

Chapter 374 Ally With August

Larry's POV:

For a moment, I couldn't believe my ears. Was it divine intervention? It turned out that August and I, the two most powerful wizards, had a common enemy.

I could barely blink back the shock in my eyes as I stammered, "What did you say?"

It was an imaginable coincidence that August, too, had a grudge against werewolves for personal reasons. The possibility of such a thing happening was so rare. And yet, here we were, the two of us with a shared hatred for werewolves. My surprise soon turned into joy. "August, you're right, let's join hands! All werewolves deserve to die. They have no place in our world."

The wretched werewolves, who had dared to cross me over and over again, would pay for what they had done with their blood. And the knowledge that I was not alone in my contempt for them filled me with a newfound confidence.

"Yes, I hate werewolves. I want to tear them into pieces." August's eyes turned red as he recalled his painful past. "Bert was an excellent boy. He was the only son that my wife and I had. Ever since I lost him, my life also lost all meaning."

I could care less about August's son, but I wanted to make him my ally, so I pretended to feel sorry for him and echoed, "August, I'm sorry for your loss. Let's make those evil werewolves pay the price!"

"That's right. We must turn their territory upside down," August growled, waving his fist with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Well, August, I'm more than willing to fight side by side. But right now, I'm still too weak to help you," I said regretfully. "I have to find a way to develop some magic medicine that can replenish my energy again."

"I know. Don't worry. I will help you," August replied without skipping a beat. "After that, we can both get our revenge."

"You are too kind, August," I exclaimed, unable to contain my excitement. "Thank you. Once my magic energy is restored, I will help you get rid of those pesky werewolves."

"Good, I can see that we share the same goals. For now, just lie down and get some rest. I'll make some magic medicine that will help you regain your energy." With a nod, August walked away to his room.

As I lay in the bed alone, an uncontrollable grin spread across my face.

The conversation just now finally rekindled hope in my heart. I had never imagined that I could ally with August, the grand wizard who the whole world thought was dead. Anthony and Jennifer would definitely face the music for what they had done.

I would torture them to death and take back my beloved Amelia.

Amelia's POV:

I didn't know why, but these days, I couldn't have a night's sleep without being plagued by nightmares. I dreamed that Larry appeared again, defeated Anthony and Jennifer, and took me away.

Perhaps it was just due to my restless fear of Larry, but I also knew that he wasn't the type to give up. He would somehow find a way to regain his magic energy and come back to fight us. In my dream, I was imprisoned by Larry again, doomed to spend the rest of my life in a dark room. A feeling of dread rose within me, claspng my neck with its bony hand. The blood in my body turned cold.

It was with a desperate gasp that I woke up from the nightmare. I sat up on the bed, covered in sweat. Looking at Morgan, who was lying half-asleep next to me, I grabbed his hand.

"Morgan, I had a nightmare that Larry came back and took me away again. I think it's really going to happen. What should I do?" My voice trembled, and tears welled up in my eyes as I held Morgan's hand tightly like I was holding on to a lifeline.

"Honey, there's no need to be afraid," Morgan murmured gently. "I'm right here. Besides, there's no way Larry will appear again. Mr. Jones has issued an order for his arrest all over the kingdom. Larry would have to be a fool to show his face here again. It's much more likely that he's hiding in the dark, trembling in fear."

"No, Morgan, you don't know Larry. When he puts his mind to something, he'll definitely do it. He's not scared of anything. It's only a matter of time before he finds a way to recover his magic energy!" I said, shaking my head.

"Amelia, if you're really that worried, we can leave the royal palace and live somewhere secluded, so that Larry won't be able to find us. We can go say goodbye to Mr. Jones right now." Morgan patted me on the back and pulled me into his arms. Although his offer was tempting, I knew that we couldn't leave the royal palace just like that.

"No, Morgan. I'm afraid that if Larry comes back here for me, he'll cause trouble to Anthony and Jennifer. I can't throw them under the bus for my sake. We'd better wait until Larry is found and arrested. After that, we can live a long and peaceful life together," I said shakily.

Life was long, but I felt as if I could see its end at a glance. I just hoped that I could spend the rest of my life with the person I loved, so that I wouldn't have any regrets.

"Okay, it's up to you. I just want you to feel safe," Morgan told me, tenderly rubbing my head. The two of us drifted off to sleep like that, curled up in each other's arms.

The next morning, after breakfast, the doctors performed a comprehensive physical examination on me as planned.

A while later, the attending doctor came to my ward with the examination result in his hand. "Amelia, these results show that you have recovered very well."

"Then can I be discharged tomorrow?" I asked expectantly.

"I advise you to stay and rest here for a while longer," the doctor replied, putting a damper on my spirits.

"But I would rather rest at home. I feel much better now," I said, pouting.

"All right, ma'am. If you insist, I can allow you to leave the hospital," the doctor relented with a sigh. "But after you leave, you have to take care of your health and not do any strenuous exercise, or your condition might worsen again."

Hearing that I could be discharged tomorrow was enough to cheer me up. "I'll follow all your instructions, doctor," I promised.

The next day, I was discharged from the hospital.

To my surprise, Jennifer, Roy, and Cynthia all came to see me.

Looking at these familiar faces smiling at me, I was deeply touched.

"Amelia, please recuperate in the royal palace for the time being. Anthony's men are still looking for Larry. Sooner or later, Larry will be arrested," Jennifer told me.

"Thank you for your kindness, Jennifer." Sitting in the car on the way to the royal palace, I smiled back at everyone. "Thank you, Roy and Cynthia. Thank you all for coming to see me."

Then, glancing down at Roy's and Cynthia's hands, which were entwined together, I smiled and added, "Roy and Cynthia, I hope the two of you will get married soon and live happily."

"I wish you and Morgan a long life together," Cynthia said warmly.

For the first time in a long time, I felt truly content even in the middle of all this chaos. It was really comforting to have such a good group of friends.

After returning to the room in the royal palace, Morgan poured me a glass of warm milk.

"Here you are, honey. Congratulations on your discharge from the hospital," Morgan said, pinching my cheek.

"Thank you, honey." I took the glass from him and blew on the surface of the milk, letting the steam rise up to my face. I was sitting on the bed, watching the news about the war on my phone.

I didn't expect to receive a message from an unknown number at this time.

"Amelia, I won't let you go."

The moment I saw the message clearly, my heart began to pound against my chest.

My eyes slid over the digits of the phone number, trying to find a clue. Who would send such a message to me? Even as I tried to find a harmless explanation, an ominous feeling rose in my heart. Who else could it be but Larry? He was the only one who would say such a thing to me.

I was scared out of my wits, but I didn't want Morgan to find out that something was wrong with me. After all, he had already done a lot for me these days. I didn't want to add to his burden even more.

Pursing my lips, I quickly blacklisted the phone number, and then took a big sip of milk.

I told myself to calm down. Perhaps it was just a prank. Even though I expected Larry to come back, it couldn't be possible for him to come back so soon. Or at least that was what I had to believe to comfort myself.

"What's wrong, honey?" Morgan asked, somehow noticing my restlessness.

"Nothing. I'm watching the news." I tried my best to calm down and forced a smile at Morgan. "I'm thinking about how our life will be once we leave the palace."

"Oh, when that day comes, we can get a puppy." Morgan's eyes were sparkling with joy.

"I like kittens," I answered absent-mindedly, trying to shove my emotions deep underneath.

No matter what, there was no point in panicking. I just had to sit back and trust that Anthony would be able to catch Larry.

