

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 225 The Explosion

Selma Payne's POV:

Dorothy solved the problem that had been bothering me within a second. She accurately found the 'heart' among the dead pine trees – an unremarkable piece of charred wood.

"This is it." She touched the dried bark and felt the flow of power. I could see that all the curses were produced from this tree. It was the source of all evil.

This was good!

I immediately tried to devour the tree, but just as New Flow wrapped it up, Dorothy suddenly said, "It ran away! He's on that tree!"

She pointed at another crooked tree not far away.

This cunning fragment could move!

New Flow followed the demonic fragment, but it was always one step behind it. The fragment was like a rat in the sewer, familiar with the escape route.

"It's expanding." Dorothy's expression was solemn. "It is trying to create more creatures that can be used for hiding. It is constantly absorbing Captain Frank's soul!"

The barren land under my feet began to thin visibly, and I realized I couldn't continue the endless pursuit.

"Help me observe its path! I have to force it into the encirclement of New Flow."

Like flowing water, a power swept across the wasteland like a colossal wave. I didn't intend to swallow it in large mouthfuls like before. I only intended to firmly wrap up the dead trees and roots to reduce the potential carriers of the demonic shards as much as possible.

The speed of devouring was always faster than the speed at which the demonic fragment created new things. Soon, the demonic fragment would realize it had no escape. New Flow surrounded it like a wall, blocking all dead trees and roots.

'Let's see how you will run now!'

New Flow kept devouring the demonic fragment's creations, slowly shrinking its range of activity.

Seeing that it was doomed, the demonic fragment hid in the roots underground and stopped moving as if it had given up struggling.

However, we did not let down our guard. Dorothy kept an eye on its every move, preventing any danger from happening.

Just as New Flow was about to touch the demonic shard, Dorothy suddenly stopped me. "Wait! Don't devour it yet!"

"What's wrong?" I quickly stopped what I was doing.

"The demonic fragment is shrinking. It seems like... it is compressing itself? It's like a landmine now, and any external contact may cause it to explode."

"You mean the demonic fragment wants to take us down with it?"

"It's hard to say what will happen to us, but Captain Frank will definitely be affected. This is his spiritual world. An explosion is enough to destroy a soul!"

Now I had to be cautious, but if I left the demonic shard alone, it would still explode after it had compressed itself to its limit!

I could use the shard to cover the space around the fragment and absorb the shockwave. In essence, the demonic fragment could only shoot the energy it contained and cause an explosion-like phenomenon. Since it was all energy, there was nothing I couldn't eat.

It was just that to do this without touching it. Some sacrifices would be inevitable. At least, the souls around the demonic shard would not be able to be preserved, and I needed them to act as a barrier between the shard and the soul.

But what kind of effect would this have on Frank?

The completeness of his soul was no longer something he could hope for. He could not even retrieve the things that the demonic shards had absorbed. However, it was better to minimize the losses. Unavoidable damage was one thing, and taking the initiative to cause damage was another.

The loss of a large number of souls could cause soullessness. Its effects ranged from amnesia to fainting and death. No one knew what would happen to Frank.

I was lost, but the demonic shard would not wait for anyone.

After knowing my plan, Dorothy immediately said firmly, "There's no time, Selma. We can only make a Hail Mary effort now. Compared to the problem of losing his soul and

memory, if we let the demonic shard explode now, Captain Frank would die immediately. There will be no future for him!”

Alright then!

After making up my mind, I controlled New Flow to wrap up the demonic shard, the surrounding roots, and the soil, trying to reduce the damage to my soul as much as possible. Dorothy predicted that the explosion range of the demonic shard would cover the entire spiritual space, so the coverage could not be too small, or it would be penetrated. However, if it were too big, it would affect too much of Frank’s soul.

New Flow kept stacking up, and it gradually grew from the size of a ping pong ball to the size of a space ball. I had no experience, so I guessed this should be the balance point between the two.

However, before I could adjust, Dorothy shouted, “Focus! It’s going to explode!”

A dull explosion came from the ‘space ball’ a second later!

At that moment, I felt like I was eating mint-flavored lollipops frozen in liquid nitrogen on a drop machine. I fell to the ground under the impact of intense dizziness and explosion.

This is simply the most unappetizing food I have ever eaten!

Fortunately, every bit of the shock wave was perfectly absorbed by New Flow. Other than my damaged sense of taste, no one else was hurt.

“Are you alright?”

Dorothy rushed over to help me up.

As the demonic shard disappeared, the dead trees on the wasteland gradually withered. I quickly devoured the ash-smelling residue.

226 Disturbance

Selma Payne’s POV:

The wilderness immediately became bare, accompanied by black holes, like an old lady’s needle insertion.

“What should we do with these holes? Is there any way to recover?” I didn’t know anything about this.

Dorothy did not know either, “Generally speaking, the soul has its self-repairing ability and can slowly repair its damage. However, looking at Captain Frank’s current state, it’s

impossible to count on his soul to heal itself. I'd better ask Master Kevin and the others if they have any good ideas."

We exited the spiritual world and opened our eyes to dozens of worried eyes.

The wooden boards that acted as the walls of the ward were gone.

"What's going on?" I looked at Master Mary. "Where's the ward?"

"That, you have to ask yourself." Master Mary said dryly, "A strong energy suddenly erupted from your body and instantly collapsed the ward earlier. Fortunately, the team members caught the falling wooden board in time. Otherwise, there would be four more patients on the bed."

"Oh, wow."

I was a little embarrassed as I realized that the explosion of the demonic shard in the river had caused the impact.

Without waiting for me to explain, an impatient member asked, "How's the captain?"

"The curse has been successfully removed, but it still inevitably caused damage to the soul." I extended my hands and worked with Master Kevin to wipe away the runes drawn with special paint. "Since this is only a soul fragment of Captain Frank, we can't predict what effect this will have on him. The best result is that his soul can use its recovery ability to repair itself, and the worst result is that Captain Frank may suffer from soullessness. The aftereffects are unpredictable, and they can be big or small."

The team members celebrated excitedly when they heard that Frank's life was saved. However, the celebration immediately became a commotion when I mentioned that there would be side effects.

Suddenly, someone said, "But you said you could cure Captain Frank!"

This immediately attracted the support of many people, and as expected, it was Yuri again.

I was too tired to argue with him. As I was about to help Master Kevin set up the ward for follow-up examinations, Yuri pulled me back.

"You said you could save him!" His eyes were as red as a bull in a Spanish bullring. "But he was still hurt! You lied to us! You can't even protect Captain Frank! I don't trust you to get close to him!"

The crowd behind him immediately voiced their support, trying in vain to isolate me from the hospital bed, as if this would make Frank sit up and jump up and praise their wisdom.

In the face of chaos, Master Mary angrily stopped them. “Enough! Please don’t bug me like a hooligan. Know your place! Such an act is simply a disgrace to the werewolf warriors! Captain Frank needs follow-up treatment and rest now. You can either come up and help rebuild the ward or get out and enjoy the cold wind to wake up!”

But this time, her words didn’t have the authority she had in the past. The agitated team members saw her as my ally and decided not to listen to her orders.

Surrounded by the crowd, Yuri was like a king who had just ascended to the throne, with a subtle sense of pride hidden in his grief and anger.

“You should say this to yourself, Master Mary,” he said contemptuously. “Do you know your place? He was the leader of the werewolf grandmaster team and an external staff member of the advance party. You’re just a support worker, do your research well. You don’t have the right to give orders to battle-hardened soldiers!”

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With his silent consent, his supporters protected Captain Frank even more tightly and even pushed Master Kevin away.

Master Mary was speechless and didn’t expect him to be such a b*stard.

The people in the third base were divided into two factions. The first faction was Yuri’s party. They were resentful, and their actions were radical. It was as if they saw Dorothy and me as the main culprits of all disasters. They couldn’t wait to sacrifice us to this strange snow mountain in exchange for safety.

The other faction didn’t stand on our side. They were shocked and confused, not understanding how things had developed into such a state of mutual hostility.

The senior Kerner stood up and said, “Everything can be discussed, Yuri. The most important thing now is to get the werewolf grandmasters to examine Captain Frank. As you have heard, the captain’s soul, which is riddled with holes, is in danger. This is the field of expertise of the werewolf grandmasters. We have to let them do it. ”

“Come on, Kerner,” Yuri said. “Don’t act like a good senior. Do you think I don’t know that these hypocritical nobles and scholars have bought over you? You’re lucky to meet a ‘good teacher’ who can help you train your medical skills in this barren mountain. I don’t know if you can use the sorcery of those heretics without any magic power!”

Kerner and the other members, who were still in shock, were also angry.

“Don’t be such a jerk!” A few team members stood up and said, “Everyone is concerned about the captain’s safety. Do you think it’ll work if you keep the werewolf grandmasters away by pestering them? Either you can heal the captain, or you should quickly make way for someone who can heal the captain!”

227 The Hypocritical Hero

Selma Payne’s POV:

“No!” Yuri refused to move away. who can cure Captain? With those two noble girls? The captain wouldn’t have to suffer like this if it weren’t for them! Or did he have to rely on the two high and mighty scholars? Ha, who was the one who caused the chaos in the ruins of the witch clan? Who messed up the backtrack formation and caused so many comrades to be injured? I don’t trust these few half-filled bottles at all!”

After speaking, he snorted and added with ill intentions, “Do you believe them so easily? Did they mean that the curse was removed just because they said so? They claimed that captain’s soul was cursed, and you believed it?”

“How do you know they’re not just finding an excuse to cover up their incompetence? What if they were the ones who damaged the captain’s soul? If the captain died after being treated, would you believe them if they said that they were too seriously injured to save him? Are you just going to watch your captain die for nothing?”

Kerner was furious. “According to what you said, all the patients in the world can’t trust doctors! Don’t think that everyone is a coward like you. The captain used to protect you, but now that he’s fallen. How dare you use him as a shield for your power?”

Yuri’s face immediately turned red after hearing Kerner’s words. It was unknown whether it was because he was angry or because his thoughts were exposed.

“No one is allowed to get close to the captain tonight!”

He stopped talking nonsense and unreasonably ordered the people to protect the bed firmly.

“Send a message to the pack now. Send the captain back to the pack to receive the goddess’ blessing as soon as possible!”

“So you’re now using the goddess’ name again?” I looked on coldly for a long time before I suddenly interrupted.

Yuri glared at me but didn’t say anything. He acted like he didn’t want to argue with me.

But what right did he have to put on such a face? I didn’t care before. He could do whatever he wanted. However, when I tried to argue with him, he had no right to refuse.

“Don’t be silent, Yuri. Or would you prefer me to call you Captain Yuri?” I looked at him mockingly as if I was looking at an angry monkey.

“Take your hand back. Don’t touch Captain Frank’s waist. I know that’s where he usually hangs the captain’s badge, but for inspection, Master Kevin has already put the badge in Captain Frank’s backpack. Otherwise, why haven’t you found anything for so long?”

Yuri retracted his hand as if he had touched a soldering iron and shouted, “Cut the crap; I just happened to be standing here!”

“Is that so?” I pouted. “I’m sorry for you. You lost your major position ten years ago, and now you’re not even close to competing for the rank of captain of the advance party against Frank. I thought you’d be very resentful.”

Yuri immediately stopped shouting, like a wild cat that had its neck grabbed, at a loss and bluffing.

“Also, about that girl, I feel sorry for you. It was a terrible experience. I can understand why you became so triggered.”

I kept adding weight to the balance of words.

“After all, it’s enough to make people sigh for any young man to ruin his future because he failed to force himself on a noble girl. If you could do it all over again, I’m sure you wouldn’t have been so impulsive, right?”

“But you should also understand your boss. After all, no army would want an officer with a record of indecency. It’s for your good to remove you from your position. You don’t know how scary the media can be.

” Once the news of the ‘young officer’s attempted assault on a noble girl’ is leaked, they will eat you and that innocent girl like sharks that smell blood. Do you think you have the right to talk to me today?”

“I understand why you’re doing this. After all, there are too few opportunities for a person to be in the limelight in their life. You must be very excited to be able to trample on the nobles and take over the position of leader under the eyes of the public as if they were looking at a hero, right?”

“However, the truth is going to disappoint you. You can’t use Dorothy and me as tools to play the hero, and you can’t be a hero either because you are a hypocritical, disgusting, cowardly, and perverted criminal!

“I can’t believe that Captain Frank believed your lie so easily. If he knew that the son of his old friend, whom he had been taking care of, was just a b*stard who had obscene

fantasies about underage girls, do you think he would still protect you like he would his son?"

Yuri trembled in a sickly manner, and the high-spirited spirit he had a few minutes ago had vanished entirely. He tried his best to appear calm, making everyone think that what he said was all slanderous. However, his increasingly hunched figure and constantly dodging eyes had already revealed the absolute truth.

"What's going on?"

Even Kerner's first reaction was to doubt whether I was telling the truth, and the team members were even more confused.

"That's all vulgar slander." Yuri's lips trembled as he squeezed out a sharp rebuttal. "Stop making up stories. Do you think you can stand up just because you're pouring dirty water on me? I admit that I'm not a very sunny and enthusiastic person, but I swear to the heavens that I've never done those dirty things you've said! My comrades who fight alongside me will believe me!"

228 Taking Over The Authority

Selma Payne's POV:

"How confident you are. But it's no use guilt-tripping your teammates. It doesn't change the fact that you're a criminal."

I leaned against the wooden pillar and asked, "Why don't you answer my question? Three years ago, a reserved warrior had followed him for four months. Where did she go? You told Frank she couldn't withstand the harsh training and applied for a transfer, but was she willing to go to that remote pack you mentioned?"

Yuri was extremely shocked as if he didn't expect me to know such a secret.

"What else?" He pretended to be calm and said, "I'm just an ordinary soldier. Do I have the right to transfer others away?"

I shook my head with a smile. "Shall I say it? You didn't control your lower body, did you? It's a pity that you underestimated the power of a female warrior and failed. You feared things would be exposed, so you used Captain Frank as a backer to force her away.

"There are too many of these things to count. Do you want me to give you a list?"

"You're slandering me!" Yuri stomped his feet in anger. "This is all slander! Slander!"

I took out a USB from my waist pouch and waved it casually. "You should know if I'm slandering you or not. You said it yourself. I'm a noble with special privileges. So, make a guess. Before I came to the Rocky Mountains, did the royal family show me your background? Guess again, how many of the little tricks that you think are hidden have been exposed to the intelligence department?"

After I brought out the evidence, Yuri couldn't take it anymore. However, for his crumbling pride, he still insisted, "It's slander. It's all slander against..."

At this point, the truth was already evident. Some team members who understood the truth immediately showed disgust and embarrassment, while others were still confused and did not dare to step forward.

"Alright, the time for nonsense is over. Now, please step aside." I pushed Yuri aside. "The examination is over. Captain Frank needs to rest. A proper rest. Everyone knows the standard of the base's soundproofing, so please try to keep your mouth shut."

As I did this, everyone was shocked to find that Yuri's followers had all been stunned on the spot. Behind these blockheads, Master Mary and Master Kevin were calmly packing their equipment after finishing their inspection.

Under everyone's gaze, Master Mary calmly said, "It's just an insignificant little trick, so I won't explain it to you. What if the sorcery of the heretics contaminates your noble ears? Wouldn't I have committed an unforgivable crime?"

Master Kevin snapped his fingers, and the dazed team members immediately fell to the ground like puppets with broken strings. After returning to their senses, they tried their best to drag their limp bodies away from Yuri, as if he was a fly with a deadly virus and they weren't the ones who had protected him just now.

I came to the side and pointed to a few people. "You guys, come and help build a new ward. The rest of you, stay here and rest. I've already informed the pack to immediately send someone to bring Captain Frank back to receive further treatment. The members initially stationed at the third base will continue to stay behind, and the rest will set off in the early morning to escort Captain Frank down the mountain with me."

Everyone was as obedient as quails.

"As for you," I came to Yuri's gang, who were still suffering from the side effects of the bewitching spell, "Take Yuri and come down the mountain with us in the early morning. However, there's no need for you to return. Follow the plane back to the pack. Someone will deal with you when you land."

"You want to fire us?" Someone immediately retorted. "You're not the captain. You don't have the right!"

“I’m sorry, but I do.” I waved the blue armband on my left arm. “I’m the captain of the temporary squadron. My position is the highest among the people present. I will take over all his authority when Captain Frank can’t handle affairs according to the rules, including firing a few members who didn’t bring their brains out. Who knows if you’ll show your fangs to your teammates after being incited by the devil?”

A few of them retorted. “I’m a member of the third base. Other than Captain Frank, I’m only under the jurisdiction of the person in charge of the third base. You have no right to decide whether I stay or leave. ”

“Is that so?” I shrugged nonchalantly and looked at the person in charge of the third base, who was trying to keep his presence to the minimum. “What do you think? ”

Seeing that he couldn’t avoid it, he sighed helplessly. “According to the regulations, all acts of disobeying one’s superior are considered rebellious tendencies. The superior has the right to punish the subordinate with reprimand, confinement, and expulsion. If any of your subordinates have any objections, you can file a complaint to the supervisory organization.”

“Did you hear that?” I took off their armbands one by one. The inspection agency is waiting for you at the pack. You can do whatever you want after you get off the plane.”

After dealing with the chaotic team members, I could finally sigh in relief. I turned around and saw Dorothy’s sneaky smile.

“How impressive, Squadron Leader Selma.”

“Same to you, Miss Dorothy.”

I stuffed the new USB drive back into my pocket.

