

Outcast: The Alpha King's Beloved

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Larry's POV:

Damn it! I hid in a corner of the royal palace and cursed Anthony and his stupid mate from the bottom of my heart. I stifled the urge to snicker with pleasure when I saw the maid bring the parcel I had prepared to Jennifer's room. I was really looking forward to seeing that bitch's expression after she saw the parcel. I imagined her running to Anthony in tears, fraught with fear.

But what could he do to me? I had to show them the consequences of offending me.

If it weren't for them, Amelia wouldn't be with Morgan right now.

Amelia was mine and she could only be mine forever.

It didn't matter if she was dead or alive, I wouldn't allow her to be with anyone else other than me.

I wasn't willing to give up what was mine.

More importantly, Anthony had the blood of my enemy coursing in his veins.

I couldn't let him go. I didn't care that he was able to remove the Love Curse. I had plenty of ways to deal with him.

After all, it was Anthony's father that led an army against my father and killed him.

My father joined forces with the vampires and invaded the territory of the werewolves.

The werewolves were forced to retreat because they were no match for the vampires, but everything changed after Anthony's father went to battle and killed my poor father.

I wanted to crush the skull of the king for what he had done.

Unfortunately, he died before I could get even with him.

However, since Anthony was his favorite son, I decided to exact my revenge by killing him instead.

I wanted revenge! I wanted revenge! I thought that Austin would be able to kill Anthony, so I cooperated with him. I didn't know that the idiot would fail and I would have to go into hiding because of his incompetence.

This time, I would have to kill Anthony and his mate before taking Amelia back. I gritted my teeth in anger.

Thinking of Jennifer and the parcel, I couldn't contain my excitement and decided to go and see Amelia again.

I couldn't let my beloved woman escape.

There were several guards patrolling just outside Amelia's place.

No matter how powerful or strong Larry was, he couldn't take me away in front of so many guards.

Morgan and I chatted and laughed freely.

"Didn't you say that you liked the cakes I made before? I'll make some more for you when I can."

"I am so happy to hear that! I've been craving them for decades," Morgan said happily.

To see Morgan in such a happy state made me feel happy as well.

However, just as I was about to say something, I felt a sudden chill on my back.

For some reason, I felt like I was being watched "Morgan, something doesn't feel right. Is Larry here? Have you seen him?"

My eyes widened as I looked around nervously.

"Don't be afraid, honey. There's no reason for you to be worried. The royal palace is heavily guarded, and Mr. Jones has assigned more guards to patrol the vicinity. You are safe here."

Morgan tried to comfort me.

Unfortunately, I couldn't ignore my apprehension.

It felt as though a poisonous snake was slithering around me, waiting to pounce.

"No! Larry is here! I can sense him!"

I screamed helplessly before I felt dizzy and fell to the ground.

“Amelia! Oh my God! What happened to you?”

Morgan ran over and looked at me with concern.

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Jennifer's POV:

With Anthony doing his best to comfort me, I finally managed to calm down.

After ordering the maid to deal with the gruesome parcel that Larry had sent, Anthony took me to see Elizabeth.

When we entered Elizabeth's room, we found her chatting and laughing with Roy, who seemed to have arrived just seconds before us.

“Mrs.Jones, you look much better today than yesterday,” Roy said to Elizabeth.

“Thanks to you, Roy, I even feel as if I'm younger than before,”

Elizabeth replied to him, beaming.

“You are indeed looking younger and younger, Mrs.Jones,”

Roy praised, which made Elizabeth grin from ear to ear.

Anthony and I walked over at this time.

“Mom, Jennifer and I came here to see you.”

“How are you feeling, Mrs.Jones?” I asked, smiling at her in greeting.

“Oh, the two of you are here.Come and sit down.I feel much better.Roy's healing magic is really amazing!”

Lying in the bed, Elizabeth waved us over.

When I took a closer look at her, I found that she indeed looked much better and healthier, which came as a great relief to me.

“The healing magic that Larry recorded in his books turns out to be very effective.Mrs.Jones is recovering much faster than I expected,” Roy told us excitedly.

"Now, as long as she remains in a good mood, she'll be back to normal in no time."

"With Jennifer and Anthony around, how can I not be in a good mood? Besides, I can't wait to see my grandchild."

Elizabeth smiled and patted me on the hand.

"Then we'll come to see you every day," I told her, forcing a smile.

"Jennifer, you look troubled. What's wrong?"

Elizabeth asked keenly, squinting at me.

Then, she turned to Anthony with a glare.

"Anthony, why aren't you taking good care of your mate? Look at her. Why is she so upset? What did you do? A pregnant woman needs to be taken care of well. You need to put in more effort."

