

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 531 - 531: Groveling

Chapter 531: Groveling

Selma Payne's POV:

It had been a long time since I returned to the land of the Lycan pack. My state of mind had completely changed this time. The anxiety that was there all the time no longer bothered me. I would no longer wake up in the middle of the night or shiver for no reason.

Aldrich tried his best to be by my side. Even if he didn't do anything and just stayed by my side, it would still be able to cure my nervous system.

I didn't have much time to rest. After playing with my children for half a day, I came to the secret prison and met the young man from the Evaria Family.

Sisley Evaria.

The first time I saw him, I felt that he looked familiar. He didn't look like any of the Evaria Family members I'd met, and he didn't have the signature golden -brown curly hair of the Evaria Family. I looked at him carefully for a few seconds. His tall nose bridge reminded me of the oil paintings of my ancestors hanging in the corridor.

I sighed in my heart. Even though I was prepared for this, facing the illegitimate child's descendant was still hard.

The secret prison didn't mistreat him under my instructions, but I was sure the environment in prison wasn't that comfortable. But it didn't seem to affect him at all. He looked well-dressed and composed as he stood and gave me a standard bow.

"Greetings, Your Highness. Forgive me for my rudeness, but I don't have any more conditions to take care of myself."

I sat down and looked at him coldly. "I hope this isn't irony."

"Why do you think so? I admire you from the bottom of my heart," he said, pretending not to understand my underlying meaning.

1 gestured for him to sit down. "Time for nonsense is over. Now, tell me what you want to say to save your life. You know what 1 mean, so you shouldn't think about playing your little tricks. You can't easily confuse anyone here. For your safety, I don't recommend you do that."

With a wry smile, he shook his head helplessly. "Since I'm already here, I no longer have the will to resist, Your Highness. I'm not so overconfident that I think 1 can go against the will of a country. My only humble request is for you to believe me. 1 do not need to lie to you, whether it's for my life or any other reason."

I didn't say anything.

The silence was a form of forgiveness. Sisley quietly heaved a sigh of relief. 1 didn't have to ask him anything before he began to explain.

"The first thing is about that night's meeting with Casti. I'm very sorry to have offended that gentleman, but I swear it was just an instinct to masturbate. The moment he appeared, 1 felt threatened, so I subconsciously did it."

Seeing my gaze becoming increasingly unfriendly, he immediately clarified, "I swear I'll keep my mouth shut about everything I've discovered. I've never mentioned it to anyone, not even to Casti. Even when 1 appeared in the temple that night, I was only curious about the whereabouts of that wandering woman. My only goal is to solve the mystery of the spirit, 1 have no other thoughts."

"So, what do you have to say about what you saw?" I asked, "About the temple, the ghosts, or the people immune to your control?"

"I will immediately forget everything. This is not something I should know. I understand. I swear I will never reveal anything to anyone," he said. "Otherwise, Moon Goddess, please banish my soul forever. Or you can erase my memory, Your Highness. I will not have any complaints if you use the sorcery of the werewolf grandmasters."

1 found that Sisley was a very interesting person. On the surface, he didn't look haughty or humble, and he maintained a noble's reserved and arrogant attitude.

However, regarding his safety, he did not put on airs like most nobles, trying to use his worthless identity to prove that he was not under any jurisdiction.

On the contrary, he was like some of the young people I had seen when 1 was still a little girl in a small town who came out early to support their families. He was cunning and tactful. When it was time to show weakness, he would never harden his knees and be willing to use everything in exchange for something beneficial to him.

His attitude toward me was even a little 'humble', but I had to admit that I was quite satisfied with his tactfulness. It was hard to tell if his words were true or false. If he was

true to his appearance, then he was really an uneducated and incompetent hedonistic son.

If he were pretending, I hoped not, it'd be good for both of us, especially for Sisley.

I silently looked at him for a while, making him feel uneasy.

"You haven't told me why you want to see Casti," I said after a while.

As if he had been pardoned, he immediately explained the reason and the situation, "I was about to leave with my family, Your Highness. 1 probably wouldn't have the chance to return after I left, so I only wanted to meet with Casti to bid farewell to my good friend. As for why it's late at night... 1 have to avoid suspicion. The Woof Anca Family has cut off their friendship with the Evaria family, so I can't visit them openly, so I can only do this."

"But you still left the Lycan pack behind. You didn't leave with your family as you claimed.."

Chapter 532 - 532: Completely Clueless

Chapter 532: Completely Clueless

Selma Payne's POV:

"Yes, Your Highness, I was going to leave. However, one of my uncles died of illness. According to tradition, someone must guard his new grave for a year. The Lycan King was kind enough to grant me this small request. I don't like the boring life in the countryside, so I won this spot. Although guarding the grave isn't a good job, I can stay in the bustling city for a while."

1 didn't know that my father actually left people from the Evaria Family to guard his tomb. But this was not an important detail. Since my father agreed, every measure must be taken to prevent any tricks.

1 nodded. I was satisfied with the answer to the first question.

Sisley gulped and continued, "The second question, that wandering woman. To be honest, that's all I know, Your Highness. I don't have any other clues. I thought that night would solve the mystery, but the fact is that 1 have more questions and am now in prison. I have no intention of complaining."

“So, Julie’s remnant soul had already existed before you were born, and there are no rumors about her identity in your family?”

