



with wide eyes, shaking her head in disbelief; her fingers tapped the screen countless times, hoping it was just an error. Suddenly, a thunder-clap made her cringe. Under the torrential rain, Rosa's breathing became faster, and her brain gradually went blank. No matter how many times she logged back in, it was like this new identity. Rosa's helplessness was not so much a pity that she had practiced an account for more than a month but was afraid Hermione would be gone. The elf in the Secret Rift wanted to comfort Rosa but did not know how to speak for fear of hurting Rosa again.