

Her eyes were as bright as stars. Her face showed both naivety and a child-like expression.

Since Hermione stepped into Rosa's Secret Rift, the Secret Rift was flourishing again: the waterfall rushed down through the steep rock; at first glance, it was a stream of thousands of silver yarns. When the waterfall poured into the pool, small waves flew in the midair, filling the air and turning into a water mist. The roses by the brook were blooming, and the fragrance was overflowing, attracting butterflies and bees to dance. On the stone cliff in the distance, a peach tree thrived. Clusters of beautiful and pure petals

