

Alpha's Rejected Mate Returns as Queen

Chapter 641 Found

641 Found

Lily's POV:

I didn't know how far the screening had gone, but from the looks of it, Yarin didn't find all the criminals. Otherwise, things would have ended long ago.

This carpet search made it seem like the matter was far from over.

I hid in the alley and watched the police car roar past.

There were a lot of sparrows today. In just a short while, four gray birds were already resting on my head. I wasn't sure if I could recognize them. Perhaps the same sparrow thought my hair was suitable for a nest?

I was a little hungry. There was nothing in the bakery except leavened dough. I couldn't even eat if I wanted to. I couldn't go to the store to buy it either, because there was already a 'missing person notice' on the street. I was lost or kidnapped by a criminal, and I had to pay a high price to collect clues from the public.

Compared to a few dollars of bread, the shop owner must want to exchange me for his entire year's income.

I was used to being hungry when I wandered, so it was nothing to me.

What troubled me even more, was the increasing number of sparrows. When I wasn't paying attention, the walls of this alley were already filled with sparrows. To be honest, it looked a little scary. It was as if all the sparrows in the city were crowded here.

I thought this was not a good sign, and I should leave. The alley was not very conspicuous at first, but it was not so after hundreds of sparrows had gathered.

Before the police noticed, I quietly ran away.

But good times didn't last long. I soon found that the sparrows were inseparable from me no matter where I went. At first, they just stood far away from me, but later they got closer and closer, standing on the telephone poles or branches beside me, on my shoulders, and even on my head and feet.

If I appeared on the streets like this, the police would have to be blind not to notice me!

"Hey! Hey! Go away, birds, leave me alone!"

I tried to scare them away, but they ignored me and stubbornly followed me.

After the panic, I started to feel strange.

These timid birds usually wouldn't get this close to humans. I was not a gentle and kind princess who attracted small animals. Why were they so close to me?

So I began to observe them. Gradually, I realized that there were always one or two familiar birds in the group. Although I couldn't tell the specific difference between them, I was sure I had seen them more than once.

These sparrows didn't seem to stay around. They would always be more on one side and less on the other, or stand in a line, as if... Was he pointing me in the right direction?

The sparrows wanted me to follow them?

Where to?

Don't blame me for being paranoid, but if there were a group of terrorists in your city who had ulterior motives and acted absurdly, you would also be suspicious of a group of sparrows.

"I don't think I can go with you," I said to the sparrow, looking as if I were talking to myself. "Who sent you? I can't trust you without seeing your master, so go little ones."

After saying that, I ignored them and considered the possibility of going to the hospital to look for her.

'Heller should still be there. Does he know where Yarin is?' However, I was curious if my mother could guess my whereabouts. There might be an ambush at the hospital. This time, I decided not to go back. I couldn't walk right into a trap.

As I hesitated, I suddenly felt a slight pain on my scalp. A familiar sparrow was holding a strand of hair in its mouth.

It saw that I ignored it for a long time and used this method to force me to respond to it.

I was really a little angry, but what was the point of arguing with a bird?

The consecutive accidents made me feel even more upset. I made up my mind to get rid of these little annoying people.

However, before I could take a step, the sparrow grabbed the corner of my clothes and pulled in a direction. I wanted to see what they were going to do.

Therefore, I followed their momentum and walked to the side of the road.

There was a bus stop by the roadside, and the billboard at the bus stop was playing a mobile advertisement. Now, it stopped at the poster for the Moonlight Festival. It was aimed at children, and images of candies were pasted all over the picture.

In the middle of the poster was a candy silhouette that took up one-third of the space. Undoubtedly, this was the limited edition moon fudge that would only appear on the festival day.

The sparrow led me to stop in front of the poster. Facing my confusion, it suddenly rushed toward the poster.

I was shocked. That was a glass made of tempered plastic. It would splatter into pieces on the billboard!

I grabbed it quickly, almost hitting it. But I saw speechlessness and anxiety in its small eyes for some reason.

Did I see emotions in a bird's eyes?

I was stunned for a moment. This gave the sparrow an opportunity. It immediately flew out of my hand, its round and cute beak pecking at the candy silhouette in the center of the poster.

... Limited edition moon fudge? Was this what the sparrow wanted to tell me?

Was Heller controlling it?

I asked tentatively, and the little sparrow immediately flew happily.

Chapter 642 A Bait

642 A Bait

Lily's POV:

Actually, I was saying that when I saw the candy, I only thought of Heller subconsciously. But then, something surprising happened. The sparrow seemed to understand my words and really responded to me!

"Is it really him?"

I looked suspiciously at the ordinary-looking birds and asked tentatively, "If you can understand me, fly to my left hand."

The bird flapped its wings and landed on my left hand.

I was right! The sparrow was Heller's helper!

I knew some races that could communicate with animals and even plants, but they were all elves or mythical characters. 'Heller is a werewolf. Since when could a werewolf do that?'

I could trust Heller; therefore, I followed the sparrow. The sparrow led me through several deserted alleys and then to the hospital's back door.

"Heller and Yarin are here, right?"

The bird flew to my left hand again.

The boys had led me to find them. Presumably, they could not leave now, so they had to resort to this method.

But, there was a new problem. This hospital was surrounded by armed security. I even saw the symbol of the Royal Guards.

