

# Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

## Chapter 631 The Abandoned One

631 The Abandoned One

Yarin's POV:

I was really an idiot!

I was so annoyed that I wanted to punch myself a few times.

The garbage truck disappeared at the end of the street. I couldn't care less about the looks of others, but it was long gone at the intersection.

This was a three-way intersection. I didn't know which way the garbage truck went.

Seeing that the opportunity about to come to me had passed, my eyes heated up, and I almost cried.

A man shouldn't cry easily, but the stimulation brought by the ups and downs was too much!

Fortunately, there weren't many people on the street, so I didn't lose too much face.

'Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp!'

A sparrow suddenly landed on me as I lifted the corner of my clothes to wipe my tears. This little thing pecked at my hair very naturally. It didn't hurt, but it was a little ticklish.

"Go, go, little guy. I don't have time to play with you. Go find some bugs to eat." I waved it away and was about to leave. There were a total of three roads. At least I could smell which road had the most pungent garbage smell and choose the most likely one.

However, this sparrow was pestering me. No matter how I chased it away, it wouldn't leave. It flew from my shoulder to a tree on the side of the road and back again, repeating two or three times.

I realized that something was off.

The sparrow was doing this to attract my attention.

I ran to the tree where the sparrow stopped. The sparrow chirped at me a few times and flew to a tree further away.

The two trees belonged to the green belt on the same street.

"Are you asking me to go with you?" I tried to run over, and the sparrow flew up and led the way for me at a distance.

It knew where the garbage truck was going!

I followed it without hesitation because I knew what was going on. Heller must have manipulated some sparrows to monitor the movement of the Silver Moon Pack and guide me at the critical moment.

He could control the minds of humans, so he could naturally control the minds of some animals. However, not all animals could be controlled. Some seemingly weak animals were more powerful than werewolves. Heller often practiced this skill before, especially with sparrows.

I followed the sparrow and ran all the way. Finally, at a traffic light intersection, I bumped into a garbage truck filled with garbage and criminals.

While it was waiting for the traffic light, I sneaked under the car.

The cleaner finally removed his headphones in the driver's seat, but the car's audio system still played loud music. I was sure that he didn't notice anything happening in the car.

The garbage compartment was semi-enclosed. I saw the familiar 'cleaner' on the phone through the gap. He was very irritable as he whispered something to the person on the other end of the phone. It sounded like he was dissatisfied with the Lily of the Valley's disregard for his situation.

"Do you think you can get anything out of me being caught?"

"You don't understand what kind of strange tricks these beasts have. Even if I can survive the interrogation, I can't resist them searching my brain! The hidden posts had been pulled out. They must have told them everything they knew. Otherwise, why would there be so many police officers around the strongholds?"

I didn't know what the person on the other end of the phone said, but he became even more anxious. "Cut the crap. I won't be able to wait until the day the higher-ups notify me! I'm heading to the garbage disposal plant. Tell them to send someone to pick me up, do you hear me? Otherwise, I will cut off your tongue and stuff it into your ass!"

He angrily threw the phone, and it fell on the garbage mountain.

Looking at this scene, I fell into deep thought.

So these criminals weren't as united as one? At the very least, only some were important to the Lily of the Valley. For example, this person seemed about to be abandoned, so he was hurrying to escape, and I bumped into him.

I returned to the car and called the sparrow preening at the front of the car. "Heller, are you listening? I found the terrorist. He's heading to the garbage disposal plant in the suburbs, which seems to have become the secret base of the Lily of the Valley. I'm afraid there will be more criminals there. There is no need to worry about keeping it a secret. Hurry up and inform Mom and Dad to send someone to catch them red-handed. Don't miss this opportunity!"

The little sparrow couldn't talk, so it called out twice in response to me.

I noticed that more sparrows flew to the garbage truck. They were the helpers that Heller gave me. They were the spies hiding in the nature to help me take action.

"Thanks, Heller!" I scratched the little sparrow's head and continued to monitor the criminal.

About half an hour later, I could already see the towering chimney of the garbage disposal plant from afar.

The closer we got to that place, the more irritable the criminal became. I even saw him take out the pistol hidden in his pocket and load it.

Perhaps he feared alerting the police, so he let go of the cleaner. Perhaps he couldn't count on a fugitive on the verge of collapse to have any rationality. In any case, the innocent cleaner's life was in danger.

I couldn't let him stumble onto the criminal hiding in the carriage as soon as he exited the vehicle. I had to create some 'space' for the criminal so that he could leave without alerting anyone.

So when the car stopped, I instructed the sparrows to peck at the cleaner's hair. He was shocked and dodged and chased the sparrow away. The criminal took the opportunity to run away quietly.

## **Chapter 632 Survival**

632 Survival

Yarin's POV:

The Silver Moon Pack's garbage disposal plant was a complex incinerating station. It was a place that combined all aspects of incinerating, recycling, and transportation, so it occupied a huge area.

The area was vast and crowded, and groups of workers and drivers carried out their work orderly. Therefore, the criminals disguised as environmental protection workers were unimpeded and received no suspicion.