"Mom, you're right. It's my fault,"

Anthony replied, keeping his tone obedient but vague.

I couldn't help lowering my head in embarrassment.

I was still shaken by what I had seen in Larry's parcel just now, but before entering Elizabeth's room, I had tried my best to compose myself and put on a happy facade.

However, it seemed that I failed, and now, Anthony was getting chided for it.

As soon as we entered Amelia's bedroom, we saw her lying weakly in the bed.

Sitting next to her on the bedside was Morgan, holding her hand with a pale face.

"Damn that Larry! I won't let him go. I'll make sure he dies a miserable death!"

Morgan was cursing Larry.

As soon as he saw us, he stood up and greeted, "Mr. Jones, you're here!"

I nodded at him as I walked into the room.

"What happened? Calm down and tell me clearly."

"Mr. Jones, Larry poisoned Amelia!"

Morgan got straight to the point, trembling with fury.

"I was taking a walk with Amelia in the garden just now, when she suddenly said that she saw Larry and almost fainted. I quickly brought her back here and called the doctor. After examining her, the doctor told me that Amelia was poisoned, but that he's unable to determine what kind of drug it was. Anyway, there's no doubt that Larry is behind this! That awful bastard."

After listening to Morgan's words, Jennifer and I exchanged a wary look.

It was just as we had feared.

Larry seemed to be targeting all of us.

"Don't worry, Morgan."

I patted Morgan's shoulder and gave it an encouraging squeeze before turning to the attendant behind me.

"Call the best royal doctor here immediately. Hurry up."

The attendant nodded and quickly strode out of the room.

Jennifer walked over to the bedside and held Amelia's hand with a guilty look.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. It's all our fault. We promised to protect you well, but we failed."

"No, it's not your fault... Jennifer, Larry already poisoned me... when I was... imprisoned by him,"

Amelia squeezed out with difficulty.

The amount of pain she was going through to even form a few words was evident on her face.

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Morgan's POV:

When I looked at Amelia's pale face, I clutched my chest as I felt my heart tighten with excruciating pain.

Larry! It was all that mad bastard's fault! I wasn't a man of violence, but if I could get my hands on that rotten wizard, I would gut him like a fish and watch him die a slow and painful death. I was not confident to contend with him. I spent my solitary years on the snow mountain honing my skills and studying witchcraft. I wasn't as weak as I used to be, to say the least, but I was still no match for the famous grand wizard.

And yet, I was determined to put up a fight for sake of Amelia's safety.

After all, she was the love of my life.

She was the most important part of my life, without a question.

While I was deep in contemplation, Anthony and Jennifer walked into the ward.

"Morgan, don't worry. We will work together and defeat Larry," Anthony said seriously as if he had seen through my dilemma.

I respected Anthony and I believed in him.

"Thank you for helping us again, Mr. Jones. Amelia and I wouldn't know what to do without you and Jennifer."

The doctor entered after knocking on the door once and he brought with him an injection.

"Is that the antidote?" I asked hopefully.

After administering the injection, the doctor said to me, "This was just a painkiller to help ease the pain. We are doing our best to come up with the antidote. Please, have faith."

My eyes fell to the floor in disappointment, but I still expressed my gratitude.

"Thank you, doctor." I took a deep breath and held Amelia's hand tightly.

"Amelia, are you okay? If you feel uncomfortable, please tell me. I will use magic to relieve your pain."

Amelia opened her tear-soaked eyes and tried to smile at me, but when I saw how her lips trembled, it crushed my spirit completely.

"Honey, don't be sad. I've already prepared for the worst result. I'm happy that I got to see you again, even if it was only just for a few days, I can at least die with some good memories," Amelia said slowly and then she shifted her gaze to Anthony and Jennifer.

I had always known Morgan to be a strong man.

Seeing him crying because of me broke my heart. It was all because he loved me.

“Amelia, if I weren’t so incompetent, you wouldn’t have suffered so much.”
Morgan looked at me with pity in his eyes.

“I will do whatever it takes to remove that damned poison from your body. I won’t let Larry take you away from me.”

“Honey, you don’t know how happy I am to be here with you. I have no regrets in my life. Even if there is no way to find the antidote, it’s okay. I will die happy and I will never go back to Larry,” I said to him in a determined tone.

Morgan looked at me with a startled expression.

He opened his mouth to say something, but he stopped and wrapped his arms around me in a loving embrace.

“Don’t say that. I won’t let anything bad happen to you. Amelia, are you willing to give up without a fight?”

“No, honey, of course not!” I hugged Morgan and burst into tears.

