

Outcast: The Alpha King's Beloved Chapter 311

Skylar's POV:

I lived a happy life on Rube Island, but I found myself missing Jennifer a lot of the time, so I often called her.

Just now, she seemed a little busy.

Not wanting to take up too much of her time, I said goodbye after a while.

After the phone call with Jennifer, I slipped my hand into Jerome's and leaned on his broad chest.

"Honey, Jennifer said they've been very busy recently and might not be able to visit us any time soon. But she's my best friend and I miss her."

Jerome put his forehead against mine and gently stroked my bulging belly in an effort to comfort me.

"Don't be sad, love. You know that Jennifer and Anthony will definitely come visit us as soon as they're free. Cheer up, okay?"

Even though I forced a smile at him, I still felt a bit depressed.

"Skylar, how about we go to the movies tomorrow?"

Noticing that I was still in low spirits, Jerome tried to cheer me up.

"Let's eat good food and go shopping after. You can buy whatever you want."

I perked up instantly.

“Okay!”

As long as Jerome was with me, I would be happy no matter what we did.

The next day, after lunch, Jerome and I headed out to the cinema to watch a movie.

Fortunately, the cinema wasn't that far from our new home.

Jerome and I walked hand in hand along the seaside, chatting casually.

When we reached the ticket window, he asked me, “Honey, which movie do you want to watch?”

I quickly scanned through the movies on the screen before pointing at one called Blue Sunrise.

“This one. How about you? Is it okay with you if we watch a romantic movie?”

“I'll watch whatever you want to watch, honey.”

Jerome winked at me and gave my hand a light squeeze.

Then, he bought two tickets to Blue Sunrise.

We were lucky, because the earliest show was going to begin in five minutes.

After buying the tickets, we went straight to the movie hall and had our tickets checked.

As soon as Jerome and I sat down, the lights went out.

In the dark, I could feel Jerome's hand holding mine.

Suddenly, he turned to me and whispered with regret, "Are you thirsty, honey? I should have bought some drinks before we came in."

"I'm okay. Thank you.

We can buy some when we go out,"

I whispered back, feeling warm in my heart.

Jerome was such a thoughtful guy.

Soon, the movie began to play.

I focused on the love story that began to unfold on the screen.

The encounter between the hero and the heroine was so romantic that I couldn't help but smile.

When they began to kiss affectionately, I suddenly heard Jerome's gentle voice.

"Skylar..."

I tore my gaze away from the screen and turned to see Jerome looking at me affectionately.

His handsome face made my heart skip a beat.

Without hesitation, I leaned towards him.

We were like two magnets that couldn't help but gravitate towards each other.

Before I knew it, we were hugging each other tightly and kissing passionately under the dim light of the projector.

On screen and off-screen, love was in the air.

When the movie was over, Jerome took me shopping.

I bought a lot of clothes and other necessities for the baby.

While we went from store to store, I talked with Jerome about the movie we had just watched.

The atmosphere was very harmonious, and my mood was much better than yesterday.

About half an hour later, I began to feel a little tired.

Noticing that I didn't look well, Jerome immediately asked, "What's the matter, honey?"

Seeing the worried look on his face, I replied with a smile, "Nothing. It's just a side effect of the pregnancy. I'm a little hungry and want to eat something."

"I'll buy you some food, honey. What do you want?"

Jerome asked with concern.

After thinking about it for a while, I decided I didn't want Jerome to go too far, so I settled for something quick.

"A burger will be enough to fill my stomach, I think."

"Okay, I'll buy one for you right now," Jerome said promptly.

“Skylar, stay here. Don’t leave this spot. I’ll be right back.”

I nodded and obediently waited for Jerome by the side of the street.

He ran off like a gust of wind.

Today was the weekend.

The street was bustling.

People came and went past me.

I stood in the crowd, waiting for Jerome to come back.

But minutes passed and there was no sign of him.

I glanced at my phone to check the time and found that it had been ten minutes. I was a little flustered. I couldn’t help but walk in the direction he ran off to look for him.

Could something have happened to him? As I searched for him, a piece of news that I had seen on the TV yesterday suddenly came to mind.

Apparently, a mysterious criminal gang had fled to Rube Island, and the police were looking for them here.

Oh, my God! Could Jerome have run into the criminal gang? I anxiously tucked a strand of hair behind my ear.

I knew it was ridiculous to worry about him, but I couldn’t help but fret about it.

After all, this was Rube Island.

Because there were no national boundaries, anyone could come and go freely.

It was inevitable that the residents on the island were diverse.

In addition to werewolves, vampires also frequented here.

Lost in thought, I suddenly felt my bag being pulled by someone.

I thought it was Jerome, so I turned around in pleasant surprise.

But instead of Jerome, I saw a burly man gripping my bag.

There was a malicious look in his eyes, and I immediately shrank back in fear.

“What do you want?” I shouted.

The man laughed.

“Nothing in particular. If you’re smart, you’d give me all your valuables.”

Looking around, I realized that I was surrounded.

In addition to the man grasping my bag in front of me, there were several other strong men walking towards me.

There were at least four of them.

Oh, my God! What were they planning to do? I was so scared that I almost fell down.

I bit my lips hard to calm myself down, holding my ground.

“Help! It’s a robbery!”

I tried my best to draw attention to myself, shouting at passers-by in the hopes that they would help me.

Sure enough, a couple of heads turned to see what was going on, but I was vastly disappointed.

They all stopped to watch the fun, but no one came to help me.

My heart sank to my stomach.

“Don’t expect anyone to f*****g save you, b***h. We have a powerful backer here. Just give us your money —quick!”

Another man grabbed my bag.

I didn’t dare to resist and let him take my bag away. I was very scared.

What was I supposed to do? I was pregnant. I had to protect my child at all costs.”Hey, she’s pregnant,”

someone shouted, noticing my round belly.

“I wonder who the father of the baby is. How about she pleasure us, too?”

The voice belonged to a man with a scar on his face.

He closed in on me and even had the audacity to try to touch my chest.

Oh, my God! These scumbags! D**n it! Despicable! I was so angry that I couldn’t stand it anymore.

I waved my hand at them.

A light flashed, and a strong wind suddenly blew, sending several of the men to the ground.

“F**k off!”

I shrieked, trembling all over. I could feel that my special power was acting crazy.

“F**k off!”

“What the f**k did you do that for?”

One of the men was more agile than the others and managed to withstand the wind.

Gritting my teeth, I started running regardless of anything. I needed to find Jerome. I didn't want to deal with these robbers anymore.

“Stop!”

The man's voice sounded from behind me.

I was so angry that I almost turned around to use my special power to finish him off.

But before I could do that, a young man in suit and leather shoes suddenly broke through the crowd and stood between me and the robber.

The young, well-dressed man said with a smile, “It's not gentlemanly to attack a girl.”

After that, a flash of lightning flashed under the young man's hand and shot at the burly man.

The latter immediately collapsed to the ground in a heap.

I was so stunned that I stopped in my tracks.

This young man also had special power too.

He must be a vampire! Oh, my God! Now that someone had come to save me, the rest of the robbers ditched my bag and ran away as fast as they could.

I heaved a sigh of relief as I watched them flee.

“Thank you, sir.”

I quickly lowered my head to thank him.

After that, I picked up my bag from the ground and started to leave.

If he really was a vampire, he must've noticed that I had just used my special power. I didn't want to have anything to do with vampires.

Otherwise, I might be caught and taken away. I didn't want to take the risk.

“You're welcome. It's what any decent person should've done.”

The young man smiled gracefully.

