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Chapter 251

"Ahhh... Westin! My...My child!"

The room echoed with Janet's labored breaths and painful cries.

Her eyes were filled with panic, her hand clutching her swollen belly so hard that her

knuckles turned white.

"It is OK... Baby, it is OK. I am right here with you," Westin held her hand tightly, desperation etched on his face.

Yet his soothing voice didn't reach her ears.

Her mind was clouded by worry and fear.

...None of them expected her water to break at this time!

In their original plans, Westin would send her to a mountain resort when her due day approached.

A group of healthcare providers would be waiting there. And she would give birth safely in that resort, surrounded by people that Westin trusted the most, and away from the elders.

If everything worked according to their plan, they would return to the castle when the baby was a few months old.

And nobody would tell that the child was actually a werewolf and not a Lycan.

But now... Her water just broke in front of a group of elders!

And the resort and the healthcare providers were not in place yet.

Where the hell would she give birth to her child then?!

She sobbed, helplessly, as waves of contractions continued to hit her.

"My King, we need to get her to the hospital!" Clemente urged.

"NO!" Westin snapped.

Janet couldn't give birth in the hospital...Or everyone would see her giving birth to a human baby and not a pup...and everyone would instantly know that he was not the father....

"But my King-"

"Send her to the hospital immediately!" Elder Madeline rushed over, speaking hurriedly. "Let the professionals take care of her!"

Janet's miserable groans grew louder.

She struggled to grab Westin's hand and cried in a pleading tone, "Don't...no...No. hospital..."

"I know, I know my love, don't worry," Westin comforted her, clutching her hand. He took her from Clemente's arms and strode to the entrance of the great hall. Yet the elders blocked their way, their eyes gleaming with suspicion and rivalry. "Where are you going with the Queen?" one of the elders shrieked.

"FUCK OFF!" Westin roared his ques burt

"FUCK OFF!" Westin roared, his eyes burning with anger.

"Queen Janet doesn't know what she was talking about! She needs help from the doctors and nurses! Let the healthcare providers do their jobs!" Elder Madeline snapped.

"Elder Madeline is right!" cried another elder, "Where will you go otherwise? The Queen can't give birth outside of the hospital. Her child is too important! We won't allow that kind of sloppiness!"

The air crackled with tension as they stood face-to-face with each other.

Westin's forehead was cold with sweat.

To be honest, he didn't know where he would take Janet either.

He knew that Janet needed help...but the identity of her child would be at stake....

What the hell should he do?!

Elder Madeline took a step forward, reaching her hands out and saying in a pleading tone, "Please, my king, let me take the Queen. I am a mother myself. I know what kind of suffering a woman has to go through to give birth. Let us help you! Do you really prefer to see her suffer?"

Westin stood stiffly on his spot, hesitating.

"Westin…"

Janet squeezed his hand, breathing very fast, "My–My room…I will give birth alone…in my room…"

"Nonsense!" Elder Medline cried, "You will be taken to the hospital supervised by us! It is for the safety of the child!"

"My room," Janet insisted.

Westin didn't know what would happen if Janet gave birth alone in her room.

But he knew that if that was what Janet wanted, it was what they were going to do.

A growl rumbled in his chest as he faced off with the elders.

"MOVE!" he snarled.

The elders, sensing the intensity of Westin's resolve, reluctantly gave way. Elder Madeline still looked unwilling, but she chose to keep her mouth shut for now.

Westin carried Janet in his arms and rushed out of the great hall, into the raging

snow.

The cold made Janet shiver.

And her pain had doubled.

It almost felt like there was a blender in her belly.

Her grip on Westin's shirt gradually weakened.

A moment of vulnerability flashed across Westin's face as he wrapped the coat around Janet more tightly, "Hang in there baby...We will be back at your room in no time."

Clemente brought the car over and they quickly got inside.

Moments later, they were back in Janet's room.

Westin dashed inside and placed Janet on her bed as carefully as he could. She was already drenched in a cold sweat, her face contorted by pain and suffering.

There were maids peering in by the door.

"Tell everyone to fuck off!" Westin snarled.

Clemente rushed to fend off those nosy maids and rushed back to the bedside.

"We...We should at least get a couple of nurses **in** here!" he cried in a trembling voice, "God...I don't think she should do this alone..."

"No nurses!" Westin snapped.

Janet propped up her upper body and seized Clemente's wrist, "Do this for me...I–I want you to guard the door...and stop anyone who wants in...no doctor and nurse...No matter what they say!"

"What the hell is going on here!" Clemente cried, "Why turn down the help when you know you need it-"

"Just....PLEASE!" Janet shrieked, breathing very fast.

"We will explain to you later. Just go!" Westin growled.

Clemente dashed out of the room.

Westin hovered by her side, cupping her cheek with a trembling hand, "Tell me what

I can do…"

"J–Just stay by my side..." she panted.

She desperately needed support, even if it was Westin's support.

Another contraction gripped Janet as she threw her head backwards and screamed at

the top of her lungs-

"AHHHH!"

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The air was thick with tension and the musky scent of sweat.

The moon's glow filtered through the curtains, casting shadows that danced around the room.

Janet gritted her teeth, clutching the edges of the bed.

The pain started as a deep ache in her lower back, intensifying with each passing

moment.

"Westin," she gasped, her voice strained, "I can't..."

"Of course, you can...You can do this, baby."

Westin caressed her forehead and whispered into her ears, "Think about this child, Janet. How much you looked forward to the birth of this child. Just a few hours and this child will be born...and we will be the happiest parents on earth..."

Janet sobbed with tears streaming **down** her cheeks.

Yes, this child was the only thing that she looked forward to during the last few months.

Her life would be an abyss of darkness if it weren't for her child,

And she would meet her child. Very, very soon.

The contractions grew stronger, waves of pain crashing over Janet like a relentless tide.

"Ahh-!!!"

She arched her back, gasping for air between the contractions.

Beads of sweat dotted her forehead, and her body trembled violently.

Westin rushed to the bathroom and moistened a cloth with cool water. He quickly returned to her side and wiped her forehead, offering a small reprieve from the heat and strain.

"Breathe with me," he instructed her. "Inhale...Exhale..."

He learned this breathing method from a maternal book.

He didn't know that this would come in handy–because in their original plan, Janet would be surrounded by people much more professional than him–but he was now glad that he learned something from that book.

The rhythmic pattern helped Janet focus and ease some of her pain.

Westin was timing her contractions.

Soon he knew that it was time for her to start pushing.

"You have done great work so far, baby." he kissed her sweat-drenched forehead, "Just a few more pushes-"

"...NO!"

She shook her head, crying and screaming, delirious from the pain, "I can't...I can't do this. Just make it stop...Please..."

"I know. I know," he gave his hand to her and let her squeeze it. "Squeeze my hand if it hurts too much. But you can do this. And I am right here with you."

She groaned, gripping his hand as hard as she could, and pushed through the pain. "...H–How much longer?" she asked, crying and choking.

She was so exhausted.

Why hadn't it stopped yet?

How much longer could she be freed from this pain?

She was starting to get worried.

...Would she die on this bed giving birth to her child?

"Soon. Very soon. Just keep pushing baby," Westin kept telling her.

"Ahhh-" she couldn't help but let out another desperate cry.

Her scream went out to the next room, where a large group of people were gathered.

He stopped abruptly when he heard that terrible scream. His face turned pale at

once.

"O-Oh my god..."

Belle clapped her hand over her mouth, eyes round with horrified tears, "Is–Is that normai? She sounds like she is being tortured!"

An elder from the House of Light tried to ease her nerves by saying, "Relax Princess Belle, giving birth is a hard process, but it is perfectly normal."

"So is Janet going to be alright?" Belle asked eagerly.

She looked around the crowd, desperate for an answer.

But nobody could give her one.

None of them knew what was going on with Janet.

They were all locked outside.

This is fucking ridiculous!" Wells snapped abruptly.

He rushed to the door and faced off with Clemente, "You heard her screaming, didn't you? Janet needs help! Just let the doctor and nurse in!"

Clemente stood firmly by the door, blocking the only entrance to the room.

His jaw tightened as he said, "The King clearly said that-"

"Oh fuck what he said!" Wells cried furiously, "Who knows what that dickhead was thinking! I for one don't want Janet to end up dying on that birthing bed!"

"Me neither!" Belle shirked, half-crying.

Clemente's chest heaved.

He was struggling internally as well.

Yet he still remained firmly on his spot, unmoving.

"Move aside, General Clemente!"

Elder Medline stood up from her chair and glared at Clemente, "If the Queen dies on that birthing bed today, it will be your fucking responsibility! Do you really want to carry that weight on your shoulder?"

Clemente gritted his teeth, "The King gave me an order. I will carry out that order...no matter what you say!"

He was worried about Janet, yes.

He would also blame himself if anything happened to her.

But despite all that, Westin and Janet trusted him with this duty. He would not let them down.

Drawing his sword out by one inch, Clemente glared at the crowd and hissed, "I will fight off anyone who dares to come close to this door!"

Elder Madeline froze. The expression on her face grew angrier.

The entire room erupted into a sea of celebration.

"The heir of this Kingdom!" one of the elders roared.

"The Lycan Kingdom's heir!"

"Let us go in there and congratulate the King and Queen!" somebody yelled.

Clemente let out a huge sigh of relief, "Not so fast. Let me check with the King first and get his permission for you to enter."

He dashed inside and firmly locked the door behind him..

The room was dim and filled with the cries of the newborn.

Westin was holding a crying baby in his arms and bending his back for Janet to see the child.

Her face was covered in sweat. She looked worn out. Yet there was a big smile on her lips right now.

The couple was so immersed in joy that none of them noticed Clemente's entry.

Clemente quietly approached them from the back-he didn't want to disturb this beautiful moment.

His eyes fell upon the child in Westin's arms.

... It was a human baby.

Clemente suddenly turned his eyes in disbelief and suspicious.

No...This couldn't be right...The Lycans gave birth to pups and not human babies... But this child-

"Clemente?" Janet called his name.

The couple turned around together and looked at Clemente, who was frozen with shock.

"... What the hell is going on with this child!" he asked through his gritted teeth.

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Westin frowned and straightened his back immediately.

"Clemente listen-"

"What is wrong fists, asking in a hurried

with this child?" Clemente clenched his voice. "Lycans should give birth to pups! But this baby...this baby doesn't have a wolf? Should we call in the doctors and let them take a look?"

"Clemente!" Janet propped up her upper body and stared at Clemente, "The baby is fine."

"But-"

Janet turned to Westin, "I think we should tell him."

"We need more people to protect this child. And frankly speaking, **there** aren't a lot of people we can trust in this castle."

Clemente was one of those people.

After a little pause, Westin gestured Clemente to come close, "Come over here. There is something we need to tell you."

Clemente gulped uneasily.

He sensed that they were going to let him on a huge secret.

Half-nervous and half-curious, he took a careful step forward and got up to the bedside.

He glanced down and saw the newborn.

The baby was lying peacefully in Westin's arms, that small face adorned with. delicate features.

Clemente's gaze focused on that button–like nose and the faint rose tint on those cheeks.

He couldn't help but take a hand and poke at the baby's face. It was so soft, as though it was made of the nicest silk.

Clemente quickly withdrew his hand, worrying that he might hear this delicate little. wonder.

Yet the baby grabbed his finger before he could take his hand away.

Tiny fingers, each one a work of art, wrapped around his own, creating an immediate connection.

Clemente held his breath involuntarily.

His eyes widened with a mixture of awe and tenderness.

Just then, he heard Westin saying in a low voice, "Clemente, what I am about to tell you is that...I am not the biological father of this child."

Clemente snapped his head up.

His mind went completely blank.

"W–What?" he stuttered, utterly confused and shocked, "But Janet...she "

He flickered his eyes towards Janet, who lay weakly on the pillows, and gave him a small nod.

"I was already pregnant when Westin brought me here. He needs an heir and I want to keep this child...so we established a partnership," she said lowly.

"Partnership?!" Clemente gasped, "You are telling me that your relationship is nothing but a goddamn partnership?! What the hell

"Lower your voice, Clemente!" Westin snapped.

There were still people outside of this room, people who couldn't find out about this

secret.

Clemente shut his mouth immediately. Yet he was still breathing heavily, glaring at the couple

"I know it is a lot for you to process. But we are where we are. **The** child is born. Westin has already announced me as his Queen. There is no way I can return **to** the werewolf society again..."

Her voice faded off. Pain flickered across her eyes.

"So this child will grow up in our Kingdom, despite his identity," Westin picked it up. and said. "Clemente, I don't care if I am the father or not. All I care about is the safe of Janet and my child. So I am asking you this now...Can you help me protect them and this secret?"

Clemente froze on his spot as a thousand thoughts whizzed across his mind.

This was treason. He thought.

If he agreed to this, he would be helping them raise a non–Lycan child as the heir of this Kingdom.

If the secret got leaked one day, he would be skinned alive by thousands of angry Lycans, including his own father.

But...

He raised his head and met with Janet's eyes.

She was staring at him with pleading eyes, which were gleaming with tears.

