

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 611 - 611: Hollow

Chapter 611: Hollow

Yarin's POV:

Heller was in a bad condition both physically and psychologically.

Although I lied to him that I could find Kara after finishing the inspection, in the end, I still couldn't do as I wished.

Kara... I didn't know how to describe her. Just thinking about her current appearance made me feel suffocating pain.

Why did this kind old lady end up like this?

The professionals were cleaning up Kara's face. I believed they would do their best to dress her up elegantly and appropriately.

But how could cosmetics cover up the missing parts? Would the cells that would never grow again make the road to the Moon Palace bumpy?

I felt sorrowful for Heller's blindness and his 'luck'. At least in his memory, Kara would always be that loving elder, and I would always remember the cold face on the iron bed, crying in my dreams at night.

Even though my dad and I both failed to take him to see Kara, Heller didn't make any response. He always looked calm, as if he felt nothing about being disabled.

However, I would rather he struggle like he did in the beginning. That would at least show that his emotions were unimpeded and not seal himself up like an airtight iron bucket like now. No wind could enter, and no drop of water could leave.

"Talk to me, please."

I leaned against his bed and begged him to give me some reaction. Heller didn't lose his facial expression; however, his frown and smile revealed a chilling emptiness. It was as if he was a humanoid doll, causing the Uncanny Valley effect to appear for no reason.

"Are you all right? I heard the nurse say that you were injured too. You should go back to the hospital bed," he said.

I held his hand and gently pressed my chest. "Actually, my ribs were also fractured, but I quietly melted the bones and reassembled them. Now, they are completely healed."

He chuckled. "That's good. At least one of us is safe."

He smiled, but I couldn't. I wanted to hug him like I did when I was young, but

I couldn't do anything because of his injuries.

We were leaning intimately on the same bed, but I felt he was so far away from me, as if he was floating toward the moon, and I would lose him forever if I weren't careful.

"Listen to me, Heller. Kara has indeed left us, but she will watch everything from the moon. Think about what she taught us. Would she be happy to know that you're devastated by her departure? Wouldn't she be heartbroken?"

"She has been living a down-to-earth life all her life. She has contributed her entire life to our family. As for her... I feel very sad about her leaving too! But it's useless to be depressed. Don't you want to know who planned this attack? Who caused Kara to lose his life?"

"I wouldn't ask you to pull yourself together because I can't even convince myself. However, there is one thing that we love about Kara. We are sad and in pain about her death. We must avenge her! The target of this car accident was obviously us. Kara was just a fish in the moat. If we don't avenge her, who else can? Are we going to let those terrorists get away with it?"

Heller finally moved as he asked stiffly like an unwound doll, "Do you know who harmed Kara?"

Of course, I knew. Even if no one told me, I knew the culprit.

That wanted poster flashed through my mind. That was right. Who else could it be other than the Lily of the Valley?

The lunatics who could not be saved and treated human lives as trash brazenly provoked the werewolves' bottom line, using the blood of the vengeful souls to dye the disgusting thief flag!

Why did they do that? For that box of goods? To consolidate their supreme position in the underground world? Or did they only enjoy destroying and killing people, enjoying the fear and whispers of the crowd like a psychopath?

As a prince, I should consider these things. Countless factors are holding me back and pulling me along. They tell me to 'think about it longer', tell me to 'put the overall situation first', and tell me to 'leave it to the lord'.

However, as a person named Yarin, I didn't have to care about anything.

I wanted to avenge Kara, so let's do it. This had nothing to do with my identity. It was just a person's revenge on the enemy.

I thought so when I waited for Heller to wake up in the ICU. But when I met his eyes, I hesitated. I could do that, but could Heller? Would he be hurt? Would he be like Kara, dragged into the abyss by conspiracy?

I didn't dare to risk him, so I almost gave up, almost hid in the sturdy screen again, waiting for someone to send me news of victory or defeat.

However, looking at Heller's current state, dispirited, depressed, and confused, all the excuses I made to hide away became ashes.

I was ashamed of my cowardice.

I'd already lost Kara. I couldn't bear losing Heller.

So I would bring him along to kill Kara's murderer with my hands so that those who died in vain could rest in peace and calm their raging souls..

Chapter 612 - 612: Flames

Chapter 612: Flames

Yarin's POV:

Some people thought I was very weak, or in other words, most people thought I was very weak.

What reason did I have not to be weak? In terms of age, I was a child that had not yet grown up. I was so immature that it seemed like one punch could beat me half to death. In terms of strength, I was a young boy who lived like a prince. I probably couldn't even defeat the swans wandering in the pool.

Wisdom? No one would seriously consider the intelligence of a primary school student.

That was why people were always careful with me. They treated me like an antique vase, as if a scratch could kill me.

That was how people see me.

But I didn't think I was weak because I was not a child. At least, not a child in the general sense.

Which child would think so much? At this age, they should be mischievous, playful, and tired of learning. They should try to challenge the authority of adults instead of thinking about things all day long like adults, wishing they could finish thinking about the things that would happen in the next hundred years.

I was a child because I presented myself as a child and because my mom needed a child who grew up normally, and I wanted to be a child even if it was only for myself.

In fact, if a person could freely choose their gender or even melt themselves into meat paste and then reassemble, what kind of imprisonment would their appearance have on him?

I chose to be a child.

I couldn't overturn the choice I'd made, and I couldn't just let myself grow ten years older overnight, but that didn't mean I couldn't do anything.

Just like how I was able to save Lily, as long as I was willing to pay a price, I'd get what I wanted.

"Why are they doing this..." Heller mumbled. He believed me without asking for any evidence. He always trusted me. He also knew that Lily of the Valley was the only suspect.

"Maybe it's because the werewolves ruined their business, so they are taking the opportunity to take revenge. Or maybe, they want to be like all the arrogant evil organizations, using the method of provoking authority to show its strength and wanton."

I didn't understand the purpose of the Lily of the Valley. I didn't have to understand it. I only wanted to destroy it.

