

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 541 - 541: Bubbles

Chapter 541: Bubbles

Selma Payne's POV:

The weak compassion grew uncontrollably. In the extreme contradiction, Julie could not help but start to love the unwanted son in her belly.

Her attitude gradually softened, and she no longer went on a hunger strike or looked for opportunities to commit suicide. She even asked the servant to increase the nutrition to support the carefree and lively child in her.

The Evaria Family thought she had been brainwashed successfully, so they let go of Julie's shackles. Julie thus got a precious opportunity to get out.

One day after lunch, Julie walked around under the supervision of the servant as usual, but she met an unexpected person.

The man who lied to her walked in. He looked straight ahead and walked toward the mansion in the distance. He did not see the woman in the garden.

An uncontrollable anger surged in her heart. The suppressed pain and anger had all exploded because of this man. Julie pushed the servant away and ran to the man through obstacles. She pushed him down hard, causing her to fall to the ground. Her stomach hit the man's shoulder, and she felt a piercing pain.

She hugged her stomach and moaned as she cursed at the man. However, after a while, Julie realized she had obtained temporary freedom'. The burly servants were lying limply on the lawn as if they were drunk. It was so strange that Julie couldn't help but shiver.

The man who was attacked was furious. He cursed Julie viciously and ordered the servants to drag her away. However, he soon discovered something unusual, which made him panic and want to escape.

However, it was too late. Before he knew it, he had been controlled and gradually turned into an empty human puppet. His legs were involuntarily entangled, and his

hands were tightly wrapped around his neck. He exerted all his strength, and soon, the man's face turned red, and his eyes widened.

At this time, the people who heard the commotion finally arrived. They immediately took control of Julie and hoped to save the man from himself. But in the end, the man still strangled himself to death.

This incident terrified Julie. She was terrified and did not understand what was going on. However, she soon had no time to worry because she was dragged into endless experiments again.

In the end, the experimental results proved that Julie's child had the ability to control the human mind. This made the Evaria Family overjoyed, and watched over Julie like a hawk. As the Evaria Family had never had such an ability, Julie, the mother, became the only possible carrier of the gene.

The good times did not last long. Perhaps that experience made the child in Julie's womb think the mother was unsafe, so he made a fuss about coming out to see the world before he was fully developed. Julie's son was born prematurely, which not only caused her child to be born with congenital defects but also caused her to almost die on the delivery bed.

Not only that, but Julie also lost her fertility forever. The Evaria Family was greatly disappointed. In their eyes, Julie had become a tasteless piece of pork rib that was a pity to throw away.

Julie thought that she would be killed, but she didn't. The Evaria Family spared her life because they had pinned their hopes on cloning technology, hoping that they would clone a mother with precious genes when the technology matured.

However, this was not the only reason. More importantly, if they did not do this, the newborn baby would starve to death. Little Jack was very vigilant about this world. He refused to let anyone get close to him except his mother. He even refused to drink anything other than breast milk.

Julie was placed under house arrest and went from a 'breeding machine' to a 'feeding machine'. The Evaria Family did not allow her to get close to the child. After feeding the child, they would immediately take Little Jack away. Julie's motherly love had nowhere to go, and she had lived a long life of oppression and pain. Under the influence of many negative factors, she fell ill.

The Evaria Family hoped to keep their only clone-able mother, so they relaxed their supervision and allowed Julie to live with the child.

Those were the happiest days of Julie's life. Until Little Jack was weaned, the mother and son lived in a secluded villa. Although they couldn't even step out of the room, the

chaos of the world seemed to be far away from them because of the high walls of the villa.

The last of Julie's fragile heart was completely entrusted to this child. She knew that once she lost him, she would die because there was no reason for her to live in this world.

However, no matter how much she prayed, that day came anyway.

After Little Jack started to consume milk powder and nutrients in the arms of the nursery teacher for a month, Julie woke up one morning and never saw her child again.

No matter how crazy she was, it was useless. The people of the Evaria Family would only look at her coldly and threaten that if she did not listen, they had many ways to make a person live a long life in a vegetative state.

Many years passed, and a 'turning point' appeared just as Julie had completely fallen into despair..

Chapter 542 - 542: A Friendship

Chapter 542: A Friendship

Selma Payne's POV:

Julie was asked to work as a servant in a manor outside the city and obediently listen to the Evaria Family's orders.

The only reward was that the Evaria Family would allow them to reunite with their mother and son when she returned from the manor.

Even though she knew it was just a carrot hanging in front of a donkey, Julie still believed the possibility was one in ten thousand. She obediently returned to her hometown and entered a manor under the arrangements of the Evaria Family to begin her career as a servant.

During this time, she kept her mouth shut about everything she had experienced over the years because she knew that leaking any information would take away her last hope.

The manor's environment was very serious. Almost every day, people came to check and interrogate the staff who worked there. Julie experienced everything in fear. She

didn't even dare to participate in the small talk between her colleagues, afraid she would say something wrong.

The group ostracized her because of her unsociable nature. Gradually, the dirty and tiring work began to be arranged for Julie. Julie had no complaints about this. She believed this was a test of her faith in the Moon Goddess, and she would overcome all difficulties to return to her son's side.