“Some of them are nothing more than speculations, Your Highness. They’re just rumors created by the servants when they’re bored. There’s no basis for them at all.”

“You’ve investigated it?”

“Yes, I’ve investigated those rumors, but Julie is not a mistress or anyone significant. There is no record of her in the Evania Family.”

I’d believe him for the time being. It didn’t matter even if he had some tricks up his sleeves. Master Kevin was working with the other werewolf grandmasters to merge the two halves of Julie’s soul. It was not too difficult, but it was a little troublesome. It would take a few days before there was a result. When Julie regained consciousness, all her doubts would be solved.

After saying that, Sisley didn’t say anything else. He lowered his head and sat there, secretly observing me from the corner of his eye. Seeing that I was still silent, he gradually began to feel uneasy, as if he was reflecting on the details that he had missed out on.

“Is there anything else you’d like to know? I will tell you everything I know,” he said tentatively.

He looked smug. I didn’t know if he was really stupid or just pretending, so I gave him a hint.

“Before you went to prison, the doctor did a routine examination for you.” I lifted my chin, and an attendant silently appeared from the shadows. He placed a thin stack of medical reports on the table. “You’re quite healthy. There’s no illness or anything bad.”

I observed her expression and tried to find any suspicions.

Of course, I didn’t just want to check if the prisoner was polluting the healthy environment of the entire prison. More importantly, I wanted to take the opportunity to do a blood test between him and Sunflower.

If Sisley knew of the existence of young Sunflower, he could guess what I was doing behind my back and understand that it would be impossible to play any tricks on the bloodline without any precautions.

I only needed some abnormality, such as a contracted pupil or twitching facial nerves, and I could judge whether he knew.

But the results were disappointing. There was nothing wrong with Sisley. He just symbolically looked at the report and expressed his gratitude to the doctor. There was nothing to criticize. It was as if he knew nothing about his family's experiment and was just a branch family who was implicated by a minority.

But was that really the case?

Sisley must be the descendant of that illegitimate child. From the fact that he was infertile, there was a high chance that he was also a product of technology.

Did he really not know his background? Did he not know the real purpose of the family using living people for experiments?

The only thing I couldn't trust him on was this.

"What will you do after guarding the new tomb this year?" I asked. "There's no reason for you to continue staying. You'll have to go to the countryside sooner or later."

"Of course, I want to stay, Your Highness," said Ashley with a bitter smile. "I'm not afraid of being laughed at, but I'm just an ignorant and incompetent rich kid. I'm used to the life of a Lycan in a Lycan pack. The countryside is more boring than prison to me. I think I might fight for the role of the gravedigger of my family's grave. The old gravedigger has already moved away with my family. If His Majesty is willing to give him mercy, the Evaria Family's grave still needs someone to clean up the weeds."

"Is guarding the tomb much better than living in the countryside?"

"At least I can still see the city and have something to consider."

It looked like he wanted to stay, but whether it was for the city's prosperity or some other reason, it remained to be seen.

There was also his meeting with Casti. To be honest, I didn't believe a single word he said. I was more inclined to believe there was some sort of master-subordinate relationship between them. Casti and Sisley were best friends. In reality, Sisley had only secretly infiltrated this silly and sweet brain of his to deepen this fake friendship artificially.

I even suspected that Cash's mental state was related to this.

However, there was no need to ask about this, as I wouldn't get anything out of it. I'd achieved some of my goals for this trip, so there was no point in imprisoning him. After all, one had to release the rabbit to follow it to its nest..

Chapter 533 - 533: Please Don't Be Crazy

Chapter 533: Please Don't Be Crazy

Selma Payne's POV:

I watched as Aldrich took the children's hands and went to the garden to play. Kara walked in and whispered in my ear, "There's news from the Association. Master Kevin has invited you over."

"Is there a result?" I immediately perked up.

Kara nodded.

The Sorcerer Research Association was filled with mysterious sorcery elements. This place was overly plain compared to the resplendent Royal Academy of Sciences on the other side of the same street. Most buildings were made of wood or stone, the afterglow of the era left behind hundreds of years ago.

Of course, those fire and earthquake-proof spells and runes also shone with the light of wisdom accumulated over time.

Many people who didn't know this place kept it a secret, thinking that any word about this place would attract dark murmurs and gazes.

However, if you visited this place for the entire morning, you would find that it was no different from any other institution in the secular world. The box-like office, the gaudy single-person workspace, the occasional fluorescent light that failed, and the exhausted workers. Even the werewolf grandmasters had to earn a salary to maintain their livelihood.

Master Kevin's workshop was quite ancient, and the directors of fantasy films would probably make it a movie set. However, a real workshop was much more dangerous than a set. At least there would not be a violent and aggressive ghost on the set.

"This is a little different from what I imagined," I said as I looked at Julie, locked up in a rune-covered glass box. "So, is this a success or a failure?"

"It's a success. The two halves of the soul have perfectly fused back into one," Master Kevin said confidently.

I tried to make myself sound less offensive. "Perfect?"

Master Kevin didn't seem to realize what I was asking. After a few seconds, he realized that I wasn't his colleague or assistant who was proficient in the principles of the soul. He said apologetically, "Oh, yes. In terms of the soul itself, this attempt was very successful. Julie's soul was not damaged at all. As for her current state, I think it's a manifestation of her state when she was alive. In other words, Julie was already crazy before she died, and this madness wasn't pathological. Some external force disturbed her soul, so she remained crazy even after death."