"Of course, I will do that. I will kill them to avenge Kara." Heller suddenly felt pain as he put his hands on his chest, "I can hear Kara's words. She doesn't want me to see her take risks or be entangled with a group of lunatics. But... This time, I can't listen to her. I have to do this for her and me.

"But what should we do? Let's not talk about anything else. It's very difficult for us to even leave the hospital. There are three layers of security around the place, and the

medical staff are also natural spies. Even if we hid in the toilet for a minute because of constipation, they would not hesitate to press the alarm.”

He seemed to have temporarily returned to the familiar Heller at this moment. He 'looked' at me, his large and moist almond-shaped eyes no longer as bright as before.

“Moreover, with my current state, I'm afraid I'll only be a burden no matter what I do. However, it would be too late if we waited until their injuries recovered before taking action. After all, they are a group of humans. They would escape back to the human countries.”

This was a problem. I could recover and melt my bones secretly without telling the doctors and my parents. They all thought I only hurt my throat, but Heller couldn't.

I'd heard that those blood-related to Heller could control others for their use. However, Heller had not reached that degree and would not agree to hurt innocent people to achieve his purpose.

Other than that, we also needed to be able to investigate the movements of the terrorists. Had they returned to their hometown, or were they still in the Silver Moon Pack?

My mom would get the news immediately but wouldn't tell me. If I asked the messenger directly, this would definitely not escape my mom's knowledge.

As we were discussing countermeasures, there was a knock on the door. Our dad's voice came from outside. “It's me, children. And Alfred.”

I ran downstairs to open the door for them. My dad hugged me and started to fuss about Heller.

Alfred was here to offer his condolences on behalf of the Silver Moon family. They were to blame for the attack on the Silver Moon Pack, not to mention that the Queen's butler died here.

Francis and Aunt Teresa were so busy, and the latter didn't even allow Lily to visit us.

Faced with my confusion, Alfred could only helplessly explain, “Mother said that she was afraid that Lily would be too rash and disturb the two princes' recuperation.”

“What kind of reason is that?” I didn't even need to think to know that this was a perfunctory reply. “If it's considered disturbing to have someone visit, why are you here?”

Alfred was at a loss for words. He then quietly pulled me out of the door and whispered into my ear, “Actually, I don't believe it either, but my mother refused to tell me anything.

I feel that she and Lily have gotten into an argument. Lily doesn't want to obey her, so she doesn't allow Lily to go out."

Lily was being grounded..

Chapter 613 - 613: Arrogance

Chapter 613: Arrogance

Lily's POV:

I didn't like it when my mother smiled at me. Her smile was always a fake mask, but she tried to make me think it was real.

For example, now, she was looking at me affectionately and lovingly. Whenever she did this, she always wanted something from me.

"What do you want?" I asked frankly.

My mother didn't answer. She always liked to beat around the bush and made people guess what she wanted.

"It's a troubled time now. Lily, you don't have to worry about the outside world. Your grandfather and I will handle it well," she said. "It's not peaceful outside. You should stay home now and wait for the criminal to be caught before going out."

"I thought you were going to send me straight to the Lycan pack?"

My mother giggled. She looked at me as if I was a child throwing a tantrum, and even if she had no choice, she had to show the tolerance and rationality of an adult.

"It's still long before school starts. There's no rush. Alfred is going back to the army. Don't you want to spend some more time with him? I know that you siblings want to be close to each other. It's my fault as a mother. I'm always restricting this and that, causing the family to be estranged."

I was silent.

My mother didn't need my response. She could talk for a long time on her own.

"You've grown up, Lily. In my heart, you're still a little girl who trembles when you walk, but now you're a slim and graceful girl."

Her well-maintained fingers picked up a strand of hair from my temple and tucked it behind my ear. "I won't say you're the child I'm most proud of. That would be too fake."

"But you are the child that surprised me the most, my daughter. You have already grown into a beautiful lily in a place where I can't see. You sway in the wind, and you will move anyone who sees you."

"Especially those flowers in the greenhouse. They've been spoiled since they were born. When have they ever seen such a handsome posture? I'm not surprised that anyone who meets you will fall in love with you."

"I've never told anyone about this, not even Alfred. I felt disgusted when I saw the similarities between him and his father, but only you surprised me. Your beauty is so natural. That bastard finally left something good for his daughter. "When people are young and frivolous, they love beautiful things the most, just like me. If it weren't for your father's good looks, I wouldn't have left with him for a b*llshit name."

I avoided her hand and asked coldly, "What do you mean? If there's nothing else important you want to say, I'm leaving. I'm going to the hospital to visit the princes."

"Of course, you're good friends. It's only right for you to visit them."

My mother nodded in agreement. "The princes are still young. They must have been frightened by such a sudden disaster. This is an opportunity for you, Lily, to comfort and warm them up so that you can become better friends with them."

I almost admired her persistence. "You haven't given up yet? I thought I had made it very clear. That's impossible."

"No, of course, it's possible!" My mother was still smiling, making my hair stand on end.

"This attack is a disaster for our family but also a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I was still worried about how you should manage your friendship with the princes, and now a ready-made opportunity has come! Lily, I know that you don't want to please others. You don't have to do that now. You only have to accompany them, talk to them, and play for a while."

As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with a brighter light than crystals. There was ambition, joy, and impatience in them. There was nothing that should be present in this situation.

I shook off my mother's hand and realized that she was being unreasonable.

"What's the difference? Why do you always hold on to this point? If you want more power and status, you should find the criminal who planned the attack with Grandpa now! Do you think I can pretend nothing happened just because I fawned over the princes? The Queen decided everything, not the two injured children!"

My mother wasn't angry at all when i pushed her away. She was always so elegant. Even if she had to pretend, she had to pretend. This was her dignity and her way of defense.

"Even without the princes, this will be resolved peacefully." She was not worried at all, as if the attack was as insignificant as a bee hitting a petal.

