

Chapter 489 The Pearl Necklace

Jennifer's POV:

In the morning, Carl went to work, leaving me alone in the room. Once again, I found myself bored and lonely.

The maids who served me all kept quiet. No matter what questions I asked them, they only answered one-liners. There was no one I could talk to. Such a life was so annoying!

I put my hands on my rounded belly and walked around the room idly. I wanted to go out for some fresh air, but I was stopped by the maids.

"Miss, Alpha Carl has told us that you can't go out for the sake of your health," a maid said gently. "Please don't make things difficult for us. Or else the Alpha will punish us."

There was nothing I could do but sit on the sofa dejectedly. What the hell was Carl thinking? He was too protective of me. I wasn't a plaything. I refused to be controlled by others.

"But I'm so bored!" I pouted angrily. Then, I pointed at one of the maids and demanded, "Tell me, do you know how I met Carl?"

I stared at her expectantly, hoping to hear something about my past with Carl from her.

"I'm sorry. We're just maids. We don't pry into the Alpha's private affairs," the maid answered timidly, lowering her head.

What the hell? I looked at her disappointedly and clenched my fists in frustration.

There was absolutely nothing I could do here! Not only did they stop me from going out, but they also didn't know a thing about my relationship with Carl.

"Forget it. I don't want to make things difficult for you. Can you at least bring a deck chair to the balcony? I want to sunbathe," I said to the maid.

"Of course." The maid seemed to be relieved that I dropped the subject. Before I could say anything more, she asked the others to move a deck chair to the balcony.

I decided not to pursue the topic and lay on the deck chair, yawning lazily under the sun like a cat.

"Jennifer, I'm not happy with Carl's arrangement," my wolf Eva said stoutly.

I was surprised. "Eva! How could you say that?"

"You're basically a prisoner here," Eva said as a matter of fact. "You may be his wife, but you're not his property."

"But Carl has been very kind to me." I sighed. "Maybe he's just overprotective. After all, I just had a car accident."

"I doubt it. You're in good health now, yet Carl still won't let you go out. It's almost as if he's scared you'll run away," Eva said calmly.

"Now that you've mentioned it, I also think Carl's behavior is strange. It's a little uncomfortable, but it's bearable, right?" I looked for validation from Eva.

"Well, whatever happens, just be careful and don't let your guard down," Eva reminded me. "And don't show your suspicion."

"Okay." I nodded and continued to bask in the sunlight.

Half an hour later, I stretched and went back to the room. "I want to watch TV."

The maid nodded and briskly walked to the TV to turn it on.

I sat on the sofa and switched the channels on the TV with the remote control. However, there were only cartoons and movies on the TV—no news channel.

"What's going on?" Frowning, I called a maid over. "Why is there no news channel here?"

"I'm sorry, miss. Perhaps there is something wrong with it," the maid suggested, lowering her head.

"What? How can that be?" I mumbled. I just wanted to watch some news. Was that so difficult?

"Well, then bring me the latest newspaper."

I put forward another request. There was nothing else I could do here. I just wanted to know how the Rainbow Pack was doing. I asked Carl about it, but he said that he didn't know.

"Oh, I'm sorry, miss. Alpha Carl hasn't subscribed to any newspaper..." The maid's voice grew even more timid.

I felt like pulling the hairs out of my own head.

"Something's not right," Eva said in a low voice.

I didn't say anything. At a loss for words, I simply went back to the sofa and sat down, scratching my head.

"Keep your guard up with Carl," Eva warned.

"Since there's literally nothing I can do here, can you at least give me a piece of paper?" I snapped at the maid impatiently. "I want to draw. Give me some crayons or paint."

"Of course. I'll prepare them right away." The maid scurried out of the room as quickly as possible.

"Maybe it's all just a coincidence," I said to Eva, although even I doubted it.

"I trust in my intuition. Beastly intuition is always very accurate." Eva snorted.

"And I trust you, Eva," I said with a sigh. "I'll keep an eye on Carl to see if he's really hiding something from me."

Soon, the maid brought a complete set of painting paraphernalia, including an easel, drawing boards, canvases, brushes, and paints.

I was finally happy. I picked up a brush and looked at the blank canvas. "I'll draw an apple!"

"Jennifer, find a better subject," Eva disagreed.

I was willing to listen to my wolf's advice so I turned around and began to look around the room, trying to find a better subject. There were a lot of things in the room, but the picky Eva was not satisfied.

"You don't have anything else to do anyway. Take your time," Eva said in an optimistic tone.

I shrugged and continued the search. When I opened a drawer in the wardrobe, I caught a glimpse of something square in the depths of the drawer. I took it out and found it was a beautifully packaged box.

It was covered in beautiful ribbons and exquisite lace, which moved me instantly.

"What a beautiful box!" I looked at it carefully. "What could be in it?"

"Open it and find out." Eva was also curious.

I did as I was told and opened the box.

"Ah!"

When I saw what was inside the box, I screamed.

Inside nestled the pearl necklace my mother left me.

But why on earth was it here?

I picked up the necklace and sat on the bed, looking at it carefully. Oh, my God! A few days ago, I was wondering where the necklace was. I had nearly resigned myself to the idea that I might've lost it while I was on the run. It was always on my mind. I felt very guilty to my mother, thinking that I had lost the one thing she had left me. I didn't expect I'd ever see it again.

I ran my fingers over the smooth pearls lovingly. Then, I stood up excitedly and rushed to the mirror. I put the necklace on my neck and looked at it carefully. It was so beautiful. Wearing the necklace, I felt as though I had returned to my carefree childhood.

"I'm going to paint this necklace," I said to Eva resolutely. I took off the necklace and positioned it carefully on the table. Then I went back to the drawing board and picked up the brush.

"Of course, Jennifer. But why would Carl put your necklace in the innermost part of the wardrobe? It was as if he was afraid you would find it," Eva asked.