

Hellbound Heart

Chapter 301 Anomaly

"As a reward for you willingly coming here, I'm ready to answer any questions from you, regarding yourself." Elijah continued in a generous tone.

Elle wanted to roll her eyes but instead, took a deep breath and spoke while maintaining her invisibility. Even if he knew where she was, she would rather remain invisible to him than let him see her physically.

"And how would I even know if your answers wouldn't be just another fabricated truth?" she asked, her voice laced with obvious doubt and suspicion.

"There is no reason for me to lie to you at this point, Princess," Elijah said, his tone smooth and confident. "And don't worry, I'm sure you'd feel it yourself if what you're hearing is the truth or not."

Elle paused for a moment, weighing her options. She knew that she had to find out what Elijah wanted from her, but at the same time, she could not simply trust his words just like that. "What do you want from me?" she finally asked after a heavy sigh.

"Good question. But..." he took what felt like a calculated pause. "...that's the question that I'm going to answer last, Princess."

Elijah's evasiveness with that question left her with another surge of unease. But she forced herself to remain calm at least outwardly. She needed to dig out as much information from him as she possibly could.

"Why are you wearing your mask now? Or are you an imposter and that's why you're hiding your face?" Elle wasn't sure why, but she had a niggling feeling that there was something off about Elijah - about this person who seemed to be Elijah, but yet is not. She was certain it was him based on his physique, voice, and that mask but... why was it that she felt like something was different about him? Was this really Elijah? "Are you really Elijah?" Elle finally blurted out, not able to hold it back. The man fell silent.

"That's not a question regarding yourself, Izabelle," he responded, causing Elle to clench her fists in frustration. She wanted answers, but she knew in that one answer from him that this man was not someone she could even force to just answer or even nag. He just felt like bad news and her instincts were screaming at her to be cautious when dealing with this person before her.

"Snow has told me that I will find the truth if I follow him. This means that you're going to be the one who would be providing me with the truth that I seek, is it not?" Though Elle was invisible and there was a chance that this man could not see her, she still pointed at him.

"Correct." he nodded sagely.

"Then tell me. What do you know about me?" Elle's voice was firm.

"I know everything about you," the man replied vaguely, moving to lean against the rectangular table-like object in the center of the altar. "I also know that you have the heart of the last pureblooded werewolf beating within your chest right now."

As she absorbed his words, Elle could not help but feel like she was suddenly in a nightmare. A nightmare that has no ending in sight. And her heart trembled within her.

He turned to face Elle as he continued. "Your heart is the last of its kind, Izabelle. And that's what makes that heart of yours special. There are no others like it and there never will be another that could be replicated to be the same."

Elle felt a shiver run down her spine as Elijah's words sank in. She had always known that her heart was different. That it was somehow special. But to hear it described as the last of its kind was something else entirely. Suddenly, Elle was struck with a recollection of Zeres' words when he had spoken about her heart a few hours ago. Her emotions began to stir within her as her eyes burned fiercely. "So, you're after my heart too? Do you want to take it away from me because it's not really mine?" she asked. Though she was trying to keep calm, even to her own ears, Elle could detect the fear and bitterness that tinged her tone as she spoke.

Elijah shook his head. "No, that heart belongs to you, Princess. It's destined to be yours," he replied.

Elle was surprised by his response. She had not been expecting those words to fall from his lips. "Destined to be mine? Do you have any proof of that? Because what I was told was that this heart was meant for someone else. That the man who gave me this heart had stolen it from its rightful owner."

"The rightful owner of that heart, Alyssa, died seven hundred years ago, Izabelle," Elijah informed her.

For a moment, she could not speak. Her mind was reeling with the implications of what he had just said. Seven hundred years ago. It was a span of time that was difficult to comprehend, a distant era of history that seemed mythical. She could not even fathom being alive for a hundred years, much less seven hundred.

"Seven hundred years..." she whispered, her voice barely audible. "That's...that's a really long time."

Her heart suddenly pounded hard within her chest at the realization that dawned on her out of the blue. Alyssa had died seven hundred years ago! Yet here was her heart, beating within her chest. It was a miracle, an anomaly that defied all explanation.

She looked at him, her eyes wide with wonder and confusion. "Then how come...how come it's still here?" she asked, her voice stammering a little. "How did this heart even survive all these years?"

"The heart is special, not only because it is the last pure werewolf's heart, but also because it has been infused with forbidden spells. In the past, a certain witch and a half-demon attempted to revive Alyssa by using the half-demon's blood as a sacrifice for the forbidden spell, but the attempt was unsuccessful."

Chapter 302 Twisted

"Little did they know that the dark magic had managed to revive only her heart. The heart did not die, even when the body had rotted away. The forbidden spell and the demonic influence kept it alive for many years. It is also believed that as long as the half-blood demon whose blood had been used in that spell is alive, the heart will not die." The man's voice was filled with meaning as he looked in her direction, as though willing her to understand the point behind his words.

Elle's eyes could only widen in shock. Not only was it the last pure werewolf's heart, but it had also been infused with forbidden magic?! She could not believe what she was hearing. It was too fantastical to be true. And yet, she found herself not feeling that doubt and disbelief she expected to feel.

"So, my heart is alive ... all because of the dark magic performed together with the effects of a half-demon's blood?" she asked, trying to wrap her head around the concept. "And as long as that half-demon is alive, my heart won't die?"

Elle was silent for a moment after the masked man nodded.

"The...the half-demon, is it...Sebastian?" she could not help the pauses as she was barely able to get those words out of her mouth. She had long since guessed the direction of the thoughts that this man wanted her to move towards. She was unwilling and had tried stalling as long as she could but ultimately, she still arrived back to this question.