If I were to get close and be discovered, these people wouldn't care if I was an innocent passerby or an assassin with ill intentions. They would rush forward and take me down.

I even saw them checking the garbage trucks in and out of the hospital, which was not a big deal considering the recent news.

The building wasn't very tall. It had a total of six floors. I tried to observe the windows, but they were either drawn or empty. Heller would contact me through the window if possible after knowing I was there; however, he didn't, indicating that his ward was not in this building.

This was even more troublesome. I had to pass through more security guards to get deeper into the hospital.

Just as I was at my wit's end, I suddenly heard the hum of a car in the distance. I quickly hid behind the wall and observed the guests through the gap.

It was a very familiar license plate. It belonged to my family. The person who came out of the car was my mother.

She came to the hospital to stop me. She didn't need to know where I was because I could only miss two friends in the Silver Moon Pack. She just needed to wait for me to come here.

How annoying! Could the Silver Moon Pack be already at peace? Didn't she have anything else to do besides monitoring me? Could she get a high position and salary just by capturing me?

With my mother around, the hospital became a forbidden area for me.

Seeing that I was about to leave, the sparrow immediately pecked my scalp anxiously, but I couldn't stay any longer. I hated some of my mother's actions, but I had to admit that her methods were powerful, whether against enemies or allies.

After a while, my mother probably came to the ward. Heller also realized that getting me to come to the hospital was not a good idea, so the sparrow spontaneously led the way for me.

The more I walked, the more familiar I became. In the end, the sparrow brought me back to the manor.

Facing my surprised gaze, the sparrow flapped its wings and flew away. I tried to call after it, but it didn't answer. Heller seemed to have given up controlling it.

No strength was infinite, not to mention that Heller was still recovering. It was already incredible that he could persist for such a long time.

After thinking for a short while, I understood Heller's intention. Everyone thought I would try my best to hide and leave after escaping. Who could imagine that I would return to the apartment where I was imprisoned?

The only problem was security - security again. If only I could be invisible like the characters in fantasy novels, all my problems would be solved.

Few people were outside the villa, and the security guards relaxed. They were in a daze as if they had not woken up.

Furthermore, I didn't see any of the Queen's guards. Could it be that everyone just remembered the Queen's combat power and realized that even ten thousand people couldn't compare to her?

Rather than taking advantage of this opportunity, I was more willing to see it as a trap. The relaxed appearance on the surface meant elite guards were hidden in the dark. It was never wrong to be a little cautious.

Soon, the first group of idiots who dared to challenge him arrived.

There was no doubt that when faced with a ferocious wolf suddenly appearing from an unknown corner, he did not transform into a wolf like a werewolf. Instead, he raised his gun, fired in vain, and was almost torn to pieces by the wolves.

Their guns were inlaid with metal garlands. There was no doubt that it was the Lily of the Valley.

This was bait, waiting for the Lily of the Valley to take the bait!

They had no choice but to take the bait. They couldn't leave the Silver Moon Pack and could only hope for luck.

Suddenly, police cars appeared on the empty street. Hundreds of people were dispatched just to catch these criminals.

They were tied to a rectangular car - I was not exaggerating. It was really a rectangular shape made of steel plates - and then left in a dozen police cars.

A few minutes later, a few cars with royal insignias drove out of the manor and left under the protection of security and guards.

Only a few people were left in the manor to deal with the aftermath. It seemed that this place had been abandoned. Thus, I successfully infiltrated and returned to the room where I was imprisoned.

Chapter 643 In The Meantime

643 In The Meantime

Yarin's POV:

In our boring life of recuperating, we were naturally grateful to have someone to accompany us. However, Aunt Teresa had other motives. She was concerned about our health and mood with a smile but always glanced at the door and window.

Who was she waiting for? Probably Lily.

What was worse was that Lily had been lured to the hospital by Heller. If she came in like this, she would bump into Aunt Teresa.

Heller and I exchanged glances. I would deal with the guests while he played the role of a weak boy who couldn't do anything. He focused on controlling the sparrow to take Lily away.

"When you and your brother are better, you can transfer to the Silver Moon Family's private sanatorium. The environment there is better. There are also some animals, such as peacocks and swans. You can even feed them. I heard that children nowadays like these..."

Aunt Teresa kept introducing Silver Moon's private sanatorium. It sounded much better than a hospital. However, if I had to accept such fairness every day, the hospital would be more comfortable.

She looked at her phone occasionally and put it down in disappointment because there was no news. Then, she began to test me to see if I knew where Lily was.

"I have to say, you are very brave, Your Highness. Not to mention children, even adults might not dare to go deep into the enemy camp alone, let alone wipe them out! The hospital would have been filled with reporters if it wasn't for the Queen suppressing the news.

"Actually, it's just right now," I said. "Heller and I are both injured. We don't want to be disturbed too much. As for the garbage station, I could only say I had sent some information. In fact, most of the work was done by the police and soldiers. They even saved me."

I lowered my head shyly. "Actually, now that I think about it, my actions were reckless. If I had spread the news a second later, the outcome of the matter might have been a 180° reversal."

Aunt Teresa smiled kindly. "Those are all 'ifs'. They will never happen. The person before me now is undoubtedly a little hero."

Heller suddenly coughed twice, which indicated that the sparrow had already left with Lily.