However, the boring and difficult life always made people sad. One time, when Julie secretly hid in the kitchen and cried, Layla appeared. She gently comforted the sobbing woman and told her to come to her if she had any difficulties.

Layla was a person who kept her word. When she found out about Julie's predicament at work, she quickly set a fair shift schedule so Julie was no longer the one who was bullied.

Julie could not help but feel hopeful. She already knew what kind of person Layla was. Perhaps this powerful and kind-hearted adult could help her. As a woman, she could understand a mother's plea. Perhaps Layla was the messenger sent by the Moon Goddess to save her.

She continued to accumulate hope and courage and finally decided to confess everything to Layla one day.

However, the Evaria Family sent a message.

It turned out that Julie's self-righteous laziness and cleverness had long been discovered. The Evaria Family had been waiting for the moment to destroy Julie's hope completely.

They knew that when hope was shattered at the peak, it would often completely shatter a person's defense.

So that day, Julie found a picture of a child in the fresh milk delivered in the morning. The young and tender facial features seemed carved out of the same mold as hers.

Someone wrote the child's name on the back of the photo, Jack Evaria. Julie immediately understood everything. She knew that her plan had been exposed. Even if the Evaria Family treated Little Jack like a treasure, a mother would never risk her child.

Julie was once again in despair. She had lost the opportunity that was so close at hand. Fate would never give her a shortcut again.

Layla, who knew nothing, still treated Julie well. This gentle and kind guard captain was born with a sense of responsibility. However, this kind of kindness became a sweet

poison to Julie. She was grateful and guilty to Layla. She accepted Layla's care but had to send her information to the people outside.

Julie didn't know what the Evaria Family would do, but she had a bad feeling.

The weather was gloomy that day, and Julie, who was on duty, rushed to hang the clothes in the yard before it rained. Layla, who was reading on the balcony, saw her and invited her upstairs for afternoon tea.

"Are you married?"

Julie's heart beat like a drum in the face of Layla's question. She was secretive and did not answer directly. She only said she had a son who was placed in foster care with relatives in other places.

Layla was very interested in her child and asked how to care for a child. Julie's sharp eyes noticed that the usually bare-faced Layla wore a ring today.

Noticing her gaze, Layla took the initiative to explain. She said that this was her engagement ring. She had received news today that she could leave the manor immediately.

She and her fiancé had promised to get married when she returned to the Lycan pack, so she couldn't help but take out her engagement ring and put it on as if her fiancé was by her side.

She even invited Julie to attend her wedding. She hoped that they could become friends.

It was also on this night that Julie met someone she did not expect.

She just went to the storeroom to look for something as usual but did not realize that tonight seemed much quieter than usual. There was not even a person in the corridor.

She opened the storeroom door and was about to find some wheat flour to make bread for tomorrow morning. At this moment, the heavy rain brewing for an entire day finally fell. A lightning bolt suddenly tore through the night sky, illuminating the dim storage room and the small figure in the corner.

Julie was shocked. She immediately turned on the lights and looked at the corner. Her tears flowed uncontrollably.

It was a little boy who looked exactly like the one in the photo. He was thin, cold, and unfamiliar, but Julie knew who he was. She would never forget his appearance until she died.

This was her child, Jack Evaria..

Chapter 543 - 543: The Severance

Chapter 543: The Severance

Julie's POV:

I never thought this day would come so soon – I saw him, my child, my treasure, my motivation to live.

My Little Jack.

How long had it been? Oh, it had been ten years. That small, soft child who could only act cute in my arms had grown so big.

He was thin and fair and had a face that was even cuter than the son of god in myths. Even though he looked at me with a strange gaze, I could still feel a message spreading from the bottom of my heart.

'My child! That's my child!'

I threw away the flour or something else in my arms. I stumbled over, wanting to hug my child.

Even after so many years, I remembered the last time I held him. A warm and lively little creature that relied on me wholeheartedly. At that moment, he was his whole world, and he was my whole world.

I wanted to say something, to tell about the four years of this decade, to tell about my love that surged like the tide. But I couldn't say anything because tears and sobs had already gushed out.

"Jack... My child..."

I was just one step away from touching him. I could almost feel the warmth emanating from Jack's body. It made me feel gratified and at ease.

However-

"Stop, madam."

The childish voice sounded so cold, like Jack's gaze when he looked at me.

After he gave me the order, I realized I couldn't move. It was as if my body had sunk into an invisible cement. I couldn't even move a finger.

This caused me to maintain a rather comical running posture, which seemed to disgust Jack. I saw him frown, and I could move again.

I was not a fool. I understood what Jack's attitude meant. He didn't miss me as much as I missed him. He even hated me. He looked at me like he was looking at a moldy piece of cheese. The only thing he could think of was how to throw me away.

"Jack..." I tried to recall his memories of me, but all I got was an even more dissatisfied look.

"Mind your manners, Madam," he said. "I don't want to remind you again."

This made me feel like I had fallen into an ice cave.

My angel, my child, the warm and soft baby in my memory, was gone. In its place was this strange and arrogant child.

I understood that he wasn't even two years old when we parted, so he was expected not to remember me. But how could I accept this calmly? That was my child! That was my life!

I couldn't help but wonder if Jack didn't remember me. Did the Evaria Family do something?