He nodded gravely. "I believe so," he said. "There are only two half-demons in this world, and Sebastian was the one with a connection to Alyssa between the two."

The man who Elle believes may or may not be the real Elijah shifted, crossing his long legs. "You were not randomly picked, Izabelle," he said firmly. "Ezekiel gave the heart to you for a reason. Not everyone can be compatible with Alyssa's heart. The only ones who can withstand a werewolf heart induced with demonic blood and forbidden spells are the descendants of the fae."

Elle's lips parted. "Descendants of the fae? What does that even mean?" she asked, struggling to understand. She was already having problems keeping up with what was told to her about half-demons and forbidden spells. Now there were even faes involved?!

"Fae are another race of supernatural beings, descended from the goddesses and angels themselves, and your ancestry is apparently traced back to them. That's what makes you special, my dear princess."

Elle felt a mix of confusion and disbelief as she shook her head. Everything was all too fantastical to be true. But then again, she had already learned that werewolves and half-demons existed, so why not add fae into the mix as well?

Still, the idea that she had fae ancestry was something that she had never even considered before or even dared to ever imagine. It was just too much to take in! And yet, she did not even feel like laughing.

What in the world... how could she even process all this information? Is this even true? Should she not be showing signs of information overload? She questioned herself despite her mind and heart and guts seemingly already believing everything.

"Your powers and abilities are obviously not something a normal werewolf would possess, Izabelle," he said. "It's your mother's lineage that gave you the blood of a fae. And yes, faes are already extinct in this world. None of the purebloods exist anymore, save for their non-pure descendants like you."

"So you're saying there are still more people like me?" Knowing that she had fae blood running through her veins was amazing enough. However, now, this man was telling her that there might be others out there who were like her?!

"Anyone who is aiming for the heart within you should be just like you, another descendant. These fae descendants always die from heart-related matters before reaching 30. None of them have survived longer than that. Some even die as young as when they were born. And these fae descendants can't live with any other heart other than a pure werewolf's heart."

"Why?" her voice was weak. The thought of Iryz's pale and seemingly lifeless face flashed through her mind. Her heart ached just picturing that image.

"No reason known until now so far. So everyone just believes it's one of those matters that aren't meant to be explained or perhaps just another law of nature or magic."

"But... I was a normal human before. I swear I've never felt any indication of being a descendant of some supernatural being."

"It's because fae descendants aren't supposed to be special. They're just like any normal humans. In fact, they're as good as cursed because they can't live long. But you are different. You've awakened your power yourself. You are one of a kind and that's why..."

As he took that pause, Elle felt the atmosphere around him suddenly shift. She could feel her body freeze up in fear. And just like that, her instincts were screaming at her to run, to get as far away from this man as possible. But before she could even take a step, he spoke again, his voice echoing through the room.

"You are wanted, Izabelle," he added, sending violent shivers running down Elle's spine. She wanted to run but her feet seemed to be glued to the floor.

She had to get out of here. She had to leave before it was too late! Finally her feet were willing to cooperate with what her mind had been screaming for some time now. She ran towards the ancient steel door and pushed with all her might, but it would not budge.

The man's voice cut through the silence once more. "Don't waste your time, Princess Izabelle. That door will never open no matter how you try. And we are not done yet," he said, his words dripping with malice. "Also, it's time for me to answer your very first question, Princess. Don't you want to hear it?"

With her heart pounding violently in her chest, she slowly turned to face him. Her eyes narrowed as she braced herself for whatever twisted truths he was about to reveal.

Chapter 303 Betrayed

"We need your blood to revive our race, Izabelle." The man said in a serious voice. "The werewolves have been waiting for you for so long. Far too long, in fact. Your blood will free us all!" His voice pitched higher as he spoke, showing how eager he was for her blood. It was to the point that Elle felt it bordered on maniacal. After he finished speaking, he turned to her and seemingly calmed down a little.

Elle's heart pounded in her chest as she stared at the man in front of her, the truth of his words sinking in. These people wanted to use her blood to revive their entire race? How

much of her blood would it take to achieve their goal? It was overwhelming, and terrifying. But she refused to go down without a fight. She gritted her teeth, ready to defend herself with everything she had within her.

"So, you're... you're going to kill me?" she asked, her voice might be stuttering, her eyes desperate, but her entire demeanor was fierce. She looked as though she was a warrior about to go into her final battle.

As the man approached her, she prepared herself for the worst. Her fists were clenched tight, her knuckles were bone white from the force of her grip, her body poised and ready to strike. But as he spoke again, her heart sank. "You could die." Those three words spoken so nonchalantly as though it was just a narration of a paragraph from a report, echoed in her mind like a gong. The way he spoke about her fate so lightly was so flippant. And she felt a violent chill run down her spine, shaking her entire frame. Was this really the end for her? Was she really going to die here, in this dungeon, at the hands of these creatures? Elle refused to accept it. She had to find a way out of this. She could not let them drain her of her life-giving blood, and she definitely would not let them kill her as though a lamb for the sacrifice.

A low growl rumbled from Snow's throat, causing Elle to snap her gaze towards the white wolf. Snow's sharp gaze was fixated on the masked man, his lips curled back in a threatening snarl that revealed his sharp teeth. It was as if the wolf was warning the man not to dare approach Elle with killing intentions. Elle was confused for a second. Was it not Snow who had led her here into this trap? Why was he then behaving like this now?

"Easy there, Yver. I know I told you we're not killing her, but I'm just being honest here. There's indeed still a chance she might die but very little. Her body is much more powerful than expected... so just relax." His voice, though melodious, had made the little hairs on the back of Elle's neck to stand on end.