Occasionally, people would greet him, mostly out of social courtesy. Some looked a little suspicious, but I couldn't tell if they were in cahoots with the criminals just based on this.

The criminal skillfully turned around and finally came to the duty room in front of a warehouse. He knocked on the door three times and slipped in through the crack in the door.

I found it!

I slipped into a corner, ready to hear what they had to say.

"You shouldn't have acted on your own. The higher-ups are very angry. Do you think you'll have a good ending if you go back?" It was a rough male voice.

The criminal tried his best to defend himself. "Do I wait for the police to come and arrest me? I'm not ready to die yet! I don't care how those b\*stards plan to deal with me. These cowards, who do they think they are? I did all the dirty work. If I can't get better, they can't either!"

"What do you mean?"

"At most, I'll turn myself in. Doesn't the Lily of the Valley care about me or those wild dogs? Heh, at most, we'll fight to the death!"

"You are crazy, Anthony. The Lily of the Valley House might not care about a lackey, but it cares about a traitor. You will suffer its crazy revenge!"

"How? I might have been bitten to death by these wild dogs by then. F\*ck!"

"What about your family? What about your wife and child? You know how the Lily of the Valley deals with women and children. Even death is a relief. You've even dealt with a few of them yourself!"

The criminal named Anthony fell silent.

After a while, he said dryly, "... I can't care so much. I can't even protect myself."

"You're a b\*stard, kid."

"I don't believe I'm the only one," Anthony said. "If the Lily of the Valley wants to give up on us, you think the others will be willing to wait for death? How many people have you transported away in the past few days? How much did you get?"

"This has nothing to do with you."

"This is related to me, Marty. If I want to live, I have to rely on you."

"I can't be responsible for you."

"You don't need to be responsible for me. No one knows that I came to look for you today besides you and me. As long as you help me contact them and send me away, I can give you everything I have. Over the years, I've saved up quite a bit in the Lily of the Valley. I don't want a single cent. They're all yours."

Marty didn't say anything.

"I swear I am not lying," Anthony said anxiously. "Or do you want something else? As long as I can leave, I'll get you anything!"

"This is not something I can decide alone. You know that I'm just an insignificant person."

"But you did do something in secret, didn't you? I don't care whom you sent away before. That has nothing to do with me. You know I have no way out at the Lily of the Valley, so I will never tell on you!"

Marty was still silent, and Anthony became irritable. "Answer me, please answer me! Damn it, what do you want? Tell me! Tell me!"

"In addition to all the money you have on hand, I still need an additional 500, 000 dollars. Please don't say that I'm asking for too much. This isn't just for me. I still have to feed those people. Otherwise, we will be finished."

"No problem," Anthony immediately agreed.

"But where are you going to get this 500, 000 dollars? I don't want to work for nothing."

"I'll just do something I can do, like robbing a jewelry store or kidnapping a few rich kids."

The man thought for a few seconds and said, "Deal. Remember your promise, kid."

"I won't go back on my word!" Anthony was overjoyed. "When are we leaving? Those damned beasts have already found many strongholds. I'm afraid they'll make a move today or tomorrow. By then, we won't be able to leave even if we want to."

"Don't worry. We're on standby over there," said the man with the gruff voice. "I'll have to contact them before that - there's no guarantee of success. I told you it's not up to me to decide."

He made a phone call and argued with the person on the other end. In the end, he won.

After hanging up, he said to Anthony, "Alright, let's go. There's a car going to another pack in twenty minutes."

"Another pack? I have to go to the werewolves' territory?"

"Don't be picky, little boy. At least you can still find a way out there. If you return to Cartolas now, do you think you have a chance?"

Antoni reluctantly agreed.

They left the duty room and swaggered through half the factory. I followed them.

This place was an escape route and had not been completely infiltrated by the Lily of the Valley. Only a few spies had snuck in. The Lily of the Valley, or rather, the terrorists whom the Lily of the Valley had abandoned, would escape back to Cartolas or the other werewolf packs through this place.

I followed the two to a hidden garage. It was adjacent to the parking lot. The warehouse was empty, with incomplete seals and notices on the door. It seemed temporarily closed because the fire safety here was not up to standard.

## **Chapter 634 Discovered**

634 Discovered

Yarin's POV:

The chirping of the sparrows also attracted the attention of the criminals, but they didn't care after seeing that it was just a bird.

"Tilda, wait a minute." Ram stopped the woman. "Are you sure you still want to go? You might not be able to make it in time to retreat with most of the people. You know that after you miss this opportunity, the higher-ups won't send anyone to help you."

"It doesn't matter, and I didn't want to leave anyway," Tilda said. "You know Constance is in charge of this operation. I was so annoyed with him that I was about to die. Rather than going back to see his pretty face, I should stay here. It was quite a comfortable life to be a handyman."

"You fear Constance more than death," Ram teased.

"I won't say this again, b\*tch."

Seeing Tilda raise her gun, Ram immediately raised his hands to signal surrender. He laughed and said, "Alright, I apologize to you, Ma'am."