"Take a look at the child, Clemente," she pled. "The baby adores you...Please help us protect this child."

The baby's small fingers were still wrapped around his.

Clemente could smash a rock with barehand, yet he couldn't take his finger back from this delicate little hand.

How amazing was that?

Clemente took in a deep breath and asked, "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," Westin smiled.

"Have you thought of a name yet?"

Janet shook her head and then asked, "Would you like to give him a name?"

Clemente hesitated for a little while.

Then, with a shaky hand, he pushed a tuft of wispy hair out of the baby's forehead. "Aspen," he said.

A gentle smile tugged at his lips as he continued, "Aspen... You are the heir of this Kingdom. And I swear to protect you...with my own life."

<hr/>Right at this very moment, thousands of miles away, in the Blood Moon Pack, a large party was going on in the packhouse.

People were here to celebrate the birth of Princess Jasmine earlier today at dawn, daughter of Alpha Casper and Luna Balvina.

This was a huge event. And a lot of guests were invited, including the King of the werewolves, Daran.

Those people were chatting enthusiastically about pack business, trade matters, and

even the pretty women here at this party.

Yet Daran didn't pay any attention to them.

He stood there in silence, like a soulless ghost, and gazed absently into the distance. His eyes lacked focus and carried a heavy burden of pain and loss.

Just then, he arched his back abruptly, as though he suddenly got struck by a sharp wave of pain.

"King Daran!" one guest gasped, "What is wrong?"

Daran breathed heavily, clutching his chest tightly.

"I...I feel..." he murmured, hoarsely, "I just felt a strong connection...a bond...it is so weird..."

Just a few seconds ago, he sensed a strong connection being built between him and an unknown person in this world.

It wasn't the mate bond.... similar but different...as though someone very close to him just came into this world.

The guests exchanged looks of suspicious.

It sounded like a mate bond, what King Daran just described.

But King Daran's former mate had eloped with the Lycan King. Everybody knew that. It was considered a huge scandal.

One particularly brave guest said in a careful voice, "My King, is it possible that...you felt it wrong? You don't have a mate anymore. Princess Janet is gone...forever. You should get over with that treacherous little-

Daran snapped his head up.

His eyes blazed with anger as he gritted, "...What the fuck did you just say?"

The guest flinched, waiving his hands hastily, "N-NO, nothing-"

Yet it was too late.

Daran smashed his wine glass to the floor and grabbed that guest by the neck, dragging him over.

In a tumult of horrified gasps and screams, Daran pressed the guest to the wall and tightened his grip.

"Who the fuck do you think you are!" he snarled, his handsome face consorted by insanity. "To disuse my mate, my personal business and to give me a fucking suggestion?!"

The guest struggled for breath in his iron grip, his face quickly turning purple, "P–Please...let me down...Please-"

The other guests backed from them in horror.

King Daran...he didn't look sane. It was as though he had completely lost his mind...

This sudden fight had caught the entire party's attention.

startled crowd, and went at Daran.

He grabbed Daran by the shoulder and spun him around forcefully.

BANG!

He threw a hard punch at Daran's face, sending Daran staggering to the side for a few steps.

"GET YOUR FUCKING SELF TOGETHER, DARAN!" Casper roared, his face filled with

rage.

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Blood streamed down from the corner of Daran's mouth.

He touched his ripped lips with one hand.

His face darkened.

The crowd was so astonished by Casper's bold behavior that one of the guests gasped:

"Alpha Casper! That That is the King for Moon Goddess's sake.

Daran was their King now, in procession of a superior power.

If Daran was pissed and decided to take it back on the Blood Moon Pack, none of them could stop him!

Yet Casper didn't look afraid.

He stood there with his fists tightly clenched and snapped, "So what if he is the King? I am not anyone disturbing my daughter's birthday party! And I certainly will not endure his fucking madness!"

The crowd winced in silence.

None of the others had the gut as Casper did.

"What are you all doing here?" Casper looked around the bystanders with an icy face, "There is cake and wine at the other side of the hall."

The crowd got his hint and hastily scattered away.

Casper waited for everyone to leave and walked up to Daran, offering him a hand. After a little hesitation, Daran took that hand and straightened his back.

"You are fucked. You know that?" Casper said in a harsh tone.

Daran let out a snort, looking scornful.

"The entire room of people just saw you throw an innocent man at the wall for absolutely no reason at all-

"He was fucking talking about my business-"

"There are a lot of people on this planet talking about your business, Daran! God, the way you have been behaving yourself, do you honestly expect people to not notice it and not to talk about it?"

Daran's chest heaved. "What the fuck are you talking.

Daran's chest heaved, "What the fuck are you talking-"

"Agitated, fretful, cranky, violent...Shall I go on?" Casper said icily, "You are crowned as the King. People expect you to rule. But how can they trust you if you keep on acting like that? A mad person?"

Daran put a shaky hand over his eyes.

After a long pause, he spoke up in a hoarse, broken voice, "I don't know Casper...I seriously don't know...I only wanted this kingship before because it could help me get Janet back. But now, it is only a burden for me."

"I know, man. I get it."

Casper patted his shoulder, "You are not the only one who is in pain here. Fuck I lost my own sister! But Janet made her choice. We have to respect that...and move on."

He stopped there, hesitating, and asked Daran after a little pause:

"Have you considered naming a Queen?"

"...What?" Daran raised his head up, frowning.

Casper let out a sigh, "I know that the elders in your pack have been discussing it. They believe that a Queen can help you patch up the pain and get back on the right track. Since none of them have the gut to bring it up to you, they sent me to do the talking-"

"It is not their fucking business," Daran gritted.

"Come one. They are only looking out for you. New love can heal wounds faster than you think. And I am not saying that Janet is replaceable-"

"You shouldn't. Because she is not."

Daran turned his back on Casper and said, "I am leaving."

"Wait!"

Casper chased him up a few steps, "I am not done talking here–You haven't even seen my daughter yet!"

But Daran had already walked through the crowd and disappeared behind the doors.

Originally, he planned to spend at least one night in Blood Moon Pack, to meet with Balvina and her newborn and offer his congratulations to the happy couple.

Yet he couldn't stay there for another second now.

It was sad to admit to it...but other people's happiness just reminded him of the darkness he was currently in.

Daran shifted into his wolf and ran at his full speed, heading back to the Riverside Pack.

He dashed through the woods, across the plain, down the mountains, bathed under the silver moonlight.

He hoped that a good run could help him shake off those pains.

But it didn't.

It only intensified the pain.

He arrived at Riverside Pack's packhouse a little after dawn.

He walked into his room, still slightly out of breath, and found that there was somebody in his room.

A Woinan

To be more precise, a half-naked woman.

She was on his bed, checking out a picture that he picked on his nightstand, a picture of him and Janet when he walked in.

She heard the footsteps and jerked around, eyes round with shock.

"M

My King!" she straightened her back, panicked, "They told me that you wouldn't be back till tomorrow"

He stepped out of the shadow, his cold eyes fixed upon her..

"Who said you can come in here?" he asked in a croaky voice.

The woman swallowed, apparently worried, but she plucked up the courage to face this seemingly dangerous man.

"The elders asked me to come..."

She knelt on the bed, taking her hands to loosen her nightrobe.

The nightrobe slid off from her delicate shoulders, revealing her smooth skin and plump breasts.

"They said that...you need someone to keep you warm at night," she breathed.

She was very beautiful, with an attractive body and curves.

But Daran didn't take a single glance at her before hissing: "Out"

"But my king..."

Daran bared his fangs, which gleamed coldly in the moonlight.

"Don't make me tear your fucking throat apart," he growled. "OUT!"

The woman was frightened.

She quickly jumped off the bed and hurried towards the door.

Before walking out, she turned around and looked at him once more, a reluctant look on her pretty face.

"Are you still in love with her? With Princess Janet?" she asked, stubbornly. "Because everyone in this world knows that she ditched you for another man. You can do so much better than her. You will be a fool if you let yourself keep thinking-"

A sharp blade went at the woman's face before she could finish.

She screamed and stumbled back in horror, but her back was against the wall- "NO DON'T-"

The blade stopped half an inch from her throat.

Daran, still holding that blade in his hand, looked down at the woman's

scared-looking face

"I am not still in love with her. She has made herself my enemy. So you can tell those nosy elders that " he sneered. "And pass on another message for me: you are a lucky one. But I will slit the throat of the next woman they send to me. Got it?"

The woman nodded hastily.

'Now fuck off."

She didn't waste a single second before dashing out of his room

Daran paced back to his nightstand and picked up the picture of him and Janet.

He studied that picture in the darkness for a long time.

Then he tossed it into the trash with a cold face.

Those people...they were right about one thing:

Janet would never come back.

He hated her, so much, for that.

May they never meet again in this life.

And if they did-

He would avenge what she did to him, with his own hand.

<hr/>kr/>8 years later.

Janet stepped out of the woods and raised her head, gazing at the clear blue sky.

The sky looked the same from here and from the castle.

But Janet could sense something different.

The air smelt fresher...it smelt like freedom.

It was the first time she left the misted woods in 8 years.

"Queen Janet!"

A soldier ran over and saluted to her.

"Any sign of Prince Aspen?" Janet asked.

"We found traces of Prince Aspen heading up north. It is possible that he has entered the werewolf world."

Janet's face changed slightly.

Then she nodded, "Alright. Then we should better catch up with him."

"Yes. My Queen!"

Her son Aspen never came back home after school last night.

Later on, soldiers at the borderline told her that Aspen crossed the border by himself

and had run off.

No one knew what that kid was up to. And why he ran away.

Westin wasn't in the castle at the moment, and he took Clemente with him.

As reluctant as the elders were, they still agreed to let Janet out of the woods and let

het search for her missing **son**.

Janet's heart was filled with worries as she hit the way, following the steps of her

son.

What happened to Aspen?

Was he safe?

And most importantly-

If Aspen went into the werewolf world, he might meet with people that he never meant to meet.

Casper, Balvina, and...

Daran.

Aspen's true father.

And that was what truly worried Janet.

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Janet and the soldiers started heading up north following the trace of her son.

At first, they thought that it would not be that hard to catch an 8-year-old..

But the truth proved them wrong.

They were always one step late behind Aspen and had to follow him all the way close to the Blood Moon Pack's border.

Janet had a complicated feeling at heart.

... Why was Aspen heading towards the Blood Moon Pack?

Was this purely a coincidence? Or did Aspen hear something that led him to this place?

She didn't know.

She could only ask her son personally when she found him.

And....

It had been 8 years.

8 long years since she was taken away by Westin.

And now she was finally back.

Back in her own hometown.

She wondered how her friends and families had been...Casper, Balvina, the child that Balvina was pregnant with when she left-

And Daran.

Would Aspen meet with all those people?

...Would she?

The soldiers completely lost track of Aspen after he went into the Blood Moon Pack

And they couldn't go any further.

It was already werewolf controlled territory.

So they made a brief stop at the borderline to reassess.

Elder Medline joined them shortly after since, apparently, this woman didn't trust Janet enough to let her move around alone in the werewolf land.

"What the hell have you been doing?! Why haven't you found the prince yet?"

That was the first line that Medline said to Janet when they met.

Janet let out a snort internally.

Medline had been nothing but harsh to her over the past 8 years.

She criticized the way Janet ran the castle and the way she dressed, moved, and talked to people.

She found everything about Janet vulgar and unmannered.

Westin always defended Janet when he was around.

But he didn't this time, which gave Medline a perfect opportunity to lash out on Janet.

"This is the Lycan's heir for Christ's sake!"

Medline snarled at Janet in front of all their soldiers, waving her hands angrily, "If Prince Aspen went missing or–God forbids–ran into any kind of danger, all the Lycans would shred you into pieces!"

"No need to threaten me. I am his mother. I am more worried than any of you," said Janet coldly.

Medline sneered loudly, "Mother? Ha! I haven't even asked you why the prince ran away from home yet. Studies showed that 90% of children's run–away is related to domestic violence. You must have been hurting your son-"

BANG!

Janet slammed the table with her hand so hard that it sent a shudder down everyone's spine.

Medline was startled as well.

She took a small step back and glared at Janet, "What? Are you going to hurt me as well?"

"Are we going to sit here and talk about bullshits? Or are we going to find my son?" Janet snapped.

She didn't give Medline a chance to retaliate and simply turned to the soldiers, we still can't locate the prince?"

"So

One soldier shook his head, looking torn, "There is no way for us to know where the prince is since the entire city is guarded by werewolf soldiers. And we don't want to raise too much attention by poking around..."

"Why not? It is just a bunch of lowly werewolves. Don't be afraid of them," Medline, rolled her eyes. "I say we just bloodshed the entire werewolf city and snatch our prince back"

"NO"

Janet snapped.

Medline narrowed her eyes at Janet, "No? This is the most efficient solution and you are saying no to that? Why? Because suddenly you are sympathizing with the werewolves, even over your own son?"

"BECAUSE!"

Janet approached Medline dangerously, clenching her **fists**, Because the King forbids anyone to mess with the werewolves. He couldn't say the word 'co–exist! enough in those elder's meetings! Have you gone deaf during those meetings?"