Elle felt a pang of disappointment as Snow stopped growling and backed off. Was that all it took for him to put down his guard? She had hoped that the wolf had changed his mind, but it seemed that her hopes were all in vain. He seemed to be easily mollified that she would only be harmed but not to the extent of being pushed unto death. The situation had taken a turn for the worse, and she could not help but feel helpless. Elle realized that she was truly on her own and would have to fight for her survival with her own two hands.

"Don't worry, Izabelle. We're not going to kill you. I'm not sure if Yver has already mentioned this to you, but werewolves still exist. No one is pure-blooded anymore, but unlike other races, non-pure-blooded werewolves' abilities aren't far from those of pure-blooded ones. However, werewolves are cursed to get stuck in one form only, either human or wolf. The ability of werewolves to transform was taken away because of that cursed curse. And without our ability to transform, we're nothing more than normal humans or normal wolves," he said. It was then that Elle detected a hint of rage and

excitement in his calm voice. "Your blood made Yver transform into human form. That's the very proof that you are the destined one we've all been waiting for."

He took another step closer to Elle, his eyes never leaving hers and that slightly maddened glint flashed through his eyes again. Despite his reassuring words and gentle tone, she felt an even stronger sense of danger looming over her. She backed away, but the man matched her, step for step, closing in on her once again.

"We will make sure you live," he added, "but that's only if you cooperate with us while we perform the ritual to break the curse." He seemed so reassuring. However, there was definitely something that did not feel right just below the surface and it was disturbing her.

Elle was overwhelmed with a mix of emotions; her blood was boiling from rage and fear all at the same time. But despite the circumstance she was in right now, a hysteric smirk tugged at the corner of her lips. Why was she the target of everyone's attention? Why did she have to go through all of this? Why her? Was she some sort of trouble magnet? Was she destined to never get a break?

"How could you think I would ever trust the two of you to keep me alive?" she muttered, knowing that they could hear her loud and clear in this suffocating place. However she was past caring being polite and maintaining her royal etiquette. No one bothered considering her opinion on this, only wanting to secure their own interests in this. So why should she bother as well?

She could feel Snow's pleading gaze, but Elle did not bother looking at the wolf anymore. She had even turned her back on Sebastian to take the bet on trusting Snow when he led her off. He had completely betrayed her trust, and there was no way she would ever forgive him for that.

Chapter 304 Aftermath

Elle gritted her teeth and glared at the man in front of her, her body tense with anger and fear. At this moment, she truly regretted her decision and action of leaving Sebastian. Now, she did not even know if she was able to return and see Sebastian again.

"You can try all you want, but I won't be a part of your sick ritual. I refuse!" she spat, her voice shaking slightly. "I'd rather die than be your sacrificial lamb."

"Now, now... don't you start being difficult now, princess. Isn't everything going swimmingly so far?" The masked man's voice was cold. "This is for your own sake as

well. If you think someone will come save you from here, you're terribly wrong. You can only come out of this place, if we allow you to. You do understand that, right?" His tone was condescending, as though talking to a child that needed explaining.

The sound of an ancient door creaking open echoed through the labyrinth, startling Elle. She turned her head towards the noise, her eyes widening in surprise. It was not the same door she and Snow had come through earlier. Instead, it was the wall behind the masked man that had opened a crack. It appeared that there were more hidden doors in those seemingly plain walls. Elle wondered how many more secrets this labyrinth held and her curiosity peaked.

But before she could go further down this path, three individuals, all clad in dark garments, entered the room through the newly opened doorway. They wore black cloaks that obscured their figures, and their faces were completely concealed by masks resembling ravens. Elle could not discern their genders or any other distinguishing features due to the heavy cloaks and masks that hide their identities wholly from curious eyes.

However, amidst the fear and confusion, Elle could not help but feel a strange familiarity with the newcomers that were all black. Her mind raced to identify where she might have encountered them before, but with the weight of her situation bearing down on her, she did not have the luxury of time to dwell on the thought for long.

The man stretched his hand towards her. "Now be good and take my hand, Princess Izabelle. Don't worry, I can assure you that this will be quick." She quickly noticed that he did not mention it being painless. And with that alone, she knew that it would probably hurt like hell.

Elle gnashed her teeth, her anger and fear reaching a boiling point. Just as the man lost his patience and lunged towards her, Elle acted on instinct and grabbed at her gun that she had kept concealed at her side. Without a second thought, she pulled the trigger, causing a thunderous sound to echo through the labyrinth. The force of the gunshot reverberated through her body as the man stumbled back, a look of shock painted across his face.

But the man's movements were too controlled, too purposeful. He had dodged the shot, and he knew it.

Her fears were confirmed when the man did not fall to the ground or collapse in pain. Instead, he straightened up and turned towards her, his eyes blazing with a cold fury that wracked her entire frame with chills. Elle knew she had to act fast if she wanted to survive.

She raised her gun and aimed for his heart, but before she could pull the trigger, the man was already lunging towards her. She stumbled backwards in reflex, her finger slipping on the trigger and sending the shot flying wide. She saw the man's fist coming

swiftly at her and barely had the time to react. She ducked under his swing, feeling the sweep of the wind from the force of his attack and quickly fired another shot, this time hitting him square in the shoulder.

The man grunted in pain upon the impact, but he did not stop coming at her. Elle knew right then that she was in big trouble. She had only one bullet left in her gun chamber, and she needed to make this last shot count. She took a deep breath and steadied her aim, waiting for the right moment to fire. As she held her breath, her focus sharpened and her vision centered on the spot she was taking aim at. For that short time, it was like her whole world was narrowed down to just that area.

It finally came when the man lunged at her again, his hand reaching for her throat. She pulled the trigger, and the final shot rang out in the room. The man stumbled backwards, his eyes wide with shock that she was even able to hit him, and crumpled to the ground with a groan. Seeing that, Elle jumped at the opportunity presented before her. This was her chance!