I was inevitably disappointed, but Master Kevin was even more out of it. He had been absent-minded the whole time and looked at Julie with an indescribable emotion.

I understood him very well because this meant that the chance to get clues about the death of his lover had once again been cut off. After placing so much hope, this result was too cruel.

But as far as I was concerned, things hadn't reached a standstill. Although Julie couldn't provide us with an answer, her state still revealed some information.

It was impossible for the manor to hire a lunatic as a servant, so her madness must have been caused by someone after Layla's death.

What kind of person would lay their hands on an ordinary servant? I believed there were only two possibilities: Julie saw something she shouldn't have seen, so she was 'killed' in this way. Julie was involved in the murderer's plan, and she went crazy by accident or accident.

And if he wanted to silence her, it was safer to lull her than to make her go crazy. Therefore, I was more inclined to believe that Julie was involved in the plan to assassinate Layla, and it became like this because of unforeseen circumstances.

Then, a new question arose – was Julie recruited halfway, or had she been planted in the manor as the murderer's spy from the beginning?

At that time, for Layla's safety, all the people in the manor had been checked thoroughly by the Intelligence Department to ensure that no criminals could sneak in. All the people who worked in the manor were also closely monitored, which made it almost impossible for them to get in touch with any forces that stood against the royal family.

Whether Julie was a spy or had been bewitched, the murderer who could do this could not be underestimated. He must have a very powerful background, so powerful that he could even fool the eyes of the royal family.

Over twenty years ago, very few could do this among the families as numerous as weeds, including the Evaria Family, which was still at the peak of its power, and the Woof Anca Family, which had just gone downhill.

It wasn't impossible for other families, but the number of people who had a grudge against the royal family could be counted on one hand.

So, the suspect went back to the original target.

When I thought about some of the characteristics of the Evaria Family, I seemed to have a flash of inspiration. "How much do you understand about Sisley's abilities?" I asked Master Kevin.

It wasn't without reason that I let him go. The price of my freedom was to cooperate with the Sorcerer Research Association to study the ability of 'mind control'. Sisley was very cooperative, at least in his performance. He didn't resist the werewolf grandmasters using his abilities to do some tests.

It was impossible to use humans, so the werewolf grandmasters found some animals to conduct experiments. They tested the level of intelligence, the soul's resistance to mental control, and the highest threshold that different creatures could withstand..

Chapter 534 - 534: A Square Inch Of Land

Chapter 534: A Square Inch Of Land

Selma Payne's POV:

The experiment results showed that intelligence's influence was almost zero. The tenacity of the soul determined the success or failure of mental control. Crows with psychic abilities could resist for longer than powerful tigers, and their threshold was higher. However, all souls would face the same end-madness once the threshold was broken.

Yes, there was only one result – going crazy. No matter how serious it was, it couldn't directly cause death unless the experimental subject committed suicide in an extreme state of madness.

Going crazy but not dying, how familiar did that sound?

I was almost certain that the murderer must be from the Evaria Family and one of the descendants of that illegitimate child.

His age did not match. The murderer was his blood-related brother, sister, or even one or several biological parents.

However, the Evaria Family had hidden this illegitimate child's descendant too well. I even found Sisley by accident.

Unless I got everyone in their family to do a blood test, I did not doubt that the Evaria Family could keep this secret until the day they were destroyed.

When they were in power, the descendants of the Lycan King were their ladder to heaven. Now that he had fallen to this point, the stairway to heaven had become a curse.

Unless it was necessary, I couldn't use such a forceful method. Otherwise, the public would think I was crazy.

However, it was not as if there was no breakthrough at all. At least, the Evaria Family was not as united as they had thought. Some wanted to rise to the top in one step, and some wanted to do their best to protect the family's lifeline, such as the former Earl of Marlowe, Morton Cletti Evaria.

This old man had undoubtedly made a fatal mistake of disloyalty to the monarch, but who could stand in his position and calmly put righteousness before family?

This was no ordinary mistake but a rebellion and treason. Once committed, the crime would be unforgivable. The result of placing righteousness before the family was likely to be the annihilation of the entire clan. What kind of loyalty was worthy of such an ending?

As the one who held the scepter, I naturally expected my subjects to be completely loyal. However, as someone who was no different from the rest of the world, I knew that sometimes, loyalty was a form of torture to human nature.

Therefore, Sir Evaria could not find a better way out. He could only remain silent and question his inner loyalty while painfully watching his family walk toward an irredeemable impasse.

If it weren't for his father's respect for this old official who had dedicated his entire life to the Lycan pack, the Evaria Family would not have been exiled so easily.

At least I could still trust Sir Evaria. He was a smart man. He knew the royal family didn't exterminate his family because they would never be respected again. However, once this matter was brought up, he would understand which was more important; saving a few people or everyone.

Thus, I sent a message to Sir Evaria, who was retiring in the countryside, asking about the illegitimate child's descendants. He didn't go through a serious process to avoid alerting the enemy, not everyone would accept failure.

As I expected, Sir Evaria quickly replied, “So far, Sisley is indeed the only remaining descendant of the Evaria Family with royal blood. His biological father passed away shortly after the Evaria Family’s defeat.

The funeral before the migration had been held for him, and Sisley was guarding her father’s new grave.

