

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 524 - 524 The Young Man

Benson Walton's POV:

I was almost certain that Kevin must have a relationship with this temple. He easily found such a hidden door and was indifferent to everything happening before him.

However, now was not the time to question that. The stone door was slowly opening in front of us.

The moment the door opened, my sixth sense suddenly buzzed, sharply warning me that there was an extremely dangerous person hiding behind the door.

I subconsciously wanted to shift the position of the wolf form, but Kevin stopped me.

"It's useless. No matter how strong the body is, it can't stop his invasion." He looked sternly at the dark void through the crack of the door.

"He has a weak body, but his spirit is always successful. Changing forms is just to let him find a more suitable opportunity to strike."

I didn't understand what he meant, but given how he'd always been so calm and expected, I thought there was no harm in trusting him for the time being.

The room behind the stone door was dark, unlike the many candles and glass windows on the roof outside. The candle beside the stone door illuminated a small corner for us, and the contrast only made the darkness even more dangerous.

However, Kevin seemed completely unaware of the danger as he entered it.

"You have no way out," he said flatly. "Put away your despicable tricks. You've already failed once, and I think you now understand that they won't work on me."

Who was he talking to?

I thought that my vision was superior among the werewolves, but no matter how carefully I observed, I couldn't see through the dark void.

No one answered Kevin, as if he was talking to air.

Kevin was not in a hurry. He stood at the boundary of light and darkness and continued, "There is no point in delaying. From the moment you stepped into the Goddess of the New Moon Temple, you were already exposed to her sight. You can't hide, and you

can't escape. Stalling for time will only consume her patience, and it will bring you an even more tragic end."

There was still no sound in the darkness, but something suddenly appeared in my line of sight and wobbled toward the stone door.

When I got closer, I realized that it was Julie!

To be more precise, it was Julie's remnant soul, but this confirmed that her other half was here. And it was self-evident who Kevin had been talking to.

I silently prepared myself for battle. If the other side decided to fight to the death, Kevin's small fishing rod-like body wouldn't be able to withstand even a single claw.

Kevin's expression did not change at the sight of Julie.

"This isn't a show of weakness, but a provocation," he said. "Under the goddess's watch, you can only accept being captured. Anything else is considered a rebellion. Don't be so naive and put up a stubborn resistance. The goddess needs not a broken soul but the murderer to be executed!"

These words were impolite!

I suddenly caught a faint breathing sound. It seemed that the person hiding in the darkness could no longer maintain his disguise and revealed his breathing. This made my entire body tense up even more as I prepared to punch the next soul or something that appeared at the door.

However, in the next second, I only heard a few soft laughs.

"You're very smart, Master Kevin." The man's voice came from the darkness. "I think you intentionally released Julie's remnant soul to bait me."

Kevin did not answer.

"You even led me to this strange temple. If I'm not wrong, you're the same as that strange agent the other day. You've abandoned the Moon Goddess' trust and turned to the arms of this heretic god who came out of nowhere-

"Mind your words!" Kevin was suddenly infuriated. The calmness that he had feigned vanished. "You have no right to judge these two tolerant and kind goddesses, much less to criticize my faith."

"You little demon, when your father was licking the demon's toes, didn't he tell you to learn to bow and kneel in front of your demon master? You b*stard of the Evaria Family!"

I looked into the darkness in shock. Coincidentally, at this moment, the moths that were as quiet as stone on the light rack and the ground seemed to have been infected by Kevin's anger. They rushed into the dark stone door.

Their black-gold wings, which looked like they were made of gems and crystals, shone with soft light, illuminating the dark room as if it were daytime.

Under this light, I could finally see the interior.

The tall, gorgeous stone wall, the altar with exquisite curtains and soft beds, two identical pale women, and...

It was the handsome and arrogant young man below the altar.

The young man turned a blind eye to the threatening moths above his head. He calmly nodded at us and greeted us as if he was at a dinner party. "Good evening, my dear gentlemen."

Chapter 525 - 525: The Wandering Women

Chapter 525: The Wandering Women

Benson Walton's POV:

I couldn't describe what kind of feeling it was. The moment the young man spoke, all the hair on my body stood on end. I couldn't help but shift my position. My sharp teeth and claws gradually broke through the prison of the human form. This was my self-defense mechanism, trying to protect my safety.