The sparrow stayed at the window for a few seconds before flying away. There seemed to be some silence outside the warehouse. I wondered if the police and soldiers had already arrived.

Marty had already turned around and walked out. Tilda stayed no longer, and Ram had already started spreading plastic sheets on the ground.

As I was about to split myself up and follow them, Marty suddenly stopped and looked at me cautiously.

I was shocked and held my breath. A few seconds later, I realized that Marty hadn't noticed me. He was looking at the ventilation window above my head, where the sparrow had just stopped.

"Something's not right." He stared at the empty window. "The garbage dump has a bird-repelling device. Generally speaking, birds don't break in here."

His comment immediately alerted the other two. Tilda took out her pistol and asked, "Go take a look?"

"Go up and take a look, Lambert."

The seemingly thick-skinned cleaner smiled dangerously. His mouth was full of malice. He pulled out a dagger and held it in his hand. He walked toward me without hiding his footsteps.

I immediately followed the shadows and corners of the pile of junk and scattered myself into the tattered boxes and paper boxes to ensure I didn't expose any of my flesh.

Ram was already in front of me. I could feel him carefully observing every corner.

I held my breath - my lungs were divided into several parts but continued to function.

I imagined my next move in the face of any possibility.

About half a minute later, Ram turned around and said, "Nothing, lads, I think it's just a starving bird."

The thick atmosphere was instantly lifted because of what he said.

"Want to go for a drink later, Marty? This is his last day in the werewolf city, and it was worth remembering," Lamb's voice faded away.

"Let's talk about it when we return," Marty refused. "It's a critical moment. Don't invite trouble. I'll go guard outside. Hurry up."

They dispersed. As the door opened and closed, only the sound of Ram humming and brushing the floor was left in the warehouse.

I quietly poked my head out and reached out my tentacles to see what was happening. However, there was no one in sight. Even Lamb had disappeared, leaving only Anthony's hideous body casually placed on a plastic sheet.

Where was he?

I tried to stretch out a little more tentacle to look elsewhere, but a teasing voice suddenly sounded in my ear, "Wow, what is this? Werewolves come in this snot-like form?"

I was shocked and felt my non-existent hair standing on end. My tentacles turned around and saw that Ram was hiding in the corner of the junk and looking at me with a smile. The innocence and curiosity on his face were disgusting.

Had he discovered me?

How did he find me?

"Urgh, that's disgusting. What the hell is this? Slime? Does this thing exist?"

A cold female voice suddenly asked. It turned out that Tilda had not left at all. She was hiding behind the ajar door.

"An unexpected guest," said Marty, who had not left yet. "Uninvited guests are so annoying. You'd better tell me why you're here, damn you, or you'll be able to be Anthony's travel companion."

I was exposed. The three of them surrounded me, and with the wall behind me, I had nowhere to go.

I tightened my body into a ball and carefully observed, looking for an opportunity to break through the encirclement.

"Have you always been like this? Or is it just a disguise? I'm not sure." Lamb asked me excitedly. "Supernatural races are always so fascinating. I can't wait to start studying your secrets."

He smiled nervously, the sharp scalpel in his hand flashing with a cold light.

A few more sparrows flew over. The police and soldiers were surrounding this area. I realized that I couldn't leave even if I wanted to. I had to try my best to stall for time.

So I simulated a rough adult male voice and asked, "How did you find me?"

"This is a warehouse in which this is the first time anyone has set foot for months, sir. The dust on the garbage should be thicker than the mustard in a burger. And the place where you were hiding was as clean as the floor I had just finished brushing for a minute."

## Chapter 635 Caught

635 Caught

Yarin's POV:

I didn't expect to give myself away in such a place. I was annoyed and felt that these people were meticulous. They could find clues from an ordinary bird. No wonder they could sweep away their traces so cleanly.

"Cut the crap and kill him." Tilda glared at her companion. "If you want to study someone, go study the corpse. Don't get us into trouble."

"You're so heartless. We've worked together for so long. I thought you would at least have some basic patience with me!" Ram complained exaggeratedly, then looked at me with a smile. "Did you hear that, sir? It's a pity we can't get to know each other better. We're in a hurry!"

When he finished speaking, he pounced on me with a scalpel. I immediately scattered in all directions. Although I was not in human form, I still have a mortal body. The knife would still damage my flesh when it cut me.

After missing my attack, he turned around and swung his blade at me. The others didn't stay idle either. Tilda took out her gun with a silencer and fired three bullets at me.

I really couldn't dodge this. No matter how fast I was, I couldn't be faster than a bullet!

Therefore, these three bullets all entered my 'body'. Although I didn't bleed, the gunpowder still burned a large part of my flesh. The pain made me unable to move for a while.

After exhausting my stamina, I couldn't even maintain my mimicry anymore. My flesh and blood gradually contracted and condensed. A few seconds later, I returned to my human form.

"Wow, that's amazing..."

Ram looked at me with fascination and was strangely excited.

"Do we have to kill him? Could she really not take him with her? What a magical creature. He is like an ancient god in myths!"

