

Chapter 487 Emma’s Dead Body

Anthony's POV:

I looked around at everyone present and carefully observed their facial expressions. On the surface, everyone seemed sad about Emma's death.

"I want to know if anyone ever had a grudge against Emma," I said to the chief maid. "As far as I'm concerned, she was a good girl. How could something like this have happened to her?"

The chief maid replied respectfully, "Oh, Mr. Jones, as you said, Emma was a very gentle, considerate, and diligent girl. She was a hard worker and everyone liked her. I can personally guarantee that she got along with everyone and nobody was at odds with her."

After thinking for a while, I ordered my attendants, "Emma was my trusted personal maid. I can't let her die here without knowing why. Guards, take her body to the morgue and arrange a forensic examination to find out the cause of her death. At the same time, contact her family and give them the highest compensation."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," my attendants replied in unison.

"By the way, before we find out the truth, don't tell anyone about this. If I find out that information is leaked, I will fire anyone responsible. Also, I want the security around the royal palace to be strengthened. I don't want this kind of thing to happen again. This is the royal palace, and it should be heavily guarded," I added sternly. Emma was a good girl. I didn't want people to gossip about her death.

I hoped she could rest in peace.

When all of that was settled, Austin and I immediately returned to my mother's residence to report the details to her.

"Mom, it was my personal maid, Emma, who died. Her body was found floating in the lake. I have tasked my men to investigate the cause of her death. If she was murdered, I will find the killer and bring Emma justice," I said to my mother, who was sitting on the sofa, listening keenly.

"Oh, my God! How could such a terrible thing happen?" My mother's face went pale. "I remember her. She was a good girl. What a pity!"

"Mom, don't be sad. Anthony will get to the bottom of this. It's possible that Emma might have fallen into the water by accident." Caroline patted my mother's hand to comfort her.

"Caroline's right. Whatever the case may be, I believe Anthony will give Emma justice," Austin added.

"Anthony, while I admire your intentions, don't spread yourself out too thin, okay? You should get some rest," my mother said worriedly.

I nodded. "Caroline, Austin, thanks for accompanying me today. You'd better go back and rest, too."

After bidding them goodbye, I left my mother's place and soon returned to my own place.

After taking a shower, I sank into bed. Thinking about Emma's pale, lifeless face, I sighed heavily. We weren't close, but I still felt sorry for her. After all, she was a brave girl. If she hadn't testified against Austin, he wouldn't have been overturned so easily.

These were tumultuous times. Jennifer was missing, and Emma was dead. Plus, my gut told me that something even more terrible was about to happen. I hoped I was just being paranoid.

Just then, I received a text from my attendant. He told me that he was able to contact Emma's family. They took the news relatively well and didn't cry loudly. My attendant had made arrangements for them to await the results of Emma's autopsy.

Seeing this, I was a little relieved.

I lay in bed and squeezed my eyes shut, trying to fall asleep. But I only tossed and turned. I checked the time and found that it was not that late. I stood up and went to the study to continue working.

I was working in my study for a while when my attendant, Night Crow, suddenly came.

"Mr. Jones, we have found some information on Josh." As he spoke, Night Crow laid a stack of photos and documents on my desk. "He's an ordinary werewolf from the Colored Flowers Pack. Have a look at his file."

I immediately picked up the photos and documents and leafed through them carefully.

Josh, who had joined the Colored Flowers Pack eighteen years ago, was now thirty-five years old. He looked nearly identical to Bert, and would've been the same age as Bert today. Bert had disappeared eighteen years ago. It seemed the two of them were getting more and more closely connected.

Now Jennifer's and my previous guess could almost be confirmed. Josh and Bert might be one and the same person. I didn't know why he, a wizard, would disguise himself as a werewolf, but as long as he was still alive, this was a good sign.

"Go to the Colored Flowers Pack and contact Josh in secret. I want to see him," I ordered Night Crow. "If he doesn't want to see us, bring him here by whatever means necessary. It's a matter of great importance to me."

"Yes, Mr. Jones." Night Crow bowed and then left.

I crossed my arms over my chest and stared at the night sky outside the window, a glimmer of hope sparking in my heart.

If Josh turned out to be Bert, then August's son hadn't died and his hatred against the werewolves would be resolved. I firmly believed that if Larry lost August as a partner, he'd be like a hawk without wings. He wouldn't be that big a threat anymore. That way, my chances of finding Jennifer would be greatly increased.

'Jennifer, wait for me. Just wait for me...'

I touched Jennifer's face in the photo and kissed her.

When I get back to my bedroom, I lay down again, hoping to rest and replenish my energy.

But before I fell asleep, I received a message from Morgan.

"Mr. Jones, thank you for helping me these days. I plan to leave werewolves' territory tomorrow to search for Amelia."

When I saw Morgan's message, I felt surprised and yet I could understand him somehow.

Sighing slightly, I replied to Morgan, "Okay. I hope you'll find her. If you need any help, remember that you can talk to me."

Turning off the night light, I stared into the darkness, lost in thought.

Morgan was also leaving. I really hoped that he'd find Amelia as soon as possible, and that I'd also find my Jennifer. I hoped we could all meet again one day.

After a while, I closed my eyes but couldn't fall asleep. I tried to relax myself. I swore that I would hold on to the hope that I'd see Jennifer again.

After tossing and turning for what felt like a long time, I finally fell asleep. But soon, I dreamed of Jennifer. I was lying in a vast flower field, and Jennifer was waving at me in the distance. I quickly stood up and chased after her desperately, but there were countless white flowers between us. Jennifer swayed along with those flowers, as if she was going to disappear with the wind.

"Jennifer!" I shouted her name in my dream, but it sounded muffled. I knew it was a dream, but I keenly felt heartbroken and couldn't breathe.

"Anthony, come with me." Jennifer seemed to be calling me, but her voice was vague, as if she was underwater.

"Jennifer, take me with you... Wherever you go, I'll be with you..."

I chased after her until I suddenly opened my eyes. Dazzling sunshine illuminated my room.

It was morning already.

I reached out my hand blankly, but there was nothing in front of me.

It turned out that everything was just a dream.

But I saw Jennifer in my dream. Could this have been a good omen? Jennifer was coming back, right?