Aunt Teresa immediately showed concern for his health and called the doctor to examine him. She took the opportunity to make a call. From her expression, the result should not be satisfactory.

I pretended not to know anything and asked, "What's wrong, Aunt Teresa? You look a little anxious."

She answered with a wry smile, "It's Lily. She's gone, again.""

"I heard from Alfred that she's been staying at home?"

"Yes, she should have, but this child might really hate us from the bottom of her heart, so she doesn't want to stay for a moment."

"Perhaps this is not bad. Lily is already sixteen years old. In ancient times, she would have been mature enough to take responsibility. You should give her more chances, Aunt Teresa. She prefers freedom to restraint."

Aunt Teresa didn't find it strange that I was on Lily's side. Instead, she seemed happy. "Is that so? I can try, but I still have to find her first. It's not safe outside. I'm afraid something really happened to her."

"I heard from Lily that the two of you have become friends. I know that friends have to keep secrets from each other but treat it as a helpless mother begging you. Your Highness, do you know where Lily might have gone? Did she ever tell you about the places she liked?"

'I don't know. Heller knows. I will know after you leave.'

But I just said, "Sorry, ma'am. Lily has told us many things about human society but never mentioned this. I don't know where she could be."

Aunt Teresa stayed for a long time before leaving because something had happened at the manor. It was not true. It was a trap set up by her mother.

She used herself as bait to lure out some hidden criminals, most likely related to the Moonlight Festival incident or the car accident.

Aunt Teresa left in a hurry.

After she left, I couldn't wait to ask Heller where Lily was. He had sent Lily back to the manor.

"Everyone thought Lily had run away, but we sent her back. They wouldn't find her even if they searched the entire Silver Moon. Who would have thought Lily was only a few floors away from them?"

"You're a genius!" I pounced over and hugged him, careful not to touch the wound on his chest. "Aunt Teresa said that people were going to evacuate from the manor to other places. This is very good, and no one will find out!"

Lily was safe. I began to think about other problems, such as the new criminals.

Could they be the culprits of the Moonlight Festival incident and the car accident?

Could they be related to that 'cadre'?

Chapter 644 Things Gone Missing

644 Things Gone Missing

Yarin's POV:

Heller was a very competent messenger. Like Hermes, he delivered messages from the outside world. The little sparrow was his faithful companion.

Of course, this wasn't without a price. The bread in our patient's meal doubled. The nurse thought that we had a big appetite during the recovery period, but all of it went into the bird's mouth.

Of course, sparrows were with flaws. They were easily distracted. They were flying in the sky, but when they suddenly saw something on the roadside or on the tree that could attract them, they would immediately change their target. Compared to controlling sparrows, Heller was more worried about suppressing this subconscious reaction.

Our mom and her subjects had moved to an apartment building on the other side of the Silver Moon Pack. The dozens of rooms were large enough to accommodate the government personnel and military soldiers coming and going.

At least Heller couldn't control the sparrows to see the documents in the hands of our mom's secretary every time.

"Will we be excluded? Mom won't let us get involved anymore," he asked uneasily. "Maybe the next time we hear the news from her will be when all the criminals are caught."

I really wanted to say no, but I wasn't sure either. I even thought that his worries were very reasonable.

"Anyway, let's just get better first," I said. "Maybe things won't go so fast, although I hope those b*stards will be killed right now..."

The following two days were peaceful, except for some small strange things that happened occasionally.!

Things started to go missing in the ward: a cup or a few notes. One afternoon, I woke up from a nap and realized the pillow under my head was gone. I searched all over the sickbed, neither under the bed. Heller said he didn't see it either.

"Where exactly did it go..."

The more I thought about it, the more I felt something was wrong. Small things like cups or notes were fine. Maybe I accidentally threw them away, or the nurses took them away, but how could the pillow disappear for no reason? I asked the nurse outside. No

one had come in. Even if someone had come in, what was the use of taking a pillow away?

"Heller, do you feel that you've lost something recently?"

After thinking briefly, Heller shook his head. "It's probably nothing. Even if there was, I can't see it."

I paid attention to it in the afternoon but didn't lose anything.

Would it happen when I was not aware?

Before sleeping, I carved a small rune on the new pillow, blanket, cup, and other things at night.

Aunt Dorothy taught me this. It could track lost items, and it didn't require magic power. It only required a drop of blood. However, it could only be used on inanimate objects, and there was a distance limit. It could only guide people to the farthest place the rune could track.

However, the hospital was only so big, so he was not afraid that the tracking would fail.

I would never have imagined what would happen the next day.

I woke up to the nurse's exclamation. When I opened my eyes in a daze, I didn't notice anything wrong. The pillow was still there, the glass was still there, and nothing was wrong with it. It was just that my vision became shorter.

The nurse who came to wake me up covered her mouth and looked at me in surprise. I suddenly felt that she was a little tall, but wearing a sky-high dress didn't meet the hospital's dress code.

"Are you alright, Your Highness?" she asked shakily.

I had just woken up and was already in a daze. I was even more confused by her question. "Uh, I guess? I had a good night's sleep."

"Is that so? Perhaps I misunderstood you. If you like to sleep on the floor, I must report it to the doctor, and he will agree."

"Sleeping on the ground? No, I don't have such a preference. I prefer soft beds."