“May I know your name? I'm Thomas of the Gangrel Clan.” I looked at him in a daze.

What was he talking about? Was he actually introducing himself to me? But why? He must've really thought that I was a vampire! I shook my head and stepped back in a hurry.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.Anyway, thank you for your help.Bye!”

After saying that, I turned to run.

“Oh, please don’t be like this, miss.I mean you no harm,”Thomas said hurriedly.

“I saw you use your special power just now.I just wanted to know which clan you come from.”

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A Noble Vampire

Thomas’ POV:

I looked at the panic-stricken blonde lady in front of me and tried to give her my friendliest smile.I really didn’t mean her any harm.I just wanted to know which vampire clan she came from.I had seen her retaliate against the robbers using her special power just now.

It was absolutely marvelous.It was obvious that she was no ordinary vampire.

She was probably of noble descent as well.I didn’t expect to cross paths with another vampire aristocrat on my journey to this small island, so naturally I wanted to make friends with her.

“No, you’re mistaken.I’m not a vampire.”

The blonde lady avoided my gaze and shook her head vehemently.

“Anyway, I’m looking for someone.I should go now.Bye!”

I was a little surprised.

Why was she denying that she was a vampire? She had used her special power just now.

Only a vampire with noble bloodline could possess such an extraordinary ability.

Recalling how miserable she looked when the robbers were threatening her earlier, I figured her family must've encountered some troubles, which was why she was hiding here on Rube Island.

I decided to respect her privacy and didn't ask any more questions. I just smiled and said, "Alright. If you don't mind, can we be friends?"

When I said this, the blonde lady seemed to be relieved. She finally showed a polite smile to me.

"Of course, you saved me, Thomas. My name is Skylar. It's nice to meet you."

"Skylar, what a nice name!" I smiled back at her politely.

Out of curiosity, I asked casually, "Are you on the island on vacation?"

Truth be told, I was very curious about Skylar's background. Why was a noble vampire here alone? Skylar's smile wavered slightly.

"Oh, I'm with my husband. We're going to settle down here."

"Oh, I see." I nodded.

Just as I was about to ask her another question, a handsome man suddenly rushed in between us.

Holding her in his arms, he shouted, “Skylar, are you alright? What happened?”

Skylar blinked at the man in a surprised daze before breaking into a big smile. But then, she looked at me nervously.

“Oh, Thomas, this is my husband, Jerome.”

Then, she pointed at me and explained to the man, “Jerome, this is a friend I just met. His name is Thomas. I was robbed just now, and he saved me.”

I smiled politely at Skylar’s husband.

“It’s nice to meet you, Jerome. I’m Thomas.”

Looking this man up and down, I felt a little surprised. He didn’t look like a vampire at all.

Jerome’s POV:

I searched three streets before I found a restaurant that served burgers.

Unfortunately, it was full, and the line was long. I waited in line for more than ten minutes, yet I still wasn’t anywhere near the counter.

Thinking about how Skylar was waiting for me, I grew anxious, but there was nothing I could do. I could only pray that the customers in front of me would be quick.

Just as it was about to be my turn to order, I overheard two passers-by chatting.

My ears keenly picked up on a few words they were talking about.

“I heard that a pregnant woman was robbed in the street ahead.I feel bad for her.”

“Yes, but those robbers are notorious.No one would dare cross their path.”

When I heard this, my heart leapt into my throat.

Skylar! Skylar was pregnant.

Were they talking about my wife? I was scared out of my wits.I didn't dare to stay in the line for one more second.I bolted out of the restaurant and searched for Skylar.

Oh, my God! I couldn't believe that I possibly let something bad happen to Skylar! Fortunately, I found Skylar safe and sound.

Relieved, I immediately threw my arms around her in a hug.

Only then did I notice the young man by her side.

He was handsome and had short flaxen hair.

It was obvious that he was popular among the ladies.

Alarmed, I protectively tightened my embrace around Skylar.

Fortunately, Skylar's explanation made me realize that I was overthinking the situation.

Embarrassed, I quickly smiled at Thomas and greeted him warmly.

“It's nice to meet you, too.Thank you for saving my wife.I really appreciate it.”

“You’re welcome.It was just a piece of cake.No gentleman should watch a pregnant woman being robbed without doing anything,”

Thomas replied nobly.

As I listened to him speak, something felt wrong.I couldn’t smell the scent of werewolf from him—not a single whiff.And his skin was abnormally pale, as though blood didn’t run through his veins.I stared into his light brown eyes and was almost sure that the man in front of me was a vampire.He must’ve worn contact lenses to cover the morbidly red eyes unique to vampires.

“I’m sorry, honey.I overheard some people saying that a pregnant woman was robbed so I rushed back as soon as I could.I wasn’t able to order a hamburger.Let’s get some food at a restaurant instead.”

I gave Skylar an apologetic look before turning to Thomas.

“If you don’t mind, I want to invite you to share a meal with us to express my gratitude.” Thomas waved his hand dismissively.

“No need.You must have something to say to each other.I wouldn’t want to intrude.”

Skylar shook her head.

“No.Thomas, you saved me.Dinner is no big deal.Please accept our invitation.”

In my eyes, no man could refuse a request from Skylar.I looked at Thomas expectantly.

Sure enough, he smiled sheepishly and said, “Alright, thank you.”

With that, I led Skylar to a nearby restaurant, with Thomas following close behind.

Skylar sat opposite Thomas and politely chatted with him.

After ordering some food, I snuck a glance at Thomas' wrist.

There was a hexagram mark on Skylar's wrist.

If Thomas was a vampire, he might also bear a mark.

"Rube Island is a beautiful place!" Skylar sighed dreamily.

"Yes, I like it here too. The scenery is quite nice, don't you think?"

As Thomas spoke, he absentmindedly rolled up his sleeve to take a look at his watch.

In that moment, I saw his wrist clearly.

There was indeed a mark on it, but it was different from the one on Skylar's wrist.

Thomas' mark looked a lot like lightning. So my suspicion was right.

He was indeed a vampire, and it was very likely that he carried a noble bloodline.

After all, Anthony had once said that every noble vampire would bear a specific mark totem.

Did he approach Skylar deliberately because he recognized her identity? I immediately grew nervous. I couldn't let my guard down. No matter what his purpose was, I needed to protect Skylar.

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Skylar's Origin

Skylar's POV:

When a waiter served the food on the table, I smiled at Thomas hospitably and pushed the plates of delicious food in front of him.

“Thomas, no need to be so formal, okay? You just saved my life.”

As I spoke, I tried my best to smile as naturally as I could while casually pulling my sleeve down to cover the mark on my wrist.

Truth be told, I was extremely nervous to be in the presence of another vampire.

What if Thomas found out my identity? I was just thankful that I was wearing a long-sleeved shirt today. I sighed internally.

If I had worn something else, I would've been doomed. I wanted as much as possible to dissociate myself from vampires.

My intuition told me that Thomas was a good guy. He was willing to help me after all, even going so far as to save me from those bullies.

But all the same, he was still a vampire.

Vampires and werewolves were always at odds since time immemorial. I didn't even want to think about what would happen if he found out my identity.

What if he recognized the hexagram mark on my wrist? Would he force me to come back to the vampires' territory? Despite my worries, there

was also a trace of hope that sparked within my heart. I almost wanted him to see the hexagram mark.

Maybe he knew about my origin.

Growing up an orphan, I had never known who my parents were. I wanted to know who I was and why my parents abandoned me. But I just wanted to know these things to fill up the void in my heart. I wanted nothing to do with vampires, let alone a noble clan. I had Jerome.

