put

So she nodded faintly, "Yes...I like it."

Love and passion glittered in Westin's eyes as he said, "I want to give you the best...and everything you want in life."

That was very sweet.

But it was also him who took away the thing that she wanted the most in life.

How ironic was that?

Janet lowered her eyelids and avoided his gaze.

The elder raised his voice and said in a blooming voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we gather here today in the presence of Moon Goddess to celebrate the union of King Westin and Queen Janet. May the Moon Goddess's presence be felt among us and may the bonds of love grow stronger with each passing day."

He turned to Westin and Janet, "Do you have your vows prepared?"

"Yes."

Westin cleared his throat and looked deep into Janet's eyes, "It has now been easy for us....this path that we walked down together. I know that I do crazy things sometimes and it makes you mad. But I only did it because I can't imagine my life without you. The thought of losing you...I just can't bear with it. You can call me selfish, possessive, whatever. But seeing you standing right here with me makes everything worth it. I can't wait for our child to be born. And I swear with my life that I will protect the two of you until my last breath."

There were some moving sobs from the crowd.

Belle grabbed Clemente's arm and mobbed her tears on his sleeve.

"And now Queen Janet?" the elder asked.

Janet didn't prepare a vow.

Happiness and love couldn't be faked.

Yet all eyes were on her right now. She had to say something.

"...Me too. Look forward to the birth of my child." she said in a low voice, "And I take your word for it, that you will protect us until our last breath. Keep that promise."

She gave the elder a look and gestured him that she was done.

The elder blinked blankly, probably feeling that her vow was a bit too hasty compared to Westin's.

Yet Westin didn't seem that he minded, and he nodded, "I will, my love."

"Now the groom could kiss the bride," the elder announced excitedly.

Westin lifted Janet's yeil and pressed his lips on hers, kissing her passionately. A thunderous applause and cheers broke out from the crowd. All guests stood up clapping. Pedals were thrown into the sky.

Westin finished up that kiss. lingeringly, and turned to the guests with a big grin:

...Special guest?

Janet searched in the crowd.

She didn't see anyone in the sitting area that she didn't already know.

"Look down the aisle, baby." Westin whispered into her ears.

Janet brought her eyes to gaze at the near distance, the end of the petal path. A tall figure stood there.

The setting sun depicted his handsome profile, his eyes burning with rage, disappointment, and disbelief.

...Daran?!

Chapter 248

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 248

Chapter 248

Janet couldn't believe what she was seeing with her own eyes.

...Daran?

How did Daran get in here?! She thought that there was no way the either of them could pass that misted forest!

And why didn't he bring more soldiers? He was here alone, how dangerous!

And Westin...It seemed that Westin knew Daran was coming. Did Westin invite him? No, how was that possible. Westin did everything he could to keep them apart...

A thousand of thoughts whizzed across her head, freezing her on the spot.

"Werewolf!"

An elder jumped up from his seat and bared his fangs, "What the hell is a werewolf doing here!"

"The Werewolf King!" somebody snarled, "How did he cross the forest? Why the hell weren't we alerted? Guards? Guards!"

The once calm venue had erupted into a chaos of panic and horror.

"Calm down, my people!"

Westin raised one hand, gesturing the crowd to relax, "I invited King Daran."

"Unbelievable!" Elder Medline stood up abruptly and snarled, "A werewolf on our sacred land-"

"We have always talked about co–existing with the werewolf. So let today be a start. And King Daran means no harm. He is simply here to offer his best wishes to me and

my Queen. Aren't you, King Daran?"

Yet Daran didn't say anything.

He kept his eyes on Janet, his fists tightly clenched by his sides.

Janet suddenly picked up her skirt and was about to run down the aisle.

"Relax. I invited him. So I am going to let you talk to him," Westin said, unsmiling. "But remember that you are already my wife now. Go to him, get a closure, and return to my side, which I trust you will."

Janet shook off his hand and rushed hastily down petal path.

Her heart was thumping like a drumroll against her ribs.

Daran was here!

The man that she truly loved...The father of her child!

