

Chapter 479 Poor Emma

Emma's POV:

I couldn't believe my eyes. The man in front of me was actually the grand wizard Larry!

Anger surged within me and my whole body trembled. I pointed a finger at Larry and cursed him endlessly, but he didn't seem to care.

God damn him! What a fucking bastard!

"Come on, Emma. I know you want Anthony to fall in love with you. I can help you, as long as you hear me out. Don't you want to be queen of the Osman Kingdom?" Larry kept trying to persuade me.

Finally, I fell silent. I knew I was in no position to deal with Larry on my own. He was a grand wizard after all. His witchcraft was so powerful that he could summon wind, rain, lightning and thunder. Even Anthony might not be able to defeat him alone.

I tried calling the guards to come and catch him, but no guards paid me any heed. Obviously, Larry had cast a spell of some sort to prevent them from helping me. Panic began to well up inside me, but I knew I needed to keep calm. Gritting my teeth, I looked around, hoping that someone would pass by and find out that Larry was here.

Maybe if I turned into a wolf, I could outrun him and escape...

"I know what you're thinking, Emma. You want to run away, don't you? Don't even try. I can end an idiot like you with the snap of my fingers." Larry smiled at me maliciously, waving the stick in his hand.

"I'll never surrender!" I rushed to a path in the garden, trying my best to escape.

"Don't waste your energy. I can beat up thousands of weaklings like you in the blink of an eye." To my horror, Larry suddenly appeared right in front of me. He raised his foot and effectively blocked my way. While I cowered a few steps back, he looked down at me and said, "If you try to escape again, I will kill you on the spot. You're nothing but a lowly maid. Even if you die here, Anthony won't seek justice for you. No one will care whether you're dead or alive."

Larry was right. Even if I died, Anthony probably wouldn't feel that affected since I was just a maid.

"No, no! Don't touch me!" I screamed in horror. I didn't want to die, at least not in the hands of Larry.

"Please! Just let me go! It's like you said—I'm just a maid. I can't help you!" I fell to my knees and kowtowed to the grand wizard desperately.

"Do you think I'd waste my time on you if I didn't consider you useful?" Larry snorted coldly. Pointing his wand at me, he snapped, "Now, listen to me!"

"What the hell do you want from me?" I eyed Larry warily. How could a maid like me be useful to him?

"Oh, quit groveling. Answer me this: are you willing to work for me?" Larry's eyes flashed dangerously. "If not, I'll kill you right now."

What on earth did he mean? Did he want me to betray the werewolves to help him? No way! I would rather die than work for him!

I stood on my feet and straightened my back. "No. If the price of my survival is to betray my own race, just kill me."

As soon as I finished speaking, a white light suddenly burst out from the tip of his wand and shot straight at me. "Then go to hell, you bitch!"

Larry's POV:

This damned maid was so ungrateful. I offered to help her out of the goodness of my heart, yet she still refused me.

Her attitude was starting to piss me off, so I decided to teach her a lesson. I cast a curse on her to knock her out. Sure enough, her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she collapsed to the ground in an instant. I dragged her all the way out of the royal palace. Using the underground teleportation skill, I took her to August's log cabin in the blink of an eye.

"August, it's me. Open the door." I rapped on the door impatiently.

When August opened the door, he looked surprised to see me. Then his eyes landed on the unconscious maid on the floor. "Larry, what's the meaning of this?"

"Let me come in first and I'll explain everything," I answered calmly.

After letting us in, August poured me a cup of tea enthusiastically. "It's good to see you, Larry."

Throwing Emma on the floor of the living room, I gratefully accepted the tea. "Thanks."

After taking a sip, I kicked the unconscious maid and proudly announced to August, "I kidnapped this maid from the werewolves' royal palace. She's Anthony's personal maid and seems to be very familiar with the king and queen. But, most importantly, she has a crush on Anthony."

Then, I happily told August everything I had seen and heard in the royal palace. "Guess what? When I saw Anthony, he looked so haggard, as if he was starving himself to death. Losing Jennifer was the worst thing that could've happened to him!"

"Oh, my God!" August exclaimed excitedly. "That's great. Just thinking about the miserable look on his face makes me happy! So what're you going to do next, Larry?"

"I'm going to use this woman as my puppet." I grinned mysteriously. "We can use black magic to make her look exactly like Jennifer. It'll be a piece of cake to trick Anthony into believing she's the real deal!"

"Good idea!" August nodded enthusiastically. "That way, we'll have a pawn right by Anthony's side. Maybe we can even get her to assassinate Anthony! Ha-ha!"

"Exactly. Once Anthony dies, the werewolves will be in utter chaos. Then we can join hands with the vampires and attack the werewolves while they're distracted. Ha-ha!" I threw my head back and laughed wildly. My evil plan was perfect!

"Oh, Larry, you truly are a genius!" August marveled at me. "You're so smart."

His praise made me feel happy. I nodded solemnly and said, "Of course. I'm a grand wizard after all."

"But Larry, although she's just a maid, won't the werewolves notice her disappearance?" August asked worriedly.

"Relax. We can ask Elvis to go to the royal palace and throw Emma's fake corpse into the fish pond. Once those stupid werewolves find the body, they'll think that Emma accidentally fell into the pool and drowned," I said, waving my hand dismissively.

"Amazing! Why didn't I think of that?" August sighed wistfully. "I'm old after all. I'm no longer as sharp as I once was."

"Don't say that. How about I make another bottle of magic medicine of youth for you?" I patted August on the shoulder comfortingly.

"No need. I like the way I am now. Anyway, let's go transform this maid already!" August said excitedly as he picked Emma up from the floor. "Follow me. Let's go to the dark room."

"Right behind you!" I nodded and followed August.

When we arrived at the dark room, August laid Emma on the stone bed. After exchanging mischievous smiles, August and I raised our wands and pointed them at Emma.

After a series of violent waves of black magic, Emma's appearance began to change. Not long after, she looked exactly like Jennifer.

"Don't werewolves have a keen sense of smell?" August reminded.

"Don't worry. I have some hair that I got from Jennifer's clothes. I can copy her smell and put it on Emma." As I spoke, I took out a small bottle from my pocket smiled deviously. "I kept this hair in case we'd need it, but I didn't expect we'd use it so soon."

Now, I could turn Emma into Jennifer. Oh, my God, I was a fucking genius!