He was more than enough for me.

As fear and hope battled within me, I spent most of dinner silent and absent-minded.

“Please excuse me, I’m going to the bathroom,”

Thomas suddenly said, snapping me back to my reality.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh, okay. Sure.”

As soon as Thomas was out of earshot, Jerome and I looked at each other.

“Skylar, I know that Thomas is a vampire, but the mark on his wrist is different from yours,” Jerome said in a low voice.

“His is lightning. You two probably come from different clans. But I don’t understand why Thomas approached you. Honey, I suspect that he might have ulterior motives.”

I gnawed on my lower lip, at a loss.

“I don’t know what he wants, but when I was dealing with the robbers earlier, he saw me using my special power. So he probably thinks I’m a vampire.”

“What?!”

Jerome practically jumped to his feet in shock. I quickly pulled him back to his seat and took his hand to calm him down.

“Don’t worry, Jerome. A vampire’s sense of smell isn’t as sensitive as a werewolf’s. He won’t be able to pick up on my scent. Even if he knows that I carry a vampire bloodline, he won’t know that I’m a werewolf-vampire hybrid.”

“Oh, okay.”

Jerome sighed heavily.

“But you still need to be careful, honey. Vampires are extremely cunning creatures.” I nodded.

Just then, Thomas came back from the bathroom.

Jerome and I lowered our heads and continued to eat, pretending as though nothing had happened.

On the surface, the atmosphere over dinner seemed light and merry.

Jerome and Thomas talked and laughed like old friends.

I, on the other hand, felt stiff and nervous, not daring to relax.

Finally, when dinner was over, I felt relieved. I grabbed Jerome's hand and stood up, itching to go home. I didn't want to stay here a second longer.

To my surprise, Thomas asked, "Where do you guys live? I drove here. Let me drive you home as a thank you for dinner."

I shook my head vehemently.

"Thanks for the offer, but we don't want to inconvenience you."

"We live really near,"

Jerome added, echoing my sentiments.

"It doesn't matter. I have nothing else to do anyway. Let me drive you back!"

Thomas insisted with a big smile.

Jerome and I exchanged wary glances.

We found ourselves unable to refuse Thomas, so we ended up climbing into his shiny, red sports car.

Thomas drove us all the way back to our villa.

When we got out of the car, Thomas waved at us.

"Hey, I'm staying at No. 25 Sunset Avenue now. You should come visit me any time! By the way, can I have your phone numbers?"

Thomas looked at us eagerly, like an excitable child.

Jerome and I still couldn't find a way to say no, so Jerome exchanged phone numbers with him.

"Have a good night! Bye!"

I waved at Thomas, watching as the red sports car zoomed into the distance.

Jerome's POV:

I was worried about Skylar.

When we retired to our bedroom, I asked Skylar to get ready for bed so that she could rest.

"Honey, I still feel anxious about what happened to you today. I promise I'll never leave you alone ever again."

I took Skylar's hand and looked into her eyes seriously.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine. I can protect myself with my special power," Skylar replied with a shrug.

I shook my head.

"Although Rube Island isn't werewolves' territory, it'd be best if you didn't expose your special power. We don't want to attract unwanted attention, Skylar."

"Okay, you're right." Skylar smiled at me sheepishly.

Upon glancing outside the window, I saw that it was getting dark.

“Honey, it’s getting late.Go to bed early.I don’t want you to tire yourself out, especially after everything that happened today.”

I sat down on the edge of the bed, reaching out to touch Skylar’s round belly gently.

Skylar stuck out her tongue like a spoiled child.

“Fine.But I need to call Jennifer first to tell her that I met a vampire.”

As Skylar spoke, she was already pulling out her phone and dialing Jennifer’s number.

When the call connected, she relayed everything about Thomas to Jennifer.

“What should I do, Jennifer?” Skylar asked with a frown.

She put the call on speaker for me to listen.

“Jerome’s sitting next to me.”

“If he hasn’t shown any hostility, just keep a distance from him for the time being.”

Apparently, Jennifer shared the same sentiment as me.

“L agree, but Jennifer...I still want to know about where I came from.I want to know why my parents abandoned me.”

Skylar’s voice was barely above a whisper.

Jennifer kept silent for a long time before saying, “Don’t worry, Skylar.Anthony and Daniel recognized the mark on your wrist as that of

the Dracula Clan.I'll ask Anthony to investigate their clan and see if he can find answers about your origin.”

I didn't know that Skylar wanted to know about her origin, but on second thought, I realized I was the one who had been so blind.

Skylar was a sentimental girl.

Of course she wanted to know about her real identity.

She might've said otherwise, but I should've known that she just didn't want me to worry about her.I couldn't help but regret not having realized this sooner.

When they ended the call, I wrapped my arms around Skylar and pulled her close.

“I'm sorry, Skylar.I wasn't considerate of your feelings.You must have been confused about where you came from, right? You have given up so much just to be with me.”

“Don't say sorry, Jerome.” Skylar shifted in my arms to gaze into my eyes.

“Actually, I don't care if I'm a vampire or not.I just want to know who my parents are and why they abandoned me.”

Skylar's fragile words made my heart ache.I hurried to comfort her.

“Don't talk like that.Honey, maybe there's more to the story.Maybe they didn't want to abandon you.After all, who would be willing to part with an angel like you?”

“Thank you, honey.” Skylar hugged me and sighed.

“I’m so glad I met you. Without you, I would’ve become the loneliest girl in the entire world.”

Skylar’s words moved me, making me feel nice and warm all over. I kissed her forehead and swore to myself that I would protect my angel for the rest of my life.

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Success

Jennifer’s POV:

As we had breakfast, I couldn’t stop thinking about what Skylar had told me last night.

Resting my chin on my hand, I looked at Anthony and asked, “Hey, honey, how much do you know about the Dracula Clan?”

Anthony put down the knife and frowned slightly.

“Not much, to be honest. I just know that they’re the royal family of the vampires. Their logo is the hexagram, which is the mark on Skylar’s wrist. Jennifer, why do you ask? Did something happen to Skylar?”

I relayed to him everything that Skylar had said on the phone yesterday.

“The vampire she met had a lightning pattern on his wrist. He saw Skylar use his special power, so he kept asking Skylar which clan was she from. He looked friendly and harmless. All the same, I asked Skylar not to contact him anymore and to keep a distance from him for the time being.”

As I spoke, I remembered how helpless Skylar sounded on the phone.

“Although Skylar doesn’t want to step on vampires’ territory, she still wants to know who her parents are and why they abandoned her. It’s only natural that she wonders about where she came from.”

“Oh, I see. I’ll send my men to look into it. But inquiring about the vampires is no easy feat. After all, they’re very wary of us. It may take some time to find out the answer,” Anthony replied.

I nodded.

“Such a thing can’t be forced. As long as you do your best, I’ll be grateful. Thank you.”

Anthony smiled at me.

Just as he was about to say something more, his phone started to ring.

Anthony answered the phone immediately.

“What’s up?”

After listening to the person on the other end of the line for a while, Anthony suddenly broke into a wide smile.

“Okay, I see. Thank you for your hard work. Jennifer and I are sincerely grateful.”

After saying that, Anthony hung up the phone and looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

“Morgan called. He said that they were successful in developing the magic drug to deal with Larry.”

At first, I was stunned.

Then, I stood up and clapped my hands excitedly.

“Oh, my God! That’s great news!”

I couldn’t believe my ears.

Was I dreaming? The magic medicine that we were going to use to drug Larry had been successfully developed.

