

## Chapter 507 Mixed Feelings In A Dream

Emma's POV:

"I was so glad when I finally realized I was in the territory of White Lily Pack, because I knew I could just ask Carl for help. But before I could reach White Lily House, I ran into that horrible man. He tried to harass me, but in my weak condition, I couldn't defeat him. I'm so lucky that you appeared at the right time, Anthony." As I spoke, a lump rose in my throat. I might not be Jennifer, and my story might be a lie, but the pain and sorrow I felt at the moment were real. The burden of the weight of what was expected of me by Larry drove me over the edge, and I threw myself into Anthony's arms, bursting into tears.

I couldn't resist taking shelter in Anthony's wings for the time being. I had no choice.

"Don't be afraid, Jennifer. I'm here with you. I'll never let such a thing happen to you again. I've already asked my men to drive that lecher out of the werewolves' territory. As for Larry..." Anthony's face hardened, and he clenched his jaw in fury. "I will get even with him sooner or later."

I leaned against his chest, nodded, and said softly, "Okay."

Anthony was very powerful, but in the jungle, power alone couldn't save someone. Sometimes, no animal was a match against a spider in the shadows, and Larry was one such spider—hidden deep in the darkness, weaving an intricate web that no one could escape from.

Carl's POV:

Looking at the she-wolf crying in Anthony's arms, I almost wondered if the real Jennifer was indeed still in White Lily House.

The two women were so alike. No, they were exactly the same. Larry's magic could affect one's appearance and even scent, but it couldn't affect their behavior and mannerisms. It seemed that this fake Jennifer was a skilled actress. I couldn't find a single flaw in the way she spoke and acted. Looking at her face, which was the same as Jennifer's, even I felt sorry for her.

Everything was going perfectly. I had no idea how or where Larry had found such a perfect substitute for Jennifer, but thanks to him, there was no way that Anthony would suspect that Aurora was Jennifer anymore. I felt like I was on top of the world. As soon as Anthony left, I wanted to take the real Jennifer on a romantic honeymoon trip to Rube Island.

"All right, all right," Anthony comforted, holding her in his arms. "I'll protect you well from now on. Jennifer, if you keep crying like this, you'll break my heart."

She nodded, pressed her lips together, and quickly wiped her tears. "Okay, it's just...I thought that I'd never see you again, Anthony. I'm so happy to see you."

Anthony was obviously moved by her words. He hugged her tighter with a pained look, while I sat aside watching the entertaining play. I was in high spirits.

"By the way, Jennifer, do you know what happened to Amelia?" Anthony asked. "Larry kidnapped her along with you."

She looked at Anthony in a daze, as if she had no idea what he was talking about. I became nervous, too. Did she not know who Amelia was? One wrong word from her could expose the whole scheme in an instant.

"I'm sorry, Anthony. Larry knocked me unconscious when he kidnapped me. By the time I woke up, I was already in that small log cabin. I didn't see Amelia there. I've no idea where she is now," she explained slowly, as if it took her a lot of effort to recall the incident in her current condition.

Anthony didn't seem to doubt her answer. He just sighed and said, "Well, that's bad news for Morgan. He's still looking for Amelia."

"Don't worry, Anthony. I believe we can find her." She squeezed Anthony's hand reassuringly.

"That's right. Mr. Jones. If we all work together, we'll find Amelia sooner or later. We've already found Mrs. Jones, which is a good start,"

I added, diverting Anthony's attention back to Jennifer. After all, I knew that she was the most important thing for him. Sure enough, tension left Anthony's face, and he picked up another piece of bread for her. "Are you still hungry, Jennifer?"

She shook her head and smiled. "I'm full. Thank you, Anthony."

Anthony picked up a tissue and gently dabbed at her mouth. The tender look in his eyes was too much.

At this time, several royal guards strode into the dining hall, stopped in front of Anthony, and bowed in greeting to him.

"Mr. Jones, we patrolled the border of White Lily Pack but didn't find any traces of vampires there," the leader of the guards reported.