Elle's heart was pounding like a bird fluttering against its cage as she pushed the door open and stepped through, but unfortunately, her moment of triumph was short-lived. As soon as she was across the threshold, she felt a strong hand fisting in her hair, pulling her backwards with a force that made her cry out in pain. She could feel some of the roots of her hair being ripped off her scalp.

Before she knew what was happening, she was slammed against the wall with a sickening thud. Everything went dark for a moment, and then she felt like she was floating - weightless and disoriented.

Voices swirled around her, but she could not make out what was being said. She tried to shake her head and clear the fog from her brain, but the hand in her hair held her firmly in place, occasionally giving her a shake for good measure.

As her mind was still reeling from the impact of the blow, she saw Sebastian's face appear before her. But she knew that this was most likely just a hallucination, a trick of her mind in the aftermath of the attack as she was yearning for him. She suddenly felt that she missed him and if this was really the end for her, she would want to see him for just that one last time.

Chapter 305 Voice

Part of her wanted him to be there, to hold her and comfort her in this moment of need. But at the same time, she knew that it was too dangerous for him to come. The enemy

had a hold of her now, and if Sebastian came to her rescue, he would be putting himself in grave danger without the guarantee that she would even be able to survive this.

Elle did not want to see Sebastian suffer again. She had already been through so much, and she could not bear the thought of him going through the same pain and torment that she had endured.

The world continued to spin around her. She was not sure if it was the aftereffects of the blow she had taken or the enemy had already started the ritual.

Her heart suddenly began to ache with a pain that was more than physical. She thought of Sebastian, of how much she loved him and how much she had put him through. Ever since they first met, their relationship had progressed such that it was always somehow wrought with troubles - either misunderstandings between themselves, incitement by outsiders, or just pure circumstances that turned out badly. Elle felt sorry as she came to the conclusion that after meeting her and getting involved with her, Sebastian's life seemed to be filled with more agony than good times.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she whispered his name, her voice choked with emotion. She felt like she was suffocating, like the weight of the world was crashing down on her chest. She almost never felt sorry for herself, but now is one time that she truly felt it. That her fate was just so miserable that she even had the question if it was even worth it for her to be hanging on.

And then, all of a sudden, the pain was just too much. It was like a switch had been flipped, and everything went dark.

Elle howled in agony, unable to control the overwhelming waves of pain that consumed her. She could not see anything, could not hear anything, could not feel anything, except for the mind-numbing agony that coursed through her body. It was then that she felt every single inch of her nerves like never before as the pain radiated through her muscles and nervous system, right to the very tips of her fingers and toes.

At that moment, she felt like she was dying. She thought of Sebastian again, wondering if she would ever see him again, if she would ever get the chance to tell him how much she loved him. To ever tell him that she had been happiest and most satisfied when she was with him.

And then, she heard a voice. A sweet, gentle female voice that seemed to come from somewhere deep inside her.

"No," the voice whispered, "you're not going to die here. You're going to fight, and you're going to survive. You're going to make it back to Sebastian, and he's going to be so very proud of you."

Elle clung to those words, letting them wash over her and fill her with hope. She knew that she could not give up, not now, not ever. She had to keep fighting, keep pushing forward, until she made it back to safety and back into the arms of the man she loved.

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The violent storm of demonic energy and forbidden magic raged on in the underground cemetery, tearing at the fabric of reality itself. The air was thick with the odour of sulfur and cloying sweet scent death, and the ground shook with each passing moment.

The forbidden magic whirled around like a hurricane, threatening to destroy everything in its path.

The screams of Izabelle, chained to the rectangular table, added to the horror of the situation. Her body writhed and contorted, as if she was possessed by some malevolent force.

He knew then that something had gone terribly wrong, that the ritual had unleashed a force that was far beyond their control. That there was a hidden factor not known to them that might have thrown a wrench in their carefully laid out plans.

The masked man who had orchestrated this dark ritual watched on in horror as everything spiraled out of control, dashing their highest hopes into a million fragmented pieces. He watched helplessly for a few moments as all his efforts were reduced to rubbish. Before long, he turned to the trio who had been assisting him, his voice filled with anger and confusion.

"What the f**k went wrong?!!" he bellowed, his eyes blazing with fury. His earlier helplessness now gone and replaced with unquenchable ferocity that even had everyone step back from its force. "How did this even happen?!!!"

The trio cowered before him, trembling with fear. "W-we don't kn-know..." one of them stammered after a few seconds. "It... it might be be-because of the demonic po-power within her that-"

But before he could finish, the masked man's attention was drawn to something else entirely. He gasped in horror as he saw a figure appearing in the midst of the vortex of darkness, like the very god of darkness itself, towering over them with a dark and ancient power that seemed to shake the very foundations of reality.

The masked man could hardly believe what he was witnessing with his own two eyes. This was beyond anything he had ever imagined, beyond anything he had ever dared to dream of.

"T-this...this can't be happening," he whispered, his voice trembling with fear as he felt a cold, sickening dread curling malevolently in the pit of his stomach, waiting to consume him.

Dear readers,

I just want to express my gratitude to everyone for all the patience and understanding. Thank you for still being here. And to everyone who continued voting and even gifting despite the absence of any update, I want to let you guys know that I'm just truly grateful that I have readers like you. Thank you for your unconditional love and support.

Love, Kazzen

Chapter 306 Paralyzed

This mass release is dedicated to @MonsterUnderTheBed, @Lilli_Fiona, @edi_o, and @Ivette_M11. TYSM for the supergifts guys! <3

Hours ago, in Queza. The atmosphere inside the palace was filled with danger and tension. The silence was palpable, as if everyone was holding their breath, waiting for something to happen.

