

Chapter 562 Hatred And Love

Jennifer's POV:

A long while passed before I opened my eyes again, and found that I was still lying on the ground. In the darkness, all I could hear was a woman's faint cry coming from nearby.

"Anthony!" Gasping for breath, I quickly got up and looked around. Anthony and the soldiers were all lying on the ground motionlessly with their eyes closed.

"Anthony, what's wrong with you? Honey, I remember. I remember everything! It's you. You are the love of my life." I stumbled over to Anthony and stroked his face, with tears streaming down my face profusely. "Anthony, wake up and look at me, please!"

My tears fell incessantly on Anthony's handsome face, but he continued to lie unmoving, as if he was in a deep slumber. My voice grew more and more desperate with each second. "My dear, wake up, please!"

What was I supposed to do? What was wrong with Anthony and the others?

As I knelt on the ground, Moon Goddess' words just now returned to my mind. Now that I had regained my memories, it meant that the black magic on me had been removed. My meeting with Moon Goddess just now was not a dream, but a real experience.

Moon Goddess had told me that only I could save everyone. But how could I save them?

"Remember, Jennifer, love is the most powerful magic in the world. It is the only thing that can transcend time and space."

These were the exact words spoken by Moon Goddess.

When she spoke about love, did she mean my love for Anthony? We loved each other deeply. I loved him more than my own life and everything else. I wanted nothing more for him to wake up and see that I remembered everything now.

With renewed determination, I clenched my fists, stood up, and looked into the distance. I knew that Night Demon was hiding in the shadows, probably watching and laughing at my predicament.

"Emma, where are you?" I asked tentatively, walking forward towards the faint cries. "Tell me, what's wrong with you? What did Night Demon do to you?"

My intuition told me that there was something wrong about the voice that seemed to come from Emma. After all, it was only after hearing that voice that Anthony and the others fell unconscious.

"Mrs. Jones..." Emma said, choked with sobs. Her voice was faint and hollow, as if it was coming from a deep well.

Taking a deep breath, I bared my claws and vigilantly approached the bushes, step by step.

"Come out, Emma," I said a little more gently, as if trying to coax her. "No matter what crime you have committed, as long as you come clean about it, we won't make things difficult for you."

There was no answer, but the vague smell of blood drifted over to me.

I looked at the bushes coldly and narrowed my eyes. When I was about only ten meters away, I rushed over and shouted, "Come out!"

I tore the bushes apart with my claws, sending leaves flying up in the air. But to my dismay, there was no one hiding there. What I did uncover, however, was a strange ring.

"What the hell is this?" I picked it up in shock.

"Mrs. Jones..." The voice was much louder now, as if it was coming from inside the ring. "Help me! Night Demon is going to kill me!"

I gasped and almost dropped the ring in astonishment.

Emma... Was she trapped inside the ring?

Looking at the ring on my palm warily, I asked, "Emma, are you inside the ring?"

"Yes, yes, I'm inside!" Emma's voice came out in a miserable howl. "I don't know where Night Demon is. Mrs. Jones, he threatened to kill me if I didn't keep screaming for help!"

That ruthless demon... It was time to take care of him!

"I'll save you right now, Emma! What should I do?" I asked.

"Mrs. Jones, just a drop of your blood is enough. He told me that as long as your blood touches the ring, I will be released!"

"Okay." As I spoke, I raised my claw and pretended to scratch my arm. "By the way, Emma, I've been looking for the book that you borrowed from me. Where did you put it?"

"What? I... Let me think..." Emma stammered.

Seeing that my initial guess was confirmed, I sneered. Without hesitation, I dropped the ring to the ground and stepped on it.

"Fuck off! You are a fake! You are not Emma! Go to hell!"

As I stomped on the sapphire ring with all my strength and watched it shatter into pieces, I felt like I was filled with a strange, powerful force. As soon as the sapphire stone cracked, the smell of blood in the air thickened.

I ran crazily towards the direction of the smell of blood. No matter what, I would catch Night Demon and make him pay the price for his sins. And I would make sure that Anthony and everyone else woke up.

"Well done. Jennifer, you are much stronger than I imagined." Just as I began running forward, a familiar man leisurely walked out of the shadows and blocked my way.

It was Darwin, more commonly known as Night Demon.

"You bastard! I'm going to kill you!" I roared.

"Oh, but I didn't do anything wrong. All this bloodshed began with all of you." A charming smile appeared on Darwin's face, as if he was talking about the weather. He looked as harmless and innocent as he did the first time I met him.

"What? You are out of your mind! Why did you kill all those innocent people? They have no enmity with you!" As I thought of all those people who had been slaughtered by the emotionless fiend in front of me, my whole body trembled in anger.

"Well, since you're about to die, I might as well tell you about the sins of your ancestors." Darwin spread his arms and chuckled. "Listen, werewolves, vampires, and wizards conspired to kill Miya."

I froze, struggling to understand what he was talking about. Miya? Was that a woman's name?

"Miya was a she-wolf just like you, but she was special. Her blood contained an indescribable power that could cure people, so she was coveted by everyone," Darwin explained in his low voice. He spoke slowly with a faraway look in his eyes, as if he had fallen into a trance.

Looking at him like this, I suppressed my urge to attack him, and instead listened to him patiently.

"Miya was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was gentle and kind, and she was willing to do anything for anyone. But werewolves and vampires took advantage of her giving nature. In their greed for power, they became crueler and crueler until they completely destroyed her." Darwin spoke calmly, but a hint of disgust crept into his voice.

It was only then that I understood. The man in front of me, the so-called Night Demon, was carrying the weight of a tragedy from hundreds of years ago. His resentment for the werewolves and vampires had festered over all these centuries, poisoning his soul. After listening to Darwin's story, I couldn't deny that Miya was a poor girl who had been wronged by everyone around her. However, that was not a valid reason for Darwin to destroy the world!

"Well, go on. I'm listening," I said seriously.

A flicker of annoyance crossed Darwin's eyes, and he took a deep breath before continuing. "Humph... Miya died to save the so-called vampire aristocrats and the royal family of werewolves. Even though she was in an extremely weak condition, they continued to drain the blood from her body and tortured her till her very last breath!"

Darwin's tone turned harsh, and his face contorted in fury. It was clear to see that he really loved the woman named Miya.

"So? What were you doing at that time? If you had the ability to protect her, she wouldn't have died," I said coldly.

Darwin was silent for a moment before he replied in a hoarse voice, "I was deceived. Miya was seriously ill at that time. Someone lied to me that the herbs on the divine mountain at the border of vampires' territory could save her. I went there to look for the herbs in order to save Miya's life, but those herbs didn't even exist. By the time I realized that they had tricked me, it was too late. When I came back, Miya was already dead and buried..."

"There is no doubt that Miya was wronged. According to what you've told me, she was a good person. I feel sorry for her," I admitted plainly. But when I recalled Darwin's evil deeds these days, my voice hardened. "But how many people did you kill because of this? Miya was wronged by people who existed centuries ago! You cannot punish the sons for the sins of their fathers. Everyone you killed was innocent. Hatred is nothing but a vicious cycle. Those people that you killed...What did they do wrong?"