We were basically halfway through our plan to take down that damned wizard.

I was so happy that I pounced on Anthony and hugged him tightly.

“Honey, I’ll ask them to give the magic drug to Amelia as soon as possible. It’s only a matter of time before Larry falls into her trap. Our success rides on her now.” Anthony kissed me on the forehead.

“If we succeed, we’ll finally be rid of the evil Larry!”

“I believe in Amelia. She’s a smart witch, and she hates Larry, too.”

I looked at Anthony with fierce determination.

Anthony couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Yes, you’re right. After we get rid of Larry, we will have nothing to worry about anymore. Our child will be able to live a life without fear. The three of us will live happily ever after. I sighed with emotion, yearning for the wonderful life Anthony had just described. I leaned against his chest and smiled sweetly, daydreaming about our bright future. Yes, when Larry was out of the picture, our life would be a lot more peaceful.

After all, after the storm comes a beautiful rainbow.

Amelia's POV: I had been in touch with Larry consistently the past few days.

He kept texting me stupid sweet words.

I wanted him to let his guard down, so I replied just as amicably.

At some point, I started to call Larry "honey."

This seemed to work, because his attitude towards me grew more gentle and loving.

"Babe, I miss you so much. I miss your hair, your beautiful eyes, and just about everything about you!"

As soon as I finished my lunch, I read Larry's text message.

I drew a breath, feeling both delighted and disgusted.

Delighted because Larry was comfortable with me and relaxed his vigilance.

Disgusted because I hated him with a passion. I reassured myself that this would all be over soon enough. I just needed to wait for the magic drug.

Surprisingly, the magic drug would be developed so fast.

That afternoon, after taking a nap, a maid suddenly knocked on my door.

When I let her in, I saw that she was carrying a vial.

"Amelia, Morgan and Roy made this magic medicine for you. They said it was to refresh yourself."

The innocent girl had no clue about the real power behind this magic drug.

She handed me the vial and left, closing the door behind her. I set the bottle on the table and stared at it anxiously.

My hands were trembling from excitement.

Of course, I knew that it wasn't for refreshing.

It was actually a kind of poison that would make Larry lose his magic power.

I had already discussed this matter with Morgan and Roy prior.

We had agreed to have the magic drug delivered to me under the guise of it being a refreshing potion in order to prevent Larry from finding out the truth.

After all, we had no idea whether he was hiding in some dark corner of the palace, keeping an eye on us at all times.

I couldn't believe that this was really happening.

As I looked at the vial of magic medicine, I was so happy that tears welled up in my eyes.

It took me a while before I managed to calm myself down.

Even though the plan was moving along smoothly, I couldn't relax just yet.

I still needed to trick Larry into taking the drug. I paced my room back and forth, wondering how I could drug Larry.

Larry was a cunning wizard.

I couldn't dare to act rashly, lest he would find me out.

The plan would fail completely in that case.

What was I supposed to do? Should I take initiative and ask him out? No, that would be too obvious.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed. It was a text from Morgan.

“Be careful with the magic drug, Amelia. It is harmful to all witches. Once the magic drug takes effect, its victim's magic energy will gradually be reduced.”

“Don't worry. I'll be careful. Larry will soon lose his magic power and everyone will be able to relax. Thank you, honey.”

As I typed out my reply, I felt warm in my heart. I missed my husband's warm embrace.

To my surprise, the second I hit send, I suddenly received a message from Larry.

“Amelia, I miss you so much. Can we meet at the park tomorrow evening?”

It seemed that God was on my side.

With a slight smile, I replied to Larry and agreed to his request.

The following day, I wore a tight-fitting dress on purpose to seduce Larry.

When dusk fell, I headed to the park alone.

As soon as I got to the park, I saw that Larry was already there, waiting near the entrance.

He was still using magic to mask his true appearance with his youthful face.

As soon as he caught sight of me, he burst into a smile and approached me.

“You’re finally here, honey! Do you have any idea how much I missed you? Let’s leave this damned place as soon as possible, okay?”

I leaned against his chest and replied lightly, “Okay. I’ll leave with you soon.”

Fortunately, I had mentally prepared myself for this beforehand. I needed to deal with Larry as calmly and as naturally as possible.

No matter what he said, I needed to face him with a smile.

Larry took my hand and led me along the park’s path.

“Do you remember the first time we fell in love? You always asked me to meet you in the park. That’s why I wanted to meet you in a park this time.”

It was rare for Larry to remind me of our past.

I looked up at the bright moon in the sky and couldn’t help but reminisce the time Larry and I loved each other.

How charming he was back then! I loved him with all my heart at the time.

However, time had passed and things had changed. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, drinking in the crisp, night air.

When I opened my eyes, I pretended to blush and said, “Yes, I remember. How nostalgic!”

As I spoke, I secretly brushed my fingers against the vial in my handbag, sighing inwardly.

Obviously, I would have no chance to drug Larry here in the park.

I needed us to go to a restaurant as soon as possible so that I could drug his food and let him ingest it naturally.

“Honey, to be honest, I’m a little hungry. How about we grab dinner together?”

After walking around the park for a while, I made a suggestion to Larry as coolly as I could.

Larry happily agreed.

“Good idea. What do you want to eat? We can go anywhere you want. Let’s go!”

Larry hailed a taxi on the street.

Holding my hand, he told the driver to take us to the most luxurious restaurant in the area.

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Larry's POV:

If I were being completely honest, I was surprised when Amelia's attitude towards me changed so quickly. But this was a good thing. She hadn't called me "honey" ever since we broke up, and that was an eternity ago.

Oh, my God! Was this my chance? Had she finally stopped rejecting me? I felt that she was finally willing to accept my love.

Maybe she was moved by the way I treated her lately. I was so happy. My plan was working. I just needed to keep on treating her sweetly until she remembered what our love felt like in the past, rekindling her old feelings for me.

When we arrived at the restaurant, I said to the waiter, "Take me and my love to your most luxurious private room!"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered promptly with a big smile on his face.

"Please follow me."

Then, he led us to a quiet and spacious private room. When we were seated, he handed me a menu. I skimmed through the menu and looked at Amelia.

"What food do you want? Honey, you can order whatever you like."

"It's up to you, honey. I can't always make you bend over backwards for me. I have to consider your feelings, too."

Amelia looked at me with a gentle smile, which made the butterflies in my stomach go crazy.

Amelia was actually being nice to me. She was so thoughtful! I quickly ordered the most expensive dishes and told the waiter to leave us alone.

“Don’t come in unless necessary.”

Then I sank back in my seat.

The smile on my face was so big, I felt as though my cheeks were going to cramp.

“Amelia, I’m so happy that you’re mine again. It feels so surreal, I often wonder if I’m dreaming. It’s as though we’ve returned to our youth. Back then, we used to talk every day and love each other deeply.”

“I’m not young anymore, Larry.”

If my eyes didn’t deceive me, it looked like Amelia’s smile was a little fainter than before, which made me panic.

Had I said something wrong? Thinking about what I said just now, I wondered if it was because I mentioned the past.

Perhaps I inadvertently reminded Amelia of the time I had imprisoned her.

Alas, I only did that because I loved her so much.

Why couldn’t she understand something so simple? It seemed winning Amelia’s heart back was going to be trickier than I thought. I quickly changed the topic of conversation and tried to lighten the mood by telling her a joke.

“There was once a baby snake. It asked its mother, ‘Are we poisonous snakes?’ The mother said, ‘Yes, we are. But why do you ask?’ The little snake said that it bit its tongue by accident.”