Tilda approached me, raised her gun, and said coldly, "Don't be silly. When you return, there will be plenty of test subjects to waste in the laboratory."

Ram had already grabbed my arm and lifted me. I struggled unwillingly. "But no one can be like him, right? Bring him back! Many people would be interested in him. The boss also liked to keep small pets of supernatural races, didn't he?"

Tilda wanted to say something more, but Marty suddenly said, "Ram's right. We've got to take him with us."

Ram immediately became smug, but Marty ignored him. "Don't you know him? He's more useful to us than any werewolf in this city."

"Just who is he?" Ram asked.

"It seems you guys don't pay attention to the Moonlight Festival. The streets and alleys are broadcasting the Moonlight Festival." Marty lifted my face with his old and cold fingers and smiled. "Right? Prince Yarin?"

I heard Ram and Tilda exclaiming in disbelief. My entire body trembled, and I felt as if my entire body was on fire. It was so painful that I couldn't speak.

I didn't know what was wrong with the three bullets that had entered my body. Not only were they not expelled from my body, but they were also buried deep in my body and scattered everywhere as if they had suddenly come to life.

They were melting and disintegrating, spreading to every part of my body in an even smaller form, bringing endless pain.

"He's a prince? What prince? The prince of the werewolves?" The cold barrel of the gun lifted my face in place of her fingers. Tilda studied me for a while and said in disdain, "He's just a little kid. The werewolf clan sent him to monitor us. What a joke."

"I don't think his compatriots know he's watching us." Marty laughed. "You snuck out, didn't you? You wanted to be a little hero, so you came."

I didn't say a word, afraid that I would no longer contain the hatred in my heart once I opened my mouth.

However, now was not the time to completely fall out with them. The police and soldiers had yet to arrive. I had to do my best to delay them here.

Now that things had come to this, it was impossible for me to find other suspects. I couldn't let go of these three ducks.

"So we can bring him with us?" This was all Ram cared about. He even took the initiative to carry me on his shoulder and shouted excitedly, "There's nothing better than this. In the werewolf legends, the royal family is always related to their goddess by blood. Will this make this child a little different from ordinary werewolves?"

"You can study it," said Marty. "But don't kill it like you did in the past. Only a living prince can make the queen hesitate."

Tilda put away her gun and asked, "Where should I hide him?"

"Just wait here for us to take him with us."

"Before that, we have to do something," Tilda said to Ram. "Cut off his hands and feet, sprinkle some silver powder, and don't let him escape."

Ram laughed as he raised the scalpel and was about to do as she said, but the pain in my body so tortured me that I didn't even have the strength to open my eyes.

Heller, Lily, Dad, and Mom.

'I thought that no one could do anything to me, but who knew that in the end, the problem was still me...'

Ram cut off my hands and was about to deal with my feet when there was a commotion outside.

The gunshots immediately made everyone nervous.

## **Chapter 636 A Turkey Shoot**

636 A Turkey Shoot

Yarin's POV:

"F\*ck!" Marty cursed and looked at me viciously. "It seems like you came prepared."

Tilda hit the back of my head with the butt of her gun. I almost fainted.

Ram was also a little impatient. He cut off my feet roughly and asked the other two, "What should we do? Run now?"

"Run," Tilda said immediately. "Drive. You'll be safe as long as you cross the border. Werewolves don't dare to cross the border."

"This is the only way." Marty seemed to be the one who made the decision. "The rest of them are unlucky. We can't care about them now. It's just a pity that this stronghold is here. It'll be tough to run such a hidden and convenient place in the future."

The few of them immediately led the two of them out of the warehouse through the back door. However, before they could go far, someone chased after them. The sparrow had been leading the way for them.

"Put down your weapons, hand over the hostages, and surrender immediately!"

The three fugitives turned a deaf ear to him. Marty took out a small hand grenade from his pocket and threw it out. The bomb exploded, and what spilled out was dense silver powder!

This was bad!

The heavily equipped special police officers received relatively minor damage, but the soldiers who had already transformed into wolves suffered. The silver powder immediately stained their skin and got into their eyes and lungs, causing great pain.

A few wolves that were the first to bear the brunt of the attack fell to the ground with a loud thud, letting out sharp wails.

And the silver powder seemed to have been contaminated by the evil power, just like the silver coin. Even though they were fully prepared, many SWAT officers and wolves were still affected. They gradually began to mutate and started to bite themselves and their companions!

Was this the influence of evil power?

My heart ached when I saw this. At the same time, I was afraid. Fortunately, the incident at the Moonlight Festival was just a false alarm. Otherwise, countless innocent people would have suffered, not to mention Lily, who was facing the bomb!

The small bomb bought the three of them quite a bit of time. They immediately ran to the parking lot and prepared to drive a garbage truck out.

However, the bomb was too small, and its range of influence was limited.

After the initial chaos, the police and soldiers who came later immediately subdued their companions, who were mentally deranged and continued to pursue the target. The soldiers arrived when the three of them broke into the garbage truck. They immediately pounced on the car and roared, wanting to tear it apart.