Anger flashed in Medline's eyes.

Yet she didn't have the gut to purposely go against.

No matter how tough she was.

....Fine. "

Medline said unwillingly after a long pause, "So we let the werewolves keep their pathetic lives. What do you propose alternatively?"

"We use a fake identity and sneak into the city in secret, looking for my son."

"Then I have just the perfect identity for you, my Queen," said one soldier at once. "Third daughter of Lord Kurt from the Black Water Pack. Lord Kurt is very private and rarely leaves his own pack. The public world knows very little about him, which makes this fake identity safe for us."

Janet nodded, "Then I will be Lady Kurt, from the Black Water Pack. And Elder Medline can pretend to be my nanny."

Medline's jaw tightened, "You want me to be your servant-

"If you find this so beneath you, you can stay outside of the city. It is up to you," said Janet icily.

Medline looked as though she just swallowed a fly.

Yet she agreed to this reluctantly in the end.

The two of them did a complete makeover before going into the city, getting rid of anything that could make the others suspect of their Lycan identity.

Medline insisted that Janet wore a mask, in case people recognized her.

If anyone asked about the mask, they would just say that Janet burned her face before and didn't want anyone to see her hideous face.

The next morning, they were at the Blood Moon Pack's checkup point.

To Janet's surprise, there was a huge crowd of people waiting in line to enter the city.

"Hey excuse me."

She stopped a passerby and asked, "What is with the crowd?"

"You don't know?" the passerby said enthusiastically, "It is the Annual Alpha's meeting! All the important people are going to be here!"

...Annual Alpha's meeting.

Janet had a moment of trance.

Almost 9 years ago, they gathered at the Annual Alpha's meeting and decided on the alliance training, which led her back to Riverside Pack

It was where everything all began.

Now....it felt like something happened in her pre-life.

Just then, a black car appeared down the street.

As it drove past the crowd heading towards the gate, there was applause and cheers.

"That is Alpha Casper's car!" someone cried.

...Casper?!

Janet immediately wanted to push through the crowd and went to the car.

Yet Medline grabbed her wrist and stopped her.

"Behave yourself!" she hissed into Janet's ears, "You are a Lycan's mate now!" The car had already gone into the gate.

Disappeared from Janet's sight.

Tears welled up in Janet's eyes as she stared in the direction of the car.

Casper, was that you?

I miss you...my big brother....so, so much.

"Where is King Daran?" someone next to Janet asked his friend, "Is he going to be at the meeting?"

"Of course. But I heard that he was running late. We probably won't see him today."

Janet took in a deep breath and fought down her tears.

Daran.

Your son was in the city, so close to you right now.

Could you feel it?

<hr/>Daran's car was galloping down the road.

He got caught up by some pack businesses and left the Riverside Pack late.

His driver took a shortcut to buy them some time. But this route would lead them. through a very rough area.

Daran leaned back in his seat with his eyes shut, deep in his own thoughts.

The car slowed down gradually and halted to a complete stop.

"What is going on?" Daran asked.

"My apology my king...but some homeless just blocked our way," said the driver nervously.

Daran opened his eyes and looked outside.

There was indeed a group of homeless surrounding this shiny car, banging on the tinted window and asking for food and money.

Daran frowned, looking impatient..

He wanted to tell the driver to get out and chase the crowd away.

Yet before he did that, his eyes flickered to the side and saw a tiny figure behind the crowd.

It was a child.

Probably 8 or 9 years old.

He didn't swamp up to the car like the other homeless did.

Instead, he remained sitting on the curb, his tiny arms around his knees, and stared attentively at the board in front of him.

The board had two simple words written on it: Need food.

For some weird reason, this little homeless caught Daran's attention.

His body acted quicker than his mind.

Before he knew it, he was out of the car already and walked up to that little homeless, ignoring the others.

He stopped in front of that tiny figure, looking down at the child.

"Where are your parents?" he asked.

The boy raised his head.

Their eyes met.

... Two sets of identical, smokey grey eyes.

Chapter 256

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Chapter 256

Chapter 256

Daran didn't realize that this child's eyes looked just like his.

He simply found this boy the cutest child that he had ever seen.

The boy was a bundle of adorable with his round little face that boasted irresistibly puffy cheeks.

His grey eyes, framed by long, dark lashes, sparkled with a gorgeous glint.

There was a softness to his features, from the gentle curve of his button nose to the way his eyebrows arched.

Daran felt his heart melting away as he asked again, "Hey kid, where are your parents?"

The child flashed his big eyes and said, "I don't know...probably at home."

So a run-away kid, Daran thought.

"Then why did you run away from home? Did you fail a test or something?"

"No." The child puffed his little chest, looking very proud. "I never fell at exams. I am the top one in my class!"

Daran couldn't help but smile, "Then why? They would be worried sick knowing that

you are starving yourself like that out there."

The boy's shoulder slumped. He suddenly looked very glum.

"No, I don't think they would be worried." the kid said, pouting. "My parents are

won't even look for me. They don't care that I am gone.

Daran frowned.

His anger flared.

What kind of

Parents would allow such a lovely child to leave home alone? These people...they were not cut out to be parents. Shame on them.

Daran cleared his throat and sat down on the curb side-by-side with the child.

His tailored pants got stained and his shiny shoes were in the mud.

But he didn't seem to care about it at all.

"Are you hungry?" he asked the boy.

The boy hesitated and nodded.

"...I haven't eaten in 3 days," he said in a frustrated, soft little voice. Daran gritted his teeth. Those goddamn parents deserved to burn in hell!

He pulled out his wallet and took out all the cash. There was about 300 to 500 dollars.

"Here. Take this." he handed the cash to the child, "Buy yourself a nice meal and then go home. You can't live on the street like this. It is too dangerous. If your parents continue to ignore you, call the police for help."

The child stared at the money in his hand.

Yet to Daran's surprise, he didn't take it.

"Why would I want your money?" asked the child, looking perplexed.

"You need money to buy stuff like food. Have your teachers taught you how to buy things in stores?"

The boy's face turned an angry red.

"I know what money is for. I am not a kindergartener!" he protested, "But I won't take your money. It is charity. A true noble doesn't accept people's charity."

Daran's raised an eyebrow in amazement.

"A true noble? You?" he repeated.

"Yes. Me." the boy raised his head very proudly, "You may call me the prince." Daran couldn't help but burst out laughing.

To him, this was just a little child's fantasy, picturing himself as the prince. Yet Daran had got to admit to it though-the child did have some spines.

Earlier when all the other homeless swamped up to his car like a bunch of flies, only this kid remained sitting on the curb, holding on to his last thread of dignity.

"What are you laughing at? Everyone else in my family calls me the prince!" the boy protested.

Daran stopped laughing.

uspeloqu your highness If you don't

He rubbed the boy's soft chestnut hair, "My apology, your highness. **If** you don't want my money, what else do you prefer?"

The boy cleared his throat, "I...I can grant you the privilege to buy me a big burger." His eyes flickered to the burger joint across the street.

Daran laughed again, "A burger, some fries, and a huge ice cream. How does that sound?"

The boy swallowed. His eyes twinkled.

"And milkshake!" he added eagerly.

Daran chuckled, "I believe we have a deal, your highness."

He offered his hand to the boy.

The boy took his hand and jumped up to the curb, a huge grin on his puffy face. They crossed the street holding hands and went into the burger joint together.

The woman behind the counter took their order.

She first took a look at Daran and then back at the kid, smiling, "Sir, you have a very lovely kid."

Before Daran could say anything, the boy spoke up in a very serious voice, "No. He is

not my dad. My dad is the King."

Daran and the woman started laughing together.

Because they all thought the child was joking.

Seeing that they didn't take him seriously, the boy pouted.

He tiptoed holding onto the counter and said to the woman, "Can I get extra mayonnaise for my burger?"

"Of course, you can, my little prince." the woman giggled.

When the food was ready, Daran took the tray and led the child to sit in a booth.

The child was indeed starving.

He grabbed the burger and took a huge bite, his cheeks stuffed by the food.

Yet as hungry as he was at the moment, he still remained in an excellent table

manner.

He didn't make any sound while chewing.

And he made sure that he didn't get crumbs and sauce onto his clothes.

... Maybe the kid did come from a very good family. Daran thought.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked.

"...Aspen," the boy said, devouring the burger. "Prince Aspen."

Daran smiled, "OK then, Prince Aspen, what is your plan after this? Are you going home?"

"No!" Aspen shook his head hastily, "I won't go home. And you can't make me! You are not my parents."

Daran raised his eyebrow, rubbing his chin.

He couldn't let a child wander on the street like that.

But if the child refused to go home-

Maybe he could keep the child by his side?

Daran was startled by that thought.

Why would he want this kid by his side? He hated children.

But Aspen...there was something special about Aspen.

Just then, the door to the burger joint flew open and Daran's Beta Francis came dashing inside.

"Hey, where have you been? We are going to be late to the Alpha's Meetings...Wow!"

He stopped and took a look at Aspen, amazed.

"When do you have a bastard child?" he asked Daran.

Daran frowned, "What are you talking about? This is just a kid that I met on the

street."

"Are you kidding me? He looked exactly like you when you were his age. And check out those eyes! You both have grey eyes!"

Daran's heart skipped a beat.

He looked at the child, who was busy working on the vanilla ice cream.

Did they really look alike?

But Daran couldn't remember what he looked like when he was 8 years old.

One thing to be sure was that...They both have smokey grey eyes.

"Hey Aspen," he called to the boy. "Where do you get your eyes from? Your mom or dad?"

Aspen shook his head, "Neither of my parents have grey eyes. Mom said that said that I got my eyes from my grandpa. But I never met my grandpa. So I don't know if she was lying."

Daran leaned forward, fixing his gaze upon the boy.

"What are the

as of your

parents?" he asked.

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Chapter 257

Chapter 257

Daran thought that if he could know the names of this kid's parents, he could send the boy home.

He would probably even teach these people a lesson on how to be qualified parents. Hearing Daran's question, Aspen slowly put his burger down and held his head down.

"What is the matter?"

Daran could see that the boy's spirit was suddenly down at the moment.

"Are...Are you getting rid of me?" Aspen asked in a broken voice.

"No, of course not, I am simply curious."

"I already told you that my parents don't care about me!" Aspen cried, snapping his head up, his eyes filled with tears. "Don't send me back. Please. I don't want to go home. Everyone at home is so mean to me. They called me a bastard, saying that I am not daddy's boy..."

Daran began to soften.

He stood up and switched to the boy's side and sat side-by-side with Aspen, rubbing his soft hair.

"Don't worry. If you don't want to go home, no one can make you. The reason I asked for your parents' names was that...Well, you said that they were bad parents, right? Maybe I can give them a warning or something."

Aspen blinked his teary eyes and choked, "R–Really? Can you do that? My daddy is pretty tough. He won't be afraid of you."

Daran smiled, "I think I can handle your daddy no problem. Now, what is hist name?"

Aspen lowered his head again and played his own thumb

After a long pause, he spoke up in a small voice, "...I don't remember."

It was clearly a lie.

How could a boy not remember his parent's name?

But Daran got it.

Aspen was still worried that he might send him home.

If Aspen wasn't ready to tell him, he wouldn't make the boy.

"Hey, Aspen." he patted the boy's shoulder, "Have you been to the Blood Moon Pack before?"

The boy shook his head in a daze.

"Interested in a tour?" Daran asked.

"Daran!" Francis gasped, looking very disapproved. "Are you seriously going to take this little homeless with you? You are already late to those meetings. And how are you going to explain to people who this boy is..."

"I don't need to explain anything. It is none of their business," said Daran coldly.

Francis lowered his voice, "Sure, the others won't dare to poke around your business...But what about Alpha Casper? Alpha Casper will think that this boy is your

bastard child."

Daran frowned.

Casper was indeed a problem.

Just then, Aspen raised his head and said in a voice loud and clear, "-Daddy!"

Francis let out a short cry, "What the hell..."

Even Daran widened his eyes in surprise, "What did you just call me?"

"Daddy." Aspen held his hand, "If people ask, you can say that you are my dad."

Daran found himself smiling at the boy, "What about your real dad? Won't he be mad?"

Aspen came close to his ears and whispered, "Then...let us never tell him. He won't be mad if he never finds out. I will let you be my fake daddy... Just for a couple of days."

Daran laughed.

He loved this idea more than he thought.

"How dare you!" Francis huffed, trying to pull the boy off from Daran's lap. "Do you have any idea whom you are talking to right now, boy?! Standing in front of you is the King of werewolves! He will never be your father!"

Daran shot him a cold glare, silencing Francis at once.

"If I say I am the father of this child, I AM the father. Understood?" he said icily.

Francis gulped nervously.

Aspen rolled his eyes and let out a small snort, "Yeah, so what if he is the King? My dad is also King. And I am the prince. But you don't see me brag about it everywhere.

Humility is a virtue. My mom taught me that."

"And your mom is right about **that**," said Daran as he picked up Aspen and carried the boy in his arms, marching towards the doors.

