

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 621 The Miniature Guy

621 The Miniature Guy

Lily's POV:

I'd been locked up in the room on the top floor for three days.

There was no one else living on this floor except for me. There were no study rooms, game rooms, or other functional rooms, so no one was interested. Besides the servants who delivered the three meals, I saw no one else in these three days. No one would notice that I was missing.

Everyone in this house was extremely busy. No one would care about the whereabouts of an insignificant girl.

On the other hand, Alfred tried to find me, and I heard his voice from far away in the room. However, he was discovered by the servant who came to deliver the food as soon as he reached the door. She 'persuaded' him to go back, saying that I was sick and our mother didn't want anyone to see me for fear of infection.

"If Lily is sick, why didn't a doctor visit us? We should at least send her to the hospital!" Alfred insisted on seeing me, but soon my mother came and brought him away gently but forcefully.

After that, even the servants stopped entering the house. They placed the trays filled with food at the door and collected the empty plates regularly.

Alfred had tried to contact me using mind link, begging me to tell him what had happened. I only said that my repeated actions of running away from home angered our mother. She feared I would cause trouble in this troubled autumn, so she didn't let me go out.

He didn't really believe me, but I ignored him after that and pretended not to hear him.

What else could I do? Tell him that our mother planned to use her daughter as bait to raise the family's status to a higher level?

Life being grounded was very boring. I didn't see a single person for the entire day. Although I used to live like this when I was wandering in the suburbs, the loneliness in the dead silence was different from the loneliness in the noise.

I could endure loneliness but couldn't bear to lose my freedom.

So on the third night, I decided to return to my old self of running away from home.

This wouldn't be easy. Security had tightened. It wouldn't be easy to leave unless they went easy on me.

However, it was not like there were no loopholes to exploit. The security guards were more careful of the dangers of the outside world and did not pay much attention to the inside.

This was easy to understand. There was a queen in the manor who was so powerful that she could compete with the gods!

Especially at night, the on-duty security guards were on guard duty to observe any possible danger from the outside world. However, human energy was limited, so they naturally did not pay much attention to the inside.

No one was on the top floor, so it was more convenient for me to move.

It was a gloomy night, and the moon cast a dim shadow under the dark clouds. The once-noisy commercial street in the distance was now silent. Only the sharp sirens of the night patrol police cars cut through the stagnant air.

The dazzling red and blue light left a dazzling ball of light in the shadows. From the corner of his eye, it looked like a ghost lingering in the human world.

It was getting late, and even the servants were preparing to finish their work for the day.

I realized that now was the best time to leave. According to my observations over the past few days, only three minutes were left until the security guards changed shifts. I had to seize this loophole.

I turned off the light and pretended to be asleep. Then, I poured the olive oil I had collected from the salad into the window. I quietly opened the window and climbed onto the roof.

The drainage pipe was wrapped in a red brick tunnel, which made it easy for me to climb. This kind of passageway was usually hidden in the folded or turned corner of the building for the sake of beauty. It helped me avoid the sight of the security guards.

Now, the most difficult step was crossing the lawn five steps away from each other. This was something other than the night or the shadows of buildings that could help me hide. Grandpa obviously would not hire a blind person to protect the Queen.

I suddenly felt an itch on my ankle as I observed the opening. I thought it was a mosquito, so I slapped it casually but heard a slight cry of pain.

"Ouch!"

I was shocked and immediately looked over warily. I saw a thumb-sized little person lying on the grass!

"Huh!"

This was too suspicious!

I subconsciously distanced myself from him, but there was only so much space on the chamfer.

I was tightly pressed against the wall, my muscles tight. If I couldn't eliminate my danger, I was ready to lure the security guards over at any time.

The miniature person was small and had a soft voice. It sounded as loud as a mosquito buzzing.

"God, I feel like a mosquito that has been swatted to death..." He mumbled as he stood up and rubbed his head.

"Who are you? An elf?" I whispered, "Tell me why you're here, or I'll have to call security."

The miniature guy immediately perked up when he heard that and quickly said, "Please don't! Lily, it's me, Yarin!"

"Yarin?"

My first reaction was, of course, disbelief. Yarin was indeed a little short, but not to this extent.

The sky was dark, and there were no lights everywhere, so I didn't see the miniature person's appearance clearly just now. However, after careful observation, I realized he was indeed Yarin. His appearance was almost a miniature version of Yarin!

"You want to leave this place, don't you?" He said, "You're just in time. I'm going to the manor to look for something. I can help you leave."

Chapter 622 They All Sneaked Away

622 They All Sneaked Away

Lily's POV:

Although he looked like Yarin, I still couldn't believe him - he was only the size of a thumb!

"I know you must be wondering how I became like this," he said. "This is one of my abilities. I can't tell you more about it. I'm sorry, I promised my parents."

"What evidence do you have to prove you're Yarin?" I asked warily. "You know you look more like an elf, right? They have many races. I heard that some elves have the ability to change their appearance..."

"I've heard of it too, but unfortunately, I'm a living werewolf." The miniature person lowered his head and seemed to be thinking in distress. "What should I say to prove myself?"

"I asked you that day how you found out that I was locked up by the kidnappers. What method did you use?"

The miniature person immediately replied, "The method is - I didn't tell you! Yes, I didn't tell you how I found you. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hide it from you. It's just that this has something to do with my power, and I have to keep it a secret."