It turned out that the man had been in poor health since birth. As the technology was not so advanced decades ago, he was born with a deficiency as a test-tube baby and had been filled with drugs since he was young.

The Evaria Family feared that this rare treasure would die prematurely, so they had been hiding and caring for him carefully. Even within the family, few people knew of his existence.

However, this person was destined not to live long, so the Evaria Family placed their hopes on the next generation, hoping to create a new ‘heir’ through experiments. However, there were only two successful cases; Sisley and Sunflower.

He was healthy, not born weak like his father. To arrange a legal identity for him, the Evaria Family lied that he was the child of an insignificant family member.

As a result, although he knew that his parents weren’t his real parents, he never knew who his real father was, let alone whose grave he was guarding.

At this point, the mystery of the bloodline was clear.

As two infertile children, the sins of the elders would completely end in their generation.

I was half relieved, but Sir Evaria’s answer surprised me.

As the only person with mind control decades ago, the dead man never stepped out of the room for his entire life.

His happiness, anger, sorrow, joy, life, old age, sickness, and death were all restricted to a few square meters. Not to mention the Golden Bell Pack in the distance, he had not even taken a step out of the Evaria Family’s settlement.

But if it wasn’t him, who else could have done it?

Chapter 535 - 535: The Mystery Of His Past

Chapter 535: The Mystery Of His Past

Selma Payne's POV:

After thinking about it, I thought the most likely reason was that Sir Evaria was wrong.

He didn't lie to me. On the contrary, he told me everything he knew, but he didn't expect that what he knew was fake.

In other words, the Evarian responsible for caring for the dead man had deceived Sir Evaria.

This was not hard to understand. That group of people had even cooperated with the demons. Deceiving their family head was child's play compared to this. Sir Evaria's silence was not only a form of indulgence but also a warning. He did not agree with his people plotting against the throne.

Of course, those people could not trust him with his ambiguous attitude, so it was reasonable to hide some things from Sir Evaria.

Regarding the death of Layla, Sir Evaria's attitude had always been difficult to read. He had never admitted to the crime but remained silent about the accusations. I used to think that this was a form of protection. To preserve the last chance of survival for the family, he could not admit to this crime no matter what.

But now I had some new ideas: What if Sir Evaria really didn't know?

I seemed to have had a misconception, which was that as the head of the family, Sir Evaria would definitely know everything about the family.

But in reality, this was just an ideal state in my imagination. The Evaria Family was a huge family with a large population and complicated branches. Where there were people, it was inevitable that there would be infighting, unfamiliarity, and disloyalty. Being impenetrable was just a smokescreen for outsiders to see.

No matter how powerful Sir Evaria was, he still needed people to help him control the family. However, the composition of people was complicated, and one could not guarantee that everyone was as loyal as they looked on the surface.

The throne was a huge temptation. If the Evaria Family succeeded, all family members would change from subjects to royalty. Under such a temptation, would Sir Evaria's men really not be tempted?

As long as one of them wavered, someone with the intention could take advantage of the situation and deceive Sir Evaria.

Therefore, I still believed that Julie's death was related to that sickly man. In particular, Julie had been in the Lycan pack for a while. Her subsequent inexplicable disappearance must have had something to do with the Evaria Family.

Even though it didn't make much sense to think that way, my instincts told me to go to the cemetery to see the newly built grave. Perhaps I would find some clues.

Thus, I immediately set off.

The weather was good today. The sun was shining brightly, dispelling some of the winter chills.

Cemeteries had always been deserted. The world of the living and the dead were divided, and no one was Milling to step into the pool of thunder. Generally speaking, the cemetery guards were usually old men or old women, as if the living and the dead could particularly forgive the dying people.

A handsome young man like Sisley naturally did not fit in with the cemetery. His slender body and simple outfit made him look like a filial son who guarded the tomb of his ancestors in ancient stories, that was, if you could ignore the fact that he was laughing and talking to his friends.

I didn't expect that Casti would be here as well. After all, with his scaredy cat personality, he didn't seem like someone who would dare to stay in a cemetery for too long.

They were rather surprised at my arrival. Casti was rather ill at ease, while Sisley was in a slightly better state than him but was also slightly embarrassed.

"Please forgive me, Your Highness. I live in a humble place and have nothing to entertain you with," he said dryly.

The small room belonging to the grave keeper was naturally not gorgeous. It could barely fit a bed and a few small pieces of furniture. The three of us were enough to fill this place, so the accompanying guards could only wait outside the door with worried eyes.

The moment Casti saw me, he became a taciturn person. He pursed his lips and didn't say a word. Sisley tried his best to make small talk with me, but I didn't come here today to express my condolences, so I went straight to the point. "Do you know your background?"

Sisley was suddenly stuck, like a chicken that had its neck caught. However, he quickly reacted and didn't hide his secret from me. "Yes, Your Highness. I know... I'm actually not my parents' biological son in the legal sense.

“Do you know who your parents are?”

He was silent. After a while, he replied bitterly, “... I don’t know, Your Highness. I’ve never asked.”

I handed him the letter written by Sir Evaria. He read it carefully, held on for a few seconds, and then suddenly collapsed, unable to maintain his decent etiquette.

Casti had also read the contents of the letter. He looked worriedly at Sisley and tried to say something, but as someone who wasn’t good with words, he could only silently pat his friend’s shoulder to comfort him.

