

Chapter 551 Larry’s Despair

Morgan's POV:

After visiting Anthony, I took Amelia to a hotel near the vampires' territory.

"Are you hungry, Amelia? I can go out and buy some food for you. What do you feel like eating?" After putting down my luggage, I looked at Amelia with concern.

"Oh, honey. I'm not really hungry. I'm just thinking about what you said," Amelia answered softly. The hint of sadness in her tone made me feel sorry for her.

I quickly sat next to her and gently held her hand. "Don't stress about it, honey. Mr. Jones is very powerful. He will definitely catch Larry and the murderer."

"Why don't we check the news? Maybe there has been an update." Amelia nodded, picked up the remote control, and turned on the TV.

As soon as the TV switched on, we found ourselves watching the news channel. A young female anchor delivered her report with a serious expression.

"Breaking news! The lycan king has announced a collaboration with the vampire king to hunt down the vicious murderer known as Night Demon!"

Amelia and I immediately looked at each other in shock. Amelia gasped, "Night Demon! Morgan, did you hear that as well? She mentioned Night Demon!"

"Yes, honey. I heard it clearly." My grip on Amelia's hand tightened a fraction. "Oh my God! Is he behind the series of murders recently? But he's been dead for hundreds of years, right?"

Amelia and I were knew of Night Demon. He was a thug who killed countless wizards and witches hundreds of years ago. Black witches and vampires had to work together to kill him. Even though hundreds of years had passed, his infamy was still well-known to every wizard and witch.

"Oh my God. If that's the case, we can't hide like this. We have to do something, Morgan." Amelia got a steely look in her eyes. "If Night Demon really has returned, we're all doomed."

I agreed with Amelia, but I couldn't figure out why Night Demon had reappeared. He killed so many people. What did he want?

Larry's POV:

I returned to the small wooden cabin I used to reside in together with Amelia.

I opened the door and coughed a little bit as I walked into the room because of the dust that had accumulated. It was late at night. Moonlight flooded in the cabin, and I felt cold all over.

"Alas... I'm sorry, Amelia. It's all my fault," I murmured as I looked at a dusty picture frame on the table. It was a photo of me and Amelia. I touched the photo frame and a heavy feeling settled in my chest.

Amelia... Sorry... But I knew that words alone could not make up for all that I had done.

I had to end everything myself. Amelia... I would do this for you and me.

"What are you planning? Don't you dare do anything stupid with my body! Hey, you're crazy! Madman!" Voices filled my head as the evil me swore. "I'm going to kill you. Get out! Get out, you idiot!"

I tuned the voice out and turned on my phone's flashlight. I began to search the room for my old wand. I remembered changing my wand many years ago. Before I found the magic stone, I used to wield a wand made from white poplar wood.

I rummaged around the room but failed to find my old wand. But I was far from discouraged. My eyes honed in on the floor of the room.

I knew the evil me always liked to hide in dark corners. There was probably some space beneath the floor.

"Stop! What the hell are you up to? What are you going on about?" the voice in my head screamed frantically. "Don't even think of getting rid of me. I'll kill you! Fuck!"

Kill me? That only meant we would die together!

When I stepped on one of the rotting wooden planks, it made an odd noise. I crouched down and lifted it. Beneath that particular plank was a wooden box.

"You like to hide things like a rat, don't you?" I muttered sarcastically as I pulled out the wooden box and opened it.

Sure enough, my old wand was inside the wooden box.

The wand was made out of white poplar wood and bones from a monkey's fingers. My father gifted it to me when I came of age. Although I couldn't really do high-level spells with this wand, it had a unique ability. It was capable of emitting the purest light magic which was my father's blessing for me. My father had hoped that I would grow to become a dignified person.

I'm sorry, Dad. I failed you in the end. I had been blinded by evil. Now, let me personally bring it all to an end!

I held up the wand and gently stroked it. I felt as if I could see my father through the wand. He had been very strict with me as someone old-fashioned and dogmatic, but he also cared for me so much. Why did I resent him in the past? I had been nothing but selfish. Even though he objected to my relationship, I shouldn't have gone the lengths I had—which led us all to this current tragedy.

I gripped the wand as a tear rolled down my cheek.