"The Queen knows who the culprit is. We're just responsible for some of the negligence in our supervision. If we catch the people from the Lily of the Valley, everything will be solved. These people would eventually be caught. It would be fine even if they escaped back to the human world. Would the human government care about the life and death of a domineering mafia organization?"

"You better not be so arrogant because humans are as arrogant as you. When two kinds of arrogant people meet, the result is usually not what either side wants to see," i mocked her contemptuously. She knew nothing about humans, even if they were her neighbors.

My lack of cooperation finally angered her. Her face darkened, and she hissed, "I don't want more from you. You want to go to the hospital to visit the princes, and i want you to go too. Our goal is the same. You don't have to be so hostile to me.."

Chapter 614 - 614: Things Left Unspoken

Chapter 614: Things Left Unspoken

Lily's POV:

Her face was gloomy as she screamed in anger.

I was extremely familiar with this.

So I wasn't surprised when my mother's face suddenly darkened. She always used this trick and thought it was invincible.

So I pretended not to see her expression and said, "But this is different. i will go as a friend, not a flatterer. Don't think too simply of the princes. They are not children that can be fooled at will. Prince Yarin wouldn't have the wisdom and courage to rescue me if that were the case."

My mother's face immediately turned red, but before she could say anything, I immediately retorted, "No matter what, it's not what you think. Prince Yarin treats me as a friend, that's all."

"You're always so stubborn! Lily, this is why I can't get close to you."

My mother looked like she was in deep pain. "Why do you have such speculative dark thoughts about me? I hope that you will be on good terms with the princes. This is obviously to find a stronger shield for the family. But is it necessary to break off the relationship if there is an interest in the relationship? The connection between people isn't that simple. You're still young. You don't understand!"

"So now I'm a child again?" I sneered.

"Lily!" As expected, she started screaming.

"You know this is different! You always like to throw a childish temper, always!"

"Thank you for your family's knowledge, Mother. You're well-fed and pampered. Whenever you're unhappy, you throw a tantrum. I'm your daughter, so isn't that the same as learning?"

This sentence gained me a slap.

My mother glared at me like an angry cow, panting heavily.

I exposed her. Perhaps she realized her childishness, or perhaps she didn't. No matter what, I damaged her self-esteem.

"You should never talk to me like that," she said. "I'm your mother. I gave birth to you and raised you, so you have to respect me. You have no right to judge me!"

My mouth was filled with the smell of blood. That slap was really heavy. However, the smell of blood soon disappeared. The tiny wound had already healed, and only a faint rusty taste lingered on the tip of my tongue.

I smiled and said respectfully, "Yes, Mother. We are an ancient aristocratic family. Of course, we have to follow the unchanging traditional rules. Children are the property of their parents – or rather, slaves, so you can do whatever you want to me, but I dare to say another word. It's disrespectful."

My mother looked at me coldly. "It's not good for you to talk, child. You know you shouldn't provoke me."

Suddenly, she became loving again. She gently checked the redness and swelling on my face that had healed. She said in a half-angry and half-blaming manner, "It's my

fault, dear. I shouldn't have been so impulsive. Quickly let me see if your face is injured. Even if it is damaged, it is my fault!"

I allowed her to examine me without responding.

My mother was immersed in this one-man show of a loving mother and filial daughter. Her acting skills were superb, and no one could tell that this loving mother had slapped her daughter ten seconds ago.

She acted so selflessly and immersed that people would believe her after seeing her.

Even she believed it herself.

"This is the first time I've hit you. I'm sorry, Lily. I shouldn't have done that. I'm very sorry. I promise there won't be a next time. If you want to see the princes, go ahead, will you? You don't have to do anything. I won't force you to do anything. As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

She held my face and kissed my forehead. Then, she hugged me and said gently, "I love you, Lily. You're my daughter, my flesh and blood. How can I not love you? I don't know how to express it, but I won't hurt you. Believe me, please."

I lay in her arms and didn't say anything, letting her finish her lines.

After that, she looked at me expectantly, hoping to see the next page of the script.

"Do you really love me?" I whispered.

My mother kindly combed my hair and replied, "Of course,"

"Then how did I escape that night?"

She froze.

I continued as if I hadn't heard anything. "In the past, it was very difficult for me to run away from home. Someone would stop me or somehow find me halfway and advise me to go back. There was also one time when I met a kidnapper who wanted to 'send me home'.

"But that day, there wasn't a single security guard in the manor. Perhaps they all went to protect the Queen's family? But you're such a meticulous person. How could you leave such a big security loophole?

"I was too stupid. I didn't realize anything then. I couldn't figure it out even if I thought about it later. I can only think of one possibility: this loophole was specially left for me. You knew I would leave before Moonlight Festival, so you deliberately let me slip away.

“Cracking a smuggling case is impressive, but it’s not enough to decorate your ribbon.

“A grand victory always begins with a tragic revenge, right?”

My mother pushed me away.

She was no longer angry, no longer loving, and no longer cold. She became expressionless, like a statue that had failed to be carved, and examined me hollowly.

After a while, she said, “You don’t have to do anything, Lily.

“From today onwards, you will stay here and not go anywhere..”

Chapter 615 - 615: The Cause Of The Disease

Chapter 615: The Cause Of The Disease

Yarin’s POV:

Alfred didn’t know about the conflict between Lily and Aunt Teresa. He didn’t even hear the contents of the argument.

“But there’s something wrong with them,” he said with absolute certainty. “Mother doesn’t even let me go to Lily. She seems to be deliberately isolating Lily from everyone.”

As he spoke, he leaned closer to me and said in an even lower voice, “Actually, I heard from the servants that on the night Lily was kidnapped, they heard Mother and Lily arguing.”

“What were they arguing about?”

“I don’t know. The servants didn’t hear them.”

I wanted to ask more, but my dad called me into the ward, so I had to go in.

He was going to find a doctor and asked me to care for Heller.

I followed him out the door and asked, “How are Heller’s eyes? I asked the doctor, but he refused to tell me.”