“To be honest, I’ve always had some guesses. As for those at home... Although I don’t know much about experiments, I’ve heard rumors. When this was completely exposed, my heart’s speculations became stronger.. Perhaps I’m not a ‘normal’ child? Perhaps I was also born in a cold laboratory?”

Chapter 536 - 536: The Explanation

Chapter 536: The Explanation

Selma Payne’s POV:

She waved the letter and said in a low voice, “Now I know that my guess is true...”

“As for my biological father, I won’t hide it from you, Your Highness. I’ve never heard of such a person in the family. I was once puzzled about what gave my people the courage to reach for the throne. The answer was my father, and even me.

“I... I’m sorry, Your Highness, I don’t know what to say. All of this is too absurd, it gives me a feeling of illusion. I even felt like I was dreaming. I actually have... I don’t know how to put it. Are you going to kill me, Your Highness?”

I shook my head and asked, “Of course not. Why do you ask? In fact, I’ve long known that the previous head of your family had an affair with my great-grandfather, and even secretly gave birth to an illegitimate child. Otherwise, why do you think I want the Evaria Family never to rise again? As for your life, it doesn’t matter anymore. Kid, I’ll deal with you when you plan to do something.”

“I have no second thoughts, Your Highness,” he immediately clarified. “I don’t dare to express my loyalty to you, but I still have the most basic self-awareness.”

However, having one's family scandal exposed in public, even Sisley felt his face heat up, not to mention the 'am I dreaming' expression on Casti's face.

"So, so, Sisley is actually..."

I ignored him, but that was enough to answer my question.

Putting aside how much of a shock Casti had received, I looked at Sisley and stated my purpose for coming. "I hope to go to your father's grave and look."

Without asking why he immediately agreed.

The Evaria Family's cemetery wasn't too big, and most of their family members were transported back to their hometown for burial after death. The grave of the sickly man who died early was not eye-catching. Compared to the grand expectations he had carried when he was alive, this ordinary tombstone was ironic.

"This is it, Your Highness." The grave he had been guarding all this time belonged to his biological father. He couldn't help but look at the tombstone with a complicated expression.

The tombstone was very simple. There was nothing but the photo, name, and year of birth and death of the deceased.

"Jack Evaria, a very ordinary name."

The man in the photo looked ordinary, and his slightly sunken cheeks showed that he had been suffering from illness and pain in his life.

For some reason, I had a feeling that he looked a little familiar.

Of course, I knew what my great-grandfather looked like, and I'd also seen the photos of the former head of the Evaria Family, who had long passed away. As their descendant, Jack could be said to have no similarities with his own grandparents, which meant that he didn't inherit his father's looks, and his mother's genes were more apparent.

Who exactly did he look like? Why did he look so familiar to me...

I noticed the date of birth on the tombstone, which made me suddenly recall some details.

Over thirty years ago, Julie had gone to the Lycan pack alone. After that, there was no news about her until she went to the manor to be a servant.

Jack Evaria's birth date coincided with the time of Julie's disappearance.

Looking at the photo again, I finally realized where the sense of familiarity came from. Slightly pointy ears, a high nose, and the corners of the mouth drooped down unconsciously when he was expressionless. All these details seemed to have been copied and pasted from Julie's face.

A creepy guess gradually formed...

Could Julie be Jack Evaria's biological mother?

However, it was impossible for the two parties involved to verify it now. We couldn't do a paternity test for the two cans of ashes.

I turned my gaze to Sisley.

Upon closer inspection, he looked quite similar to his father, but some details had been diluted by other genes and had become blurry. If a professional were to adjust a portrait of him, he would be almost 90% similar to his father.

If, just say, Julie and Jack Evaria were mother and son, and the son harmed the mother, would she remember the memories of when she was alive when this tragic mother saw her 'son'?

No matter what, it was worth a try.

My strange gaze made his hair stand on end, but he quickly realized that something even more terrifying was about to happen.

I left without a word and ordered him to be secretly invited to the Sorcery Research Association at night.

There were many special personnel in the army who were good at disguising themselves, and I asked Aldrich to pick someone I could trust. He quickly solved the problem and asked me, "Do you really think this will work?"

"I'm not sure, but we can only try this as a last resort." I leaned on him and sighed tiredly. "In fact, Layla's can be concluded now. It must be the Evaria Family. But I have to investigate further because too many innocent people are involved. Not only Layla but also Master Kevin, Julie, and many others whose memories were taken away without them knowing. Since I can dig out the truth, I must carry it out to the end and give everyone an explanation.."

Chapter 537 - 537: Frenzied Moonlight

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Selma Payne's POV:

He had to admit that the Sorcery Research Association looked a little strange at night. This place wasn't as brightly lit at night as the company. Other than a few dim candlelights seeping through the windows, this place was gloomy and seemed to be a space separated from modern society. It was very different from how it looked during the day.

In fact, there was a fundamental difference between morning and night here. During the day, most of the work was normal and routine, which could be disclosed to the public. At night, some things that were not so suitable to be exposed in broad daylight had to be carried out at night.

Of course, I was not saying that some evil sorcery was being performed here, but the research process of most sorcery didn't quite conform to modern people's... Aesthetic? I couldn't find a suitable word for it. In short, ordinary people who knew nothing about witchcraft might think they had transmigrated to a horror movie.

Master Kevin moved the cage that contained Julie's soul to a laboratory with a huge skylight for the convenience of moonlight.