Violently thrown into the car, I heard Marty and Tilda yelling angrily. Tilda, who was driving, kept drifting left and right, trying to shake off the wolf clinging to the car.

However, the wolf's sharp claws firmly gripped the carriage. People were shooting from behind the truck. A few seconds later, with a bang, the garbage truck's tires were blown out. The truck tilted and crashed into the roadside uncontrollably.

After a loud bang, everything fell silent.

Thick smoke billowed out from the bottom of the car. I smell the smell of gasoline. The garbage truck's fuel tank was leaking.

Among the three criminals, Ram had already passed out. A piece of glass had pierced Marty's chest, and he seemed dead. Only Tilda was still awake. However, her legs were stuck by the front of the car, and she could not move even if she cursed and struggled.

I was groggy and realized the car might explode if I stayed longer. I tried to melt into liquid and get out of the car. However, for some reason, my power has failed. I couldn't use it no matter what.

The three bullets had melted like ice and spread throughout my body. They brought me burning pain and constantly burned my physical and mental strength.

A few seconds later, someone forcefully tore open the car door and a pair of rough and powerful claws carefully carried me out.

"His Highness is here! He's injured. Someone come quickly!"

Immediately after, many people surrounded them. They dragged Ram and Tilda out of the car while carrying me, who was in a terrible state, onto a stretcher.

In a trance, I saw someone giving first aid to the pale Marty, and Tilda was also tied up and carried onto a stretcher.

The sparrow stopped beside me and chirped a few times. I really couldn't hold on any longer and fainted.

When I opened my eyes again, I was already in the hospital. The interior here was very familiar. It was the hospital I had stayed in before.

No one was in the ward, and the call button was next to me. I didn't press it; I even prayed in my heart that time would pass slowly so that no one would notice I was awake.

After everything ended, I finally realized how daring I was.

Ram had laughed and casually cut off my hands and feet. That scene was clear as day in my head.

They were truly outlaws, and I had to admit I had been careless. I had almost died because of my stupidity and underestimation of the enemy.

Fortunately, the outcome was good. Looking at the three of them, they probably couldn't escape. I didn't know what happened to the other spies in the garbage disposal plant. How many did they arrest? Did someone escape?

When I was thinking about it, the ward's door was opened. I was startled as I found it was Heller.

"Hey, you're awake." He was in a wheelchair as he slowly slid to the bed. "How do you feel? Where does it hurt?"

Heller's vision was still not working. After one day, he still couldn't see anything.

"I feel good. No problem. Are Mom and Dad here?" I asked.

Heller responded with a helpless look as he let out a sigh.

## **Chapter 637 Malfunction**

637 Malfunction

Yarin's POV:

I held my head in frustration, but there was a sharp pain in my hands. I couldn't help but let out a soft cry.

"What's wrong?" Heller asked.

I looked at my bandaged wrist and muttered, "Why isn't it over yet..."

Heller immediately understood it, "Did you touch the wound on your wrist? The doctor had just finished the surgery and said it would be fine after it grew back on its own, but if

you moved too much, it might cause the newly sutured wound to be dislocated. Does it hurt? I'll ask the nurse to give you some painkillers."

"No need. I'm just a little surprised. Usually, I'll recover after a night's sleep."

My entire body was like plastic that could be melted and reassembled at will, so the sharp weapon couldn't cause any actual damage to me.

I would bleed when a knife cut me, but my body would adjust itself in my sleep, silently making the wound disappear. I didn't need the werewolf's powerful recovery ability to take effect.

But now, my severed limbs showed no signs of healing at all. Even though I tried to melt and reconstruct the wounds, my body did not react.

My power failed.

In an instant, a strong wave of fear swept through my body. Losing the power that I could rely on made me feel incredibly insecure. The mimicry power was why I dared to do all kinds of 'reckless, willful, and stupid' things. I was isolated and helpless without the power, just like losing an ice floe on the sea.

"What happened?" After a long silence, Heller became a bit anxious, "Did you bust the stitches by accident? I'll call the doctor immediately!"

"No, it's not about that!" I immediately said.

"What is it then? Please don't scare me, Yarin. Talk to me."

He couldn't see, so he didn't know what I looked like.

I couldn't hide this. I said bitterly, "My strength seems to have failed, Heller. I can't shape myself like plasticine anymore. I can't even fuse my wounds anymore."

Heller's lifeless eyes widened in disbelief. "What? How is this possible? Is it because your strength is overdrawn, causing your body to be unable to mimic temporarily? Maybe you'll be fine after a few more days of rest."

"No, I can feel it. It's not a problem of physical strength. There is a burning sensation from the three bullets in my body, but I don't find any cuts on my body. Could the bullets not have been removed?" I asked. However, Heller asked in a daze, "Bullets? Were you shot? But the doctor didn't find a bullet in your body. He said that besides the injuries on your hands and feet, there were only some contusions and bruises."

The doctor didn't find the bullet?

How was this possible? I remembered that the three bullets Tilda shot pierced my flesh. They didn't fall out even after I condensed into a human form.

Was it possible that I was too uncomfortable then and felt something was wrong?