Yes, Yarin didn't tell me anything then. I knew that as a prince, he had to follow some rules, so I didn't ask much.

This made me believe in the little guy.

But then, more doubts surfaced. Shouldn't Yarin be in the hospital right now? Why did he suddenly come back to the manor? Did his parents know about this?

"Anyway, I'm doing the same thing as you are. I sneaked out," Yarin said frankly. "Heller is still in the hospital. I left secretly because I had to do something."

I exclaimed in a whisper, "This is too dangerous and reckless! In the garbage truck? To think that you could think of that! What do you have to do now?"

"Will you tell others? I mean my parents, Aunt Teresa, or Francis." Yarin sat in my palm and looked at me expectantly. "It's really very, very important, but if others find out, I'll fail, and I might never have a chance to do it again."

The more I listened, the more I felt something was wrong.

"Maybe, not necessarily." At this moment, his ambiguous words made me even more certain that this was definitely dangerous.

I was on his side, but if he was going to risk his life to do something stupid, I couldn't just sit by and watch. So I immediately grabbed him and said, "If you don't tell me, I will bring you to the Queen. You can't let yourself be in danger."

"No! Don't!" Yarin struggled. Although I didn't use strength, the thumb-sized little person still couldn't break free from my grip. "Please, Lily, don't go to my mom! I'll tell you, but please don't tell anyone else, okay?"

He wasn't just going to be mischievous. I wanted to hear his plans, so I let go slightly.

Yarin jumped onto the grass and waved his hand, saying, "Follow me. You'll know when you see it."

He ran away in a flash. Following the direction he ran in, I saw a 'ridge' rising from the shadows under the wall.

The 'ridge' was thin, as if something was pushing up the turf below, creating a barrier about half the height of a calf. As it was in the shadows, it was more difficult to see clearly from the bright place, so it looked like some tall grass. It was difficult to see anything unusual without careful observation.

When did this happen? It was a patch of grass just now!

Just as I was in a daze, I felt an itchy sensation on my leg. Yarin was holding a blade of grass and whispering to me, "Hurry up and be careful. Don't be discovered!"

I was stunned and subconsciously followed him.

I crawled on the ground and carefully crawled across the grass. I realized I had easily left the security surveillance range.

"Did you do all this?" I asked Yarin.

The little guy puffed out his chest proudly and said, "Of course, I'll dig under the lawn and lift it so I can hide you. After that, I would just put the lawn down."

"How did you do it? With your 'power'?"

Yarin fell silent again.

"Okay, okay." I nodded understandingly. "Anyway, thank you for helping me again."

"If you want to know, it's not like I can't tell you..." Yarin stammered.

"No, I don't want to know too much, especially things the royal family wants to keep secret," I firmly refused.

"So, let's talk about business. What are you doing? Why are you being so sneaky? And what dangers are there? You know I'm on your side, but I can't watch you risk your life, so..."

"Promise me you won't tell anyone!"Yarin begged desperately. "You can't go back on your word. I trust you so much!"

"I didn't agree to it. In fact, I was only silent then, and not all silence can be counted as tacit consent."I slyly defended myself.

Chapter 623 One Plus One

623 One Plus One

Lily's POV:

Yarin was cute when angry, just like other children his age, with puffed cheeks and round eyes. However, this was not a reason for me to be soft-hearted. Reporting him was equivalent to reporting me, but at least he would not be hurt.

He mumbled to himself as if shocked that I had lied to him.

This silly boy, did it mean that the people close to him would not lie to him?

"My patience is limited," I deliberately threatened him. "And you only have one chance."

Yarin thought hard for a long time and reluctantly said, "... Kara died. Because of this terrorist attack, Heller, the driver, and I were all safe. She seemed to bear all the pain and suffering for us, and she didn't even have time to hold on until the ambulance arrived..."

When he said this, he was initially sorrowful, but then it gradually carried a sense of strong hatred. He stared at a withered grass as if it was his enemy. He wanted to crush it with the soles of his shoes.

With a bad feeling, I said, "You know that terrorists will eventually be caught, right? I'm very sorry for Kara's death, but I don't think she would want to see you do anything out of line because of her death."

"I know," he said, avoiding my eyes. "But what's the point of being caught? Lily, do you think they will be punished?"

I knew he wasn't referring to the laws, not even the werewolf laws.

I knew what was happening with the human city next to the Silver Moon Pack's, so I knew Yarin must have known something.

And what scared me the most was the hidden meaning he revealed. Was he indignant that the terrorists wouldn't pay with their lives? He wanted someone to pay the price? If no one else could, would he do it himself?

Was this what he wanted to do? Kill the terrorists to pay tribute to Kara?

I found it absurd.

Yarin was only a twelve-year-old child! His thighs were not even as thick as the arms of the terrorists. How could he kill them? He could not even guarantee his safety!

"Whatever you want to do, stop and go back to the hospital." I took a deep breath and tried to be calm. "I won't tell anyone about this, but you don't have to do anything, okay? You know it's very dangerous. You might even lose your life. Think! Think about Heller. Think about your parents. Would they be willing to lose you?"

"Heller understands me, Dad and Mom... I know that their hearts are filled with hatred, but because of their status, they can't do anything." Yarin was not moved by that.

"If you want to tell them, go ahead, Lily, but I must do it. I may fail, but I have to try. I will seize every opportunity to avenge Kara. Even if I fail this time, I will chase them to the prison and stab their throats with a sharpened plastic toothbrush!"