The nurse looked even more wobbly. She asked weakly, "In that case, where's your bed? How did your bed disappear?"

Bed?

Disappeared?

I immediately looked down and realized I was lying on the ward floor. The soft bedding and fluffy pillow were all there, but the bed was missing.

Where was my bed?

"Where is my bed?"

After asking the nurse on night duty to investigate the surveillance cameras, she confirmed that no one had entered my ward, let alone transported such a spacious bed out.

It vanished into thin air beneath me.

I was speechless. After my parents found out, they thought it might be an attack from an unknown enemy, so they sent a Silver Moon Pack werewolf grandmaster to the hospital to stay permanently. My dad also came.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I always get into trouble." I felt a little guilty. Be it intentional or not, I always added unnecessary trouble at critical moments.

My dad comforted me that it was not my fault. I knew he would not blame me for this, but I could not chase that thought away.

Who could say it wasn't? Counting what I had experienced in the Silver Moon Pack, I was a troublemaker.

But even if the werewolf grandmaster and my dad were there, it was useless because the same thing happened the following day. This time, it wasn't just the bed. Everything around me, including the bedding, pillows, sheets, and even the pajamas on my body, was gone!

Chapter 645 Transferred Elsewhere

645 Transferred Elsewhere

Yarin's POV:

Exposing my naked body in front of others was already shameful enough, not to mention that the nurse was a stranger. Goddess, please take me away. I had no reason to live in this world anymore!

After the panic, this became a mystery.

There was still nothing. The surveillance cameras, the nurses on duty, and even the witchcraft set up by the werewolf grandmaster did not react. Even my dad's wolf, Morgan, was out. Morgan checked the hospital thoroughly, but he didn't smell anything suspicious.

The gentle wolf said helplessly, "Every smell can be traced in the hospital. There are no strangers."

As things disappeared for no reason, the hospital was no longer safe for me. My parents were considering transferring me away, such as the private nursing home that Aunt Teresa strongly recommended.

However, before the first wave had subsided, another wave had risen. My mom had obtained the latest information from interrogating the criminals and was about to capture all the humans in hiding in one go.

However, the other party was already prepared. A large-scale evil power pollution incident broke out at the battle scene. My mom was busy curbing the spread of evil forces and purifying the contaminated police and soldiers. She was so busy that even my dad had to return to help.

"Is the battlefield very serious? Mom, how are you?" I asked worriedly over the phone. "Wouldn't it be too much to force so many people?"

My mom's voice was filled with exhaustion, but she still tried her best to comfort me. "Don't worry. Mom has seen many more serious situations than this. You and Heller focus on recuperating. And Lily... you both are grown men, right? You can take care of her, right?"

I was shocked and retorted guiltily, "What are you talking about? Didn't Lily run away from home..."

"Come on, boy. I knew you had something to do with this. Lily was in the manor right now, right? Don't try to lie to me; I left a portion of New Flow there. Nothing can escape my eyes."

I didn't dare to admit it. I feared my mom would tell Aunt Teresa about this, so I remained silent.

My mom said with a headache on the other end of the phone, "I won't tell Teresa for now. Since this is Lily's choice, I'll respect her wishes. However, the premise of all this is that you are safe. If you cause any more harm to yourself, then I will have to break today's decision. Your safety will always be the first. Can you promise me?"

"... Yes, Mom, we will be good."

After hanging up the phone, Dr. Craig knocked on the door. "Are you ready, princes? We have to go. I've been to that private sanatorium in advance. It's a beautiful and quiet place. You'll definitely like it."

"Thank you." I nodded. "Will you be accompanying us during this period?"

"Yes, the Queen and the King Consort are too busy to leave. However, they will come to see you as soon as they have time, so please don't worry."

On the way, I could see police cars and ambulances whizzing past occasionally. When Heller heard the shrill sirens, he would hold my hand tightly.

This was also one of the reasons we wanted to move out of the hospital. The hospital was about to welcome contaminated victims. Even though Mom had already purified them, the evil force seemed to have some follow-up effect, making them temporarily crazy. We couldn't live under the same roof as them.

Craig drove the car himself. Heller and I sat in the back row, followed by a series of security cars. The boring journey made me drowsy. I closed my eyes and unconsciously lost consciousness.

When I woke up, I was shaken by Heller. I looked out the window and asked, "What's up?"

"I think you should look under your body," he said.

I lowered my head and realized the soft artificial fur cushion was gone!

"It disappeared again! Again! Who's here?" I shouted, breaking down. "Me! You! Dr. Craig! There was no one else. The cushion couldn't have disappeared on its own, right?"

I often wondered if I had unknowingly been enchanted by witchcraft. Although the werewolf grandmaster did not detect it, humans had some methods we did not know about.

Humans always had many things that we didn't know!

However, Heller poured cold water on me, "Of course, it didn't disappear on its own. Have you ever thought that the problem lies among us? I mean, you, Yarin, maybe you lost them?"

"What?"

"Just as you were sleeping, I felt the ball of light that is you spreading outward. I wanted to see what was going on, so I reached out to touch it, and in the end, I realized that the

cushion under you was gone. Wherever you spread, the cushion would disappear. So, is there a possibility that you caused those things you thought were embarrassing?"

Me?

I looked at my hands in confusion. They were not healthy because my wrists were still wrapped in thick gauze, making it impossible for me to move freely.