"Where are we going?" Aspen asked, wrapping his little arms around Daran's neck.

"Blood Moon Pack, a city that you have never been to. Let me show you around. Francis stared at their back and let out a long, frustrated sigh.

The way that the boy rolled his eyes looked just like Daran when Daran was young

People might actually believe that these two were father and son.

<hr/>slanet and Elder Medline used their fake identities and successfully got into the city of Blood Moon Pack.

The streets were jammed by people, who were all gathered here to see the Alphas from different packs and–most importantly the King.

"Look!" somebody cried, "It is King Daran's car!"

A cheer went up from the crowd as a shiny silver car drove down the street.

Blended within the crowd, Janet stood on tiptoes with the others and looked.

Her heart was thumping wildly against her ribs.

Daran.

It had been 8 years already.

Yet even today, she could still remember his face vividly, and how he stared at her with a look of pain and hatred when they last met.

That memory made her heart ache every time she thought about it.

There were a couple of girls by Janet's side, and they were all giggling stupidly.

"Do you think I can get King Daran's attention this year?" one girl smirked, "I heard that he was still not married vet."

"Drop it, slut. I bet the King has companies."

"No, I swear it, he doesn't! He has been single since...you know...his skunky ex ran off with another man."

Janet bit her lips listening to those girls gossip.

So Daran still hadn't married?

Was it possible that...he was still waiting for her to come back?

No.

Impossible.

He made it clear that he hoped that the two of them never met again; and if they did, he would see her as his enemy.

That was how much he hated her.

And it was why she had to keep her return a complete secret. She didn't want to see the hate in his eyes again.

"The King's car is here!" a girl cried excitedly.

The silver car drove close.

The back window was lowered a couple of inches, so the crowd could catch a glimpse

of the inside.

Yet they didn't see the King.

Instead, there was a tiny figure leaning against the window, staring curiously at the enthusiastic crowd.

Janet rounded her eyes in shock. She almost screamed out-

That was her son, Aspen!

Shit. What the hell?!

What was Aspen doing with Daran?

Did he know that Daran was his father? Did Daran know?!

The car drove past them in a few quick seconds and then it was gone, leaving the crowd in wonder.

"Have you seen that boy? Who is he?" someone gasped.

"The King's son? No, wait, that can't be right. The King doesn't have a son. Maybe his relative's child?"

Everyone was busy discussing that mysterious child as Janet stood on her spot, shocked and frozen.

Medline tugged her sleeve and whispered urgently into her ears, "What the hell? Why does that werewolf King have Prince Aspen?"

"...I don't know..." Janet shook her head in a daze.

"I bet he knows that Aspen is the Lycan's heir and has taken Aspen hostage to threaten us!" Medline snapped, "Fucking, despicable werewolves..."

"Lower your voice! We are in the werewolf's city right now. Don't cause any **trouble**!" lanet buffed

trouble!" Janet huffed.

She was also worried about another pressing matter

Nobody in the Lycan's Kingdom knew that Aspen wasn't Westin's child.

It was a secret that she must keep in order to protect Aspen.

Yet Aspen was taken by Daran now, his birth father.

Janet had never been this worried that the secret might get exposed with the two of them being in the same room.

"Then what should we do now?" Medline asked her, "We need to get Prince Aspen back fast. God, if King Westin comes back and finds out that his kid is gone, just imagine how pissed he is going to be."

Janet let out a frustrated sigh, "I know...OK. Let's sneak into those meetings. See if we can approach Aspen without causing any attention."

If she could talk to her boy and persuade him to come home with her, all problems. would be solved.

Yet she had a feeling that things would not go as planned.

Chapter 258

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Chapter 258

Chapter 258

There were a lot of panels happening in the pack house.

Janet and Medline managed to get a speaker's list from one of the staff and found out the panel that Daran would be at.

If Daran was at this panel, it was possible that Aspen was there too.

Janet and Medline waited for the discussion session to be over before sneaking into the room.

There were still a lot of people in the room, mingling and talking.

Janet stood in the corner alone and quietly observed the room.

She spotted Daran in the near distance, surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd.

This was the first time she saw his face in 8 long years.

A mixture of pain and longingness shot through her body like a sharp knife.

...She could hardly recognize him anymore.

It was not like that his facial features had changed that much-he still looked dazzling handsome as usual.

It was his aura that changed.

The youthful part of him was dead, completely.

Now all that was left in him was a cold, ruthless soul.

His deep-set, smokey-grey eyes now held a haunted gaze that spoke volumes of the grief he carried.

The sparkle that once danced in those eyes had dimmed, replaced by weariness. His dark hair, once carefully groomed, now hung behind his shoulders and was

slightly dishe

Janet also noticed a scar on his face, which traversed his left cheek, d Jabb

from the ear to the neck.

She wondered how he got that scar.

Probably on the battlefield.

Probably during a brutal assassination.

Nevertheless, she was absent from those 8 years of his life.

And she would never have the chance to figure out what happened to him in that period of time.

Janet took in a deep breath fought back the tears in his eyes and looked away from

Daran.

She had to quit those sentimental thoughts.

She needed to focus on finding her son.

"I don't see Prince Aspen here," Medline whispered into her ears.

from Daran. Must b

"He can't be too far away here somewhere," said Janet with a frown.

This wasn't Riverside Pack.

Daran didn't have anyone that he could trust Aspen with.

He would very much likely keep Aspen close to his side.

Yet the only problem was....where?

Janet told Medline to do a thorough search in the crowd. And she would go into the VIP lounge to see if Aspen was there.

She was heading towards the lounge when a voice came behind her back:

"Excuse me...Miss?"

Janet jerked around and found a young man staring at her with a frown.

Shit.

It was Daran's Beta, Francis.

They knew each other back at the Riverside pack.

She panicked for a brief moment and then remembered that she was wearing a mask.

So there was no way that Francis could recognize her.

"Yes Sir?" she forced out a smile underneath her mask.

"You…"

Francis looked at her with a blank look, "I am sorry...But you look really familiar to me.'

Janet's heart rate quickened.

But she didn't let her nervousness show, "I think you mistook me for someone else.

Or is that a really old pickup line?!!

On is that a really old pickup line

Francis scratched his head, still looking skeptical, "No believe me. I wasn't frying to hit on you it is just that when I saw your back earlier, I almost thought that t saw a very old friend"

"Oh is that so? Sorry that I am not her," replied Janet in a calm voice.

She curtseved to Francis and was about to leave

Francis took a hasty step forward and blocked her way again.

"What is your name, Miss?" he asked eagerly.

"....Kurt."

"Lord Kurt from the Black Water Pack. He is your

"That is my father," she replied with a nod.

"It is very nice to meet you, Lady Kurt." Francis came even closer to her, "Listen. Do you want to come to an exclusive party later? I can even introduce you to the **King** if you like..."

Janet frowned in frustration.

The last person she wanted to be introduced to was Daran!

"I appreciate that sir. But I don't think I have the time-"

"Oh come on. 99% of the girls here want to get to know the King. I bet that you are no different. What do you say?"

Janet was losing her patience.

Why was Francis still pestering her?

She had to find her son. ASAP.

If Daran took Aspen away, she would lose the chance to talk to her son again.

She was thinking of ways to get rid of Francis when a cold voice came from their backs:

"Francis, what are you doing there?"

Janet froze on her spot.

It was Daran's voice.

Her heart was racing, her palms sweating, her mind a total blank.

She didn't dare to turn around.

She was afraid to face him..

"Oh! My King!" Francis said briskly, "Come here. I want to introduce you to Lady Kurt, from Black Water Pack."

...Please don't!

Janet begged internally.

Luckily, she heard Daran's nonchalant voice the next second, "I need to talk to you. Come."

"Oh. OK.

Francis sounded disappointed, "Well then, maybe another time, Lady Kurt." He walked away with Daran.

Janet stood there and waited for their footsteps to disappear into the distance, before slowly letting out a sigh of relief.

That was close.

The impact that Daran still had on her was unbelievable.

The moment she heard his voice, she even forgot how to walk or talk.

She better find her son and get out of this place as quickly as possible.

So she kept on heading towards the VIP lounge prepared for the speakers.

All the speakers were still at the panels, so there weren't many people in the lounge right now.

Janet pushed the door open for a crack and peeked inside.

She saw a maid and a boy in the room.

Aspen!

Found him!

"Why can't I go to the panel? I am so bored here," she heard Aspen ask the maid.

"It is only for adults, young master. You will get bored there as well."

Aspen pouted, looking very disappointed, "Then can I at least get some cake? I am starving."

The maid hesitated.

She didn't want to leave the young master here alone, yet she also didn't want to starve the boy that King Daran asked her to take care of.

After a small pause, the maid said, "OK. Let me get you some cake. But you promise to stay here, young master?"

Aspen nodded absent-mindedly.

The maid stood up and left the lounge.

Janet waited for her to walk away and hastily dashed into the room.

"...Aspen!" she cried in a hushed voice.

The boy snapped his head up, his eyes round with shock.

"Mom!" he gasped, "What are you doing here?!"

"To find you! Oh my god, Aspen...Do you know how worried I was?!"

She clasped him to her and almost choked.

She couldn't imagine losing her boy...Anxiety almost killed her.

Aspen wrapped his tiny arms around Janet's neck and rubbed his forehead against hers, "I am sorry Mom...I miss you too."

What happen

Aspen pouted, reluctant to say.

As desperate as Janet was to hear her son's reason, this was not a place to talk.

"Never mind. We will have a serious discussion when we get home. Now let us go."

She tried to pull her son up.

"No!" Aspen cried, breaking from her grip. "NO! I don't want to go home!"

"What? Why? What is wrong with home?"

"...Those people. They are horrible to me!"

Aspen cried with tears welling up in his eyes, "My classmates, those elders. They laughed at me all the time because I didn't have a wolf. And I heard people calling me...a bastard. What does bastard mean, Mom? Does that mean that I am not daddy's boy?"

Janet felt her heart ache for her little boy.

Because Aspen was a werewolf, he wouldn't be able to shift till he came of age.

Yet that was not the case for the Lycans, who were born with wolves.

Due to that very reason, Aspen had become the scoff of the town.

Janet and Westin tried to rationalize this by telling people that Aspen was a hybrid so

his wolf would appear later.

Yet that didn't kill all the rumors.

"Aspen. Listen to me.

Janet crouched down meeting her son's eye level and held his tiny hands,

"Remember what I said? That you are a boy of wonder? You are different from them, in a good way. So don't let other people's laughter get to you."

Aspen held his head down in silence.

"I will make those people apologize when we get home," Janet promised. "But now. We REALLY need to go."

"NO, MOM! I don't want to!"

"Aspen

Janet tried to pick up the boy by force.

Just then, she heard the sound of a plate breaking from the door, followed by a sharp

Cry:

"HELP! Someone is trying to steal the young master!"

The maid went to get Aspen's cake. She was back!

Janet spooned Aspen up and quickly assessed the situation.

If it was just one maid, she could probably escape the scene without getting stopped-

Yet a tall figure appeared by the door the next second.

Daran blocked the entrance and gazed at Janet with cold, dangerous eves.

Chapter 259

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Chapter 259

Chapter 259

Janet froze on her spot when Daran's gaze fixed upon her.

A horrible dread surged up in her chest...Would he recognize her?

No.

He wouldn't. She was wearing a mask.

Daran stared at the woman in front of him with a frown.

He couldn't see her face with that mask.

Yet for some unknown reasons, he found her very familiar.

Had he met her before somewhere?

"Put the boy down."

He took a step forward and growled, "Or I will toss you into prison and skin you alive!"

"No!" Aspen let out a sharp cry, horrified. "Don't! Don't do this to my-"

Janet clamped the boy's mouth as quickly as she could.

"...Don't say I am your mom," she whispered into the boy's ears.

The boy blinked and tears streamed down his puffy cheeks.

Seeing the boy cry, Daran gave a sudden flash of anger.

He had a special connection with this boy.

Anyone who made the boy sad should be prepared to face his rage.

He didn't know why this woman was trying to steal Aspen.

Maybe she heard rumors saying that Aspen was his child and decided to abduct the kid to get a large ransom.

"What is it that you want? Huh? Is it money?" he glared at Janet. "Put the boy down and we can still talk. Or you won't make it out of this house alive."

Janet let out a small, trembling breath.

She deepened her voice and talked in a faked, rasped voice, "...No, My King, I wasn't trying to steal the boy. I saw him alone in this lounge and came in here to play with him. I didn't mean any harm."

"Alone?" Daran gave a freezing look at the maid.

The maid dropped to her knees instantly, shivering from head to toe, "F–Forgive me, My King, I didn't mean to leave the young master here alone...he wanted cake so

I..."

You placed your young master's safety at stake," said Daran ruthlessly. "You will be punished."

The maid sobbed, looking very afraid.

The maid sobbed, looking very afraid.

Janet stared at Datan with a very complicated feeling at heart.

He wasn't this harsh and cold at 8 years old.

Yet now, his simply standing there could make people fear him from the bottom **of** their hearts.