His stubbornness and viciousness shocked me. He seemed to have switched personalities and was no longer the smiling little boy I was familiar with!

But was I supposed to let him deal with the most vicious criminals? He would fail! He would get hurt! He would die!

I tried to calm him down, but Yarin turned a deaf ear to everything, which made me notice his age - twelve years old, on the verge of puberty, and full of a rebellious spirit. When my emotions were on the verge of exploding, the more I opposed him, the more determined I would be.

But I couldn't really let him go alone.

An absurd and bold idea gradually formed in my mind.

If I said it out loud, I might be doomed. I should think more, not be like a primary school student with a fevered head and no rationale, but who said I was not young?

Primary school students and high school students were not much different. People see us as 'children'. Children always have the right to be willful. So maybe I could lose my mind a little?

"If..." I worked hard to organize my words. "I mean, if you must go, I can also help you keep the secret."

Yarin's eyes lit up, but I continued, "There are conditions, kid, unless you can find a chaperone."

"A chaperone?" Yarin asked in confusion. "But that means more people will know about my plan? You know I have to keep it a secret. No one will agree to it."

I looked at him without saying anything.

A few seconds later, Yarin widened his eyes and asked in disbelief, "Are you referring to yourself? Lily, you want to come with me?"

I nodded. "If you want to keep it a secret and I want to ensure your safety, then the easiest way is for us to go together, right? This way, a third person won't know your secret, and I'll be able to escape when your life is in danger."

"But this is very dangerous. I can't let you take the risk..." Yarin hesitated.

"So you do how dangerous this is? Hah, if you think it's too dangerous for me to go, then there's no doubt you can't either. Make up your mind, kid. My patience is limited."

I pretended to 'threaten' him.

Chapter 624 Companion +1

624 Companion +1

Lily's POV:

I was secretly changing the concept, but Yarin didn't notice.

He was very reluctant to let me go with him, but who asked me to have something on him?

"You know you have no choice, right?"

I decided to add fuel to the fire. "If you don't do this, I'll report you. This word seems a little serious. But, I'll report you to the Queen anyway. And you know what your choice

will put you in, right? The chances of you succeeding by yourself are minuscule. With me around, at least I can help you when you're overwhelmed by rage."

"You're so mean," Yarin said reluctantly.

A few seconds later, he finally decided and said, "I still can't agree to you coming with me, Lily. This is not a small matter. You might really encounter life-threatening danger. I can be responsible for myself, but I can't drag you down with me."

This kid's words were pleasant to hear, but I still put on an angry expression. "So you're not afraid that I'll tell on you? I'm not joking, little brat. I'll only be grounded for a few days if I'm captured. If you're captured, I'm afraid you won't be able to go out on your own for a year, right?"

Yarin frowned. I knew I had hit his sore spot.

But he was very stubborn and would not relent no matter what.

Alright, alright, then I'd be the only one to submit.

"I'm not forcing you to agree to anything," I softened my voice. "But I can't watch you go through all this alone. You're my friend, Yarin. I can't do that."

"To put it more coldly, you are a prince, and I am your subject. If others find out that I knew what you were going to do but did not stop you, even if the Queen is merciful, I will have no choice but to accept the punishment. Would you please bring me along? You need a helper, and I'm your only choice."

The mini boy sat on my palm, his head lowered, thinking about something.

"When I'm alone, it's easy for me to decide on something. But if you're here, I'll hesitate," he said.

I felt a little soft in my heart. "Me too. We're always more willing to think of others. That's good."

"... You can guarantee your safety, right? If anything happens, don't worry about me and run first, okay?"

"I could take you down with one arm, kid! When the time comes, you'd better look after yourself!"

But he had to make me nod in agreement. "Protect yourself. I beg you, Lily. This has nothing to do with you. I'm really afraid that you'd pay any price for me."

Looking at the sincere little person in my hand, I sighed slightly.

Sometimes, I wondered if Erin was really a prince. Why hadn't he learned anything about the extravagance and debauchery of the descendants of nobles? Even children from ordinary families would be disgusted by cats and dogs at this age, but Yarin was so mature that sometimes even I was speechless.

Although I didn't agree with his thoughts, I still had to coax him. "Alright, since you've put it this way, I have no other objections. When the time comes, everyone will protect themselves and care for their own lives. How about that?"

Yarin didn't seem to believe me, but like how I couldn't do anything to him, he couldn't do anything to me.

"So the first step of the plan is?" I brushed past the subject as if nothing had happened.

Yarin said, "First, we must return to the villa. I know little about the Lily of the Valley, so I must steal some information first."

"Return?" Looking at the security guards changing shifts, I couldn't help but frown. "This isn't easy. Do we still have to use the method just now?"

"Yes, that's all I can think of and do. I hope the security guards don't suddenly have the idea of installing fluorescent lights in the entire courtyard. If that happens, we won't be able to pretend to be our lawn."

We moved immediately and quietly crawled along the raised lawn without further ado.

Lying on the cold ground, I could feel the subtle vibrations caused by the security guards walking back and forth and their conversation in a low voice.

There was the occasional sound of metal clashing. Those lethal firearms were waiting to show off their might to any suspicious person.

Perhaps it was because I had a guilty conscience, but I always felt more uneasy when I returned to the manor than when I came out. It was as if something was about to happen.