I spoke dramatically, trying my best to deliver the joke as excellently as possible.

“Oh, that’s hilarious, Larry!” Amelia burst into laughter.

Her laugh was as crisp as bells ringing.

Hearing this, I finally breathed a sigh of relief.

“Honey, do you still remember the first time we met?”

Now that Amelia was in a good mood again, I tried to bring up our past again.

“Of course I remember, honey,” Amelia replied, looking deep into my eyes.

“I fell for you the second I first laid eyes on you. You were so beautiful. I couldn’t stop thinking about you for years!”

I sighed with emotion.

“You were also very handsome back then. I really loved you,” Amelia said wistfully.

Her words made me really excited.

I reached for her hand and squeezed it.

“In that case, why don’t you leave with me, honey?”

Amelia remained silent, staring at her food blankly.

“Amelia, tell me, would you be willing to start over with me?” I pleaded desperately.

“It’s not that I’m unwilling. It’s just that I need time.”

Amelia turned her head to look at me.

“Amelia, what can I do to make you come back to me?” I asked anxiously.

Amelia sighed.

“I want to go back with you, but first, I need to say goodbye to Anthony and Jennifer.”

I felt unhappy when I heard this. Why on earth would Amelia want to see that damned couple?

“You don’t need to say goodbye. It will be too troublesome. Just come back with me!” I said impatiently, tapping my fingers against the tabletop agitatedly.

“Please, Larry. Jennifer has been so good to me. I need to express my gratitude to her, in the very least.”

Amelia looked at me with pleading eyes and begged. I couldn’t say no to her when she was like this.

“Fine.”

In the end, I reluctantly agreed.

Amelia's POV:

I had been with Larry for hours now. I was so nervous the whole time that I had broken into a cold sweat.

Larry was really difficult to deal with.

He would be smiling, but the second I said something he didn't want to hear, he would look immensely dissatisfied with me. I was scared that he would turn against me at any given moment.

Sitting here, next to the man who had imprisoned me for years, I couldn't help but tremble slightly.

Those dark times haunted me to this day.

So no matter how tenderly Larry treated me, I was still scared of him. I couldn't get rid of the fear that he would imprison and torture me again.

The fact that I had a vial of magic drug sitting in my handbag didn't help. I was so scared that he had already suspected that something was wrong.

Why did I have to be tortured by this devil? Even though every inch of my body wanted to run, I knew I had to fulfill my mission and drug Larry. I couldn't fail. I had to succeed.

So much was riding on this. I tried my best to keep calm.

After the waiter served the food, I pretended to be elated.

While eating, I chatted with Larry and kept calm on the surface, fearing that he would find something wrong.

I secretly prayed that Larry would stand up and leave the private room as soon as possible, even just for a moment.

Otherwise, when else would I have the chance to drug his food?
Fortunately, God seemed to hear my prayer.

All of a sudden, Larry stood up and smiled at me apologetically.

“Honey, I need to go to the bathroom. Wait for me here, okay?”

“Go ahead. I’ll be right here.”

I flashed him a casual smile. I was extremely happy.

The opportunity had finally come! As he turned to leave, I pretended to focus on slicing my steak with a knife.

When the door closed behind him, I dropped the knife and leapt into action, pulling the vial out of my bag and pouring its contents into Larry’s baked rice with cheese.

I was so anxious that cold beads of sweat formed on my forehead.

It might’ve been my imagination, but it was as though there was nothing inside the vial. I kept shaking it on top of Larry’s food, but it felt like an eternity before its contents started to pour out.

My hands kept trembling and I almost dropped the bottle completely.

Fortunately, I managed to keep myself together until the vial had been emptied. I dashed back to my seat and hastily kept the vial back inside my handbag.

Then, I continued to slice my _ steak, pretending as though nothing had happened.

Unexpectedly, as soon as I sat down, Larry returned.

I continued to eat as calmly as I could, but my heart was beating against my chest wildly.

When I saw Larry pick up his spoon, I subconsciously held my breath, waiting for him to eat the baked rice.

‘Please, eat it! Eat it already!’ Just as he was opening his mouth to eat the baked rice with cheese, he suddenly moved the spoon towards me.

“Honey, you’ve been staring at my food. Did you want to try the baked rice with cheese? It’s really delicious. Taste it!”

Larry inched the spoon closer to me, smiling.

I was horrified and almost lost control of my expression.

Why did he ask me if I wanted to try his food? Did he find out that I had drugged his food?

“Calm down, Amelia!” I scolded myself and somehow managed to squeeze out a smile.

“Oh, thanks, but I think the cheese will taste a little greasy and I don’t like that. I guess I’d be willing to have a little taste, though.”

As I spoke, I was about to take the spoon from him.

If Larry suspected me, I had to eat the food in exchange for his trust.

But just as I was about to eat this spoonful of baked rice with cheese, Larry suddenly stopped me.

Shaking his head, he said, “No need, Amelia. It’s okay if you don’t want to try it. You don’t have to force yourself in front of me.”

After saying that, Larry took the spoon back and popped it into his mouth.

I watched him eat the baked rice with cheese and felt as though a weight had been lifted off of my shoulders.

In a matter of mere minutes, my emotions had ridden a wild roller coaster. I continued to chat with Larry, secretly observing his reaction.

His expression was more or less neutral.

It didn’t seem like he had noticed that I had drugged his food.

When he was finished with his food, I finally felt relieved.

After dinner, Larry took me back to the palace gate.

“Bye, honey.”

Larry waved at me with a big smile, turned around, and left.

“Bye, Larry!”

I tried my best to keep calm and watched Larry leave until he completely disappeared from my sight.

Perfect! I had finally fulfilled my task. I let out a long sigh of relief and hurried into the royal palace. I needed to report to Jennifer about what had happened tonight.

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Jennifer's POV:

As Anthony and I were eating dinner, a maid suddenly walked up to me.

"Mrs. Jones, Amelia wishes to see you," she reported politely.

Amelia had texted me earlier, saying that she was going to meet Larry this evening.

Frankly, I was just relieved to hear that she had come back safe and sound.

"Invite her here!" I said hurriedly.

Anthony overheard what the maid had said and stood up.

He went to the door of the dining room with me to receive Amelia.

"Jennifer!"

Amelia rushed in breathlessly. Her cheeks were rosy pink, her eyes twinkled, and she wore an excited smile.

"I did it! I drugged Larry!"

My jaw nearly dropped to the floor. I couldn't believe what I had just heard.

Larry was drugged! Everything was moving as we had expected. I immediately reached for Amelia's hands and squeezed them excitedly.

"That's wonderful news, Amelia! You're awesome! I can't believe it!"

But then, her face fell.

“I don’t mean to dash your hopes, Jennifer, but I noticed that Larry didn’t react after ingesting the drug. What if it doesn’t work?”

Anthony stepped in to comfort her.

“Don’t worry, Amelia. Morgan told me that it will take a while before the drug takes effect. At first, the victim will experience no symptoms, but as time passes, the effect will be more and more evident. In the end, the magic energy of the drugged wizard will become weaker and weaker, maybe even to a point where he can’t use magic ever again.”

“Oh, I see,” Amelia murmured.

She still had a worried look on her face.

“But I’m still worried that Larry will notice when his power starts to fade and that he’ll develop an antidote. When he figures out that he was drugged, he’ll know I did it. He’ll definitely find a chance to take revenge!”

As Amelia spoke, fear filled her big eyes. I looked at her sympathetically, fully understanding where she was coming from.