My dad sighed and comforted me, "Don't worry, the doctors will cure him." "This means that the problem is huge, right?" But I had to get to the bottom of it. "Is it temporary? Or permanent? Don't lie to me, Dad. I can see the doctor's expression. It seems that they can't do anything about it."

Under my insistence, my dad finally gave in.

"I can tell you, child, but don't tell Heller." My dad pulled me to a corner.

"Heller's eyes... The doctor doesn't think it is pathological blindness. Did you see the report? Neither the nerves around the eyes nor the brain were damaged severely, which meant that Heller's eyes should be intact or at least recovering slowly.

"But the fact is that he couldn't see anything. Additionally, according to Heller's description, his world was not dark; instead, he could see people or living beings. For example, we are clusters of fluorescent blue light in his eyes.

"I've already contacted the werewolf grandmaster and told him about Heller. It seemed that Heller was blinded by sorcery or other forces. The werewolf grandmasters would come here to consult Heller, hoping to find a solution."

"I hope so..." I felt a pang of bitterness. "This means that the werewolf grandmasters aren't sure either, right?"

My dad didn't say anything, but his sad expression answered me.

I felt confused and didn't know what to do. I could only feel sad for Heller's eyes in vain.

A fit of sharp anger surged into my heart. I gritted my teeth and asked, "It's the Lily of the Valley, right? They must have wanted to kill Heller as they planned this attack!"

'It must be so. These rats in the sewer robbed Heller's light with a cheap trick and caused his wounds to be unable to recover for a long time. Those wounds were nothing for the recovery ability of werewolves. If not being hindered by something, Heller should at least be able to get off the bed!'

My dad didn't want me to get involved. He only said, "Go back and accompany Heller. Don't worry about anything else."

I returned to the ward in silence.

Once I revealed that I wanted to participate, my parents would immediately put me on guard. Of course, this was for my good because I was a 'child'. Children had the right to enjoy the fruits of others' labor and stay away from danger. Therefore, they would never support Heller and the others.

Even if they could empathize with us, they would say, “We will avenge Kara. You don’t have to worry.”

Alfred chatted with us for a while and then left. I told Heller about our dad’s behavior, and he wasn’t surprised.

“It’s impossible to rely on us alone,” he said calmly. “Just as I thought, we can’t even leave the ward.”

“Are we just going to give up?” I said unwillingly, “I believe Mom and Dad will catch the criminals, but what can they do? They were humans. According to the Extradition Agreement, even if these people were found guilty, they would have to be returned to the human world for punishment.

“But I heard that there seems to be no death penalty in some places on the other side. They can live happily in prison for the rest of their lives! What kind of revenge would that be? Wouldn’t Kara have died in vain?”

“What should we do then?” Heller asked calmly. “No matter what we want to do, there is a prerequisite: I could escape from the hospital. You know what will happen if they discover we’re missing, right?”

The Silver Moon Pack would immediately be locked down if anyone discovered we were missing. They would secretly or openly search the entire city for us, and the whole city would not be at peace.

Because this time, it wasn’t as small a problem as when we ran away from home. Vicious terrorists were hiding in the city, and our parents would be able to guess what we were going to do.

If we failed, Heller and I would never be allowed to go out on our own until we grew up. After that, we could only watch the murderers living in the human world..

Chapter 616 - 616: The Body’s Choice

Chapter 616: The Body’s Choice

At this moment, I realized that I had been bragging before. I couldn’t even leave the hospital, let alone take revenge for Kara.

This made me feel ashamed and defeated.

About half an hour later, the werewolf grandmasters arrived. Most of them were locals of the Silver Moon Pack. My mom didn't bring many people with her on this trip, let alone those familiar faces I had known since I was young.

Jill was Master Mary's disciple. He and the doctors had been responsible for my health during this journey. He was very good at witchcraft but couldn't find any problem with Heller.

"From the looks of it, His Highness' blindness is likely to be spontaneous." He frowned and said, "I can't find any traces of witchcraft or other powers. His Highness' soul doesn't have any signs of contamination. On the contrary, the slow healing is somehow related to blindness."

Jill believed that it was because of his blindness that Heller's self-healing ability was significantly reduced. Most of the energy was supplied to his eyes by his bodily functions, so he had no extra power to promote wound healing.

"The body itself caused this situation?" I asked. "Did Heller's body blind itself?"

Jill nodded. "I'm afraid so, Your Highness. The car accident indeed promoted Heller's blindness; however, it was secondary. The car accident allowed Heller's body to make such a choice."

I wanted to ask more questions, but Jill said nothing more. He just looked at the medical staff in the ward warily. My dad looked around and signaled for the irrelevant people to leave.

When we were the only ones left in the room, Jill continued, "The following is just my guess. The materials and equipment available are too limited, so I can't be 100% sure."

"You can speak freely," my dad said.

Jill lowered his voice. "Although the fluctuations are tiny, His Highness' spiritual world is expanding, or rather, 'developing'. To a certain extent, this allowed for the evolution of His Highness' power. Combined with His Highness' description, the 'light balls' he saw was a manifestation of a person's spirit. Rather than saying that he is blind, it would be better to say that his vision had evolved in an uncommon direction, temporarily serving his spiritual vision.

"That's why I believe that this blindness is spontaneous. This is an opportunity for Your Highness to train his abilities. However, it doesn't mean that there's no risk at all. This is because I don't have any precedent or materials to study, so I'm still determining the final direction. Also, if His Highness' blindness... It will last forever."

Jill's description was familiar. Aunt Dorothy had said that she had a period of blindness when she was young.

However, Heller was different from Aunt Dorothy. Besides her strength, Aunt Dorothy was also affected by external curses. However, Jill thought that Heller was not affected by outward afflictions.

In other words, it was not a disease and could not be cured. Heller could only recover by himself.

There was good and bad news; however, none worked because nobody knew when Heller could recover his sight. Even Heller himself didn't learn how to control the development of this 'spiritual vision'.