There was no doubt that he was a dangerous person. Even though he looked as fair and slender as any child of a noble family, he did not look like he had been on the battlefield. However, he was indeed dangerous. He could use a power that I didn't know and couldn't understand to take down everyone present easily.

"Step back, Kevin." I pulled Kevin behind me and nervously stared at the luxuriously dressed young man. "He's dangerous. Calm down. Don't underestimate him."

Kevin didn't say a word, so I couldn't turn back to observe his reaction. It was the young man who laughed disdainfully when he saw my actions.

"Please don't be nervous, Sir," he said casually. "No matter how rebellious I am, I know it's a great sin to use brute force in the temple, especially in the temple of an

unfamiliar goddess. I don't expect her to be more merciful than the Moon Goddess and forgive the offense of a heathen."

"So you know that you've committed a great sin." Kevin's voice was no longer as steady as before. The lava hidden under the water was eager to erupt.

"Boy, the master of this temple has always been generous and kind, but to an offender, she is never stingy with her anger. I know you have some despicable tricks up your sleeve, but no matter what, you can't escape from here today."

The young man didn't say anything. Gradually, he stopped laughing. The young man was handsome, smiling like a spring breeze. However, when the last trace of a smile disappeared from the corner of his mouth, one would find that the warm spring breeze was just an illusion. Hidden under it was a dry well that exuded a rotten smell.

This young man looked no older than twenty, but his temperament was like that of an old man with one foot in the grave.

"I don't have any ill intentions. No matter what you're thinking, that's not me." He said, "I just want to see what exactly happened. This poor wandering soul, after she spent countless years in confusion, was what made her leave the closed-up prison."

I heard Kevin let out an extremely mean sneer. "Excellent acting skills, child. I will believe you if I didn't know you were in cahoots with the culprit who caused all this."

Wait a minute, was I the only one not in the situation right now?

What did he mean by 'colluding'? Could this young man not be the person we were looking for?

Kevin's meanness was incomparable to mine. Perhaps it was because my suspicions were too obvious, but he rolled his eyes at me in disdain. "Use your brain, Benson. How old could this child have been twenty years ago? I'm afraid it was not even a sperm then."

The young man laughed without any sense of danger aversion.

"Alright, alright." I thought the atmosphere might not be as tense as I had imagined, so I temporarily restrained my desire to attack and stop this confrontation that kept me in the dark. "No matter what, I hope that someone can give me an explanation. What is going on? Are we still fighting? Or did we catch the wrong person?"

"Yes, you've got the wrong person." The young man nodded innocently.

"No." Kevin shook his head. "We didn't get the wrong person."

“... Do you want me to leave first and wait for you to come up with a unified answer?” I would have laughed out of anger if it weren’t for the inappropriate atmosphere.

“Listen up, Kevin, and that kid over there. This isn’t a theater, and no one wants to see the three of us act like fools. This was the temple of a heretic goddess. This is already creepy enough. So, in the next five minutes, we either caught the wrong person and leave immediately. Either we fight to the death, and then one of us will surrender, understand?”

“I sincerely hoped we could resolve the misunderstanding between us peacefully,” the noble boy said with an air of propriety. “At least listen to my explanation.”

Kevin remained silent. I could feel his patience and anger growing.

“You have one minute,” I immediately replied.

The angry buzzing moths calmed down in a few seconds and landed on the wall one after another, pretending to be stone sculptures.

Kevin seemed not stingy with this one minute, which relieved me. To be honest, although I was unsure if this kid was bluffing, his sense of danger made me unsure if I could subdue him.

“The wandering woman... That’s what the people around me and I call her. I don’t know when it started, but she barged into my family. Ever since I was born, I’ve heard people talking and whispering about her.”

The young man looked at the two women standing opposite each other and looked the same. They were pale and weak, not like ghosts. They had fallen to become two homeless wanderers, and they had been tortured day after day until they were no longer human..

Chapter 526 - 526: The Apparition

Chapter 526: The Apparition

Benson Walton’s POV:

“I don’t know why my elders didn’t drive her away. Even if she’s just an idiotic undead without any threat, the land of the living isn’t where she can stay for long.