It was just a cover. It was my secret weapon; no one here could guess it except my people.

229 The Escape

Selma Payne’s POV:

Most of what I’d said about Yuri was true. I knew his past wasn’t fake, but it wasn’t the royal family who investigated him for me.

Just as he was trying to stir up conflict, Dorothy had already seen through his past actions. That was why I knew so much dark stuff that no one knew about.

“How are your eyes?” I whispered concernedly, “You’ve already used the Eye of Insight twice today. Let us know if you can’t take it anymore.”

"I feel pretty good," Dorothy said with a calm expression. "Or rather, I don't feel anything at all."

With the disappearance of the demonic shards, Frank's condition gradually stabilized. At the very least, his high fever had steadily subsided. But he was still unconscious, and the situation we were most worried about still happened.

Master Kevin expressed his helplessness. "This is a classic case of a soul loss coma. There are too many soul fragments, and the soul cannot support a body's movement. Unless we can find the remaining soul fragments and put them together, Captain Frank only has two to three months left."

How could it turn out like this?

He had tried his best to save her, but he still couldn't get a satisfactory result. It would be a lie to say that he wasn't disappointed or anxious. However, facing a group of members without a leader, I had to pick up the spirit of a leader.

When Master Mary received the news from the palace, the plane rushed to the safe house at its fastest speed. Due to the situation's urgency, the helicopter in charge of picking up captain Frank would arrive before six in the morning. The rest of the deported members had to wait for the plane that came in the morning.

This meant we had to leave immediately and get to the safe house before the helicopter arrived.

I called for the construction of the ward to be called off and immediately led a group of team members and Captain Frank down the mountain.

Dorothy and Master Mary needed to bring the captain's exclusive supplies and equipment back to the ruins of the witch clan. Before leaving, Dorothy quietly told me, "Be careful of Yuri. He doesn't look like an honest person."

"What did you see?"

"I didn't use the Eye of Insight this time. Perhaps I overused it unknowingly, so it didn't respond to me. However, I feel that he won't be tamed so easily. He's an ambitious villain, and it's hard to say if he won't do something harmful to protect himself."

Yuri was no longer a threat. I was more concerned about Dorothy's eyes. "Overdrawn? Why didn't you say so earlier? I shouldn't have allowed you to use the Eye of Insight. It's all my fault. I had a way to help, but I still put you in danger."

Dorothy appeared rather cold toward this and did not want to talk much about her health. She only told me, "I'll be fine after taking care of it. You, on the other hand, must

not let your guard down. This is a strange snow mountain, and anything strange can happen.”

The night’s blizzard was as cold and hard as a knife. At this moment, I envied the members who could transform into wolves the most. Their thick fur and tough skin were the best protection.

Unknowingly, the eastern sky had turned white.

After recuperating for a short while at the first base, I was about to tell my team members to continue their journey when there was a sudden commotion.

A few seconds later, a team member hurriedly came to report, “Something happened, Captain! I don’t know what’s wrong with Yuri, but he suddenly attacked the team members guarding him and escaped into the mountains!”

“What?!”

I quickly sent people to look for him, but the snow-capped mountains were vast, and hiding a person was as easy as hiding a grain of rice in the sea. Yuri had used some unknown method to hide his scent, and even the wolves with the most sensitive sense of smell couldn’t tell where he went,

“An evil magic tool.” Master Kevin said, “I can feel the subtle residual magic fluctuations. This kind of trick is not very clever, but the open environment of snow mountains can better exert its effect.”

“Do you know what it is?”

“It’s probably some disposable item sealed with anti-tracking sorcery. The sorcery contained in this kind of thing is extremely easy to lose its effect. It’s usually a second-grade item used to cheat people on the black market. I didn’t expect to let Yuri escape by accident.”

Master Kevin took out a small glass bottle from his arms as he spoke. Inside it was a few strands of brown hair.

“Mary reminded me to prepare a backup plan. She always has foresight.” He handed the bottle to me. This is Yuri’s hair. I can track his location through it. Do you want to find him now?”

“No, we can’t take care of him now.” I returned the bottle to Master Kevin. “Let’s talk about it after we send Captain Frank back. We can wait, but he can’t.”

At 5:30, we arrived at the safe house, travel-worn. The morning in the countryside always started earlier than in the city, and smoke was already rising from the kitchen

chimneys of many families. It was not easy to hide from people, especially a group of well-equipped men and women. It was hard to convince others that we were on vacation.

It was almost six o'clock. While we were anxiously waiting, the helicopter finally arrived. It was accompanied by excellent medical equipment and professional medical staff. I briefly explained Frank's situation to them and watched as the helicopter rumbled away.

230 The Pursuit

Selma Payne's POV:

After the critically ill patient left, it was time to chase after the little mouse.

Master Kevin mumbled as he lit the hair in the glass bottle. The drifting gray smoke gradually formed a simple map.

"Yuri didn't leave the mountain. He's heading northwest."

Northwest? Wasn't that the same as going up the mountain? And it was at the base's location and the witch clan's ruins. What was Yuri trying to do? Wasn't he afraid of being caught?

"Where did he go? A base or the ruins?"

"Nowhere." Master Kevin gave me a shocking answer. "In fact, he's on his way to the public order squad."

The public order squad?

What was he doing there? Did he think the public order squad didn't know about his evil deeds? Although the communication equipment could not reach the public order squad's base from the witch clan's ruins due to environmental conditions, the distance between the third base and the public order squad was not too far. By now, almost everyone in the advance party knew what Yuri had done.

Wait, maybe his target wasn't the public order squad?

What if his destination was the human camp?

"This damn b*stard!" I immediately understood Yuri's intentions. He knew he had no way out, so he decided to gamble and sell our information to the human camp. This idiot! Didn't he know about the history of humans and werewolves? Compared to trust and wealth, it was better to be burned at the stake!

"Pursue Yuri with all your might! We can't let him escape to the human camp!"

It was a pity that the safe house was too far away from the public order squad's stronghold. Otherwise, we could've attacked Yuri from the front and back.

For now, I could only contact Dorothy through the mind link. "Send the Soul Sparrow to the public order squad immediately. Yuri has defected and is most likely heading for the human camp. Tell the public order squad to stop him by all means!"

"What's happening? The Soul Sparrow has already set off and will arrive in about half an hour."

"Yuri injured the guards and ran up the mountain. He couldn't have returned to the base or the ruins to walk into the trap. The only possibility is the human camp."

"Do we need Master Mary to inform the pack about this?"

"Yes. Ask my father to please investigate Yuri's past. I need to know if he has any suspicious records of human contact."

No matter how I thought about it, I felt that it was impossible for Yuri not to know what he would get if he rashly ran to the humans, but he still ran away without hesitation. It was hard not to suspect his confidence came from his long-established contact with humans.

I'd have to wait until all the deported members had been picked up before I could leave, so I'd get my team members to go after him. At ten in the morning, I went up the mountain to meet with my team members.

Holding a burning hair that Master Kevin left me, the gray smoke led me to the canyon entrance.

Yuri was hiding nearby. What was he doing in the canyon? Could it be that he knew how to pass through the folded space?

I saw a signal from the distant hillside. My team members were also camping here.

There were countless rocks of various sizes scattered at the entrance of the canyon, and it was easy to hide in the cracks of the rocks. Due to the blind spots created by the rocks, even the marshall squad members who occupied the high ground could not see every corner.

We couldn't just search the area. This place was too close to the human camp, and any movement would easily alert the other party.

The burning hair could only provide us with an approximate location. Next, it would be time for us to play hide-and-seek with Yuri.

“Dorothy,” I called out in my heart. “Can you get the Soul Sparrow to help us explore the cracks between the rocks?”

“Sure,” Dorothy said.

“Be careful, don’t allow Yuri to hurt the sparrow.”

Yuri’s hiding skills were as slippery as his own. Every time the sparrow touched him, he would disappear into the corner of the crack in the next second. However, just as he was hiding, my team members and I had already quietly surrounded and narrowed down his activity range until he had nowhere else to run.

Knowing that he was in trouble, Yuri said, “Don’t be so heartless. Why can’t you treat me as dead or missing? A brawler who was like a stray dog would not pose any danger to the pack. For the sake of the werewolves, why can’t you let me live?”

“No one wants you to die, Yuri,” I said coldly. “Although you’re disgusting, you don’t deserve to die. You’ll receive a fair judgment in the pack.”

“A fair judgment? Ha!” Yuri spat in disdain.

“What is justice? Is it fair that I would be punished without asking for the reason for going against his superior? Is it fair to be judged by a group of noble judges? Being denied for a lifetime because of a small mistake is fair? Please don’t kid yourself; you believe in justice only because you can control it! For a commoner like me, fairness is just a matter of the first sentence!

“Do you think I’ll be so naive as to believe a hypocritical noble? People like you are the best at using pretty words to trick ordinary people and then shoot them in the back when they are defenseless!”

“Don’t be so jealous of the world. In fact, you are not the hero of equal rights that you fantasized about because a hero would not use class as an excuse to commit atrocities on innocent girls.

“I wanted to save you some face last night, but it seems you don’t need it.”

231 Captured

Selma Payne’s POV:

“Let’s be clear-you have no right to use your past as an excuse for revenge. Why should you feel wronged? That girl did express her feelings to you first, but do you dare to swear to Moon Goddess that you loved her and had no intention of using her family background to make a name for yourself?”

“Stop acting like you’re pure who doesn’t bow down for five buckets of rice. You keep denouncing the nobles’ privilege, but do you really hate it, or are you resentful that you’re not the one who has the privilege?”

“You’re too stupid, Yuri. You’re an idiot who can’t hide your schemes, yet you’re still smug about it. You made such a big deal out of it that the heartbroken girl left you. And what did you do? You didn’t reflect on your mistakes at all and instead tried to force her family to agree to your marriage by defiling a young girl’s innocence.

“Oh my god, have you watched too many palace dramas? Destroying the so-called ‘chastity’ would only traumatize the girl for the rest of her life. As long as her parents were not mentally retarded, they would never agree to their daughter marrying a rapist. And you, Yuri Marvel, you will be sentenced for attempted rape of an underage girl, and you will live under the control of others for the rest of your life. You won’t even be able to keep your identity as a warrior today, let alone achieve meteoric success.

“I don’t expect people like you to recognize your mistakes. You only have to stretch out your hands for us to tie them obediently. I’ll throw up last night’s meal if I look at such a disgusting person like you!”

Under everyone’s gazes, Yuri, who I had just exposed, was about to explode from embarrassment and anger. He panted heavily, his limbs convulsing in a sickly manner, and his eyes stared at me as if they were on fire. However, I was already used to his mad bull-like behavior and directly gestured to the team members beside me to subdue him.

However, the situation changed in an instant.

“Let me see, where did this puppy come from?”

A rough male voice suddenly interrupted us. We looked up and were shocked to find that the rocks were filled with humans!

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“You!”

Other than Yuri, who else could have done this?

“You’re stalling for time!”

Seeing that his ally had arrived, Yuri was very proud. “Yes, it’s me. Why? Did our great Captain Selma not see any clues? Vigilance is the most basic quality of a werewolf warrior. With your level, you are still far from it!”

“How did you do it?” I couldn’t believe it. Even if I didn’t notice it, it was impossible for so many experienced members not to notice it. The senses of werewolves were much sharper than humans. Even the slightest movement shouldn’t have escaped our eyes.

Yuri didn’t say anything. He had just joined the human camp that surrounded us.

Roughly counting, there were forty to fifty humans with guns. We didn’t have the advantage in numbers. Of course, we were good in terms of strength. Even the strongest human couldn’t beat the slimmest team member. However, physical strength was no longer important with the enhancement of firearms.

Aldrich was right about one thing, the impression of the weak humans in the werewolves’ eyes was no longer what they looked like in the old era.

The team members were all waiting for my orders. Should we force our way in or surrender?

Of course, I could guarantee my safety. New Flow could easily turn a strong man into a patient. But what about the team members? Bullets didn’t have eyes. Looking at how these humans looked like they were dressed in silver, the bullets in their guns were probably silver.

It was better to pretend to be captured and wait for the opportunity to escape in the dead of night.

I was the first to raise my hand slowly. The other members saw this and also surrendered.

“Good dog,” the bearded man who spoke first tied me up with a leather rope mixed with silver wire. What reward do you want? A sausage? Or a new collar?”

“Cut the crap, sunny man.” Pretending to surrender didn’t mean that I would swallow my anger. “What now? Has your life failed so much that you want to find a sense of accomplishment by talking dirty to the captives?”

The human instantly laughed, but the big-bearded man was not angry. He only said with hidden meaning, “Sharp-tongued girl, I hope you enjoy our hospitality.”

Come on, Locke, she doesn’t even like you.” A few rough men joined in. “It seems that the trip to the snow mountain has made our sharpshooter bored to death!”

Locke laughed as he cursed. He carried me and left with his companions.

We were locked up in a hidden cave in the human camp. Besides the entrance that was firmly sealed off by a silver-plated iron door, we were surrounded by hard and cold rock formations on all four sides. There was no way to break through from the inside. The

warriors and I were locked up together while Master Kevin was brought to a tent by the humans.

“Hey! I’m the leader. If you have any problems, come at me!” I struggled to make them shift their attention from Master Kevin to me.

However, the humans were unmoved. Locke threw me into the cave and moved his arms. “Don’t worry, little girl. Everyone will get a share. It will be your turn soon.”

I was going crazy. Unlike the soldiers, Master Kevin had never received any interrogation training and didn’t know how to deal with an interrogation full of traps. I wouldn’t naively bet on the friendliness of humans toward werewolves. Even if they didn’t torture Master Kevin, they must be saints.

232 The Seal

Selma Payne’s POV:

Soon, Master Kevin was brought back. He didn’t seem to be injured. Other than being a little dispirited, he was in perfect condition.

“What did they do to you?” I nervously guarded against the guards and pulled Master Kevin into the cell’s depths. How do you feel?”

Master Kevin looked sickly and whispered, “They didn’t torture me, nor did they ask me anything. They just put a seal on me.”

“A seal?”

“Yes, my magic power has been sealed.” He had never been so serious before. “There is a powerful sorcerer here. No, it might be a powerful human sorcerer. He is more powerful than any witch or wizard I’ve ever seen, and the evil aura on his body is almost solid. I’m sure he’s a believer of some evil god, and he’s already offered his body and soul to his master, which is why he’s so powerful.”

“A human sorcerer?”

Just as I was gasping in surprise, Dorothy inhaled sharply.

Yes, I’d been contacting Dorothy through the mind link, as this was the only way to contact anyone outside.

When I pretended to surrender, I informed Dorothy. She told me that Aldrich and Master Mary had already informed the palace and were thinking of countermeasures. The public order squad would temporarily end their surveillance work and return to the base. They would try their best to cooperate with me.

Before I could say anything to Master Kevin, a few humans roughly dragged me out of the cell.

I was brought to a tent that was surrounded by many tents. This ordinary-looking tent had a different world inside. It was ten times bigger than its appearance and decorated like a luxurious palace.

An old man with a white beard was sitting on the golden and gorgeous throne in the center. He seemed kind, but even I, who knew nothing about magic, could smell the disgusting rotten smell in his soul.

“Welcome, Miss Selma from the werewolf pack.”

His voice wasn't as old as his appearance. He sounded like a seventeen or eighteen-year-old high school student.

“Forgive our rudeness, but due to the disparity in power, we had no choice but to use some forceful methods to ensure our safety.”

“A great disparity in strength?” I sarcastically waved the silver wire leather rope burning my skin in my hand and turned back to look at the shiny silver bullet magazine on the guard's waist. “Forgive me for being blunt, but you're either in the silver mine business, or no one would be so bored as to set silver on the soles of their shoes.”

“As I said, this is just a little trick I'm forced to use. You don't speak like a lady, child.”

The white-bearded old man furrowed his brows and gently waved his hand. The leather rope that bound my arms immediately tightened. I could feel that the silver wire was burning hot, easily cutting my skin as if it were cutting tofu.

The old man remained unmoved in the face of my glare. He only said, “I fully understand your wariness of us, but for safety reasons, I think you can't contact your companions for the time being. Yuri said you have a sister in Gorndbell Village. Are you going to cut off contact with her yourself, or do you want me to help you?”

What?

Yuri, that damn traitor! I knew he wasn't loyal, but he had sold out his former comrades too thoroughly!

Fortunately, Aldrich had also anticipated that Yuri would reveal everything to the humans, so Master Mary was using the remaining magic circle of the witch clan's ruins to arrange an invisible magic circle to hide the traces of the witch clan's ruins and avoid facing the enemy head-on in a disadvantageous situation.

My silence was taken as a form of resistance. The old man sighed helplessly. "Alright, I'll still have to move my old bones."

The tight leather rope bound me tightly, and I couldn't move at all. I could only watch as the old man placed his withered hands on my head. The old man chanted a strange incantation, and I felt a wave of dizziness. Then, I could no longer sense Dorothy's existence.

"Just a little insurance. Don't worry. It won't harm you or your relationship with your sister." The old man laughed. "You should be glad that you haven't been able to transform freely into your wolf. Otherwise, I would have to lock up your soul partner as well. She's really a hot-tempered girl. You don't want her to be hurt by the seal, do you?"

"What are you guys trying to do?" I stared at him coldly. "Humans and werewolves have not interfered with each other for many years. Aren't you afraid of starting a war between the two races by attacking us so suddenly?"

The old man returned to his throne and chuckled.