At the sight of Heller's look, I couldn't help but think of someone as I mumbled, "If only Sisley were here. He might have a solution for Heller."

From the beginning, I knew that Heller was not my brother. I also knew that he had a blood-related elder brother, Sisley.

He was a strange person. Even though he was handsome and polite, no one wanted to get close to him. His mother had destroyed his family, and he himself had been scared out of his wits by a disaster many years ago, wandering on the world's edge.

He had always lived in a lonely cemetery, which was said to be the place where the disaster had occurred, but Sisley stubbornly believed that only this land where only the dead existed was the safest.

Sisley had been temporarily blinded before. Considering his kinship with Heller and the same power, it was hard for me not to suspect he had a way to escape this predicament.

The more I thought about it, the more I felt that this was a good idea. I immediately suggested contacting Sisley to ask.

Jill didn't know Sisley. He had only been with Master Mary when I started elementary school. But after he heard about Sisley's situation, he agreed with me.

So my dad agreed. We tried to contact Sisley but failed.

He was a recluse and rarely used modern communication tools. We had to send someone to the cemetery to find him.

This would take some time, and we waited anxiously.

During this period, my mom came, and she could finally take a break from the overwhelming work. The moment she entered the room, she hugged Heller and me. I could feel her strong arms slightly trembling.

"I'm late. I'm sorry, children." My mother choked. "I wish 1 could have been by your side..."

Jill had left quietly at some point. Our dad hugged the three of us. 1 whispered in my mother's arms, "Don't worry, Mom. We'll be fine.."

Chapter 617 - 617: The Revenge Of The Powerless

Chapter 617: The Revenge Of The Powerless

Yarin's POV:

My mom was going to see Kara. My dad initially didn't want to allow her to go, but she insisted on it. "I have to go, Aldrich. I have to see Kara with my own eyes so that I know how to avenge her."

My mom loved Kara. She had been taken care of by Kara before we were born. To her, Kara was both a teacher and a friend. She was a close family member even if she was not blood-related.

She was used to being patient and rarely revealed her emotions.

But this time, she cried without any reservations. Her tears fell like rain. She reached out, her hand trembling to touch the cold corpse on the iron bed, but she could not fall no matter what.

She stared at Kara's lifeless face. Her gaze swept across the still hideous wounds after treatment and finally stopped at Kara's incomplete face that could never be recovered.

"I once asked Kara what she wanted to do after she retired. She said that she had no hobbies. Perhaps she would get a cat, plant a few pots of flowers, and drink a cup of tea from morning to night like an ordinary old person." My mom said sadly, "But she smiled after she finished speaking. She said that it was too early to think about this. She could still be with me for many, many years."

"The past is still vivid in my mind. I even asked people to find a nice place that is peaceful and comfortable so Kara could retire comfortably. But now, everything is meaningless."

I couldn't bear to hold her hand and said, "Hush, Mom..."

However, my mom turned a deaf ear to me and continued, “Kara is sixty-seven years old this year, which is not considered old for a werewolf. If she didn’t put in so much effort for our family, she could have pursued love and dreams like an ordinary lady, started a family, and had children and grandchildren.

“She liked wearing a dark blue dress. This is the dress code for servants in the palace. Even though she no longer works, she still keeps this habit. She did not pursue fame, fortune, or superior status, so she rejected the knighthood. Although her salary was not bad, most was donated to charity, and she lived like an ascetic monk.

“Such a kind and restrained person left with nothing!”

My mom suddenly broke down and cried, scaring everyone. My dad quickly held her and said anxiously, “Calm down, Selma! You know that Kara’s greatest wish when she was alive was for you to be happy. She wouldn’t want to see you like this because of her death!”

My mom fell into my dad’s arms and kept crying. “How could I not know that? But I can’t. I really can’t. Kara was a precious family member. I knew I would lose her sooner or later, but I didn’t expect this day to come so soon!

“She shouldn’t have ended up like this! She should be flying to the moon with a smile, not dying at the hands of a group of sinister villains!

“I should avenge her! I have to do this!” She moaned, refusing to look away from Kara. However, the dead could not respond to her call, and the corpse on the iron bed lay lifeless.

The morgue was dark and cold. No one spoke in the quiet room, only sorrowful cries.

My mom cried for a while. She kept mumbling some vague words, but her expression became more and more sorrowful.

“But there’s nothing I can do,” she said blankly. “I’ll catch those bastards, and then... They would be sent back to the human countries. Who knows what kind of punishment they would receive in that bustling and chaotic city? The murderer doesn’t even have to die. He would probably spend the rest of his life comfortably in prison or get away with it... That’s it, and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

Her eyes were red and swollen like two cherries, filled with reluctance and grief.

“Being the Queen... The Queen... This identity has brought me a lot, but it has also caused me to lose many things. I could kill my enemies with my own hands if I were just an ordinary woman. However, as long as I bear the crown, I cannot be me...”

My mom seemed to be whining, but there was no real hatred. At this moment, I suddenly felt that she was a little unfamiliar. She was neither the gentle and loving mother at home nor the capable queen on the throne.

She became an ambiguous soul as she fell into a contradictory struggle, squeezed in a narrow crack, in a dilemma, full of despair.

I understood her. I could do something out of line, but she couldn't afford a single misstep. Moreover, this concerned the relationship between the two races. She could only swallow her anger no matter how much she hated them. What good would it do if she expressed her anger? People would say, "The big picture is important", "It's not worth sacrificing the relationship between the two countries for a subordinate," or even, "You should do what a queen should do."

It didn't matter whether people knew or didn't know Kara. Death was like a lamp being extinguished. Only a few people remembered the feelings and memories of the past, which was insignificant to the entire werewolf pack.

But for me, there were some things that I had to do.

"All the bad guys will be punished." I held my mom's trembling hand and whispered.

"No one can behave atrociously under the Moon Goddess' watch.."