I couldn't help but move even more gently, imitating a cat moving silently.

However, just as I predicted, an accident still happened.

A security guard with a gun noticed the movement in the shadows. He walked closer, hoping to see more clearly. At the same time, he raised his gun.

Oh no, we were about to be discovered!

A series of ways to get out of this situation flashed through my mind, such as knocking out the security guard first or pretending to be a cat to make the security guard let down his guard. However, these methods were not foolproof, and the probability of overreaching was higher.

What should I do? What should I do?

Just as I was anxious about how to escape, I suddenly felt something warm and sticky quickly wrap around my body. Then, in a daze, I arrived at the corner of the building where I had been hiding!

I only had time to see that it was something like plasticine. It quickly slipped off my body and quietly seeped into the grass.

Chapter 625 Working Together

625 Working Together

Lily's POV:

The security guard vigilantly searched for a long time, but there was only grass, so he put down his gun and turned around to patrol other places.

"What is going on..." I checked my entire body, but I couldn't find anything. I looked around, and even Yarin was gone!

I was extremely anxious, afraid that this kid would sneak away or be caught by the security guards. Just as I was about to return to where I came from, when no one was paying attention, I heard someone calling me softly above my head, "Lily, Lily! I'm here. Look up!"

When I looked up, Yarin was already in a window.

He pulled me up as well. We looked at each other and heaved a sigh of relief.

"What happened just now?" I knew the plasticine-like thing must have something to do with Yarin. "What was it that dragged me away? Also, why how you suddenly become bigger?"

"Well, that's a sharp question." Yarin scratched his head and smiled bitterly. "This is the secret I want to keep from you, Lily, although it didn't last long."

"Are you saying that the sticky liquid is your power?"

"That is not entirely correct. Sigh, since I have already been exposed, there is no point in hiding it...

Actually, it wasn't just my power. It was me. I can melt my body and split it into many parts to move around. The small version of me you see is a part of me. The rest of me melted into jelly to support the turf."

I widened my eyes in disbelief. There seemed still to be a touch of melted plasticine on my arm.

Yarin avoided looking at me. "Disgusting, right? I also want to make myself look less...Uh, it's beyond the scope of human beauty. However, this power is innate, and I can't change it."

I muttered, "No, it's not so much disgusting as cool!"

I didn't know how I looked right now. Maybe the way my eyes lit up was a little scary, but honestly - who didn't think it was cool?

Who hadn't fantasized about having a unique ability bestowed by the goddess when they were young? I wasn't the lucky one, but Yarin was!

I didn't know how to describe my current feelings. Excitement, novelty, and jealousy for my childhood fantasy that had died.

No wonder Yarin repeatedly emphasized that it was reasonable for him to act alone. It turned out that this wasn't a brat trying to act strong. He could protect himself.

My reaction seemed to make Yarin breathe a sigh of relief. He no longer held his shoulders to hide his nervousness and relaxed a lot.

"Thank you, Lily. You've made me feel much better."

"I should be the one thanking you, shouldn't I? If it weren't for you, I would have been discovered!" I still felt a lingering fear when I recalled that scene. "I might as well have successfully entered without alerting anyone."

"That's right. There's no time to lose. Let's hurry to the study, take the things, and run."

"Wait, don't act rashly." I pulled him back and listened carefully to the movements around him. "There are security guards in the house too. Although there aren't as many as outside, they are basically guarding places like the stairs. We must think of a way to go around it, or we'll be discovered."

"That's easy," Yarin said. "I can move through the central air conditioning pipe. As long as there's a gap, I can get in."

Obviously, I couldn't participate this time. I could only watch him melt into a pool of pale pink sticky liquid and crawl into the vent along the wall.

I waited for a little anxiously. Five minutes later, he came back through the vent.

"I failed," he said gloomily. "There's someone in the study, she's sitting at her desk, and I can't get in."

"Who is it?"

"Aunt Teresa, she seemed to be dealing with some documents. I was trying to rush out of the vent and was almost discovered by her. I had to come back first."

"Are you going to go again later?"

"Yes, I don't think she can stay up all night, right? If you think about it carefully, it's not impossible..."

"Don't worry. I'll solve this." I realized that it was my turn to act now. "I'll swagger out later. The security guard will invite my mother over when he sees me. It would be best to take this opportunity to sneak into the study to find the necessary information. When you're done, come to the room on the far right of the top floor and find me, okay?"

Yarin nodded and suddenly asked hesitantly, "Will Aunt Teresa... Ground you further?"

"So Alfred told you? Don't worry. I'm used to this kind of situation. If she had grounded me, she wouldn't have let me wander outside."

Yarin seemed to want to say something, but in the end, he only said, "Be careful, Lily. If Aunt Teresa is angry because of this, don't worry about me. Protect yourself first, okay? You know I have ways to escape."

"Don't worry, little brat. I don't fancy sacrificing myself." I ruffled his hair and said, "I'll go now. Can you be quick?"

Staring at Yarin's worried gaze, I entered the empty corridor and bumped into a patrolling security guard.

Chapter 626 Fake It Till She Makes It

626 Fake It Till She Makes It

Lily's POV:

The burly man in the black suit was stunned when he saw me. I wasn't his enemy, but I wasn't the person who should be here.

"Good evening, Miss Lily." He nodded at me. "It's very late. You should go back to your room and rest."

I put on an impatient expression and said snappily, "Go ahead and patrol. Don't worry about what I want to do."