"Yuri said that you're the niece of the werewolf queen. I do not doubt that offending you is offending the werewolf race. Your compatriots will not hesitate to come to the snow mountain to reason with me. Looking at the time, perhaps I only have a few hours of quiet time left, right? You've reminded me that I have to finish my chores quickly so I can get down to business as soon as possible. There's not much time left, and I must leave at night."

As he spoke, he suddenly started to mumble to himself. He looked like a crazy old man.

He waved his hand, and the guards immediately brought me out.

What did he mean by 'leaving at night'?

What was the purpose of this group of humans coming to the Rocky Mountains? Where were they going?

233 Mutation

Selma Payne's POV:

Every team member was called over by that strange old man alone once. None of them were interrogated or tortured. Some were sealed like me, while others were inexplicably brought back after a round.

Fortunately, no one was injured. As for the problem of the seal, if Master Kevin could not solve it, it would be useless for the rest of the people to worry.

This group of humans didn't care about our lives. They didn't send us any supplies, let alone food and water. Through the gap in the iron bars, I could see that the humans were breaking out of their camp. They seemed to be unconcerned about the coming night and were preparing to rush on their way.

During this time, Locke came to inspect us once. He still had that frivolous look and didn't listen to us at all. He only asked a few questions and told us to prepare to leave.

"Four legs are always faster than two legs." He smiled maliciously. "Enjoy the rest of the journey!"

Very quickly, we knew what he meant.

At night, the humans violently pulled us out of our rooms. At this time, there were no buildings in the human camp, only teams of heavily armed men standing in the snow. I noticed that a few women were standing between the tall men. They were wearing large mink cloaks and standing barefoot in the snow. Their expressions were cowering, but there was also a hint of disharmonious anticipation as if they didn't feel cold at all.

The white-bearded old man stood out from the crowd, and the rest of the people respectfully called him 'Archpriest'.

"Calm down, children," the priest said, calming the restless crowd. "I know you're all excited about what's going to happen tonight. It's going to be an unprecedented feat! Our master, our god, the eternal lord who has given us supreme glory and revelry, has been shackled by the Rocky Mountains for too long. Tonight, we will bring freedom to him! We will receive immortality and supreme joy in the eternal night as a reward!"

The crowd burst into cheers. Their eyes were bloodshot, and they looked like some wild beast had possessed them.

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"Three hundred years ago, our master was framed by the werewolf's adopted son and the witch's daughter in the quiet Rocky Mountains. Fortunately, the right path will not be buried by hypocrisy. We have witch sisters who have converted to my lord, willing to sacrifice themselves and use their pure and flawless virgin bodies to wash away the grave mistakes made by our ancestors!"

The priest pointed at the girls who were gathered together because of the cold. They smiled shyly and proudly, unaware of how dirty and disgusting the men looked at them.

Then, the priest pointed at us and said, "And the descendants of these sinners, my brave warriors, you've personally caught the most suitable carriage for my Lord. Let's put them in eternal shackles and atone for their ancestors' offense to our lord through endless labor!"

What was this crazy old man saying?

The sense of danger instantly made my hair stand on end, but before I could do anything, the priest mumbled a series of spells that made people feel dizzy and nauseous.

Those blurry characters were like sharp silver needles piercing into my ears, flowing through my blood vessels into my five viscera and six bowels, bringing a burst of pain as if they were being burned by sulfuric acid!

I couldn't help but convulse. My windpipe contracted violently, and my lungs were squeezed to the limit by the carbon dioxide that couldn't be discharged. It expanded violently and squeezed my other organs.

My bones felt like they had been smashed inch by inch by an iron hammer and then pieced together haphazardly by cheap superglue. The sharp bone spikes cut through my muscles and skin, and the blood that flowed out corroded my internal organs and bones like a strong acid.

I was like a ball of plasticine rubbed and rubbed by others. The pain that exceeded my tolerance limit made me unable to concentrate, let alone mobilize New Flow's power.

My eyes were dyed red by the blood. In my dark red vision, I saw the members around me turn into their wolves in a painful and twisted posture. They were not as strong and beautiful as they used to be. Instead, they were like puppies bad children killed in the rain. Their postures were distorted, and their faces were filled with pain, but they could not resist the pain inflicted by the outside world.

I could feel myself constantly distorting and reforming as I reincarnated. This wasn't like the powerful new life I had in the cocoon. On the contrary, it was just destroying my body for no reason. In the end, when all the torture had stopped, I couldn't even feel any of my limbs. I couldn't move at all except for my eyes.

Heavy panting sounds could be heard from my team members, who had completely transformed into wolves. They could still vaguely see the shadows of their human forms, but their chaotic eyes showed that their rationality had fallen into a deep sleep in the abyss of their souls.

"What did you do?" I let out a sigh of relief from the pain.

The archpriest carefully observed the wolves' appearance and fur. Finally, he came to me and said with regret and dissatisfaction, "Look, an unexpected failure. Can a wolf cub that can't even transform be a warrior? Ah, the werewolf race has really deteriorated."

Selma Payne's POV:

I stared at him. "What the hell did you do?!"

The archpriest laughed complacently. With a wave of his hand, ice, snow, and rocks formed several carriages.

"I've said it before. You must atone for my lord's sins with eternal time." He waved his hand again, and the confused wolves obediently put themselves on the carriage. It would be best if you were happy from the bottom of your hearts that you have become the pulling horses of the divine carriage.

I couldn't hold back the urge to curse out loud, but I didn't even have the strength to open my mouth.

The archpriest directed everyone to get on the carriage and drove the witches, who seemed to be sacrifices, to the most gorgeous carriage driven by a she-wolf. Locke kicked me when he passed by and asked, "What should we do with this girl?"

"Take her with you," the priest said. "I can feel she's still a virgin in her blood, which makes her a good candidate for my lord's one-night bride."

"Her? No man would be able to take this tattered appearance."

"Shut up! Don't use your filthy words to insult the greatness of my lord! He led everything that had existed, and all reality had his instructions. We don't have the right to deal with it on behalf of my master. We need to bring her to my master for trial."

Locke pouted and obediently threw me into a carriage.

There were only two people in this narrow stone carriage. One was me, and the other was Yuri.

Upon seeing me, Yuri laughed maliciously. "Look who this is-our great Captain Selma. What, a noble lady of noble blood, actually made herself look so embarrassed? You're not even worthy of carrying my master's shoes! You won't be a bride overnight. You won't even live past tonight."

I wanted to jump up and bite this vicious villain to death, but the reality was that I could only lie on the cold stone and die. I could see blood oozing out of the wounds all over my body, but I couldn't feel any pain. I thought my spine had probably been shattered, which was the fundamental reason my brain lost contact with my body.

I wondered if the werewolves' powerful recovery ability could restore a flour-like spine.

At this critical moment, I could only think about how to find joy amid suffering.

"Don't look at me like that, miss." Yuri kicked me. "You're looking at me like I'm some unpardonable traitor. But you have to be clear that you were the ones who kicked me out first, deprived me of my status, honor, and credit, and stepped on me like a bug, not allowing me to rise. You treat me as a stain and wish I had never appeared. Since that's the case, why should I wag my tail and beg for pity from my enemy? The world is so big, there must be a place for me, for example, a human."

"You asked for it," I snarled. "Because you're a bug scoundrel."

Yuri kicked me in the chest. I heard a crack, probably a broken rib. But I couldn't feel any pain.

"Alright, you stubborn little girl." Yuri suppressed his anger. "You can try to show off again, but when we reach my master's palace, all you can do is scream in fear!"

"A palace?" I sneered. "You guys call the seal a palace. This is a typical heretic way of self-consolation."

"You've guessed it. That's right, the place you have disrespectfully called the devil's seal is my master's temporary palace. Continue to be stubborn, Selma. I can't wait to see you wet your pants before my lord."

The long convoy was like a centipede walking on a wool blanket. Strange and eerie music came from its limbs, carrying heavy sins into the darkness in the distance.

Yuri hummed an unknown tune to the music, repeatedly singing praises to the so-called 'Lord'.

I felt that I had recovered some of my strength. "Who is your Lord?"

"It's too late to convert now. The turkey on the table is not qualified to believe in my lord," Yuri said disdainfully.

"At least let me be a ghost with an understanding."

"Are you begging me?" he suddenly became interested. "It's so strange. Even the high and mighty nobles know how to bow their heads in prayer?"

"Yes," I replied calmly. "I'm indeed begging you, Yuri. I know that I'm not going to escape death tonight. At least let me know his name so I can tell the Moon Goddess about my life after I die."

Yuri suddenly burst out laughing.

“What a naive girl! I’m starting to pity you!” He grabbed my face roughly. “Are you still fantasizing about enjoying life after death? Stop dreaming! Whether you become a one-night bride or a little dessert, you will forever be my master’s slave. Whether alive or dead, you will never be able to escape!”

“This is the great, greedy, vicious god of original sin, Azazel. He will have it for a lifetime if he has it now!”

Looking at Yuri’s deranged face, I didn’t have any reaction. I even felt like laughing.

How did this idiot pass the warrior assessment? Even a three-year-old child could easily get information out of him.

235 The Rescue

Aldrich’s POV:

When Dorothy told me that the mind link had been cut off, I knew things had gotten out of control.

I immediately decided to go to the rescue, but Master Mary stopped me.

“Calm down, General Aldrich,” she emphasized my identity. “You know better than I do how dangerous it is to attack when we don’t know whether the enemy is friend or foe. There are still so many members waiting for your instructions in the base and the ruins. Once you leave now, everything will be in chaos, and it won’t help anything.”

I understood the current situation better than she did, but this did not weaken my determination to save Selma.

I gathered all the team members in the remains and assigned them their tasks.

The three bases were our important supply stations and retreat points. We couldn’t lose them or panic. We must maintain a state of readiness and be ready to provide reinforcements at any time.

The value of the witch clan’s ruins wasn’t that great anymore. Most books, antiques, and other items have been packed and backed up and could be discarded anytime. Therefore, only a small team of members was left there to guard the place. If anything happened to the main force, they would meet up with the reinforcements from the three bases to further support or retreat.

There were only about eighty members and a few werewolf grandmasters left. Based on the information that Selma had sent back, the human team had about a hundred people, and at least forty were armed. In terms of combat power, we were on par.

However, Master Mary judged that the other party must have at least one powerful witch or wizard. Master Kevin's strength was almost the same as Master Mary's, and even he could not resist it. Master Mary was not confident in winning against the other party, not to mention the other werewolf grandmasters who were good at research.

From the looks of it, we were at a disadvantage.

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The reinforcements from the palace had already set off, but they would only arrive at night even if they used the fastest speed. Selma and the rest of the team had less chance of survival every minute we waited. We must immediately set off to rescue them.

A head-on confrontation was not a wise move, but stealth was also a werewolf's specialty.

We'd first lead the rescue team to the public order squad's base.

Eve was waiting anxiously. She said that when she saw Selma's squadron being attacked, the public order squad had wanted to go to the rescue, but Selma had sent out a dangerous retreat signal. They had no choice but to observe the news from the periphery, but they did not gain much.

"We've been tricked," she said in a depressed and self-reproaching tone. "There's a smokescreen outside the human camp. The humans broadcasted all the camping activities we've observed over the past few days for us to see. We waited for a few days until the group of humans brought Selma and the others back to the camp. Only then did we realize that the men on guard outside the camp were cooking in the camp simultaneously! I'm willing to accept any punishment for my oversight."

Dorothy was even more reproachful, "I should have seen through it. I could have been the one to make it happen!"

"It's not your fault," I said. "It's my and Frank's negligence. We shouldn't have let down our guard against humans, especially these strange humans."

The smokescreen was still in effect. We could only see the humans in the camp chatting and playing cards, but I knew that the reality hidden behind this illusion could be bloody.

How was Selma now?

Did those humans do anything to her?

Whenever I thought about the cruel torture the humans would do and the treatment Selma might suffer, I felt like a knife was cutting my heart. I constantly berated myself for my carelessness.

I'd dealt with so many humans, and I knew their means. How could I be at ease with her bringing a few members to the human camp? I'd seen so many schemes and plots. I should have known that the traitor Yuri was deliberately luring Selma into a trap! I should have discovered his betrayal long ago!

"Hey, relax." Master Mary gave me a nudge. "Stay calm. Don't let your anxiety mess up your judgment."

Calm down.

In a situation where the enemy's situation was unknown, rashly attacking was an act of asking for death. After trying every method but still being unable to break through the barrier of the concealment technique, I realized that I only had one choice left.

Tonight was the night of the full moon, and the night was the moon's home. Under the moonlight, the strength of the werewolves would increase exponentially. Even bullets couldn't penetrate our fur, which was tougher than steel.

We'd decided to go to the other side of the mountain, the other side of the canyon passage, and take advantage of the night to attack the human camp from above.

The snow hitting our faces was more painful than steel needles, and the cold rocks tried to stick us to their rugged bodies forever. However, this pain was nothing compared to the earlier feelings in my heart. I didn't even dare to think about the treatment Selma might have to suffer. The pain and blood in my imagination were like red cloth that attracted the bullfighting bull. Just one look at it would cause my heart to ache so much that I would go crazy.

The sun set, and the stars and moon filled the sky.

The night came quietly.

The team members quietly changed their shifts and formed a wolf formation. I wanted to give the order to attack, but I stopped when Morgan came out.

The camouflage disappeared, and the human camp vanished with it. There were only ancient carriages left in the open snowfield. They were lined up in a row and galloped toward the shadow of the mandrill.

Under the moonlight, I could see the figures pulling the carriage.

They were many wolves with distorted bodies!

236 Dressing Up

Selma Payne's POV:

The power I absorbed in the past continuously strengthened my body, allowing my self-healing ability to exceed that of the average werewolf. Half an hour later, I could gradually feel the pain from the wound.

At this moment, I didn't even know if this was good news or bad news.

"We're going up the mountain," said Maxine. "Do you see the forest outside? I don't feel like they are natural, but rather, they're moving."

Yes, through the door's gap, I could see strange-looking pine trees emerging from both sides of the road. At first glance, they seemed to appear from the shadows under the moonlight, but the messy traces on the snow showed that these wooden monsters were moving in a way that upright animals could not understand.

I remembered that I had marked a pine forest and planned to use it to find the location of the devil's seal. This was great. There was no need to go through the trouble. There was a 'special car' to send me there directly.

After I recovered some strength, I tried to use the river to touch the pine trees by the roadside. However, before I could do anything, the caravan suddenly stopped.

After a while, the archpriest came to the car I was in.

He looked at me, lying in the car like an earthworm, and asked in dissatisfaction and disdain, "What have you done, miss?"

"What?" I pretended not to know anything. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He grabbed my hair and pulled on it, causing my wounds to hurt. I could only hold back my trembling and pretend to be a cripple to cover up my abnormal recovery ability. Fortunately, I was covered by a thick coat, so he didn't see anything wrong.

"I know you're playing some tricks." The archpriest pulled me by my hair and dragged me out of the car. "Some strange tricks you found in some corner. Given your status, I'm not surprised that the Lycan Queen would give you a life-saving trump card."

He ordered a few strong men to lift me and take me to his carriage.

"But it doesn't matter. In my lord's eyes, all schemes and intrigues can't be hidden." He motioned for the brawny man to throw me into the carriage. "But to avoid trouble, I hope you are quiet for the rest of the journey and be a proud lady."

Perhaps he was dissatisfied with the blood on my body. He frowned and snapped his fingers.

The snow on the ground suddenly rose and wrapped around me in a few seconds. The blood on my body, including my clothes, was all dissolved by the strange snow. Immediately after, the pine trees and shrubs on both sides of the road became restless. Some of their branches kept changing shape and extending, reaching into the pile of snow wrapping me.

These cold plants dressed me like a doll, using leaves and branches to wrap me up. The rough branches firmly fixed my limbs, placing me on the velvet seat in the carriage like a puppet.

I was forced into a classic ladylike pose by the branch. Perhaps it looked beautiful outside, but this pose awakened all the broken bones in my body to their existence.

The intense pain almost made me unable to pretend to be paralyzed.

However, the archpriest did not care about this. He seemed in a hurry and ordered the convoy to continue moving.

“A pure virgin should keep a distance from a man outside.” He sat far away from me, looking uncomfortable but forced to bear with it. “But time is of the essence. Please forgive me.”

I rolled my eyes. I didn't have the energy to argue with this old fart who had terminal virgin cancer.

The carriage continued to move forward. Thanks to this arrogant old man, I recovered quite a lot of energy. At the very least, I didn't have to worry about choking to death from the blood flowing from my broken ribs.

When the plants were 'dressing' me up, I used the connection between the branches and my main body to steal a lot of evil power to supplement my body. I wasn't sure if the archpriest had noticed anything unusual because he seemed very sensitive to the power of New Flow. He had noticed something before it even touched the pine forest.

So this time, I carefully controlled New Flow inside the branches. It seemed to be working well so far. The priest should not be able to see the power flow inside the plant.

After thinking about it, this was only right. After all, he had already given his body and mind to Azazel. What was the difference between a demon's slave and a demon's creation? It was expected that he couldn't see through his 'colleagues'.

Along the way, the archpriest kept observing the night and time. He seemed to be waiting for a specific time, afraid that it would not be in time and would come too slowly.

The layers of pine trees blocked my vision, making it impossible to tell which direction I was going. At around twelve o'clock, the carriage stopped at a narrow valley's entrance.

"We're here, miss."

The archpriest controlled the wooden suit and took me out of the carriage. It hurt. The rest of the humans also rushed down from the carriage. They had smiles and pride on their faces, as if being able to ride in Azazel's carriage was worth showing off for the rest of their lives.

