

Chapter 2977 Unveiling the Past

With a slight sway, the elevator arrived at the top-floor banquet hall.

As the elevator doors opened, the oppressive atmosphere inside dissipated instantly.

Arabella and Toby once again put on their fake smiles.

"Mother, thank you for gracing my banquet with your presence. Please!"

With a gentle smile, Arabella nodded and gracefully stepped out of the elevator.

As Toby watched her back, his gaze deepened.

A woman who receives such favor from the king must surely be anything but simple.

But I don't mind. I prefer to work with the intelligent and decisive over the foolish one.

Meanwhile, Zedran hastily ushered his son into a secluded corner of the banquet hall.

"You're crazy! Staring at the queen consort so blatantly in public. If the King finds out, y-you..."

As he spoke, he suddenly stuttered, but Zedbar didn't notice.

"Father, doesn't this new queen consort resemble my late mother? Haven't you noticed?"

"Umm..."

Zedran suddenly halted in his tracks. His son's words triggered a distant memory of his wife. However, more than twenty years had passed, and the details had faded from his mind.

Zedbar's unease grew as he observed his father's reaction.

"Father, can you tell me how my mother died?"

As he spoke, tears welled up in his eyes, and his body trembled slightly with sobs.

At this moment, he held a photo in his hand.

As Zedran caught sight of it, his face instantly turned pale in shock. The woman in the photo was undeniably young and beautiful.

And most coincidentally, there were similarities between this woman and Arabella.

This was why Zedbar had been staring at Arabella so intently.

"W-Where did you get this?"

Zedran's face was filled with disbelief.

Hasn't all the information about this woman been destroyed already?

Zedbar didn't give a direct answer; instead, he mused to himself.

"Since I was a child, whenever I inquired about my mother, you always brushed off the question with the excuse of her dying from complications during childbirth," he recounted bitterly.

"But despite scouring all the archives, I found no trace of her. It's surprising to discover that all records of her identity seem to have vanished, as if she never existed in this world.

"Father, how did my mother die?"

As he spoke, his round, bloodshot eyes burned with intensity, reflecting a fierce gaze brimming with anger and resentment.

He had intended to bury these emotions deep within himself until he encountered Arabella. But now, this surge of emotion had inexplicably erupted.

Under Zedbar's relentless questioning, Zedran realized he couldn't evade the truth. He could only sigh helplessly, the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes deepening.

Realizing that Zedbar would eventually uncover the truth on his own and that it would lead to a dead end, Zedran decided to divulge the truth.

"I had hoped to keep the truth from you for a lifetime, but it seems you have unearthed it. Let me share a story.

"Once, there was a maid whose beauty caught the eye of the current king. After a night of passion, the matter was meant to end there.

"Unfortunately, the maid became pregnant. While this might have been good news for a queen, it was a disaster for a maid."

A maid without power or support bearing a royal heir was a tragedy waiting to unfold.

If she had given birth to a daughter, it wouldn't have been so dire. However, if it was a son, it would spell the end for both the maid and her child.