This devil family has always treated me as a thorn in their side. Did they deliberately provoke my relationship with Jack? Did they lie to Jack? That made him think that I abandoned him, so why he hated me so much?

'No! It's not like that! My child, your mother has always missed you. Please listen to my explanation!'

I tried to say something, but just as I opened my mouth, I realized I couldn't move again.

"You're really persistent." Jack's face was gloomy. Such an expression should not appear on a twelve-year-old child. "If you can't shut up, then let me help you."

That gloomy gaze made me despair.

No, how could this be...

Jack didn't care what I thought. He kicked the box beside him in disgust and sat on it reluctantly. He even adjusted himself into a comfortable position.

"I know who you are, Madam, but with all due respect, I can't call you mother'. I don't need your understanding because there's no need for that." Jack's face was hidden in the shadows, so I could only see his shockingly bright eyes.

"We weren't allowed to meet. To be honest, there's nothing to regret. However, I still have a basic curiosity about you. Seeing you today, your manners disappoint me. I'm beginning to understand why those old things don't acknowledge you. You don't have the qualifications to become the mother of a king."

What was he saying? Why didn't I understand? My child, how did those demons brainwash you?

No matter how much I struggled in my heart, it was useless. I seemed to have become a statue, unable to control my limbs.

Suddenly, Jack laughed, which made him look livelier, but his words were still as cold as ever. "Brainwash? Maybe, but I'm tired of the chattering of those old things. I'm already twelve years old. I should come out and see what the world looks like instead of hiding in a dark corner and listening to a bunch of old men talk nonsense."

I realized that Jack could know what I was thinking. What was going on?

Jack answered without me asking, "Speaking of which, this is the only thing you deserve respect and gratitude for, Madam. You are still considered qualified to be the mother, allowing me to possess such precious power. For this reason, it's not a waste for you to live for another ten years."

What power? What was he talking about?

Wait a minute.

Memories from a long time ago surfaced again.

Could my mind be under control?

Chapter 544 - 544: A Caged Bird

Chapter 544: A Caged Bird

Julie's POV:

Ten years was too long. I'd been living like a madman. Many things have already been forgotten because of drugs or other factors.

Including those experiments that made me wish I was dead. When I thought about it, it felt like I was reading someone else's story. It was so surreal that I wondered if it happened or was just a nightmare.

This made me confused, and then I felt sad.

I was a cripple who couldn't even extract pain.

But now, in front of my child, that rusted mental gear could finally be slowly activated again. I recalled that experiment. Because of it, I could survive under the 'mercy' of the Evaria Family. It was also because of it that I could neither live nor die.

A sudden clap of thunder outside the window made Jack jump. He seemed a little angry because of this and said fiercely, "That's right, that's the power. So many years have passed. I've grown up, and it has grown. Look, aren't you a good example? Your mind and body are under my control. Don't you feel gratified to see my growth?"

I could only look at him deeply. I hoped he could understand my sadness, but this spoiled child had long learned not to empathize.

"Forget it. There's no point in saying this." He suddenly felt bored again. His straight body collapsed, and he even coughed a few times. "We don't have much time, so it's time to get down to business."

I felt my body loosen, and I fell to the ground. I could control my body again, but what followed was a bone-piercing pain that made me cry uncontrollably.

Jack slowly approached me, and I realized that this child's ankle was as thin as a sugar cane.

He squatted down and slowly took my hand. His body temperature was very low, almost like a block of ice. His delicate skin felt like a snake, making me shiver uncontrollably.

I was not sure if this was my child. He was more like an illusion, a ghost. Perhaps I was already crazy. When the first drop of rain fell, I drowned in the cold moonlight and would never wake up.

"Madam, as a reward for ten years, it's time for you to play your part."

Jack's voice sounded so gentle that I cried even more.

“Haven’t you noticed? The manor is too quiet. Do you think they’re all resting? Oh, perhaps, but I’ll have to disappoint you – it’s too easy to control these untouchables, just as it is to control you. So don’t worry, no one will disturb you tonight. Everything will go smoothly, I promise.”

“What are you talking about? Jack, I don’t understand. What are you talking about?”

Jack let go of me. The rain outside the window was getting heavier and heavier, which seemed to make him anxious.

He turned back into the arrogant and cold person and ordered, “Go kill Layla. You can enter her bedroom without hindrance. She won’t wake up. You have to hold her hand and cut her wrist with a knife. You have to watch her bleed to the last drop and stop breathing. Come back to me after you’re done.”

What was that?

I felt like I’d been struck by lightning.

What did he want me to do? Murder... Who? Layla?

Why?

Could this be the reason why the Evaria Family sent me here? To assassinate Layla?

“Watch your words, lady.” Jack frowned. “It’s not an assassination. We’re just sending her on her way. Everything will be disguised as a suicide. Don’t worry, you don’t have to bear any responsibility for this.”

“It’s not about who’s responsible but why? Layla is a good person. She has never done anything to let down the Evaria Family!”

“Never done anything? You’re wrong. Her existence is a thorn in our family’s heart. Her death will solve many problems, and this is not something you can understand. You just have to do as I say.”

I looked at him in disbelief. I didn’t understand how a twelve-year-old child could say such cold-blooded words.

