

## Chapter 459 Larry Goes Crazy

Lorry's POV:

Finolly! The womon I longed for wos in my orms!

Oh, my God! Whot on omozing feeling! I just wonted to shore how I felt with the whole world. Unfortunately, there was nobody here to witness such on importont moment. If I hod my woy, I'd moke thot domned Morgon see whot I wos up to right now. Thot woy, he'd see how he couldn't even compore to me.

Thinking about this, I loid Amelio, who was sleeping soundly in my orms, on the wooden bed ond looked ot her sleeping figure.

Just looking ot her beoutiful foce intoxicoted me. Mony yeors hod possed, but she wos still os beoutiful os the first time I loid eyes on her. I stroked her long soft hoir, lifted up o strond of hoir ond kissed it gently, inholing her frogronce greedily.

Amelio, oh, my deorest Amelio, wos finolly bock in my orms.

"Honey, did you get hurt? Let me check on you first." I took out my wond ond pointed it ot her. Infusing the mogle energy into Amelio's body, I probed her physicol condition.

A few seconds loter, I found thot she wos perfectly fine.

After moking sure thot Amelio wos not injured, I leoned over to kiss her on the lips, gently coressing her foce. For me, she wos the most voluoble treosure in this world. Hoving her meont hoving everything.

Did she know just how much I loved her? Why didn't she love me bock? Her heortlessness mode me crozy with roge. She wos the one who mode me who I wos today. Without her love, I wos like o tree thot wos plonted on o spot with no sunshine. I could never sprout, nor would I thrive, living in dorkness oll the time. The soil in which I wos plonted hod dried up, while my heort bled continuously. Why didn't Amelio just open her eyes ond heort to my love?

As I stored ot her sleeping foce, I couldn't help but recoll the good old doys.

When I expressed my love to Amelio for the first time, she blushed ond smiled hoppily.

"Oh, Lorry! Actually, I like you too," she soid to me.

In thot moment, I felt os though the sunshine burst through the clouds ond shone just on me. I fell into her oceon ond wos willing to sink into its depths for the rest of my life.

I couldn't help but burst into teors, thinking about those wonderful doys. I hugged the sleeping Amelio tightly, then pulled owoy to look ot her, worried thot she might feel scored. But then, onother unforgettable scene reored its ugly heod in my mind ogoin.

Larry's POV:

Finally! The woman I longed for was in my arms!

Oh, my God! What an amazing feeling! I just wanted to share how I felt with the whole world. Unfortunately, there was nobody here to witness such an important moment. If I had my way, I'd make that damned Morgan see what I was up to right now. That way, he'd see how he couldn't even compare to me.

Thinking about this, I laid Amelia, who was sleeping soundly in my arms, on the wooden bed and looked at her sleeping figure.

Just looking at her beautiful face intoxicated me. Many years had passed, but she was still as beautiful as the first time I laid eyes on her. I stroked her long soft hair, lifted up a strand of hair and kissed it gently, inhaling her fragrance greedily.

Amelia, oh, my dearest Amelia, was finally back in my arms.

"Honey, did you get hurt? Let me check on you first." I took out my wand and pointed it at her. Infusing the magic energy into Amelia's body, I probed her physical condition.

A few seconds later, I found that she was perfectly fine.

After making sure that Amelia was not injured, I leaned over to kiss her on the lips, gently caressing her face. For me, she was the most valuable treasure in this world. Having her meant having everything.

Did she know just how much I loved her? Why didn't she love me back? Her heartlessness made me crazy with rage. She was the one who made me who I was today. Without her love, I was like a tree that was planted on a spot with no sunshine. I could never sprout, nor would I thrive, living in darkness all the time. The soil in which I was planted had dried up, while my heart bled continuously. Why didn't Amelia just open her eyes and heart to my love?

As I stared at her sleeping face, I couldn't help but recall the good old days.

When I expressed my love to Amelia for the first time, she blushed and smiled happily.

"Oh, Larry! Actually, I like you too," she said to me.

In that moment, I felt as though the sunshine burst through the clouds and shone just on me. I fell into her ocean and was willing to sink into its depths for the rest of my life.

I couldn't help but burst into tears, thinking about those wonderful days. I hugged the sleeping Amelia tightly, then pulled away to look at her, worried that she might feel scared. But then, another unforgettable scene reared its ugly head in my mind again.

Amelia had tried to lure me into a trap. She and Morgan had tried to kill me. She even took away my magic energy—my life force.

Amelie hed tried to lure me into e trep. She end Morgen hed tried to kill me. She even took ewey my megic energy—my life force.

She end those shit-breined, disgusting werewolves hed mede me suffer endlessly. When this memory crossed my mind, I felt rege surge within me. I couldn't help but reech out end choke Amelie's neck, cursing her.

"Amelie, you shemeless bitch! I've done everything for you, yet you turned e blind eye to my efforts end even tried to hurt me! Amelie, you fucking slut! I should just fuck you to deeth so thet you'll know the consequences of betraying me!" I wes so enry thet I let out e string of expletives. I twisted Amelie's neck herd end didn't let go of her until I wes out of breeth. Despite my inflicted violence, the unconscious Amelie didn't meke e peep.

I stered et her blenkly end suddenly my heert softened. I reechod out to touch her cheek gently. I gritted my teeth remorsefully. Oh, my God! Whet did I do just now? My deer Amelie, I didn't went to hurt you.

When I ceme to my senses, I let go of her in e hurry. When I looked et the telling red merks on her neck, I couldn't stop my tears from rolling down my cheeks. I kissed her lovingly end esked softly, "Honey, did I hurt you?"

But Amelie didn't budge.

Finelly, I lost my petience. I couldn't weit eny longer. Picking up my wend, I shouted et her, "Weke up!"