“She always appears and disappears unpredictably, disappearing from people’s sight for a long time and suddenly appearing in a corner with few people. I’ve heard rumors about her, but they’re mostly dry and boring love stories. This is certainly not the truth. I’ve also asked my elders about her, but everyone kept their mouths shut and warned me not to try to find out about an undead’s past, as that would harm me.

“But I’m even more confused because of this, and I’m sure there must be some secret worth investigating on this dead soul.

“I think that since the two of you were able to devise a plan to lure the soul into a trap, you should have some guesses about my identity. So, let’s ignore that unimportant concealment. In short, after my family was declared to be in decline and had no choice but to leave my family’s line of sight like a stray dog, I suddenly found that the soul had left – that’s not exactly right, she should have stayed here, on the land that once belonged to the Evaria Family and wander around all day long.”

“This was very unusual. By then, I realized that my guess was wrong. The undead did not follow my family but someone in my family. He or she has died, so the undead will forever linger around the sleeper.

“And tonight, the undead trapped in this small area suddenly left. I don’t know what caused her to change, so I followed her to this temple. Then, I met the two of you.

“That’s what I wanted to say.”

The young man did not seem to be lying, but I knew lying, for the nobles, was easier than eating and drinking, so I did not believe him easily.

“So, how did you get in?” I asked. “How do you know the secret of a temple that belongs to the heretic goddess?”

The young man didn’t answer, he just smiled.

“So, the person Rory was monitoring that day was you,” Kevin suddenly said. “You tried to control him but failed. However, you still left many memories that belonged to Rory.”

The young man nodded. “That’s right. I only wanted to protect myself at that time. After all, as a member of the defeated family, it’s best not to mention anything about me to the princess. Although I failed in the end, I don’t think I gained anything. This temple, the goddess, who could have thought of it? Who would’ve thought of that!”

The young man chuckled as if he had heard a joke, and I immediately noticed that Kevin’s emotions, which had been stabilized with great difficulty, were showing signs of erupting again.

1 didn't need to think too much to know that Kevin must have a close relationship with this temple or he had already thrown himself into the arms of the heresy.

However, none of the information I had access to about him mentioned this at all. He was so powerful that he could blind the all-pervasive Intelligence Department and mobile patrol team, or someone had hidden this for him.

The probability of the former was even lower than me immediately returning to the Shadow Pack and assuming office. As for the latter, given the well-known label of Kevin, the identity of the person who had concealed the truth was obvious.

So I'd decided to remain silent on this.

And if my guess was correct, then the royal family and the heresy were connected. Judging from the young man's words, the person Selma had sent to monitor him knew it was related to the heresy.

That was to say, the young man had already obtained much information about the heresy from the monitors, including its relationship with the royal family.

1 couldn't help but feel a headache. Things were getting more and more complicated. If this young man had information that was not beneficial to the royal family, then even if his surname were not Evaria, 1 would not let him walk out of this temple so easily.

No wonder Kevin was so angry. Even 1 hated the young man's arrogant smile so much that my teeth itched.

He was just a defeated general. Why couldn't he just roll out of the Lycan pack like a mouse and live the rest of his life in a poor and remote village?

Now that he knew the secret he shouldn't know, he was involved in a case full of sensitive information over twenty years ago. He would not be able to get out of this.

1 wouldn't be able to be kind.

"I've heard it all. You said it in an organized manner, whether it's a story or a fact."

Sharp teeth and claws grew out again.

"But I'm afraid we'll have to trouble you to return with us for an investigation. Child, if what you said is true, you'll be sent home safely, and we'll naturally go and catch the real murderer. If it's fake, you don't want to know the price you must pay."

The atmosphere became tense again, and the motionless moths buzzed, turning from harmless carvings into terrifying monsters.

Kevin and 1 stared at the young man and noticed his movements, hoping to strike first.

But-

The young man just chuckled and then allowed himself to be captured.

"I hope you keep your promise, Sir," he said. "I'm going on a study trip with my friends. Breaking a promise is not a gentleman's character.."

Chapter 527 - 527: Sparring

Chapter 527: Sparring

Selma Payne's POV:

With the cooperation of many parties, Aldrich recovered very quickly. In just a month, he was able to start receiving some simple training.