After all, Larry had imprisoned and tortured her for decades. I was already amazed that she had plucked up the courage to face him time and time again.

“Don’t worry, Amelia. Larry isn’t that powerful. Even if he found out that he was drugged, his magic energy would have almost faded away by then. If we all work together, we’ll definitely be able to subdue him then.”

I patted her gently on the back, trying to comfort her.

Fortunately, it seemed to work somewhat.

Amelia's furrowed brows gradually relaxed and she smiled at us.

"Thank you, Jennifer. You're right. I shouldn't worry too much."

"I think everything from here on out will be much easier to handle."

I smiled back at her warmly.

"Amelia, when the magic drug on Larry starts to take effect and his magic energy decreases, can you contact him? We need to lure him out of his hiding spot. The rest of us will be hiding in the shadows. When he shows up, we'll fight together and defeat him."

"Okay, Jennifer. Just tell me what to do. You're very clever."

Amelia nodded in agreement and looked at me gratefully.

I quickly waved my hand and shook my head.

"No, no. I won't dare to take credit. You're the one we should be thanking, Amelia!"

"She's right, Amelia," Anthony echoed.

"We wouldn't have come this far without you. Thank you so much for your help."

"Oh, I just did what I had to..." Amelia blushed.

"I was the one who got everyone into this predicament after all."

“Don’t say that, Amelia. That’s not true.”

I comforted her.

“Anyway, it’s getting late. You should go back and get some rest. I’m sorry to ask this, but for the time being, please continue keeping your distance from Morgan and stay in contact with Larry, lest he suspect anything.”

“Okay. Good night, Jennifer and Mr. Jones,”

Amelia nodded and turned around to leave.

After Amelia left, Anthony and I went back to the dining room to finish our dinner.

As soon as I sat down, Anthony filled our glasses with champagne.

“Jennifer, let’s celebrate. Our plan is on a path to success!” I raised my glass and agreed readily.

“Cheers for Amelia!”

Amelia’s POV:

On my way back from meeting Jennifer and Anthony, I ran into a strange man in the garden. He suddenly walked out in front of me from behind the bushes, startling me.

At first, I thought it was Larry.

But when I saw his face clearly, I breathed a sigh of relief. It was a young man I had never seen before.

“Hello,” the young man said to me.

I looked at him, confused.

He seemed to want to say something to me.

Hesitantly, I asked, “Are you talking to me, sir?”

“Yes! I’m sorry to bother you. I’m Carl, Alpha of the White Lily Pack. Are you the witch named Amelia?” he asked.

It turned out that this stranger knew me, but I had never even heard of him.

As a witch, I wasn’t that familiar with werewolves, but since he said he was an Alpha, I couldn’t just ignore him.

“Yes, that’s me. What can I do for you?” I answered warily.

“Oh...here’s the thing. I heard that you’re a witch that the king and queen personally brought back to the royal palace. I just wanted to ask you how much you know about black magic. How powerful is black magic? Can it change someone’s heart?”

Carl looked at me seriously. I looked back at him in surprise.

Black magic? He was a werewolf.

Why on earth was he asking about black magic? I thought his question was very strange, but it was not that difficult to answer it.

So I said, “Magic only has the power to change someone’s appearance or body. Under no circumstance can it change one’s heart and soul. The so-called black magic which can forcibly change someone’s mind

actually just turns someone into a walking corpse. Black magic doesn't change one's mind; it erases it."

After he heard what I said, all the color drained from Carl's face.

"Thank you. I'll get going now."

Then, he abruptly turned around and walked towards the other end of the garden. I watched him leave, only to witness him stumble, as though he was drunk.

"What a freak!" I muttered, rubbing my arms nervously.

Then, I hurried back to my room.

When I was finally safe, I called Morgan.

"Honey, I was able to drug Larry a while ago!"

"What? Really? That's great!"

Morgan sounded ecstatic.

"You are finally going to be free, my dear Amelia."

I couldn't hide my longing for my husband.

"Yes, I'm finally going to be free. Morgan, I miss you so much. I hope we'll be able to be together soon!"

"We will, honey. I'm willing to wait for you, even if it means waiting forever," Morgan said softly.

I closed my eyes, savoring his sweet words.

Larry was finally going to pay for all the pain and suffering he had caused me.

And Morgan and I were finally going to have our happy ending.

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Carl's POV:

After hearing the answer from Amelia, I headed back to my room in a daze.

What she said kept playing in my mind "Magic only has the power to change someone's appearance or body. Under no circumstance can it change one's heart and soul. The so-called black magic which can forcibly change someone's mind actually just turns someone into a walking corpse. Black magic doesn't change one's mind; it erases it."

How could this be? Did this mean that Larry had lied to me? He had told me that black magic was the answer to winning Jennifer's heart.

I paced my room back and forth, running my fingers through my hair anxiously. I didn't want to face the facts, but it was evident that Amelia had no reason to lie to me.

After all, she had nothing to do with me, so why would she lie? In a trance, I took out my phone and stared at Larry's number on the screen.

I was very confused with myself, unsure as to what exactly it was that I wanted. I knew that I liked Jennifer. I had liked her ever since we were children. I had wanted to marry her since then. I never forgot about her in the years we were apart. I could never forget how beautiful her blue eyes were. I could never forget how soft her golden hair shone like the sun.

Whenever I stood next to her, I felt as warm as though the sun was shining on me.

Ah, my Jennifer, how much I loved her! I just wanted to be with her.

Little did I know that she was marrying another man, let alone the king.

Now, there was an insurmountable gap between my status and Jennifer's.

Over dinner, I noticed the way Anthony looked at her.

I knew the look in his eye; it told of a man who loved a woman deeply.

It was clear to me that he loved Jennifer, just as I loved her.

Yes, the fact of reality was that Jennifer and Anthony were a couple.

They loved each other deeply.

No one else could separate them.

I had already realized this.

But every time I saw Anthony by Jennifer's side, I couldn't help but feel jealous. I gritted my teeth in anger. I hated myself. I hated myself for not being as noble as Anthony. I hated how fate was so unfair for not letting me find Jennifer sooner.

Logic dictated to me that I shouldn't envy the king of the Osman Kingdom.

My feelings were unwarranted, but I couldn't seem to find a solution to make myself stop liking Jennifer.

Every single time I saw the way she looked at Anthony, I was so jealousy that I could barely stop myself from flying into a fit of rage.

Clutching the phone in my hand, I sat on the bed and thought for a long time.

Finally, I took a deep breath and dialed the number Larry left me. I wanted to talk to him.

There was still a faint flame of hope flickering in my heart that refused to be doused.

The call quickly connected. I swallowed nervously, gritted my teeth, and asked, "Hello, is this Larry?"

"Yes, this is Larry," Larry replied in a low, hoarse voice.

"Who's this?"

"It's Carl." I tried my best to make my voice sound calm.

"You told me a while back that black magic could do anything. Can black magic make someone fall in love with me?"

"Of course it can," Larry replied instantly.

"It's very simple. Just say the word and I would just need to wave my magic wand!"

I was stunned.

His answer was vasily different from Amelia's.

So, I doubted Larry's words.

“Are you lying to me? I’ve asked other wizards and they said that black magic can’t change anyone’s mind. It can only turn someone into a walking corpse,” I demanded fiercely.

“That’s because they’re not powerful enough!”

Larry sneered.

“Who am I? I’m the grand wizard Larry. How can those weaklings compare with me?”

I found myself nodding.

After all, Larry’s words made sense. I took a deep breath and asked, “You said you wanted to cooperate with me. Why do you want to help me?”

