

Chapter 559 Declare War On Darwin

Jennifer's POV:

When I saw Anthony on TV, I was shocked.

As far as I knew, Anthony didn't like to waste time on interviews. What was going on?

"Calm down, Jennifer. Anthony knows what he is doing. He won't do anything to hurt himself." Elizabeth, who was sitting next to me, tried to comfort me.

I had no idea what she was talking about. It seemed that there was more to this interview than I could gather.

"I'm Anthony Jones, the current king of the werewolves," Anthony announced calmly. "Today, I'm standing here to declare war on Night Demon, who has been terrorizing the werewolves."

"What?"

I inhaled sharply, and my hands subconsciously clenched into fists.

So Anthony was doing this televised interview for the purpose of declaring war on Night Demon. But why would he take such drastic measures in the first place?

Of course, for the past few days, I had been hearing a lot of rumors in the palace about Night Demon. When I remembered how close I had been to that ruthless killer, my heart pounded restlessly against my chest.

I still couldn't believe that that gentle-looking man had turned out to be the legendary Night Demon! As a child, I had heard stories of the so-called Night Demon, but I had written them off as fables that parents told their children to scare them. I had never imagined that Night Demon could actually be real.

"What is Anthony planning to do?" I asked nervously, holding my daughter tighter in my arms.

"Don't worry, my child. Anthony has always been independent since he was a child. Besides, it has been a while since he has assumed the throne of the lycan king, and the whole country is in good order under his rule. I think he knows what he is doing." Holding Harry in her arms, Elizabeth smiled gently and signaled to the maid behind us to pour me some milk tea. "Here, have a cup of milk tea and relax. Don't think too much."

I nodded and turned my gaze back to the TV. After answering a few questions from the reporters at the scene, Anthony continued, "Night Demon, I know you're watching this. Stop killing innocent people and come straight to me. If you have any hatred towards the werewolves and want to vent your anger, I'm the person to deal with. As the lycan king, I won't run away or shrink back from difficulties."

I had just begun to sip at the milk tea, but when I heard these words, I froze.

I finally understood Anthony's intention. He was positioning himself as a direct target of Night Demon! Oh my God... As the gravity of the situation registered in my mind, I couldn't help but cover my mouth and burst into tears.

I always knew that Anthony was a brave man, but I hadn't expected that he would risk his own life like this in order to protect everyone else. Night Demon was terrifying, and yet Anthony wasn't afraid of him at all. My husband was a valiant king. How could I not be proud of him? Thinking of that, I pressed my lips together and came to a firm decision.

"I want to go and stand by Anthony's side. He is my mate. Even though I don't remember anything, I don't want him to be alone," I told Elizabeth, putting down the cup of milk tea. "Am I being too reckless?"

"Of course not, Jennifer. You are making the right choice. Go ahead and be with Anthony. I will take good care of Angelina and Harry." Tears welled up in Elizabeth's eyes as she spoke. She stood up and hugged me before taking the child from my hand. "Together, you and Anthony will definitely defeat Night Demon."

I nodded hard and turned around to go find Anthony. I was prepared to fight Night Demon by his side. I wouldn't shrink back!

Darwin's POV:

The lycan king had publicly declared war on me. Everything was going according to plan. I knew that after all the people I had killed, the lycan king had to come forward and take a stand. Otherwise, he would lose the support of the public.

As for his provocation, I wasn't bothered by it at all. But since he was willingly offering himself as a sacrifice, I didn't want to miss this opportunity. He had to pay for the mistakes his ancestors had made in the past.

I decided to cast black magic on the royal palace. I would make the lycan king regret what he had done today.

Did he seriously think that he could defeat me after he gathered a whole army in the capital city?

I would kill every one of them.

Just the thought of what I was about to do made a rush of adrenaline course through my veins.

If all the werewolves were gathered together in the capital city, how many of them could I kill at one go? A grin spread across my lips as I stood in front of the mirror and stroked the sapphire ring on my finger. Endless magic began to fill my body. It was extraordinary. It was really smart of me to hide the magic stone in a secret place before.

Just as I was feeling intoxicated from the amount of power flowing into my body, I suddenly felt a strong pain in my chest.

Blood spurted out of my throat, causing me to involuntarily spit it out on the mirror. The crimson blood stained my reflection and slowly flowed down the mirror, making it a sinister sight to behold.

I was startled by the sudden affliction. I closed my eyes and began to mentally examine the magic power in my body. Soon, I found out what was wrong. The power of the magic stone seemed to be extinguished.

Damn it! Who had destroyed it?

Without the magic stone, I would be much weaker than before. How could something like this happen at such a critical moment?

I raised my hand to wipe the blood from the corner of my mouth and looked out of the window silently. I could hear many muffled sounds from a few kilometers away. They were the footsteps of the werewolves who were on the move.

I knew I had to take action now, because I had no way back. Without an endless source of power like the magic stone, my magic power would constantly dwindle. The faster I took action, the better it would be for me.

With a sigh, I turned around and walked to the bedroom door.

"Emma?" I called out, knocking on the door. Emma had been silent since yesterday. I had been busy killing people, so I hadn't had time to talk to her at all. But now that I thought about it, I felt that there was something fishy. Was she already...?

"Emma, answer me if you still want to come out," I threatened coldly.

There was still no response. Clenching my jaw, I pushed the door open and looked inside. At first glance, I found that Emma was sitting on the bed, looking off into space like she wasn't quite present.

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Why didn't you respond?"

Emma still didn't say anything. I realized that this was her way of getting back at me.

"Well, whatever. I'm just here to tell you that I'm going to kill every werewolf in the capital city tonight." I smiled at her, hoping that she would show the look of fear that I so enjoyed seeing. "If I succeed, you can sacrifice yourself for Miya..."

Emma turned her head slowly and looked at me without any expression. "What if you fail?"

I calmly took a step back and rotated the sapphire ring on my finger. "Then you will die with me. Well, it's time to go. Come with me."

I thought I would have to bring Emma along by force, but to my surprise, she stood up and followed me obediently.

With a nod of satisfaction, I took out a black cloak from my magic ring and wrapped it around my body. Then, I covered Emma with my cloak and cast the spell of transformation.

