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The Prior looked like he had aged about ten years.

He glanced at Erica who was carrying stuff, then turned to Larkin who was slowly making his way up the stairs with a heavy expression.

He clasped his hands together, lowered his eyelids to hide the emotions in his eyes, and said in a somewhat hoarse voice, "Follow me"

When the Prior turned around, Erica let out a subtle sigh of relief and motioned for Larkin to keep up.

They briskly followed the Prior, moving forward.

Larkin was very familiar with the monastery. After passing by the dining hall and the monks' quarters, he knew where the Prior was leading them.

But how could this happen?

The last time Mary fainted and was sent to the hospital, Erica had also taken the opportunity to get her blood tested, along with some routine checks.

The doctor said that except for a deficiency in some trace elements, she was in good health. A really healthy kid.

Not long after, the Prior stopped outside a small chapel.

Erica was a bit lost and looked inside.

The funeral and religious ceremony held when Abbot passed away were similar to what she was seeing now.

"Is Mary inside praying for the dead?" Erica asked.

With his eyes still lowered, the Prior said, "This is Mary's memorial service. You can go in and leave whatever you brought for her."

Erica felt like she might have misunderstood.

What were the monks at the monastery saying today? She just couldn't understand them.

One said Mary had passed away, another said it was Mary's memorial service.

Why would a living person need a memorial service?

"You shouldn't joke about this," Erica said angrily.

The Prior's face showed a painful expression, and then he said in a choked and hoarse voice, "I wish this was a joke too, but... it's not. Today is the last day of Mary's memorial service"

There was a buzzing in Erica's ears, and the things in her hands slipped and fell to the ground.

She rushed inside in a panic, all the memories of Mary, stern yet cute, flooding back.

The chapel was small, but the Prior had decorated it as best he could, even setting out many of Mary's favorite snacks and fruits.

Erica's gaze finally fell on Mary's portrait on the table, and it felt as though her heart had been torn in two

Erica."

Larkin followed her in, also shocked by the scene

He saw Erica's body swaying slightly, and quickly went up to support her.

But Erica pushed him away and stormed out.

The Prior was still standing there. After Erica left, she asked, "Why? She was healthy, how!!"

The haggard Prior finally looked up at Erica.

"Ma'am, everything in the world has its set course. Don't be too obsessed," he said hoarsely, then turned to Larkin, "Take her home and don't come back

Larkin knew his personality, he wasn't the type to hide things.

Unless Mary's death had something to do with Larkin and Erica.

"She's been given the last rites for seven days, when did she die? Why didn't you tell us?" Erica lost it, ignoring Larkin's attempts to stop her and grabbed the Prior's arm, "Is it because you didn't take care of her..."

"It's not the Prior's fault!"

At this moment, Martin who had been there earlier rushed over.

He pushed Erica away and shielded the Prior, "You brought disaster to the monastery! You're the ones who killed Mary!"

"Martin" the Prior sternly reprimanded.