In the grand hall, the king and his officials were gathered, their faces tense and anxious.

And then, Sebastian arrived.

He strode into the hall with purpose, his eyes fixed on the prophetess, the king and the officials.

As soon as he stood there, he declared without preamble: "The videos had been taken down."

As Sebastian delivered the news, a wave of relief washed over the entire room. But the tense atmosphere within the grand hall persisted, as everyone could sense that something was still amiss. That the danger was far from over.

With a deep breath, Sebastian spoke again. "However, we have an even bigger problem now."

The room fell silent as everyone braced themselves for the worst possible news. Seeing Sebastian's face and his grave tone only told them that the news that was coming was not going to be good.

Sebastian continued, his voice grave and serious. "There are a number of human governments now trying to infiltrate our country, trying to break through our defense. The human superpower countries are now doing an all-out attack, hungry for more information. It's obvious that they are now seriously suspicious of us."

"You're only talking about cyber attacks, right? Prince Sebastian?" one of the officials spoke.

Before Sebastian could answer, Lucas entered the hall. His entrance broke the tense silence in the room, and all eyes turned to him as he made his way over. Lucas, however, was not bothered by the many stares upon his person and only made a beeline to Sebastian.

Sebastian could sense the urgency in Lucas's demeanor, and he already knew that whatever news he had to deliver was not good.

Without a word, Lucas stared into Sebastian's eyes, communicating immediately through their telepathy. The shadow on the prince's face went even darker, his jaws clenching as he absorbed the information.

The officials in the room could sense the gravity of the situation, and they watched with trepidation as Sebastian and Lucas conferred in silent conversation.

Finally, Sebastian lifted his head, his gaze sweeping over everyone.

"Our soldiers had caught what they believed to be other countries' spies and agents secretly crossing our borders," he explained, his voice low and measured.

The room erupted into chaos at this news, with some of the officials shouting and slamming their fists on the table in anger and frustration. Multiple voices talking over each other, trying to express each others' thoughts and best suggestions on what action they should take next, were heard clamoring in the grand hall.

This had never happened before! To think that the humans were already on the move! For so many years, they have peacefully coexisted alongside the humans without having them even knowing there were different races existing in the same world as them. And today, these same humans were hot on their heels.

The room was immediately filled with the sound of loud murmurs as the officials discussed the gravity of their situation. Everyone was obviously having a hard time believing that all this was suddenly happening and that it had also taken place within such a short period of time! How could things progress at such speed?

One of the officials slammed his fist on the table, his anger and frustration boiling over. "What the f*ck is wrong with those nosy humans?!" he exclaimed. "Do they really want to be embroiled in a war?!"

The tension in the room was palpable, as everyone realized the enormity of the problem they were facing. This was not just a matter of national security; it was a matter of survival. The survival of their race! And if the right decision were not made, and quickly, it might even result in the genocide of their entire vampire race!

"We should make a move now," another official rose to his feet, the chair that he was sitting on earlier clattered noisily to the floor from his abrupt movement. "If the humans come at us with their atomic bombs and all their advanced weaponry, our race and this country will definitely be annihilated in the blink of an eye! We need to do something now!"

One of the officials spoke up again. "Please release an order to mobilize all the vampires now. We don't have time to lose. It's either we rise and take over this world, or get erased from the face of this world!"

Those loud and jarring words hung heavily in the air.

"We don't have the luxury of worrying about peace with humankind at this point," another official added. "When they have the power to literally erase not just us, but this very land from the face of the earth and the very trace of our existence, we have no choice but to act!" his voice rang across the hall clearly and everyone heard his words. Some nodded vigorously and others looked to Prince Sebastian, waiting for his response.

The situation was obviously going out of control and the pressure to make a rash decision at this very moment was extreme.

The King and the prophetess looked at Sebastian but in that very crucial moment, Sebastian suddenly began to feel a strange sensation in his chest. It was as if something was stirring inside of him, a power that he had not felt in a long time.

He clenched his fists, feeling a burning sensation spreading through his body, as though a fiery liquid current was following the ink markings of his dark tattoos.

Sebastian's eyes circled with shock as he realized what must have been going on.

His demonic power was awakening. No, this could not be. How was this possible?

He tried to move, but his body was paralyzed. This power that he had not felt for a long time was too strong and it seemed like he could not stop it anymore. No... he must not...

But it was too late. The power surged through him, overwhelming him with its intensity. He could feel his body changing as his vision began to darken.

Chapter 307 Congratulations

Sebastian's heart continued to race as he felt the power within him grow stronger. The burning sensation intensified, spreading through his entire body and causing his tattoos to glow with an otherworldly darkness.

He was more than certain of what was happening now. His demonic power was truly waking up, returning.

But why now? And how was this happening? What was going on?

Sebastian struggled to control the power that was roiling and surging within him, feeling it surge through his body like a living thing. He could feel the eyes of the officials on him, watching in shock as he was consumed by the black smoke-like energy.

The vampires in the room had their eyes turning red, their instincts kicking in as they sensed the dangerous power within Sebastian. Though they did not know what was happening, that growing dark and overwhelming aura was enough to make them tense up and ready to pounce as though danger was just right around the corner.

Sebastian knew that he had to leave the hall now! He knew exactly what was going to happen to him next. So he must leave now that he still has a little control over his body and sanity.

With everything he had, he forced himself to move. And with a burst of energy, he pushed his way through the door.

The sound of the door slamming hard echoed through the silence in the hall, and Sebastian was gone.

