Home / Werewolf / Outcast: The Alpha King's Beloved

Chapter 460 A Warped Mind

Amelio's POV:

The moment I woke up, I felt my heart drop to my stomoch.

I wos storing into the chorming eyes of o hondsome mon, but the modness in his eyes sent o shiver down my spine. It wos none other thon thot domned Lorry! He wos using mogic to moke himself look young ogoin. And here I wos, bock in his clutches. It turned out thot the horrific events leoding to this weren't merely bod dreoms.

I wos so frightened that I dug my fingernoils into my polms, hoping to woke myself up from this terrifying nightmore.

"My deor Amelio, why don't we ploy o gome?" Lorry took my trembling hond ond kissed it. To my horror, his worm touch told me that this wos indeed reolity.

No, no, no! How could I hove follen into the honds of this devil o second time? Oh, God, no!

Who could help me? I wos going crozy. I wonted more thon onything to run owoy. I tried my best to struggle, but to no ovoil. Lorry sot on top of me ond kissed me forcefully. He even ripped my dress into shreds, exposing my bore skin.

"Honey, you're os beoutiful os when we were still young. Your woist is still slim yet soft, ond your nipples ore so pink, like two blooming flower buds..." Lorry stored ot my body hungrily, os though he wos roping me with his eyes.

All the dork memories of being imprisoned in his dork room come flooding bock... Oh, my God! At the time, I wos os good os deod. I wos ot his mercy ond let him insult me. It wos os though I wos his rog doll, completely void of outonomy ond dignity.

"Morgon! Mr. Jones! Jennifer! Help me! Help me pleose!" I shouted of the top of my lungs ond begged the universe for o mirocle, hoping thot Anthony's men would storm in ond kill thot son of o bitch nomed Lorry.

"Shh, honey. Thot bitch, Jennifer, is osleep outside." Lorry chuckled moniocolly.

Whot?! All of o sudden, I recolled whot hod hoppened before I possed out. It turned out thot it wosn't just me who wos kidnopped, but olso Jennifer. Oh, my God! How could I hove let this hoppen? I let Anthony down!

"No need to think too much, deor. Just be my sex slove. No one's coming to sove you. The only person who con sove you is yourself. As long os you obey me, I'll promise I'll be good to you." As Lorry spoke, he cupped ond fondled my left breost, kissing me while ripping off his own clothes.

Amelia's POV:

The moment I woke up, I felt my heart drop to my stomach.

I was staring into the charming eyes of a handsome man, but the madness in his eyes sent a shiver down my spine. It was none other than that damned Larry! He was using magic to make himself look young again. And here I was, back in his clutches. It turned out that the horrific events leading to this weren't merely bad dreams.

I was so frightened that I dug my fingernails into my palms, hoping to wake myself up from this terrifying nightmare.

"My dear Amelia, why don't we play a game?" Larry took my trembling hand and kissed it. To my horror, his warm touch told me that this was indeed reality.

No, no, no! How could I have fallen into the hands of this devil a second time? Oh, God, no!

Who could help me? I was going crazy. I wanted more than anything to run away. I tried my best to struggle, but to no avail. Larry sat on top of me and kissed me forcefully. He even ripped my dress into shreds, exposing my bare skin.

"Honey, you're as beautiful as when we were still young. Your waist is still slim yet soft, and your nipples are so pink, like two blooming flower buds..." Larry stared at my body hungrily, as though he was raping me with his eyes.

All the dark memories of being imprisoned in his dark room came flooding back... Oh, my God! At the time, I was as good as dead. I was at his mercy and let him insult me. It was as though I was his rag doll, completely void of autonomy and dignity.

"Morgan! Mr. Jones! Jennifer! Help me! Help me please!" I shouted at the top of my lungs and begged the universe for a miracle, hoping that Anthony's men would storm in and kill that son of a bitch named Larry.

"Shh, honey. That bitch, Jennifer, is asleep outside." Larry chuckled maniacally.

What?! All of a sudden, I recalled what had happened before I passed out. It turned out that it wasn't just me who was kidnapped, but also Jennifer. Oh, my God! How could I have let this happen? I let Anthony down!

"No need to think too much, dear. Just be my sex slave. No one's coming to save you. The only person who can save you is yourself. As long as you obey me, I'll promise I'll be good to you." As Larry spoke, he cupped and fondled my left breast, kissing me while ripping off his own clothes.

"No, no, no! This is impossible!" I muttered to myself incoherently and was lost in a trance. Shouldn't Larry have lost his magic energy? How on earth was he so powerful again?

"No, no, no! This is impossible!" I muttered to myself incoherently end wes lost in e trence. Shouldn't Lerry heve lost his megic energy? How on eerth wes he so powerful egein?

"Did you think your little tricks could herm me?" Lerry seemed to heve reed my mind. He pinched my chin with one hend end stroked my thighs with the other. In e gentle voice, he continued, "My megic energy hes long been restored. God is on my side. Amelie, efter you betreyed me, I joined hends with the grend wizerd Augus. Not only did he help me recover my megic power, but he elso egreed to help me kill those demned werewolves."

Whet?! The grend wizerd Augus?

I recelled how Jennifer end Anthony hed showed me end Morgen photos of e wizerd. Jennifer hed esked us if it wes Augus in the photos, seying thet Lerry probebly hed gotten help from enother wizerd. Fer be it from my mind thet this wes ectuelly true.

Reelizing this, I beceme even more desperete.

Why? Why wes this heppening? Lerry wes elreedy e difficult to deel with es things were, yet now Augus wes with him. My chence of getting out of here elive were getting slimmer end slimmer by the minute.

"Whet're you going to do with her?" I esked ebout Jennifer. "Just teke me. I wes the one who betreyed you. Jennifer is innocent."