“Oh, Alpha Carl, it was obvious that you needed my help,”

Larry answered plainly.

“The truth is, we’re on the same boat. I sympathize with you, my friend.”

I didn’t say a word. I didn’t understand why Larry, a wizard as powerful as he claimed to be, was willing to help me. I couldn’t shake off my suspicion that he was lying and just using me to achieve some goal.

“Well, thank you for telling me this.”

Then, without waiting for a response, I hung up the phone.

I stared at the blank phone screen in a daze, feeling empty and lost.

What on earth did I want? I didn’t even know the answer to that question myself.

Absentmindedly browsing through my phone, my eyes landed on Jennifer's name on my contact list.

I couldn't help but send her a message. I knew I was being too aggressive, but I texted her anyway. I was an Alpha and she was the wife of the king, but I didn't care.

Jennifer's POV:

Tonight, Anthony and I had a big dinner to celebrate.

After that, Anthony took me to the garden for a walk.

The cool night wind seemed to blow away my fatigue.

"I've been busy for so long, I can't believe I can finally relax." I sighed with emotion.

"After we defeat Larry, we won't have to worry about a thing."

"I believe that we'll succeed. Evil can never prevail over good."

Anthony took my hand and smiled at me.

After our walk, Anthony and I retired to our room.

We decided to share a bath and unwind.

As soon as I slipped on my bathrobe, my phone on the bedside table buzzed.

I picked it up and found that it was Carl who texted.

"Jennifer, what're you up to?" it read.

I stared at my phone for a while, hesitating as to whether to reply or not.

I had promised Anthony that I would keep my distance from Carl, but Carl was my childhood playmate and he had given me such a thoughtful gift.

It didn't seem like such a big deal to § simply reply to a text.

“What's the matter, honey?”

Anthony's voice suddenly sounded from behind me, then a pair of big hands wrapped around my waist.

I looked back and found that Anthony's eyes passed me and fell on my phone screen.

Oh no...

Anthony was going to be jealous again.

Sure enough, before I could say anything, Anthony grabbed my phone and stared at the message.

“Did he text you again? Why haven't you replied to him?”

Anthony's charming and magnetic voice echoed in my ears.

I turned to put my hands around his neck and said in a spoiled tone, “I was afraid that you would be jealous, honey...”

“But I'm already jealous,” Anthony replied in a low voice as he leaned forward and kissed my ear.

His big, warm hands began to caress my body.

His fingers reached up and pinched my nipple through the thin fabric of my bathrobe.

“How are you going to comfort your mate, sweetie?”

I snatched my phone out of Anthony’s hand and threw it on the bed.

“What do you want to do to me, honey? Come on! Don’t show me mercy.”

As I spoke, I passionately kissed him back.

He continued stroking my body, awakening my sexual desire.

My phone buzzed a few more times, but we were too busy to care about it.

“Let’s get in the bathtub,” I suggested to Anthony.

“Okay.”

Anthony scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the bathroom.

We kissed, tore off each other’s bathrobes and slipped into the bathtub. I parted my legs and begged, “F**k me, Anthony. Shove your big c**k inside me!”

“You’re so f*****g s**y, Jennifer!”

Anthony grunted as he inserted the c**k into my p***y.

As he thrust in and out of me, water splashed all around us.

Fortunately, the bathtub was big.

We teased each other and made passionate love, hopelessly possessive of each other.

I kept crying out Anthony's name every time he shoved himself inside me.

Tonight was definitely going to be a romantic night.

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Carl Left

Anthony's POV:

Jennifer kept moaning with pleasure.

“Anthony! It feels so f*****g good! F**k me harder! F**k me! F**k me!”

Ever since the doctor told me that Jennifer's fetus was stable, I found myself wanting to f**k Jennifer all the time. She was just so charming and s**y.

Every time my c**k went inside her p**y, I couldn't get enough of her. I tried my best to f**k her hard so that she could climax over and over again.

As I slipped in and out of her, I whispered in her ear, “Babe, Carl has been texting you, hasn't he?”

“Ah...Anthony...I don't want to talk to him!” Jennifer said, panting.

“It's just...I don't want to ignore him, either...Ah!”

Thinking about the way Carl looked at her, I felt very unhappy.

“Why do you still keep in contact with him in the first place? You’re a married woman, yet he still texts you so openly.”

Suddenly, I bit the back of Jennifer’s neck.

“You’re a naughty girl, Jennifer!”

And she deserved to be punished, I began to kiss her, sucking at her skin. I left hickeys all over her body, making my mark on her fair skin. My wolf Zane suddenly appeared and shouted in my mind, “Anthony, you must be wary of Carl. He wants your queen.”

Of course, I already knew this. I was a man. I recognized the way Carl looked at Jennifer. But I was confident that I could keep Jennifer to myself. I was a powerful lycan, and she was my mate.

After the eventful bath, Jennifer was breathless and covered in love marks. I gently put her bathrobe on her and held her all the way to our bed.

As soon as Jennifer sat down, she picked up her phone and checked her notifications.

“Oh, my God! Carl sent me so many messages...”

Alarmed, I went straight for Jennifer’s phone.

At first, Carl just sent some casual greetings.

But when Jennifer didn’t reply, he began to send incriminating texts, like, “Don’t you want to be my friend?”

I frowned and felt extremely annoyed with him.

Jennifer sighed.

“Anthony, I won’t reply to him. Don’t worry.”

But I shook my head.

“Jennifer, I might be jealous but I’m not the kind of man who would restrict your freedom. I’m not insecure and I trust you. As long as he doesn’t cross the line, I won’t care about him.”

To my surprise, Jennifer burst into laughter.

“Anthony, you’re such a liar!”

I shrugged and couldn’t help but smile sheepishly.

Maybe she was right, but I didn’t think Carl deserved to be a threat to me. I took the hair dryer out of the drawer and began to dry Jennifer’s long, wet hair.

“I just know that he likes you, Jennifer. I hope that you know this. Don’t lead him on.”

Jennifer sighed once more.

“But it’s really strange for me. We haven’t seen each other for many years.”

I smiled and kissed her on the forehead.

“That’s because you don’t know your own charm, Jennifer. Maybe he fell in love with you when you were children. Maybe when he saw you again at the wedding, he found that you had become so beautiful and s**y that he couldn’t let you go.”

Jennifer looked at me worriedly.

“If that’s the case, I hope he’ll find a mate as soon as possible.”

As Jennifer spoke, she picked up her phone and began to type out her reply to Carl in front of me.

“It’s not that I don’t want to be friends with you, Carl. I was taking a bath with Anthony just now, so I wasn’t checking my messages. I’m sorry! Besides, I’m the queen now. I can’t be that close with any men, even if they’re my friend. It’ll make my mate feel a lack of security. So, Carl, if you don’t have anything important to say, please don’t contact me too frequently. Thank you!”

I was very satisfied with Jennifer’s decent and appropriate response. I pulled her dried hair aside and kissed her neck.

“My girl is awesome.”

“Of course.” Jennifer smiled and winked at me.

“I’ve always been awesome!”

I smiled, too. I put away the hair dryer, slipped into bed next to Jennifer, and wrapped my arms around her waist.

“It’s late. Let’s get some rest. Good night, honey.”

I turned off the night light and closed my eyes, feeling the warmth of Jennifer’s skin against mine.

In the darkness, Jennifer replied sweetly, “Good night, Anthony.”

Carl’s POV:

Jennifer finally reply to me! The second I heard my phone buzz, I was so excited that I sat bolt upright in bed. I opened her message and read carefully, and instantly, my joy disappeared.