“But what can we do? Larry is too powerful and there is nothing he won’t do to win. He never cares about the consequences when he does things. I don’t want you to get hurt because of me!”

Morgan shook his head and said, “Honey, my life will have no meaning without you in it. Losing you will be the same thing as dying.”

In spite of everything, I felt safe in Morgan’s arms. He was right—we didn’t want to lose each other.

“Don’t cry. Everything will be fine,” Morgan coaxed me.

I eventually wiped the tears from my face and stopped crying. I took a few deep breaths to calm my nerves. I could tell just by looking at him that he was very tired. I closed my eyes.

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Larry’s POV:

Amelia, the woman I had missed so much, was finally in front of my eyes.

It had been torture for me to be separated from her all these days.

In order to find her, I had searched high and low around the world, almost driven crazy by her absence.

I hadn't expected that she was taken away by those idiots.

They had gone too far this time.

We wizards never stuck our nose into werewolves' matters, so how dare they interfere in my business? From the beginning, Amelia was my woman.

I would never allow anyone to take her away from me! Holding Amelia tightly in my arms, I took a deep breath and inhaled the sweet, familiar fragrance of her hair.

My head was buzzing with excitement, and a wide grin spread across my face.

"Honey, you look as charming and beautiful as always. I'm so glad to see you again."

But to my dismay, Amelia didn't hug me back.

Her arms lay stiff at her sides as she looked at me in horror.

"Who are you? Larry, is it you? How did you become like this?"

The fear in her eyes made me pull a long face.

I shouted, "What's wrong, Amelia? Honey, aren't you happy to see me again? Can't you recognize me because of how young I look? You like my handsome face, right? You said it yourself."

It was courtesy of my skilled magic that I was wearing the young and handsome face I currently had. I had deliberately changed my appearance to the way I looked when I was young to remind Amelia that I was her first love. I was confident that she wouldn't be able to forget how much we had loved each other back then.

"You're right, Larry, I did say that. But that was many years ago," Amelia said, shaking her head.

"You might be able to change the way you look with your magic, but you can't turn back time." I subconsciously clenched my jaw and glared at her.

Morgan had taught me the true meaning of love; it was something that could wipe away all the tears and heal all the scars.

So for me, living a life without Morgan was akin to not living at all.

With Larry's hand around my throat, it was becoming harder and harder for me to breathe, but I just glared at him coldly and tried my best to push out the words I wanted to say.

"In your dreams, Larry! I dared to come and meet you alone because I'm prepared to fight you to the death. I'm not afraid of dying! I'd rather die than be with you. And there are people who will avenge me after I die."

"You lunatic!"

Larry spat, with a crazed look in his eyes.

"Do you know how hard it was for me to find you? Aren't you scared that I'll kill your beloved Morgan? And Anthony and Jennifer, too! I won't let any of them go!"

Hearing Larry, who was acting like he had lost his mind, call me a lunatic rendered me at a loss for words.

Despite the situation, I almost wanted to laugh.

"If you intend on laying so much as a finger on them, I'll take you down with me right now," I said firmly, looking defiantly into Larry's eyes.

"My magic isn't as strong as before, but I know that at the very least, I can make you suffer. Larry, if you want to torture me, go ahead, but don't involve anyone else. I'm the one you want. Just kill me and get it over with."

"How could you do this to me?" Larry's grip on my neck tightened as he shook me back and forth, and I couldn't help but wince from the pain.

"I love you so much, but you don't reciprocate my feelings at all!" Larry suddenly let go of my neck and held me tight.

"How can I bear to kill you? Honey, I love you. I love you so much I'm losing my mind."

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Morgan's POV:

I had a nightmare in which Amelia was being taken away by Larry.

Amelia was in pain because of Larry and I could do nothing to stop him. I woke up in a pool of my own sweat and realized that it was just a dream. I took a long, deep breath and let relief wash over me for a moment, but when I looked to my side Amelia wasn't there. I jumped out of bed with a startled expression, fearing the worst. I ran out of the ward and asked the maid sitting just outside, "Excuse me, have you seen Amelia? Why isn't she in the room?"

When the maid saw me, she replied, "She said she wanted to go to the garden to get some fresh air."

However, I wasn't relieved by the maid's reply.

Instead, I ran to the garden as quickly as I could.

"Amelia! Honey, where are you?"

I kept calling out to her and fortunately, I didn't have to go too far before I saw Amelia sitting on the edge of a flower bed.

"Honey, what are you doing here all alone? It's not safe for you out here. You should have told me what you wanted to go out for a walk. I would have accompanied you."

As I hugged Amelia from behind, she looked up at me and her eyes were expressionless.