It was widely believed that the moon's giddiness was the opposite of kindness and gentleness. Even the werewolves had such a concept.

The wizarding world believed it was because the moon was an important part of nature and had an inseparable relationship with the inheritance and transformation of the soul. Therefore, the moonlight contained a relatively stronger soul power.

Some people's souls were originally more abundant and active. After absorbing too much soul power, their bodies might be unable to withstand it, so it would cause some side effects of confusion and madness.

But for the soul, once it was free from the restraints of the physical body, all the side effects disappeared. Master Kevin believed that absorbing more soul power from the moonlight would help Julie sort out her chaotic soul.

For this reason, after he obtained the two separated souls, he had been tirelessly providing more soul power to Julie. Fortunately, the weather had been sunny recently, and the moon had appeared on time every day. I always felt that these little details helped Julie and slightly soothed Master Kevin's anxiousness.

Perhaps Master Kevin's efforts were rewarded, or the Moon Goddess pitied us ignorant people, but Julie was in a much better state tonight. At least she was no longer so aggressive, trying to escape from her cage or hurt anyone who got close to her.

She just stared at the moon through the skylight.

It was a full moon's night. The moon was big and round, exuding a soft glow, reflecting the clouds around her into layers of light muslin.

As I watched, even I was fascinated. It was as if the full moon had come down from the sky, slowly approaching me with gentle steps, and covered my eyes with a soft veil that emitted a faint fluorescent light...

"Hey! Selma!"

Someone shouted in my ear and nudged me. Only then did I come back to my senses. It was Aldrich, looking at me with a face full of worry.

"What's wrong, my dear? Do you feel uncomfortable? I called you a few times, but you didn't hear me."

"I... I saw the moon coming down..." I muttered, "I saw her. She was approaching me..."

Aldrich looked at the sky in doubt, then asked with even more worry, "Nothing happened, my dear. The moon is still in the sky. Have you been too tired recently? Why don't you go and rest for a while? I'll only be able to bring her here in a while."

I looked up at the sky, but the moon had disappeared. My pupils contracted, and I was excited when I suddenly realized that the moon had always been there, but the floating clouds blocked it.

The moonlight was no longer gentle, and the room was dark.

Without the moonlight, Julie began to become visibly anxious. She became aggressive again, trying to attack the cage and looking at everyone present gloomily.

I realized that Master Kevin was right. The moonlight was useful for Julie, but the problem now was that we couldn't dispel the dark clouds covering the sky. We could only hope the wind tonight would be stronger and blow away these annoying disruptors as soon as possible.

As Julie became aggressive, I had no choice but to leave. This weak soul couldn't harm me, but everyone except me was on guard against her. To make them feel at ease, I had to leave temporarily.

However, before I could leave, there was a knock on the laboratory door, followed by a guard's voice outside the door.

"Nice to meet you."

The young man who had just learned of his past during the day seemed to have digested everything very well. The confusion and trance were gone, replaced by a familiar, reserved, calm noble young man.

He didn't seem alarmed by being 'invited' in the middle of the night. Instead, he bowed politely as if he was attending a masquerade.

I was about to explain why I invited him here tonight when I heard a deafening sound from the cage..

Chapter 538 - 538: Grandmother And Grandson

Chapter 538: Grandmother And Grandson

Selma Payne's POV:

I suddenly turned around. It was Julie. She was lying on the cage, ignoring the flashing alarm runes. Her eyes widened as she stared at the young man standing at the door in disbelief.

She didn't look as crazy as before.

"Oh my god, oh my god..."

She seemed to have seen something unbelievable, and her expression changed from shock to excitement, sadness, and despair. The soul did not have tears, but her extremely sorrowful expression made people feel as if they could see those heart-wrenching tears rolling down her cheeks.

After a long while, I heard her voice squeeze out from her throat like a sorrowful cry.

"Didn't you... You're not my child..."

Everyone's expression became unreadable.

My heart started spinning, and then it suddenly fell back down. My sudden emotional fluctuation made me feel a little dizzy, but I knew I had achieved my goal of asking Sisley to come here in disguise.

I originally thought I would have to go through a lot of trouble, but I didn't expect everything to go so smoothly. This made me feel somewhat uneasy.

Julie was completely fine, temporarily. At this moment, she didn't look like a mad woman. It seemed that Sisley's appearance had caused her great pain. She fell to the ground, covered her face, and cried, which moved us living people.

I didn't know when Master Kevin came to my side. He said in a low voice, "She can be communicated with for the time being, Your Highness."

I nodded and looked at him, indicating for him to follow me.

Of course, Sisley recognized the soul in the cage. This rather courageous young man was not afraid of wandering ghosts. Instead, he seemed curious.

I came to the cage, and Julie lifted her face from her hands, revealing a delicate and pretty face that still had traces of youth. Only then did I realize that her soul had undergone some changes without me realizing it. She had turned from a haggard old woman to a young woman.

"Good evening, Julie Brown. After a long wait, we can finally have a good talk."

Julie looked at me with a sad and strange expression. "But I don't know you, Madam, I-

She glanced at Sisley beside me and grabbed her skirt.

The soul would remain in the last state of the deceased. Before, Julie's remnant soul was half an old woman in tattered clothes and half a middle-aged woman in a servant's uniform. But now, her appearance and clothes had completely changed. She still looked young and was wearing a large hospital gown.