To avoid exposure to the outside world, Aldrich had to train the muscles worn out on the hospital bed as soon as possible. That was why I was acting as his temporary instructor.

It was a wonderful feeling. When 1 first met Aldrich, he was the teacher in training me, but now everything was reversed.

His deep sleep caused the sharpness and power that he was so proud of to deteriorate. After being caught by me multiple times for his fatal flaws, Aldrich couldn't help but feel a little dejected.

"It feels like a hundred years have passed." He wiped his sweat-drenched hair and looked lonely. "My joints are as slow as gears that haven't been lubricated for a hundred years. They creak with every slight movement."

'That's normal,' 1 tried to comfort him. "You've been lying down for too long. If it were someone else, getting out of bed and running around would be good enough. You just need time to train to return to your original state, just like you did the first time."

Aldrich was silent for a few seconds before suddenly asking, "While I was unconscious, Frank, he..."

This also reminded me about Frank, and 1 could only give him a disappointing answer. "No, there's no news. I've interrogated the cultist captives, but I got nothing."

In fact, after such a long time, we could roughly guess in our hearts that the hope was already very slim. It would probably be difficult even to find an intact corpse of Frank.

It was unknown what method Frank had used to merge into the black cocoon that Linda had condensed and that black cocoon now seemed to be related to the cultists and even the demons.

I did not doubt that this familiar cocoon would become some kind of medium. One day, it might breed evil and death, just like I broke out of the cocoon, and some kind of existence would be born.

I was more afraid that my guess had already been proven correct. The sacrifices the evil cultists risked their lives to obtain could very well be for the black cocoon. On the other hand, we had no idea if the black cocoon had received enough sacrifices or how long it would take for it to hatch.

In short, the short break like a paradise is over, and I have to return to Lycan pack in early January.

In addition, there was an episode during this period: Benson had found Julie's 'other half', and with Kevin, they had caught the person who might have provided the evidence. He was not a suspect because he was not born when Layla committed suicide over twenty years ago.

"Sisley Evaria." I couldn't be more familiar with an unfamiliar name and a family name. This made me frown. The young man in the photo looked familiar to me. I felt like I had seen him at my wedding.

"Oh, you still remember him." Jordin shrugged. "Do you still remember those children who spoke rudely at your wedding? You didn't punish them, you just drove them away. This kid is one of them; I even personally returned him to his angry father!"

Now that she mentioned it, I had an impression of him. He used to be the one who was the most popular among the group of children. He was a close friend of Cast! Woof Anca.

I was guessing that he was the one Casti went to see that night. He also dared to hide it from me because of him.

But I remembered that Sisley was only a junior high school student then. Why did the information say that he was already twenty? How many years had I been married?

"You were so busy with the wedding and coronation that you didn't notice this. Emma, Dorothy, and I helped you choose the list of concierges."

Jordin added, “You know how the nobles do things. They fight for a position for themselves no matter what. They try to fool details like age if they can. Many children have their parents lie about their age, including him...”

“You can pass by lying about your age?” Only then did I find out that there were such details of the wedding that I didn’t know about.

Jordin shook her head helplessly. “How can we decide if we can pass or not? The name list placed on your table results from many parties’ gamble. We can only stamp your seal symbolically, which will be considered settled.”

At this point, his identity could at least be confirmed. The Evaria Family chose him to be the concierge for my wedding, so the family must highly value him.

In addition, he also could control the mind, so there was a high probability that he was blood-related to little Sunflower. This meant that the boy, introduced as the youngest son of an inconspicuous Evaria Family member in the document, was likely to be the descendant of that illegitimate child.

However, compared to the more troubles about to come, a certain worry occupied most of my current worries – if Sisley and little Sunflower were blood-related, what would they be? Brothers, or perhaps.... Father and son?

Chapter 528 - 528: The Conjecture

Chapter 528: The Conjecture

Selma Payne’s POV:

I set off with worry, unable to stop trying to guess the relationship between the two. I secretly ordered people to make a blood report for Sisley and little Sunflower, but the final data stopped at a very ambiguous range.