Chapter 618 - 618: A Piece Of History

Chapter 618: A Piece Of History

Yarin's POV:

My mom had wanted to send Kara's body back to the Lycan pack, but the Silver Moon Pack was still in a mess that she did not know when to solve, so Kara's body could only wait.

The weather was getting hotter. To prevent the body from decomposing, my mom held a small memorial service in the Silver Moon Pack and cremated Kara, waiting for the day she would bring her back to her hometown.

By the time this was over, three days had passed.

Heller's wound healed slowly and caused complications. Doctors gave him more drugs and intensive examinations, and we couldn't find any opportunity to exploit loopholes. Even at night, nurses came for rounds every half an hour.

Lily could not be seen, and Alfred did not return after that. I tried to contact her on my phone, but there was no response.

Aunt Teresa had grounded her. Why? Could it be that the conflict between the mother and daughter had escalated to a point where Aunt Teresa did not even allow Lily to have contact with the outside world?

I should have gone to the manor to look, but I was currently a patient. Although the wound in my throat had almost healed, my parents thought the hospital was relatively safe now and didn't allow me to run around.

After a few days of hunting, a few terrorists were captured, but it was said that they were just insignificant minions and did not even know who their true leader was.

Even more frightening was that they were registered in the household registration system. They had lived in the Silver Moon Pack for at least three years, but none of them were werewolves. They were all humans; their friends and neighbors knew nothing about them.

"This is strange. They are all adults. Has no one ever wondered why they don't have wolves?" I melted into a flat lump under the sun and said, "We can't all be Southern Dukes, can we? Werewolves that are born without wolves were rare, and there are even fewer who lost their wolves after birth."

Heller was sunbathing beside me. He grabbed a handful of me and put me down. Watching me melting like plasticine, he said disdainfully, "There are still ten minutes before the checkup time. Be careful."

The days in the hospital were very dull. I had nothing to do, so I often took advantage of the fact that no one was around to melt and spread myself out in the sun. This was considered daily training to make up for my shortcomings.

However, I couldn't let my parents know. They would think this was not conducive to my recovery, even if I was healthy now.

Heller's face was pale. The sunlight was dazzling. He was too lazy to move, so he closed his eyes.

I returned to my human form and reached out to block the sunlight for him. I asked, "Are you listening to me?"

He nodded.

“The police speculate that the terrorists haven’t left yet. It’s precisely because they can’t leave that they’ve put in these hidden forces for a long time to cover themselves. These people didn’t know anything. They had only blended into the crowd on the day of the Moonlight Festival to confuse the public. They didn’t know about the explosion and car accident in the square.”

I combed through the news I had heard from my parents over the past few days.

“But they are also significant. These people had lived in the Silver Moon Pack for a long time. They had jobs and social circles; some were even married. This familiarized them with the Silver Moon Pack and constantly provided relevant information to the Lily of the Valley. This time, the terrorists had been able to sneak in through the layers of security and ‘contributed significantly’.”

“But this is very strange. The attack on the Lily of the Valley could be revenge for the Silver Moon Pack’s smuggling case. But werewolves and humans have never interfered with each other before, so why did it target the Silver Moon Pack so early?

“They even went to great lengths to plant spies in the Silver Moon Pack. You have to know that even the human government had not decided to establish diplomatic relations with the werewolves back then. Many humans did not even know that they had a foreign neighbor.”

Werewolves and humans had been residents of this land since ancient times.

As time passed, some races gradually sanctioned themselves off. For example, the elves did not communicate with other races.

Some races, such as werewolves, had a smaller reproduction range and gradually closed off their borders, only communicating with a few friendly races.

Humans were an exception. They were relatively more open-minded but considered ‘isolated’ in the larger environment.

As a result, humans gradually stopped interacting with other races. After thousands of years, many people even believed that races such as werewolves, elves, and dwarves were just myths and legends mixed in ancient history.

Most governments of human countries knew they had a few foreign neighbors around them, but they had always minded their own business. The few parties had always ignored each other.

The reason was very complicated. For example, as the human population increased, the supernatural races fell into a predicament of having no successors. As humans became more and more powerful with the development of science and technology, the supernatural races realized that they were only mortal bodies in the face of guns.

It was undeniable that humans always had the upper hand on Earth regardless of population, territory, or other factors.

However, the werewolves could not keep their eyes closed forever. My mom believed it was time to open up, or the werewolves would only fall further behind and face a greater survival crisis.

In short, the grand opening policy had begun. Malicious gazes were hidden in the shadows along with hope and opportunity..

Chapter 619 - 619: Not Necessarily Human

Chapter 619: Not Necessarily Human

Yarin's POV:

Only some people in the werewolf community agreed to open up. Many people were already used to the false prosperity of hiding in their shells, and they retorted with conviction, "It has already been like this for thousands of years, and nothing has happened. Could it be that a disaster will come as it pleases? We have never interfered with humans. If the humans dare to attack us, aren't they afraid that their people will die?"

It sounded very reasonable, but the present was different from the past. In the past, fragile swords could not be compared to sharp claws and wolf fangs, but what were humans holding in their hands now?

Moreover, human technology was indeed helpful. There was no doubt about it.

Werewolves needed to make themselves stronger through communication, not become domesticated dogs that others could kill at will.

Opponents were few, but supporters were many. Among them, a sufficient number of opportunists planned to take advantage of this trend to get some benefits for themselves. Most of these benefits were neither formal nor legal, such as human trafficking and smuggling.

Thinking of this, I couldn't help but think of the children I saw that night. They might have been kidnapped and then turned into 'smuggled goods'. This was enough to show how dirty and evil these transactions were and how much death they deserved for the Lily of the Valley led to all of these.

“What are you thinking about?” Heller suddenly asked. Not until then did I find that I was lost in a daze. He was already by my side.

“I was thinking about the children I saw that night. They were so young, looking only four or five years old. Would they be afraid? Are their parents and families still heartbroken, hoping their children would return safely one day?”