"Honey, Larry's here."

My eyes widened in horror. I was shocked. I took Amelia's hands and looked her up and down nervously.

There were no signs of injury or any bruises on her. I was a little relieved.

"Honey, Larry said he was going to kill you and make me watch." Amelia threw herself into my arms.

"He gave me a month to change my mind. If I don't go back to him willingly, he will kill everyone I hold dear. Besides, only Larry has the antidote to the poison. I'll have to take the antidote once a month just to stop the pain for getting worse."

Amelia's words made my heart sink.

How could Larry be so ruthless? How could he say that he loved Amelia when all he did was cause her pain and suffering? I took a deep breath and hugged Amelia tightly.

"Don't be afraid, honey! I won't let anything happen to you. I'm going to be with you all the way. Larry's threats won't work because we outnumber him."

"But honey, he said he was going to kill you!" Amelia said with fear in her eyes.

"Larry isn't someone you should underestimate. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. I would rather be his slave than let him do any harm to you."

I shook my head and tried to comfort Amelia.

"Mr. Jones is also very powerful. We shouldn't underestimate him either. No matter how powerful Larry is, he can't fight against the whole Osman Kingdom. You need to have faith in me, honey."

I helped her get up on her feet and carried her in my arms.

"Let's go back. You should get some rest."

Its elegant design and color drew my eyes to it at first glance.

I pulled up the hem of the dress and looked at it carefully.

The shop assistant praised my choice.

"Miss, this dress suits you very well. You will look beautiful in it."

Anthony chimed in, "Of course, she will! She will be the most beautiful bride in the world."

My cheeks blushed red and I nudged him on the shoulder.

"You need to put a leash on that tongue of yours. I'm drowning in your praises."

Anthony turned his head to kiss me on my lips.

"I'm just telling the truth. If telling the truth is a crime, then please, throw me in jail."

He winked at me playfully and said to the shop assistant, "This dress has to be ready for the wedding ceremony. Please, make sure they inlay the hemline with diamonds."

"Yes, sir. Don't worry, we will take care of it."

The shop assistant nodded in agreement.

Anthony and I went back to the royal palace afterwards.

"Anthony, we should visit your mother and keep her updated on the progress of the ceremony," I suggested.

Anthony happily took me to Elizabeth's room to pay her a visit.

When Anthony pushed the door open, Elizabeth was reading a book and Roy was sitting beside her.

Anthony walked up to their bed and tucked her in.

"Mom, how are you?" Elizabeth put down the book and looked at us with a smile.

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Skylar's POV:

When Jerome took me to our new home, I still hadn't come to accept the fact that Jerome and I had really left Rainbow Pack.

I thought I was in some kind of dream.

Because I was pregnant, Jerome cleaned the entire place by himself and he even called a moving company to help carry our belongings into the beautiful villa.

When the movers were bringing the furniture inside, Jerome held my hand and said, "Honey, let's go out for some air. By the time we get back, the house should be ready."

I nodded and followed Jerome outside.

We sat on the sand, staring out into the boundless blue ocean in front of us as the waves hit the shore and touched our toes.

It felt like a treat to be able to enjoy such precious moments with the man I loved.

"Oh my God, Jerome. It's really beautiful here!"

I was over the moon with joy, taking Jerome's hand in mine.

"This place is going to be our happy new home."

Jerome looked at me gently with a smile.

"I'm glad you think so. I was afraid that you might not be able to adapt to living on a remote island."

As we walked along the coast of Rube Island, the soft breeze from the sea blew on my face and cleared up the dark cloud that had enveloped my heart for quite some time now.

The other inhabitants who were also walking on the beach smiled at us warmly and greeted us.

Jerome waved back at them and said, "Hello! Have a good day!"

It was such a pleasant change of pace from the fear and distrust we had to face at the Rainbow Pack.

I tugged at Jerome's arm and said, "Everyone is so nice and friendly. You are right. We can start a new life here since no one knows who we are or where we came from."

Jerome pulled me into his arms and then gave me a kiss on the forehead.

"Honey, you won't have to worry about anything anymore. Our lives are going to be simpler and happier. After our baby is born, I'll teach him how to swim in the sea."

As the sunlight fell on his gentle face, his loving smile caused my heart to beat faster.

"Just think of it as our honeymoon," Jerome said and he winked at me playfully.

Then, he stared deeply into my eyes and leaned in for a kiss.

I felt my heart flutter and I said, "Jerome, this is so romantic!"

We kept walking along the coast until we came to a barbeque restaurant on the way.

Jerome pointed at the restaurant and said, "Hey, do you want to have some barbeque? Perhaps if you eat something different, your morning sickness will get better."