Before I could think any further, another person entered the ward. It was my parents.

I subconsciously wanted to apologize when I saw them, but my mom rushed over and hugged me tightly. She trembled and whispered in relief, "Thank god, you're fine, my child. You're fine, you're fine... Thank the goddess for her mercy. She didn't take you away from me..."

I was startled as I looked at my dad in a panic. However, he also hugged Heller and us with red eyes.

"Alright, Selma, everything is in the past. The children are fine, aren't they? Don't worry, don't scare the children."

My mom looked up, and I saw that she was already teary-eyed. She nervously observed my face and limbs. After ensuring I wasn't seriously injured, she sighed a long sigh of relief. Tears poured with her relaxed mood.

I had never seen my mother cry so sadly. In fact, I had only seen her cry a few times. In my heart, the crown and the sharp fangs were enough for my mom to crush everything that made her sad.

However, my mom was crying so violently now. She seemed to be happy but also infinitely sad. The person who made her cry was undoubtedly me.

I was the one she couldn't deal with her crown and fangs.

If I was just afraid of being scolded for my actions before, at this moment, I realized my mistake. I hurt the person who really loved me. Even if I used my love for another person as an excuse, this was not an excuse for me to hurt others.

I hugged my mom back and whispered, "I'm sorry, Mom, I made you worry." I shouldn't hide from you and my dad and run out to do those dangerous things, but I'm too impulsive."

"You're really impulsive, child." My mom's voice sounded nasal. "When I first found out about this, I wanted to teach you an unforgettable lesson. I thought a lot about it."

I lowered my head and silently waited for the final judgment.

"But it wasn't until the news of you being captured by the terrorists that I realized I was wrong."

With my surprised gaze, my mom smiled through her tears. "I can't think of anything to punish you for, my child. My only thought is that you're safe. I swore to the goddess that I would not care about anything else at that moment. I only wanted you to return safely.

"I think the goddess heard my prayers, heard the pleading of a weak and desperate mother, so she finally returned you to me."

## Chapter 638 Unsettled Waves

638 Unsettled Waves Yarin's POV:

Nobody mentioned punishing Heller and me. Dad and Mom didn't seem to care about our willfulness anymore. Although they would still ask us questions about this, they were not angry at all.

The police and soldiers had successfully captured all the Lily of the Valley members in the garbage disposal plant. If they hadn't investigated, they wouldn't have known. After investigating, they discovered that nearly a third of the workers in the garbage disposal plant were members of the Lily of the Valley, or had already been instigated by them. Even I broke out in a cold sweat when I heard this. I wondered if the officials of the Silver Moon Pack had already gone crazy from anxiety.

I wasn't surprised that this incident led to thoroughly investigating the entire Silver Moon Pack.

The three people who kidnapped me were still alive.

Marty was lucky he didn't die. It was said that the medical staff, under the instructions of the higher-ups, did everything they could to save his life. He seemed to be the main point of contact with the Lily of the Valley in the Silver Moon Pack, and he carried a lot of precious information, so even if he wanted to die, it was impossible.

Tilda and Ram were not that important. One was a killer, and the other was a cleaner. However, what awaited them was trial and conviction.

However, this was far from over. According to the results of the interrogation over the past few days, the Moonlight Festival incident, the square explosion, and the car accident were not done by the same group of people.

The Lily of the Valley House's minions caused the square's explosion. Some of them had already died at their people's hands, and more had been successfully captured.

This group would never admit that they were behind the Moonlight Festival incident and the car accident. According to them, these were the actions of higher-ranking officers, and they were not qualified to know.

Combined with Lily's testimony, the chances of these people telling the truth were very high.

Based on what she had heard then, the leader was a young man, the same as the confession of the criminals.

"So I didn't catch Kara's murderer in the end." I couldn't help but feel disappointed when I learned the truth.

My mom comforted me gently, "Don't blame yourself, Yarin. You've done well. You're smarter and more courageous than most people."

"But I'm still rash and childish. I don't care about anything when I'm impulsive." I couldn't hide my embarrassment. "Whenever I think I'm right, I always end up falling."

This made my parents realize I was behaving abnormally, so I told them everything about my situation.

"The mimicry seems to have failed. I tried making the wound fuse, but no cell would listen. And the bullet in my body inexplicably disappeared-"

"Bullets?" My parents immediately became nervous. "You were shot? But, the doctor did not find anything."

"This is also what I am puzzled about. I am sure that the three bullets are in my body, but not only can I not feel them, but the medical equipment also can't detect them."

My parents took this very seriously and immediately called the doctor and a werewolf grandmaster to diagnose me.

"We've checked the machine many times, but we didn't find any problems." Craig frowned at the report. "This is the third scan, but we still didn't find anything that looked like a bullet in His Highness."

"Could it be that the bullet isn't made of metal?" I asked. "Maybe it's some kind of substance with a low melting point or fluid?"

Craig shook his head. "We have considered this, but ice can't withstand the temperature and pressure of shooting. We didn't find any other suspicious substances in your test report."

"It's been two days. Maybe it's already been digested..."