The officials in the hall were still in a state of shock and confusion as they tried to make sense of what had just happened. The sudden awakening of Sebastian's demonic power had taken them all by surprise, and they were struggling to come to terms with what they had just witnessed.

One of the officials turned to the prophetess and the king, his expression was one of horror and disbelief. "What in the world is going on?" he demanded, his voice shaking with emotion. "So it seems the rumor was true? That our crown prince isn't actually a pure vampire, but a... a demon?!"

The room fell dangerously silent as everyone turned to the prophetess, waiting for her to answer. They had trusted her to guide them through the dark times that lie ahead, and they wanted to know if she had been keeping this secret from them all along.

"Answer us, prophetess!" another official shouted. "You knew all along, didn't you? That Prince Sebastian is actually not a pure-blooded vampire, but a demon all along?!"

The prophetess remained silent, her face impassive. No ripple could be seen on her ageless face. Her eyes were twin pools of calmness as she looked at those who were showing their displeasure.

And then, a slow clapping sound echoed out from the side of the hall, pulling everyone's attention towards the source of the sound. It was measured, steady, and loud.

The officials in the hall turned to look and another surprise coursed through them as they looked at their exiled prince, Prince Elijah, standing at the entrance. As he entered through the doors, his face was graced with a smile.

"So you guys finally found the truth," he said, clapping his hands together so nonchalantly. He even looked relieved and happy as he spoke. "Congratulations, everyone. I toast to your added knowledge of what your most beloved prince truly is."

The officials looked at each other in confusion. Had he known about Sebastian's demonic power all along as well?

The officials in the hall exchanged uneasy glances as they realized that Prince Elijah had known about Sebastian's demonic nature too. And from the way he commented, Elijah had known about it for a very long time already. They had always suspected that there was more to the exiled prince than met the eye, but they had never imagined that he was privy to such a closely guarded secret. Could this actually be the actual reason why he was exiled? Suddenly, many speculations sprung up in the minds of many of the officials present in the hall.

"Now, where do I begin?" Elijah's smile faded and his expression grew more serious. "We are facing a grave threat from the humans, and now we must contend with the awakening of Sebastian's power." He stated succinctly without beating around the bush.

The officials listened to Elijah's words with a mixture of surprise and trepidation. They felt that this prince could actually be a powerful leader, but they also knew that he had been exiled from the kingdom for a reason. What the true reason was, neither of them were made aware of. However, for him to be exiled for so long, it could not have been

something minor or easily forgiven or overlooked. Could they trust him to lead them through this crisis? Though they still had their reservations, they also were aware that their choices were limited. Who else was powerful enough to lead them? The only pure blue blooded prince left was him and the youngest Prince Kyle! And there was no way in hell they could still let a demon lead them now that they knew about Prince Sebastian's secret!! They needed a pure blooded vampire royalty to lead them!!!

"I may have been exiled from this kingdom, but I have never stopped fighting for its people," Elijah continued. "I know what it takes to win this war, and I am more than prepared to do whatever it takes to protect our race. But I cannot do it alone. I need your help, your support, and your unwavering loyalty. Together, we can overcome any obstacle that would come our way." Elijah's words were uplifting, encouraging - especially so now when they were all afraid and nervous of the upcoming conflict with the humans.

The officials looked at each other in uncertainty. They were still unsure of what to make of Elijah's sudden appearance and his claim to taking up the leadership. But as they listened to his words and felt the power and conviction behind them, they began to feel a sense of hope stirring within them. That this prince was truly the right choice for them.

"This throne...the vampire throne is for a pure-blooded, not a mere half-blood," Elijah declared, his voice going louder. "This throne is destined for no one but me."

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Chapter 308 More Than Ever

"This throne is destined for no one but me." The officials in the hall were stunned as Elijah blatantly and brazenly declared that the vampire throne was meant to be his. It was one thing to be moved by his words and then have a general consensus that he would be the one to lead them vampires to fight against the humans. However, hearing him declare it so directly like that was another matter altogether.

"It's time for the vampires to rise again. We will let those measly humans know who is the boss in this world. It's time for the world to know that we truly exist. It's time for us, vampires, to dominate this world again!" Elijah continued rallying up the officials in the hall, knowing that they were either totally bought into his words, sitting on the fence, or not daring to voice out their doubts.

The officials felt awe and pride stir within them as Elijah spoke. His words were bold and powerful, and they could sense the raw strength and confidence in his voice. After thinking about it for a bit, they suddenly felt that he was right - it was time for the vampires to rise again, to take their rightful place at the top of the food chain! The

humans were nothing. They should not even fear these humans who were without real power and were merely relying on machines.

As the officials looked at each other, they knew that they had a choice to make. They could either reject Elijah's claims and continue down the path of peace and cooperation with the humans - which now seemed to be impossible - or they could rally their support behind him and work towards a new era of vampire dominance. And the latter seemed to sound better and better the longer they thought about it.

...

Meanwhile, back in the Black Forest.

The forest was eerily silent except for the screams of Azy piercing through the silence of the forest. The shrill sound was echoing off the trees like a cacophony of pain accompanied by the crackling of his uncontrollable magic. The trees around them trembled, as if they were afraid of the violent and dark energy emanating from the young boy's body.

But thankfully, his screams only lasted for a few moments. Usually, he would be in pain for an extended period of time.

Though thankful that the painful episode was not as severe as it usually is, and it seemed to have dissipated within quite a short time this time around, Alicia and everyone in the forest were faced with another dilemma as Azy had insisted on leaving the forest.

He kept on attempting to teleport. And his demonic magic shrouding his young body was spiking out of control every time he tried to teleport.

