

Chapter 662 Disfigured Thoroughly

On Poseidon Island.

Located on the edges of the delta region, the island was remote and undisturbed.

In a small wooden cottage by the ocean, the old door creaked open.

A hunched elderly woman walked into the room, carrying a steaming pot of herbal soup.

Dressed in cozy attire, with just a bit of her white hair showing, she poured the herbal soup into a small bowl. After that, she fed the sick person in bed using a spoon.

The patient's face was contorted, marred by unsettling cracks. Her skin was pale, yet her face was still recognizable as Julie's.

Indeed, she had survived. After drifting at sea for a long time, she was rescued by the elderly woman now caring for her.

The cracks on her face were the result of extreme water pressure from the ocean depths.

Most of her other injuries had largely healed under the elderly woman's care, except for her pale complexion and the persistent cracks on her skin.

Eventually, Julie stirred awake, her body quivering involuntarily.

During her unconscious state, her dreams were filled with the recurring image of being shoved into the sea, an experience that had left an indelible sense of dread.

As she awoke to unfamiliar surroundings, panic engulfed her once more.

She shifted her body and realized, to her astonishment, that she was still alive. Upon seeing the elderly woman holding a bowl of herbal soup, Julie understood that this was her savior. She attempted to express her gratitude, but her voice came out as nothing more than a raspy "ah."

Julie's eyes widened, sensing something was terribly wrong. She tried to speak once more but failed.

Overcome by fear, she tumbled out of bed and scrambled to locate an old mirror.

It was then that she saw her reflection. Her body was covered in grotesque scars.

Who was this? Could this really be her?

As she gazed into the mirror, a wave of terror washed over Julie, making her eyes widen.

She slapped her own face, wincing at the undeniable pain. This nightmare was her reality.

Suffocated by despair, she came to grips with her disfigured appearance and her newfound muteness.

The mirror slipped from her grasp, shattering into fragments that each captured her distorted visage. In desperation, Julie let out a silent scream and swiped the shards aside.

The jagged pieces tore at her skin, leaving drops of blood to fall from her fingertips.

Was this the cost of living?

Tears welled up in Julie's eyes as she collapsed to the floor, pale and trembling, her face losing its usual color.

What was the value of life if she had lost everything?

In that moment, Julie grabbed the sharpest shard, contemplating ending her life.

But her movement caught the elderly woman's

attention.

The old woman lunged, seizing the shard and halting Julie's suicidal intent. Then she made a hand gesture Julie couldn't comprehend.

Though confused, Julie felt her immediate urge to end her life subside, thanks to the woman's intervention.

After a pause, the elderly woman turned to a table, picked up a yellowed piece of paper, and scribbled a message. She then showed it to Julie.

"Being alive means there's still hope for whatever you wish to accomplish!"