"I'm sorry, but this is Lady Silvermoon's order." The security guard politely and firmly blocked my way. "She thinks you shouldn't be outside for the time being. Please don't make things difficult for me. Go back to your room."

"Why should I listen to you? Who do you think you are to discipline me?" I waved my hand contemptuously. "I'm just strolling around. You don't have to care. I'll go back to sleep when I'm tired."

However, the security guard was unmoved. He only stubbornly said, "Please return to your room."

His reaction was exactly what I wanted. For him to get my mother, I decided to add fuel to the fire.

"I told you, don't use such a high and mighty tone to discipline me!" I smashed a decorative vase beside me. "I'm tired of being in the house every day! Either tie me up and throw me back to that prison now, or get lost, do you hear me?!"

Veins bulged on the security guard's forehead. I was quite good at acting like an errant child. He should be angry, but reason told him that he couldn't punish me like he would a thief. He could only say stiffly, "I'll inform Lady Silvermoon, my lady. She'll handle this."

"Then, get her to come." I sneered in disdain. "It's best if she invites some more people. Get my grandfather, the Queen, and the Prince. Ask them to come and watch the show."

The security guard ignored me and said something to his earpiece. The person on the other side should be my mother.

Sure enough, a minute later, my mother's angry face appeared at the end of the corridor.

"Please leave for now and give us some private time," she said to the security guard, who immediately disappeared.

We were the only ones left now.

My mother looked tired, but her anger made her look energetic.

"You shouldn't leave the room," she said. "It's not good for you."

"What's wrong with that? Will you break my limbs and throw me back?"

"Lily! I told you not to talk to me like that!" she screamed.

I always knew how to provoke her, or perhaps she only had disgust and anger when facing me.

"How did you get out? I've asked the servant to guard the top floor. You couldn't have gone past her."

"It's not just a magnificent marble-paved corridor that allows people to move," I said sarcastically. "I'm a werewolf. Climbing is a piece of cake for me."

"... There's no point in arguing. Now, go back to your room. If you're bored, I'll get someone to send some magazines and game consoles over."

"That's it? Am I that easy to deal with?"

On the one hand, I wanted to buy time for Yarin, and on the other hand, I didn't want to be obedient, so I decided to act out.

"How long do you want to lock me up? If I can escape once, I can escape a second time. You can't keep an eye on me all the time."

"I'm not imprisoning you, Lily. It's just that it's dangerous outside. I don't want you to run around again-"

"Really?" I interrupted. So you're not afraid I'll publicize what you've done to me."

"Lily!" she screamed again, and I laughed out loud. This embarrassed her, so she raised her hand as if she would slap me again.

But halfway through, she held back and said stiffly, "I don't blame you for being insensible. Go back to your room. This is the last time I'm telling you. Don't anger me. Lily, don't think you can do whatever you want with outsiders around."

"So you're just afraid the Queen will blame you," I sneered. "Stop pretending. If there's a first, there's a second. That slap must have made you feel good, right? My dear mother, do you know that some nobles in ancient times would kill their children for fun? You have three children. It doesn't matter if you have one more or one less!"

"This is not like back then, and I am not unreasonable!" my mother was really angry. "You don't want to go back? Well, I guess I can only get someone to help you."

She called out a name loudly, and the security guard who had just disappeared appeared at the corner of the corridor.

"She is tired. Send her back to rest."

The security guard nodded and walked toward me in silence.

I didn't resist, nor did I struggle. I could even clearly calculate the time in my burning rationality.

I didn't know if Yarin had completed his task. I had to delay more to prevent him from being caught.

"What a big guy. He looks like he can fight, but I can still easily slip away from him." I looked him up and down contemptuously. "You can't lock me up. I will always find a way to leave."

"Then, I will personally watch you go back to your room," my mother said. "Now, move on."

Chapter 627 Companion

627 Companion

Yarin's POV:

Lily was making a lot of noise. I heard that she was trying to provoke the security guards. It was still a little dangerous to put herself in that situation. Although this was her home, it could have been safer and warmer.

I tried my best to go back and forth quickly, dividing myself into many parts to search the study room for valuable clues.

Calling it a study was an understatement for this room. It could be called a small library. The bookshelves that were as high as the ceiling surrounded the place into a small maze.

In the middle of the maze was a long wooden table. The chairs on both sides were messy. Obviously, people had been having meetings, discussions, quarrels, and decisions here all day.

The only thing that could be considered neat was the stack of documents on the table. They were sorted out and bound with bookmarks or paper clips, lying quietly on the table.

I split into several of myself and quickly read through all the documents. In the end, I found that there was nothing useful.

Thinking about it, it made sense. How could that kind of confidential information be placed on the table so casually?

Could the document have been taken away? Was it my parents? Or Francis or Aunt Teresa.

Just as I was hesitating on which direction to go first, a 'me' suddenly said, "Come here and take a look! Is this something special here?"

Many 'me' swarmed over and asked what that 'me' had found.

"There seems to be a secret compartment here," that 'me' said. "I felt some protruding marks on the bookshelf and knocked on it. I found that it was hollow. Maybe it was a secret compartment!"

"Open it and take a look!"

More 'me's suggested, but that 'me' said, "I've tried. It can't be opened with force. This bookshelf is actually made of metal. I don't have the strength to open it alone. We have to ourselves together."