Even both Alexander and Zeres, who had thankfully arrived before Azy's episode started, struggled to keep Azy from teleporting away. The boy's demonic magic was just too strong. Stronger than ever before. Dark energy crackled and swirled around him, and the tattoos on his skin glowed with an ominous dark light. One of his eyes was already showing signs of turning black, and he was letting out a guttural growl as he fought against their hold. The blackness swirled in from the edges of his eyes as it crept toward the pupil, as though trying to blot out the whites completely.

"Damn it, we have to do something!" Alex gritted his teeth as he felt the boy's power surge even more. "If we can't control him, he could end up anywhere, and we won't be able to find him!"

Zeres nodded in agreement. "But how do we stop him? His power is too unstable, and if we try to use force, we might end up hurting him instead."

That was honestly their real dilemma. Because they could not possibly hurt Azy! As much as they needed to restrain him, they also could not go about it roughly. It was no fault of his that his condition was so severe to this extent!

Alicia, despite her weakened state, managed to make her way to the struggling trio. Her face was pale and her breathing was ragged. Save from her eyes that were still glimmering with determination, everything else about Alicia right now looked so utterly weak.

Zeres was the first to notice her presence beside them, and his expression changed from one of panic to one of concern. "Alicia..." he murmured. He was shocked at the sight of her. The once majestic queen was now so frail and powerless that she barely showed any difference from how Iryz looked at the moment.

Alicia managed a weak smile at Zeres, her body trembling with exhaustion as she struggled to maintain her balance.

"Don't worry about me," she said softly. "Focus on Azy. He needs our help now, more than ever."

Zeres could only nod, his expression grave. He turned his attention back to the struggling boy before him, focusing his powers on keeping him grounded and preventing him from teleporting away.

Azy's eyes were glazed over, fixed on some unseen point in the distance. His whole body was tense and trembling. He kept trying to teleport away, his body crackling with dark energy as he continued to fight against the hold of two powerful men who were trying their best to not allow him to disappear to god knows where.

Alicia approached her son cautiously, her steps slow and unsteady. Alex got worried that Azy's wild fluctuations of power will push her away and with Alicia's body, she could be easily thrown off!

However, to their surprise, the dark smoke snaking out from Azy's body avoided her. It did not weaken or subside. The power was still raging, but it seems like a living thing avoiding Alicia. As though it recognized her and did not want to have any contact with her at all.

With a frail and trembling hand, Alicia reached out and touched her son's cheek, trying to get his attention.

Chapter 309 Perhaps

"Azy, my son," she whispered softly as her hand rubbed into his cheeks gently. "What's wrong? Why do you want to leave?"

Azy did not answer, his gaze still fixed on some unseen point in the distance. He continued struggling ferociously against Alexander and Zeres, his body writhing in their grip as he fought to break free. His struggles were very unlike what one would expect of a child at his age. They were sharp and jerky, powerful and unpredictable. Alex and Zeres had to give their utmost focus and attention on what they were doing as they would definitely lose their grip on him if they did not.

Alicia's heart sank as she watched her son struggle continuously. She knew that there was nothing she could do to stop him. His power was beyond her control, and it was obvious to her that he was determined to leave no matter what the cost.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Azy's movement suddenly stopped. His eyes that were almost fully back were now bright and clear again, and he looked up at his mother with a mixture of confusion and fear. And then through his eyes, he finally communicated with his mom. 'I don't know what's wrong with me, mom...' he told Alicia through telepathy, his gaze so very apologetic. He had seen how exhausted and tired out his mother was just from her standing nearby him. Despite his situation, he looked so sorry and regretful of what was happening. Alicia knew how much Azy hated going through these episodes because the boy believes that it was the reason why his mom was slowly losing her powers and weakening. 'Mom... I'm sorry but... I just feel like I have to go. Please... I hate this... I don't want you getting any weaker than you already are, mom.' Azy pleaded with Alicia.

Before Alicia could say anything back in response, his eyes darkened again. And this time, his demonic power pulsed stronger than ever.

Alexander's hands on Azy's shoulders tightened seeing this. His grip was firm and unyielding, as the boy struggled harder against him. Zeres stood a few steps away, his hands raised in the air, his eyes closed in concentration as he used his magic to anchor Azy to the ground. The air around them crackled loudly from the amount of energy being released, and the trees swayed and rustled as if caught in a sudden windstorm.

Azy's eyes glowed with an eerie dark light as his demonic power surged to a whole new level, threatening to overwhelm him and everyone around him. The forest creatures had long since fled at the first sign of danger, leaving the group to deal with the crisis on their own.

"Stay calm, Azy," Alexander spoke to the boy, his voice steady and reassuring, not caring if he was not fully understanding the words itself. All he wanted to do was to convey to Azy that there were people here who wanted to help. "We're here to help you. Just hold on a little longer."

But Azy was not listening. His body was thrashing about wildly, his limbs flailing as he fought against the two men holding him down. His skin felt hot to the touch, and his breath came in short, ragged gasps.

Alicia watched in horror, her heart breaking at the sight of her precious son in such distress. She was never one to coddle and pamper her son even if he was her only treasure. However, the extent of his suffering right now was just too harsh for her, as his mother to witness.

"Let him go," she finally said, her voice firm and resolute. "He needs to leave the forest. There's something that he must do." Alicia had thought it through and only then had she decided on this.

Alex and Zeres looked at each other, unsure if it was safe to let Azy go.

Alicia nodded, her heart heavy with sadness and worry. She knew then that there was no stopping him. Right now, Azy himself was a force of nature that they could not continue to fight against in the long run.

Alicia looked at her son with a helpless and sad look in her eyes. Azy's eye was turning much blacker, reminding her of her husband's eye.

