

## Chapter 435 Carl's Shocking Plo

Carl's POV:

Maybe all was not lost. I could try talking to Larry about it first and see what he had to see. Jennifer just said that Anthony couldn't attend Daniel's wedding and that she was going to the Black Stone Pack on his behalf. It meant that Anthony wouldn't be with her then.

After mulling it over for a while, I realized this might be an opportunity rather than an obstacle.

"I see. Well, I completely understand. Mr. Jones is the king after all, so he must be busy running the Osman Kingdom. But Mr. Jones, please take good care of yourself. If you fall ill, the kingdom will be lost without you," I said with difficulty.

Truth be told, I wished he would fall ill. That way, I wouldn't have to go to such lengths to steal his she-wolf," I thought. But I just needed to be patient. Jennifer would be mine sooner or later. I wondered just how much he loved her. Would he stay single for the rest of his life after losing her? Or would he marry another queen in the end? If it was the latter, then Jennifer was meant to be mine.

"Thank you for your concern, Carl. Don't worry. I'll be careful," Anthony cracked a wry smile. "Are you going to stay for dinner, Carl?"

His invitation made my heart skip a beat. Of course, I wanted to see Jennifer as much as possible. But I knew that I couldn't act rashly, lest I mess up the entire operation. So I stood up politely and shook my head. "Mr. Jones, I'm just here to congratulate you and deliver the gifts. Now that I've done just that, I should leave. I won't disturb you and Mrs. Jones anymore. Please excuse me."

"Oh, of course, Carl. Let us see you off." Jennifer stood up and took Anthony's hand. The two of them escorted me out of the reception hall.

I smiled to myself secretly. My performance today deserved an award.

And now, the plan was moving smoothly.

Jennifer's POV:

When Carl left, I felt relieved.

I was so happy that my childhood playmate had finally found himself a mate. If he couldn't let go of me, Anthony and I would've been really uncomfortable.

"Anthony, I can't believe Carl found a mate! Thank God!" I sighed contentedly. "I'm so happy for him."

"It all happened so fast. It's too sudden," Anthony replied flatly.

"Hey, when I found out that you're my mate, I also felt that it was very sudden. Destined love always just falls into one's lap," I teased Anthony with a playful smile.

Now that Carl had found a girl he liked, he wouldn't pester me anymore. Anthony should've been ecstatic to know this.

"I suppose you're right." Anthony suddenly put his arms around my waist and pulled me close. Resting his forehead against mine, he said, "I fell for you very quickly after finding out you were my designated mate."

Anthony's confession moved me. The first time I saw him, I had my doubts. But now, we were in desperate, passionate love.

"Me too," I said shyly, burying my face in his arms.

After lingering in the hall for a while, Anthony and I headed back to our room and began to pack up my things in preparation for my trip to the Black Stone Pack.

"Pack this dress, and this one please." I asked the maid to pack my luggage. As my clothes piled up, I couldn't help but worry. "Am I over-packing?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Jones. As the queen of the kingdom, it's only normal that you bring a few cars' worth of luggage when you travel. I heard that the former queen used to bring even more things with her whenever she went out," Amy said to me with a reassuring smile.

I looked at her and sighed with relief. "Okay, I'll listen to you, Amy."

Amy was one of the witnesses who had played a key role in overturning Austin's rule. Recently, she was transferred to me and became my personal maid. She was a lovely and smart girl. I had grown quite fond of her.

While I was packing, Anthony was sitting on the sofa and flipping through the documents. As Amy packed up the last of my things, I quietly crept over and wrapped my arms around his neck from behind.

"Anthony, what're you looking at?" I asked with a teasing smile.

"Jennifer, you're being naughty again." Anthony smiled up at me. Then he took my hand and made me sit next to him. "Are you done packing? I'm just studying the report my men sent me. They've found some information about August's son, Bert. According to this, Bert appeared in werewolves' territory eighteen years ago and was seen by werewolves from the Colored Flowers Pack. But he hasn't been seen since."

"So what should we do now?" I asked in surprise.

"Nothing yet. But take a look at these two photos." Anthony opened the file. There were two photos of two similar-looking men.

"The one on the left is Bert, August's son, while the one on the right is a werewolf named Josh. Jennifer, look at them carefully. Don't they look alike?" Anthony asked with a slight frown.

"Oh, my God! What the hell? They look exactly the same!" I exclaimed in shock. "They look like the same person, just at different ages. Josh just looks a little older."

Anthony's POV:

The second I opened this file, I found its contents strange. How could two people with no relation look exactly the same? One of them was a werewolf, while the other was a wizard. A bold guess crossed my mind: what if they were the same person? That meant that Bert could still be alive.

I voiced to Jennifer my thoughts. "I think it's possible that August's son never died."

"What?" Jennifer looked at me in surprise, but then it clicked. "Do you think that Bert is actually Josh?"

I knew that Jennifer and I were always on the same page. I picked up the two photos and held them up, my eyes darting from one photo to the other over and over again. "Look at their features. How can two people look exactly alike without any blood relation?"

"Maybe it's a coincidence," Jennifer suggested, although she didn't look so convinced either.

"But no one has found Bert's dead body, and no one personally witnessed his death," I explained. "In a word, there's no way to prove that he is in fact dead."

"That makes sense. In that case, maybe we can look into Josh. If he is really a werewolf, then it really is just a coincidence."

"I'm already on it. I've ordered my men to try to find more clues. I'll tell you as soon as I get any news."

"Okay." Jennifer sighed. "If we could find out what happened to Bert, then we might have the chance to negotiate with August and ease his hatred towards the werewolves. Otherwise, if we can't split August and Larry up, it'll be difficult for us to defeat them."

Amy approached to inform us that she was done packing. Jennifer dismissed her, leaving the two of us alone in the room.

I locked the door and slowly strode over to Jennifer. She smiled, batting her eyelashes at me charmingly. "Do you have anything to say, honey?"

I wrapped my arms around her waist and murmured, "Guess what I want to say to you."

"I love you?" Jennifer asked then burst into laughter.

"No. I was going to say I don't want you to leave." I pressed my lips against Jennifer's. "We're going to separate again. Honey, ever since I became king, I feel that we've been spending less and less time together. I really hate being separated from you."

As I spoke, I rested my head on Jennifer's shoulder.