“Generally speaking, the test results are enough to show that the two have a very close blood relationship,” he explained. “However, during the test, the equipment had inexplicable faults and changes, which forced us to do a few more tests just in case. However, there were large and small accidents during every test. This is obviously beyond the scope of medicine, so we sought help from the werewolf grandmasters – “

I rubbed my tired eyebrows and interrupted him, “Get to the point, Craig.”

Undeniably, he was an excellent doctor, but he was clumsy and often couldn't catch the main point. I usually didn't feel anything, but I couldn't help but feel irritated at this critical moment.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness," he said, flustered. He tried to calm himself down and said, "In short, there is a special form of energy in the blood of Mr. Evaria and young Sunflower. It is that which interferes with the normal operation of the instrument and causes the results to be erratic. Even the werewolf grandmasters' sorcery was disrupted because of this, and it was impossible to determine the blood relationship between the two accurately."

"... What did Sisley say?"

"Uh, Mr. Evaria said that he did not know of little Sunflower's existence and that he was his father's youngest child. He had been single and maintained the habit of keeping himself clean.

"That's why he's talking nonsense with you."

"This is beyond my capabilities, Your Highness. I'm just a doctor."

"... Yes, I was too impatient. Thank you, Craig. There's no need for the blood test anymore. We'll talk about it after I get back."

After I hung up, I once again felt an indescribable fatigue. I thought I was working hard to decipher it, but more secrets came one after another. I solved one, and ten more jumped out, waiting for me.

I didn't care if Ashley and little Sunflower were brothers or father and son. I was more concerned about issues other than ethics.

If the two were father and son, then it would be easier for me to worry about them. Judging from his age, the Evaria Family had only been able to use his sperm for a very short time, and their technology was very primitive.

As such, Lester's research facility was most likely their main experimental base. I didn't have to worry that this crazy family would have more bases to harm more women and cause more trouble for the royal family.

However, if the two were brothers, then it would be troublesome. Twenty years had passed between Sisley and little Sunflower. Were these two children the only ones born in these twenty years?

Their biological father might not have lost his fertility. Even if the Evaria Family could no longer conduct human experiments, couldn't they return to the most natural and honest form?

More children meant more people coveting the throne, more mind-controlling ability users, and more trouble that was harder to solve.

Just thinking about it gave me a headache.

The Evaria Family was a rotten sore that went deep into the bone. If it were removed, it would be a pain in the heart. I pretended to let them off the hook to find out where Azazel was. Now that such a thing had happened, I simply couldn't eat.

Rhode instantly saw through my mind.

On this return trip, I only stopped at the Shadow Pack for a while to see my foster parents and brothers. Rhode didn't seem to be troubled by love. He accepted that Emma had broken up with him and didn't mention their engagement.

Since he didn't mention it, I couldn't bring it up. No matter if Rhode had let it go or if he were pretending to let it go, I would only scratch at his scars if I rashly brought it up.

Compared to the worried me, Aldrich and law's relationship was more pleasant. Aldrich's training partner also changed from me to Rhode.

"Today, Aldrich also asked me about you because of your absent-minded state."

At night, Aldrich told me.

"I don't know if I should tell you about Sisley and little Sunflower, so I only told Rhode that you didn't rest well because of the long journey."

We snuggled together, and Aldrich's warm body made me feel at ease.

"Thank you, my dear. Let's not talk about this with Rhode for now." I sighed. "This is complicated and confusing. There's no conclusion, and it concerns the bloodline of the royal family. I trust Rhode, but the fewer people who know about this, the better."

That child... To be fair, when it came to our ages, I was not old enough to call him a child'.

In short, there must be something that Sisley was hiding from me, and his parents might not be his parents. I'd checked the family line of that couple, and they could be traced back to many generations of ancestors, so it was impossible for them to be the descendants of the illegitimate child who appeared suddenly.

The only reason I could think of for having his fake parents take care of him was the Evaria Family wanted to protect the identity of the father who had provided the sperm, and it was likely that, like young Sunflower, he was born through abnormal means..

Chapter 529 - 529: What Do You Know?

Chapter 529: What Do You Know?

Selma Payne's POV:

I hadn't seen Teresa in a long time. Her children had already grown up, and her increasingly haggard face was obvious.