"I am the princess of the werewolves, Madeline Periana H. Oromalivira." I squatted down and kept my eyes on Julie through the cell. "It's expected that you don't know me because it's already a long time after – a long time since you died."

Julie was stunned for a moment. She lowered her head and looked at her translucent hands in a daze. She was in deep thought about something. After a while, she revealed a bitter smile.

"Yes, Your Highness. You're right. I'm already dead." She slumped to the ground, staring at the moonlight shining through her. "What year is it now? How long has it been since I died?"

She looked at herself and answered her question in a daze. "Oh, I think it's been decades, at least twenty years. Look, the child has grown so big."

A puzzled expression appeared on Sisley's face as he asked, "Forgive me for my rudeness, Madam, but do you know me?"

Julie stared at him in a daze and didn't answer. It was not until the wind blew away the dark clouds and the moonlight became bright again, shining on her body, that she suddenly returned to her senses. "No, I don't know you, child. But I know who you are."

She stood up, and so did I. I retreated and exposed her from behind me.

Julie seemed to want to stretch her hand out of the cage, but she failed because of the runes on the cage.

"It's been so long. I used to think I would never see this day, but now... Oh goddess, are you pitying this pathetic believer of yours?"

"Do you know who your father is, child?"

After a few seconds of silence, Sisley replied, "Yes, Madam. My biological father is Jack Evaria."

"Blood-related... Ha, I have guessed it." Julie laughed sarcastically, and then she revealed that heart-wrenching crying face again.

"You... Do you want to know who I am?" she asked.

Sisley stared at Julie's face. I knew that he must have discovered something. He was a smart person, so he must have guessed the purpose of my asking someone to disguise him.

He didn't answer, but his silence had already given him the answer.

"I am... Your grandmother by blood. Your father, Jack Evaria, is my son," Julia said, trembling.

As expected, my guess was right. Julie had disappeared because of the Evaria Family. Like Carey, she had been tricked into becoming a breeding machine.

After a while, Sisley suddenly lowered his head and said in a muffled voice, "I'm sorry, I've never heard of you, Madam... I don't know, I..."

The young man thought for a while but couldn't say anything. He couldn't even keep his calm and drooped his shoulders in frustration..

Chapter 539 - 539: The Bloody Ninja

Chapter 539: The Bloody Ninja

Selma Payne's POV:

I knew it was time to end this reunion. Now, there were more important things to be solved.

I looked to Sisley, indicating that he could go calm down. But he shook his head, looked at Julie, and lowered his gaze.

"I'm sorry, Julie, but we have little time." I came to Julie and said, "I want to ask you some questions about what happened in the manor of the Golden Bell Pack over twenty years ago."

Julie didn't resist and nodded obediently. "I'll tell you everything, Your Highness."

I was a little surprised by her cooperative attitude. Julie saw it and smiled bitterly. "Please believe me, Your Highness. I sincerely want to help you solve your doubts. You know I'm already dead, so why should the dead fight against the living? I think I should tell you about what happened in that manor.

"If I'm not wrong, the others don't remember anything now, right? If I don't tell you, this will be a secret that will never be solved. Ms. Layla was a good person, she shouldn't have had to face injustice."

"Injustice? Do you know the inside story of Layla's death?"

In response to my question, Julie lowered her head and said in a low voice, "Yes, or rather, I'm one of the murderers who killed Ms. Layla."

Clang! A loud sound caused everyone in the room to look in that direction. Aldrich was holding Master Kevin back, and beside him were the fallen experimental supplies.

His eyes were red and full of hatred as he stared at Julie as if he couldn't wait to tear her apart.

Julie was shocked. She looked at it carefully and said in realization, "It's you, Sir. I... I know you. You and the other gentleman brought the other half of me from the Golden Bell Pack."

Her eyes were hazy as she recalled something. When she looked at Kevin again, her gaze was filled with guilt and pain.

"Oh, you're Ms. Layla's lover. She showed me that ring, and you were getting married..."

“Heavens! Heavens! Please forgive me, this was not my intention! I couldn’t help it, I couldn’t control myself!” She burst into tears. “Ms. Layla was a good person. She was very good to me and even said she would invite me to her wedding. But I... Oh, please, Sir, forgive me. I didn’t want to kill her!”

“But you still did!” Master Kevin roared and struggled under Aldrich’s grip, veins bulging on his forehead. “Why did you do it? Tell me! Why?”

However, Julie seemed to be suffering from some kind of embarrassment. She looked at a certain point in the void and muttered to herself.

I could only let Aldrich temporarily pull the agitated Kevin away and promise Kevin that we would definitely find out the whole story. They went to the observation room next door, where a one-way glass allowed them to see everything that happened in the laboratory.

I tried to comfort Julie, but it was no use. The soul realm was a blank piece of paper for me. At this moment, the silent Sisley suddenly stepped forward and called out to Julie, who was still immersed in her nightmare, “Madam... Grandma, please wake up!”

His voice made Julie stiffen, and she suddenly broke free from the nightmare of the past. She looked at him, her lips trembling, but she lowered her head and said nothing.

Julie lowered her gaze in disappointment and looked at me again. She said uneasily, “I’m sorry, Your Highness, I... I...”

“It doesn’t matter.” I shook my head. “You said that it wasn’t your intention to kill Layla. Would you like to tell me why?”

