

## Chapter 518 A Vacation

Emma's POV:

Hearing Anthony's gentle words, I felt so ashamed that I was at a loss for words.

"Anyway, since you're so sleepy, you should go to bed early." Anthony held my hand and kissed the back of it affectionately. "Come on now. Go wash your face and brush your teeth. I'll come with you."

He stood up and helped me up, and I followed him to the bedroom. Only when I was in the bathroom did I realize that my belly didn't hurt so much anymore. The pain was sometimes severe and sometimes bearable. I was so nervous just now and didn't notice the transition. Every second spent with Anthony made me nervous. Damn it!

With Anthony standing beside me, I quickly brushed my teeth and washed my face. He watched me the entire time, which made me blush.

When I finally finished washing up, Anthony suddenly wrapped his arms around my waist.

"Ah!" I screamed instinctively.

"Honey, I was just going to say we should go to bed." Anthony's deep chuckle echoed in my ear.

Playing the part, I had no choice but to put my arms around Anthony's neck and smile charmingly. "Okay, honey."

Anthony scooped me up and brought me over to the left side of the bed, where he gently laid me down. He turned on the night light and lay down next to me.

"Go to sleep, honey. It'll be good for you and our child." Anthony's tone was as gentle as ever.

"Okay," I answered meekly.

"Good night, honey. I love you." Anthony reached out and turned off the light. Then, he reached for my hand in the dark.

"Good night," I said softly.

Within the next few minutes, I heard Anthony's breathing become steady. He was asleep. I knew he was exhausted from work. After all, the king was always busy.

I sighed quietly and tried to steady my breath. I, too, wanted to sleep. Only when I was asleep would the pain disappear.

Unfortunately, as soon as I closed my eyes, my belly started to ache again. Damn it! It was almost as though the magic fetus acted up whenever I wanted to get some rest.

Just as I was tossing and turning in bed, trying to calm myself down, I suddenly heard a low and hoarse voice.

Anthony was talking?

My eyes popped open in surprise and I broke out in cold sweat. What was happening? Had I woken Anthony up by accident? How would I explain myself?

I squeezed my eyes shut and didn't dare to move a muscle. For a long time, Anthony didn't make another sound. I breathed a sigh of relief. Perhaps he was just sleep-talking.

Just as I was about to try to go to sleep, Anthony suddenly spoke again. I was curious to know what he was dreaming about, so I moved closer to his ear.

But Anthony fell silent and seemed to sleep peacefully again. I was about to give up when Anthony suddenly spoke softly again. This time, I heard it clearly.

He called out a name. "Aurora..."

When I heard it, I was shell-shocked. Aurora? Who was Aurora? It was a girl's name. Why did Anthony call out this name in his sleep?

Jennifer's POV:

I stood by the seashore and stretched my arms up high.

What a beautiful scene! The sea was incomparably broad and blue, and the sun shined brightly. Everywhere I looked, there was a beautiful sight.

Carl and I had finally made it to Rube Island. Carl didn't break his promise. Not long after the lycan king left the pack, he took me on a vacation.

But the strange feeling that this place was vaguely familiar never left me. Whenever I tried to recall how I knew this island's name, I'd get a splitting headache. Anyway, although the trip was tiring, I was extremely happy.

The sea was breathtaking. The azure sea almost mirrored the blue sky. The white peaked waves outlined the coast. The scenery in front of me was more beautiful than I had imagined.

I was in high spirits, so I took selfies everywhere with the phone Carl gave me, completely forgetting about all my troubles.

"Hey, Jennifer, let's take a photo!" Carl trotted over to me and suggested.

I could keenly sense that Carl just wanted to take the opportunity to be close to me, but I hesitated.

Eva had been trying to convince me not to deepen my relationship with Carl.

"Jennifer, leave him alone. You don't like him anymore. Don't give him hope and let him go."

Eva's advice made sense to me, so I made up my mind. After the baby was born, I would find an opportunity to tell Carl that I didn't want to be his Luna anymore.

Eva was right. I really didn't love Carl, nor did I feel I could ever love him. I didn't want to waste his time. He deserved a chance to go find his true love.

"Oh, Carl, I'm a little thirsty. Could you buy me a bottle of water?" I averted my gaze and answered with a smile.

"Huh? Oh, of course," Carl replied in a hurry. "Sorry. I didn't realize you haven't drunk anything yet. Of course you're thirsty. I'll get you some water now."

Then, he turned around and left to buy some water. I watched him walk away and breathed a sigh of relief.

Finally! I just wanted to enjoy the beautiful view alone.

Clutching my phone, I kept trudging forward. I could see a quiet bay up ahead, which would make for a good photo.

When I raised my phone to snap a few photos, the sea wind blew towards me, carrying with it the distinct smell of blood. I was shocked and quickly looked in the direction of the smell. In the distance, there was a boat approaching, and that was where the smell of blood was coming from.

I immediately became vigilant and took a few steps back, eyeing the ship warily. Rube Island didn't belong to any country, and its security was relatively poor. It was said that there was often conflict here.

Under my watch, the boat gradually docked. Unexpectedly, a figure appeared on the deck, and I could tell from his scent that he was a werewolf.

He was my compatriot! I instinctively let my guard down.

"Hello!" The man walked out of the cabin and threw the anchor on the shore. When he saw me, he smiled and waved cheerily.

"Oh, hello," I answered shyly.

"I'm Darwin, and I'm a tourist here. What about you, beautiful lady?" The man spoke in a friendly tone.

Darwin... What a unique name! I smiled back at him and said, "Hello, my name is... Aurora! I'm also here on vacation."

I had almost blurted out my real name, but I caught myself in the nick of time.

"Jennifer, ask him about the blood. If there's something off about him, let's run away as soon as possible," Eva said cautiously. "He looks very mysterious. I can't tell if he's a good man or not."

I thought Eva's words made sense, so I deliberately sniffed exaggeratedly and asked, "Darwin, do you smell that? It smells like blood!"

"Oh, you have a keen sense of smell. I was cooking steak!" Darwin chuckled as he turned around and walked into the cabin. After a while, he came out with a bloody piece of steak in his hands.

Oh, my God! The moment I saw the steak, I felt ashamed and absurd. Just now, I had suspected that Darwin might be a murderer. Perhaps I had read too many thriller novels recently!