How could such a weak body make items disappear into thin air?

Chapter 646 Hunger

646 Hunger

Yarin's POV:

Did I really make the cushion disappear?

At this moment, Dr. Craig parked his car on the roadside. Of course, he heard the conversation between Heller and me. Therefore, he looked solemn immediately.

The security cars behind them also stopped. The person in charge asked about the situation. Craig didn't tell the truth. He only said that Heller and I were weak and had motion sickness. Therefore, we needed to stop and take a rest.

I searched every corner of the car and finally had to admit that this was not a joke. The furry faux fur cushion had disappeared into thin air, and I was very likely the 'real culprit'.

I used my phone to connect to the car camera and watched the scene in the car just now.

Heller and I were both drowsy; however, I soon fell asleep completely. Heller didn't feel sleepy. He soon woke up, staring at the void with lifeless eyes.

Then, he suddenly looked at me, puzzled, and reached to touch me.

Next to him, the cushion under my butt was slowly disappearing. It was as if an invisible mouth had eaten it. My hand was melting, spreading to more parts of the cushion, and more and more parts were disappearing.

I felt my hair stand on end.

It was really me!

Thinking about it, the evidence had always been in front of me. Those pillows, cups, and other things had come into contact with me. They were not far away from me. Wasn't that the distance that the melted me could spread?

Heller couldn't see anything. He kept asking me what I saw. I was utterly dumbfounded and couldn't answer his question at all.

"I'm trying to consume the cushion," I muttered in disbelief. "How did I do that? Could something have gone wrong during the last fusion, and I replaced my skin with my stomach?"

Heller said, "Then you should look pink now. Honestly, it's quite disgusting -uhm, I mean cute."

"... Thank you for your comfort."

"Alright, boys. It seems like our plan has changed again. Your strength seems to have mutated. This may be the reason why you can't use it. We have to study this."

"Are we still going to the sanatorium?"

"Of course, it's easier to guarantee the privacy there. After all, your current situation needs to be completely confidential."

July Sanatorium was located beside a river in the Silver Moon Pack, and it could occupy nearly four hectares of space in the city where every inch of land was expensive.

This place was completely private. Only a few elderly or sick people from the Silver Moon Family would come here to recuperate. Since most of the visits were in July, this place was named July Sanatorium.

As Aunt Teresa had said, there were a few peacocks and flocks of swans here. They were domesticated and very docile. They would retract their sharp beaks and webbed claws to anyone and use their beautiful feathers to please the visitors.

They no longer looked like birds but more like clockwork toys.

I wasn't interested in them at all. They made my chest feel indescribably tight, so I asked someone to capture them and send them away.

My mom was still very busy. She and Dad took time to video call me, telling me not to be afraid and to listen to the doctor and the werewolf grandmaster. Aunt Dorothy was rushing over from the Lycan pack.

"Isn't the Silver Moon Pack under lockdown?" I asked.

"It's a special case," my mom said. "We had some hope that you could recover independently, but things will only get more complicated now. We need more knowledgeable werewolf grandmasters to help, such as your Aunt Dorothy. I've already given her a special pass, so she can pass without hindrance."

"How are things on your side? Are the injured werewolves alright? It was said that even after purification, they would still have the side effect of mental disorders. Is there any hope of recovery?"

"The side effects are only temporary. Based on the current observations, the chaotic mental world will slowly recover. It won't cause permanent damage."

Even though she was full of hope, for some reason, I felt that my mom's attitude toward this was a little wrong.

"Anyway, be good, okay? Don't worry about Dad and me. We'll take care of everything."

My mom said a few words quickly and hung up the phone. I heard people coming in and out of her side.

As the investigation continued, more and more things surfaced, but more and more mysteries were revealed. On the surface, it seemed that the Lily of the Valley was taking revenge on the werewolves, but was the failure of a smuggling operation worth such a big move?

This made people wonder if there was something else going on.

Craig brought some things for me to experiment on. They were my clothes, used pens, combs, and other things. Other than that, there were some new things that I had never touched before. Among these test subjects, there were organic products, as well as living things like flowers and plants.

I tried it, but nothing happened. Nothing changed. It was as if everything that happened in the car was just an illusion.

"Maybe we found the wrong conditions?" I said. "I've been 'swallowing' the things that have disappeared unconsciously. Perhaps I'll have to put myself to sleep first."

Chapter 647 Eating

647 Eating

Yarin's POV:

So I started to fall asleep. However, sleepiness wasn't something that could be found easily. Sometimes, the more you wanted to fall asleep, the more energetic you would be. Falling asleep had become torture.

I had no choice but to use medicine to help me lose consciousness.

When I woke up, I was stunned by what I saw.

The empty room had a clean view. There was nothing in sight except for the snow-white walls. The beautifully embossed furniture, the rare flowers and herbs worth thousands of dollars, and the various bits and pieces that I couldn't describe but did exist were all gone.

All of them.

It was gone.

I even thought that I was transferred to another room in my sleep. However, Heller and Craig soon opened the door and entered. By the way, it was really a 'pure' door. All the inlaid items on it had disappeared.

I looked at Craig in confusion, hoping he could answer me.

Craig also looked shocked. He stuttered, "As you can see, Your Highness, everything in the room has disappeared, including the installed cameras. Fortunately, we have been monitoring it remotely, so the video is intact."