Was he here to take her away?

Please! Let him take her away!

Yet before she could reach the end of that petal path, Daran turned on his heels and walked away in long strides.

Janet panicked.

No.

Why did he leave?

"-Daran!" she screamed.

She tripped on her long skirt and then stumbled up and kept running.

She caught up with him near the mountain road.

"Daran...Daran!" she grabbed his hand from the back, crying, "STOP!"

He was forced into a sharp halt.

Turning around, he glared at her with anger–filled eyes, "Why bother chasing after me?"

Janet was stunned.

Did he even need to ask?

"You are here! So take me away. That wedding wasn't real and I–I have been waiting for you all these time-"

"LIE!"

He snapped. A vein was pulsing with rage on his forehead.

"I saw you married him, Janet!" his voice was shaking, "You...you let him kiss you and call you his Queen...No one pointed a gun against your head! You did it willingly! You were smiling to him! And I heard it as well...The child."

Janet's heart skipped a beat.

Daran's voice was full of sorrow and hatred, "I am so fucking stupid. All these time when I have been desperately trying to look for you.... You are already having a child with him! Fuck! If that is the case, why bother chasing after me?!"

NO!

He got it all wrong!

The child is yours.

She opened her mouth, yet no sound came out.

It was like those words vanished on the tip of her tongue, or a giant hand had seized. her throat, stopping her from telling the truth.

Janet held her breath in horror.

What was going on?

She tried again, "The father of my child is..."

You.

Yet again.

Her voice stopped abruptly.

What the hell... Why couldn't she say it!!!

"I know. The father of your child is Westin," Daran let out a cold, broken laugh. "If you have made up your mind to be with him, why did you have sex with me in the vineyard? Why misled me? Was that a fucking pity sex?"

No. NO!

Goddamn it.

Why couldn't she say those words?

Was there something wrong with her tongue?!

ng with her tongue?!

Just then, something struck Janet.

She remembered the swear that she made in the hospital room to Westin.

...I swear in the *name of the* Moon Goddess that *I will* never disclose this secret to another *living soul...If I* ever break this *oath,* punish *me* at the *Moon* Goddess's *will...*

The swear.

She didn't know the consequence that bore with it back then.

Now she knew.

Bound by that oath, she was physically forbidden to disclose that secrete.

It was her own doing.

Desperate tears streamed down Janet's cheeks as she choked, "D– Daran...God...Please trust me..."

"Trust you what?"

He took a trembling step back, swaying. His eyes were misty as well.

"I should have left when I found out that you recognized the mate bond. But I didn't...I didn't want to give up. And here I am now, proving what a huge idiot I really am," he said with a bitter laugh.

She shook her head, crying, "No...No!"

"I know you have always wanted to punish me for rejecting you. And now you have

"NO!" She screamed, clasping his arm with both her hands. "It is not what you think! I love you! You are the one-

"ENOUGH!"

He shook her off and backed away urgently.

"Stop misleading me and playing me around!" he snapped, eyes round with anger and teais. "Go back to Westin. Be your Queen! And never...ever! Show up in my life. again."

She sank to the cold ground, into her wedding gown, crying, heartbroken.

He took another step back, his chest heaving.

"Goodbye, Janet." he said, trembling. "From now on you are my enemy. May we never meet again."

He turned decisively and marched down the mountain road.

She was left there, weeping her heart out.

The fate was so cruel to her.

If she had known that they would meet again one day, she would have never made

that oath.

Yet there was no turning back.

Everything was too late.

Approaching footsteps came from her back.

A large hand lifted her face up and gently wiped her tears away.

"You are crying for him again," Westin said with a sigh.

She glared at him with tear-blurred eyes, "You...You did this to me..."

"Yes. I think you need closure, and he does too. Remember my wedding vow? I do crazy things sometimes, but it is all to make you mine."

He pulled her into his arms, "And I have succeeded. You are my wife now. He will leave the mountains today. Happily ever after."

Janet was beyond anger right now.

Her feelings were numb.

"...You took away everything from me," she murmured.