Yes, I'd been unconscious for two days and two nights. It was not like I had just slept. My circulatory system was completely normal, so the bullet might have been discharged.

The urine bag had already been sent for testing. The three bullets might become a permanent mystery if nothing could be found in it.

Actually, from my point of view, these three bullets didn't cause any damage other than worrying me, so it wasn't impossible to let them go.

However, my parents and Heller objected, so I had to drop it.

Heller and I stayed in the same ward again.

"Is Sisley still unreachable?" I asked.

Heller shrugged.

In the afternoon, Alfred came to visit us.

"I am glad you are safe, Your Highness," he said. "Your disappearance has caused the Queen and the King Consort to be distraught. Fortunately, the outcome is satisfactory."

I blushed at the mention of this. After regaining my rationality, I was too embarrassed to face this again.

However, he brought me bad news: Lily was missing.

"I suspected she had snuck out to look for you," Alfred said worriedly. "But you were unconscious, so I think she left on her own. Sigh, actually, I understand that she's not comfortable at home. It's just that it's very chaotic outside now. I'm terrified that something might happen to her!"

No, Alfred was right. Lily should have come to look for me, just like we had agreed.

But she didn't know where I was. My parents had also suppressed the news that I was injured and hospitalized again. How would she find me?

## **Chapter 639 The Sparrow Network**

639 The Sparrow Network

Yarin's POV:

I should tell Alfred about this so he wouldn't worry, and I could also entrust him with helping me find someone.

But I didn't know if I could trust him.

It was true that he already knew my secret, but that was our business, and he was a decent man, and I was sure he'd keep it.

But when it came to Lily, it was a completely different matter. Lily was his sister, and they had the same mother. Besides, Alfred didn't have much say in the family yet, so I was unsure if he could keep his mouth shut under blood pressure and family pressure.

Lily wanted to escape from that suffocating home. Once Aunt Teresa captured her, she would probably face unprecedented defense and never be able to leave.

But should I hide it? I must ask my parents to look for Lily. I couldn't go to her personally with my current state. But my mom would definitely tell Aunt Teresa the truth. I was fine, but Lily would be in trouble after she was found.

But, should I do nothing? I couldn't do it. I couldn't sit by and watch Lily be in danger.

In the end, I still didn't tell Alfred anything. I watched as he left without knowing anything.

"What's wrong with you?" After he left, Heller asked, "You seem to have something to say; however, you hesitated."

"You can see?"

"No, I can feel it because I know you. You're worried about Lily. If nothing was going on, you'd have gone to Mom and Dad for help. However, you're not wrong about anything now. This is very abnormal. Either you're a scummy flash in a pan, or you know something but can't say it."

"... I have to update my evaluation of you, kid. You're just acting dumb on the surface, but you know stuff," I told Heller. He was the only one I could trust.

"Well, Lily is on our side now," he said. "But if she doesn't know where to find you, why did she arrange to meet you? You're really a fool, Yarin. You should have known she was lying to you just so she wouldn't implicate you."

Heller's words pierced through my heart like a spear. I knew that he was right. I was a fool. How could I not see through such an obvious excuse?

"Anyway, the whole city is sealed off now. Lily should still be in the Silver Moon Pack," I whispered. "Aunt Teresa and Francis must have sent people to look for her."

"So you're going to do nothing?"

"No, on the contrary, I have to find Lily before they do. Aunt Teresa could no longer tolerate Lily's rebellion. Once the Silver Moon Family found her first, Lily could never escape this disgusting life. However, if I find her first, as long as I say she discovered the Lily of the Valley's base with me, she will become a hero.

"Because since Mom doesn't blame me, she can't blame my companions, let alone others. And I'm not lying. If it weren't for Lily's help, I wouldn't have been able to get any information, let alone capture anyone."

"How do you know that Aunt Teresa won't disobey you? After we leave, she might punish Lily again," Heller said.

"She won't. She's a yes-man to Mom - don't look at me like that. I don't believe you can't tell. Aunt Teresa's intention to please Mom is too obvious. She doesn't even hide it at all."

"Alright, I can see that sometimes Mom doesn't seem to know how to face her. I think she treats Aunt Teresa as a friend, but sometimes, Aunt Teresa's deliberate actions make her quite sad." Heller also frowned.

"Who knows? Anyway, that's the matter of the older generation. I'm not interested. I just want to save Lily."

I couldn't ask for help from the Silver Moon Family or my parents, so I could only rely on myself.

It was not accurate to say that I was relying on myself. To be precise, I was mainly relying on Heller.

"My favorite animals are sparrows. They are cute and agile, and they are my best helpers." A row of grey birds was parked beside the window. As soon as Heller waved his hand, they flew into the ward. "What's more, they're numerous and ubiquitous. They're natural eyes."

A sparrow obediently stopped in his hand. He bent his fingers and gently scratched its feathers. There was no emotion in his lifeless eyes. He really had the demeanor of a master.

