

Chapter 511 A Sad Nigh

Emma's POV:

I excused a little naivety on my behalf. After all, a little wishful thinking couldn't hurt anyone. It was only a matter of time before the truth came to light and then he wouldn't be in love with me anymore. The only she-wolf he loved was Jennifer.

With every passing moment, the more I thought about it, the sadder I felt. I stifled the emotions in my heart and decided to catch some sleep.

Suddenly, before I could close my eyes, I felt a sharp pain in my stomach, and my body tensed up with anxiety.

Anthony quickly sat up with wide-eyed surprise and asked, "What's wrong, honey? Are you in pain? I'll call the doctor right away."

I could tell that Anthony was nervous by the way his expression became blank.

I stopped him in a hurry and said, "Oh, no. It's nothing serious. It's just the baby kicking inside."

I couldn't let the doctor run any sort of test on me. After all, I was only carrying a magic fetus in my belly. The doctor would surely know the difference between a real fetus and a magically fabricated replica. I couldn't risk having my cover blown at such a crucial time. If they found out that I was only pretending to be Jennifer, I would be dead.

I had no choice but to endure the pain and discomfort in my belly on my own.

Fortunately, Anthony didn't ask any more questions. He simply smiled and said, "Such a restless baby. I'll bet our child is going to be a naughty kid."

"At least, this means that the baby is healthy." I pretended to be relaxed.

"Well, go to sleep now. You must be tired after such a long day." Anthony patted me on the back and turned off the light. "Goodnight, sweetheart."

I closed my eyes, nuzzling up in his arms and pretended to fall asleep.

After a long time, I opened my eyes again in the darkness. I could hear Anthony's steady breathing. I knew he was asleep.

I breathed a sigh of relief and gently pressed my belly with both hands. The pain there was getting worse and my clothes were soaked in cold sweat.

I gritted my teeth to stifle a whimper, but I couldn't stop myself from feeling apprehensive. There must have been something wrong with the magic medicine Larry injected into my body that day. I knew I couldn't trust that conniving demon. He just wanted me to look like Jennifer, so he gave me a magic fetus that had nothing to do with me. Although I knew that I was just a disposable pawn to him, I couldn't leave because he wouldn't let me go. After all, I knew his entire plan. When the magic fetus was born, I had a feeling that I would suffer more terrible things in the future. I wouldn't be surprised if Larry killed me just to keep my mouth shut.

I gritted my teeth as fear sent chills down my body. I didn't want to wake Anthony up from sleep.

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I couldn't cry. I shut my eyes and prayed for a miracle with all my heart, wishing to be free from this situation.

After a long time, the pain was finally alleviated. I closed my eyes slowly and somehow fell asleep through the discomfort.

When I opened my eyes the next day, it felt like I had woken up from a surreal dream.

I turned my head to the side to find a handsome man sleeping next to me. I traced the bridge of his nose; his lips and his sexy chin with my finger. Yes, he was Anthony. My beloved man, and the great king of the werewolves.

He was sleeping beside me, not for any other reason, but because he was under the impression that I was the love of his life, Jennifer.

Unfortunately, I was not Jennifer. I was just a maid who loved him from the moment I laid eyes on him. I was just Emma. However, I couldn't use this name now.

Lying in the bed, I tried to recall what had happened last night. It felt longer than it should have, almost as though a lifetime had passed since then. What should I do now? I recalled Larry telling me to contact him after I managed to infiltrate the royal palace.

I sat up in a hurry and picked up the phone from the bedside table. This phone was specially prepared for me by Larry. The calls made from this phone were untraceable and it could only be used to contact him.

I looked at the screen and found that Larry had sent me a message. My eyes widened in shock and I quickly glanced back at Anthony. Fortunately, he was still asleep. I got out of bed slowly and tiptoed to the bathroom with my phone.

"How is it going? Are you ready to assassinate Anthony yet?"

As I read the message, I took a deep breath to quell my anger.

Larry was a selfish and self-centered bastard! After all the horrible things he had done to me, he didn't even have the sense to show me some respect. I raised my trembling hand. Fuming with rage, I wanted to smash the phone into the bathroom mirror, but I restrained myself. I knew I couldn't be impulsive now. I had to deal with Larry patiently.

I texted back, saying that I had managed to fool Anthony into thinking I was the real Jennifer, but I hadn't had the chance to kill him yet. After all, Anthony was a lycan.

Unexpectedly, as soon as I sent the message, Larry sent me a reply.

"Hurry up and stop fooling around. If you find Anthony's weakness or any information about the werewolves, report it to me immediately."

Larry's arrogance displeased me, but I still pretended to be amicable.

As a she-wolf, I didn't want to hurt my compatriots, nor did I wish to kill Anthony on Larry's command. However, I had to keep stalling for some time and the only to do that was to keep pretending so he wouldn't get suspicious.

Unexpectedly, as soon as I sent the message, I felt a sharp pain in my belly again.

Feelings of dread gripped me and I immediately sent Larry a text asking if something was wrong with the magic medicine he had injected into my body.

"Don't worry. The magic medicine was used to impregnate you with a magic fetus, so that you would look exactly like Jennifer. There are no other side effects to the medicine. When the baby is born, it will be no different from a normal child."

Larry's reply gave me some relief. It would be foolish to trust Larry, but what choice did I have other than to believe that he was telling the truth? Was I to live in fear all day long?

"Jennifer? Are you in the bathroom?"

Suddenly, Anthony's voice came from outside the bathroom.

Anthony had woken up.

Startled by his voice, I accidentally dropped my phone on the floor.

Anthony's POV:

When I woke up, I realized that Jennifer wasn't in bed. I got worried almost instantly.

It wasn't the first time Jennifer had disappeared. My heart sank at the thought that something bad had happened to her and I wasn't there to protect her again.

However, I calmed myself thinking Jennifer might be in the bathroom. Sure enough, when I walked to the door of the bathroom, I found that it was locked from the inside. I called out to Jennifer.

However, there was no response at first and then I heard something fall on the floor in the bathroom.

My eyes widened in horror, thinking Jennifer had slipped on the bathroom floor. I started banging on the door. "Jennifer! Are you okay?"

I made up my mind to kick the door down if Jennifer didn't open the door in the next few seconds.

Fortunately, Jennifer opened the door and came out safely right after. She held up a phone to my face and smiled at me. "It's nothing, Anthony. I accidentally dropped my phone on the floor. I woke up early so I sat on the toilet and read today's news."

Jennifer had the same pale expression on her face every time I looked at her. I couldn't help but worry, so I asked, "Jennifer, are you not feeling well? If there's anything you need, please let me know."

Jennifer shook her head and replied, "Thanks, but I'm fine."