Her family. Her lover. Her soldiers. Her people.

She was trapped here, in his arms, forever.

"No."

He kissed her cold lips gently, "You still have me. My love. My heart."

<hr/>Janet didn't show up at the dinner party after the ceremony.

She went back to the castle and locked herself up in her own room, refusing anyone

to enter.

For the past few months, she rarely left her room a single sten, as though she had

lost interests in everything in life.

The Lycans were not happy with her childish behavior.

They expected their Queen to rule, to help with the in-castle business, and to pitch-in at meetings.

Yet no one could even see the Queen these days. She disappeared from the public's eyes ever since the wedding.

A few elders voiced their discontent.

Yet Westin strongly forbade anyone to bother the Queen.

"The Queen needs rest. I won't force her to do anything. And none of you will either," he said sternly one time

Janet didn't know that rumors about her had gone crazy outside.

If she did know, she wouldn't care.

She didn't want to see anyone, not the elders and definitely not Westin. She would lock herself in this room forever if she could.

Her belly was growing, which was the only thing she looked forward to now.

Sometimes late at night, she laid on her bed alone, thinking about her child. Would it be a boy? Or a girl?

Would it look like her? Or Daran?

Janet hoped the child would look like Daran. But she was also afraid if it actually happened.

If her child looked like Daran...Just imagine what the elders would say.

Living in a mixed of anticipation and fear, 5 months had passed.

Janet knew she was going to face her first challenge.

It had already passed the Lycan's due day, Elder Medline had sent maids to check on her every day since last week.

And Medline demanded to see her today that she couldn't refuse.

But she was not ready to go into labor yet.

Chapter 249

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 249

Chapter 249

"Queen Janet! Open the door! Elder Madeline wants to see you!"

Janet sat by the window and turned to look at the closed door.

"Tell Elder Madeline that I am not feeling well and prefer to be alone," she said coldly.

"You are not feeling well, which is exactly why Elder Madeline wants to see you! You are pregnant with the King's heir. We can't let anything happen to you and the heir! Open the door and let the doctor examine you!"

Janet put a hand on her belly, her body straining.

She was 7 months in right now, which had way passed Lycan's due date.

People started to ask questions.

They were wondering why she still hadn't gone into labor yet, and what was **wrong** with the child in her belly.

Janet once caught two maids whispering outside of the door, saying that she might give birth to a big ugly weirdo one day.

None of them knew that it was because she was pregnant with a werewolf kid. And werewolves didn't go into labor until they were 10 months in.

Up until now, nobody suspected the father of her child.

But if she dragged the pregnancy for another 3 months, people would begin to ask the real question–who was the father really?

Which was why she couldn't meet with anyone and give these people a chance to ask those questions.

"Leave me alone!" Janet raised her voice and snapped, "My health is perfectly fine. You heard the King. I don't want anyone to disturb me!"

Her scolding usually worked.

But not this time.

"Queen Janet, if you refuse to open the door, we will have to break the door down!" said a guard's voice from outside of the door.

Janet straightened her back instantly.

"How dare you!" she snarled.

Westin told them to leave her alone!

Were they going to completely ignore the King's order?!

Then she heard the guard's voice talking to the others, "Break the damn door down on 33-2-1!"

BANG!

The door panel came crashing down to the floor, stirring up a little dust.

A group of soldiers stepped on the door panel and strode into her room.

"You are coming with us, Queen Janet," one of them said icily.

Janet kept one hand on her belly and glared at them, "Where the hell is the King?!" "The King went out on patrol."

She knew it.

They only dared to force her out of her room when Westin was not in the castle.

Knowing that there was no way to avoid conflict today, Janet stood up from her chair and walked to the door, holding her head *up*

"Lead the way," she said in a distant and arrogant voice.

They took her to the Elder Council, located on an isolated peak.

The two tables of House of Light and Shadow were empty when Janet walked in.

There were only a few elders gathered by the House of Dark's table, with Elder Madeline sitting in the center chair.

A cold smile spread across Madeline's lips, "It is not easy to see you in person, Queen Janet."