'No! Don't punish her!" Aspen cried.

He struggled off from Janet's arms and ran to Daran, holding his hand, "I asked her to get cakes for me. It is not her fault. And..."

The boy glanced at Janet and shook Daran's hand, "I don't want you to punish this...this beautiful Lady either. I like her."

Daran's cold eyes became soft when he looked at the boy, "Beautiful? How can you tell? Her face is covered by a mask."

Aspen grinned sheepishly, "I can feel it...She is the prettiest woman on earth."

"You have flattered me, young master," Janet curtseyed.

She was relieved that the smart little boy didn't expose her identity.

Daran directed his gaze at Janet and let out a snort, "So you are a guest? What is your name?"

Kurt, My King, from the Black Water Pack.

"Can someone prove your identity?"

Janet paused, reluctantly.

She didn't have any identification documents. And her identity was faked.

Just then, another person came rushing into the lounge.

It was Medline.

She saw Aspen and let out a small sigh of relief.

Then she turned to face Daran and said, "I can prove my lady's identity. I am her nanny."

"Nanny?" Daran directed a skeptical look upon Medline.

A nanny should at least bow or curtsey to the King.

Yet Medline despised werewolves, so she remained standing upright with a distant look on her face, "Yes, nanny. Actually, I am very good with kids. Why don't you give

the young master to me and let me calm him down in the next room?"

She stretched out her hands to Aspen.

Janet instantly knew what she was trying to do: Medline wanted to take Aspen out of Daran's sight and snuck the kid out of there!

Yet Aspen suddenly started crying, "NO! I don't want her! I hate her!"

Medline looked mad and embarrassed, "What are you talking about-" She tried to grab the boy's collar.

Pah

Aspen spat on her face

Medline rounded her eyes in shock and shrieked, "Oh Oh my god! You filthy

little

"What did you say?" Daran narrowed his eyes dangerously.

Aspen jumped into Daran's arms and buried his face onto his shoulders, "I don't want this ugly old woman. She is scary. She makes my stomach turn."

Janet almost laughed.

Aspen never liked Medline.

The boy once saw Medline scolding her and decided that Medline was the number one person he hated on this planet,

Seeing that Aspen just spat Medline, Janet couldn't help but feel a sweet sense of triumph.

"Don't worry. I won't let her take you away," Daran patted the boy's back gently. Then he turned to Janet with a cold face, "Don't ever try to approach the kid without my permission...Oh and keep your obnoxious nanny out of everyone's sight."

He carried Aspen in his arms and marched out of the room.

"....Shit!"

Medline wiped the spat on her face, looking infuriated, "That boy has absolutely no manner! Just like you!"

Janet gave her an icy look, "He simply says what he thinks."

"Now what should we do? That condescending King just forbade us to go near Aspen. How can we take the boy away?"

Janet frowned.

Looked like that taking Aspen by force was a no-go.

She needed another plan.

The good thing was that Daran didn't seem to know that Aspen was his child.

Yet God knew how long she could keep that secret from him.

She needed to act. Fast.

<hr/>Daran took Aspen to Casper's room.

He liked this boy very much. Yet he didn't know how to take care of children. He needed the help of someone with experience.

Balvina and Casper were having dinner with their daughter Jasmine when Daran walked in.

Casper noticed the boy in Daran's arms immediately, "Who is this? Your bastard child?'

Aspen hated that word very much.

"I am not a bastard!" he cried to Casper, clenching his little fists angrily.

Casper laughed, "A tough little pup. **But** seriously, who **is** he? I have never seen you been with a child before."

"He is my Dad," Aspen replied proudly.

Balvina let out a gasp of shock. Even Casper rounded his eyes with surprise.

Daran put the boy down and gave him a little nudge, "This is Jasmine. Do you want to go play with her?"

Aspen never had a friend of his own age.

He looked to Jasmine with a strained look on his face.

Jasmine approached him first, "What is your name."

"...Aspen," said the boy warily.

The girl took his hand and asked with a grin, "Do you want to see my dolls?" "Only girls play dolls."

He said that but still led Jasmine to take him to the next room to play those dolls. The three adults could finally talk.

"That is really your child? He does have your eyes," Balvina said.

"No."

Daran rubbed his forehead-he couldn't lie to Casper and Balvina.

"That is just a boy that I met on the street. He ran away from home and didn't have anywhere else to go. So I am keeping him by my side for now. But I am telling everyone else that he is my child to keep him safe."

"You don't know who his parents are?"

"No. The boy won't tell me. And I don't want to force him."

Casper frowned.

These two were really not related?

But the boy looked so familiar...

"Can you look after the child? I have no idea of how to tuck him in and stuff like that," Daran said.

"If you want to be the boy's daddy, better learn about this stuff soon," Balvina. joked.

She promised Daran that they would take very good care of the boy.

After Daran left, the couple called the two kids over and began dinner.

"Aspen, we don't know what your favorite food is. How are you with roasted chicken?" Casper asked and offered the boy a slice of chicken breast.

Aspen replied in a very elegant manner, "Thank you, sir. Everything all looks very tasty."

Casper and Balvina exchanged a look of astonishment.

.This boy looked like a little gentleman. He must be raised by a real lady.

Aspen picked up his silvers.

Before he dug in, he first took a little sniff of the chicken on his plate.

It looked like a subconscious move, a smail quirk of him.

It was that very move that caught Casper's attention..

"Aspen!" Casper held his breath and looked at the boy attentively, "Why did your sniff the food."

Aspen blinked innocently, "My mom always does this."

Casper's heart started racing.

...Janet had the same quirk, just like this boy.

Chapter 260

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Chapter 260

Chapter 260

"What is your mom's name?" asked Casper eagerly.

The boy lowered his head, "...I don't remember."

He clearly didn't want to tell them.

Balvina gave him a look asking him to be patient and turned to the boy with a gentle. smile, "Your eyes are gorgeous, Aspen. Does your mom have grey eyes as well?"

The boy bit the bait and raised his head back up, "No! Mom has brown eyes like amber. They are also very pretty."

Casper's heart almost jumped out of his throat–Janet had brown eyes!

"I bet your mom is a very attractive lady," Balvina smiled. "I bet she has curvy long hair?"

"Yes! Very long hair. All the way to her waist! But not very curvy, more like straight!" Aspen looked very excited showing off his beautiful mommy to the others, "And she has a heart–shaped face and the body of a female warrior. She is the most beautiful woman I know!"

The glass slipped from Casper's grip and fell to the floor, making a breaking sound.

He was shaking as his mind screamed-

...That was Janet!

The boy's mother was Janet!

Aspen was startled by that breaking glass and cried, "What happened?"

"....Nothing."

Casper tried everything he could to keep up with a calm expression and said to the boy, "Your aunt Balvina and I need to have a word alone. You and Jasmine just go ahead and dig in. Balvina?"

He gestured for Balvina to follow him and marched towards the next room.

As soon as the door closed behind their back, Balvina let out a small gasp, "Holy fuck...that boy's mom-"

"That is Janet's child!" Casper snapped, clenching his fists.

Tuck that boy's **mom-**"

"That is Janet's child!" Casper snapped, clenching his fists.

"No. Wait Let us calm down for a second."

Balvina covered her forehead with one hand and paced back and forth in the room, "A lot of women have brown eyes and heart–shaped faces that doesn't mean anything-"

"But that sniffing thing?" Casper said in a trembling voice, "Janet always sniffed her. food before eating! To make sure that her food is safe and clean. That is a quirk she got when she was staying with the Diaz. I have never seen anybody else do that!"

The couple exchanged a shocking look.

Crap.

This boy was really Janet's child.

But what was he doing here?

And if he was here, where was Janet?

"Hold on." Balvina raised a hand, "If this is Janet's child, then his father is..."

"...That Lycan King," Casper gritted.

Janet had been with Westin for years.

It only made sense that Westin was the father.

Balvina took **a** sharp inhale of breath and shook her head, "God. Imagine if Daran finds out about this..."

"Oh he will lose it and becomes a total nutcase," Casper gritted. "The child of his ex and his life rival He might strangle the child in a heartbeat. No. We can't let him find out about this."

"Yeah. You are right," Balvina sighed. "OK. Let's get back in there. And keep it together, Casper. Don't frighten the child."

They went back to the dining table.

The two kids were sharing a plate of pumpkin pie.

"What did you talk about, Mom and Dad?" Jasmine asked with her mouth stuffed. with pie.

"Nothing. Eat your pie," Balvina rubbed her daughter's hair.

Casper fixed his gaze upon Aspen. The more he looked, the more traces of Janet he found on this kid's face.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Aspen noticed his gaze and asked.

"No...Nothing," Casper's lips trembled. "And don't call me sir. Call me...Uncle Casper."

This was his niece.

His beloved sister's child.

Janet, where are you? Have you come back home already?

Why haven't you come and see me?

<hr/>Aspen slept in Casper and Balvina's suite that night.

The next day, when all the adults went **to** meetings, Jasmine generously invited Aspen to play hide–and–seek with her friends.

"But...I have never played hide-and-seek before," said Aspen blankly.

"You haven't?" Jasmine gasped, "Then what do you do back home?"

Aspen thought about this for a while, "Studying. Reading books with my mom. And training.

He trained very hard.

He didn't want the others to look down on him because he didn't have a wolf.

"That is all you do all day? That is crazy!" Jasmine cried, "No, you have to play hideand-seek with us today. I will teach you the rules."

The group of kids went to the garden.

Jasmine was the seeker for the first round.

She covered her eyes and started counting as the other kids-including Aspenscattered, looking for places to hide.

This was the first time that Aspen played this time.

He was very excited and really wanted to win.

He ran all the way down to the lake and spotted a tree by the water-this tree had a dense canopy, which was a great place to hide himself.

So he climbed up and crouched down on a thick breach behind the leaves.

There were children screaming and giggling's in the distance.

It sounded like Jasmine had caught a couple of hiders.

Aspen held his breath and waited nervously.

After what felt like a couple of minutes, he carefully leaned forward and gazed into the distance.

He wanted to see if Jasmine was getting close to him.

It was when the branch beneath him gave a dangerous wobble.

CRACK!

The branch snapped in half and Aspen fell directly into the lake!

Water engulfed him immediately.

Aspen opened his mouth to scream and ended up choking a mouthful of water.

He moved his little arms and legs struggling to the surface. Yet the surface grew further and further away from him.

He didn't know how to swim!

The boy started to panic. He opened his mouth and bubbles came out of it-

He was going to drown!

Just then, he felt a pair of strong hands grab him by his shoulder and pull him up

dragging him to the shore.

Aspen crushed down to the solid ground and coughed nonstop.

He looked up, breathing hard, and found that the person who rescued him was no one else but Daran.

"Maids!" Daran snapped.

Maids rushed over and saw both the King and the young mater drenched in water and al! panicked.

One maid hastily ran to get them a towel.

Daran wrapped the towel around the boy's trembling shoulder, his face looking very cold.

"Who is supposed to keep an eye on the kids?!" he snarled, glaring at the frightened servants. "What if I didn't walk past by and pull him up just in time? If anything happens to him, you are all going to hell!"

All the servants winced in fear.

Not one had the guts to meet the King's furious eyes.

Aspen tugged at Daran's sleeves, "Don't blame them...daddy. I was playing hide-and-seek with the girls. I lik

that game."

Even though he accidentally fell into the lake, he still found that the best game he ever played.

Daran frowned with frustration.

This got him thinking...Maybe Aspen needed a nanny.

He had meetings and business to attend to and couldn't stay by Aspen's side all the time. Casper and Balvina were all too busy to do the job.

He needed a certain person whom he could trust Aspen to.

"I will find you a nanny tomorrow," he told the boy. "Until then, stay where I can see you."

A nanny.

Aspen's eyes lit up.

"Then can I have the lady that we met yesterday?" he grabbed Daran's hand and asked eagerly. "Not the old and ugly woman...the young and pretty one."

He missed his mom very much.

It would be great if his mom could be his nanny.

"Lady Kurt?" Daran raised an eyebrow in surprise, thinking about that woman wearing a mask. "You want her?"

"Yes. Can I?"

Daran would give this boy anything that he wanted in this world.

Yet first, he needed to vet this woman, personally, to make sure that she was qualified.

"OK. But first I need to give Lady Kurt a quick interview," he smiled.

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Chapter 261

Chapter 261

Aspen was beyond excited to have Janet as his nanny.

He liked hanging out with Daran. But he also missed his mom very much.

If he could have Janet and Datan by his side at the same time, there was nothing else that he wanted on this planet.

"Great!" Aspen stared at Daran with eagerness gleaming in his big eyes. "When are you going to interview her? Like now? Shall we go find her right away?"

Daran couldn't help but let out a small chuckle, "You really like Lady Kurt, don't you? But I can't give her that interview right away. I have meetings to attend to."

"When can I come to your meetings?" asked the boy excitedly.

Now it was Daran's turn to be surprised, "You want to come? It is just going to be a bunch of adults talking for several hours. It might be tiresome."