However, another 'me' asked, "Must we open it by force? Wouldn't that leave an irreparable mark? Don't we have to try to reduce the signs we leave behind?"

Therefore, we had to find the mechanism or keyhole to open the secret compartment.

Soon, we found a square on the side of the bookshelf that could be lifted. There was a keyhole hidden inside.

"Looks like it's an old design," I sighed in relief. "It'd be troublesome if I had to enter the password."

A 'me' gradually melted and transformed, seeping into the keyhole to fiddle with the lock pages. Soon, with a click, the secret compartment was opened.

'We' exclaimed and immediately ran to the secret compartment to read the thin pieces of paper.

Sure enough, it recorded detailed information about the Lily of the Valley and the suspects who had been caught and those who had not yet been caught.

To my surprise, not all of them were humans. Half belonged to supernatural races, such as witches, demons, humans, and even werewolves.

This made me exceptionally angry. Even if they were stray werewolves, they at least recognized their identity as werewolves. These traitors killed their kind just to beg for mercy from the other races!

There was a fax machine and a printer in the study. I was about to copy some information and leave when I heard the study door being pushed open.

Oh no, Aunt Teresa was back!

It only took me about ten seconds to reach the center of the study. I only had enough time to restore everything in the secret compartment and then split it into smaller units to hide in the gaps between the bookshelves and the books.

Aunt Teresa sat back at the desk. I tried to restore everything, hoping she didn't notice anything strange. However, she was a very cautious person. She seemed to have noticed something wrong. She carefully observed the table, stood up, and walked to the secret compartment.

She opened the flip of the pearl ring on her hand, and a small key popped out. She used the key to open the secret compartment and carefully checked for anything unusual inside.

In the end, she didn't see anything and thought she was just paranoid. She sat back at the desk and went back to work. I also took advantage of this and ran back to the vent one by one, leaving without any danger.

I recalled Lily's plan and went to the top floor to look for her, but I found a few burly bodyguards guarding her door. I had to enter the room through the ventilation duct.

Seeing me, Lily, sitting by the bed, immediately stood up and asked, "Well? Did you find it?"

"It went well." I nodded. "Although Aunt Teresa came back in the end, and I didn't have time to make a copy, I remembered most of the information. I have a good memory. Believe me, I won't forget them even after ten years."

"That's good." Lily didn't ask further. "We'll talk about it later. The most important thing is that you have to leave here as soon as possible. Security will come in every half an hour to check if I'm here. I don't think I can leave with you tonight at least. You go first. I'll think of a way to escape and find you."

"We can leave together. We'll be far away in half an hour," I said anxiously.

"Perhaps, but that would put us in a very passive position. My mother is going crazy. She will look for me in the entire city. This will bring us a lot of obstacles. So it's okay for me to stay. You have to go, Yarin."

Standing in the shadows of the street, I looked worriedly at the lit window. Lily seemed to have seen me too. She waved her hand and said silently, "Be careful."

Chapter 628 A Trashy Journey

628 A Trashy Journey

Yarin's POV:

The sky was slightly bright. I squatted behind a few trash cans and carefully observed the ordinary apartment building before me.

This was one of the possible locations where terrorists might be hiding. I divided myself into several groups to monitor different suspected locations. The downside was that I had to shrink to the size of a rag doll. The upside was that it made it easier for me to hide.

It was already 4 AM, and the apartment building was still asleep. From the quiet appearance, it was impossible to tell if evil and blood were hidden inside.

The garbage truck came to empty the trash can. Taking advantage of the time when the garbage collector got out of the car, I secretly ran into his tool bag. Fortunately, cleaners liked listening to music with earphones. He didn't notice anything. He swiped the door with an entry card and brought me into the locked glass door.

The security guards in the duty room chatted with the environmental protection workers familiarly. I took the opportunity to sneak away without alerting anyone.

The apartment wasn't very high. It had eight floors, and each floor had four households. I entered the ventilation duct again to observe each household's situation - please forgive me, I was not a peeping Tom, to make sure.

However, even at 6 AM, when the apartment began to wake up, I still couldn't find any suspicious people. Everyone was living an ordinary life like ordinary residents. They slept, got up, ate breakfast, and then prepared to go to work or stay home for the day.

The other 'me's' situations were not too bad either, and they could not find anything suspicious.

Perhaps real criminals would not always maintain their personalities like in the movies. They would live like ordinary people. Perhaps they had been pretending all along?

Perhaps they were afraid that a pair of eyes was watching in the dark, so they pretended to be no different from ordinary people every minute and second.

The thought that these criminals might even enjoy it and laugh as the police pass them by in confusion made me shudder.

Everyone was suspicious in my eyes, whether it was a sleepy office worker yawning and drinking coffee or an old man humming a folk song and watering the flowers.

I focused on observing those who chose to stay at home. The Silver Moon Pack was currently searching the entire city for the suspect. If I were the criminal, I wouldn't rush out to die.

I felt slightly dizzy, a side effect of splitting myself. Compared to completely melting myself into a pile of plasticine, splitting into many small people was much less harmful. After all, each of me could condense into a miniature version of myself to rest when I couldn't hold on.

However, it didn't mean that there were no side effects. Separating the body wasn't an easy task. The longer it dragged on, the more painful it would be for me.

First, there was a slight dizziness. Then, there was a ringing in my ears. Then, the back of my head started to hurt, reminding me that I had reached my limit.