It was not until then that I remembered the excuse I'd told Anthony to lure him here in the first place. I immediately stood up and bowed to him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Jones. I might have made a mistake. I shouldn't have called you here on a hunch."

Even if Anthony scolded me, I wouldn't mind. I had already achieved my goal.

"Don't worry, it's not a big deal. It's always better to be too careful than too careless. Besides, thanks to your caution, I've finally found Jennifer." Sure enough, Anthony didn't blame me. Now that he believed he had found Jennifer, he was in such high spirits that nothing could bring him down. If he had a tail, he would be wagging it left and right.

"You're too kind, Mr. Jones. It's because of your good heart and fortune that God has blessed you," I said modestly.

"Well, it's time for me to take Jennifer back to the royal palace. My mother was also worried about her." As Anthony spoke, he wrapped his arm around the fake Jennifer's waist and helped her up her feet. Looking into her eyes, he said gently, "Let's go home, honey."

I scoffed inwardly. How ridiculous was this guy? He was turning on his charm for a fake. Well, he could take this knock-off Jennifer back to the royal palace and have all the fun he wanted with her. Meanwhile, I would take the real Jennifer on a vacation for our long-awaited honeymoon.

Emma's POV:

Every time Anthony spoke to me or took care of me, I felt like I could drown in his tenderness.

Was I dreaming? Was this really happening to me? Anthony, the man I loved, was actually holding me in his arms and speaking to me gently, with nothing but fondness in his eyes.

"I love you," Anthony whispered in my ear as he carried me to the car.

"I love you, too," I couldn't help but respond to Anthony.

But what Anthony said next completely shattered my fantasy.

"Jennifer," he called in a low voice.

He was saying "I love you" to Jennifer, the true queen and his real wife.

"Anthony," I replied with a tight smile. Inside, my heart was bleeding.

How could I have imagined that this could be anything but a dream? Anthony loved Jennifer, not me. I was not Jennifer. I was just a substitute for her, forced to play this role in order to deceive Anthony. 'I'm Emma. I'm not Jennifer,' I reminded myself firmly in my mind.

"Anthony, I really want to go home soon and see Mrs. Jones," I said out loud, trying my best to play my part perfectly.

There was a flicker of confusion in Anthony's eyes before he replied, "Of course. She misses you too."

Noticing the shift in Anthony's mood, I immediately began to reflect on what I had just said. Maybe I made a mistake calling Elizabeth Mrs. Jones. It sounded too distant. If I remembered correctly, Jennifer called Elizabeth Mom like Anthony did.

Fortunately, since I was just recovering from a difficult ordeal, Anthony didn't seem to think too much about it. He pulled me into his arms and said, "Let's call your brother and ask if Skylar is still here. She said that she was going to go back to the vampires' castle, but if she hasn't left yet, you can see her soon."

Skylar? It took me a moment to recognize the name. She was the woman who had brought peace to the werewolves. Of course, I knew that she and the queen had been very close, as thick as sisters. If I couldn't even remember who Skylar was, Anthony would definitely realize that I wasn't the real Jennifer. At this moment, I felt so lucky that I had served Jennifer for a long time, which allowed me to know a lot of information about her that other people might not. Of course, this must be the reason that Larry had chosen me in the first place.

"Of course. I really miss Skylar," I replied softly, trying to emulate what the real Jennifer would say. From what I had observed, Jennifer was an enthusiastic and outgoing she-wolf. She was definitely the kind of person who would attach great importance to her friends.

"I'll call Jerome right now." Anthony took out his phone and dialed a number. "Jerome, it's me, Anthony. I've found Jennifer. I'm taking her back to the royal palace. Is Skylar still there?"

I gulped nervously. Jerome? He was the newly appointed secretary-general and the brother of the queen.

"Okay, okay. That's it. I'll bring Jennifer back soon." After hanging up the phone, Anthony turned to me and beamed. "Honey, good news. Skylar hasn't left yet! Let's go and see her."