I was obediently thrown together with the witches and allowed the archpriest to put on a mink cloak for me.

In the vast night sky, an agile skylark passed through the clouds and the stars, disappearing into the vast snowfield.

237 The Black Cocoon

Mary's POV:

The Soul Sparrow had returned with news of Selma's serious injuries and the transformation of the entire Squadron into mutated wolves.

The magic test paper tied to its claws had turned black and purple, which meant that this group of humans were by no means religious believers with good intentions, but a group of pure fans of demons.

To remain hidden, Dorothy could not let the Soul Sparrow get too close to the convoy, which meant that she could not hear anything.

The current situation was no advantage for us at all. The devil's seal that we couldn't find despite all our efforts had appeared. Yes. Although there was no direct evidence, it seemed that anyone could accurately point out where this place was. Otherwise, why would a group of cultists come to the Rocky Mountains to have a party?

In addition to the rescue team, we had another task: to prevent the devil's seal from being opened. Once the unknown evil demon sealed within it descended upon the world, even we would not be able to escape, let alone the squadron. Not to mention that a few mountains away was a human holiday resort. Once it was affected, there would be heavy casualties.

We couldn't follow them secretly. The cultists had already entered the sealed entrance. We had no choice but to follow them.

Sure enough, Aldrich also realized this. He immediately divided the team into two, with Eve and Kerner leading Dorothy, Hayley, and thirty other members to guard outside. If

there were a problem with the team that entered the devil's seal, they would be responsible for leading the way for the base members rushing over and assisting in the rescue.

The passage couldn't allow a wolf's body, so we could only enter in our relatively fragile human form.

"This place doesn't look like a natural canyon," Aldrich said as he observed the surrounding environment. "Everything is too well organized."

I agreed with this. This place was man-made. The width of the passage was the same, and the two walls were too smooth for a natural canyon. Moreover, the base of the wall near the ground had traces of erosion from the wind and snow, and there were dark carvings.

I carefully observed a few patterns. They had the style of ancient runes, which were the work of the witches.

"This is... the execution ground for the ancient sorcerers." I felt the remaining magic power on the rune, and the creepy resentment was still visible. "The sorcerers will execute some enemies and traitors here. This place was last used three hundred years ago from the magic power left."

"So this was where the legendary witches killed Mullwica's son." Aldrich became even more cautious. "It's also where the demon was sealed."

What puzzled me was that this place wasn't close to the ruins of the witch clan. It was actually quite far. Why did the witches retreat so suddenly when Mullwica was suppressing the demons? Many notes were left in the ruins that were the work of the sorcerers' lives and even tools with ancient divinity. No matter how rushed they were, they could still take a few books and toys with them.

From the looks of it, they seemed to have some reason why they didn't have time to return to the clan.

Just as I was thinking about this, we reached the end of the narrow passage. We could hear the cult members' soft discussions. To avoid being exposed, we had no choice but to stop at the corner.

"What time is it?"

"Soon, there's less than half an hour left."

Oh my god, I'd been waiting for this moment for the first half of my life...

"Good heavens! You should be praying to our great lord all the time!"

“Oh, you’re right. I’ve been pretending in front of stupid mortals for too long, so I didn’t react in time.”

“Be careful with your words, buddy. You’ll be finished if the archpriest hears you.”

“Please forgive my sins, great Lord, the leader of sins, the master of redemption, the creator of all love and bliss; the Supreme Azazel!

Following the prayers of a certain heretic cult believer, we finally learned the name of the person who was sealed here.

Azazel?

The fallen god of original sin in the legends was not famous among the werewolves, but the humans were familiar with him. As a great demon, his well-known story was that he fell in love with a mortal woman, not that he was sealed because he deceived the witch’s son.

However, there was no record of the name of the demon who seduced Mullwica’s son. As long as the devil was sealed here, any demon could be here.

Aldrich was shocked by this answer.

Before the Rocky Snow Mountain mission, we had carefully studied the mythical history of werewolves and sorcerers. We had analyzed and guessed every demon that had appeared and even the myths of other races. However, Azazel? This had nothing to do with any non-human race!

The evil cultists continued to wait as if they would only take action at a particular time.

At that moment, my mind link was connected.

My husband, an intelligence agent who had concealed his name, said, “Something happened, Mary. The werewolf grandmasters fused the soul fragments of the two captains, but the fused body suddenly escaped from the ward like melted asphalt and slipped into Linda’s ward.

“We broke through the door to Linda’s ward, but something unexpected happened. Linda has turned into a cocoon, a black cocoon.”

238 Melting Sanity

Selma Payne’s POV:

A strong evil aura, or rather, a strong fragrance.

At this moment, I was both tired and hungry. The wounds all over my body were screaming that I needed more power to heal myself. The evil force in the air tempted me like the aroma of roasted lamb chops. I was eager to find the main course, but I didn't see anything other than the disgusting old man and the rough man.

As for the young witches standing with me on the altar – a huge stone block – they seemed to think that even wearing a cloak in front of the 'holy' Azazel was a sin they happily took off their mink cloaks and wore thin silk nightdress as they shivered in the snow.

I did not doubt that I shouldn't even wear this silk nightdress, but everyone present was a man. If a man saw my naked body, I would lose my 'purity', so I forced myself to wear this nightdress that was better than nothing.

How could this be? Was I also suffering from virgin cancer? The archpriest should have given his seat to me.

The witches even kindly helped me take off my cloak. Thank you so much. No one would feel cold wearing branches and leaves in the snow mountain at -30 degrees celsius. No one.

Ha!

I didn't know why I was still in the mood to comment about this and that. I should be anxious and angry and keep finding a way to escape. However, the truth was that I had become abnormally lazy. In fact, I even started to feel that everything didn't matter anymore. It didn't matter if it was a demon or a false god; anyone would do. Please come out and let me have a bite. I was about to starve to death.

The archpriest was waiting for a time. From the whispers of the cultists, I believed it was two in the morning, the darkest moment before dawn.

According to the legends, the tragedy of Mullwica also happened in the dark before dawn. Could this have something to do with the seal?

The archpriest began to set up the altar, and the cultists began to stir. What surprised me was that they obediently put down the weapons they had been holding tightly in their hands as if the archpriest's bullsh*t prayers of 'cold iron is disrespectful, but god has given you great power' were more important than their own lives.

But no matter what, I was willing to see such a development.

I smelled a familiar scent – Aldrich, Master Mary, and many other familiar and unfamiliar team members.

They must have hidden their scent in advance, but Yuri didn't smell it. He kneeled on the ground like a retard, begging for his god's mercy. However, I could smell everyone's scent, and I inexplicably associated everyone with the aroma of food. I thought they should be delicious.

Stop!

What are you thinking?

I was certain that Aldrich and the others were hiding in a corner, probably the only passage that led here. It was strange that the cultists didn't send anyone to guard this traffic route. It was really strange.

However, no matter how strange it was, it had nothing to do with me for the time being because the sacrificial ceremony had finally begun.

The archpriest took out his pocket watch, looked at it, and then shouted, "Kneel."

I would say that this was a complete waste of breath because most of the cultists had already obediently kneeled with their butts up in the air. That scene was indeed an eyesore.

The clouds parted, and the bright moonlight shone on the altar. The archpriest cut his arm and mumbled something.

"The fields of parting, the white snow. The believers of the mist are eagerly waiting.

"Returning to the stars and moon, stone armor by the day. A hundred years, in the blink of an eye."

Just as he was reciting those strange incantations, a sudden change occurred!

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The wolves were here!

Under the blessing of the full moon, the wolves were stronger and fiercer than usual. In an instant, they had opened up the stomachs of several evil cultists on the periphery!

The evil cultists were stunned by this sudden change. It was only after losing a few of their companions that they reacted. Their eyes revealed a fierce light as they shouted, "Enemy attack! Get your weapons!"

However, they looked left and right. Where were the guns? Where were the blades? Where did they all go?

It turned out that the 'considerate' archpriest had already helped them to place them in the corner of the altar!

The evil cultists wanted to snatch the weapons, but the strong wolves had already gotten the weapons before them. With a drop of the special potion concocted by a werewolf grandmaster, the silver wrapped around the swords and spears immediately dissolved. Then, he picked up the swords and spears and used a little force, immediately breaking them!

How could humans who had lost their weapons be a match for werewolves? Soon, there were very few humans who could stand.

The witches waiting for Azazel's 'visit' were so scared that they couldn't care less about their purity. They pulled off their nightgowns and jumped off the altar to escape, but a few werewolves gently hit them on the back of their necks, and they fainted.

Looking at the archpriest again, he seemed to be fine, still intoxicatedly reciting his sacrificial prayer, not caring at all that his 'brothers and sisters' were in danger.

"Call me true god and ride the snow phoenix. A hundred people as a sacrifice, the world will listen!"

My intuition told me something terrible would happen after he finished his incantation, so I endured the excruciating pain and struggled. I absorbed The branches and leaves that bound me with difficulty. I dragged my broken body and slammed forward.

"Praise my true god, Azazel! The enmity of a hundred generations shall be repaid today!"

239 PTSD Toward Sesame Flavor

Selma Payne's POV:

However, I was still a step too late. The priest easily dodged me and finished the last line of the incantation.

In an instant, the thick black energy was like a sharp blade that pierced through the sky!

In an instant, all the fighting at the altar came to a standstill. Be it the humans hiding in a sorry state or the werewolves waving their sharp claws, they were frozen as if someone had grabbed their necks. Everyone trembled simultaneously, a shiver from the depths of their souls sweeping through their bodies. This had nothing to do with courage but the primitive fear of certain existences.

It was unknown who broke the silence.

“He’s here.”

The remaining humans rushed toward the exit like crazy. There was no trace of their previous piety and fanaticism. It was as if they would be corroded by evil if the black fog contaminated them.

However, they didn’t get what they wanted.

At some point, the passage was filled with dense golden threads. Judging from the green smoke on their bodies, the power of these golden threads was not as likable as their appearance.

“What a bunch of disobedient sacrifices.”

The archpriest slowly turned around. He no longer looked like he had one foot in the coffin. He was so young and handsome that it made people suspect he was a different person.

“God doesn’t like believers who go back on their words. You’ve already made an oath to offer everything to god. Are you going back on your words now?”

His transformation was shocking, but no one would question his authenticity – the evil aura hidden in his body had been completely released, and the undisguised terrifying aura made his thin body look more frightening than Cerberus.

“No, that’s not what you said,” one of the cultists mumbled.

“You promised money, fame, fortune, bliss, and eternal life. You said we were god’s companions and would be loved forever.”

“But that’s not the case. You want us to be your sacrifice. You don’t even want to hide your thoughts!”

The archpriest laughed without care and admitted, “I’m right, my dear brothers. To become god’s sacrifice, to become a part of god’s power, how can this not be considered as becoming god’s companion? You will forever be one with god. What he controls is what you control. What he has is what you have. He will live forever, and so will you. How can you say that I’m lying?”

Just like these brothers who were one step ahead of us, their souls have become a part of god, so they are also gods.”

He waved his hand slightly, and dozens of wailing souls floated out of the dead bodies on the ground. They were devoured and digested by the black fog and eventually disappeared without a trace.

From their expressions, becoming a god might not be a good thing.

“Oh, this is the power of sin. Every soul is soaked in blood. They’re appetizers thoroughly marinated by sin and my lord’s favorite appetizer.”

The archpriest took a deep breath, intoxicated. He inhaled the thick black smoke, and he looked younger with every breath he took.

Just as he was intoxicated, a few shadows attacked him. Amid the flashes of swords and knives, a few wolves covered their wounds and fell at the feet of the archpriest while he was unscathed.

“I almost forgot about you, you disobedient dogs.”

He kicked away the unconscious wolf in disgust and said with contempt, “So what if it’s a full moon? I don’t think your weak goddess dares to confront my lord directly. She will only shrink in her cold palace and coldly watch her believers die. She doesn’t dare to do anything, just like she has done in the past.”

“How dare you! You shameless cultist!” the strongest wolf in the pack said angrily. “Do you think you’re worthy of slandering the goddess’ glory?”

It was Aldrich!

No, it was Morgan!

Morgan was a shy boy, but under the provocation of the archpriest, even the shyest person would be angry.

The two sides confronted each other. The archpriest was not in a hurry, but the wolves were worried – I was still on the altar!

Damn it! How did I become a burden to the team again?

How I wished I could be like superman, stand up and punch the archpriest away, then raise my thumb and show off, but the facts told me that I still had to be a weak chicken with shattered bones for a while.

At this point, I couldn’t care less about the pain. I endured the excruciating pain and used all New Flow’s power to capture the black fog in the air. This was the most painful meal I had ever eaten. Let alone enjoying it, I had already used all my strength to stop myself from going crazy in pain.

The black fog had a cold sesame flavor, a little like the eastern pastries that Aldrich brought back from his business trip. After this, if there were a future, I would never eat

any sesame-flavored food again. Even the smell might bring back the painful memories of today.

The pain was endless, but the benefits were visible to the naked eye. The wounds on my body began to heal rapidly, and after a few breaths, I could stand up.

The archpriest obviously didn't think I would have a chance to turn things around and even tried to snatch away the 'gift' from Azazel.

His face was gloomy as he attacked me resentfully.

240 The Arrival

Selma Payne's POV:

I'd never seen so many dazzling spells before. Now I understood why sorcerers had so many taboos in ancient times.

The really powerful sorcery was not as gentle as the ones the werewolf grandmasters usually showed. The basic style was natural elements such as ice, fire, and lightning. The real trouble was the indefensible spells such as 'dissolve' and 'distort'.

The archpriest could make all the werewolves present be on edge himself. He seemed to have obtained the power of a supreme demon from the black fog and could counterattack or tease our attacks with ease.

He wasn't being serious at all.

My heart sank when I realized this.

A human agent was already so difficult to deal with. When Azazel really woke up from the seal, would he still be able to deal with him?

The few involved humans also realized their lives were at stake. They finally gave up on shooting arrows at the werewolves from behind and began to think of ways to get the archpriest off the altar that was protected by some power.

However, they no longer had the chance.

Locke had attacked them.

He had attacked without warning, easily cutting his former companion's throat from behind with a knife hidden in the sole of his shoe.

Under the disbelieving gazes of his companions, he smiled eerily. "For my master."

Therefore, he was the only human left alive.

Werewolves were constantly injured or knocked out by the archpriest, and even Morgan had a few wounds so deep that the bones were visible.

Soon, the werewolves that had filled the altar fell to the ground. In the end, only a handful of werewolves were still conscious.

What a terrifying power this was!

I was starting to suspect the archpriest's true identity. Was he a believer of Azazel, or was he Azazel himself?

We were in a stalemate with the archpriest.

Other than me, Master Mary was the only werewolf who didn't turn into a Lycan. She and Morgan protected me behind them, buying me more time to absorb the black fog.

"You're such an annoying lady," the archpriest said through gritted teeth. "If you have any sense of shame, you know that it's wrong to steal other people's things!"

Master Mary replied on my behalf, "You mean this disgusting black fog? With all due respect, they don't have your name on them, so it's up to whoever wants to take them."

"What a cunning sophistry!"

The archpriest was so angry that he broke the stone under our feet into pieces. Morgan led us to jump away. The scattered pieces left a few bloody marks on my body, but they quickly healed.

"But it doesn't matter." He suddenly regained his calm. "You can continue to be stubborn because it's too late."

He turned around to face the altar that was filled with black fog. There was an unfathomably deep hole there.

"The great, vicious, powerful, and wise lord of original sin and redemption, the fallen god, Azazel, please descend upon this world again!"

Suddenly, the black fog that filled the air stopped moving. It rapidly contracted and was compressed to the extreme, disappearing into the cave-like dust being sucked away by a powerful vacuum.

Then, it exploded in an instant!

Aura thousands of times eviler than the previous one emanated from the altar.

The archpriest jumped from the altar and kneeled respectfully on the cracked stone slab.

However, no one had the mood to attack him now.

All the clear-headed people looked at the figure shrouded in black smoke on the altar. He was tall and strong, and his scarlet eyes shone in the smoke.

Azazel.

It was only in the instant that I truly came into contact with him that I understood what kind of powerful existence this name meant.

“How boring,” an alluring cello-like voice came from the black fog.

“It’s been three hundred years. Why are the matters of the human world still so boring? I don’t even need to guess. When I saw you, I knew everything was the same old. It’s boring.”

The archpriest got even closer to the ground. He said respectfully, almost flattering, “My lord, your most humble servant pays his respects to you. As you can see, everything in front of you is just an appetizer to welcome your return. If you are unsatisfied, your servant will immediately find more sacrifices for you if they can win your favor.”

“Is that so?” Azazel didn’t know if he should.

The eyes hidden in the black fog scanned the altars. He laughed and said happily, “It’s a sin! It is a sin! My good Castro, I know you understand me the most.”

“My honor!”

The archpriest trembled with excitement. If he was a dog, I did not doubt that he would rush up to lick his master’s shoes.

The black fog finally dispersed, and Azazel’s true body was exposed under the clear moonlight.

I was stunned with just one look.

After seeing Azazel’s true face, even Master Mary and Aldrich were clearly shocked.

“Selma...” Master Mary said in disbelief.

“Am I under an illusion spell?”

Otherwise, why was I seeing Dorothy’s face on Azazel?

241 Awakaned

Selma Payne's POV:

Dorothy was a beautiful lady. Her facial features were gentle, and she had a demure aura. The way she sat in the library and read was like a classical oil painting.