It was 7 AM, and I was dying, but I still hadn't found any suspects.

No matter how unwilling I was, I had to leave. Dying here was not worth it.

I got into the garbage truck again. The Silver Moon Pack placed great importance on the urban environment. Garbage trucks and cleaners would come to clean up the community almost every three hours.

In a nameless alley, 'we' gradually fused like melted wax. Almost at the moment, I was done, I felt a violent dizziness.

'Blergh!' I immediately vomited, some bright red blood mixed in.

It was not a serious problem. Every time I used my ability to fuse with my new body, some flesh and blood would be expelled. It was not a big deal, but it was a warning sign.

I couldn't split myself up without restraint for the time being.

This surveillance seemed to have no effect, but I didn't feel depressed because I suddenly thought of a new idea, just as I was dizzy and vomiting.

The feeling of my brain tumbling made me think of the trash in the garbage can. When the garbage collector grabbed them and dumped them into the compartment, they would tremble violently, and the garbage would pour down.

Every day, this scene was happening on the streets of the Silver Moon Pack. If there is a means of transportation that could go around the city without attracting attention, it was undoubtedly a garbage truck.

Since I used the garbage truck, wouldn't the criminal do the same?

Since I escaped from the hospital through the garbage bag, wouldn't the criminal disguise himself as garbage to move around?

Thinking of this, I finally got it.

The cleaners didn't know if there were more or less garbage bags today than yesterday, so the criminals could throw themselves into the trash can when they needed to move and wait for the garbage truck to pick them up.

There were hundreds of small garbage transfer stations in the Silver Moon Pack. They formed a transportation network that extended in all directions. Criminals could come in one garbage truck and go in another.

Under the tight lockdown of the Silver Moon Pack, they could move freely!

The police would check every private car, bus, subway, and any other means of transportation, but who would take a second look at a garbage truck? It wasn't that they were neglecting their duties. This was just a common mindset.

The garbage truck was huge and heavy, but people were used to its existence like they were used to air, so it did not attract any attention.

I didn't have any evidence, but my intuition told me I was pretty close.

Chapter 629 A New Face

629 A New Face

Yarin's POV:

Perhaps this was the truth behind why the police couldn't find any more criminals even after digging three feet into the Silver Moon Pack. Perhaps they had looked in the right place, but the real criminals had already escaped in the garbage truck.

I couldn't help but think back to the garbage trucks I took this morning. Could the criminal have already run away in the garbage?

I decided to go to the nearby garbage station to take a look.

There was only a small garbage transfer station nearby. The garbage from several communities had been transported here for a short while, waiting to be transported by larger garbage trucks to the treatment plant outside the city.

This place only occupied a little space, mainly because the garbage pit was relatively deep. The garbage was soaked in some treatment liquid I couldn't recognize, making them smell less pungent. I supposed it also had the effect of preliminary disinfection.

Guarding the garbage station was definitely not a nice job. There were only two older men with white hair in the duty room.

They were drowsy and indifferent to the garbage trucks coming in and out and everyone else. I just swaggered in. They didn't care who I was or what I was here for. They probably weren't afraid of the worthless trash being stolen.

This made it easier for me to sneak in but also made my bad premonition grow heavier. The near-zero guards allowed the criminals to come and go without a trace.

I wasn't the only one in the trash station.

The Silver Moon Pack strictly separated the garbage. Some residents nearby would drop off their garbage, and some people - mostly poorly dressed elderly - would come to the garbage station to collect discarded plastic bottles. They were garbage in the garbage station, but in the hands of these elderly people, they were shiny coins.

There weren't many people here, but there were also quite a few. Including me, there were a total of five people present. I couldn't easily determine which one was the real criminal.

Two old people seemed to be living their lives too comfortably, a cleaner who was resting and a woman who looked ordinary.

The first three people were all waiting for a reason here. Now, it seemed that only that lady was abrupt.

"Hey, kid, what are you doing there?" The cleaner noticed me and waved me over.

I pretended to be a primary school student and ran over in small steps. I whispered, "I want to collect some waste paper boxes. I need them for my handiwork."

"If you need cardboard boxes, I think you should go to your neighbor's house or the store to get some," the cleaner said. "The cardboard boxes here might not be clean. As you can see, this is a garbage station."

"I already did, but I didn't collect enough. Everyone was using them as props during the Moonlight Festival. I don't have enough cardboard boxes to complete my homework..."

I looked to the side and pretended to peek at the recycling waste storage area. In fact, I was secretly observing the other three.

The two old scavengers looked at me with a smile. They looked no different from ordinary old people.

The other lady was not paying much attention to them. She was here to take out the trash and was having a good time with a bag of unsorted recycled trash.

"Come here, boy. I know a place to get you what you need," said an old scavenger kindly. "See that candy shop on the corner? At the end of this street, I saw a new batch of candy in the shop in the morning. I think they hadn't had time to dispose of the cardboard boxes. The lady boss likes children very much. She won't refuse your request."

He was telling the truth, and no one else had any reaction to it. There was a high chance that he was not lying.

Knowing what had happened in the morning and knowing the temper of the local shop owner so well, this old man was probably a real native. Otherwise, he would not know all this clearly.

He had a good relationship with his companion. He was not a temporary partner, meaning the other old man was also a local.

Could it really be that lady?

At this moment, she finally raised her head from the two large trash bags and complained dejectedly, "Can someone help me? I really can't understand the difference between the inside pages of a notebook and the cover of a notebook."