I nodded dully and said, "Yes, thank you. I have to see what happened."

Hence, some equipment was moved in, making the empty room a little more substantial.

The first few minutes were of me gradually falling asleep, with only the sound of my breathing. After I fell asleep, something strange happened.

I began to melt, flow and devour everything I touched. The bed, the table, the wardrobe, the lamp, the decorative vases, the flowers and plants in the vases, and so on. Everywhere they passed was as empty as a grassland invaded by fire ants.

Just like that, I gradually 'ate' up the entire room. Ultimately, all that was left was the pajamas I wore.

But at this moment, I was not too considerate. Reality proved that the root of everything was indeed me. When I fell into an unconscious state, my ability did mutate or evolve, but at the same time, it began to lose control, causing all these 'supernatural events'.

This was beyond the scope of medicine. Even the werewolf grandmaster didn't know what to do because my condition was unprecedented. The only thing they could do was to keep it a secret, even to their family, the Silver Moon Pack.

"It seems that we can only wait for Master Dorothy to arrive before making any plans," Craig said. "I have some guesses that might be of some help."

"What guesses?"

"I think your power has evolved in this direction for a reason. Perhaps it's a form of protection to you."

"Protect me?"

"Do you still remember the criminal named Tilda? The bullets in her gun were all special and wrapped in silver. The three silver bullets hit the wurm's body, a disaster for werewolves. Perhaps your power evolved into the ability to devour to protect you from death. This way, you can absorb bullets into your body as nutrients."

"Nutrients?"

"The silver will cause your wound to continue to deteriorate. However, although your wound is recovering slowly, it is indeed healing. Especially after the item's disappearance, your wound is healing a little faster. The items you have absorbed will likely become nutrients to fill your wounds."

"But many missing items are non-organic, such as glass and plastic. What nutrients can they provide?"

Craig shook his head and smiled bitterly. "That's what I'm confused about. It's beyond the scope of medicine. I can't help much. That's why I have to wait for Master Dorothy to arrive."

Aunt Dorothy arrived very quickly. She took a private plane at night and brought a lot of experimental equipment and materials that I needed to recognize. When I thought about how this might be used on me, I couldn't be as happy as the other werewolf grandmasters whose eyes were shining.

Aunt Dorothy gave Heller and me a big hug. She always liked us so much. In a sense, she could be our half-mother.

"My wolf cubs have suffered. God, I hate to see you suffer." She hugged us in her arms and sighed in an exaggerated tone as if she was coaxing a child. "Your mother is very busy, right? Don't worry. I'm here. I promise to take care of you until you're chubby and healthy."

"We're not babies anymore. Aunt Dorothy, don't be like this..."

Heller continued, "It makes us look childish and shameless!"

Aunt Dorothy laughed and kissed us hard on the cheeks.

After the laughter, she became serious and said softly, "I'm sorry about Kara, children. Kara was a good friend, and I had been taken care of by her in every possible way. Her departure made me sad as if she had taken away a part of me.

"She raised you guys. I think you'll only be more heartbroken than I am. I heard Sekna mention your actions. It's very dangerous, but I understand. Hatred is a kind of power that supports us to move forward. It's just that we don't know where it will lead us in the end."

Chapter 648 A Mistake

648 A Mistake

Yarin's POV:

Aunt Dorothy's way of studying me was very simple and crude - look at my future, and you'd know what would happen.

"But I am still not optimistic about this," she said. "I can't see through your mother because a mortal body can't see through the fate of a god. And you, Yarin, you can also be considered a child of a god, so I don't know if I can see you or if I can see you correctly."

"But aren't you the same as Mom?" I knew about the connection between Aunt Dorothy and my mom in the past life. It was not a secret in our family.

"So I can't see myself, dear."

Aunt Dorothy always became mysterious when she used the Eye of Insight, making people not dare to look at those deep and lifeless eyes.

If you stared into her eyes for too long, you would feel like you were being sucked into a whirlpool. She once said that it was the power of time. "Although time is a non-existent meaning, fate uses its name."

As time passed, she began to sweat, her pupils trembled, and she had a slight spasm. The price of prying into fate took work. The Eye of Insight would consume most of Aunt Dorothy's physical strength and spirit, making her very weak for the next month.

A few minutes later, the incense she had set up beside her began to combust. A smell of mint, frankincense, and spices that I couldn't name slowly spread, and Aunt Dorothy woke up.

She was very weak, and at the same time, her expression was a little depressed. "As expected, your future is also shrouded in fog. I could not see through it, but Fate's message was complicated. I could foresee some unavoidable dangers, but there was always hope in the tempering. This was a part of growth. It would make you stronger, and all problems would be solved in the end."

After saying that, she laughed first. "I sound like a swindler, right? I think that's why there's so much deception about fables because real fables are so easy to imitate."

Next, she did some specific experiments for me.

"Craig has already told me about your current evolution direction. Self-repair is very complicated to understand, but in simple terms, it's transforming other things into your power." As for why you absorb a non-organic thing to provide more energy to yourself instead of an organic one, it's puzzling. This is a problem, and we're going to study it.

"For things like glass, we believe that the human body cannot absorb it in traditional biochemistry and biology, and there is no way to convert it into something like fat.