However, it was strange for such a face to be on a demon.

Compared to Dorothy, Azazel's facial features were sharper and had a distinct masculine quality. And from the details, the two looked different, but anyone who knew Dorothy would think of her when they saw Azazel. This was a wonderful similarity. It was not a rigid copy but rather caused by the blood of the mayfly.

I was so shocked by this thought that my heart skipped a beat.

Dorothy and Azazel? Give me a break! There were thousands of years between them!

It had to be said that Azazel was very handsome and had a very charming temperament. Upon seeing him, one's first reaction would never be to think he was a demon. Instead, one would think such a person should have grown up in a church, from a choir to a confessional.

The black fog condensed into a long robe, and Azazel put it on as if no one else was around. It was as if the servants and we at his feet were nothing but air.

"It's been 300 years," Azazel murmured as he looked at the bright moonlight. "It's been so long, yet so short."

"Your believers are always looking forward to your return! We have selected the most vicious sacrifice and the purest bride for you as the appetizer to welcome your return. Please enjoy!" the archpriest said enthusiastically.

However, Azazel did not look at the corpses on the ground or care about the unconscious witches next to the altar.

"I think I was wrong, Castro. You don't understand me at all."

The archpriest immediately panicked and asked in fear, "Please explain, my Lord."

"I don't like wolves pulling my carriage. These animals that don't bathe will dirty my cushion."

As soon as he finished speaking, the wolves began to transform. No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't control their bodies and eventually turned back into werewolves.

Morgan disappeared. Aldrich, who replaced him, stood beside me, and we looked at each other in shock.

"I don't like witches either. The dirty smell of the swamp on their bodies makes me sick."

With a wave of his hand, the witches disappeared without a trace.

Where did they go? It was true that these girls weren't very smart, but these were innocent lives!

"Where did you send them?" I stood out in anger.

"Watch your attitude!" the archpriest immediately rebuked in dissatisfaction. "Heathen! You can't be disrespectful to my master!"

I ignored him and looked straight into his blank eyes. I stubbornly needed an answer. I was not afraid of angering him. Facing such a powerful demon with such an unpredictable mood, his emotions are of no importance because if he wanted to kill us, it'd be as easy as stepping on an ant. Since that was the case, why should he be so submissive and make him unhappy?

To my surprise, Azazel didn't answer me, nor did he get angry or laugh at me for overestimating myself. He looked at me in a daze, then walked straight toward me.

"What do you think you're doing?" Aldrich immediately stood in front of me, but with a wave of Azazel's hand, he and the other werewolves were firmly trapped on the rock wall like iron sheets attracted by a magnet.

"Dammit! Don't get close to her, you disgusting goat person!"

Aldrich's angry curses did not get any response from Azazel. He suddenly lost his voice, and blood gushed out of his mouth.

"Don't hurt him!" I glared at Azazel anxiously. "Whatever you want to do, come at me!"

"It's just a small punishment. I don't like flies buzzing around my ears. It makes me think of Beelzebub, that mud monster. Losing a tongue won't affect werewolves," Azazel said lightly. "It'll grow back on its own in a week."

What did he say? Did he destroy Aldrich's tongue?

After throwing my fear and anxiety to the back of my mind, I ran in large strides toward Aldrich and pried open his mouth under his worried and disapproving gaze. His tongue was even redder under the blood. Countless cracks cut the soft muscle tissue into a torn hemp rope, and blood flowed out.

Azazel ignored my glare and stood where I was standing. He suddenly took a deep breath.

“Phew... what a familiar smell.”

His scarlet eyes were like a giant hand that locked onto me.

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“A stream, a thin layer of snow, a clear night sky, and clear moonlight. I like this taste; it makes me feel relaxed and happy. I have dreamed of these crickets in my 300 years of boring sleep.”

No matter how beautiful a man was, he would sound very vulgar when he judged your taste. I said, “You’re so disgusting. You’re like a pervert who’s been single for fifty years and can only masturbate by stealing his neighbor’s underwear.”

The archpriest looked like he wanted to rush over and break my neck. Azazel interrupted his obscenity and chuckled happily. “Even their personalities are so familiar! My dear lady, what’s your name?”

“Why should I tell you?”

“Her name is Selma, my Lord. One of the candidates for your one-night bride. I believe this lowly soul will always be honored if I can get your mercy,” the priest answered, flattering.

242 The Golden Bell

Selma Payne’s POV:

“Bullshit!” I retorted sharply. “If you’re so envious of this honor, why don’t you give yourself up?”

“This is great disrespect from...!” the priest screamed like a hen being strangled. “How can you slander my devotion to my lord! My master, your servant will forever use his humble body to clean the dust under your feet. He will never, ever have such filthy and contemptible thoughts!”

Looking at his hunchbacked figure that was eager to show his loyalty to the devil, I laughed in disdain. “What, your honor is to present the girl you brainwashed to your god? When it was his turn, she has become dirty and disgusting. I didn’t expect that even hell has sexual discrimination. Does your master fight with Asmodeus every day?”

The archpriest looked like he was going to kill me at all costs, but Azazel was one step ahead of him.

“You’re so sharp-tongued, even this part is so similar to...” he laughed in a low voice. “But children who talk nonsense still have to be punished.”

A cold black mist suddenly appeared beside him, and the ferocious rope attacked me like a poisonous snake.

“Urgh, argh...”

Aldrich started to writhe nervously, indistinctly reminding me to dodge quickly.

However, he was right behind me. I wouldn’t let him take the attack for me.

Moreover, I didn’t intend to dodge it.

The moment the black mist touched me, the stirring New Flow in my body exploded. It followed the black mist’s path and extended to Azazel’s body!

Alright, I admitted I was impulsive, but that didn’t mean I didn’t value my life. Only a fool would provoke a demon for no reason. I had planned to intentionally enrage Azazel so that he would attack me from the start. Then, I would find an opportunity to spread the New Flow to him.

It wasn’t that I hadn’t thought of using the river to attack, but even the archpriest could vaguely sense the river’s movements. Surely, Azazel wouldn’t be any slower than his believers? If we acted rashly, we might really die here today.

With his tail wrapped around Azazel, New Flow was like a hungry ghost in a buffet restaurant. It immediately gobbled the food greedily. I could feel an endless stream of power flowing into my body. It was clear that Azazel himself was more nutritious than the black mist I had just snatched from the archpriest.

But I wasn’t happy because Azazel didn’t seem surprised at all. He was even interested.

He gently stroked the transparent body formed by New Flow’s power and was as excited as a child who had discovered a new world. “What is this? It is soft and cool. It’s trying to devour me. Oh, it’s so cute, like a little dog barking at you. I really want to kiss it!”

It seemed that New Flow didn’t cause him any harm. It was as if all the power I absorbed came from the void, not him.

I felt a kind look in Azazel’s eyes. “Eat, eat. Good girl, don’t starve yourself. Maybe you like the palace next to the lava lake? It’s okay if you don’t like it. I’ll build you a very cute doghouse. I think we’ll live a very happy life!”

What was this lunatic saying?!

I shivered as I looked at Azazel's loving and cold eyes as if he was looking at a pet. I silently gathered the power in my body and stood in front of Aldrich, who was about to go crazy.

The archpriest was also very surprised by his master's words, but he was a loyal believer in Azazel. Even though he said such a shocking statement, he suppressed his heartache and said, "It's... it's the girl's honor, my Lord."

I thought he probably wanted to use some vulgarities to address me. 'This girl' was the result of his upbringing.

Ignoring my wariness and New Flow's attempt to devour him, Azazel opened his arms and walked toward me as if he was going to pick me up like a puppy.

I used all my strength to make New Flow devour his power, but Azazel's power left me in despair. Compared to him, the demonic shards that had created the pine forest outside were like grains of rice in front of a mountain. The power that had once allowed me to transform and reincarnate was not worth mentioning.

I had nowhere to retreat to. Just as Azazel's hand was about to touch me...

"Get lost, you disgusting sheep head!"

A golden light flashed along with the angry roar and the crisp sound of a bell. I was shocked to find that Azazel had been sent flying! The archpriest also fell in pain.

As he fell on the altar, the black fog imprisoning Aldrich and the others also lost its effect.

"Come over quickly! Selma!"

Dorothy led a large group of werewolves and stood at the tunnel's entrance.

I supported Aldrich and met up with her. I asked in surprise, "What are you doing here? Aldrich said he sent you guys to pick up the members from the other bases."

"It's almost dawn, girl," Dorothy said. "Even a snail should have reached here by now. I think I've come in time, or that disgusting old demon would have caught you!"

I saw that she was holding an ancient golden bell.

"You used this to defeat Azazel? What's that powerful?"

243 Heaven And Earth Are Unkind

Selma Payne's POV:

Dorothy shook the golden bell, and it let out a musical and clear sound. "This is one of Mullwica's relics. She recorded in her diary that there was a slice of a supreme demon's soul inside, which could effectively dispel other demons. We'll talk about it later. We have to go now!"

We picked up the injured on the ground and quickly ran out. On the way, I found that the golden threads had disappeared. This must be some defense set up by the ancient witches. Dorothy found a way to break it in Mullwica's notes.

The deformed wolves guarding in the snow were still aimlessly in a daze. Perhaps because the archpriest who controlled them had fainted, they seemed a little restless.

"What should we do with these wolves? Is there any way to restore them?"

Facing my question, both the werewolf grandmasters and Dorothy were helpless. We couldn't leave our comrades here to die, but once we got close to them, we'd be attacked in a frenzy. In the middle of the stalemate, the mountain suddenly trembled. Fine cracks appeared on the rock wall, and thick black mist seeped out of the cracks.

It was Azazel. He was awake!

The pack of deformed wolves that had no leader immediately scrambled up the mountain as if they had found their backbone, not caring at all about the wounds caused by the falling rocks.

A few seconds later, with a burst of black fog, Azazel's figure gradually appeared on the peak. The deformed wolves spontaneously formed a 'path' for him, allowing him to step on their heads and advance.

"I have to say that... was unexpected."

He was no longer smiling, and his cold face was daunting.

As his back was facing the tunnel, Dorothy could only see his face clearly now. As expected, she was in disbelief, just like us.

"That's... that's...!"

I immediately pulled her behind me and firmly said, "It's just a similar face. Don't overthink. You know that demons like to play tricks. He must have read my memories and used this face to play with us."

It was a white lie. We all knew it was not like that, but this was the only explanation for this situation. There were still a bunch of members who didn't know what was going on. In front of them, Dorothy couldn't have any relationship with Azazel!

Azazel also saw Dorothy. He was more interested in Dorothy than me. With a flash of black mist, he appeared before us.

“I’m a little happy.”

He pinched our lower body, his sharp red nails bringing sharp pain.

“A cute little dog and... how should I address you? A child?”

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He was a madman. He was so angry just now, but now he showed a kind expression.

Dorothy trembled, either out of fear or shock. She stared into Azazel’s eyes. The scarlet color was the only thing that did not resemble her.

Seeing that we were being held hostage, oh goddess, in front of the great demon, even a single strand of hair could be considered a hostage. The team members were eager to try and get us back. But history repeated itself. With a light wave of his hand, they were locked in place by the black fog, and even their mouths were gagged.

This wasn’t the worst. The deformed wolves suddenly became agitated and jumped from the rock wall, gritting their teeth and pouncing on the team members.

This vicious demon wanted the werewolves to kill each other!

The deformed wolf’s sharp teeth flashed at me. In a moment of desperation, I couldn’t think of a way to get the best of both worlds. I subconsciously shouted, “Stop!”

To my surprise, Azazel became obedient.

The restless wolves instantly became obedient and sluggish. They stopped in place and continued to stare blankly at the snow.

I didn’t know what to say.

Azazel stared at me with interest as if he didn’t care what I was about to say. It was like he was looking at a puppy and thought its barking was fun, so he teased it.

“It’s been ten seconds, my dear.” He let go of my hand and frivolously scratched my chin. “Are you not going to say anything? You’re not an obedient dog. You still have a lot of rules to learn.”

I pretended I didn’t hear those insulting words and tried to speak as softly as possible. “Oh, great, Azazel, these people are just insignificant dust to you. You don’t have to waste any effort on them. Please let them go.”

“Haughty at first, but now respectful. Poor acting,” Azazel commented, not satisfied. “But it doesn’t matter. I wouldn’t say I like submissive pet dogs. Wolves running on the snowfield are the most interesting.”

He stared at me for a while and suddenly broke into a wicked smile. “But how can I maintain your wild nature? Maybe hatred is a good way? I can kill them, and you’ll hate me until you die. That way, we won’t be bored when we’re together! Yes! That’s the way to do it!”

What the hell was this lunatic’s brain doing?

In an instant, all the deformed wolves attacked the members who had been tied up like ham.

It all happened too quickly, and I had no time to stop it.

Or rather, I didn’t even have the power to stop it!

244 Dog Of All Things

Selma Payne’s POV:

For a moment, time seemed to have come to a standstill. Everything slowed down. The flying figure, the sharp claws, and the frightened and sorrowful expression seemed to be fixed at this moment. I could see how a deformed wolf passed by me and how it stabbed at Aldrich’s chest with its claws.

No!

No! Don’t!

The moment the sharp claws pierced his chest, the hot blood splashed into my eyes.

Everything in the world was blurred, leaving only the blood of despair, laughing at my humbleness and accusing me of being weak.

Why? Why did I still not have the power to resist even now?

Even my past existence had been dispelled. Even my old body, which was connected to my parents by blood and flesh, had been abandoned. To obtain power, I was willing to pay any price! But why was the thing that fate had repaid me so ironic?

It told me that I was just an ant that overestimated itself, thinking that it had obtained the power to turn the world around, but it was still blind. In front of the mountain, I didn’t even have the right to complain.

If the gap between god and man was so significant, if the weak could never turn over when facing the holy spirit, then what was the point of our existence? The world was just a playground for these ancient creatures. If they could destroy all the hope of the weak with a single thought, what was the need for the weak to struggle? Were we just pigs and dogs for their pleasure?

Why?

Why?

Warm tears flowed from my eyes and diluted the redness. It also allowed me to see Aldrich's slowly closing eyes.

So painful, so regretful, so reluctant, so compassionate.

He must be in pain. After his chest was torn apart and his ribs and heart were crushed, could his nerves still transmit signals when the blood was gushing out?

He must be reluctant to leave this world. He was so young and promising that he should have been in the merit palace hall until his old age, but he didn't even get to see his father for the last time and had left on a cold snowy night.

He must be reluctant to leave me. Otherwise, why would the teardrop hang at the corner of his eye and not fall no matter what for fear of breaking my last line of defense?

He must have taken pity on me, too, because he had already predicted my dark future. I would have to carry my lover's blood and my compatriots' hatred on my back, wandering alone in the eternal night.

Aldrich.

Aldrich.

Aldrich!

I heard myself wailing in the most tragic voice of my life. My lover's blood flowed into my mouth and teeth. Other than the blood, only bitterness made one's heart ache.

Why?

Why did they always win?

Why?

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Why?

Azazel mischievously released the black mist gagging them, and the tragic wails of his fellow humans immediately echoed in my ears. Dorothy struggled and cried in despair, but it was to no avail.

As if he had stepped on a few ants, the snow field returned to peace after a few minutes.

Everyone was dead, be it Aldrich, Master Mary, or other people I was familiar and unfamiliar with. Their blood dyed the earth red, and only their dim pupils were still staring at the stars.

I didn't know when, but I had already collapsed on the ground. Beside him was Dorothy, who had fallen into a daze. She was no longer screaming, and only her blood-stained tears stained the corner of her clothes.

"Alright, the show is over."

Azazel squatted and gently held us in his arms.

"All the irrelevant people will disappear. This way, we can live happily together. "

"Father, daughter, servant, and a dog. Ah, what a romantic and conventional family structure. Perhaps we still lack a mother. But don't worry, Carlos will take care of everything for us."

The archpriest appeared out of nowhere and bowed in silence and obedience.

"Now, let's go home!"

The deep black mist transformed into a gorgeous ancient carriage. The archpriest opened the door and looked at us silently.

I did not move. Dorothy did not either.

Facing Azazel's nauseating gaze, I asked, "Go home?"

Which house? What home? A cave with ice in hell? Or the mansion next to the lava lake used as a lizard's nest?

A place that was always dark and filled with despair, with no family or loved ones and no moonlight?

Was it an iron cage filled with despair and hatred?

"Stop dreaming!"

I suddenly pushed away Azazel's hand. Dorothy also raised her head. Her eyes were filled with scarlet hatred.

The sky was almost bright, and the moon had already quietly left.

But why should it leave? After witnessing such a tragic death, could it still hide behind the clouds and pretend nothing had happened?

A tsunami-like hatred swallowed up my rationality. The murmuring stream was no longer calm. It boiled and rolled. It was about to drown the desolate grassland. It vowed to break the fake sky with huge waves!

Fine rustling sounds echoed in my ears. They were consoling, comforting, angry, and encouraging me. A hand that could be thick or soft gently pushed my back, and my soul trembled in resonance.

It was encouraging and exciting, telling me the time was right.

The moonlight disappeared, and the antenna was covered in a deathly white.

If the moon didn't care, then I did.

If the night were dark, then I would shine.

If having godly powers was not enough...

Then, let me be a god!

...

245 Mullwica's Soul

Selma Payne's POV:
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Countless souls wrapped around me and attacked Azazel.

Azazel didn't take my rebellion seriously. Instead, he squinted in delight. "You're so energetic. I was worried that you wouldn't be able to recover because of this. It would be so boring if you become a boring dead dog!"