"If you don't mind, I'm more than willing to help, young lady," the old man said enthusiastically. "I've been working at this garbage dump for over twenty years. I dare say that no one in the Silver Moon Pack knows garbage sorting better than me."

The two old men went to help the lady. The cleaner was humming a song with headphones on. This seemed very normal.

Perhaps the person I was looking for wasn't here? Maybe the criminal had already followed other garbage trucks to other garbage stations.

I pretended to run over to observe how the old man sorted the paper. At this moment, a garbage truck slowly drove in. It was empty. It was carrying garbage out of the city.

A few cleaners got out of the truck. They were very agile. With semi-automatic mechanical tools, they quickly filled the garbage truck and left.

I noticed that the original cleaner at the garbage station had also disappeared.

"Oh, my waist." The old people just finished sorting the garbage and stood up with their hands on their waists. "It's not as useful as it was when I was younger. I think I have to sit for a while."

The lady quickly brought him a stool and muttered, "The cleaner is missing. He looks a little unfamiliar. Is he a newcomer?"

He was unfamiliar!

I jerked my head and realized I had just missed the right person.

Chapter 630 Getting Help From The Outside

630 Getting Help From The Outside

Heller's POV:

It was a sleepless night.

I had never prayed as hard as I did now that time would pass slowly. Just a little slower, give Yarin more time, give me more time, so that the criminals wouldn't be able to escape in time and this wouldn't be discovered so quickly.

The dark sky turned light. I heard the faint sound of wheels and footsteps outside the ward. It was the nurse coming for the morning ward round.

This kind of ward round was different from the night round. It was not just about looking at the patients sleeping. There were new injections and medicines in the morning. I could not get the nurse to infuse the air nor construct an illusion that was enough to fool her.

I got it now. The countdown had begun.

"Nonsense, Heller, you've gone too far this time. Don't you know who those terrorists are? Who gave you the illusion that you could resist them alone?"

After my father learned about this, he was no longer kind and looked at me seriously. I didn't dare to look at him. The disappointment in his eyes made me feel like a knife was on my back.

After the nurse found out Yarin was missing and I refused to say anything, the hospital immediately informed my parents.

Not only did our father come in a hurry, but even our mother could not stay calm in the manor. The one lecturing me was my father and not my mother because my mother was constantly on the phone.

Yarin and I exhausted her, and the danger of the Silver Moon Pack also exhausted her.

In the end, she didn't even scold me for anything. She just asked tiredly, "When did Yarin leave? What method did you use to hide from the doctors and nurses?"

I told her the truth, and she smiled. "As expected of my son. Smart and brave, huh?"

I kept quiet out of fear, not daring to look at her face.

"Right now, most of the Silver Moon Pack's forces are dealing with terrorist attacks and capturing criminals. The police are searching and patrolling around day and night. The various government departments are also like frightened birds, afraid of another explosion in the next second. At this time, every bit of strength is precious because there were people everywhere, but there are no free people everywhere," my mother said flatly, even coldly.

"I was very relieved about you. This hospital is protected by all kinds of people; doctors, nurses, security guards, and agents. I can't say that so many manpower and resources are for you. After all, there are many other patients in this hospital, but honestly, everyone will give you some attention no matter what they do.

"But I didn't expect you to have such a big surprise waiting for me. Now, the people in the hospital can't leave because you're still here. They have to protect you. And I have to get people to coordinate more people to find Yarin, which worsens the already tense situation.

"I've never treated you as kids. Heller, you, Yarin, and Cynthia are not common kids. You're smart and mature. But now, I don't understand. You've never liked to play the hero. Why do you have to plan such a reckless and childish operation?"

My mother's reproach made my face burn. Yarin and I had disappointed her. Although she didn't use any fierce words, this unusual attitude was enough to explain the problem.

I explained in a panic, "We're not trying to show off or whatever, Mom. Yarin and I just want to avenge Kara!"

"Just the two of you? How many people do you have?" asked my mother. "When you were planning, did you not consider how many people the other party had and how capable they were? And how many people did you have, and what capabilities you had? Besides, is revenge something so simple? Do you know where the criminal is hiding?"

"Three days have passed. The police must have had a suspect. We just need to know what the police know."

However, I regretted it the next second because my parents' strange expressions told me that I had accidentally and foolishly told on Yarin.

"So, Yarin returned to the manor last night?"

"..."

I remained silent.

"You're too reckless." My father sighed heavily. "Perhaps your mother and I were too indulgent to you before, so much so that you were bold enough to do whatever you wanted without considering the consequences."

"Yarin only took the information for his use. He would never leak it to others," I hurriedly explained.

"Of course, I don't doubt that. But you believe him, Mom and I believe him. But do the others believe him too? They would believe the prince, but would they believe a thief? If confidential documents were found to have been stolen or suspected to have been copied, the entire search plan would be completely disrupted.

"The police have no choice but to consider the possibility of the information being leaked. This way, the information they have painstakingly investigated will become waste paper. No one dares to bet whether the terrorists have found out about these things, and no one dares to believe them without any doubt!"

My parents were right, but what was done was done. I couldn't get Yarin to come back. But I didn't want to give up our plan just like that.

Outside the window, a few sparrows stopped on the treetops and chirped. They tilted their heads to look at me, pecked at theirs feathers, and flew away.