

Chapter 448 Uneasy

Morgan's POV:

"Oh, Jennifer, thank you for your concern. I'm fine. Don't worry about me," Amelia said to Jennifer in a hurry, feigning a smile.

But Amelia's face was so deathly pale. Obviously, she wasn't fine.

I looked at her with concern. "Honey, please stop pretending to be strong. Even Jennifer can see that something's wrong."

Amelia sighed helplessly and shook her head. "Maybe I just caught a cold. I'll be fine after I get some rest."

Jennifer seemed to feel guilty. "It was Anthony and I who asked you and Morgan to come in the first place. I'm so sorry, Amelia. I think we'd better have everyone go back to go to sleep early. We don't want to be tired at the wedding tomorrow."

After saying that, Jennifer stood up and whispered a few words to Helen. Helen nodded and looked at Amelia and me apologetically. "I'm sorry, Amelia. I was so happy just now that I forgot the time. Please get some rest. Just tell me if you need anything. Our pack has good doctors."

Since the hostess said so, Amelia and I finally agreed. We said our goodbyes and then headed back to our room.

When I closed the door behind us, Amelia breathed a sigh of relief.

Worried, I pulled her into my arms and kissed her forehead gently. "Honey, what happened? I know you. Don't lie to me."

Leaning against my chest, Amelia fell silent for a long time before she finally answered softly, "Morgan... I think I saw Larry."

"What?" My heart dropped to my stomach. "Larry? Where? If he dares to show his face, I won't let him go!"

"Wait, Morgan. I wasn't clear just now. I didn't see him with my own eyes, but I felt his presence." Amelia hugged herself and looked extremely uneasy. "When I was in the hall just now, I suddenly felt a chill, as though someone was staring at me from outside the house. It had to be Larry. Only he can haunt me like a ghost."

"That can't be right. If Larry showed up, the guards outside would've seen him. Besides, he's injured. How could he return to werewolves' territory so soon? And how would he have known that we were here and not the royal palace?" I tried to comfort her. Ever since we landed in the Black Stone Pack, I had been on the lookout for danger. So far, there wasn't a trace of Larry at all.

"Then I don't know what happened..." Amelia closed her eyes and winced. "I just can't stop myself from feeling uneasy. He always crosses my mind."

"Maybe you're just exhausted, honey." I pulled Amelia back into my arms and rubbed her back gently. "Larry traumatized you, after all. Damn that wizard! Don't be scared, Amelia. I'll stay by your side forever. One day, you'll completely forget about him and the scars he left on your heart."

"Thank you, honey. With you by my side, I'm not afraid of him. Okay. I'll try my best to forget about him. God, I really hope that Mr. Jones will catch Larry as soon as possible so that I can rest easy!"

I took Amelia's hand and sat down on the edge of the bed. Tucking her long hair behind her ear, I said softly, "Honey, I believe that day will come soon."

"But I can't help but have a bad feeling about all this, Morgan." Amelia sighed and wrapped her arms around my waist. Her voice was hoarse, but it sounded particularly charming to me. "Morgan, since Mr. Jones has entrusted Jennifer to us, we must not let anything bad happen to her. I promise I can take care of myself, but you must keep an eye out for her."

I completely understood where she was coming from. We owed the king and queen for their kindness, so I had vowed to protect Jennifer and live up to Anthony's expectations.

"Don't worry, Amelia. Just go to bed and get some rest. We have a full day ahead of us."

"Okay, honey." Amelia finally smiled. Her wrinkly face showed creases at the corners of her eyes, and her skin wasn't as smooth as before. But I wanted to remember her face more and more. She was Amelia after all—the woman I loved more than anything else in this world.

After washing our faces and brushing our teeth, I tucked Amelia in bed.

"Okay, honey. I'm turning off the lights now. Good night!" I said softly.

"Good night, Morgan," Amelia said with a smile and closed her eyes.

But I didn't want to sleep just yet. I looked at Amelia's sleeping face and sighed contentedly. What a lovely treasure she was! I needed to protect her well. Once Anthony finally caught Larry, I would take Amelia to a place far away from the hustle and bustle, so that we could live the rest of our lives in peace.

Jennifer's POV:

After returning to the room Daniel had prepared for me, I went to check on Godfrey first.

"Has Godfrey been fed?" I asked the maid who was watching over him.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," the maid answered respectfully, standing beside the crib with a smile.

"Good. Thank you. I'll take over now. You can get some rest." I dismissed the maid and walked to the crib. As expected, Godfrey was sleeping soundly, tucked carefully under a quilt.

Seeing his cute sleeping face, I couldn't help but smile. What a lovely child! I touched my swollen belly and wondered what my own child would look like. I really hoped that it would be as healthy as Godfrey.

Just then, there was a knock on the door of my room. I was afraid that whoever was outside would wake Godfrey up, so I hurried to open the door.

"Jennifer, were you about to sleep? Did we disturb you?" Helen gave me an embarrassed smile.

"Not yet. I was about to take a shower. What's up?" I let Helen and Daniel into the room.

"Nothing. We just wanted to check up on you to see if you're okay with the room we gave you. After all, not only are you the queen, but also our friend. We'll feel terrible if we don't take good care of you!" Helen explained with a charming smile, and Daniel nodded in agreement.

"Everything's fine. Don't worry!" I pinched Helen's nose playfully and pulled her to the sofa. "Don't forget that I used to live as a slave before I went to the Osman Kingdom. I can adapt to any environment very well, or I wouldn't have become how I am today. Besides, you and Daniel have prepared a lot for me. It's more than enough!"

"Wait. Why is Godfrey in your room? Where's Jerome? Why hasn't he come back for his child?" All of a sudden, Helen's eyes landed on the sleeping Godfrey.

"Jerome needed to deal with something tonight," I replied calmly. Looking at Helen's questioning look, I couldn't help but snicker internally. I couldn't wait to see her reaction tomorrow when she saw Skylar.

Helen tilted her head to the side and asked, "What would he have to do at this hour? Tell me! Why are you being so mysterious?"

I smiled cryptically and said, "You'll know tomorrow."