"I feel like it's better if we let him go." Alicia approached again, this time, the dark energy coming out from Azy was pushing her back. As if it was trying to stop her from touching Azy this time. Yet she kept pushing forward, towards her beloved son. "This never happened before. It's like Azy is desperate to go and I can't help but think that there's definitely a reason why he's acting this way. I want to believe that this reason is something good. Something necessary. Perhaps... this could even end his suffering for good." Alicia's voice broke at that last line as she could hardly bear watching her son like this anymore.

What Alicia said was true. Even Alex wondered what could be behind these strange actions. However, Alex also could not help but think about the cons of letting a boy this out of control go. What if Alicia was wrong? What if someone was merely luring the boy out?

Alex was torn. But the moment his eyes fell to his wife who was right behind Alicia, supporting her from totally falling over, he bit his lip. Abi gave him a nod, obviously telling him that it was okay and that they would believe in Alicia. After all, Alicia is Azy's mother and she loves him more than any of them could. There was no way she would not have thought through this thoroughly before telling him to let go. Alex could only reluctantly give in.

"Alright. But I'll go with him. I can't risk losing sight of him." Alexander said and everyone agreed. "I'll leave everyone to you for now, Zeres." Alex stared at Zeres and when the male witch nodded, Alex let out a deep sigh.

Chapter 310 Who Are You?

Alex gestured at Zeres and as soon as the male witch stopped the flow of magic coming out from his palms, the dark smoke enveloped Azy. Alexander did not let go of the boy, but instead, hung onto him even tighter, so the smoke swallowed him too.

In a blink of an eye, the two were gone from the clearing.

Alicia collapsed but Abi was prepared and caught her as she fell.

The lonely sound of leaves rustling and the disappearing faint crackle of dark magic were the only sounds left in the Black Forest as Azy and Alexander disappeared into thin air. The tension and worry in the air lingered, as Alicia's weakened state continued to concern everyone around her. Abi held her close, trying to steady her as she struggled to regain her strength. But Alicia soon closed her eyes and lost consciousness after saying an inaudible word.

Zeres stood quietly beside them, his face a mix of worry and frustration. "I truly hope we had made the right decision," he muttered, looking towards the spot where Azy and Alexander had vanished.

Abi nodded, her mind racing with thoughts of what could happen. Looking up at Zeres, Abi understood what he was thinking and she said in a quiet tone, "We have to trust in Alicia's instincts," she said firmly. "She's never steered us wrong before, and I doubt she would start now. Also, Alex's with him so don't worry."

The group fell silent again, lost in their own thoughts and worries. The Black Forest seemed to echo their unease that the normally peaceful surroundings now felt heavy with uncertainty.

...

Back in the underground cemetery.

Elle lay motionless on the cold, damp stone table in the middle of the altar. She felt as though she had been drained of every ounce of energy and power, like she was at the brink of death from thirst. Despite the pain having finally subsided, her body felt heavy and weak. But through the haze of her exhaustion, she was grateful for one thing: that she was still alive and breathing.

She could still see Sebastian again and hold him and embrace him. That if this was finally truly over and she was truly out of danger now.

Elle's eyes struggled to focus, the world around her still blurry and indistinct. She then wondered if there was something wrong with her eyes. But before she could even follow up on that thought, her ears picked up on a sound. A desperate voice screaming in terror. It took her a moment to recognize that it was a male voice she was hearing, and he was seemingly begging for mercy. Was that the man who sounded like Elijah? She could not quite tell if that voice was still Elijah's anymore. But why was he... Did Sebastian finally come to save her and he was torturing that man right now?

A lump formed in her throat as she tried to cry out, but it was as if her voice box and even tear ducts had been stolen away along with her energy. All she could do was to lay there, listening to the man's cries echoing around the dark dungeon.

But soon, tendrils of darkness coiled around Elle's limbs. She could somewhat feel as though little cool and cylindrical appendages were slowly taking hold of her, as though wanting her to follow them somewhere.

Her mind felt sluggish and heavy, as if submerged in a sea of molasses, but she fought against the pull of unconsciousness with all her strength. As her senses slowly returned, she became aware of the cold, hard stone poking at her from beneath and the weight of the chains around her wrists and ankles. The metallic clink of the chains echoed in her ears, reminding her of her captivity.

The chains that were bound around her were heavy and cumbersome, leaving an icy cold feel against her skin, and Elle could feel them pressing down on her, sapping away what little strength she had left. It was as though they were purposely slapped onto her not only to prevent her escape, but to also drain her strength in order to ensure she would not be able to go far even if she did manage to escape.

Still, she fought against them, hoping that she would be freed from them miraculously. It was then when a warm sensation spread across her wrists and ankles. And like magic, she felt the chains beginning to loosen and soften. It was as though they were put through an intense heat but without her being hurt by said heat.

As she strained against her loosening restraints, Elle noticed a dark silhouette hovering over her. It was a man, and though she could not quite make out his features, there was something strangely familiar about him. The identity of the person seemed to be just on the tip of her tongue but the name just slipped her mind every time she almost got it. Search* The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Slowly, her vision began to clear, and she saw that the man's eyes were piercing and otherworldly, glowing with an intense energy that seemed to seep into her very soul. But why would she think that he was familiar? She had no recollection of knowing anyone with that kind of stature. She would definitely remember if she had ever met someone so charismatic as this.

"So, this is the one who summoned us?" a calming and bass rumbling voice echoed through the dungeon. "I can't believe someone in your world is powerful enough to summon the two of us." That voice continued to speak, making Elle think that this voice is really nice to listen to.

"W-who... are... you?" Elle forced herself to ask. Her voice was barely audible. Her vision turned even clearer and finally she could see his face. It was the face of another gorgeous man, someone with the unmistakable genes of the Reigns. He might even have been the most beautiful Reign that Elle had ever seen.