

## Chapter 508 The Man In Her Dream

Emma's POV:

"That's great, Anthony." I forced a smile and pretended to be really happy.

Anthony held me tightly in his arms and didn't let go of me for a long time. Finally, he pulled away to take out his phone.

"Hello, Mom! I have a good news. I've found Jennifer!" Anthony said excitedly, like a child who had found its favorite toy.

"I swear it's true, Mom!" Anthony continued enthusiastically. "I'll take her back right away. Okay, okay. Get some rest first. Take care of yourself. Bye."

After hanging up, Anthony held my hand and looked at me lovingly. In a gentle voice, he said, "Honey, let's go back."

"Okay. But first, we should thank Carl. He helped us." Carl had cooperated with Larry and was also a werewolf. I figured he should be on the side of the werewolves and decided to keep in touch with him. Perhaps he was the key out of this.

"Yes, Carl's help was invaluable. He's going to marry his Luna soon. How about we go to his wedding together? This time, I'll be with you. I swear that I will never let you be alone again." Anthony pulled me close, pressing my head gently against his chest. Then, he lowered his head and kissed me on the forehead.

His kiss made me tremble slightly.

Anthony was so gentle with me. His tenderness made me want to burst into tears. I even had an impulse to tell him the truth, but I couldn't. I bit my lower lip hard and took deep breaths to calm myself down.

Fortunately, I was the weak Jennifer now, so I doubted Anthony would notice anything wrong with my strange behavior. Refusing to think too much, I leaned against Anthony's shoulder and closed my eyes, quietly enjoying this moment of warmth.

Soon, we took Anthony's private plane back to the Osman Kingdom.

Anthony had taken me straight to the palace.

I was familiar with this place. After all, I had worked here since I was a child. But this time, I was entering the royal palace as the queen of the kingdom. I had never experienced anything like it before.

Anthony held my hand and helped me get off the plane. I couldn't help but stare blankly at the main gate to the royal palace. I usually had no right to come in and out from here when I was a maid.

"Jennifer!" someone shouted excitedly, pulling me out of my trance.

Only then did I notice that there were many people standing on the tarmac, waiting for me. Elizabeth, Jerome, and a very enthusiastic girl stood in the front. She immediately rushed to me and threw her arms around my neck. "Thank God you're fine! Jennifer, you don't know how worried I was! I missed you so much!"

This girl must've been Skylar, right? When I served Jennifer, I had seen her from a distance. Her chummy enthusiasm made me stiffen. Fortunately, I managed to calm myself down, forced a smile, and hugged her back.

"I'm so happy to see you, Skylar..." I said hesitantly.

"Jennifer, you look so thin! Oh, my God! What did you go through? It was Larry who's behind this, isn't it? I really want to stab that old lunatic in the heart!" Skylar studied me up and down with a distressed look on her face. Finally, she sighed. "I'm just glad we finally found you. If you didn't come back, I'd have gone crazy for sure. Did you know? While you were gone, Mr. Jones couldn't eat well or sleep well. We were all so worried about you."

Skylar's voice buzzed in my ears like bees flapping wings. It made my head ache. Why was this petite girl so talkative?

"Skylar, it's over. I'm here now," I said absentmindedly.

"Skylar, Jennifer seems a little tired. Let her rest first. You two can catch up later." Anthony suddenly walked over and took my hand.

I looked at him gratefully. Oh, my God! This man was so considerate. How could I not fall in love with him?

"Oh, right, yes. I'm sorry, Jennifer. I was just so happy to see you." Skylar looked at me guiltily. "Please get some rest."

"Jennifer, my child, how're you feeling?" Elizabeth approached me and held my hand. "I'm so glad Anthony finally found you."

Elizabeth was the king's mother. I had seldom talked to her. In my eyes, she was a dignified woman high above my status. But right now, she was looking at me lovingly.

Subconsciously, I bowed to her and said meekly, "I...I'm fine, Mr. Jones."

It wasn't until then that I remembered that I was supposed to be a queen now, not a maid. I shouldn't have acted like that. Realizing this, I suddenly felt a little flustered.

"What're you doing, silly girl?" Fortunately, Elizabeth didn't seem to mind. She just looked at me reproachfully and clicked her tongue. "You're finally home. Why are you being so formal with me?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I...I just haven't seen all of you in so long. I can't believe I'm really back." I lowered my head, pretending to be embarrassed.

"I know. Well, it's over now. You're home with us, Jennifer." Anthony slipped his arm around my waist and helped me walk into the palace.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, we heard loud explosions and the night sky behind me was suddenly lit up by gorgeous fireworks.

"Wow!" Skylar shouted excitedly. "It's the fireworks Anthony prepared for you!"

I whirled around and saw the colorful fireworks blooming in the night sky.

"To celebrate your return, I asked my men to prepare three hundred salutes," Anthony whispered in my ear, his breath tickling me slightly.

"Welcome back, honey. I swear I'll never let you out of my sight again."

As I watched the fireworks paint the night sky, my heart suddenly started to race.

Anthony was lowering his head, as though to kiss me. Seeing the tenderness in his eyes, I didn't try to avoid him in the end.

I prayed to God that time could stop at this very moment.

Closing my eyes, I kissed Anthony. His warm lips pressed against mine. The kiss was so sweet and intoxicating. I had never kissed anyone before, but now I felt like I was floating in the clouds.

Anthony had no idea how much I loved him. When I was still Emma, I had stared at his photos on countless nights. I always fantasized that I carried a noble bloodline and that he'd sweep me off my feet. I also had another fantasy wherein he was an ordinary werewolf and we'd meet in the wheat field. But I was painfully aware that he would never know about my love for him in his lifetime, and I never intended to speak it out.

I likened my love for him to a bulbul flying over the sea. While the bird would stare at the sea and could even come close to it, they could never be together.

The sea would always be accompanied by the sun in the daytime and the moon at night. It had nothing to do with the little bulbul. I was just a bird who was intimidated by the waves of the sea. I could only admire it from a distance.

'Anthony, we can finally be together." I looked into his eyes lovingly.

I would be with him before everything ended.

Perhaps God would smile upon me and this moment would last forever.