"I am here now."

"Yes, after I asked the soldiers to break down your door. You are a Queen for Christ's sake, not a goddamn hermit."

Elder Madeline snorted with her eyes falling upon Janet's swollen belly, "If I haven't seen your belly with my own eyes now, I might start to question if you are actually pregnant or not."

Janet's heart skipped a beat.

"Why haven't you gone into labor yet?" asked another female elder with a frown.

"The werewolves are normally pregnant for 10 months-"

"But you are pregnant with a Lycan's child!" the female elder snapped.

"A hybrid child of werewolf and Lycan!" Janet stressed, "My child is a first. There is no precedent. So there is no way to know how long a hybrid child needs before they are ready to come out to this world. We can only wait."

There were disgruntled murmurings from the House of Dark elders.

"I have never heard of such a long pregnancy," said Elder Madeline icily. "You need a doctor to take a look at you, making sure that your child is safe."

She nods at a doctor–looking man by her side, who instantly takes a step forward towards Janet.

"Queen Janet, if I may-" the doctor said.

"No!" Janet snapped, taking a step back. "I said I am alright! And I am perfectly aware of my health condition. I can take care of my own child."

Elder Madeline let out a loud snort, "This kid is not just your child, but the heir of the entire Lycan Kingdom. The significance of this child exceeds your imagination! So no...you can't take care of this child. I don't trust you for it."

She turns to the doctor, "Run a couple of tests on her. Now.

Two soldiers jumped at her, pinning her on the spot.

The doctor got up to her and took out a needle, tubing, and collection vials. ...They were going to take her blood!

Janet's body tensed all over.

If they used her blood to run a DNA test, they would know that the child was not Westin's!

"Let go of me!" she snarled, struggling fiercely against the soldiers. "Is this how you treat your Queen-"

"A Queen who hasn't ruled for a single day," Elder Madeline sneered. The doctor grabbed her arm and sank the needle underneath her skin.

Janet's chest heaved in rage.

These people didn't take her seriously. She was no better than a boar ready to get butchered in their eyes.

"How long before the blood result comes back?" Madeline asked the doctor.

"A couple of hours, Elder Madeline."

"Good. We will wait right here."

The doctor hurried out of the great hall.

Janet held her bleeding forearm and glared at the elders, "You got what you want. Can I leave now?!"

"Not so fast, Queen Janet," one of the elders squeaked. "We want to talk about your performance as a Queen!"

Another elder echoed, "You hid yourself in your room and avoided all responsibilities. That is not how you serve as a Queen!"

"We are disappointed. The people are disappointed."

"Changes must be made."

"I am perfectly happy with things the way they currently are," said Janet icily. "And if you have any problems, take them to Westin.

Westin imprisoned her and her child in this castle, this Kingdom.

She was kind enough not to stab him with a knife.

To help the Lycans rule?

No fucking way.

"You won't hide behind the King forever!" Madeline hissed, "The King is fooled, misled! His

judgment is clouded by his emotions. But sooner or later he will realize that he needs a virtuous Queen by his side, and not a trophy wife!

Most elders nodded along in approval.

"We should give the Queen some time to clear her head and reflect on this," said one

of the elders.

"Agreed."

Madeline raised her chin, a condescending look on her face, "Guards, take Queen Janet outside and let her stand underneath the staircase."

...What?

Janet couldn't believe this.

"It is snowing like hell outside!" she gasped.

The time was October right now. A blizzard just hit yesterday.

Right now, the snow was at least 10 inches deep, and it was still falling.

One couldn't last for more than 20 minutes in weather cold like that.

"Oh, I think a little chilly weather is good for your heated head," said Elder Madeline, slyly.

"My child-"

"Lycan's child is very tough. They can handle a little cold. Guards, take her out! If she refuses to cooperate, tie her to the pillar!"

Without giving her any chance to fight on this, the soldiers shoved Janet outside. She was brought underneath the staircase and tied to a column.

So she was forced to stand alone in the midst of the roaring blizzard, her breath forming small clouds in the frigid air.