"However, in witchcraft, we believe that everything in the world contains special magic power. Even a grain of sand or a stone contains natural elements. This is why these lifeless objects are more easily connected to witchcraft than any race other than witches and wizards. For example, it is difficult for werewolves to be born with magic power."

I didn't quite understand these profound principles of witchcraft. "But I'm one of those with no talent in witchcraft, am I not? In that case, inanimate objects shouldn't have any connection with me, let alone be absorbed by me."

"That's the problem." Aunt Dorothy took out an evidence box from the experimental equipment. There was a bullet inside.

"This is one of the bullets Tilda had. It's wrapped in silver. I did some research on the carriage that I came here from. The shells below the silver level are engraved with magic runes that could melt silver and fuse it into the blood. Obviously, this was a weapon specially prepared for the werewolves.

"It was precisely these bullets that were shot into your body. A total of three bullets. Under the spell's effects, the silver immediately seeped into your body and rapidly spread with your blood.

"Dr. Craig also said that silver might have evolved my power into a self-protection mechanism."

"Very close, but I don't think the key lies in silver."

Not in the silver?

Thinking about Aunt Dorothy's analysis, I asked uncertainly, "Could it be witchcraft?"

"Correct! When witchcraft sends silver to your entire body, it is equivalent to penetrating every cell of your body. You were born with no magical fluctuations, but this bullet sent you a primer that could connect to the dead.

"Three silver bullets should have killed you, but simultaneously, your mimicry chose to evolve to protect you. The weapon instead created an opportunity and caused you to fall into this mysterious state."

I raised my hand and gently pressed it on my chest. There seemed to be remnants of that painful feeling from back then. I thought I would die back then, but didn't the mimicry fail at the critical moment and save my life?

"And the reason you can no longer freely control the power of mimicry," Aunt Dorothy continued. "I think it has something to do with these bullets. Although absorbing inanimate objects could absorb the power of nature to repair you, it could not offset the damage from the silver.

"In other words, the silver is still in your body. The damage and repair have reached a balance. Once the power of mimicry fluctuates, this balance may be broken."

Chapter 649 The Recipe

649 The Recipe Yarin's POV:

This was why I couldn't use mimicry. It was not that I'd lost control of it but that I might die if I used it.

But at the same time, I also realized that it had hope. If the silver caused the mimicry to go out of control, wouldn't it be fine if the silver was extracted from my body?

However the idea was good, but it was a little troublesome to execute. The silver had seeped into my cells because of witchcraft, so I just had to remove the witchcraft.

However, once the spell was removed, my connection with the inanimate object would also lose effectiveness. I would no longer be able to obtain energy from the inanimate object to make up for the damage caused by the silver.

The two opposing powers would disappear simultaneously, but who knew if nothing would happen at that moment or if I would immediately die from the silver?

"That's why we must first plant another spell in your body so that mimicry can connect with other inanimate objects. However, the risk of this is to break the balance.

"Child, the power faction in your body may seem calm, but it's extremely chaotic. No one knows what will happen if you add another faction. There was no precedent or theoretical basis for this. Once you used this method, you would become a lab rat and success or failure would depend on the results."

Aunt Dorothy looked at me worriedly. She seemed to feel a little guilty because she couldn't find a foolproof solution.

"Thank you for your concern and help, Aunt Dorothy." I smiled and hugged her. "Please don't blame yourself. It was my own choice that caused everything. I should bear the consequences. I always say I'm no longer a child, so shouldn't I take responsibility?"

"I don't recommend you to take the risk, child. No one wants to see the outcome of failure, and it's not something anyone can bear. Perhaps it is cowardly to say so, but maintaining the current situation might be the best choice. You lost your mimicry but can still become a powerful werewolf warrior.

"You are the child of Selma and Aldrich. You have inherited their brave and powerful genes. You will become a warrior that people will be proud of."

"But that's not enough." I shook my head as I pulled Heller's hand. "One day, I will take over my mother's baton and protect the werewolves.

"Those evil cultists, those strange witchcraft spells, and those invincible evil gods, could they be defeated by warriors alone? A mortal body is unable to stop schemes and plots. I must have the capital to resist all of this so that I won't be at a disadvantage in future battles."

"... But you're still a child. You shouldn't have to bear all this so early."

I winked and smiled slyly. "But I said I don't think I'm still a child. I can't and don't want to be ignorant and protected again. Every second is crucial. I must seize every second to accumulate strength."

Aunt Dorothy was worried about me but respected my decision and let me choose. However, she also said she had to tell my parents about this. My parents had the right to know everything. She couldn't hide it.

I inherited my parents 'tenacity and courage'. If that were the case, would they be people who would rather their children be soft eggs?

So, this was decided. Aunt Dorothy would work with the most experienced werewolf grandmasters to customize a set of spells that could be engraved in my body. Besides ensuring its effect, it also had to ensure its safety and could not be quickly dispelled.

After me, it was Heller's turn.

"Oh, an eye disease. I really have a say in this," Aunt Dorothy said. "When I was young, I suffered from eye disease and even lost sight. However, that was the side effect of the cursed Eye of Insight. As for you, child, let me look at your situation now."

After using the Eye of Insight twice in a row, she was already a little exhausted, but the result was good.