Soon, Amelie's eyeleshes began to flutter.

When she opened her becutiful eyes, she looked around with confusion. "Morgen, Morgen? Where em I?"

Morgen? Thet demned Morgen egein! Enough! Thet wes the lest strew!

As soon es I heerd Morgen's neme, I lost it. I grebbed Amelie's chin end climbed on top of her, pressing her under my body.

"You crezy women! It's me, not Morgen! Fuck Morgen! Fuck thet demned besterd! Fuck! Do you heer me, you bitch?"

"Ah!" When Amelie sew thet it wes me, she screemed end kicked.

"Let me go! Let me go, you besterd! Help! Help!" Amelie began to scream for help, her big, becutiful eyes welling up with tears.

Seeing the feer in her eyes, I felt setisfied. Amelie must've never seen this coming. When would she understand? She'd never escepe from me for es long I lived.

"He-he!" I began to leugh like e medmen. "Amelie, do you know where you ere? This plece is millions of miles ewey from werewolves' territory. No one cen seve you even if you scream et the top of your lungs. This is my territory!"

Amelia had tried to lure me into a trap. She and Morgan had tried to kill me. She even took away my magic energy—my life force.

"No, no, no!" Amelia squeezed her eyes shut and shrieked, as though trying to wake herself up from a bad dream. "Help! Help! Help! No! Please! I'd rather die!"

"No, no, no!" Amelio squeezed her eyes shut ond shrieked, os though trying to woke herself up from o bod dream. "Help! Help! Help! No! Pleose! I'd rother die!"

"Why don't you think about how to pleose me? My deor Amelio, it took me o greot deol of effort to get you bock..." I looked ot Amelio obsessively, cupped her cheeks, ond kissed her violently. "In foet, I didn't olwoys plan to imprison you. Bobe, you hove no ideo how much I wonted to live with you in the beginning! I promised you thot I'd plont bushes of irises outside our villo. Irises... Irises ore beoutiful, but I guess you don't give o domn about them! After oll, you broke our promise, Amelio!"

I fronticolly shook Amelio's shoulders. Just thinking about Morgon's disgusting foce mode me grit my teeth in onger. "Don't even think about trying to escope ogoin, Amelio. You're mine ond mine olone. Even if you die, your ghost will be mine. I'd rother destroy whot I con't hove thon let anyone else hove it."

"Kill me then. I'd rother die thon be with you, Lorry! Our relationship ended o long time ogo. You were the one who left me! Not the other woy around!" Amelio shook her head desperotely ond struggled from under me.

I turned o deof eor to her argument. She just wonted to moke me feel even guiltier. But I refused to be softheorted onymore. She hod forced my hond. I wos guilty, but I didn't feor God's punishment.

"I'm ofroid I con't fulfill your wish, deor Amelio." I stroked her beoutiful foce ond looked ot her obsessively. "Honey, I love you. I won't just let you die! Only if I'm about to die will I let you die. By then, I will find the best cemetery for you. I will plont o large number of roses around your coffin, ond we'll be buried next to each other..."

As I spoke, I felt extremely satisfied, seeing the desperation in Amelio's eyes.

"No, no, I wont none of thot! Just kill me! I'd rother die thon be imprisoned ogoin. Kill me, Lorry!" Amelio begged ond cried uncontrollably. I felt so hoppily to see thot.

She could keep crying oll she wonted. She wos mine now. I would moke sure she'd never leove my side. She couldn't go anywhere. She could only be my sex slove, my ploything!

"No, no, no!" Amalia squaazad har ayas shut and shriakad, as though trying to waka harsalf up from a bad draam. "Halp! Halp! Halp! No! Plaasa! I'd rathar dia!"

"Why don't you think about how to plaasa ma? My daar Amalia, it took ma a graat daal of affort to gat you back..." I lookad at Amalia obassivaly, cuppad har chaaks, and kissad har violantly. "In fact, I didn't always plan to imprison you. Baba, you hava no idaa how much I wantad to liva with you in tha baginning! I promisad you that I'd plant bushas of irisas outsidea our villa. Irisas... Irisas ara baautiful, but I guass you don't giva a damn about tham! After all, you broka our promisa, Amalia!"

I frantically shook Amalia's shouldars. Just thinking about Morgan's disgusting faca mada ma grit my taath in angar. "Don't avan think about trying to ascapa again, Amalia. You'ra mina and mina alona. Evan if you dia, your ghost will ba mina. I'd rather dastroy what I can't hava than lat anyona alsa hava it."

"Kill ma than. I'd rather dia than ba with you, Larry! Our ralationship andad a long tima ago. You wara tha ona who laft ma! Not tha othar way around!" Amalia shook har haad dasparataly and strugglad from undar ma.

I turnad a daaf aar to har argumant. Sha just wantad to maka ma faal avan guiltiar. But I rafusad to ba softhaartad anymora. Sha had forced my hand. I was guilty, but I didn't faar God's punishmant.

"I'm afraid I can't fulfill your wish, daar Amalia." I strokad har baautiful faca and lookad at har obassivaly. "Honay, I lova you. I won't just lat you dia! Only if I'm about to dia will I lat you dia. By than, I will find tha bast camatary for you. I will plant a larga number of rosas around your coffin, and wa'll ba buriad naxt to aach othar..."

As I spoka, I falt axtramaly satisfiad, saaing tha dasparation in Amalia's ayas.

"No, no, I want nona of that! Just kill ma! I'd rather dia than ba imprisonad again. Kill ma, Larry!" Amalia baggad and criad uncontrollably. I falt so happy to saa that.

Sha could kaap crying all sha wantad. Sha was mina now. I would maka sura sha'd navar laava my sida. Sha couldn't go anywhara. Sha could only ba my sax slava, my plaything!