The biting cold seeped through her layers of clothing.

She shivered involuntarily.

The frosty wind pierced through her, and she could feel the numbness spreading from her fingertips to the tips of her toes.

Just then, she felt her child kicking her.

She held her swollen belly with a trembling hand as a desperate feeling surged up in her chest.

Did the child feel the cold as well?

Was it complaining about the cold?

Was she a terrible mother or what? Couldn't even protect her own child in front of these people...

As she stood there, the relentless snowfall began to accumulate on her hair and shoulders.

She tried telling the soldiers that she couldn't handle the cold anymore.

But they ignored her.

Janet felt her heart being split in half, one half hated herself for being unable to do anything, and the other half was worried about her child and those upcoming blood.

tests.

... Did they check the DNA?

Had they known that the child wasn't Westin's?

Janet's body swayed.

She couldn't do this anymore...

She was about to pass out...

The next second, she lost total control of her body and began to slide down against the column

Yet a

ir of strong armis caught her just in time.

Janet!!!" Westin's worried voice exploded in her ears.

Chapter 250

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 250

Chapter 250

Chapter 250

"Fuck...Janet...Janet! Oh my god..."

Westin's voice was filled with worry and rage, and it was shaking violently.

Janet struggled to open her eyes. But she couldn't. Her top and bottom lashes were stuck together by frost..

A large hand covered her eyes, gently rubbing her numb skin.

Gradually, her eyelashes defrosted, and ice became water streaming down her face, which almost looked like tears.

She lifted her eyelids, and a worried-stricken face came into view.

"Westin..." she whispered weakly.

"Yeah, yeah I am here baby..."

He waved his hand and cut her free from the pillar. She fell, right into his arms.

He held her tightly, kissed her ice-cold lips, and pressed his forehead against hers, trying to warm her up with his body.

"My King...the coat."

It was Clemente, standing behind Westin and holding a coat in his hands.

Westin took the coat from him and wrapped Janet in it.

Snapping his head up, he looked around with bloodshot eyes and snarled:

Who fucking did this!"

Soldiers stood a few feet away, shivering like leaves in the wind. No one dared to come forward and talk to the furious king.

Clemente came over, grabbed a random soldier by the collar, and yanked him to Westin.

'Answer the King!" he snapped, "Who did this to Queen Janet!"

The soldier met with Westin's raging gaze and trembled even more violently, "It-It

is the Elder Medline's order..."

Fury flickered across Westin's eyes as he spooned Janet up and walked to the great hall's entrance in long strides, with Clemente at his heels.

The heavy double doors were rammed apart.

Everyone in the room jerked around as Westin strode in with Janet in his arms.

Elder Madeline stood up abruptly.

There was a hint of fleeting panic.

But she quickly got herself together and asked in a rather calm voice, "My King, I thought you were out patrolling..."

"So you took advantage of my absence and chained my Queen to a fucking pillar?!" Westin growled savagely, "It was -4 degrees outside! How about I tie you out there and let you have a taste of that?!"

There was a round of gasps from the elders.

There was a round of gasps from the elders.

"This Elder Madeline, my King!" one of the elders cried in disapproval, "The leader of House of Dark, your godmother-

"And this is my Queen! Bearing my child!"

Westin closed in upon Madeline, his gaze very fierce.

He said in a light yet extremely dangerous voice, "Madeline, have always been a good guide to me since my parents passed. Sometimes you can be a little nosey and condescending, but I can stomach all that for my late mom's sake. But today...you really crossed the line."

"L...crossed the line?"

Madeline let out a cold sneer, staring at Westin defiantly, "This is the first time you talked to me like that! Treating me like I am your subordinate-"

"You ARE my subordinate!" Westin snapped, "You are an elder and I am the King-"

"I am your godmother!"

Madeline raised her chin with a haughty expression on her face, "It was me who helped you through every single step when you first took over the Kingdom as a child. I taught you. Guided you. Empowered you. And now you are casting me aside for her?!"