“Oh...” Heller nodded as he remained silent. After a while, he seemed to want to say something to me, but the doctor just happened to enter and stopped.

Heller’s injury was still the same, and Sisley was still out of reach. This was the norm in the past ten years. Even if our mother sent someone to him, he couldn’t be found every time.

I didn’t like Heller’s older brother. He never cared about Heller and was very unreliable.

After the doctor left, I asked Heller what he wanted to tell me. He stammered, “About those children, I think I have to tell you the truth, Yarin.”

“What truth?”

But he fell silent again, making me realize that what he would say next would not be pleasant.

He seemed to be struggling to organize his words. “On the day of the Moonlight Festival, I stayed in the tent all the time, so I heard the adults talking. Aunt Eve was there at that time. Wasn’t she in charge of the investigation of the smuggling case? She must have made some progress, so she came to report to Mom.

“Her voice wasn’t loud, and the tent wasn’t very quiet, so I only heard a few words intermittently. She said that the wounds on the children’s bodies... They were cut open when they were alive. Some of the DNA belonging to those children was found in the illegal drugs, so... Their skin was probably cut open while they were still alive, and their innards were gouged out before they were filled with illegal drugs.”

I was stunned.

It wasn’t that I didn’t understand the madness of the Lily of the Valley. It was impossible to imagine how cruel the criminals could be.

However, what Heller told me was beyond my imagination.

How could someone use such cruel torture on children, or rather, toddlers? It was not that I naively thought criminals have much compassion, but no matter how evil a criminal was, he still had some humanity of a person. Shouldn’t he at least swing his blade at adults?

Only a pervert would swing a butcher's knife at a child. It turned out that even a 'huge' mafia organization like the Lily of the Valley was just cowards who tortured children to satisfy their purpose!

Perhaps my behavior was too abnormal; Heller comforted me worriedly, "The night scene must have been a massive shock to you, but you have to know that all of this has nothing to do with you. That was a crime committed by humans against humans, and you just happened to see it. Don't trouble yourself with this."

"I know. Those children died a long time ago. I won't worry about this. It's just that I think I should reevaluate our enemies. They are not only criminals and lunatics but also sadists. They no longer have a trace of humanity."

"I think that if that's the case, we might have to fight to the death once we face them. We can't give them any chance to revive. They will want to kill us."

Heller didn't worry about me anymore. He asked, "Are you scared?"

"No, not at all," I said. "I don't have any concerns now. Is it the law or diplomatic relations? Who can force us to die for this bullsh*t when faced with a life-and-death situation? We can kill them without scruples, and then we don't have to worry about trouble. Dead people who don't talk."

Heller smiled. "Don't talk big, buddy. We don't know how to leave this ward yet."

But there was no smile in his eyes. He knew that I had already thought of a way..

Chapter 633 The Execution

633 The Execution

Yarin's POV:

"Is she here?" Anthony looked around nervously. "Should I go alone or wait for someone? Is it safe on the road? There won't be any checks, right?"

"Shut up, kid! If you don't believe me, scram!" shouted Marty in annoyance.

Anthony stared at him reluctantly, but he didn't say another word.

A woman was in a driver's uniform in the depths of the warehouse. She was about forty years old, frowning and looking impatient. She spat the cigarette butt out and stepped on it twice when she saw who it was. She asked, "Is that him?"

"Yes." Marty nodded. "Get it done quick, and don't be discovered."

"Say less," the woman said with a sneer. "When can I get my reward?"

"I won't miss a single cent. Alright, hurry up and get to work."

The woman glared at Marty, then looked at Anthony from the corner of her eyes. "Let's go, kid."

Anthony didn't move. He asked Marty anxiously, "Who is she? Is she the one responsible for sending me away? A woman? This is ridiculous, Marty. Women in the gang are either mistresses or prostitutes. I will never trust a cheap bitch."

Marty rolled his eyes and ignored him. This attitude was completely different from before, which made Anthony panic even more. He said, "I will never trust her! Give me someone else. I know you have other drivers!"

The one who answered him was the woman. She snorted disdainfully and said, "Do I need to remind you that your immediate superior is a woman? Cut the crap, you b*stard. If you're not leaving, then get lost."

Marty ignored Anthony and said to her, "I'll leave it to you, Tilda."

With that, he turned around and was about to leave.

"Hey! I'm asking you a question!" Anthony grabbed him angrily. "What do you mean? Don't you want money?"

"If you have the life to earn money, you must have the life to spend it, idiot."

Anthony uneasily let go of him and involuntarily took a few steps back. Then, he realized that something was wrong.

"How dare you play with me?" He gritted his teeth as if he wanted to bite Marty into pieces. "You motherf*cking son of a b*tch! Do you think I'm easy to bully? I can still run if I kill you!"

As he spoke, he took out the gun in his arms and was about to shoot at Marty, but Tilda was faster than him.

Tilda expressionlessly raised her gun and fired three shots at Anthony. One shot broke his hand, and the other two hit him in the chest.

With a clang, the gun in Anthony's hand dropped.

He looked at the 'b*tch' he disdained in disbelief. Blood gushed out of his chest and instantly dyed his white uniform scarlet. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but only blood spurted out.

He fell to the ground, blood splattering under him. Seconds later, he was dead.

"Did he think he could leave?" Tilda kicked the still-bleeding corpse. "How many has it been? You must give some to Ram, or he swears he won't help you clean up your mess anymore."

"We can't afford to lose out on his money," Marty said indifferently.

Anthony was killed, just like a random nobody - like a pig with no resistance.

Of course, I didn't feel sorry for his death or anything. This criminal who committed all kinds of evil deserved such an ending.

However, everything that happened before me still made me feel cold. Marty and Tilda didn't treat Anthony as one of their own at all. This made me think about the attitude of the Lily of the Valley toward its subordinates.

Its indifference seemed to be indifferent to its target. Even its subordinates who risked their lives for it could quickly be abandoned when they were no longer useful.

