

Chapter 468 Amelia's Desperation

Carl's POV:

I put my phone away irritably as panic started to overwhelm me. What was I going to do? Anthony found out that Jennifer was missing way sooner than I had expected. Damn it! Did he suspect me? Could Anthony already know that I was the one behind his queen's disappearance?

No! I told myself repeatedly to calm down. Anthony thought that I was working in the pack and couldn't possibly suspect me so soon. What I needed to do now was take Jennifer back and marry her as soon as possible. By then, she would become my Luna.

I continued to pace back and forth restlessly. Suddenly, I heard a loud noise coming from upstairs.

Oh, my God! What happened? Had the pursuers come already? I was scared out of my wits. Gritting my teeth, I crept up the stairs, quiet as a mouse, and carefully peeked into the log cabin. Thankfully, I didn't see any intruders. Instead, I found that the ruckus seemed to come from the room Larry had come out of earlier.

Amelia was locked in that room, right? I had met her once before in the royal palace's garden. She had told me that black magic couldn't possibly change anyone's mind.

I wondered what she was up to inside that locked room. How could such a small witch make such a loud ruckus?

I couldn't help but feel a little curious. I got close to the door of that room and pressed my ear against it.

Amelia's POV:

The second Larry left, I lay still in bed. It took me a long time to accept the fact that he had just raped me. Finally, I stumbled out of bed and looked at myself in the mirror. The woman staring back at me was covered in black and blue bruises, and worse still, her crotch was an absolute mess. It was obvious that she had just been mercilessly raped.

Oh, my God! How could this have happened? No! Seeing myself like this was extremely humiliating. I felt so ashamed that I wanted to smash my head against the wall in an effort to kill myself. Before I knew what I was doing, I had rushed to the mirror and slammed my head against it. Blood immediately trickled down my face, and the mirror was cracked. Before I could do it a second time, Morgan's image appeared in my mind.

No, I couldn't die like this. Morgan was still looking for me. He had sounded so anxious earlier on the phone. He was probably fretting over his guilt of losing me again. If he found out that I had killed myself, he probably would follow suit. I gritted my teeth and grabbed my hair to bring me back to my senses.

I wanted to live. Maybe, just maybe, I'd see Morgan once more in this lifetime. And that devil named Larry needed to pay for everything he had done.

I cursed under my breath, hoping Larry would die a horrible death. I also hoped I would live to see it. As long as he was alive, I couldn't die.

Gritting my teeth, I tried to encourage myself. But seeing the tear-stained, pitiful face in the mirror made me feel terrible. Although I now looked as young and beautiful as I did in my youth, I was far from happy. After all, I was now just Larry's plaything.

I picked up the bedside lamp and smashed it against the mirror. I didn't stop until the mirror was shattered into countless pieces and nothing could be reflected in it.

"Larry, you bastard! I hate you!" I was so angry that I kept cursing Larry. Seeing that I was still naked, I picked up my clothes from the floor and put them on quickly. Then I strode to the door and started whacking the bedside lamp against it. "Let me out! Let me out! You scumbag! Larry, where the fuck are you? Let me out of here right this instant!"

I smashed the door with all my might, trying to attract Larry's attention. "Larry, you crazy son of a bitch! If you don't let me out, I'll commit suicide!"

I shouted at the top of my lungs, but there was still no response from outside.

"Is Larry gone? Well, if that's the case, I need to find a way to escape!" I immediately whirled around and looked for my phone or other tools that could help me escape. But, of course, Larry was really cunning. I searched every corner of the room, but I couldn't find anything useful.

I felt a little discouraged, but I refused to give up. I strode over to the window and tried to push it open, but no matter how hard I tried, the window didn't budge. I peered outside and saw that the window had been nailed shut.

God damn it all! Larry had expected that I would try to run away, so he had taken extra measures to make sure that I couldn't leave.

Should I have just given up? No, I was a witch, for crying out loud. I could also use magic spells. So I began to search the room for my wand. When Larry brought me here, my wand was still with me. When did it disappear?

I couldn't find my wand. Despair slowly overtook me.

I sank onto the bed and buried my head in my palms, crying bitterly. Why was God letting this happen?

"Amelia, are you okay? I heard a ruckus inside just now..." Just then, a man's voice came from outside.

I instantly cheered up and rushed to the door. "Who's there? Please, help me. I'm trapped. Please get me out of here!"

I could tell that the voice was neither Larry's nor August's. I couldn't help but feel hopeful that the man could help me.

"You don't need to know who I am." To my surprise, the man on the other side of the door refused to answer my question. "Anyway, are you okay?"

"No! I'm not okay at all!" I cried desperately. "Please help me, sir!"

"I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do to help you," the man answered after a moment's silence.

What? Despair gnawed at my heart once more. Why couldn't he help me? Did he work for Larry?

"Amelia, it sounds like you've been looking for me, honey." Just then, Larry's gloomy voice came from the other side of the door.

A shiver ran down my spine and the hair on the back of my neck stood on end.

No! Why did this fiend have to come back?

Larry's POV:

When August and I were done casting a spell on Jennifer, we planned to ask Carl to take her right away. But, unexpectedly, he wasn't waiting outside the dark room. I went upstairs to look for him, only to find that he was standing in front of the door of the room where I imprisoned Amelia. The bastard was even talking to Amelia.

This pissed me off. Carl was really like a damned priest. Previously he was willing to raise another man's son, and now he sympathized with my woman. God damn it! Why did he always have to meddle in other people's business?

"What the fuck do you think you're doing? Do you want to be locked up with her?" I cursed viciously.

"Larry!" Carl jumped when he saw me. Then he quickly regained his composure and bowed to me humbly. "I'm sorry. I didn't do anything, I swear. I just talked to Amelia. Nothing happened. Don't be angry."

Seeing Carl's subservient attitude, I snorted. "You should know my temper by now. Why the hell are you meddling in other people's business?"

"I promise I won't do it again. Carl nodded timidly.