What exactly did the Evaria Family do to him?

However, my thoughts angered Jack. He looked at me hard and shouted, “I’m not a child anymore! Don’t treat me like a piece of trash who others can only manipulate!”

After saying that, he coughed violently as if he was about to vomit out all his internal organs.

I immediately forgot about my anger. My anxious heart started to hurt. I tried to hold him up and ask what was wrong with him. However, he pushed me away, even though the result was that he fell to the ground.

“Do what I say! Go kill Layla!”

Jack’s eyes were red as he shouted at the top of his lungs.

In the next second, I realized that I couldn’t move again. I could still see, hear, and think, but my body was no longer under my control.

I stood up stiffly, opened the door to the storage room, and walked out. The moment I turned around, I saw Jack lying on the ground, laughing hoarsely.

“No one can control me. No one is worthy of controlling me...”

“I’m the one who controls everything. I can control everyone..”

Chapter 545 - 545: Wilted Narcissus

Chapter 545: Wilted Narcissus

Julie’s POV:

I walked up to the room, holding the knife Jack gave me. It was pure silver, like an ordinary fruit knife.

The villa was dark, and there was no light at all. My eyes had long been damaged from being imprisoned for a long time. I couldn’t see anything in the dark. I often fell down the stairs or in front of the table and chairs, but I got up stiffly and stubbornly walked toward my destination like a zombie.

I felt fear, not because of the darkness, but because of my child.

How was his health? The Evania Family treasured him so much, so why didn’t they treat his illness?

I was sure Jack wasn’t doing well. Maybe the Evania Family pampered him, but they couldn’t provide much comfort. Jack was like a daffodil in the desert. He lived in an artificial water source, but it could not change his terrible and barren environment.

My child had been spoiled, both physically and spiritually.

This made me feel endless pain, and I began to blame myself. I knew it was not my fault, but a mother always had a sense of mission for her child.

Jack, my Jack, if only I had been stronger and tougher back then.

But soon, my heart was filled with another kind of fear. When I saw the woman lying motionless on the sofa in the small living room with the help of the lightning, I almost screamed in horror.

She was my colleague, an ordinary middle-aged woman. She usually liked to slack off, but now she fell into the dark living room like a piece of rotten meat.

Was she still alive?

Did Jack kill her?

I wanted to see her condition but couldn't control my body. I could only watch her pass.

Then, I skipped over many people.

Every time someone appeared, my heart tightened. Whether I was familiar with them or not, my colleagues had become a rock on my back. I couldn't breathe.

'Goddess, please kill me immediately if you have a spirit in heaven. Don't let me witness so many sins again; don't let me be stained with blood!'

And my child! My Jack! What should he do? What should he do?

Finally, this long and dark journey came to an important point.

Layla's room was on the top floor of this three-story villa. It had a wide view and comfortable facilities. No one was allowed to disturb it, so it was an ideal place to recuperate. Layla would occasionally invite me to chat with her and read books. This was also a rare opportunity for me to relax for a while.

But now, that intoxicating paradise was gone. I could see that behind the door was a boundless hell of pain. No one would have the chance to regret stepping into it. Sin would follow me like a shadow to my grave.

Suddenly, I heard someone talking in my ear.

"We're here, Madam." It was Jack. He wasn't here, but he was in my head. "Open this door, complete your mission, and everything will end quietly. Don't worry about your colleagues. I have no interest in the lowly. They are just asleep. When they wake up, they will be honored to be able to participate in such a wonderful event."

“Give up, Jack. You should know that Layla is not an ordinary person. If she dies, you will be hunted down endlessly.”

I tried to persuade him, but I only got a maniacal laugh. “Who is Layla? She is just a lucky commoner! She relies on the charity of the Oromalivera Family to get to where she was today. She does not deserve everything! Her greatest value is to exchange her death for peace. She must be honored by this.”

I didn’t understand what Jack was talking about. My intuition told me there must be some big conspiracy behind this, but I was just a servant. I had no way of knowing anything.

“Don’t worry, Madam.” Jack’s patience was quickly exhausted. “No one will track down the murderer behind a suicide because she did it herself, didn’t she? Open that door and do everything I told you to do.”

His voice disappeared, and I couldn’t help but turn the doorknob.

It was quiet and dark. Behind the door was a black hole that seemed to be able to swallow everything. I couldn’t see anything; all I could sense was an irreversible death.

No, no, no. Stop! Stop it!

No matter how much I screamed in my heart, it was useless. Tears gushed out, wetting my cheeks and collar. The wet fabric seemed to be colder than the weapon in my hand.

I slowly approached the layers of curtains.

Behind the light muslin and silk was a large, soft bed. I had personally arranged the bedding and feather pillows softer than clouds, so I knew how comfortable it was to lie down and sleep on them.

Now, it was Layla who was lying on it.

She did not wake up, even though she was a vigilant person, and the commotion I caused was not small. I knew it was because of Jack. He had put Layla into a deep sleep, just like he had controlled the people downstairs so that she would die unknowingly.

One layer, two layers, three layers. When I pulled away the layers of cloth, I finally saw the person on the bed..

Chapter 546 - 546: The Silent Rain Tonight

Chapter 546: The Silent Rain Tonight

Julie's POV:

Layla slept soundly, and even the deafening thunder did not wake her. Her face was pale, and her brows were tightly furrowed as if she was having a nightmare.