On the other side, Tilda had made a call, and Marty, who had said he was leaving, had not left either. A few minutes later, a tired-looking man walked in. He pushed a cleaning cart and looked like an ordinary cleaner.

"God, I told you to be more careful. Don't get it everywhere!" Looking at the mess on the floor, he said frantically, "Do you think cleaning is just wiping the floor with a mop? I've used more eighty-four disinfectants in the past few days than in an entire season."

"You only did a few jobs this season." Tilda rolled her eyes. "Whatever, I'll be leaving first. The train is about to leave. If the motorcade can't find me, I'll come and rush them."

Marty waved his hand and said to the man, who was mumbling but had a cold expression, "Stop complaining, Ram. I think he's the last one."

"What do you mean? The higher-ups are finally withdrawing us?"

"We have no choice but to leave. The werewolves are determined to find us. It's wise to avoid them now."

Tilda had yet to go far. Hearing this, she let out a loud sneer. "A soft egg is a soft egg, frankly speaking!"

Seeing that she was about to leave, I quickly split off a small portion of myself and quietly followed her. I couldn't follow her on a long journey, but by observing her social situation, I could find more spies in the Lily of the Valley.

However, at this moment, I heard a few birds chirping outside. A small sparrow stood by the window, tilted its head, and combed its feathers, chirping twice.

Chapter 620 - 620: Not Necessarily Not Human

Chapter 620 - 620: Not Necessarily Not Human

Chapter 620: Not Necessarily Not Human

Yarin's POV:

The actions of the medical staff were regular. For example, at every 8:30 PM, a nurse would send the medical waste of the day to the garbage station, and then the garbage truck would transport it to the specialized medical waste disposal center.

The daily medical waste would be ready before 8 PM. In other words, there would be about half an hour from when the garbage bags were sealed to when the garbage left the hospital.

This half an hour was my chance to leave.

Yes, only 'me'. Heller could barely get off the bed and walk a few steps.

But he would participate in another way. He would carefully control the nurse who came to check the ward during that half an hour and create the illusion that I was sleeping on the bed obediently in her mind. Otherwise, it would be difficult to escape the nurse's watch alone.

"You need to go to the nurses' station to get some medical trash bags," Heller said. "Splitting yourself is a bad idea, and exposing yourself to used medical equipment is even worse. Seal yourself, and don't touch anything."

"Don't worry. You'll wrap me up in three layers and spray a hundred liters of alcohol to disinfect me, right?"

"..." Heller looked at me speechlessly. I asked the nurse for some garbage bags with a smile, saying I was too bored and wanted to make balloons with them.

To be honest, this was not a good excuse, but the nurse did not suspect anything. Other than the plastic bag, she also gave me a portable alcohol disinfectant hand sanitizer.

“Promise me that you will wash your hands before eating or rubbing your eyes after touching the garbage bags, okay?” the plump nurse said kindly.

I nodded and put the hand sanitizer in my pocket.

We pretended to play dumb games all afternoon and put some ‘water’ in the garbage bags as water balloons, which would explain why there was something inside.

In case the nurse wanted to drain the water, we lied that we accidentally sprinkled a light pink potion – I forgot what it was called – into the water. This way, the ‘water’ couldn’t be poured directly into the sewer but had to be sent to the medical waste disposal center for special treatment.

I quietly stayed in the garbage bags and heard the nurse talking to Heller. After that, I let out a sigh because of our mischievousness. Afterward, I picked up all the garbage bags and threw them into the recycling cart.

“Does the garbage truck come at the same time every day?” Heller asked.

The nurse replied, “Yes, Your Highness. But you and your brother shouldn’t go to the garbage station. Many children think that medical garbage trucks look cool, but there are likely to be viruses and bacteria in the garbage. This is not good for their health at all.”

“But i haven’t heard of any infectious patients in the hospital.”

“Even if there isn’t, there is a chance that the patient who comes for treatment is a carrier, Your Highness.”

Heller helped me confirm that the garbage was not dangerous. It was our agreement. I had to give up tonight’s plan if there was an infectious disease in the hospital. I had to return to the temporary storage room in case of infection.

The nurse brought me into the elevator and then to the temporary storage room below. Different departments had temporary storage rooms to store garbage to prevent the cross-infection of viruses and bacteria. There was no one here, so the lights weren’t turned on. It was dark, which made it convenient for me to condense myself.

I didn’t want to mingle with the trash. I planned to find an opportunity to hide in the vehicle and quietly leave when the vehicle stopped at a red light.

The plan went smoothly. The truck driver, who was wearing headphones and humming a song, didn't realize something was wrong. I even hid between the front of the car and the carriage, followed the car, and ran out of the vehicle near the music square.

I bought a new SIM card in the store and sent a message to Heller that I had left the hospital safely.

He replied that the nurse didn't realize anything, but he couldn't do anything else. Just so you know – this would be exposed tomorrow morning. He tried his best to help me delay it, but it was primarily up to me.

I switched off my phone and went to Silver Moon Plaza to observe the situation. Due to the explosion, the place had been sealed off. It was a mess everywhere, and there were police officers on duty patrolling the area.

I realized that I couldn't find any helpful information here. If I wanted to obtain information, I had to go to the most dangerous place.

Nights on the Silver Moon Pack were originally bustling and noisy. Ever since the terrorist attacks, the citizens had spontaneously imposed a curfew. It was rare to see a few cars, let alone pedestrians, on the road. From time to time, patrolling police cars whistled past. I could only try to hide in the shadows to avoid being discovered.

I arrived at the manor without any danger. How to sneak in and come out silently made me a little troubled. The security here was three times tighter than before the incident. I couldn't find any loopholes at all. He could enter through the sewers, but it was a little disgusting.

I had no choice. I was about to find a hole to hide in when I suddenly realized that a window on the manor's roof was lit up. Lily was sitting in front of the window.

I subconsciously wanted to observe what she was doing, but then, she turned off the lights, opened the window, and climbed out!