

Chapter 510 Doubt Himself

Anthony's POV:

I looked at my beloved she-wolf and let out a long sigh.

This was all my fault. I failed to protect Jennifer. She was probably scared out of her wits when she was under captivity. Who knew what sort of torture she had to endure? Thinking about how Larry made her suffer, I felt as though a knife kept stabbing my heart.

Jennifer hugged me tightly, as though she was scared to lose me again. When she had gone missing, she probably expected I'd rescue her from her captor, but I wasn't able to live up to her expectations.

The more I thought about it, the guiltier I felt. "Honey, I'm sorry. I failed you."

"Don't apologize, Anthony. It's not your fault. Larry, he's the devil!" Jennifer's voice broke. "This was all his fault!"

As she spoke, she buried her face in my arms like a frightened kitten.

I could feel her body trembling slightly. I wanted to comfort her, to kiss her...

But when my eyes met hers, I suddenly felt strange. The hair on the back of my neck suddenly stood on end.

For some reason, Aurora's image flashed in my mind. Her eyes were so clear and bright, just like my Jennifer's. But the eyes of the Jennifer in front of me right now didn't feel familiar.

How could that be possible?

I was stunned and shook my head. What was I thinking? How could I have thought of something so blasphemous? I was such a bastard! How could I compare Jennifer with another she-wolf?

It was the first time in my life that I was shocked with my own thoughts. I was probably going out of my mind. How could I have thought about Aurora when Jennifer was right in front of me? It was unfair to Jennifer. She was the only she-wolf in my heart. I swore to love her and only her.

I took a deep breath and tried to banish Aurora's image from my mind.

"Anthony?" Jennifer looked at me in confusion. "What's wrong? Do you feel unwell?"

I quickly put on a smile and shook my head. "No, I'm fine. Go take a bath, honey. I'll wait for you outside. Call me if you need anything."

"Okay. No need to worry about me, Anthony," Jennifer replied with a smile.

Seeing that Jennifer didn't seem to notice my strange behavior, I breathed a sigh of relief and turned around to give her some privacy in the bathroom.

I sat on the edge of the bed, wondering what had just happened. Feelings of guilt ate my heart.

But Jennifer's attitude towards my mother and Skylar was really strange—alienated, even. Perhaps I was just overthinking things and Jennifer was simply exhausted.

However, whenever I thought about Jennifer's eyes, I couldn't shake off the feeling that she was different somehow. And why did I always think about Aurora?

What was going on? What if Jennifer found out what was on my mind? She loved me, and if she knew I was thinking about another she-wolf, it'd break her heart.

The more I thought about it, the more depressed I felt. Rubbing the spot between my eyebrows, I tried to tell myself not to think too much.

After a while, Jennifer strode out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her hair.

"Anthony, I'm done showering," Jennifer told me.

Feeling pangs of guilt, I immediately stood up and forced a smile. "Honey, you must be exhausted. Why don't you go to bed?"

"Okay." Jennifer nodded obediently.

After taking a shower, I slipped into bed next to Jennifer. Seeing her lie next to me quietly, I sighed and wrapped my arms around her like before. She obediently closed her eyes and fell silent.

When I looked at such a quiet, meek Jennifer, my heart softened. I was crazy to have thought those things about her.

In that moment, I made up my mind to treat Jennifer well and love her more from now on.

"Sleep well, honey. You and the baby both." I gently stroked Jennifer's swollen belly and coaxed her. "Do you want me to sing you a lullaby?"

Suddenly, Jennifer opened her eyes and looked at me. "Anthony, why haven't I seen Emma? She was my personal maid."

Jennifer's sudden question stunned me.

Emma was dead. I couldn't help but shake my head, feeling sorry for the poor maid. I didn't want to tell Jennifer about Emma's death so soon because I was afraid Jennifer would be saddened.

I didn't expect that she would ask about Emma, but I had no choice but to tell her the truth now. "Jennifer, I'm sorry. Emma died while you were away. A few days ago, her body was found in the lake."

Speaking of Emma, I felt bad. "She was a good girl. What a pity."

"How could something like that happen?" As expected, Jennifer was very sad. She sighed and murmured, "Poor Emma..."

"The world is really unpredictable. Anyway, I've sent her body to the morgue for an autopsy. I'll do her justice." I raised my hand to stroke Jennifer's hair comfortingly.

"Poor girl. I had no idea something so terrible had happened while I was gone," Jennifer said in a trembling voice.

"Don't worry. I won't let you get hurt every again." I lowered my head and kissed her on the forehead. "I promise, honey."

Emma's POV:

Although I already knew the answer, I couldn't help but ask Anthony about Emma's whereabouts.

As expected, Anthony said that she had drowned in the lake. But just the same, my heart still sank. It seemed that Larry and August had successfully crafted a corpse to fake my death, which meant I couldn't ever be who I used to be.

Truth be told, I wanted to ask Anthony this question for another reason. I wanted to know what Anthony thought of the real me. Was I really just an ordinary maid to him? Did my death mean anything to him? Would he feel sorry for me, even if only a little?

How I wished he would say something about me, but unfortunately, he didn't add anything more. I couldn't help but smile bitterly at my wishful thinking just now. What was I expecting? Did I hope that the king had a special impression of some maid? Although he did sound like he felt sorry about Emma's death, I figured he was just being a good king.

Lying nestled in Anthony's arms, I felt that my life was nothing but miserable. What should I do? Should I be wholeheartedly accept my new roles as Jennifer's substitute and Larry's puppet? Would I gradually get used to being Jennifer? Perhaps I could even start to enjoy the privileges of being a queen...

No, I couldn't be Jennifer. The truth would come to light sooner or later. I couldn't imagine how disgusted Anthony would be when he found out. He would definitely loathe me. But I really didn't want that to happen. I knew there wasn't a chance he'd fall in love with me, but I didn't want him to hate me either.

What was I supposed to do?

Anthony was being so tender with me now, and the feeling of being in his arms was something I wanted to feel forever. I quickly grew addicted to this feeling, but this only pained my heart even more. Oh, God! What should I do?

"Anthony, what would you think of me if I'm not who I was before? Would you still love me?" I couldn't help but ask, gnawing my lower lip anxiously.

"Of course I'll still love you, honey." Anthony gazed at me tenderly. "Everyone changes. If that day comes, I will still love you. I will love you no matter what, Jennifer. I swear."

I knew Anthony was only making this promise to Jennifer, but I still felt happy. But at the same time, I despised my own self. What the hell was I doing? I was just a maid! Anthony thought the real Emma was dead.

Oh, my God! If things went on like this, I felt I was going to fall hopelessly in love with him. And I'd slowly get used to the idea of being queen, dreaming of being with my king forever.