Little did she know that the nightmare was right in front of her.

I screamed in my heart, trying to regain control of my body. But I could only watch helplessly as 1 carried Layla to the bathroom and filled the bathtub with water.

1 took off my clothes and placed Layla in the bathtub. The hot water immediately soaked my legs and feet.

1 finally understood why Jack wanted me to take off my clothes. The water would wet my clothes. He didn't want to leave any evidence.

My child was so smart, but 1 felt even more despair and sorrow.

At this moment, 1 suddenly understood everything.

"You can't control Layla. Otherwise, you wouldn't have used me to kill her," I said in my heart. "She is such a determined person, her soul is so strong, so making her sleep is your limit. You can't control her to commit suicide at all. That's why you need me."

Jack did not respond to this, but the silence was already an answer.

My prayers had no effect. The goddess closed her eyes, unwilling to see what was happening in this sin-filled manor.

However, someone still opened their eyes.

While 1 was unaware, Layla woke up. She just looked straight at me. When 1 realized it, 1 had already held her hand and cut open her left wrist.

This frightened me, and my heart began to beat wildly. It was as if Jack's control over me had loosened for a moment.

But in the end, I still couldn't break free from his control. I could only watch as blood gushed from Layla's wrist like a puppet. Soon, the water in the bathtub was dyed red.

Layla just looked at me silently, unable to speak. What was the look in her eyes? Anger? Grief? Helplessness?

Doubt? I was shocked and prepared to accept any emotional criticism. I became a murderer. I killed the person who treated me as a friend right after she invited me to her wedding.

I was still holding that hand tightly, the ring on my middle finger was shining.

That light was like a sharp blade that burned my eyes. I didn't dare to look at it, so I looked away and met Layla's gaze.

To my surprise, she didn't have any of the emotions I had guessed. She just looked at me quietly. Although she couldn't move under Jack's control, she still insisted on comforting me with her eyes.

Yes, she was comforting me.

'I know it's not your fault.

'You are just being used.

'Don't blame yourself.

'Don't blame yourself.'

I was shocked – she was comforting me! How could she comfort me? I was a murderer! I wanted to kill her!

However, everything happened just like that. Layla's eyes told me everything.

She didn't blame me.

She knew what had happened, but she still bravely faced everything alone.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry!" I cried bitterly in my heart, tears falling into the blood like pearls on a broken string. "Goddess, please wake me up. If this is a nightmare, please wake me up! Why me? Why am I the chosen one?"

Everything happened strangely in the quiet bathroom. A naked woman was sitting next to the bathtub and crying. The woman in the bathtub had her eyes open, but the light in her eyes gradually dimmed.

Layla's life was draining away along with her blood. Her pupils were expanding, and her hands were getting colder.

Finally, the end came.

By the time I reacted, it was all over.

Layla was dead, and the liquid in the bathtub was no longer water or her blood. She sank to the bottom of the tank weakly, her long hair floating in the scarlet liquid, silently taking a look at the world for her master.

Her palm in my hand had already lost its last bit of life, and only the ring was still shining. This stone that represented loyalty and love did not understand the preciousness of human life at all. Even though its owner was already dead, it still praised its beauty and value.

I sat frozen on the spot. Even though I realized that Jack had released his control over me, I remained motionless like a statue, as if I were dead.

I thought I was already dead. My heart, riddled with holes and more fragile than a rotten wall, had been shattered. The pale lime blended into the blood-stained clear water and disappeared without a trace before it could even bubble.

After an unknown amount of time, the rain became heavier and heavier, as if it was going to drown the entire world. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck right beside me. This jolted me awake, and then I realized what everything that had happened before me meant.

“Oh my god...”

I humbly curled up into a ball. The only thing I could do was cry meekly.

The temperature in my hand was so low that I shuddered. Layla’s right hand sank into the water, and even the ring disappeared.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry... I can’t go to your wedding. I’m sorry...”

I wailed loudly. The thunderstorm outside the window covered everything..

Chapter 547 - 547: Orestes

Chapter 547: Orestes

Julie’s POV:

Jack gave me back control of my body, but it was useless.

What could I do? Wake my colleagues and tell them to call the police? Shout to attract the attention of the people outside? Or personally call the emergency number?

Jack made it impossible for everyone to wake up. There were no neighbors in the deserted area. In this strictly controlled manor, only those with the password could use all encrypted external communication methods.

This was an isolated island. I couldn't do anything as useless as I was.

All I could do was cry. When my tears ran out, all that was left was a sinful and weak body.

I felt that my soul was about to collapse, and my life was about to undergo another huge change. This time, it was not like before. Even someone as stupid as me could realize that death was coming. I brought death to others, and death would find me.

The Evaria Family would not let me off if I knew such a shocking secret. When I got back, Jack would kill me personally.

He didn't care about me at all. He didn't acknowledge me, didn't need me, and didn't love me.

At this moment, I realized that everything was just wishful thinking.

Ice-cold fear instantly surged into my heart. The ice-cold blood made my naked skin have a layer of goosebumps.