With his contemptuous dodging, all my attacks missed. But it didn't matter because my primary target wasn't him at all...

"Ah-!"

When Azazel dodged, New Flow wrapped the archpriest from head to toe and quickly digested its prey like a pitcher plant digesting a fly. The archpriest did not even have the time to struggle. The angry souls firmly locked his limbs, and the river absorbed the black mist that spread out. There was nothing he could do but struggle in fear.

He looked at Azazel pleadingly, but Azazel only looked at him as if he were performing. He had no intention of saving him.

"I like energetic puppies," Azazel said as he gently picked up Dorothy, who had fallen on the snow. "But a pet should act like a pet. You must get the owner's permission even if you want to bite someone."

The grip around Dorothy's neck gradually tightened. Her face turned red, but she did not say a word. She stared at Azazel's face, which was 70% similar to hers, with hatred and stubbornness.

I did not let go of the archpriest because I knew that Dorothy no longer cared about her life at this point, and she did not want me to give in for her. In the twisted wailing of the priest, he gradually melted, shrank, and finally became my food. Even his soul disappeared from this world.

Finally, Azazel let go of Dorothy.

"I'm surprised you're not as indecisive as you look."

His sharp nails scratched Dorothy's skin, and red blood dripped, picked up by his gorgeous fingertips, and sent into his mouth.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "You're not a qualified pet dog, but I like you very much. Would you like to be my daughter?"

I silently digested the demon's words and asked in disdain, "Become your daughter? After you've killed so many of my people?"

"If you become my daughter, you'll be a descendant of a god. It'll be easy to capture some souls to become your kin." Azazel's mellow voice could easily bewitch people. "When the time comes, they will be able to live forever. This is the ultimate goal that many people pursue their entire lives. They will be grateful to you forever."

A descendant of god?

Immortality?

It sounded really alluring. I would have believed it if I didn't know what kind of person this human-like demon was.

Upon receiving Dorothy's 'now is the time' gaze, I suddenly burst forth, compressing all of New Flow's power and striking at Azazel!

"Ah, negotiation failed." Azazel's eyes turned cold. "I don't like disobedient dogs and rebellious daughters. In that case, there's no need for you to live!"

The sharp black mist condensed into sharp crystals and attacked me. I dodged them in a sorry state, but I didn't retract New Flow that was rooted in Azazel's body. I could feel that the energy absorbed into my body was gradually becoming more dangerous. They were like a King's cake wrapped in bombs, in danger of exploding at any time.

The crystal pierced through my shoulder blade and nailed me to the snow. Countless fine crystals floated around me, and it would only take a second for me to become a dead hedgehog.

He walked toward me, step by step. New Flow was like a giant parasite on him, but he didn't care.

"It's dawn, child."

He reached out.

"Good night," he said.

The sharp crystal fell!

Whoosh-!

A dazzling golden light exploded in a flash and instantly dispelled all the dark power.

Azazel finally looked surprised. He looked at the golden mist that slowly seeped out of his body and said in disbelief, "What is this...?"

The golden mist swirled and condensed, finally transforming into a woman in a silver robe.

The moment she appeared, Dorothy and I said in unison, "Mullwica!"

That was right. This unexpected variable was Mullwica.

After I digested the archpriest, I realized that a spell that blocked my communication with Dorothy had disappeared. Thanks to Azazel's disgusting act of tasting his blood, Dorothy realized that there was a hidden power in Azazel's body that resonated with her blood.

Azazel didn't notice it at all. This was undoubtedly a good opportunity for us. That was why I risked my life to attack Azazel. With the guidance of Dorothy's blood, I managed to smuggle that mysterious power out of the New Flow.

We made the right bet. That mysterious force was indeed Mullwica, who had disappeared without a trace ever since the seal was opened.

She looked like a gentle middle-aged woman. In the face of Azazel's shock, she said arrogantly, "Good morning, disgusting goat head. We've been roommates for 300 years, after all. Your eyes are really sad."

246 The Daughter

Selma Payne's POV:

Azazel stopped smiling, and a bleak aura spread from him. He didn't expect Mullwica's appearance and didn't welcome her.

"I devoured you," he said with certainty. "How did you survive?"

Mullwica sneered in disdain, "Devour me? You self-proclaimed extraordinary demon, who do you think you are? How dare you lay your hands on the descendant of the goddess of fate? As long as the tide of the river of fate still flows in my body, nothing will ever be able to devour me."

Was Mullwica a descendant of the goddess of fate?

This was not mentioned in the legend.

Dorothy, who had sneaked to my side during their confrontation, rescued me from the crystal. She seemed a little absent-minded, obviously very concerned about Mullwica's existence. After all, Mullwica was her ancestor many generations away from her!

Mullwica must have been a powerful witch when she was alive, as could be seen from the vigilance of Azazel against her.

At this time, the sky was already bright, and the cold sunlight shone on the two sides of the confrontation.

"Don't worry, children," Mullwica said gently. "The demon in front of you is just bluffing. He has just awakened, and the seal's suppression has not completely dissipated. His power is not even one-tenth of the legendary power."

However, even this 10% demon's power was enough to tire us out. Mullwica's casual tone proved how powerful she was.

Being looked down on, Azazel was displeased. He laughed. "Quit boasting, little girl. How much better is your situation than mine? How long could a broken and weak soul last? I don't think we must wait until the sun sets before your goddess summons you away."

Having his disguise seen through, Mullwica stopped smiling.

"Are you planning to continue this stalemate? You know, although we can't do anything to each other now, my power will recover bit by bit while you will be burned out like a candle," Azazel said casually. "I want to take my daughter and pet with me, but I only need to wait until the next night."

His words hurt Mullwica, and she roared angrily, "That's not your daughter, you shameless thief! This is my daughter! Be it three hundred years ago or three hundred years later, you'll never be able to take her away from me."

Wait a minute.

Daughter?

What daughter?

Whose daughter?

I was stunned by this unexpected turn of events. Dorothy was even more unable to accept it.

It was enough to make people break down when she looked like a great demon from thousands of years ago. Now, she was related to the legendary supreme witch. This was not an idol drama. It was not something to be happy about having so many identities!

Furthermore, Dorothy was only nineteen years old this year. The numbers didn't add up!

While we were here, the smoke had already risen.

"You have to admit that no matter how much time has passed, my daughter will always be my daughter, as long as she still has my god's blood." Azazel was very proud. "And you? Little girl, you're just a vessel for reproduction, just like a virgin who gave birth to a saint or a white crane who gave birth to a god. In fact, you know very well that for existences like us, the physical body is just a shell that can be abandoned at any time. Only the resonance of the god's blood in the soul is the only evidence to prove our identity."

Just as he finished speaking, Dorothy held her head in pain beside me.

“Hey, Dorothy! What’s wrong?” I held her, trembling all over, and glared at Azazel.
“What did you do to her?!”

“As you can see, little dog, this is just a small greeting gift to awaken my dear daughter’s affection for me. Just like the nonsense in the ancient epics, a father naturally has the right to own his children, just like how a shepherd can control everything of his lambs.”

Mullwica’s eyes were filled with anger, and a dazzling golden light attacked Azazel!

“How dare you! Your dirty blood has long rotted away. How dare you let it contaminate my daughter again!”

The two of them engaged in a battle, and the color of the sky changed for a moment. The flying snow and stones became sharp weapons that could destroy the enemy. I tried my best to protect Dorothy in my arms, not letting her be affected by the battle.

As he fought back, Azazel teased, “Why are you still unwilling to accept the truth? You accepted Leviathan’s gift and took the initiative to use my blood to give birth to my daughter. Now that things have come to this, are you regretting your decision? What a sad mother. Her son had pointed his sword at her, and her daughter would never belong to her. What value did such a sad soul have to exist? Who would love you?”

“You will never understand!” Mullwica gritted her teeth. “Do you, a demon who has fallen because of selfishness, really know what love is? Your ridiculous past has long become a legend among the various races. A failed lover, a clown who destroyed himself singlehandedly. Are you so persistent in searching for the reincarnation of your descendants for fun, or are you still unable to let go of your sad past?”

247 Death

Selma Payne’s POV:

Mullwica’s protective spell formation protected Dorothy and me in a quiet corner. However, I could hear every single word of their argument.

Divine blood.

Descendant.

Reincarnation.

I could understand every word, but why couldn’t I understand what they were going on about when I pieced them all together?

It sounded like Dorothy was Azazel's daughter in her previous life, but Azazel and Mullwica were enemies and not family, and it did not seem like they were lovers who had fallen out. However, when Azazel said that Mullwica had given birth to his daughter with his divine blood, and Mullwica had also tacitly agreed to it, there must have been something between them. Otherwise, it would not make sense.

For some reason, I thought of Mullwica's small house that was hidden by space magic. We were guessing that Mullwica was hiding from someone. Could it be Azazel? This made sense. Azazel wanted to get his daughter back, but Mullwica deliberately hid from him, so he lured Mullwica's son to find out Mullwica's whereabouts.

Then, the question was, why did Mullwica give birth to a daughter? I was guessing that her relationship with Azazel back then was, at best, unrelated to each other. What reason did she have to use his divine blood?

Soon, I didn't have the time to think about all these. Dorothy, who was in my arms, started twitching madly. Blood began to ooze out of her facial orifices and nails. There was definitely something wrong with the blood that was red to the point of turning purple. It did not melt the snow when it dripped onto the ground. Instead, it formed bloody ice crystals.

It looked like the power crystal of Azazel, but it was red.

I tried to use New Flow to remove the impurities in Dorothy's blood, but as soon as I came into contact with the strange ingredients, I felt a burning pain, as if acid had invaded my bone marrow. Compared to what I had devoured before, what I was currently experiencing was probably the true 'divine power' or 'divine blood'. This was the core power of a god and could even be said to be a part of the divine persona.

My heart sank. This meant that Azazel wasn't lying. Dorothy did have his divine blood in her. She, or rather, she in her past life, was Azazel's daughter.

What the hell was this?!

No matter how painful it was, I had to endure it and try my best to separate the divine blood from mine. However, this time, it failed. At most, it could only lock on to the divine blood. It couldn't even wrap them up, let alone swallow them. Or rather, it wasn't impossible, but the price was too great. My body's functions subconsciously decided to save my life for me.

No matter how much I urged New Flow, it refused to move. Seeing that Dorothy's breathing was getting weaker and weaker, I could only turn to Mullwica for help.

"Dorothy is bleeding! Her breathing is getting weaker and weaker!"

After trapping Azazel for a short while, Mullwica immediately floated to us to check Dorothy's injuries.

However, even she couldn't do anything when the god blood was activated.

"Stop your little tricks." She glared at Azazel with hatred. "She's dying. Stop!"

"She won't die, just like in her previous life. Only her dirty body left, and her soul will live forever." Azazel was unmoved. "Besides, I can't stop even if I wanted to. Didn't you notice? Even before I awakened the divine blood, there was already something wrong with this girl."

"What are you talking about?"

"Her eyes with red halos are the harbinger of the fusion of divine blood and flesh. Even without me, she would soon experience all this. Actually, you shouldn't be afraid. Instead, you should be happy. This child must be very emotional and talented at using the power of divine blood with a mortal body!"

"But can she make it? Or would she become a monster that had lost her mind like the last time? That would be too disappointing. How about this – I'll take back the divine blood if she fails again this time? So that she won't have to suffer again in her next life. What do you think? Will you be happy with this?"

I couldn't believe that he could still laugh, even in Dorothy's dying state. What was he proud of? Proud that his child was about to be annihilated again? Was he also a part of the pride?

Blood gushed out of Dorothy's body, and her pupils had turned completely red. She looked just like Azazel, and only the silver light around her irises showed signs of life.

There was nothing I could do. The only thing I could do was to comfort her by her ear, "Hang in there, Dorothy. You don't want this despicable man to laugh at you, do you? Devour that drop of divine blood. Don't let it control you. You're its master. Let it see who's the master!"

However, as time passed, Dorothy's life force continued to dim.

She was turning cold, and the frequency of her spasms was gradually decreasing. However, I knew that this wasn't a sign of improvement. Rather, her body was no longer able to support such activities.

"Please, I beg you, hang in there!"

Hot tears fell to the corner of Dorothy's eyes, intertwining with a few dirty marks on her bloodied face. It was hard to tell if they were mine or Mullwica's.

At some point in time, snow began to fall, covering the traces of the wolves.

248 The Moth

Selma Payne's POV:

A snowflake landed on the tip of Dorothy's nose, and after circling for a long time, it crystallized.

She stopped breathing.

She was dead.

Dorothy was dead.

I was in a daze as I held her body.

How could she have died?

Why did she die?

The snow buried the corpses on the ground. In a daze, I couldn't even tell if I was carrying her or someone else in the snow.

As the cold wind blew, I suddenly realized that the souls surrounding me had disappeared.

They no longer whispered in my ear, no longer gathered around me to take revenge on Azazel. Just like that, they disappeared without a sound, as if they were dissatisfied with my powerlessness and no longer wanted to face this tragic ending. Thus, they flew toward the moon in the snow.

Dorothy's corpse was snatched away by Mullwica, but I didn't feel anything. I could only stare blankly at the blue sky.

There were no stars, no moon, and no quiet night sky. The daytime was the domain of the sun. Under the intense sunlight, it seemed that all evil had nowhere to hide, and all good would overwhelm evil.

But there was no moon.

The sun was of no importance to us. A tired wolf could only close its eyes under the illumination of the moonlight.

Without the moon, where would they go?

Dorothy, Aldrich, and many others. The sunlight had blocked the path to the Moon Palace, so where would they go?

Was this icy cold snow grave their eternal resting place?

I heard someone calling out to me, but Mullwica was crying, and Azazel was watching a good show. So who was the one speaking?

Ah, I recalled that now. It was Maxine.

My wolf.

“Pull yourself together, Selma. You’re the only one left now. Do you want everyone’s hard work to go to waste? Do you want the entire advance party to be annihilated? If you were to die, who would remember everything that happened tonight? Who would pay tribute to the dead souls? Who will take revenge for the wronged?”

“But what’s the use of me being alone?” I muttered.

“That’s impossible. This is the difference between mortals and gods. If an ant can never fight against a mountain, there’s no need for anything else.”

“Don’t say such demoralizing words!” Maxine was rather angry. “What kind of mountain is Azazel? Are you willing to be an ant again? Didn’t you say you would light up everything? If you die, you’ll have nothing!”

Light up everything?

With me?

A match in a dark room, a firefly in the middle of the night, what could I illuminate? I probably didn’t even have time to leave a single spot of light before I disappeared into the torrent of time.

Even if he was a demon, what was the difference between Azazel’s power and a god’s?

How could mortals fight against gods?

“Remember your words, girl,” Maxine suddenly calmed down and said emotionlessly. “If having the power of a god is not enough, then become a god.”

“Become a god?”

But what should I do? I’d tried. I’d tried many times but couldn’t even devour a drop of divine blood. As for the black mist, it was not even worth mentioning.

How could a mortal become a god?

Maxine's voice disappeared. I didn't know if she had given up on me or if my world had become peaceful.

I saw Mullwica holding Dorothy's body and wailing in silence. I saw Azazel's silent sarcasm. I saw the wriggling roots quietly engulfing the corpses on the ground. I saw the deformed wolves quietly pouncing on the mad Mullwica.

I saw.

I saw...

I saw a small stream.

The snow mountain had disappeared, the wolves had disappeared, and so had Mullwica and Azazel.

It was a quiet field with lush grass and sparse trees. The sky was high, and the clouds were light. I stepped into the flowing stream, and something was gently gnawing at my skin.

I scooped up a handful of water and saw a small golden fish the size of a thumb.

No, this was not a tiny fish, but a moth with its wings tightly wrapped around its body.

After leaving the stream, it slowly spread out its golden wings, but its furry body was completely black. The color scheme didn't make my hair stand on end. Instead, it gave me an indescribable sense of intimacy.

The moth flew away.

Behind it, countless black and gold moths flapped their wings and took off from the stream, setting off a fine breeze in the wilderness.

The wind brought a guest to my back.

"Are you tired?" she whispered in my ear. "My child?"

I nodded.

"Alright, you can rest for a while." She hugged me gently, and her tulle fell on my shoulder like the faint moonlight.

"I don't want to leave," I whispered, feeling a little misunderstood. "The outside world is scary. I hate it."

She didn't answer me but sent a lost moth to me.

The moths circled aimlessly, not knowing which direction to go. Gradually, its physical strength was exhausted, and it flew lower and lower, slower and slower until it almost fell into the stream.

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"Will it drown?"

...

"No, she's the stream, and the stream is her."

The moth melted into the water, and after a while, another moth emerged from the stream and flew in the direction of the wind.

249 Torrents

Selma Payne's POV:

She hugged my arm and left, but I knew she was still behind me.

"I'm scared." I sobbed, not wanting to let my tears fall.

"I don't know why I have to go through all this. I don't know where to go."

She accepted my complaints and gently suggested, "It doesn't matter. Life is like a long road. Every step is a fork in the road, and every fork leads to an unknown future. All the travelers who walk on it are lost, but fate will always give us the reward we deserve."

"Is this reward good or bad?"

"There's no good or bad. Fate will not spend any effort on the rewards it gives."

"Why?"

"Because it doesn't care."

The moths gradually drifted away and finally disappeared into the vast sky.

"Where did they go?"

"To heaven."

"What's in the sky?"

“There’s nothing.”

“Since there’s nothing, why should we go?”

“It’s precisely because she has nothing that it has to go. To decorate, create, and give birth to the world it wants.”