"This is the price of being a mother." She smiled bitterly. "Raising a child is not like caring for a plant. You just have to water and fertilize it. As the children grow, they are no longer as obedient as they were when they were young. Sometimes, I regret it. I shouldn't have arranged for the age gap between the children to be so small, giving them a chance to go crazy together at the same time now."

"Is Daniel not helping you?"

"Of course he does, but he's very busy with work and can't help me anytime and anywhere. Now that he is in a high position, he has to go on business trips or carry out dangerous missions occasionally. I don't want him to worry about his family."

To be honest, even though we were both mothers, I couldn't empathize with Teresa.

Most of the time, my children were cared for by my mothers and nannies. The anxiety I could feel from the children was more or less mixed with political factors. Rather than worrying about the children, I was more worried about the hidden dangers behind certain things.

For a moment, I wanted to ask Teresa why she didn't hire a nanny or something like that to help her, but when I thought about it, I was shocked by my thoughts – what a snobbish suggestion!

If I couldn't give Teresa a feasible suggestion, I'd just have to remain silent and wait for her to finish venting her stress. I wouldn't give this anxious mother any more pressure with luxurious ideas.

After a while, Dorothy called us for lunch. Teresa returned to her senses and said apologetically, "I was only talking about myself. It's annoying to talk so much. I'm really sorry..."

She seemed to be truly upset about this. I quickly consoled her, “No, not at all. I’m very happy you can share your life with me. The children are a little mischievous but very cute, aren’t they?”

Teresa only smiled and then fell silent.

There weren’t many rules in private gatherings, and I didn’t have to care about things like eating and sleeping. Teresa would bring her child back to her mother’s house in a few days. Dorothy was very curious about the foreign plants and herbs in the Silver Moon Pack, so she asked about them.

“Speaking of which, it’s been a long time since I’ve been involved in the Silver Moon Pack’s business,” Teresa said. “Taking care of the children has already squeezed all my time out of me, so I don’t have the energy to wrangle in the business world. But if you’re curious, I can ask my father for a catalog of the current season’s products. It has everything in it and is much more detailed than an oral description.”

Dorothy thanked her happily and asked Teresa what she would do when she returned.

“It’s just a routine to connect the children and their maternal grandfather and to let the Silver Moon Pack’s people meet the heirs and wear down their eager ambitions.” At the mention of this, Teresa’s brows, which had not smoothen, furrowed even deeper.

“After I got married, people always persuaded my father to cancel my right of inheritance and adopt a nephew from the side branch to inherit the Silver Moon Pack’s family business. Of course, my father wouldn’t agree, but I can’t convince those old-fashioned old things with words alone, so I had to take the children back to the Silver Moon Pack regularly to stabilize the situation.”

Dorothy and I looked at each other and fell silent.

Although the battle for the successor deeply hurt me, I couldn’t give any valuable advice to Teresa.

Our situations were completely different. The only thing I could encourage her to do was to defend her rights. Power would not come to you by itself. You had to do everything you could to grab and defend it. There was no other shortcut.

“However, the children are also looking forward to this trip. The Midnight Opera troupe will be performing in the Silver Moon Pack, and they’ve always wanted to see the charm of the top opera actors with their own eyes. That’s why my father decided to provide the Midnight Opera troupe with all their food and lodging in exchange for the children’s welfare.”

I knew the Midnight Opera House would perform at the Silver Moon Pack, so I sent more people to monitor Tilly. The Silver Moon Pack was a very special area with a mix

of people. There was a chance that someone who should not be there would sneak in, and Tilly might give herself away.

The subordinate in surveillance sent me a steady stream of information from which I could construct the image of a female opera singer so clear that it was a little rigid.

Mara's warning had always been in my mind, which made me look at Tilly even more suspiciously.

I didn't know if it was appropriate for Teresa and the children to make contact with an opera troupe with suspicious people, but for safety's sake, I still reminded them indirectly, "Perhaps distance can be beautiful. If we let the children get too close to the opera actors' lives, their impression of the actors and the characters they play may be disillusioned, which may not be conducive to children's growth."

"Do you know something?" Teresa was a little puzzled. "I heard that the Midnight Opera troupe's tour's first stop was at the Spring Rain Pack.. Are they bad news?"