I realized that I didn't want to die at all. The reason I had been struggling for so many years wasn't that I was strong but because I was afraid of death. I would rather live like a stray dog than die.

I fantasized about running away. For example, I would open the window now and run wildly in the rain. I knew the nearest distance from here to the manor gate and that an emergency phone in the guard room could be used. Just a minute, just a call to the police, and everything would be over. The truth would be revealed, the sins would be punished, and I could continue living.

But in the next second, the silver knife that was indistinct in the blood reminded me, 'Impossible, all fantasies were false. I couldn't open the window because as long as Jack wanted to, this knife that had just taken a life could immediately kill me.

"Don't do this to me, Jack. I beg you." I trembled as I muttered to myself, "I am your mother. I am your family. Even if you don't love me, on account of the fact that I gave birth to you, aren't you willing to give me a share of your friendship? I don't want to die, child. I've struggled to live until now. I can endure all the torture, but I don't want to die... I don't want to die..."

I didn't know if Jack heard it, but in the next second, my body suddenly wasn't under my control anymore. I stood up, put on my clothes stiffly, and left the bathroom. Jack didn't

even forget to make me leave only after the blood on my body dried up, so I didn't even leave a footprint on the way.

Back in the storage room, Jack had already returned to his arrogant and disdainful appearance. He leaned against the window and looked at me impatiently.

"Alright, don't cry, Madam. Isn't this done very well? Layla," he said. "Your mission is complete.

"Why are you so afraid of me? Since you know what awaits you, you should know you can't escape. Just accept it with honor. Do you know how many people want to die for me but can't do so? I wouldn't have given you this honor if you weren't my mother. You should be grateful for this, my lady.

"Alright, now, now. Stop crying now. Your tears are worthless. They only annoy me."

He walked toward me step by step, and every step was like the scythe of the grim reaper approaching me.

Finally, he stood a step away from me and raised his hand. It looked like a hug, but his hands finally stopped at my temples.

"Farewell, my lady." He chuckled, seemingly in a very good mood. "Farewell, my stain."

A heart-wrenching pain exploded in my brain as soon as he finished speaking. I couldn't help but wail. Jack released his control over me. I fell to the ground and rolled around in pain.

It hurt so bad! It hurt so much!

It was as if someone had thrown my brain into a mixing machine, pulled out my brain marrow, and thrown it in as an auxiliary material. Countless blades tore at my nerves. I felt my brain expanding as if it would explode like a balloon in the next second.

This wasn't an illusion. Something was expanding in my head. I could sense it and knew it was the source of all pain. In a few minutes or seconds, it would bring me death.

'No, no, no. Goddess, please, I don't want to die, I don't want to die...

'I've lived a life worse than pigs and dogs. I don't ask for happiness after hardship. Please pity me, a lonely star in the sky, and bestow me with some insignificant favor!

'I don't want to die...

'I don't want to die!'

At the moment when the pain reached its peak, something silently changed.

I fell into a long period of blankness. My five senses seemed completely disappeared, and

I couldn't feel anything. After a few seconds or minutes, I could hear painful moans echoing in this small storage room.

That was not me.

I opened my eyes weakly and saw Jack holding his head and crying on the ground..

Chapter 548 - 548: The Split

Chapter 548: The Split

Julie's POV:

What happened to him? Was he sick? Was there something wrong with him?

The first thought that came to my mind was that I was worried about Jack's health. I wanted to get up to see him, but I couldn't. My body and consciousness seemed to be completely separated. I couldn't control my body and realized it wasn't Jack's fault because he couldn't take care of himself now.

It took me a long time to realize I was dead or unconscious.

I looked down at my hand. It was translucent.

Great fear swept through my entire body – could I still return to my body? What was I doing? Was I dead or alive? My body seemed to be still breathing. What would happen to me? Would I be in a vegetative state?

Before I could panic for long, there was a change in Jack. His pain seemed to have lessened a little. He covered his head and moaned as he sat up. He stared angrily at where my body had fallen.

He couldn't seem to see my soul.

"... I was unlucky, I almost failed." He looked at me as if he was looking at an irreconcilable enemy. "As expected of the mother who provided me with noble power genes. She awakened her power only when she was about to die. What a pity. If you

were still alive, you might have been able to provide me with more powerful subordinates.

“But it doesn’t matter. I’m already twelve years old. Those old b*stards will start creating descendants for me when my first night’s sleep comes. It doesn’t matter if I have you as a mother or not.”

Jack’s words shocked me.

Did I also awaken the power of mind control? This made me feel a second of surprise and then endless regret. It was too late. Everything was irreversible. No power could bring the dead back to life.

And creating descendants for Jack. How was that possible? Jack was infertile. It seemed to be a hereditary disease that he was born with. He would never be able to have a child of his own in this lifetime.

Unless...

A guess made me shudder.

Unless the Evaria Family did what they did to me to the other girls, tricking more innocent girls into experiments that were more painful than hell, collecting more breeding machines’, and artificially creating Jack’s descendants through technological means.

No, no, absolutely not!

I was terrified. I knew the horror of the experiment. It was not just about having a child. Cold equipment, painful surgeries, drugs with all kinds of side effects, and corpses that were dragged away like dead dogs.

I’d personally experienced this and seen it with my own eyes. How could I let more innocent girls be involved in this?