"No. I don't find meetings tiresome. Actually, my dad let me sit in on his meetings all the time. I like seeing him scold other people when they did something wrong."

It was true.

Westin often included Aspen in his meetings. The boy grew up by the meeting table in the council chamber, listening to the king and the elders discussing how to manage the kingdom.

Daran was once again amused by the boy's honest answer, "Your father scolded people a lot, huh? Is he like a boss or a CEO?"

Aspen shook his head with a very serious look on his face, "No. I told you. He is a king."

Yet Daran didn't know that the boy was telling the truth.

He still believed that this was just a little boy's fantasy.

"Of course, he is," Daran said in an offhand kind of tone and rubbed the boy's head. "Well, if you'd rather come with me than play hide–and–seek with your friends, you are more than welcome."

Aspen let out a cry of joy and ran off to Jasmine, telling her that he would be going with Daran to the meetings.

Jasmine and the other girls found that very hard to believe.

"Are you crazy? Volunteering to be in a room full of adults and listening to their yammers...that is like suicide!" Jasmine cried.

Another girl echoed with her, "Indeed. Play with us in the garden. It is so beautiful out here. Why waste your time indoors?"

Yet Aspen shook his head firmly, "No thank you. I have had enough fun for one day already. Now it is time for me to learn. I will hang out with you another day perhaps."

He bowed to the girls like a little gentleman and hastily ran back to Daran.

"Let us go," said the boy as he offered his little hand to Daran.

Daran held his hand and double-checked with him again, "Are you sure that you want to be there? You can barely reach the meeting table."

"I can sit on your lap, or a stool by your side. Now enough talking. Let's go ruling," said the boy seriously.

Daran burst out laughing, "Well, as you wish, my little prince."

He picked up the boy hoiding the boy in his arms and headed over to the meeting

room.

The meeting room was packed with people, alphas from all over the world, and elders in Riverside Packs.

Everyone stood up to greet the King when he stepped into the room.

And naturally, they noticed the little boy in the King's arms.

Aspen handled those gazes with a calm demeanor beyond his years. He had been to tons of big occasions. A crowd like this would not interrogate him.

So he returned those gazes, puffed out his little chest, and held a confident smile on his face.

Daran walked to the end of the table and took his seat.

He did not ask the servants to bring an extra stool for the boy but instead kept the boy on his lap.

"Sit," he said to the room in a deep and majestic voice.

Everyone sat down. Their eyes were still on the boy.

"My King, may I ask whom this is?" asked an elder sitting at the table.

"My child," Daran answered briefly.

A round of astonished gasps could be heard in the room.

One of the Alphas cried, "Your child? But forgive me, my king, how come none of us knew about this before..."

Daran gave him a freezing look, "Are you saying that I need to keep you updated with every detail of my personal life?"

The Alpha shivered in fear, "No...of course not...'

"Then let's get back to the real business," said Daran icily. "What is on the top of today's agenda?"

After a short silence, everyone swallowed down their questions and looked back to their notebooks and files.

They were still curious about the boy. But none had the gut to poke the bear. Sitting on Daran's lap, the boy lifted the corner of his mouth into a small smirk. ... His fake daddy was even more intimidating than his real father.

It was so fun to see him scold other people.

The meeting lasted for more than 2 hours.

Daran worked with the Alphas and elders and cleared items on the agenda.

Daran thought the boy would fall asleep out of boredom. Yet to his surprise, Aspen sat through the whole meeting without showing any signs of annoyance.

in on bic bands looking interested in any

He listened attentively, resting his little chin on his hands, looking interested in any subjects that they talked about.

... Maybe the boy was a natural ruler.

That thought flickered across Daran's mind.

After they were done discussing the last unresolved matter, Daran closed the file and

looked around the room:

"Are we done for today?"

The Alphas and elders shared a reluctant look as though there was something on their minds still.

Daran noticed their hesitation, "What is it? Is there something that we didn't get to?"

"The thing is..."

An elder from Riverside Pack cleared his throat.

"There is indeed something that we would like to discuss with you, my king."

Daran frowned and tapped his finger on the table impatiently, "Then hurry and say it."

He wanted to wrap up this meeting soon and got back to interview Aspen's nanny.

That woman named Lady Kurt.

For some weird and unknown reason, he was eager to meet with her again.

"We would like you to choose a Luna, my King," the elder said.

There was a moment of deathly silence.

Daran narrowed his eyes, in which there was a terrible storm building.

"...What?" he gritted.

Some people shifted in their seats uneasily.

They had all sensed the king's rage.

Yet since the topic was out there already, they had no choice but to carry it through.

"You need a Luna. The werewolf kingdom needs an heir. This isn't the first time that we have brought up this to you..."

"Then you should have known my stand on this. Crystal clear!" Daran snapped. Everyone looked intimidated.

Yet one Alpha gathered up the courage and said:

"But forgive me, my king, this matter is getting more urgent than ever. You are now at the prime of your year indeed. But what if–God forbids–something tragic and unexpected happens to you? Who will come out and rule this large kingdom?"

"That is right. And it takes years to groom an heir," said another elder. "It will really put the people's mind at ease if you get married now and give birth to an heir soon.. That way you will have plenty of time to impart your wisdom to our future king.'

Daran sat in his chair, motionlessly.

Daran sat in his chair, motionlessly.

There was a terrible expression on his face. None of the people dared to make eye contact with him.

After a long pause, he let out an icy chuckle, "So you have all come aboard before this meeting...to strongarm me today."

The room answered him with an awkward silence.

Then one of the elders said carefully, "You can have any woman that you like, my king. And of course, if you like to marry the birth mother of this child, that *is* also a way to go...

'Daran frowned in frustration, "No. That is not an option."

For a quick second, he regretted that Aspen was not his real child.

Because that way, all problems would be solved.

"Well...in that case..."

The elder took out a piece of paper and slid it across the table to Daran. "Here is a list of all the qualified ladies in this kingdom. We have narrowed them down to the best 10. And they have all come to their fathers to the annual alpha's meeting, ready to meet with you. We hope you can pick out a Luna before this year meeting ends."

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Chapter 262

Chapter 262

Daran was in a horrible mood when he left the meeting room.

The list that the elder handed to him was threaded into pieces and discarded into the trash.

Aspen sat in his arms quietly, his chubby arms wrapped around Daran's neck.

"Are you going to get married?" asked the boy as they marched down the hallway. The furrow between Daran's brows grew deeper, "No…I don't know...Maybe."

The elders were right about one thing.

This kingdom indeed needs a Luna and an heir.

"If you are to get married, why did you yell at those people?" the boy asked. "Are you in love with a certain lady that the elders forbid you to marry?"

Daran's heart ached for a quick moment.

The woman that he was in love with...Well, the elders didn't stop them from being together, the fate did.

His heart died the moment that they parted.

He would never fall in love with another woman, ever again.

So maybe he should listen to the elders and choose a Luna. He didn't need to love her. As long as she was a Luna material, that was all that mattered.

"Well, don't you worry?"

Daran rubbed the boy's bushy hair and smiled, "Even if I do get married, you can still call me daddy and hang out with me. Nothing will change. Now, let us go interview your new nanny.

He took the boy back to his chamber and asked the servant to summon Lady Kurt. About half an hour later, the servant reported back to them, saying that Lady Kurt was there.

Daran raised his head. His eyes flickered to the door as that woman stepped in.

A strange feeling surged up in his chest at that moment.

She was wearing a black long dress that covered up her entire body, looking very much like a prède. And her face was still covered by that mask.

There was nothing about her that could stand out or catch a man's attention.

Yet strangely...he could not take his eyes off him.

She walked closer and curtseyed to them.

"My King, young master, good day."

Daran pressed down the strange feelings at heart and nodded, "Lady Kurt, do you know why I called you in here today?"

Janet was so nervous that she could hardly breathe.

She and Medline were working on ways to approach Aspen again when the servants from the court came to knock on their door and said that the King wanted to see her.

She tried asking the servant what this was about. But the servants would not say. Medline tried to come with them. But she got stopped by the servants.

Her heart was filled with worry and anxiety on her way to the packhouse.

Why did Daran suddenly want to see her?

Did he find out about who she was?

Or even worse...did he find out who Aspen was?

"No...My King. I don't know why I am here..." she answered in a light voice, holding her head down. "Did I do something wrong?"

Before Daran could answer, Aspen jumped off his chair and rushed to Janet, crying, "You are going to be my new nanny! Are you happy? You can stay in the packhouse with me all day long from now!"

...What?

Janet snapped her head up, looking astonished.

Daran wanted her to babysit Aspen.

That was why he summoned her?

Aspen shook her hand eagerly, "Don't you want to be my new nanny? Come on, just say yes, will you?"

Janet looked at the boy and gave him a soft smile.

Of course, she wanted to stay close to her child. It almost killed her to be kept apart from Aspen.

If she was his nanny in this packhouse, she would have an authorized identity to stay with Aspen.

And more importantly, it would be easier to sneak Aspen out of the packhouse this

way.

Of course, she would have to face the danger of her identity getting exposed, but that was a risk that she was willing to take.

"It would be my honor," she answered firmly without hesitation.

Aspen let out a cry of joy immediately.

Yet Daran spoke up at this moment in an icy voice, "Not so fast. You have not passed my interview yet.

Janet's heart skipped a beat as Daran stood up from his chair and walked up to her. He stood in front of her, staring down at her face with a searching gaze.

"What is your full name?" he asked.

"J...Janine Kurt."

She made up a fake name urgently.

"Are you married?" he pursued.

Janet bit her bottom lips nervously...Why did he ask that?

~1 life " Daran let

"Don't get me wrong, Lady Kurt. I am not interested in your personal life." Daran let out a snort, "I am just wondering if a single lady who has zero experience with children can take care of the young master."

Janet took a deep breath.

She wanted to say that she was single. But Aspen was staring at her right now. She didn't want to give the child the impression that she was having trouble with his father

"I–I am married with a child, My King." She answered in a low voice eventually. Daran felt a fleeting pain and anger.

...She was married? With another man?

He didn't understand where those strange emotions came from-the truth was that they just met and he barely knew this woman.

Yet the moment he heard her say those words, the flame of jealousy started burning in his chest.

How weird.

"Good."

Daran ignored the angry beast inside of him and said in a cold voice, "Then you know how to care for a child."

"I do, your majesty, you can trust the young master to me."

"Be very careful, Lady Kurt, you don't want to make any mistake with this job."

He warned her ruthlessly, "The only reason I chose you as the nanny is because the young master likes you very much. So if I find any signs of misconduct or sloppiness...you will be punished. And nobody can save you.

Janet gave a small flinch.

He was serious about those punishments.

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Chapter 263

Chapter 263

He didn't use to be this cold and ruthless, which scared her a bit.

Aspen tugged at Daran's sleeve, "Don't scare Lady Kurt. I promise I will be very good with her."

The cold expression on Daran's face was replaced by a faint smile. He patted the boy's back and said, "I know you will. So while I am in the meetings during the day, you just stay close to her, OK?"

"But can I come to the screening?" asked the boy eagerly.

"What screening?" Daran didn't get it at first.

"You know...the screening of your Luna! The elders asked you to make a decision soon, right? Can I come and meet with those women and offer my advice?"

Janet widened her eyes abruptly.

What did Aspen just say?

Daran...was he getting married??

She and Medline were working on ways to approach Aspen again when the servants from the court came to knock on their door and said that the King wanted to see her She tried asking the servant what this was about. But the servants would not say.

Medline tried to come with them. But she got stopped by the servants,

Her heart was filled with worry and anxiety on her way to the packhouse,

Why did Daran suddenly want to see her?

Did he find out about who she was?

Or even worse...did he find out who Aspen was?

"No...My King, I don't know why I am here..." she answered in a light voice, holding her head down. "Did I do something wrong?"

Before Daran could answer, Aspen jumped off his chair and rushed to Janet, crying, "You are going to be my new nanny! Are you happy? You can stay in the packhouse with me all day long from now!"

...What?

Janet snapped her head up, looking astonished.

Daran wanted her to babysit Aspen.

That was why he summoned her?

Aspen shook her hand eagerly, "Don't you want to be my new nanny? Come on, say yes, will you?"

Janet looked at the boy and gave him a soft smile.

just

Of course, she wanted to stay close to her child. It almost killed her to be kept apart from Aspen.

If she was his nanny in this packhouse, she would have an authorized identity to stay with Aspen.

And more importantly, it would be easier to sneak Aspen out of the packhouse this

way.

Of course, she would have to face the danger of her identity getting exposed, but that was a risk that she was willing to take.

"It would be my honor," she answered firmly without hesitation.

Aspen let out a cry of joy immediately.

Yet Daran spoke up at this moment in an icy voice, "Not so fast. You have not passed

my interview yet."

Janet's heart skipped a beat as Daran stood up from his chair and walked up to her.

He stood in front of her, staring down at her face with a searching gaze.

"What is your full name?" he asked.

"J...Janine Kurt."

She made up a fake name urgently.

Janet held her breath nervously.

...Casper and Blavina!

Her brother and old-time best friend were there. She missed them so much!