I didn't expect to receive a call from Helen as soon as we sent the photos.

"Wow, you look so beautiful! How's it going, Skylar? Are you having a good time over there?"

Helen sounded chirpy over the phone.

Despite my shyness at her words, I answered, "It's quite nice out here! I'm fine, Helen. Jerome is taking good care of me." By the way, how are you and Daniel doing?"

"Daniel and I have returned to Black Stone Pack. We decide not to start the preparations of our wedding until after Mr. Jones' coronation ceremony and his wedding ceremony with Jennifer. Daniel's father passed away just recently, and the werewolves of Black Stone Pack are still mourning him. We still need some time to take in everything."

I understood how Helen felt, so I comforted her.

"You and Daniel have a lifetime of happiness to look forward to. Everything is going to be all right."

"Thank you," Helen replied gently.

"You too."

Jerome's POV:

We sent the photos of Skylar to Jennifer, but there was no reply. It was getting dark, so we decided to walk back slowly.

"Perhaps Jennifer is very busy at the moment. After all, she has a wedding to prepare with Mr. Jones," Skylar said to me.

I nodded, thinking that Skylar's reasoning was sound. I noticed Skylar's face become lusterless at the mention of Jennifer's wedding.

"I really wanted to be there at Jennifer's wedding. It's such a pity."

It broke my heart to see the look of sadness in her eyes.

I already had a secret plan and I smiled mysteriously at her as it was time for the grand reveal.

"Honey, what if I told you that I have a way to take you to the wedding?"

Skylar's eyes lit up and she asked in disbelief, "Really? What do you mean?"

"Yes! Have I ever lied to you?" I held Skylar in my arms.

"But I have to keep it a secret for the time being. It'll be a nice surprise."

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Jennifer's POV:

After having breakfast, I checked my phone.

Apparently, Jerome had sent me a message the night before.

It was a picture of a Skylar smiling by the seaside, wind blowing through her hair. She looked beautiful.

Smiling down at my phone, I quickly replied to Jerome.

After hitting send, I held up my phone in front of Anthony and sighed.

“Look, Anthony. Jerome and Skylar look like they’re having the time of their lives. Their pain and suffering are finally behind them.”

Anthony glanced at the picture and his expression softened.

“I’m happy for them. Jerome is as determined and kind-hearted as you. I knew God wouldn’t treat him unfairly.”

Knowing that Jerome and Skylar were safe and happy, I felt relieved.

Thinking about them reminded me of something.

“Honey, how are the wedding preparations going? I’m so nervous, I’m going to be sick. What if I make a mistake?”

Anthony walked over to me and took my hand.

“Relax, Jennifer. The invitations have been sent out; the venue has been set up; and the dress has been tailored to fit you. Everything is ready. You don’t have to worry about anything. Plus, for us, this ceremony is just a bonus. Everyone already knows that you are my queen—and a reasonable, elegant, and dignified one at that.

Hearing Anthony’s words, I blushed shyly.

“You flatter me!”

Anthony just smiled back at me reassuringly.

Embarrassed, I quickly changed the subject.

“I haven’t heard from the pack in days. I’ll call Simon.”

I then dialed the elder’s number.

“Hello, Elder Simon? This is Jennifer. How have you been? How’s the pack doing?”

"Hello, Alpha Jennifer. I'm fine, thanks for asking. The pack is as peaceful as before you left. We're all doing great. Don't worry about us," Simon said proudly.

No wonder I felt that the name was familiar. I was but a toddler back then, and I played with Carl every day.

But sometime later, Carl moved to another pack with his parents. I always thought of him fondly. I sometimes wondered how he was doing, hoping he was living a good life.

Not long after he left, the misfortunate events took place at the Rainbow Pack.

My father was murdered, and Arthur stole the position of Alpha.

My brother and I were exiled, and I lost contact with most of the werewolves I knew before.

Anthony's POV:

Jennifer frowned, puzzling over the name Carl.

"What's wrong, honey? Is there someone on the guestlist who looks suspicious?" I took Jennifer's hand and looked at her with concern.

"Oh, no! It's nothing like that. I just remembered that I used to have a playmate named Carl. He was a good boy,"

Jennifer explained with a sheepish smile.

I eyed Jennifer cautiously.

"Do you think this is the Carl you played with as a child?" Jennifer shook her head and scratched her chin.

"I don't know."

Not wanting her to see that name again, I hurriedly closed the booklet.

"It's probably someone else. It's too much of a coincidence."

"But maybe it's him..." Jennifer smiled at me.

"After all, fate is sometimes a funny thing. Why? Do you know who this Carl is?"