I believed I must stop this conspiracy – but how? When I was alive, I couldn’t even protect myself. Now that I was a ghost, I couldn’t do anything.

Jack rested on the spot for a while. He coughed violently, and his face turned from pale to a sickly red.

“Damn it, this broken body.” He cursed non-stop and looked at the weather outside the window. The rain was still falling, but he seemed to have no choice but to leave immediately.

He was leaving. I had to keep up with him and think of a way to stop the tragedy that was about to happen.

But something else was bothering me: What should I do here if I leave? Only Jack and I knew the truth of tonight. I did not doubt that Jack would erase everyone's memories tonight, even if they were only in a deep sleep. If I didn't do something, all the secrets would never come to light.

What should I do? Stay or leave?

I struggled between Jack, walking further away, and Layla, lying in the bathtub.

My obsession grew heavier and heavier. It was for Jack, Layla, this manor, and the Evaria Family. I felt endless pain. Both alive and dead, I was trash. I could do nothing.

My obsession with both sides seemed to be tearing me apart. I gradually felt pain in my soul. I lowered my head and saw my soul filled with dense cracks. I seemed to be about to be cut into two, and the cause of all this was myself.

This gave me a new way out.

Why didn't he split himself into two? Some of them stayed in the manor, while some left with Jack. This way, they could have the best of both worlds.

Thus, I immediately followed my thoughts and tried to think of ways to split myself apart. This process was extremely painful, ten thousand times more painful than physical division. But I had to endure it because I had something to do and was willing to pay any price.

But this process was too painful. My soul was wailing, warning me to stop. I even felt like I was shedding tears – could souls cry? I knew nothing about souls, so I could only choose to take this risk.

The moment the tears fell, the pain peaked, followed by a sudden calm and relief.

I succeeded. I felt myself being divided into two parts. One part returned to my body faintly, and the other floated toward Jack involuntarily.

I was too tired, and my mind began to blur. My brain was like a lump of paste, and I could no longer think.

'I must succeed...'

Before I lost consciousness, I thought for the last time..

Chapter 549 - 549: Who Was Using Whom?

Chapter 549: Who Was Using Whom?

Selma Payne's POV:

"... This is what happened, Your Highness. I killed Layla and then killed myself. And the murderer behind the scene is my biological son."

When Julie finished her story, everyone was silent for a long time.

Admittedly, many of the possibilities I had thought of before coincided with the facts. For example, someone manipulated Julie to commit murder, or Julie might be the mother of an illegitimate child, or Julie's soul splitting was related to the murder.

But when everything was put together, the story pieced together was shocking. Who would have thought that the truth would turn out this way?

Mother, son, and friends were entangled in a conspiracy, and the murderer seemed to be a child under the age of twelve.

What was even more ironic was that the murderer was already dead. We couldn't hold a dead person accountable.

I could hear heavy breathing in the observation room next to me. It was Master Kevin, a widower who had personally heard the entire process of his lover's death.

Julie and Jack Evaria were both dead. The direct and indirect murderers were no longer alive. From whom should he seek revenge for Layla? It was impossible to let it all go just like that!

I believed Julie's statement. She had no reason to lie. However, I still doubted the truth of the matter. Was what Julie had experienced real? Even Jack Evaria, was the death he thought he wanted the truth?

Sir Evaria told me in his letter that Jack Evaria had never left his resting place because of his weak body. This was not the truth from twenty years ago.

Did Sir Evaria lie to me?

There was no need for that because he and his family no longer have the capital to deceive me. Once I find out the truth, he knew that everything would be taken back with interest. I thought this old fox in politics understood the obvious pros and cons.

So, between Jack Evaria and the Evaria Family, who had deceived whom?

The Evaria Family guarded this descendant of the royal family like a treasure. They did not need to let their trump card personally carry out a dangerous assassination. If anything happened to Jack Evaria, the gains would not compensate for the losses.

However, Jack Evaria also had his trump card. If he could quietly erase the memories of everyone who had come into contact with Julie, then it would not be difficult to control his guards.

So, was Jack Evaria the murderer? Was he the one who deceived everyone and used the excuse that the Evaria Family had ordered the assassination of Layla to show off his might?

Or did the Evaria Family know everything and used Jack Evaria to facilitate everything? Was it the real culprit hiding in the shadows?

I unknowingly fell into deep thought. Sisley, who had been silent all this while, suddenly asked, "So you've been with my father all these years? Is that why you became the ghost legend of the Evaria Family?"

Julie nodded. "Yes, I think I did stay by Jack's side until he died. However, I didn't know the side effects of splitting my soul back then. The incomplete me was unconscious. I had no impression of what had happened to Jack all these years. Forget about protecting him, I was just a useless ghost..."

As Julie spoke, she became depressed. However, I realized that her words revealed a key piece of information.

"You've been staying in the Evaria Family for many years? Did no one chase you away?" I asked again.

"I don't remember, Your Highness. Maybe I did, but I can't remember anything. I can only remember the incomplete memories of the soul left in the Golden Bell Pack. Perhaps the part that inherited the physical body is more stable than the wandering ghost."

Julie claimed she remembered nothing, but I believed this was evidence.

Proof that the Evaria Family knew of her existence and even used her.