But she was not ready to face them yet.

Would they recognize her?

Probably not, since she was wearing a mask. But still...

Before she could think of a reason to excuse herself, she heard footsteps behind her back. Casper and Balvina had come into the room.

"Daran, who is this?" she heard Casper's voice asking.

Daran introduced them, "This is Aspen's new nanny, Janine Kurt. Janine, meet Alpha

Casper and Luna Balvina."

Janet was left with no choice but to turn around and face them.

She broke out in a cold, clammy sweat as she slowly raised her head and met Casper's gaze.

Casper rounded his eyes abruptly.

And Janet instantly knew that her brother recognized her.

She was wearing a mask.

But he still knew that it was her.

There was a special connection between them despite all disguises.

"...Janine Kurt?" Casper repeated in a strained voice.

"Yes. She is from Black Water Pack. Daughter of Lord Kurt," Daran said.

Then he noticed the strange expression on Casper's face and asked with a frown, "What is the matter, Casper? Do you know her?"

Janet quickly shot her brother a pleading look.

"....No."

Casper cleared his throat and did his best to hide his shock, "I...I simply find Lady Kurt a bit familiar. Probably because I have met her father before and she looks like her father..."

"How can you tell that she looks like her father since she is wearing a mask?" Daran raised an eyebrow, "Oh, and speaking of which, Lady Kurt, can you lose your mask? I still don't know what you look like."

Janet clenched her skirt nervously.

No. She couldn't take off her mask. Or he would recognize her!

"I–I'd better not, my king. I have a hideous burn scar on my face and I am afraid that it might scare you and the young master..."

"You think I will get scared by a scar?" Daran snorted.

He fixed his sharp gaze upon her face as suspicion built inside of him.

Why wouldn't she take off that mask?

Was it really because she had a hideous scar?

Or did she have something else to hide?

"Lose the mask."

He deepened his voice and took a step forward, staring at her intensely, "And let me see your face."

"Please don't make me..." she pled in a trembling voice.

Yet there was no sign of mercy in his cold eyes, "Then you lose the nanny job. I can't trust Aspen to a woman who doesn't dare to show her face.'

There was a strained silence in the room,

Janet held her head down, her palms sweating.

No.

She couldn't do that.

She couldn't let him find out that it was her.

They left each other on such a horrible note. He hated her and said that he wished they never met again.

He would be so enraged to find out that she faked her identity and came near him again...

"I don't think that is necessary, my king."

Balvina broke the awkward silence, "I believe that what happened to Lady Kurt's face is very tragic. Why open up the old wound?"

"Yeah, Daran. Try to be more sensitive about it, will you?" Casper nodded in agreement with his wife, "Don't make it hard for her."

"It is for the safety of Aspen," Daran frowned.

"I don't mind that she wears a mask!" Aspen cried at once.

He could tell that her mommy was in a difficult spot.

Nobody could embarrass his dear mommy, not even Daran whom he liked very much.

Balvina added. "And I will talk to Lady Kurt personally, to make sure that she qualifies as a nanny. Will that ease up your mind?"

Daran let out a frustrated sigh.

"....Fine."

He gritted eventually:

"If that damn mask means so much to you, you can keep it on."

Janet cutseyed to him briefly and whispered, "Thank you, my king."

"I have got other meetings. I need to go." Daran checked the time and said, "Luna < Balvina, so you will talk to her?"

"Of course. You can trust me with it.

Daran nodded and hastily left the room.

As soon as he was gone, the three adults let out a sigh of relief instantly.

"Janet!"

Janet rushed to hug her brother and best friend with tears in her eyes, "Oh my god...Casper and Balvina...I miss you so much!"

The 3 of them hugged tightly. Their eyes were all misty.

It had been 8 years.

They didn't even get a chance to say goodbye when she was taken away.

Aspen looked at them curiously, "Why are you hugging? And why does your voice sound so strange?"

Janet quickly wiped her eyes and turned to the boy, "Aspen, can you go play over there? I need to talk to your Uncle Casper and Aunt Balvina."

Aspen nodded and went to play with his blocks.

"...That is Westin's child, isn't it?" Casper stared at the boy and asked in a low, strained voice.

"Did Westin abduct you? And force you to have his kid? Is that what happened 8 years ago?" Bavlina asked urgently.

Janet opened her mouth but no words came out of it.

Shit. That damn vow.

She swore that she wouldn't tell the truth to another living soul.

And now she couldn't even tell her brother that Aspen was actually Daran's kid.

After a long pause, she let out a sigh and didn't say anything.

Casper took her silence as a yes, "That fucking son of a bitch Westin! I am going to kill him!"

"Do you need our help, Janet? Is it why you are back?" Balvina held Janet's hands and asked eagerly, "You won't leave us again, will you?"

Under their expectant gaze, Janet slowly shook her head:

"No. This was an accident. I still need to take Aspen back to the Lycan's world." Casper cried angrily, "What? Why? You are my sister and Aspen is my niece—" "Because Aspen needs his father!"

Janet snapped with tears welling up in her eyes, "At least Aspen is a legal heir in the Lycan's world. And who is he here? A bastard? Whose father is the archenemy of the Werewolf King? It won't work!"

She was prevented by the vow that she made to speak out the truth.

As long as everyone was still convinced that Aspen was Westin's kid, the Lycan's land was the only place/that Aspen belonged to.

She hated it.

But there was no alternative way.

"...oh Janet..." Balvina sobbed.

Casper looked furious. But there was nothing he could do.

"Just...do a little favor for me, will you?" Janet said in a pleading voice, "Don't let Daran find out about me and Aspen. When Aspen has his fun here, we will leave quietly."

Daran would lose it if he found out that she was back with Westin's child.

He would hurt her...and probably even Aspen.

She was not ready to face his rage.

"OK," Balvina nodded.

"If you think it is the best. Then yeah, little sis," Casper said quietly.

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Chapter 264

Chapter 264

The next day, Aspen told Janet that he needed to be at Daran's Luna screening. Yet the last thing that Janet wanted to do was to go to this thing and see Daran pick

his future wife.

"Aspen, you have grown out of control!"

She straightened her face and tried to talk to the boy in a serious voice, "You made a lot of people worried with your recent behavior. Do you know how mad your father will be

when he finds out about this? So no, you won't be going to that screening. And you will come home with me and Lady Medline now!"

The boy pouted.

He fluttered into Janet's arms and begged her in the cutest voice possible, "Please Mom...don't be mad at me. I just want to hang out here for a bit longer. I promise! I will go back with you soon!"

Janet looked at his big innocent eyes and felt tempted to agree to anything that he wanted.

This boy was so hard to say no to.

"How long do you want to stay here?" she took a step back and asked, "There is gotta be a date. And we need to stick to it."

"Well..." the boy blinked, "How about we stay till daddy picks out his new Luna?"

Janet was astonished, "Daddy?!"

"King Daran," the boy grimaced sticking his tongue out. "He said that I could call him daddy."

Janet took in a deep breath, "Aspen Lockhart, you do not call another man your daddy! How will Westin feel about this? It will break his heart!"

"It is just for fun! Please, Mommy, don't tell Father. I swear I won't do it again!"

Janet didn't know how she should react to this.

Aspen had never shown this much affection to another man besides Westin. Daran was the only exception.

Was this the ties of blood?

"Mom?" the bov called her again. "What do you say? Can we stay till King Daran

picks out his Luna?"

Janet pondered for a while and then sighed, "OK."

This was probably the last time that Aspen got to spend with his biological father.

After they went back to the Lycan's land, they would never meet again.

She couldn't take this last chance away from her son.

"Oh yeah!" Aspen looked so happy, "Then can we go now? I asked a maid, and she told me that the screening is in the great hall downstairs."

Janet took his hand and reminded him once again, "When we are with someone else,

you need to act like I am only your nanny, Janine Kurt. The others can't find out about who I really am and that we are Lycans."

"I understand, mommy."

So they went downstairs to the great hall.

The doors were closed by the time they got there. The soldiers guarding the door told them that the screening had already begun.

"I will inform the King that you are here," said the soldier.

He went into the great hall and came back out moments later.

"You are free to go in now."

Janet thanked him and took Aspen going into the hall.

Facing the entrance was a throne and Daran was sitting in it. He was talking to a man standing in front of him when Janet and Aspen came in.

"Good day, my King."

Janet curtseyed to him, holding her head down, "I have brought the young master here."

Daran raised his head. A strange look flickered across his face when he looked at Janet.

"Lady Kurt."

He raised his lips into a strange little smile, "You are just on time. Come. And meet your father."

...What?

Janet's mind went totally blank.

Her father? What was Daran talking about?

In her trance, the man standing in front of Daran turned around to face her. He was in his late 50s, with a pale/thin face and soft brown eyes.

He didn't look familiar to Janet at all.

And he was also checking Janet up with a shocked expression.

In a split of a second, Janet suddenly knew who this man was.

This man must be Lord Kurt, from Black Water Pack.

Supposedly the father of this fake identity that she made up.

Janet almost had a mental breakdown right on the spot. How the fuck did this happen?!

Medline told her that this cover-up was perfectly safe!

And the Kurts rarely left their own pack, so there would be no one to expose her fake identity.

But here Lord Kurt was, staring at her, with Daran watching them in the back.

She would be caught right in her lies if she didn't do something!

"What is the matter?" Daran asked with a raised eyebrow, "Did you forget what your father looks like?"

Janet pinched her own arm. The pain helped her to calm down.

Then she strode up to Lord Kurt and curtseyed, "Father, it is so nice to see you here."

Lord Kurt stared at her with an odd expression on his face.

Janet raised her head looking back at him and said, "Why didn't you let me know that you have arrived? We should find a time and catch up sometimes."

She gave Lord Kurt a pleading look, hoping that he would play along with her act. It was a long shot but...

As long as this man didn't expose her in front of Daran, she would find a chance to straighten things up with him later.

She couldn't have Daran became suspicious of her.

"Father? It is me. Janine."

She blinked at the man, praying in her heart that he would come around.

"....Oh."

Lord Kurt cleared his throat before finally speaking up:

"Right. Janine. I almost didn't recognize you with...with this new dress that you are wearing."

Great!

He went with her act!

Janet let out a long sigh of relief internally.

She didn't know why this man didn't choose to expose her...But she survived this crisis. She would thank him and explain everything later.

"So this is really your daughter?" Daran asked, his chin resting on his face.

"Yes, My King. This is my...youngest daughter," Lord Kurt said. "As I was saying,

other daughters won't be able to attend this screening. But since Janine is here, she can take her sister's place and join the Luna screening."

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WHAT THE HELL???/

Janet's jaw dropped.

She couldn't hide the shock on her face.

Janet's jaw dropped.

She couldn't hide the shock on her face.

What were these two talking about now?!

"Oh, Lady Kurt, looks like that you didn't know about this?"

The smile on Daran's lips grew wider as he said:

"Your sister's name was on the list that the elders submitted to me. And since your sisters **are** unable to attend, I guess you will be my Luna candidate."

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Chapter 265

Chapter 265

Janet froze on her spot.

She didn't know what to say or how to react.

She did get Lord Kurt to play along with her act...but looked like that got her into bigger trouble.

"Yet this reminded me of another issue."

Daran changed to a more relaxed posture and looked at Janet intently, "Your

youngest daughter told me that she is already married with kids. How can a married woman be my Luna?"

Lord Kurt looked nervous.

He mopped at his brow with the back of his hand and said, "I–I believe that there is some misunderstanding...May I have a word alone with my daughter? If your majesty approves...?"

"You may," said Daran coldly. "But let me remind you that lying to the King is a serious crime. Kurt promised to send a daughter to the Luna screening. So you better keep up with that promise. You don't want to live with the consequence of disappointing me.'

"I—I understand." Lord Kurt stuttered, "Janine, come with me!"

He shot Janet a warning look before heading to the door.

Janet bent to Aspen and asked him to stay with the maids before following Lord Kurt

outside.

As soon as they were alone in the hallway, Lord Kurt turned to her and snapped: "-You are going to that screening!"

Janet couldn't believe this guy, "Wow let's slow down for a second. Are you crazy? I am not even your real daughter!"

Lord Kurt sneered, "Precisely. And let me guess. You are a gold–digger who stole my family name and snuck into the meetings, hoping to land a rich guy somehow. At some other time, I would expose you to the King in a heartbeat. Yet today, you are in luck. I happen to need a daughter to attend the screening."

"What happens to your other daughters? It is their name on that damn list, right?"– Janet growled.

"If they are willing to come, why do I need you?" Lord Kurt waved his hand impatiently, "Now spill it. Quick. Are you willing to make this deal with me or not?

Go to the screening and spare me from the King's rage. And I will keep my mouth shut about a certain identity thief."

Janet was gradually getting a sense of what was happening.

Lord Kurt's daughter's name was on the list of Luna candidates.

Yet his real daughters couldn't attend for whatever reasons it might be.

Just when Lord Kurt was confronting this to the King, she walked in.

...Wasn't this convenient?

Janet rubbed her forehead in frustration.

She couldn't join that Luna screening. Hell, she couldn't avoid Daran enough!