However, the next second, his aura disappeared without a trace. "It's a pity that I haven't reached that level yet. Right now, I can only control five sparrows at the same time. Don't think it's too little. Sparrows communicate with each other very frequently. These five sparrows are enough to cover the entire Silver Moon Pack's sparrow network."

"Wow, a sparrow network..." I repeated it seriously.

Heller ignored me as he released the sparrow and said, "Lily must have hidden herself. The sparrows won't be able to find her for a while. All we can do now is wait and pray that nothing unexpected happens."

## Chapter 640 In Hiding

640 In Hiding

Lily's POV:

I had no idea how to escape from this manor. I lied to Yarin.

The security guards monitored me closely, and I couldn't find any opportunities to take advantage of them. Even the servants who delivered the meals had turned into security guards. They were not as soft-hearted as young women. After the stipulated meal time, they would immediately remove all the cutlery and not leave a single 'tool' for me.

I didn't sleep the whole night, waiting for dawn.

When the whole city gradually woke up, there was indeed a commotion in the manor. I believed the news of Yarin's disappearance from the hospital had been exposed.

Although I felt sorry for the Queen, I still chose not to say anything. After the heat from last night subsided, I gradually realized that this was a stupid thing to do. However, since I had decided to help and trust in Yarin, I would never hold him back.

So, when my mother came in aggressively and asked me if I knew the inside story, I only replied calmly, "I've been locked up here by you, haven't I? If you don't believe me, you can ask the security guard at the door. I can't even leave this room, let alone go to the hospital."

My mother refused to believe me. Her instincts were always sharp.

"I've been wondering why you lured me here last night. You've always been very cautious. If you wanted to run, you would never deliberately attract attention and create trouble for yourself. Are you hiding something for someone? Sacrificing yourself to promote something?"

My palms were full of sweat, but I still tried my best to appear calm. I said coldly, "Mother, you're starting again. Perhaps you're not suitable to be a politician. It would be best if you were a screenwriter writer. I believe that your work will definitely sell well."

My mother was indignant that she didn't get any reliable information from me, so she called the security guards from last night to confront him.

"Did you only see Miss at that time? Was there anything wrong with the situation?"

The security guard thought for a moment and shook his head. "No, Madam. There was only Miss and me. There was no third person."

"Are you sure?" My mother asked him to take out the signal detector. "Are you sure it's working? No external signal detected?"

I broke out in a cold sweat when I saw the signal detector. Fortunately, we didn't contact each other on our phones last night. Otherwise, we would have been exposed.

My mother called the technicians to check all the equipment on the security guards, but they found nothing.

also found a bunch of spies from the Lily of the Valley hiding in the Silver Moon Pack.

20:57

These people had been lurking for a long time. Not only did they have legal identities in the Silver She was very reluctant, but there was nothing she could do. She could only leave angrily. Before she left, she sent more people to watch over me.

I deliberately provoked her. "Instead of wasting your energy on me, why don't you send more people to find the prince? How refreshing. The same person was lost twice in the Silver Moon Pack. Even if the Queen didn't mind, you should think about how to face the media."

My mother slammed the door loudly.

At noon, new news came. Yarin was found, and he appeared on his own accord. Apart from that, he also found a bunch of spies from the Lily of the Valley hiding in the Silver Moon Pack.

These people had been lurking for a long time. Not only did they have legal identities in the Silver Moon Pack, but they had also been colluding with Lily of the Valley for a long time.

The Queen was furious. She reprimanded my grandfather and mother and ordered the closure of foreign labor channels indefinitely until the Silver Moon Pack proved its innocence.

Now, no one had time to care about me. The security guards in front of the door were gradually withdrawn. It seemed that my mother had more important things for them to do.

A young servant was the only one left to watch over me the next day. It was easy to get around her.

I wanted to follow the agreement to find Yarin, but I needed to find out where he was. The news about him had been tightly sealed, which made me worry that something had happened to him.

I first went to the garbage disposal plant in the suburbs. This place had already been sealed off. The spy had been taken away. Everyone else had to undergo a strict inspection before they could leave.

I couldn't enter, nor did I dare to. I couldn't find any clues here, so I had to leave first.

The Silver Moon Pack was like a frightened bird. Its owner was panicking, so it naturally couldn't calm down.

It was said that nearly half of the jobs were closed, and only the government and public facilities were still supporting the operation of the city. This made it even more difficult for me to move because the police were on the street interrogating suspicious people.

I did not doubt that my mother had discovered that I had run away again. In a fit of anger, it would not be surprising if she issued a warrant for my arrest.

I had to hide.

The hiding place was a closed bakery. Picking the lock was a piece of cake for me.

The owner had obviously left in a hurry. The dough in the fermentation room had spilled onto the floor, emitting a not-so-attractive sourness.

The environment could have been better, so I could only endure it the next day.

With the lessons learned from the past, the patrols at night were even more intense than during the day.

The following day, I was woken up by a few sparrows. These natural creatures became active when the human trail gradually dispersed from the city.

Looking out of the window where the sparrow was perched, I saw a police car parked by the side of the road, checking the closed stores one by one. I secretly cried out that something was wrong and immediately left quietly through the back door.