“But what can moths do? a little wind and rain can kill them.”

“How do you know that the moths can’t do anything? Countless weak individuals create the boundless world.”

The field was quiet, and the wind had stopped. There was not a single cloud in the sky.

She placed her hand on my back gently.

“Do I have to leave?”

“It is up to you, child. Only you can decide your path.”

My eyes suddenly and unknowingly filled with tears.

“Alright, although I’m still very scared, I must go back.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

The hand behind me gently pushed me, and I fell into the stream.

The moment I was submerged in the water, she said, “Good luck, child. The stream is a moth, and the moth is the stream.”

The stream water gently wrapped around me, the sand and stones carefully sharpened me, and the soil warmly wrapped around me.

I gradually sank like a stone or sand. It took me a second or ten thousand years.

The cold wind was biting, calling back my ethereal soul.

I saw the end of a dispute when I opened my eyes. Mullwica’s sword pierced through Azazel’s body, and Azazel’s sharp nails dug deep into Mullwica’s chest.

Both sides were injured – not quite accurate. The injured Mullwica was about to dissipate, and the pierced Azazel would eventually recover to his peak state.

“You’ve lost. You’re actually a very interesting girl,” Azazel said. “But a mortal body is so boring. Today’s game would have been more fun if the Goddess of Fate had given your ancestor a drop of divine blood.”

The golden light replaced the blood and slowly seeped from Mullwica’s heart.

“You have no right to mention the goddess.”

“You can say whatever you want.” Unaffected, Azazel pulled himself out of the sword and said to the gradually dissipating Mullwica, “Do you have any last words? When I extract my daughter’s soul, I can tell her for you.”

Mullwica didn’t say anything. She just glared at him with hatred and then looked at Dorothy’s body in her hand sadly.

She was drowned in blood, her hair was messy, her clothes were ragged, and she looked like she had a tragic end.

Her half-closed eyes stared into the void, her scarlet pupils already faded, compressing the silver ring of light on her irises to the point that it almost disappeared.

I was looking at her, but she couldn’t see me.

When Azazel noticed that I had woken up, he was very happy. “Ah, you’re awake!” He shook the body in his hand and said, “Don’t worry, its soul hasn’t left its body yet. Our family can still live happily together! Perhaps you’re worried about the lack of a butler? There are many criminals in hell who are good at doing housechores. We can change to another one every day. We can throw him into the lava lake if we are tired of one!”

“You’re really a lunatic.” I staggered to my feet and said weakly, “Return Dorothy’s body to me. Aldrich’s one too, and...”

“What?” Azazel put on an innocent expression.

“I said-

“Return the lives of Dorothy, Aldrich, and the others to me!”

The surging stream washed over the restless wilderness, and countless black and gold moths flew into the sky.

The stream water was the moth, and the moth was the stream water!

I was the moth. I was the stream water!

The black and gold light of New Flow spread in all directions, and its target was no longer Azazel. The pine forest, the deformed wolves, the corpses of its compatriots, and even the dying Mullwica were all nutrients for its territory.

Mullwica accepted the devouring power of new Flow. Before she disappeared, she said, "My eyes..."

"I understand."

After getting my promise, she closed her eyes in peace and disappeared into the torrential river.

I destroyed the pine forest with ease. The deformed wolves were freed from the chaos' wails. Their compatriots' souls were still trapped in their bodies. They did not resist at all and were drowned by the stream.

...

The moment I devoured them, I heard someone whisper in my ear.

"Thank you for your hard work, Selma."

'Is that you? Aldrich?'

"Also, I'm sorry."

Hot tears fell on the snow, creating ice holes. I wiped away the crystals of sorrow and tried my best to break into Azazel's defense.

The pain of sulfur corroding my bones came, but I didn't care. I couldn't care.

250 Fighting Fire With Fire

Selma Payne's POV:

I'd already endured the pain of being reborn once. It was just physical pain; there was no need to escape!

This time, New Flow would obey my orders.

Azazel's expression changed from one of ease to one of seriousness. He attacked me with heavy murderous intent. I knew he was serious this time because I made him feel threatened.

"You're really a rabid dog that can't be tamed."

His face was twitching madly, revealing a kind of hysterical madness.

“Why can’t you all be more obedient!”

The evil power invaded me along the river, and the pain escalated. I could barely stand. However, I still gritted my teeth and endured it, letting the taste of blood fill my mouth.

Without any complicated punches, kicks, or fancy moves, we all gave up on any form of attack and only used the most primitive and deepest level of power to fight. The thick black mist and the transparent stream of death were in a fierce struggle, neither willing to give in as they eroded the other’s power.

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Obviously, I couldn’t possibly be stronger than this supreme demon who had lived for who knew how many years.

“Don’t make me angry again! Now, give up on your rebellion, and I can still forgive you!” Azazel roared.

“Be it in the past or now, you will never be my opponent! How could a weak lump of moonlight dare to resist crime and punishment!”

I didn’t have the energy to answer his craziness.

I waited.

I was waiting for an opportunity to kill him in one blow.

The teachings of Aldrich from the past resurfaced in my mind. “When you’re facing a powerful enemy, strength is not the deciding factor for the final victory or defeat. If you don’t have the confidence to win against your opponent in a head-on confrontation, don’t put too much effort into your weakness. Instead, look for your opponent’s weakness.

“From the slightest movement to the invisible emotions and state of mind, any aspect could have a fatal weakness. A strong body does not necessarily have a strong heart. If you can’t find your opponent’s weakness, then there’s no harm in creating one yourself.”

“You can use any means to deceive, provoke, enrage, or intimidate them as long as you can grasp the other party’s mood change.”

There was no doubt that Azazel was a powerful demon. Even if I could fully utilize New Flow’s power and use up all my accumulated power, I would only be able to leave a deep wound on him. Given the demon’s mighty strength, it was hard to say how long the injury would last.

But was his spirit as strong as his body?

“What about you? Who are you thinking of as your enemy in your past and present?”

I forced out these words.

“Why are you so obsessed with your daughter yet set a fatal trap for her in every life? Why are you so persistent about me? Do you want an obedient pet, or are you... trying to make up for your past regrets?”

“You said ‘you all will never listen’. Who is ‘you’? I’m afraid it’s not Dorothy and me. Could it be that all your family members and pets in the past abandoned you in the end? Ha, what a pathetic creature! Didn’t they say that demons are good at playing with people’s hearts? Why are you acting like you’re the one who’s been abandoned by the heartless person?”

“What are you trying to make up for? Wasted feelings? A torturous emotional wound? Or are you unwilling to admit that you were a fool in the past and want to find your former glory by bullying the weak like an impotent pervert?”

“Look at your pathetic expression. Do you look like a demon?”

Seeing that Azazel’s expression was becoming more and more ferocious, I sneered and said my last words.

“Look, you’re about to cry. What now? When you were thrown from heaven to hell by the gods and abandoned by your lover, did you also show such a pitiful expression like a stray dog?”

Azazel’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets as he shouted angrily, “You will regret your offensive words!”

The malevolent black mist paused before condensing into an ominous black ball that instantly charged at me!

At that moment, I dispelled New Flow’s power and threw out a black crystal I had prepared beforehand. Then, I covered my body with New Flow-

BOOM!

The heavens fell, and the earth shook!

The black crystal was the negative element that I had secretly condensed. When the evil power and the same evil element collided, it would definitely not be a harmonious scene. They would only erode each other and finally explode with a force that would cause both sides to suffer.

I felt like the world was spinning, and my entire body was in pain. It was as if a hundred bombs had exploded near me at the same time. The power waves were still spreading out in circles. When I opened my eyes, the surrounding valley had long been razed to the ground. There wasn't even time for an avalanche.

Azazel did not fall. He was still standing in the same place, but his body was full of cracks. Blood gushed out of the open wounds, changing the ground under his feet into a sea of blood.

He mumbled to himself. I didn't hear him clearly and didn't want to. I took out the cracked golden bell from the protective circle of New Flow and shook it. The golden bell that contained the soul of a certain great demon played melodic music, and the surging golden light smoothed out the aftermath of the explosion, causing the evil demon to be injured again.

Azazel's body wasn't just split open. It was more like it was about to collapse.

251 Fusion

Selma Payne's POV:

Large pieces of flesh fell off his body, but his skeleton was not revealed. Instead, it was a bottomless darkness.

I didn't know if the supreme demon's full-power attack would be able to kill him during his recovery period, but I knew that this was his most vulnerable moment. His body was completely damaged. There were two possible outcomes without a physical body to carry his power. Either he went back to hell, or his real body would come, and the entire Rocky Mountains would disappear from the map.

And I was not in a better situation. There was still too little time. Even if I tried to wrap myself in New Flow, it wasn't enough. The impact I received wasn't any less than that of Azazel. My bones and armor were shattered, and my internal organs were torn apart. I could ring the golden bell because I was using New Flow to carry myself.

Azazel was on the verge of collapse, but that wasn't enough. It couldn't guarantee absolute safety.

When he was distracted by the golden bell, I used the last of my strength to order New Flow to devour him.

He was just one step away.

I endured the pain that seeped deep into my soul as I thought in a daze.

I had absorbed the drop of divine blood in Dorothy's body. Any more would only add to the pain.

Azazel woke up and began to resist. However, New Flow had already touched his core in the moment of his absent-mindedness. It was not just divine blood. It was divine sparks.

I'd said before that if having divine power was not enough, let me become a god!

"How dare you!" Azazel finally panicked. "You lowly wolf cub! How dare you covet something that doesn't belong to you! You will be dragged into the lava lake by the minions of hell and suffer the punishment of eternal annihilation!"

I ignored him and didn't have the strength to pay attention to him.

It was a cold, evil, and filthy divine persona.

Precious, alluring, and delicious, divine sparks.

Why did living beings always pursue immortality since time immemorial?

Because that had always been the power of the gods.

The power of a god was so tempting. It was despicable and tyrannical and could easily dominate everything of the weak.

In that case, what was immortality?

If I could become a divine being...

If only I were a god!

"!"

As he roared in disbelief, New Flow swallowed him.

The world descended once again the moment godhood was in his hands.

The wild wind was blowing on the field, and the short grass was dancing in fear, revealing the fireflies in it.

The water level rose, and even the surrounding grass was submerged.

I held the pitch-black ball of light in my hand and stood in the stream in a daze.

Who was I?

The stream water reflected my pale face, so familiar yet strange.

What was this?

The ball of light in my hand was restless. I subconsciously grabbed it, but I didn't know why I couldn't let it escape.

A black and gold moth flew leisurely to my shoulder. It rested its wings and then flew away aimlessly.

The stream water had submerged my calves.

I didn't know where, but a bright white soft gauze floated over, dancing with the wind. It gently wrapped around my body. I lifted the veil before my eyes and looked into the distance. I saw that the moon had appeared in the sky.

In this world of eternal daylight, the lustrous moon brought soft light.

She was here.

"Have you decided?"

"What?"

"I've decided to fuse with the divine spark."

"What is a divine spark?"

"It's that ball of light in your hand."

"What happens after I fused with a divine spark?"

"I will become a god or die."

"Why do I need to fuse with a divine spark?"

"You'll have to ask yourself that."

The stream water reached my waist.

She covered my eyes with her hands.

"He's not dead, child. The divine spark in your hands is only a part of him. Some gods become gods because they were born to be. The divine spark is just a proof of identity, not a pass card."

“Who didn’t die?”

“Azazel, a demon. He’s your enemy.”

My enemy?

I couldn’t remember. I could only remember the bright moonlight and the temperature of the light.

“Should I fuse with the divine spark?”

She didn’t say anything and let go of me.

...

The moonlight shone on the ball of light in my hand. It was no longer restless and even seemed a little tame.

“This is an original sin but also a redemption,” she said.

“You can use it to become the world’s coldest and fairest judge. You can also tame it to bring hope and new life to the world.”

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“Which one is better?” I was confused.

“There is no good or bad, child. Just like I told you, there is no good or bad in the gifts of fate.”

The wind had stopped, and the tulle danced in the wind, leaving a trail of light on the water’s surface as it drifted away with the stream.

The stream water reached my chest.

“Have you decided?” she asked before she left.

I didn’t answer, and the moon disappeared.

The stream water covered my neck. I took a deep breath and sank into the stream.

The ball of light rippled in the water, releasing a chaotic halo. From the bottom of the water, many black-gold moths wandered out. They circled the ball of light, dancing as if they were looking forward to something.

...

The stream water also stirred up waves.

I closed my eyes and allowed the moths to fly into my chest.

A dazzling light swept over me, and my world fell into darkness.

What was a family?

It was an obscure word that appeared in ancient books and fantasy novels. It was nothing more than a link to the gods' identities and their descendants.

252 Resurrection

Selma Payne's POV:

My life was too far away from it, and it was meaningless to me.

However, when I was eager to make up for some mistakes, I was shocked to find out that even a god was not omnipotent. You could capture a soul or create a body for it, but it could only be called a moving puppet and not a real living creature.

Even a god could not resurrect the dead. The Goddess of Fate kept a close eye on her mirror to ensure that no life could violate the world's laws.

But as Azazel had said, although gods could not resurrect people, they could make them their followers. Even the descendants of gods had this power.

A family member was god's friend, servant, subordinate, and slave.

If I wanted to resurrect my dead comrades, there was only one way.

But there were two problems.

First, kin were usually fantasy creatures that did not exist in this world. However, werewolves were a part of the living and did not have the right to become kin.

This was rather easy to solve. I just had to choose one of the fantasy creatures I had read about in ancient books.

The second one was the most troublesome – the followers did not have a will of their own, and everything they did was based on their instincts, emotions, and the drive of their master. After all, a god created his followers to help him do things, not to have a group of powerful and immortal creatures fight for power with him.

But I wanted a group of living people, not slaves that I could order around!

In the thirtieth second after I became a god, I encountered a problem that even a god couldn't solve.

Just as I was thinking hard about the sleeping souls, a slightly crazy thought suddenly entered my mind.

Should I try to create a god?

If the followers couldn't have a will, then gods should, right? I'd never heard of any gods or descendants of gods in myths who were mentally retarded!

It was simple. I would first turn my dead comrades into my followers, then hand over my divine persona and divide it into equal parts as the number of souls. The godhood that had been split up naturally could not give birth to a new god, but that was not the main point. The main point was its 'identification' nature.

Although the split divinity couldn't prove that a living being was a god, it could at least prove that he wasn't a follower, right? How could a follower possess a divine fragment?

I was so smart! Let's do this!

Golden moth patterns emerged from my skin and floated into the air, gently imprinting themselves on the sleeping soul. A bright halo enveloped the soul's entire body, attracting the soul's resonance to produce new flesh and blood together with it.

Although it was a fantasy creature, it couldn't be too ridiculous. I still tried to make my new body look like a werewolf. As for the extra black-gold wings of the moth, I could only try my best to make them complement the wolf's body. At least my 'kin' would be able to gain new abilities to fly in the future, right?

After the body was completed, it was time to prove his identity.

The moment I stripped him of his divine persona, I finally understood why he had been so terrified. He wasn't really afraid, but the emptiness and fear that emerged from the bottom of his heart could drive him crazy.

I resisted the urge to take the divine spark for myself. Sixty seconds after I became a god, I successfully abdicated.

The divine fragments that had been split up all landed in my new home. However, my work wasn't finished yet, as I still needed to coordinate a few specific details.

First of all, Mullwica's eyes.

I'd already sent Mullwica's soul to the Goddess of Fate's embrace. After I absorbed her body, only her eyes remained. I didn't know if this eye of blood kin that was separated by a reincarnation would be useful, but I still have to let Dorothy try.

Then, it was Aldrich's turn.

My love, my moonlight, my shepherd.

A resplendent black opal slowly emerged from my chest. This was not the one that Aldrich had given me back then, the one that had already fused with my flesh and blood when I was born from the cocoon. This was a gem condensed with redemption and rebirth that I condensed with my divine power in the short sixty seconds I was a god.

It still didn't have the effect of resurrection, but it hid a wish to live from death. I knew that Aldrich was a warrior in his bones, and I was proud of his bravery but also worried about his encounter. The minute he became a god, I gave him all my blessings to turn calamities into blessings and to bring good fortune to him.

The black opal melded into Aldrich's muscular chest, emitting a soft and dazzling light.

At this point, my work was over.

At least I remembered to repair my broken body. Otherwise, I would have died immediately.

I smiled in relief as I watched my comrades wake up in a daze on the snow. I felt heavy fatigue gradually crushing my nerves.

I fell limply to the ground, and Aldrich rushed forward to catch me.

"It's good that you're awake," I said happily.

Aldrich looked at me worriedly. He wasn't like the others who were excited like new students. Instead, he was worried. "Tell me, Selma, that you did not hurt yourself this time."

"Of course not! I promised you!"

I lied, but no one cared about that.

My strength was draining away bit by bit. New Flow was still wrapped in the remnants of Azazel's power, but it was of no help.

This was a kind of exhaustion that came from the soul.

The moment I sank into the darkness, I only had time to see Aldrich's moving lips.

He said something, but I didn't hear it.

253 The Adventure Of A Drop Of Blood

Dorothy's POV:

I was dead. I knew that.

Death was an extremely mysterious feeling. It seemed to be gentle but also painful. It was as if I was swimming in the water, but also as if I was falling endlessly into the universe. All the restraints had disappeared, and my broken body had become a thing of the past. Only a soul with no way back was left, wandering between heaven and earth.

Who would come to receive me?

