

Chapter 537 Amelia's Escape

Amelia's POV:

I stared at Larry, dumbfounded.

His whole face seemed to have changed, leaving nothing but confusion in his eyes.

I couldn't help but look at him in disbelief. All the violence and anger emanating from him had disappeared without a trace, as if he had become a whole new person in the blink of an eye.

What the hell was going on? Could it be? Had the impact caused Larry to lose his memories? In the past, if I had done anything to harm Larry, he would picked up the whip and beat me with it.

The more I searched his face for a hint of what was going on, the more I became convinced that my guess was right. After all, there was no need for Larry to play tricks on me like this. What benefit would he get out of it? He was powerful enough to do whatever he wanted to me. And besides, there was no one here but the two of us. He didn't need to pretend.

Swallowing hard, I continued to stare at Larry, trying to figure out what his next move would be.

But to my surprise, he did nothing.

Larry didn't hit me, nor did he yell at me. He just stood by the bed and stared back at me blankly. His eyes were clear and innocent, like a child's.

When he finally opened his mouth to speak, it was to hesitantly ask me who I was. Did Larry not remember who I was?

In order to verify my guess, I plucked up my courage and asked, "Larry, don't you remember what you were doing just now?"

"Larry? Who is that? Are you talking about me?" Larry shook his head with a bewildered look. "I don't remember anything. I don't even remember my name. Who are you? Why are we here?"

As he spoke, he suddenly lifted his hand. I cowered back instinctively, but Larry didn't try to catch me at all. Instead, he picked up the quilt lying near my feet and threw it on me.

Grabbing onto the quilt with trembling fingers, I stared at Larry incredulously.

What was happening? The man in front of me right now couldn't be Larry. How could Larry be so gentle towards me?

The realization that Larry really didn't remember anything sent me to cloud nine. He had really become a fool now. I had smashed the sense right out of him! This was the best thing that had happened to me. If he didn't remember anything, he wouldn't mistreat me anymore.

"Don't you remember who you are?" I asked, tightening my grip on the quilt. "I don't know why I'm here, but I know that I don't belong here. Please let me go!"

I decided to seize this opportunity to ask Larry to let me go.

Now that he had lost his memories, he didn't seem psychopathic and aggressive like before. I figured that if I just asked him outright to let me go, he might agree. What was more, he had no idea that I had just smashed a vase onto him. Everything was perfect.

I looked at Larry expectantly for an answer, with pleading eyes. To my pleasant surprise, he actually nodded his head in response.

"I don't know what you're doing here at all. Did I lock you in here?" Glancing around at the room, Larry seemed to have put two and two together. He stroked his hair, looking distressed.

When I saw his reaction, I almost jumped with joy, but I knew that I had to suppress my emotions. Now was not the time for me to be celebrating. I had to safely escape from his clutches first.

"Put on your clothes first," Larry said, turning around. "My mind is in a mess now."

After saying that, Larry stared at the living room and murmured, "It's so horrible..."

Of course, I had no time to care about what he was talking about. There was only one thing on my mind now: freedom. I was finally going to regain my freedom. Not only had Larry lost his memories, but he even said he would let me go. At the same time, I didn't dare to get my hopes up too high. There was no knowing when Larry would regain his memories. I had to leave this place before he transformed into that vicious demon again.

After hastily slipping on a dress, I walked into the living room and looked at Larry nervously. He was standing in front of the TV with his back to me. It was impossible to know what he was thinking.

"Larry." I called out to him nervously. "I've put on some clothes. Can you let me go now?"

"I seem to have forgotten a lot of things." There was a sense of loss and even fear in Larry's voice as he turned around and looked at me. Half of his face was stained with blood, which was a terrible sight to behold. And yet, now that he was talking to me normally without scolding or hitting me, he looked like an angel in my eyes.

"Oh..." I didn't know how to respond to him, so I could only pretend to be sad. "I'm sorry."

Yanking his own hair in frustration, Larry said, "Forget it. Miss, I'm sorry. How can I send you away?"

Upon hearing what he said, I was stunned. Taking a deep breath, I asked tentatively, "Larry, don't you remember how to use your magic? This is an uninhabited island. The only way you can send me away is by using the transmission array."

"I remember that I'm a wizard, but..." Larry sighed and shook his head. "I don't think I can use the transmission array. I don't feel like I have any magic power now."

Damn it! How could this be?

Fear bubbled up in my heart at once. The longer I stayed here, the more dangerous it was for me. Larry might become that horrible demon again at any time.

No, there had to be another way. I could go out and see if there was a boat, or maybe I could try making a phone call. I looked around the living room in a panic as I struggled to find a solution. What was I supposed to do? I couldn't waste such a great opportunity! If I let go of this one, I might never get the chance to escape again.

"Miss, I don't know what our relationship is, but I can see that I must have hurt you. You look scared around me," Larry suddenly said.

I was taken aback. Moreover, I was a little embarrassed that my attempt to act normal didn't work.

"I don't know if I will become that scary person that you're afraid of again. How about you tie me up with a rope and then call someone to save you?" Larry suggested, looking at me calmly.

If I wasn't looking at Larry with my own eyes and hearing him with my own ears, I would never have believed that he was capable of saying such words.

"It's your idea," I said in a trembling voice, pointing at Larry. "You're right. Even though you don't remember anything, you hurt me a lot. If you really want to make up for it, just stand there and don't move. I'll find a rope to tie you up with!"

As I spoke, I opened the locker in the living room and rummaged around for the props that Larry had used on me. At the same time, I glanced back from time to time to keep an eye on him. To my relief, he stood still in the same place looking completely harmless.

"Sorry, I'm sorry," he said to me with genuine regret in his voice.

Looking at how vulnerable he was at this moment, I almost faltered. But soon, I came to my senses. The man standing there was Larry, the one who had ruined my life. Even if he didn't remember anything now, I still couldn't forget what he had done to me.

With renewed anger coursing through my veins, I took out the thick rope from the cabinet and walked up to Larry. "Here, I'm going to tie you up. Turn around!"

I shouted with all my strength. It was the only way I could keep myself from collapsing. After all, even though the tables were turned, this was the same fiend who had tortured me crazily just fifteen minutes ago.

"Okay," Larry said simply. Contrary to my belief, he was painfully cooperative. He even turned around and crossed his hands behind his back, giving me easy access to tie him up.

Oh my God! Was this really Larry? If I had not seen his transformation right in front of my eyes, I would have thought that he had been replaced with someone else.

But there was no time for me to marvel at the incredulity of the situation.

Gritting my teeth, I tightly tied Larry up with the rope.