"Janet is my wife-"

"But still a lowborn werewolf," Madeline snorted. "Remember what I told you when you were a child? The werewolves were supposed to be our slaves. And you agreed. with me back then. But you let those weak pusses from the other two houses get into your head, plus this cheap skank right here, and you completely forgot your duty as the Master of the entire world!"

Janet was shivering in Westin's arms.

The great hall was heated by fire, but it was not enough to warm up her body.

She was cold.

Her whole body was in prickling pain.

And her child was kicking her harder and harder, bringing sharp pain to her belly

area.

She vaguely heard the argument going on around her. And she suddenly understood. something:

... When they first met in the Grace Ruin, Westin always talked about how superior Lycans were compared to the werewolves.

She hated that racist thought, which turned out to be planted by Madeline in his head.

She lifted a hand to tug at Westin's shirt, to alert him about her discomfort.

Yet another wave of sharp pain hit.

Her arms hung down limp.

Westin did

still focused on

Westin didn't notice what was going on with her. His eyes were still focused on Madeline.

"What you taught me was wrong and inhumane!" he snarled, "You want to rule the werewolves? But there are many great Alphas and warriors in the werewolf's society, who will never submit themselves to our rule!"

"Then fight them! Teach them the virtue of obedience with violence!"

Madeline cried insanely, directing a vicious look upon Janet.

We can start with her," she gritted.

Westin took in a deep, anger-filled breath.

"You are still not listening to me," he said with an icy laugh and then snapped, "Clemente!"

"Yes, My King."

"Bring the soldier who chained Queen Janet to the pillar in!"

Clemente followed his order instantly and left the great hall.

Seconds later, he returned with that soldier in his hand.

Westin carefully placed Janet in Clemente's arms and then drew out his own sword.

The atmosphere became insanely tense.

Madeline sensed something wrong and cried, "What are you doing my king...Stop it!"

Westin ignored her..

He looked down at the soldier and asked word by word, "Did I, or did I not, strictly prohibit anyone to disturb Queen Janet in her room?"

The soldier collapsed on the floor, shaking under his sharp gaze, "You... You did..."

"Did I, or did I not, tell everyone that the Queen's safety is the number one priority in this Kingdom and anyone who hindered her safety would be considered as treason?"

The soldier started to cry, his voice broken, "You...You did my king, but Elder Madeline-

"Then you must have known that you have defied my order and committed treason."

Westin picked up his sword and raised it up above the soldier's neck.

"...Rest in peace," he said nonchalantly.

"NO-"

The soldier screamed.

Yet the sword fell mercilessly nevertheless and chopped his head off with one clean.

cut.

Blood gushed out.

The head dropped to the flood.

The soldier's scream still echoed in the great hall.

But he was dead already.

With the blood–dripping sword still in his hand, Westin turned to look at the horrified elders.

"So...did I make my position clear now?" he asked in a threatening tone.

Elder Madeline's face was very pale.

Her eyes flickered across the body with no head and quickly looked away from that.

"This...This is your position?" she huffed, clenching her fists, "Turning your sword against your own soldiers?!"

She tried to keep a tough appearance.

But her shaky voice still gave her away.

Westin chuckled icily, "No. This man is not my own soldier. He is a traitor, who deliberately defied my order. I simply executed him.".

The great hall lapsed into a deathly silence.

Westin stopped looking at the horror-stricken crowd and turned around.

He dropped the sword in the puddle of blood and walked up to Clemente and Janet. "Janet? We are going home now," he mobbed her sweaty forehead and said in at gentle voice.

She didn't say anything in response.

She was in fact struggling for breath, her entire body curled up in pain.

"Janet!" Westin frowned and held her hand, "What is wrong? Are you alright?"

She reached out a trembling hand to grab his shirt.

A painful growl escaped her lips.

"Wes...Westin...my child..."

SPLASH!

Water came pouring down from underneath her body.

Janet threw her head backward and let out a long shriek, "AH-"

Westin rounded his eyes, frozen on his spot.

"...Westin!" Clemente cried urgently in Janet's miserable screams, "Her water broke!!!"

SEarch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.