

## Chapter 366 Larry's Dilemma

Elizabeth's POV:

I took Caroline's hand in mine as I sang praises of Austin. "Austin is an excellent soldier!"

"Indeed, Austin did a great job this time!" Anthony nodded.

I answered confidently, "I strongly believe that Austin will come back with a big victory. He's going to make your father proud in heaven."

"He's taught those arrogant vampires never to mess with werewolves again. They won't dare to invade our territory again," Jennifer echoed.

"That's good to know, Mom!" Caroline choked up a bit with excitement. "Austin did it! He won!"

"Yes, my dear. Austin has won the war for us. These past few days must have been difficult on you." I gave her a loving pat on the back as I was happy to see Caroline's eyes light up with joy

"Such auspicious news deserves to be celebrated! Why don't we all have dinner together?" Anthony suggested as he looked at me.

"For Austin!" Caroline and I agreed readily.

When we arrived at the dining hall, Anthony asked the chef to prepare a sumptuous feast for the family. With big smiles on our faces, we took our seats at the table. This was a precious moment for us as it had been a long time since we celebrated something together.

"I want to take a group photo of us and send it to Austin. Is that okay?" Caroline asked shyly, raising her phone.

"Oh, of course it is, my dear." I thought it was a good idea, so I told a maid standing next to me, "Go and bring Alice here. I want everyone to be in the photo."

Caroline seemed surprised and she responded with a smile. "Mom, you are so thoughtful. Thank you!"

After the maid brought Alice to me, I asked the maid to take a photo of us. Caroline held Alice in her arms, while I sat in the middle. The family photo was incomplete, since Austin was absent. However, I knew that everything would be fine once Austin came back from the war.

At long last, it seemed as though all the bad days

were now a thing of the past. I no longer needed to worry about Larry. He barely escaped with his life the last time. It was only a matter of time before Anthony caught him and bring him to justice.

Good or evil—every person had to face the consequence of their actions. I strongly believed that God would be on our side.

Larry's POV:

Damn it! Amelia and those werewolves almost killed me. Fortunately, I was able to cast the escape spell in the nick of time to flee from the royal palace. I ran as fast as I could while the royal guards chased me to the border of the Osman Kingdom.

"Damn it!" I checked to see how much magical energy I had left in my body and found that there was almost none. Frustrated and furious, I shook my fist, shouting, "I'll destroy those damned werewolves! I swear it!"

However, I was in no shape or condition to do anything at that moment.

I was seriously injured and the effects of the forbidden medicine was about to expire. If that



were to happen, my body would slowly wither away, like ashes in the wind. However, my biggest concern wasn't my physical well-being, but the thought of never wielding magic again.

Damn it! Why was this happening to me? How did I end up here?

I picked up my wand and got up to my feet awkwardly, before throwing the magic ring away.

Indeed, a magic ring was a priceless tool, but it only had a lifespan of a few curses, which would explain why most wizards were opposed to using them. Likewise, I wouldn't have relied on it either if my situation weren't so dire.

I limped across in search of a place to heal myself.

However, after I took a few steps forward, I found that there were many werewolf guards nearby.

I hid behind a giant tree and poked my head out to see what was going on. They were posting an order for arrest with my picture everywhere.

Damn it! It must have been the lycan king who issued the order for arrest. When I realized that there was a big bounty on my head, I felt a hint of fear and apprehension in my heart.

I couldn't stay in the territory of werewolves any longer as they were searching for me everywhere. Unfortunately, I wasn't strong enough to cast a spell to teleport me somewhere far. I couldn't even stay hidden in a hotel because it was hard for me to even cast a disguising spell.

I desperately needed a place where I could heal and recoup my magical energy.

I knew of a small village nearby that was sparsely populated, but there were many guards still patrolling the area. Fortunately, before I had depleted my strength completely, I found refuge in an abandoned church not too far away.

The church looked old and dilapidated, but at least it was made of bricks and it could keep me safe from the cold winds and relentless rain.

I dragged myself into the church with my magic wand in my hand.

As soon as I set foot inside, someone suddenly shouted at me, "What are you doing here?"

I looked up in confusion as I didn't expect someone else to be in the church.

I just wanted to find a place to sit and catch my breath, but I realized that I had hoped for too

much.

There was a row of people, with shabby hair and clothes sitting on the old wooden bench. They were homeless, and they all looked at me like I was their prey.

I took a step back in fear.

One of the beggars grunted at me in a low voice, "Who the hell are you? This church is our territory. You are not welcome here!"

I never thought that I would see a day when a beggar would challenge me so arrogantly.

Fury coursed through my veins and I pulled out my wand to teach his beggar a lesson. However, as soon as reality hit me, I remembered that I was powerless. I had no choice but to put the wand away and feign weakness. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to trespass! I was just looking for a place to rest. I will be gone in the morning."

Unfortunately, they weren't convinced by my story and they showed it by laughing at my face.

"Is he trying to cut a deal with us?"

"Go back to your mother's belly before you say those stupid words again!"

"Is this old man crazy?"



I was mad with rage, but I clenched my fists to suppress my emotions. How dare they speak to me like that? How could they call me an old man?

"Bastards!" I raised my wand. "Do you know who I am?"

Before I could finish speaking, one of the beggars secretly snatched the wand away from my hand.

"Guys, this stick looks valuable. I wonder how much we can get for it!" He showed my wand to the other beggars.

To say that I was immensely infuriated and offended would be an understatement.

After all, it was my magic wand, not just an ordinary stick! Those illiterate beggars didn't know anything.

Curses! How could they treat me like this?