But if she didn't, her identity will get exposed.

And Daran would start asking questions.

It was bad news either way.

"Quick. The clock is ticking!" Lord Kurt urged, "Do we have a deal or not?"

Janet let out a long sigh.

...She blamed Medline, who swore to her that this identity was safe.

Safe her ass.

"Fine!" she gritted eventually, "I will go to this thing. But you need to keep your side of the promise as well. Not a word about who I am!"

A grin appeared on Lord Kurt's lips, "You bet. But did you already say to the King that you are married with kids?"

"That won't be a problem. I will simply let him know that I am divorced already," said Janet irritably.

Here was what she thought:

There would be tons of great women at the screening. A divorced woman who would not show her face wouldn't catch too much attention.

She would simply keep a low profile and get this thing over with.

When Daran chose his destined one, she and Aspen would be on their way as well.

They worked out the plan and headed back to the great hall.

"My King."

Lord Kurt bowed to Daran with a flattering smile:

"Janine is willing to take her sister's place and run for your Luna. It is her great honor."

Daran raised an eyebrow, "Is that so? Then what about her current husband?"

Janet stared at her own feet and said in a whisper, "...I am divorced already."

Daran let out a snort.

There was no way to tell whether he was happy or mad from that snort.

"Fine. Then ask the elders to bring the other candidates here and we will have the

first screening right now," said Daran nonchalantly.

Right now?

Janet was caught off guard.

It was happening a lot faster than she expected.

But since she was aiming to win, she didn't need any preparation either.

Momen's later, the door opened up and a group of ladies stepped inside.

They all dressed up in fancy gowns and wore gorgeous jewelry that gleamed glamorously under the light.

Their presence made Janet look like a lowly maid.

An elder came with the ladies. He stood in front of Daran and presented this lovely crowd to the King:

"My King, may I present to you-the Luna candidates."

All the girls stood in a line and curtseyed to Daran, smiling sheepishly.

They were all very young and attractive and gorgeous.

Janet couldn't even pick out a top one among them. They all looked perfect.

Yet Daran looked bored.

He didn't even take a single glance at the woman who might become his future

Luna.

His eyes flickered to Janet instead and called out her name abruptly:

"Janine Kurt."

Janet gave a shudder and quickly turned to him, "Yes, my king."

"Go stand with the other candidates. Or do you need time to get ready?" he said in a sarcastic sort of way.

Janet gulped and hastily walked to stand with the other girls, who were all staring at her in shock.

Apparently, they found it hard to believe that a shabby-dressing woman like her was

also running for Luna.

Janet took her spot at the end of the line.

She could feel herself stand out...and not in a good way.

Just then, Aspen broke free from the maids and ran over to her, crying, "Lady Kurt! What are you doing with these ladies?"

"Umm..." Janet hesitated for a second and said, "I am playing a little game with them."

"Then what do you call a win?" asked the boy innocently.

"For the first round, we are simply looking at posture, figure, and appearance." The elder said, "So in short, the prettiest candidate wins."

Aspen widened his eyes as a bright smile came across his face.

"Then we have a winner already!" he announced proudly and raised Janet's hand,

"Lady Kurt is the most beautiful woman here!"

All the candidates gasped simultaneously.

What the hell was this boy talking about?

This Lady Kurt was by far the least attractive woman present!

Just look at her black dress, tight–up hair, and that mask! There was no way to tell **what** she looked like!

Everyone looked to Daran, waiting for his judgment.

Yet the King said nothing.

He sat on his throne with his chin resting in his hand and a mysterious smile on his lips.

"What do you know, you little boy?" one of the candidates scolded Aspen, "She has her face covered. Maybe she did it because she looks hideous."

"No...NO!"

Aspen cried, his little face quickly growing *red* in anger, "Lady Kurt is not hideous. She is beautiful! She is way prettier than you!"

"Aspen!" Janet hissed.

She tried to contain her son, but he would not listen.

He was in a hurry to defend her.

"You apologize to her!" the boy cried, "My...my nanny is not hideous! You can't talk to her like that!"

That candidate rolled her eyes and let out a snort.

"Shut your mouth, silly boy. The adults are talking," said her in disgust.

Daran suddenly straightened his back.

He pointed at that candidate and beckoned her over, "You. Approach me."

A flattered smile appeared on her face as she quickly stepped out of the line and curtseyed, "Yes, my king?"

Daran stared down at her, "What is your name?"

"My name is Fiona, Your Majesty. I am so happy to be here," she said, batting her eyelashes at him.

She thought she had caught the King's attention.

The other candidates were all eyeing her enviously.

"Fiona."

Daran's face turned cold as he announced in a ruthless voice:

"You are out of here."

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Chapter 266

Chapter 266

Fiona's mouth dropped open.

Chapter 266

Fiona's mouth dropped open.

She couldn't believe what he just said and stuttered, "W–Why...What have I done wrong? Your majesty...I–I don't understand..."

Daran's gaze was cold as ice, "Nobody disrespects the young master and certainly can't call him 'silly boy.' You should feel lucky that I am in a good mood today and decide to spare your life."

Fiona stood on her spot frozen, mortified.

She didn't know that this boy was this important to the King.

If she had known this, she would have never said things like that!

But it was all too late now.

Her family had high hopes for her. Yet her journey ended before it even started. "What are you still doing here?" Daran narrowed his eyes dangerously, "You'd rather be dragged out by guards?"

Fiona gave a shudder.

She was left with no choice but to turn on her heels and slowly head towards the doors.

She could feel the other candidates' taunting gazes, which made her want to cry.

"Wait."

Daran's voice came from her back.

Fiona jerked around abruptly. Her eyes were once again bright with hope.

Did the King change his mind about her?

"Go apologize to the young master," Daran demanded icily.

Fiona clenched her skirt and slowly walked up to the boy.

"....Sorry," she whispered.

The boy pouted unpleasantly, "You were a lot louder when you yelled at me."

Fiona took in a deep breath. Her tears were on the verge of falling.

"I–I am sorry!" she said once again in a loud, trembling voice.

Aspen held Janet's hand and said, "You need to apologize to my nanny as well. And say that she is the prettiest woman you know!"

Fiona rounded her eyes in shock.

So not only did she have to apologize to this brat, but she also needed to grovel to this woman.

Aspen was the King's child. But who the hell was this woman? She was nothing but a lowly nanny!

Fiona was about to refuse when she heard the King's sullen voice from her back again:

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"

"You heard the young master."

Fiona clenched her fists with humiliation.

Lady Kurt, I shouldn't call you hideous. And...and you are the most beautiful woman I know," said she in a voice that was full of shame and anger.

Janet cleared her throat, "Apology accepted."

After that, Fiona fled the great hall like a rat in bright daylight.

Daran turned to the elder and said to him in a chilly voice, "You didn't do a very good job with that list. A rash and uncourteous woman like that shouldn't be brought to my face, and certainly is not qualified to be my Luna."

The elders could sense the King's unpleasantness.

He gulped nervously and bowed, "My deepest apology, my king...But the rest of the candidates are all virtuous ladies. Shall we let them introduce themselves?"

Daran laid back on his throne.

He didn't seem interested.

Yet he also didn't say no.

The elder quickly turned around and gave the ladies a look, gesturing them to go around and introduce themselves.

There were 9 women left in the room, including Janet.

3 women caught Janet's attention with their self-introductions.

The first one was a girl named Ellington.

She came from a very noble family in Riverside Pack. If Daran took her as Luna, her family power could certainly help Daran secure his crown.

The second woman was Blanca.

She graduated from a very prestigious school and was the only one who had several years of experience working in the government sector. She could certainly help Daran rule this kingdom.

And at last, there was this woman named Gabriel.

Unlike Ellington and Blanca, she didn't come from a good family nor was she very smart or talented in particular.

She was just so, so beautiful.

Her beauty was comparable to Agnes.

Janet doubted any men could take their eyes off her.

Daran's Luna must be one of these 3 women.

When everyone else was done with their introduction, finally it was Janet's turn. Janet took a small step forward, keeping her eyes on the ground, and said: "My name is Janine Kurt, from Black Water Pack. And...I am 28 years old."

She briefly finished it and stepped back into the line.

The elder frowned at her hewildered

The elder frowned at her, bewildered.

... That was all that she had got to say about herself.

The other ladies couldn't shut up about their family, their specialties, and their hobbies.

Lady Gabriel even got up to the throne and invited the King to appreciate her diamond hairpin, so that the King could see her gorgeous face more clearly.

They were all working their butts off to impress the King.

Yet this Lady Kurt...she was not even trying.

The elder decided to give her a second chance and asked, "What do you normally do for leisure? Do you like reading? Painting? Or perhaps gardening?"

Janet shook her head, "I just sit around and do nothing."

"Which school did you graduate from?"

"I dropped out of school early. Not a learning material."

The elder's frown grew even tighter, "Then what are you specialized in? Can you play any musical instruments? Can you cook?"

"No. Music makes me want to sleep. And I always burn down the kitchen when I cook," said Janet calmly.

Light jeering could be heard from the crowd.

All the ladies were looking at Janet disdainfully.

They didn't understand how this mediocre woman got up onto the list in the first place.

She was so not qualified, in every sense.

A lord's son would be out of her league, let alone the King for Christ's sake.

Yet Janet didn't mind those scornful gazes and laughter.

She didn't want to win this stupid thing in the first place.

The less other people thought of her, the better

The elder let out a long, desperate sigh.

He gave up on Janet and turned back to Daran, "My King, are there any ladies whom you would like to get to know better?"

Daran didn't say anything in the past 15 minutes.

All the ladies straightened their backs and looked at him eagerly, hoping that the King could call out their own names.

"Yes. There is one." Daran said with a faint smile.

"Oh, which one?"

All the ladies held their breaths in nervousness.

Lady Ellington even leaned her upper body forward, ready to rush forward the second that she heard her name.

"Lady Kurt."

"Lady Kurt."

Janet blinked blankly.

Did he just call her name?

Under the other's envious gazes, she slowly moved forward, "Yes, my king."

"You said very little about yourself."

"That is because I am a boring woman with not much to tell, my king."

A sarcastic smile appeared on his lips, "I hardly think so. Perhaps you can start by telling me a little bit more about your ex–husband."

The other ladies gasped lowly in shock while Janet stood on her spot, frozen.

She was certain that Daran was just giving her a hard time.

"I...don't think that is relevant."

Daran narrowed his eyes, "It is relevant. Because I want to know."

Aspen suddenly gave a tug at her sleeves and raised his head, looking at her, "Are they asking about your husband? Why don't you tell them how wonderful he is?"

The boy's face was shining with anticipation.

He adored his father Westin.

Naturally, he wanted to hear his mother say nice things about his father in front of other people.

Janet didn't want to talk about Westin.

But she also didn't want to disappoint Aspen.

So she said with a sigh, ... Yes. My husband... is a wonderful guy."

Daran's face grew dark.

"Wonderful how?" he asked sullenly through gritted teeth.

"He is wise...and caring...and brave. He is good with the kids. And is a great listener..."

Anger built up in Daran's chest as Janet went on.

He didn't know where that anger came from.

The thought of her being with another man and in love with another man made his inner beast roar.

He hadn't had a feeling like that in ages.

"Enough!"

He shot up from his throne and glared at Janet, "If he is so great, why did you divorce him?"

"My name is Janine Kurt, from Black Water Pack. And...I am 28 years old."

She briefly finished it and stepped back into the line.

The elder frowned at her, bewildered.

That was all that she had got to cau about barcelf

The elder frowned at her, bewildered.

.. That was all that she had got to say about herself.

The other ladies couldn't shut up about their family, their specialties, and their hobbies.

Lady Gabriel even got up to the throne and invited the King to appreciate her diamond hairpin, so that the King could see her gorgeous face more clearly.

They were all working their butts off to impress the King.

Yet this Lady Kurt...she was not even trying.

The elder decided to give her a second chance and asked, "What do you normally do for leisure? Do you like reading? Painting? Or perhaps gardening?"

Janet shook her head, "I just sit around and do nothing."

"Which school did you graduate from?"

"I dropped out of school early. Not a learning material."

The elder's frown grew even tighter, "Then what are you specialized in? Can you play any musical instruments? Can you cook?"

"No. Music makes me want to sleep. And I always burn down the kitchen when I cook," said Janet calmly.

Light jeering could be heard from the crowd.

All the ladies were looking at Janet disdainfully.

They didn't understand how this mediocre woman got up onto the list in the first place.

She was so not qualified, in every sense.

A lord's son would be out of her league, let alone the King for Christ's sake.

Yet Janet didn't mind those scornful gazes and laughter.

She didn't want to win this stupid thing in the first place.

The less other people thought of her, the better

The elder let out a long, desperate sigh.

He gave up on Janet and turned back to Daran, "My King, are there any ladies whom you would like to get to know better?"

Daran didn't say anything in the past 15 minutes.

All the ladies straightened their backs and looked at him eagerly, hoping that the King could call out their own names.

"Yes. There is one." Daran said with a faint smile.

"Oh, which one?"

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