Chapter 530 - 530: A Hint

Chapter 530: A Hint

Selma Payne's POV:

"Not really, but beautiful things are not all harmless. There might be some hidden dangers that we can't even imagine." I decided to give her a little more hint.

"It's fine to watch performances, but when interacting with actors, if we don't understand them, we may continue to like the image we've built in our hearts."

Teresa also grew up in the vanity fair and often came into contact with dangerous jobs that her husband handled. Thus, she quickly understood my hint.

"You're right. The children are still young. I really shouldn't let them come into contact with people they don't know too early..." Teresa was deep in thought.

Teresa's children and Cynthia were playing outside, and the older children didn't care about Cynthia. That was nothing because if it were me, I wouldn't like to bring along a little brat that I didn't even know.

Cynthia wasn't very interested in playing with her peers either. As a little adult who had seen a 'mountain of corpses and sea of blood', she was not enthralled by hide-and-seek and screams for no reason.

From time to time, Teresa had to be distracted to check on the children's condition, berating the older children not to snatch the children's toys or asking the children not to be so rude to the older children.

I gradually understood where her haggardness came from. When a child was disobedient, it was far more exhausting than political enemies.

After the gathering, I asked Rhode, Teresa, and Daniel about their family situation and learned they were quite well-off.

"So why doesn't Teresa hire a nanny to help her care for her family? This way, Teresa won't be so tired. She doesn't even have time to catch her breath alone."

"I don't know, but I think it's because Daniel didn't agree." Rhode shrugged. "They hired a nanny before, but she was fired within a few months."

Daniel once said that he didn't like strangers in his house, as it would always trigger his occupational disease. He didn't want his family, the last piece of pure land, to disappear. As you know, Daniel's current job can't provide any sense of security."

I understood now. Teresa also said she didn't want Daniel to be distracted by her family, so she would rather handle all the pressure herself.

I understood and respected Teresa's choice, but I was afraid she would be crushed by the pressure of her children and housework.

The high-spirited female heir who spoke confidently about business seemed to be a thing of the past.

On the way back, I couldn't forget Teresa's haggard face, so much so that Aldrich could tell.

"Are you worried about Teresa?" he asked.

I nodded. "A little. I think that Teresa's not in a good state right now. Even if a mother has to pay the price of her energy to raise her child, is it right to suffer in vain if there is a way to reduce this price?"

Aldrich helped me to arrange the loose strands of hair on my temple and said, "This is their choice. Outsiders can't interfere."

I understood that, but rather than saying it was the couple's choice, it was more like Daniel's choice. Teresa loved him, so she chose to follow her husband's choice.

I couldn't help but blame Daniel. So what if he empathized with Teresa? The Shadow Pack had a familiar and skilled nanny, so hiring one to help Teresa with the house chores when he wasn't home would be good.

Teresa had to take care of the children and the household affairs alone. When Daniel was not around, she also needed to learn the ropes to take over the Balotte Family – Teresa didn't even have time to take care of her own family, which she was the rightful heiress to!

"What an incompetent husband," I spat. "Do you think I don't know? The captain guard's work isn't all that busy at all, and Rhode has almost cleaned up the troublemaker. Why are you so anxious?! I think he just likes to be a master at home and treat his wife's pain as enjoyment!"

"Although I don't like Daniel either, I'm afraid it's a little too much to say that he treats Teresa's pain as enjoyment." Dorothy looked up from the thick herbology book.

"I think he's just a traditional male chauvinist. We've seen some members of the Balotte Family before. Isn't that how their family is? Conservative, feudal, and old-school from head to toe. Daniel is considered a good man among them that you can't find even if you light up a lantern."

"What's the point of comparing who's worse..." I mumbled to myself, but I knew I could only say so much. I couldn't do anything.

I hoped that Teresa could live a happy life, so I asked Rhode to care for this 'widow and children'. As for Daniel, there was nothing to criticize about him burying himself in his work. However, if he were to use any excuse to put pressure on Teresa, I'd have to ask Rhode to consider whether he could continue to use this captain of the royal guards.

If he was so inconsiderate toward his family, how could I trust how good he was to his subordinates and the people?