There was no lack of registered werewolf grandmasters who colluded with the Evaria Family, and Jack was the focus of attention. The Evaria Family would ensure his safety by eliminating any unknown ghosts wandering around Jack.

However, they didn't do that. Instead, they let Julie drift for many years, and even became a legend in the family.

First, they recognized Julie. Second, they knew why Julie's soul was with Jack. Third, they were confident they could control Julie and even use her to do something. For example, they could threaten a disobedient trump card.

The Evaria Family used Julie to threaten Jack, saying they knew everything that had happened so that Jack would listen to them.

They knew what was going on and who had stolen the flag of command during the assassination of Layla. They were angry about this but also held power, quietly showing who had the initiative.

Julie's story happened so long ago that even the moon was sad and quietly hid in the clouds to cry.

Clouds suddenly piled up in the sky, which was unexpected in the weather forecast. Then, light rain gradually fell..

Chapter 550 - 550: Yaqi the Sixth

Chapter 550: Yaqi the Sixth

Selma Payne's POV:

The moonlight became dim and weak, and Julie's manic soul became unstable again.

Julie struggled painfully in the cage, trying her best to stay awake, but she could not resist the arrival of chaos. She only cared about one person, Sisley, standing in the corner like an invisible person.

She was still looking at him until the last second when she lost her mind. Her eyes were so sad and gentle, like a mother who had lost her child and was crying to her child's photo.

Finally, the sober Julie disappeared, leaving only a violent and confused soul in the cage, painfully trying to find a way back in the fog.

Master Kevin had returned to the room at some point. He said in a deep voice, "Please leave the rest to me. Julie is not safe now. Please leave, for now, Your Highness."

I was a little worried about his condition. "Don't force yourself. We've all heard too many facts tonight. Why don't we let the assistants take over the follow-up?"

Master Kevin shook his head as if he didn't understand what I meant. "There will be a few more confidentiality agreements. A piece of light paper can't guarantee that a secret will always be a secret. Please let me do it, I'm really... I have complicated feelings, but work always calms me down."

I could only agree and requested the guards to take care of him.

After leaving the Sorcery Research Association, I thought I couldn't sleep tonight. I must sort out my thoughts and figure out the truth behind Layla's death.

Before that, I sent someone to send Sisley back to the family cemetery. He had no objections to the sudden doubling of 'escorts' and left quietly and obediently.

It was already early in the morning when we returned to the palace. My mother had gone to bed with the children while my father was still working. He didn't usually stay up this late unless he was waiting for urgent news like what I brought back tonight.

"I'm also a little confused and have some guesses. I must organize my thoughts before I can tell you everything, Father." Holding the steaming berry tea Kara poured for me, I imagined that the sweet steam would help me melt the chaotic thoughts in my mind.

"There's no need to force yourself, Selma. It's already very late today. You can go back and rest first. A tired brain won't work well."

"But you've waited for so long..."

"Haha, thank you for your thoughtfulness, darling. But it's a father's responsibility to leave a light on for his daughter who comes home late, and I have work to deal with."

Only then did I notice a few stacks of documents on my father's desk. Most were printed with a familiar logo – they belonged to the elves.

This was really strange. Since the pointy ears in the north started to fight among themselves openly, they had no time to care about our furry neighbors. The last time I saw a more official document from the elves, it was about extending the duration of exchange students.

"What happened?" During this time, I was buried in the investigation and didn't pay much attention to anything else. "Why are there so many official documents from the north suddenly? And with the same seal? The elves shook hands and made peace?"

Ever since the divided forces became queens, the 'leaders' of the elves began to use all kinds of titles and seals as if they were buying one for free in a mall.

At the mention of this, my father sighed and handed Aldrich and me several different documents with the same seal.

"They all come from the elf race, but the one who sent them out is not the same person. In fact, I'm also confused as to why so many independent forces would suddenly contact the werewolves simultaneously. Moreover, most of them are talking about the same thing."

I looked at the few documents in my hands and exchanged them with Aldrich. I realized that these documents were basically talking about the same thing.

It was about the exchange students of the elf race.

In fact, this wasn't the first time this exchange student had such a strange problem. As students who had been exchanged to the werewolves, these elves seemed to have a different label from the beginning.

And now, the problems mentioned in these documents surprised me even more.

"What's all this? Are they suffering from schizophrenia?" I looked at the same seal on the document and the signature that seemed to be from the same person. "If I remember correctly, Yaqi the Sixth. Isn't that the honorific title of the current Elf King?"

Yes, these documents were nominally from the hands of 'Yaqi the Sixth', the sleeping Elf King. However, since he was currently in a deep sleep, it was very problematic for these documents from different forces to use the name of the Elf King suddenly.

The Yaqi the Sixth couldn't have suddenly woken up, waved his arm, and united the elves who had been beaten into a pot of soup in three days, right?

Moreover, the requirements of these documents were contradictory.

Some 'Yaqi the Sixth' hoped the exchange students would be sent back to the elves as soon as possible, and their destinations varied.

Some 'Yaqi the Sixth' either openly or secretly didn't want the exchange students to return so soon. Some documents even hinted that it would be good if the exchange students could never return.

What exactly did these pointy-eared students have to cause such a huge uproar among the elves?