Now that things had come to this, I was a little afraid. Did the Moon Temple welcome a believer of the Goddess of Fate? Could the River of Fate accept the shadow of moonlight?

I didn't know. No one came.

A few hot tears fell on my body, penetrating my empty soul and leaving burn marks. Who was crying? My heart clenched as well. Although I couldn't see or think of anything, where did this inexplicable sadness come from? I couldn't even cry.

The tears fell and disappeared without a trace.

The confusion of chaos made me unable to think. I turned from a person into a cloud of air and seeped into the invisible time. This feeling wasn't too good, but it wasn't too bad either. Perhaps every soul would have to complete this final journey, so I easily accepted it.

I became boiling hot.

A pair of gentle hands locked me in the palm of their hands, and the whine made me cry. Before I could hear it clearly, the pair of hands threw me far away. Accompanied by the sharp cries of the baby, I sank into the waves under the witness of the dark clouds and the sea breeze disappearing among the rugged reefs.

The sea was cold, and the rough sand was not friendly. The curious fish kept probing around me. Their colorful fins stirred up the tiny water currents, slowly bringing me into the deep ocean.

I was melting. I was dissipating. I was becoming a drop of salt water in the ocean.

Perhaps it was because I wasn't delicious. The fish soon lost their curiosity and disappeared, leaving me lying alone in the dark bottom of the sea.

I was a little sleepy.

I believed I'd come to the end of my life.

However, the bottom of the sea suddenly trembled. The sand and rocks vibrated because of the trembling. The fish fled because of the trembling. Lava gushed out from the cracks with scorching heat, lifting me like a bowl.

A smell saltier than the ocean enveloped my body. Someone said, "Look, what did I find?"

The lava gently wrapped around me and sank into the crack.

I was too tired and had no reason to keep awake, so I fell asleep in the warm cage.

After an unknown period, a storm came quietly.

A ship shaking on the verge of destruction struggled in the wind and rain. The sailors avoided the fallen mast with frightened expressions, and the passengers hiding at the bottom of the cabin shivered and prayed for the blessings of all kinds of gods. One of them was a woman hiding under a heavy cloak. For her lover's life, she awakened a demon sleeping in the storm.

"What can you give me?" she asked, bringing the salty water vapor with her.

"I'm willing to give up everything," she said.

The storm had stopped, and everyone was immersed in the destruction of surviving the disaster. Only the woman held the demon's 'gift' thoughtfully and ignored her lover's expression.

She hid me in a cloak, escaped the church's pursuit, endured her lover's betrayal, and finally came to a mountain range that snowed all year round. She started a new life with the gentle acceptance of her compatriots.

She no longer missed her lover, but her flesh and blood loss still tormented her heart day and night.

On a sleepless night, she thought of me.

The demon's whisper still echoed in her ears. She didn't care who I was. No matter if I had the noble blood of a god or an ordinary human, there was no difference to her. She just wanted a family member and was about to go crazy.

She couldn't see what fate would bring her, but she would accept it no matter the result.

And so, I was born.

I'd grown up to be a mischievous little girl.

I'd grown into a slim and elegant young girl.

But how could the gift of fate come without a price?

Soon, she had to pay the price.

The appearance of her flesh and blood made her overjoyed. However, at that moment, the page that fate had been reluctant to show her was finally revealed.

She knew what was about to happen to her, but she didn't care and didn't want to resist.

After going through so much, she was already too tired. Her life had long been like an object outside her body. She was willing to give up everything for her family.

She also finally understood the price the demon had mentioned back then. It wasn't a low-quality love born early, nor was it the first half of her life filled with anxiety and fear. In the devil's play, she was willing to be the protagonist, using her life to play out an ancient Greek ethical tragedy as a gift to the devil.

She loved her son and me. She gave up her life for her son and her soul for me.

In the seal that engulfed everything, she pushed me away and said, "Run, child, and leave this place forever."

Her daughter's face was covered in tears when I looked at her.

"I love you," she said.

"I'm sorry. Live on."

Everything disappeared.

I left the snowy mountain and lived safely until I was old enough to have children. I married an honest farm owner and died on the day of delivery.

The god's blood would kill me.

But I was god's blood.

Who killed me?

Who was I?

I didn't know. I became a chaotic soul again, drifting aimlessly in time, and then landed on a beautiful night with soft moonlight.

I had god's blood.

I was Madeline.

I was...

...

Dorothy.

254 The Conversation

Selma Payne's POV:

The weather today was perfect, or rather the weather here had not changed.

There were just the right amount of white clouds, pale halos, gentle winds, and clear air. I liked everything, and I felt free. I would sleep on the grass, on the shore, or in a stream, enjoying the wind and the stream brushing my hair. I would sleep deeply for a few days and nights and then run wildly in the vast wilderness.

The stream reflected my reflection, and the light refracted my hair and wings into a soft halo.

Occasionally, moths would come out to play with me, but they were cold and untraceable. They often flew into the sky and disappeared into the high clouds without waiting for me to pounce.

Why were they so anxious?

I didn't know, but it didn't matter. I'd wait for the arrival of my next companion.

The moths would sometimes appear in groups; sometimes, not a single one would appear for a long time. I occasionally felt lonely during the long wait, so I fell into a deep sleep of dull boredom.

When I opened my eyes again, the field was still the field, and the sky was still the sky. Everything had remained the same.

I wouldn't change either.

It was a little boring.

Lying on my folded front paws, I stared at the flowing stream.

What should I do?

The reflection in the water suddenly moved, and someone said, "You don't want to stay here anymore?"

I was shocked and jumped up in a panic. I stumbled back with my four limbs. Hiding on the shore, I asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm you. Do you want to leave this place?" the reflection asked.

"You're not me. Who are you?!"

"I am you, you fool. Don't make me say it a second time. "

"How can there be two of me in this world?"

"There are no two 'you'. We are the same person."

The same person?

"Then, what should I be called?" I decided to trick her. No matter what she answered, it would be wrong because I didn't remember my name at all!

"Your name is Selma or Madeline, but everyone is used to calling you Selma," the shadow said.

"You're wrong!" I jumped up in excitement. "I don't have a name at all. You've been tricked by me, haha!"

The shadow looked at me speechlessly. "My god! Have I become a retard?"

"Hey! Show some respect!" I angrily mumbled, "You're the idiot!"

"I already said I'm you, and you're me!"

The shadow's patience seemed to have reached its limit.

"Think about your past, you fool! Remember your name and who you are, and quickly get out of this boring place!"

"It's not boring here," I said. "I like it here. I can run freely here."

I didn't know which of my words had touched her, but she was silent for a long time before saying, "I know, but for your goal, you have to give up some things, such as the wilderness that can let you run freely."

Why didn't she have to give something up? "I don't want to lose this place," I retorted. "You said that we're one. Go and accomplish your goal then."

"I'm also working hard on this," the shadow said. "I've also given up a lot."

"For example?"

"My past, my physical body, my blood."

"You lost your memory? Or have all the people you know forgotten about you?"

"No..."

"You're dead? Or have you become a spirit?"

"... not that either"

"You lost your family? Or did your parents kick you out of the house?"

"..."

I looked at the stunned shadow and proudly said, "See, I knew you were lying. The people of the past are still there. Your body is still there, and your family is still there. What kind of loss is this? Don't try to trick me into making a sacrifice. I won't let you benefit, hmph!"

A gentle breeze blew, ruffling the calm water surface and scattering the misty reflections.

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I was in a daze when she suddenly appeared in front of me.

"What do you think you're doing?" I vigilantly assumed an offensive stance, but she wasn't afraid at all. She even reached out and touched my chin.

"I'm touching myself? It's a wonderful feeling," she mumbled.

I ran a few steps away and vigilantly watched this strange woman. "Don't be so friendly. We don't even know each other!"

She didn't care about my wariness. She stood there and looked at me gently. "We know each other. You are me, and I am you. You are Selma, and I am Selma. You're Madeline, and I'm Madeline."

"I'm not." I stubbornly shook my head. "I don't have a name."

"Then, who are you?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'm not anyone."

"There's no such thing as not being anyone. You must have an identity, but you've forgotten."

Was that so?

I was convinced by her.

...

Had I forgotten my name?

She walked toward me step by step, and I didn't know why I didn't want to run away.

"I like this place too, but it's time to leave. There are still many people waiting for us."

She hugged me slowly.

Her embrace was so warm that I felt I was about to melt.

"Who's waiting for me?"

She didn't answer, and the wind carried our voices away.

The stream water gradually spread to the shore, and thin moths flew out from it, carrying our figures and flying high into the sky.

"It's been a long time," I said.

"It's time to wake up."

Buzz, buzz, buzz.

...

It was the sound of medical equipment.

255 Recovery

Selma Payne's POV:

I'd always hated the smell of disinfectant, but at this moment, I could turn a blind eye to it.

My body was so heavy that I couldn't even open my eyes. The cold tube was placed on my wrist, and through the slight vibration, I could sense whether the liquid or gas was flowing through it.

This was probably a ward.

That was my first thought after I woke up.

My second thought was, 'What time is it now?'

I didn't know how long I'd slept, a minute or a hundred years. I couldn't even open my eyes to look at the clock now – if there was a clock here.

After an unknown time, I finally gathered enough strength to open my eyes.

As I expected, this was a ward; a very, very, large ward.

Perhaps the designer who built this ward used to design a football field, so it was spacious enough to accommodate the World Cup.

Alright, this was a little exaggerated. My apologies for being so boring. It was really hard to pass the time while lying on the bed. There was no one here, so I couldn't possibly be friends with a heart rate monitor, right?

After an unknown time, I finally had the strength to sit up.

It was only then that I realized that my powerlessness wasn't due to exhaustion but because the progress bar hadn't finished loading: my soul and body were still fusing, and I had to take back control of my body bit by bit.

Sitting down gave me a wider field of view. I realized this was a temple that had been transformed into a ward. It looked very new, without the erosion of the ancient temples caused by time. The four walls of the temple were engraved with totems of wolves and moths, and the top of the wall was painted with gorgeous crescent patterns. The continuous wave patterns were interspersed between the totems and the paintings, and the details were shining with a soft golden light.

It looked a little like the Moon Temple, but the meaning differed.

Why was my ward set up in the temple? Was it because my soul and body were separated, and people mistakenly thought I needed to receive blessings to recover? Even so, I should still wake up in the Moon Temple. What kind of place was this?

Just as I was wondering about the situation, the temple's door suddenly opened.

Two people who looked like doctors came in and didn't notice that I was awake.

Their coats were embroidered with familiar-looking wolves, moths, new moons, and waves of water with golden threads.

"Have you prepared the nutrient fluids for tonight? The priest will lead the prayers tonight, so we don't have time to make it now."

"Don't worry. It's all done. By the way, have you heard? Captain Kerner was seriously injured during a mission and was sent to the ICU last night."

"I know. I was on duty last night. But don't worry, Kerner will be fine. With her protection, no one will be in trouble, just like before."

They chatted in low voices. Due to the curtain and the dim candlelight, they did not notice anything different about the patient on the altar.

I suddenly felt like teasing them, so I kept quiet.

One of the doctors skillfully changed the medicine on the drip while the other lifted the curtain and prepared to do my routine examination as usual.

The next second, he froze.

Looking at his disbelieving expression, I smiled and greeted him, "Hello."

Time stopped.

Five seconds later, the two of them stood up in a flurry. Their rationality temporarily went offline in their panic. One moment, they stammered as if they wanted to say something to me, and the next moment, they slapped their heads and rushed toward the temple door. Halfway there, they turned back and mumbled, "Oh, goddess... No, Your Highness... Oh... oh my god, what am I saying?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Calm down. Breathe. Don't forget to breathe!"

The two took a few deep breaths and forced their hands to hide behind their backs. They said shamefully, "I've embarrassed myself in front of you, Your Highness."

"It's okay. It's my fault. I just wanted to scare you. I'm sorry."

“No, no, no! Please don’t say that! It’s our... It’s our negligence! Yes, it’s our fault!”

Looking at their breathless expressions, I decided to change the topic.

“Where is this?” I asked, “Are you the doctors in charge of taking care of me? How am I doing?”

“This is your temple, Your Highness.” The doctors finally calmed down, though their flushed faces showed their excitement. “We dare not call ourselves your medical officers, but we’re just offering you a little token of our appreciation with our meager medical skills. There’s nothing wrong with your body, but you couldn’t wake up,” the priest said. “This involves the soul, and mortals can only be lucky enough to care for your mortal body.”

What a strange way to put it. My temple? I’d only been a god for a minute. Where did the temple come from? There were also priests? Could it be one of my family members?

Looking at the two doctors, they would faint on the spot if I continued to question them. I told these two excited people to leave and asked, “Alright then. Can I see my family and friends now?”

“Of course!” One of the doctors immediately showed an annoyed expression. “I should have thought of this earlier. It’s all my fault.”

He mumbled as he ran away. Her companion apologized to me in fear and guilt. “I’m sorry, Your Highness. He didn’t mean to be disrespectful to you. He was just too excited.”

“I didn’t want to argue with these two ill-at-ease people at all. I simply said, “It’s okay. You were going to give me a physical examination, right? Then, do it.”

“Oh, oh yes, I...”

Chapter 256 Despicable Love

Selma Payne’s POV:

Looking at his trembling hands, I didn’t have much hope for the accuracy of this examination.

Ten minutes later, the temple’s door was suddenly pushed open. Before I could see anything, the person suddenly rushed to my side.

“Selma!” Aldrich hugged me tightly, his excited voice showing that he was not calm. “You’re awake, my god, you’re awake!”

I hugged him back and gently stroked his trembling back.

“I’m back, Aldrich. Don’t worry. I’m fine.”

We quietly hugged until Aldrich calmed down.

When he saw the doctor standing awkwardly at the side, he immediately realized something and moved away to make way for him. He said in annoyance, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have interrupted the examination. What have I done?”

“Don’t worry!” I held his hand and smiled. “I’ve already cured all my injuries. Nothing will happen.”

“Yes, general Aldrich,” the doctor agreed. “There is no problem with Her Highness’s mortal body. I’m just here to ensure her daily nutrition intake. Now that my work is done, I won’t disturb you any longer. I’ll take my leave.”

After the doctor left, Aldrich sat by the bed again and held my hand tightly.

“I’m not dreaming, right?” He muttered.

“You’re awake. You’re really awake.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. I leaned over and kissed his cheek. I pressed his forehead against mine and whispered, “This isn’t a dream. I’m awake, and I’m sitting in front of you, healthy and safe. I’m back, my dear. I’m sorry to leave you alone. You must be scared, right? I should’ve told you, but I’m out of strength, and I’ve made you worry for so long.”

Aldrich stared at me for a long while, and seeing that I was getting goosebumps on my back, he suddenly kissed me.

I fell on the soft pillow and felt the uneasiness and eagerness in his kiss. I didn’t dodge and guided his sense of security back with gentleness and tolerance.

After the kiss, he panted, and his voice was choked.

“Every day, every day, I live in fear. It’s as if you’re asleep, but no matter what I do, I can’t wake you up. Dorothy said that it’s because your soul has left your body. I asked her where you went, but she kept silent and said she didn’t know either.

“Even the Eye of Insight can’t see through you. Does this mean that you’ve already left your fate in the mortal world and gone to the other side that we can’t? This thought grew like a weed in my mind. If you left, if you went to the place where gods should go, what should I do? Where should I go to find you?”

“Are you still willing to come back? Are you willing to give up eternity, give up glory, and give up supreme power to return to the ordinary world? I didn’t know. I was not sure. I wanted you to come back, but I felt like a knife was being twisted in my heart because of this selfish thought.

“I wanted to be by your side, but I couldn’t stay in the temple all the time. I have my responsibilities, and I have to complete my mission. Every time this happened, I would envy Dorothy and your other followers. They weren’t burdened by their status and could devote themselves to you. And me? I call myself your believer, your lover, but I can’t even accompany you through the long nights in the temple.

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“I was going to go crazy, Selma. If you didn’t wake up soon, I think that there would come a day when I would break away from the past without a care for anything. I would give up on that bullsh*t status and responsibilities and turn myself into your ascetic monk. I would spend the rest of my life waiting for your unknown return.

“It’s good now. As long as I can see you, I was willing to be embedded in the temple and make myself a stepping board for anyone to step on.

“But one day, I suddenly realized that I was lying to myself about my love and future. In my heart, I was just trying to threaten you to come back-what a despicable mentality. In the name of love, I made such a selfish plan. Since then, I’ve been too ashamed to see you. Every time I saw your sleeping shadow on the high platform in prayer, I was cut in half by my thoughts and shame.

“You’re back.

“But what right does such a despicable person like me have to stay by your side?”

Aldrich’s hot tears fell on my wrist like boiling lava, causing me so much pain that I wished I was dead.

I didn’t know what he went through when I was unconscious, but I remembered he was no longer the majestic Alpha wolf. Now he was like a stray dog that had been through heavy rain. He was in a sorry state, at a loss, and looked around, not knowing where to go.

My lover, how could I bear to see you become like this?

Thus, I held him in my arms, held back my tears, and gently said, “This isn’t your fault, Aldrich. My heart will die with you if you blame yourself for this.

“Love is such a selfish and unreasonable thing. If it meekly accepts all the old rules, what right does it have to be independent of other feelings?

“You’re not selfish, nor are you despicable. This is not your fault. There’s nothing wrong with love.

“Fate has given us painful training, but this will only make us stronger.

“My shepherd, don’t cry.

“From now on, I won’t leave without saying goodbye. I won’t go anywhere other than be by your side. ”