

Chapter 480 Amelia's Pligh

Amelia's POV:

Larry was seldom at home the past few days, which gave me some time to breathe a little.

But the fact remained that I still couldn't go anywhere. Last time, when I tried drawing Morgan's picture in secret, Larry got so mad that he locked me in the bedroom and I couldn't go anywhere except the bathroom. Although the bedroom wasn't that small, it was boring to be cooped up inside it for an entire day. And once night fell, Larry would likely sneak into the room like a ghost and rape me.

I had tried all kinds of ways to escape, but failed every time. As the days went on like this, I gradually lost hope. Every day, I'd lie in bed motionlessly for hours on end. I was as good as dead at this point.

Would this be my life for the rest of my days? Larry once mentioned that he was trying to develop a magic medicine of immortality. Oh, my God! The mere thought that I would be trapped by Larry's side forever made me so scared that I wanted to scream until my lungs gave out.

But for Morgan's sake, I couldn't commit suicide. I just couldn't. I wanted to see him again, however unlikely it may be. At least one more time... I sincerely believed that Morgan was tirelessly searching for me.

I missed him so much, but I didn't dare to draw him again. If Larry found out about it, he'd definitely go out in a jealous rage and kill him. And as much as I hated to admit it, Morgan stood no match against Larry.

As I thought about this, tears started rolling down my cheeks helplessly.

"Ah!" Out of the blue, I felt something in my sensitive area vibrate violently.

Instantly, shame and annoyance swept over me like a wave. I had forgotten that the damned Larry had stuffed a vibrator in my pussy. As a form of punishment, he kept it in my body at all times and sealed it with witchcraft, so I couldn't take it out even if I wanted to.

What an evil, malicious, disgusting pervert he was!

I sank back into bed and cried bitterly. Stripped of all my dignity, I had become nothing but Larry's plaything. The vibrator kept stimulating my clitoris, which aroused my sexual desire. I winced and buried my face in the pillow, hoping that my suffering would end soon.

I missed Morgan. Although he was an ordinary man, he loved me wholeheartedly. That was more than enough for me.

Morgan's POV:

Ever since Amelia disappeared, I had been looking for her every single day. I used all my connections, contacted all my friends, posted notices on the newspaper, and offered bounties with all my savings. But days had passed and I still hadn't got any news about Amelia.

Larry, that cunning old fox, had hidden his stronghold well.

I couldn't eat or sleep. I was in a daze every day. Only by looking at Amelia's photos could I find some semblance of solace. Otherwise, I felt like a zombie.

I knew that Anthony was in a worse state, so I didn't bother him. I went out to look for Amelia on my own in the daytime, and at night, I stayed in the room I had once shared with my Amelia, missing her deeply and desperately.

These days, Roy, Cynthia and my other friends would visit me from time to time in an effort to comfort me. While I was very grateful to them, without Amelia, my life was empty.

On a windless night, I sat by the window and looked at Amelia's photos carefully. The last time I had heard from her, she was calling out in pain while Larry tortured her.

The more I thought about it, the more pain I felt. Amelia was a kind-hearted angel. Why did she have to suffer at the hands of a devil?

"Amelia! My dear Amelia!" I called out her name softly and bitter tears rolled down my cheeks. In an effort to express my pained emotions, I got a pen and paper and began to write a letter to Amelia.

"Amelia, are you okay? It's me, Morgan. I can't stop thinking about you. Without you, every second feels like a year. How I wish I could see you again! Honey, I'm so worried about you and I miss you so much! I promised you that I would plant a whole garden of irises for you. Wait for me, honey. When you come back, I will show you all the irises I planted on the mountain. I hope those irises will bloom for you in your dreams..."

By the time I was done writing the letter, it was late at night. Exhaustion overtook me and I dragged my lifeless body to the bed. Staring at the ceiling, I thought about all the wonderful memories we had shared. With tears streaming down my cheeks, I gradually fell into a restless sleep.

Amelia's POV:

It was well into the night but I still couldn't fall asleep.

And it was because of that damned vibrator Larry had planted in my pussy. It kept vibrating and torturing me from inside my body.

Damn it! Damn it all to hell! I bit the sheet and yanked the quilt hard, rolling back and forth in bed restlessly. Somehow, I even found myself hoping that Larry would come back as soon as possible.

Finally, right when I had resigned myself to the fact that I wouldn't get any rest, I heard the door swing open. Larry had returned.

"Larry, you crazy bastard!" I broke out into curses and wanted to get out of bed to beat him, but as soon as I stood on my feet, I felt my legs go weak and knelt on the floor.

"Oh, my Amelia, are you okay?" Larry rushed to my side and looked at my trembling legs. Suddenly, he snickered. "Do you like the new toy I gave you?"

How dare he ask me such a question?!

"You bastard!" I cursed him while trembling uncontrollably. "You fucking bastard! Why do you have to torture me like this? Why? I must've been blind as a bat to have fallen for you back then!"

"I was never a good person, Amelia." Larry shrugged indifferently.

I gritted my teeth and trembled with rage. I wanted to ask Larry to take the damned vibrator out of my body, but I couldn't say that at the moment.