"Just like Yarin, this is also a self-protection mechanism." She said intermittently, "Blindness is only temporary. It may be a blessing in disguise. You are in a state of 'spiritual perception', which makes your eyes completely ignore the physical world and capture the essence of the spiritual world instead."

"Those blue light balls are the manifestation of everyone's soul. The soul is the shell that wraps around the spiritual world. You can better sense and invade someone's spiritual world in this state. The loss of your sight is the adjustment of your eyes. You suddenly obtained this ability, which tests your eye skills. It has consumed too much of your strength, so your eyes can only recover slowly. The loss of sight will last for another month or so."

She tenderly stroked Heller's soft hair, "Don't worry, okay? I'll be here the whole time. I guarantee that nothing will happen to you. You can go to the opera with Cynthia when you get home."

Heller joked, "Forget it then. I'd rather be blind for a while than be dragged by Cynthia to watch romantic sets at the opera house for a week."

Aunt Dorothy laughed and pinched his ear.

Chapter 650 The Fight

650 The Fight Yarin's POV:

I wasn't sure if my sleeping invoked some magical power or what, but when I woke up, something big happened outside.

The human government officially negotiated with the werewolves, requesting extraditing of the captured members of the Lily of the Valley.

Putting aside what would happen if someone was extradited, this behavior was very annoying. Previously, when the Silver Moon Pack was causing a storm, the humans did not even let out a fart, as if they did not know that the Lily of the Valley was causing trouble among the werewolves.

Now that they had been caught, they were in high spirits. They even had more 'serious requests'. This kind of undisguised arrogance was really annoying.

My mother would not indulge humans. Now that the entire werewolf pack was paying attention to the Silver Moon Pack, once she gave in, it would bring a massive crisis of trust to the government and the royal family.

Moreover, many werewolves had already gone to the human world to study or do business. Although they might not necessarily be in this shameless country, the weakness of their compatriots would inevitably make them suffer discrimination and disdain in the unfamiliar world.

Of course, my mother did not agree or refuse. She only vaguely said many official words like humans did to us.

It could be foreseen that this would still be a dispute. Neither side would easily give in and had to go back and forth for a few rounds.

Aunt Dorothy told me this as a joke. She said, "Werewolves and humans might have a telepathic connection in this, right? We won't give up on the criminals we've caught with great difficulty; humans might not want these hot potatoes. The two races were being roasted on fire by their own people, so playing along was difficult."

"Could the statement of the government of Jasper be fake?"

"Of course not. It's written in black and white. How can it be fake? But just because it isn't fake doesn't mean it is real. The government of Jasper might want to avoid taking over this. If they wanted to, if they could, the Lily of the Valley would have been banned long ago.

"Unfortunately, they also know that the Lily of the Valley is not to be trifled with. It has already developed too much power at the border. It is said that although the city is still under the leadership of the government of Jasper in name, all the officials, wealthy business people, and celebrities have long been loyal dogs of the Lily of the Valley. The government of Jasper showed a cowardly attitude toward this and would rather turn a blind eye to the man with the knife next to the bed."

I said thoughtfully, "Although the government of Jasper doesn't want to get involved in this, Jasper isn't the only city at the border. The citizens of the other cities don't know about the dispute. They're pressuring the government because of this, forcing them to stand up and make a statement."

"But why do the Jasperians want to deal with the criminals in the Lily of the Valley?" Heller asked. "They know what these people have done to the werewolves..."

"Not necessarily, dear." Aunt Dorothy smiled. "First of all, the Jasperians might not know what Lily of the Valley did in the Silver Moon Pack. After all, they are thousands of miles away from us. Everything they know is told to them by the government and the media. If they don't say it, the Jasperians might think that the Lily of the Valley members are poor people illegally arrested by the werewolf race for no reason!"

"Moreover, if the two sides were to switch places, and they were captured by the humans in Jasper, and the humans listed some crimes that required them to be sentenced to death, would you gladly accept the news and clap your hands?"

Heller shook his head. Closely after that, he understood it. "So, this has nothing to do with justice but status and dignity. If the Lily of the Valley criminals were executed by the werewolves in their territory, it would be equivalent to the dignity of Jasper being trampled under the werewolves' feet. If Jasper just accepted it silently, it would be equivalent to admitting defeat and taking the werewolf pack as his own!"

"It's a little exaggerated, but that's the truth. Aunt Dorothy patted Heller's head, praising him, "Therefore, the key of this event is not whose cell the criminals are staying in."

"The werewolves have indeed opened up communication channels with Jasper and other human countries, but other than mutual benefits, the open and secret struggles have already begun. Everyone wanted to occupy an advantageous position, and no one wanted to become an extra or a vassal. It was just that everything still lacked a breakthrough point where they could openly argue. Now, isn't the opportunity here?"

"Other than Jasper, many human countries and other supernatural races also pay attention to this matter. Everyone is talking about it. Now, both Jasper and we are in a dilemma."

The more I thought about it, the more I felt that the criminals in the Lily of the Valley could not be returned to the humans. From the very beginning, the arrogance and contempt of the humans were undisguised. The self-righteous 'help' and 'kindness' were also suppressed by my mother because of the development of the werewolves.

However, everything was already enough. We did not have to bow down to humans to the point where we had to hand over the murderers who harmed the werewolves. As Aunt Dorothy had said, this was a silent battle of status. The werewolves did not have to win, but we could not lose.