“It’s a long story. If you don’t mind, I can tell you from the beginning,” Julie said with a sad smile.

I nodded.

Julie was born into a poor family. Her parents passed away when she was very young. The relatives of the poor were also poor, so the relatives who adopted her saw this little girl, who did not bring much inheritance, as a burden. Julie had grown up in a cold environment, so it was natural that she yearned for true love.

As a result, everything happened naturally in the rebellious phase of her youth. Julie fell in love with a hooligan, listened to his fancy words, and dropped out of high school, thinking she could reap a happy love and a new life.

However, the reality was that the gangster was a scumbag. He sold Julie for a good price and ran away, leaving the terrified Julie in the underground bar.

Just like that, Julie began her career as a stripper. She hated the job. The services provided by the underground bar were disgusting. She could only keep relying on powerful investors to protect herself. The huge pressure made her despair, and she simply spent money and her life in the false pursuit to restrain the omnipresent pain.

She had thought that her life would end in her fall, but one day, a man appeared and changed everything..

Chapter 540 - 540: The Son Of Ill Fate

Chapter 540: The Son Of Ill Fate

Selma Payne's POV:

He was a polite gentleman. He was like a pigeon that had entered a spider's nest, out of place in the underground bar. Julie was pushed to the man's side by her sugar daddy, but the man didn't do anything. Instead, he gentlemanly put on a warm coat for her exposed skin.

The first thing he said to Julie was, "The air conditioner is a little cold. Be careful not to catch a cold, Miss."

The guests in the underground bar couldn't wait to see Julie naked. Julie had long been used to men's contempt and coveting, and this pigeon-like man was the first to put a coat on her.

Julia fell for this ridiculous reason.

Later, the man was always brought to the underground bar for business and never did anything to Julie. He was so gentle as if he was treating her like his sister. As a result, Julie missed him more and more. She even resisted the manager's arrangement openly and refused to serve all customers except men. The manager of the underground bar wasn't an easy person to talk to. His method of dealing with the troublemaker was very primitive: to beat them up.

Julie was beaten almost to death after angering the manager one time. At that moment, the man came again. He looked for Julie but could not find her. After the manager's persuasion, he found Julie, covered in bruises, in the basement. This time, he wrapped the naked Julie with his coat again.

In her daze, Julie heard the man say, "I want to take her away."

Just like that, Julie was free. The man bought her from the manager and let her go. But Julie was not willing to leave. She had no home to return to, and she had fallen deeply in love with this man. She confessed her love to the man and did not expect a response, but the man nodded in agreement.

A great joy swept over Julie and devoured her rationality, making her unable to think about anything other than the man in front of her. She had a sweet time with the man. One month later, the man said he was leaving but couldn't take Julie back for the time being.

As he came from a prominent family, his family wouldn't allow him to be with Julie. He feared his family would threaten Julie's safety, so he asked her to wait and let him return to deal with some things.

When he sent a message, the man gave Julie a token and told her to take it to an unlicensed car company. The company would be responsible for safely sending Julie, who had no identification, to the Lycan pack. When Julie arrived, they would get married, and his family wouldn't be able to object.

Julie, who was blinded by love, believed him. After some struggles, she followed the man's request and arrived at the Lycan pack. The person who picked her up at the station was not her lover. In the face of Julie's inquiry, the other party only said coldly that the man could not leave for the time being and asked him to take her home.

However, Julie had never seen the man again.

This was because the man had lied to her. He didn't love Julie at all. Everything was just an act. Julie was just a chosen experimental subject.

In her endless despair, Julie once again sank into hell. The cold researchers were not much gentler than the brutal manager. They were all members of the Evaria Family and only saw Julie and the other girls as 'uterus containers'. Julie had undergone countless experiments and been injected with drugs that made her suffer. She was trapped in a cold iron cage with nowhere to escape.

Looking at the girls being dragged away by the research Institute like dead dogs one by one, Julie became increasingly terrified, afraid that she would be the next one. However, at this time, a piece of news that was neither good nor bad cropped up – Julie was pregnant.

The seemingly endless experiment had finally produced results, which made the Evaria Family overjoyed. They immediately escorted Julie to a secret residence to guard her.

The arrival of this child allowed Julie to struggle on her last breath, but it also doomed her inevitable death – once, Julie learned from a chat of the servants that the Evaria

Family did not want the child to have a disgraceful mother, so she would be dealt with immediately after the child was born.

This made Julie panic. She began to hate this child and the desperate situation he would bring her. She even tried to abort the child, but the Evaria Family quickly found out, and what awaited her was days of being tied to the bed like a mental patient, unable to move.

The physical torture made Julie gradually become absent-minded. Sometimes she was lost in thought, sometimes in madness, but in any case, she could not ignore the growing fetus in her belly. Maybe it was the effect of hormones, the outbreak of maternal instinct, or a fake maternal instinct created by hormones. In short, Julie found that her mentality was gradually softening.

She began fantasizing about the baby's appearance – his eyes, soft fetal hair, short and fat limbs, and a small belly as white as bread. Fantasy warmed her. She was terrified but couldn't help but immerse herself in the fantasy.

Until one day, a thought suddenly popped up in her mind.

'I should love him,' Julie thought. 'Because he is my child, so I should love him.'

This thought made Julie cry.

She knew that she was finished. Her life of drifting with the flow and being trampled on by others was finished..