

Chapter 423 The Witch's Puppe

Jennifer's POV:

As soon as we were seated at our table again, Amelia and Morgan came over. Every time there was a big banquet in the royal palace, Anthony would invite all our witch friends. After all, they had helped us countless times and we had forged a deep friendship with them.

"Hey, Mr. Jones!" Morgan greeted us warmly. "Please let me express my sincere gratitude. If you didn't ask your men to take care of Amelia, she wouldn't have recovered so quickly. Moreover, you've helped us a lot, especially when you helped us find the antidote for Amelia. I really don't know how to repay you."

It was clear that Morgan had drunk a bit too much. He talked with the king so casually and his face was flushed. Amelia, who was standing next to him, smiled at us timidly.

I couldn't help but smile in amusement. Morgan was adorable when he was drunk. "You're most welcome, Morgan. We were just doing our duty. Plus, you helped us first when you helped us solve the Love Curse problem."

"Jennifer, I consider you a good friend now. There's no need to be so formal with us. Although we're witches, we're really happy for you werewolves for regaining peace." Amelia raised her glass and proposed a toast to me. "I wish that your child will grow up to be healthy and happy!"

"Thank you for your well wishes, Amelia. Cheers!" I raised my glass and clinked it against hers. But for the sake of my child's safety, I just took a sip.

Just then, Roy and Cynthia also approached us, grinning from ear to ear.

"We haven't congratulated you two properly yet, Mr. and Mrs. Jones," Roy slurred. Obviously, he, too, had had a bit too much to drink.

"We also wanted to welcome Austin back. I heard that he's the hero!" Cynthia covered her mouth and giggled.

"Let's have a toast!" I suggested, smiling at them.

"Cheers!"

This time, even Elizabeth raised her glass enthusiastically.

After downing their drinks, everyone settled down in their seat and chatted merrily.

"Jennifer, have you heard anything about Larry?" Amelia suddenly grew serious. "I heard that you found some clues. Is he really colluding with the grand wizard Augus?"

"Yes. We've been trying to follow up on any clues about Augus, but we haven't made much progress yet. I'm sorry." I sighed heavily.

"Don't be discouraged. We'll find Larry. If he's really with Augus, they're probably plotting something big. Surely, they'll give themselves away sooner or later." Cynthia put her arm around Cynthia comfortingly.

"Thanks, Cynthia." Amelia smiled. "Honestly, I'm not that scared of him anymore. Surrounded by friends like you, I just know that we'll capture him the next time we meet."

"That's the spirit! And we'll hold another banquet in celebration the day we catch Larry!" I raised my glass again. "You all had better attend!"

"Okay! Cheers!" Everyone echoed my sentiments loudly.

When we catch Larry, it'd take one huge burden off our plate. How happy everyone would be then! I really looked forward to that future.

Larry's POV:

When I heard the doorbell ringing, I hurried to the door. But in my haste, I accidentally stubbed my toe on the corner of the table.

"God damn it!" I shrieked in pain. What bad luck!

Grumbling under my breath, I went to the door after the pain subsided.

When I opened the door, I found a short, chubby man standing outside. Not bothering to acknowledge his presence, I turned around and shouted, "Augus, Elvis is back."

"Coming!" Augus got up and walked to the table to sit down with me. The plump little man walked towards us slowly. Then, he stopped abruptly, with his small, unblinking eyes staring at us. It wasn't because he was extraordinarily talented at not blinking. It was because he was our puppet.

"Go ahead." I gestured to Augus.

Augus nodded enthusiastically and pointed his wand at Elvis. "From now on, answer all of our questions."

Yes, we had done something to this poor short man. He was our carefully chosen prey, and we had cast a puppet spell on him. Now, he went everywhere to inquire about the werewolves on the daily, and he would come to report to us as soon as he got news.

"Has anything important happened lately, Elvis?" I asked straightforwardly.

"Master, the vampire king released the former lycan king, Austin. He has returned to werewolves' territory," Elvis replied monotonously without a single blink.

"What else?" I asked, tapping my foot impatiently. "Is that all you gathered?"

The puppet curse was had its pros and cons. On the one hand, we could manipulate someone with ease. On the other, the puppet would become very stupid. This one in particular reported so painfully slowly.

"The vampires and the werewolves have signed a peace treaty that will last fifty years. Now the werewolves are celebrating this new era of peace," Elvis replied flatly.

"Idiots!" I never thought vampires and werewolves would reconcile. "Those bats are all losers. I thought they'd help me make trouble, but they turned out to be useless weaklings!"

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. I raised my hand and shoved the jars on the table to the floor, where they shattered into a million pieces.

"Calm down, Larry. There's no use getting angry over this." Augus quickly patted me on the shoulder to comfort me. "We should be thinking of next steps."

I glared at the short and stupid man with contempt. "Humph! I had hoped that we could strike while the stupid wolves were busy fighting the stupid bats. Now, my plan is ruined. We have no choice but to wait—and we don't know until when!"

"Not necessarily, Larry. Maybe now's the time to use the pawn we planted among the werewolves," Augus said, wriggling his eyebrows meaningfully.

"Carl?" I turned around and asked incredulously.

"Yes. I think we can make use of him," Augus replied with a nod. "I've been thinking about it these days. Now's our a chance."

"What's on your mind? Tell me everything." I immediately cheered up and waved at the disappointing puppet impatiently. "Get out. Come back if you have any more important news."

"Yes, master." Elvis turned around and left without another word.

"Now that the werewolves are busy celebrating this newfound peace, Carl can infiltrate the palace under the guise of congratulating the lycan king. That way, he won't arouse any suspicion. When he arrives at the royal palace, he can whisk the queen away!" Augus explained with a devious smile.

"Oh, my God! Why didn't I think of that?" I was overjoyed and slapped Augus on the shoulder approvingly. "That's a great idea. Let's get to work!"

"I learned from the best, Larry." Augus smiled modestly.

Grinning from ear to ear, I whipped out my phone and called Carl right away.

Wonderful! We were finally going to take action. I would let Anthony, Jennifer and the others suffer more than death.