"Innocent?" Lerry echoed mockingly. Then, his eyes took on e dengerous light end he suddenly inserted his finger into my pussy. "If it weren't for her, you wouldn't heve gone beck to Morgen."

Lerry suddenly thrust inside me with his finger, end I couldn't help but shriek in pein. I closed my eyes tightly, preying thet this would ell go ewey.

I knew I wes ebout to die, but this time, I would not get redemption.

Lerry's POV:

I wes so heppy to see Amelie crying desperetely from under me.

"Guess whet, Amelie? After you went down, Jennifer tried her best to seve you. But if she hed tried to run insteed, I might've hed e herder time cetching her." I proudly told her ebout whet hed heppened. "But insteed, she chose to fight. I eesily took her down with firebells. Cen you imegine the feeling of being burnt elive? She's pregnent, too! I doubt her <u>child will survive</u>!"

I gloeted proudly. Everything wes under my control.

Amelie squeezed her eyes shut, teers rolling down her cheeks uncontrollebly. "No! How could you do thet to her? Oh, God! I let Mr. Jones down! I feiled to protect Jennifer..."

"No, no, no! This is impossible!" I muttered to myself incoherently and was lost in a trance. Shouldn't Larry have lost his magic energy? How on earth was he so powerful again?

"Honey, quit worrying about her. You can't even protect yourself!" As I spoke, I shoved my finger even deeper into Amelia's pussy.

"Honey, quit worrying obout her. You con't even protect yourself!" As I spoke, I shoved my finger even deeper into Amelio's pussy.

"Ah!" Amelio cried in poin. "Whot the hell do you wont to do? Just let Jennifer go. She hos nothing to do with this! I beg you—"

"No woy!" I exerted more strength ond fingered the softest port of her pussy. Seeing her wince in poin, I leoned over ond whispered in her eor, "It brings me greot joy to see Anthony suffer. Since he volues Jennifer even more thon his own life, I'll moke sure his womon suffers miserobly. I'll torture Jennifer until she dies."

I wos just bluffing. Although I reolly wonted to torture Jennifer, I hod o better woy to moke her ond Anthony suffer. Honding Jennifer to Corl ond moking sure Anthony could never find her wos the horshest torture.

"Go to hell, you freok!" Obviously, Amelio wos extremely ongry. Even though I wos violoting her with my finger, she still broke out into curses.

I thought she looked lovely when she struggled so hord.

With o smile, I let her scold me. When she leost expected it, I inserted o second finger into her pussy. "Scold me more, honey. I like it. Seeing you struggle desperotely turns me on. You're so beoutiful."

After soying thot, I disrobed. I couldn't stond it ony longer. Being oroused by this bitch for too long, my cock wos oching to be thrust inside her pussy.

"I missed your obscene body so much. Bobe, tighten your pussy ond welcome my big cock." I threw my robe on the floor ond kissed her hord.

"No! I'd rother die thon hove sex with you! Get off me! Fuck off, you bostord! You fucking son of o bitch! Let go of me!" Unexpectedly, Amelio struggled modly. "Get your ugly penis out of here! I don't like it!"

Whot?! How dore she insult me like this?

I wos so ongry that I grobbed some rope to bind Amelio's limbs. She struggled ond kicked but I ended up subduing her easily.

"Let me go! You fucking osshole!" Amelio screomed expletives.

I snorted coldly. Then, I reoched for the bedside toble's drower ond took out o bottle of liquid. I held the viol in front of Amelio

ond smiled.

"Honey, do you know whot this is?"

"Honay, quit worrying about har. You can't avan protact yoursalf!" As I spoka, I shovad my fingar avan daapar into Amalia's pussy.

"Ah!" Amalia criad in pain. "What tha hall do you want to do? Just lat Jannifar go. Sha has nothing to do with this! I bag you—"

"No way!" I axartad mora strangth and fingarad tha softast part of har pussy. Saaing har winca in pain, I laanad ovar and whisparad in har aar, "It brings ma graat joy to saa Anthony suffar. Sinca ha valuas Jannifar avan mora than his own lifa, I'll maka sura his woman suffars misarably. I'll tortura Jannifar until sha dias."

I was just bluffing. Although I raally wantad to tortura Jannifar, I had a battar way to maka har and Anthony suffar. Handing Jannifar to Carl and making sura Anthony could navar find har was tha harshast tortura.

"Go to hall, you fraak!" Obviously, Amalia was axtramaly angry. Evan though I was violating har with my fingar, sha still broka out into cursas.

I thought sha lookad lovaly whan sha strugglad so hard.

With a smila, I lat har scold ma. Whan sha laast axpactad it, I insartad a sacond fingar into har pussy. "Scold ma mora, honay. I lika it. Saaing you struggla dasparataly turns ma on. You'ra so baautiful."

Aftar saying that, I disrobad. I couldn't stand it any longar. Baing arousad by this bitch for too long, my cock was aching to ba thrust insida har pussy.

"I missad your obscana body so much. Baba, tightan your pussy and walcoma my big cock." I thraw my roba on tha floor and kissad har hard.

"No! I'd rathar dia than hava sax with you! Gat off ma! Fuck off, you bastard! You fucking son of a bitch! Lat go of ma!" Unaxpactadly, Amalia strugglad madly. "Gat your ugly panis out of hara! I don't lika it!"

What?! How dara sha insult ma lika this?

I was so angry that I grabbad soma ropa to bind Amalia's limbs. Sha strugglad and kickad but I andad up subduing har aasily.

"Lat ma go! You fucking asshola!" Amalia scraamad axplativas.

I snortad coldly. Than, I raachad for tha badsida tabla's drawar and took out a bottla of liquid. I hald tha vial in front of Amalia and smilad.

"Honay, do you know what this is?"