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Chapter 561 The Magic Of Love

Jennifer's POV:

Together with the royal guards, Anthony and I scoured the forest outside the capital city. The night was darker than ever, as if the end of the world was about to arrive. As we walked around, Anthony and I did not even exchange a word, but I knew that our footsteps were growing heavier.

Just like I had heard from Morgan, with every passing second, I could feel my strength gradually dissipating. At first, I barely even noticed it. But as the sky grew darker and darker, my legs began to feel sore and limp, as if I had just run a marathon.

"Mr. Jones, there seems to be no trace of Night Demon."

We had been walking around for a quarter of an hour when the leader of the team Anthony had sent to the west of the city returned and reported the news.

Anthony nodded with an uneasy look.

A few minutes later, the team that he had sent to the east of the city also returned.

"Did you find anything?" Anthony asked anxiously.

"No, Mr. Jones, we didn't," the leader of the team replied, shaking his head in dismay.

It was clear that the morale of the marching troops was taking a huge hit, but there was nothing I could say or do to help.

"Jennifer, are you feeling okay? If you're tired, you can go back and have some rest," Anthony suddenly turned around and told me in a voice low enough only for me to hear. The fact that he cared so much about me even in such a critical moment filled me with warmth.

I shook my head hard and quickly said, "I'm okay. Don't worry about me. I won't give up until we find him and take him down."

Despite the confidence with which I spoke, deep down, I was not sure if we could find Night Demon in time.

In the distance, I could see fire soaring in the sky. There were many people trying to put it out, but to no avail. The smoke had drifted all the way to the forest, clouding the air and making me want to cough every time I breathed. But I was afraid that Anthony would worry about me, so I tried my best to hold it back.

"Help!"

At this moment, a woman's panicked scream came from ahead.

Anthony and I exchanged an alarmed look.

"Who is it?" Anthony shouted, pointing his gun at the dark corner ahead. "Show yourself! Otherwise, I will kill you for assaulting the king."

"Help! Help me! Night Demon is going to kill me!" The woman continued to scream, as if she hadn't heard Anthony's words at all. She seemed to be speaking through a fit of tears. "I'm Emma, Mrs. Jones' maid. Please help me!"

Mrs. Jones? This woman was referring to me and claiming to be my maid, but I had no idea who she was. Anthony, however, seemed to recognize her. "Emma? How could it be possible?"

"Anthony, what's wrong?" I asked, searching his face for a hint of what was going on.

"Jennifer, you did have a maid called Emma, but... she's dead!" Anthony fixed his gaze on the bushes in front of him, and he seemed to be on high alert.

Hearing what he said, I was gripped with fear. How could my dead maid be crying for help? Just the thought sent a chill down my spine. Could Night Demon's black magic bring the dead back to life?

"Mrs. Jones, it's me... Help me..." The voice continued to scream and plead.

"Jennifer, don't go any closer. I'll check what's going on first." As Anthony spoke, he approached the bushes step by step. His hand was clenched around the gun loaded with silver bullets. I stood behind him nervously, not knowing whether I should listen to him or not. I wanted to stay by his side and help him, but I was afraid that I would be a hindrance to him.

While I was hesitating, I noticed a black figure suddenly swooping down from the sky at lightning speed.

"Anthony!" Without a second thought, I leaped forward and pushed Anthony out of the way.

The moment I saw Anthony in danger, my mind went blank. There was no hesitation or internal debate. The one truth that was etched into my soul was that I couldn't let anything happen to Anthony, and my body jumped into action of its own accord.

Even though I had to put my own life in danger, I held on to that belief tightly without flinching for even a split second. I finally realized how great my love for Anthony had been in the past. It was so deeply-rooted that even my memory loss couldn't affect it.

"Jennifer!"

I vaguely heard Anthony calling my name, but I fell to the ground and found myself unable to move an inch. In that moment, I didn't know what exactly happened, but there seemed to be a huge stone pressing on my back, knocking the breath out of me. Even though I was still conscious, I couldn't form a single sound to answer Anthony.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the scene around me shift. I was still in the forest, but it looked peaceful and serene, lit by moonlight. But hadn't the moon turned black? Where was the moonlight coming from?

Fearing that something was wrong with my eyesight, I shook my head, and suddenly felt the pressure on my body disappear

without a trace. I got up from the ground in confusion, only to find that all the people around me, including Anthony, were nowhere to be found.

"Anthony?" I shouted, but there was no response.

Panic overtook me. Had Night Demon taken them all away in the blink of an eye? No, no!

Gritting my teeth, I desperately looked around in the moonlight for some sign of life. My limbs were extremely stiff, but I still tried to run. I had to find Anthony.

Anthony... Where was he?

"Anthony! Are you here?" I shouted hoarsely. "Say something!"

I couldn't find him, so I could only run forward. My steps were getting heavier and heavier. Even the moonlight, which should have filled me with relief, seemed grim.

I began to feel a splitting headache.

"Anthony... "I murmured incoherently, covering my head. I couldn't even hear the words coming out of my mouth. The headache was so severe that I felt like I would die right there and then.

Like the gates of a dam had been opened, past memories flooded into my mind. A pair of hands loomed into sight, along with the blurry face of the man who had helped me. He whispered my name in my ear as he held me in his arms and danced with me under the bright light. Then, standing amid countless balloons, he knelt on one knee, saying, "I love you..."

Who was this man?

Anthony, was it you?

I felt as if I was falling to the ground again, and my headache intensified, but strangely, the scene in front of me came into focus.

I smelled the fragrance of flowers in the field and, finally, saw him clearly.

It was indeed Anthony.

"I love you, Jennifer. You are the light of my life. I never thought about marriage until I met you. But after getting to know you, I know that you're the one that I want to spend the rest of my life with," he said in a deep but soft voice, standing in front of me.

"Even if we can't undo the Love Curse, I will still marry you. I never want to be separated from my mate."

"Anthony!" A tear fell from the corner of my eye.

It was so ridiculous. How could I have forgotten this man? Our past together was unforgettable.

Thankfully, I remembered everything now!

It was Anthony. It always had been him. He was my destined mate.

"Jennifer, you did a good job."

Suddenly, a soft voice came to my ears.

"Wake up, Jennifer. It's time to complete your mission."

My eyes flew open, and I was greeted by the sight of the full moon. Its bright silver light enveloped me, filling me with warmth and comfort, unlike the cold moonlight I had seen just now.

It was only then that I realized what was wrong.

The moonlight I had seen just now must have been fake.

But I knew without a doubt that what I was seeing in front of me was real.

Looking at the moon now, I was reminded of my mother's warm embrace when I was a child.

"Who are you?" I asked, rising to my feet in a daze. "Are you... Moon Goddess?"

Who else could be talking to me? The warm moonlight said it all. Moon Goddess was the only one who could shield me from the impending danger and help us all get out of this hopeless predicament.

When she spoke, her voice was as light as the night breeze. "My poor child, you have suffered a lot. I've been protecting you and everyone else."

I was so grateful that tears streamed down my cheeks. Falling to my knees, I sincerely begged, "Moon Goddess, everyone is suffering now. Please, save them!"

"My child, you are the only one who can save them." The moonlight softened. With my eyes wide open, I could vaguely see a kind and holy face embedded in the silver full moon.

"Remember, Jennifer, love is the most powerful magic in the world. It's the only thing that can transcend time and space."

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