

Chapter 535 Larry Went Crazy

Anthony's POV:

I disembarked from the plane and took a look around.

Skylar and Jerome had once lived on Rube Island, so I was familiar with the name of this place. However, I didn't expect that my first trip here would be due to a difficult case.

"Mr. Jones, the international police have sent people to meet you," Night Crow, my most trusted attendant, said as he followed me out of the plane.

Sure enough, there were several men and women in uniforms walking towards me.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Jones. We're the international crime team responsible for investigating this case. I'm Cristina, the person in charge." The policewoman in the lead solemnly shook hands with me.

"Thank you for receiving me. I hope we'll have a pleasant cooperation," I replied with a nod. "Because this is an emergency, there's no need to be so formal with each other, okay? Now please take me to see the witness, Aurora. I heard that she called the police first."

Larry's POV:

Damn it!

Morgan was such a fucking jerk! A disgusting piece of shit!

Why? Why did Amelia choose him over me? Why was she obsessed with that bastard? What the fuck did she see in him?

I stood on the edge of the bed and aggressively whipped Amelia. The whip cracked in the air and lacerated her bare back, leaving deep gashes.

"Tell me! Do you still miss that stupid piece of shit named Morgan? Answer me, you bitch! I'll kill you if you don't answer me!"

I roared at the top of my lungs and whipped her again. Amelia, who was lying prone on the bed, snorted defiantly. She refused to answer my question.

I gritted my teeth and glared at her resentfully. Despite my rage, I raised my hand and cast a healing spell to cure her wounds. After all, I didn't really want to kill Amelia. I preferred to fuck the living rather than the dead. I just couldn't control my anger earlier. God damn it all! This was all Morgan's fault. Whenever I fucked Amelia, she still thought about him!

When I raised the whip high again, I suddenly heard a sharp voice.

"Amelia is a damned traitor! Whip her to death, Larry!"

I stopped in my tracks, threw the whip away, and clamped my ears shut. My head felt like it was about to explode. It was that strange voice again. I always wondered if I was just hallucinating, but the voice was too real and clear.

"Shut the fuck up!" I roared.

"Larry, stop lying to yourself. This woman clearly won't obey you. You're the all-powerful grand wizard! You could have any woman you want! Any woman who sees your handsome face and witnesses your powerful witchcraft would fall in love with you," the strange voice continued.

"Bullshit! That's impossible. What about women like Jennifer? She'll never like me! Besides, I don't want any woman but Amelia!" I spat angrily. Who did this strange voice belong to? I didn't need anyone to teach me how to do things! I did whatever the fuck I wanted to do!

"Larry, quit being so stubborn. Kill this bitch and then we can go out and have fun!" The strange voice was oddly alluring.

For some inexplicable reason, I wanted to do as it said.

I impulsively picked up the whip from the floor and held it high above my head, poised to strike Amelia.

"No!" Just as the whip was about to smack Amelia, I suddenly let it go and the whip fell limply at my feet. I grabbed at my hair crazily. "Who the hell are you? Get out! I'm Larry, the grand wizard! I refuse to be manipulated by anyone!"

"You fool! I am you, my dear Larry. We are one! I've always been with you..." The strange voice burst into crazed laughter.

My eyes went wide. Only then did I realize that the voice sounded familiar—it sounded exactly like mine!

Somebody had the exact same voice as me and he was talking to me in my mind. What the hell?!

"Bullshit! You must be manipulating me with witchcraft!" I shouted and kicked the bedroom door open. As I hurried out, I tore my clothes apart like a madman. Then I picked up Amelia's underwear from the sofa and smothered my face in it.

"Amelia is mine!" I shouted relentlessly. As her scent filled my nostrils, I still felt that there was a sense of anger in my heart that I couldn't seem to get rid of. I stared at the underwear in my hands, threw it on the floor, and stomped on it ruthlessly.

What was I doing? Why was I doing this to Amelia? I couldn't control myself! Anger and helplessness filled my heart. It was all because she didn't love me!

"See? She doesn't love you! Kill her, Larry! Kill her!" The voice continued to tantalize me. "Just like how you're going to kill Emma!"

Emma? The voice mentioned that maid. How did it know about Emma? Did it know everything in my mind?

Was I going crazy?

I collapsed to my knees and glanced at my trembling hands. I looked around vigilantly, but there was no one else in the room. I got up, whipped out my wand, and waved it around the room. "Come out, you bastard! Get out of my mind!"

"Ha-ha! I am you, and you are me. If you want to kill me, you'll have to kill yourself!" The monster mocked me in my own voice.

"Enough!" I screamed hysterically, grabbing at my hair like a madman.

No, no, no. I was not crazy. I was the grand wizard Larry for Christ's sake. How could I be crazy? Someone had to be plotting against me. I had to wait and see. I'd catch the damned culprit!

Amelia's POV:

By now, I simply felt dead. I didn't consider myself to be a living, breathing person.

Dead people didn't experience pain or sadness. So I chose to be dead.

Larry raped me, screamed at me, whipped me... But I remained indifferent to everything. I just lay in the bed quietly, letting the dust in the air settle beside me.

I hoped I could just die.

Being dead was better than this miserable excuse for a life. I had completely lost my dignity.

Worse yet, I was pregnant with Larry's child! No, I refused to give birth to the child. I would rather die and take it with me to hell!

Oh, Morgan. Morgan, my love, I miss you so much! I miss you all the time. How I wish I could see you again, but I know it was impossible. Perhaps in our next life, we could live as an ordinary couple. Nobody would separate us or torture us.

Crack! The whip slammed into my back once more. I didn't resist the torture anymore. Perhaps I could be whipped to death, have a miscarriage, and then end all this suffering.

"Shut the fuck up!" I suddenly heard Larry roaring behind me.

I didn't turn around. I didn't want to acknowledge his presence. I didn't have anything to say to the bastard. And by now, I was used to his madness.

Larry had been suffering from intermittent madness these days. One moment, he'd be normal, and the next, he'd be shouting at himself in front of the mirror. Even though I refused to pay attention to him, I was shocked by the ruckus he made.

It seemed that Larry was getting more and more mentally unstable. Perhaps, he had completely gone mad!

If that was the case, would he kill me? I felt that the way he looked at me lately was devoid of love. I wasn't afraid of death. In fact, I wanted to die as soon as possible. But I didn't want to be killed by him just like that. I needed to exact my revenge first.

This thought gave me the strength to keep fighting. No, I couldn't die so easily. I wanted Larry to get a taste of his own medicine first.