Reading her message over and over again, I felt powerless.

What did Jennifer mean by saying that? She must have figured out how I felt about her.

After ail, she was asking me to keep a distance from her. I pulled my hair remorsefully and threw the phone away.

“No!”

What had I done? With trembling hands, I picked up my phone again and started typing out my response. I wanted to deny my love for her and let her know that I just wanted to be friends, but every time I was halfway through composing, I kept deleting the message dejectedly.

What on earth was I doing? The fact of the matter was that she wasn't accusing me of anything.

If I denied that I loved her, it would only make me look guiltier. I looked at my phone with mixed emotions, completely at a loss. I took a deep breath in an effort to calm myself down.

This was all my fault.

I shouldn't have coveted Jennifer in the first place.

We held vastly different statuses.

I was an Alpha, but she was the queen.

Now that I had reported the situation of the White Lily Pack to King Anthony and discussed the solution to the pack's problems, there was no need for me to stay here.

I should've gone back to my pack a long time ago. I needed to start from a blank slate and forget about Jennifer.

Only in this way could I save face.

Gritting my teeth, I switched off my phone and swore to myself that I would say goodbye to them first thing the following day.

Now that I made up my mind, I climbed out of bed to go wash my face and brush my teeth.

Then, I lay back down and turned off the light.

But when I closed my eyes, the image of Jennifer kept appearing in my mind again and again.

When I finally did managed to fall asleep, I had a terrible nightmare, in which I was strangled by Anthony.

He lifted me into the air as though I weighed nothing and glared into my eyes. He was asking me why I coveted his queen.

Being choked, I was unable to answer.

He simply strangled me to death. The nightmare was so real that I woke up with a cry.

I lay in bed with eyes wide open, sweating all over.

D**n it! D**n it all to hell! How could my subconscious conjure such a horrific dream? Alright, fine! This was all my fault.

I fell in love with a married she-wolf.

Anthony was morally right in my dream.

I was indeed coveting his queen. I was the immoral one.

The nightmare was like a slap in my face, which made my cheeks burn red. I knew that I couldn't hesitate any longer, for everyone's sake.

The truth was, I knew from the start that I shouldn't interfere in the relationship between Jennifer and Anthony.

It was better to cut my pain short.

I needed to leave as soon as possible.

Thus, I immediately got out of bed and booked a return flight. I then packed all my things and fled the capital of the Osman kingdom.

Before boarding the plane, I sent Anthony and Jennifer a curt message to say goodbye.

Then, I turned off my phone, trying to cut off contact with them completely. I took my seat on the plane and looked out the window and into the night sky.

The clouds were dark, just like my heart. I closed my eyes in pain.

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A Visit From Thomas

Jennifer's POV:

When I woke up the next morning, I checked my phone and found a message from Carl. My heart skipped a beat. I had been crystal clear with him the night before.

How could he text me again? Fortunately, when I read through the message, I realized that he was actually saying goodbye to me.

It was sent hours earlier.

He said that he was going to take a plane back to his pack.

I figured that he must've arrived at the White Lily Pack by now. I couldn't help but feel surprised at his abrupt departure.

Just then, I felt Anthony's arms slip around my waist.

"What's the matter, honey?" Anthony asked with a yawn when he saw how worried I looked.

"Anthony, Carl flew back to his pack last night!" I said.

Anthony's expression didn't show any surprise.

"I know. I also received a message from Carl."

"Oh."

It turned out that Carl had also told Anthony.

I sighed.

“Now that Carl has returned to his pack, it’s unlikely we’ll ever meet again. Well, maybe that’s a good thing. I hope he’ll find the right girl.”

Anthony shrugged nonchalantly.

“It’s good that Carl has left. He would’ve felt worse if he kept seeing how happy we were here.”

I stuck out my tongue at him like a spoiled child.

“You’re so mean, Anthony.”

Anthony turned and reached for his phone on the night stand to reply to Carl.

I leaned over to peek at what he was typing and found that Anthony’s message was very sincere.

“I wish you a happy life. Thank you for attending my wedding, Alpha Carl.”

“Anthony, you’re such a kindhearted and open-minded king,”

I praised Anthony with a smile, cupping his cheek and leaning in for a light kiss.

“Honey, can you take the day off? You’ve been so busy recently. I’m worried you’ll exhaust yourself.” Anthony smiled but shook his head.

“I’m sorry, Jennifer. Although I want to stay with you, I have several important meetings to attend to today.”

Hearing this, I had no choice but to let him climb out of bed.

“Anthony, why are you so busy recently? Is something wrong?”

Anthony looked at me seriously.

He seemed to hesitate, but decided to come clean on second thought.

“The borders of several packs are being harassed by vampires. The situation is a bit tricky, so I need to discuss potential solutions with the elders. Most of my meetings today are related to this issue.”

After listening to Anthony’s explanation, I shook my head and sighed.

“You’ve barely rested ever since you became the king. Anthony, I’m worried you’ll burn yourself out.”

“Don’t worry, honey. I’m a strong man. Didn’t you know that?”

Anthony patted me on the head affectionately.

“Trust me, Jennifer. I’ll take care of everything. But I’m sorry I’ve been too busy to accompany you. I promise I’ll make it up to you soon.”

I shook my head immediately.

“Don’t worry about me, Anthony. I’m your queen after all. I should stand by you at all times, especially when it comes to your work.”

As I spoke, I got out of bed and took out Anthony’s suit from the closet. Then, I walked to him and helped him put it on.

“Come back as soon as you can. I’ll be waiting for you here, honey.”

“Okay, babe.”

Anthony gave me one more affectionate look before turning around to leave.

With Anthony gone, I went to the dining room and had breakfast alone.

Then, I rushed to the study. I planned to deal with the Rainbow Pack's affairs since Anthony was gone for the day.

After all, I felt as though I hadn't been fulfilling my obligation as Alpha of the pack recently.

After getting settled in the study, I called for a remote meeting with Tony and Simon.

It didn't take long before both elders joined the video call, and they started reporting to me about the pack's situation.

That whole morning, I discussed with and instructed the two elders how to deal with the pack's affairs while I was away.

Skylar's POV:

Time seemed to pass quickly here on Rube Island.

On days I felt as though I had nothing to do, I would accompany Jerome out for a walk or busy myself with some book.

Jerome kept telling me that this kind of lifestyle was good for the baby, but as the days started to feel the same, I grew bored.

Whenever I felt bored, I would try calling Jennifer.

She always kept me company, even though it was just on the phone.

But it took me a while before I got through to her today.

When Jennifer finally answered the phone, she whispered, “Sorry, Skylar. I’m in a meeting with Elder Tony and Elder Simon. I can’t talk right now. I’ll call you later when I’m free.”

“Never mind. Jennifer, go focus on your work. But don’t exhaust yourself, okay?” I sighed.

“This is all my fault. If it weren’t for me and Jerome, you wouldn’t have been placed in such a difficult position.”

I felt guilty from the bottom of my heart.

It was because of me that Jennifer had no choice but to shoulder the heavy burden of being the Alpha of the Rainbow Pack.

“I’m fine, Skylar,” Jennifer said lightheartedly.

“There are two elders who are helping me run the pack. I just need to coach them remotely every day.”

“If you say so... Anyway, I won’t take up any more of your time. Go back to your meeting. Take care, Jennifer! You’re pregnant, remember?” I said hurriedly.

Then, Jennifer sighed heavily.

“I’m fine, Skylar. It’s Anthony I’m worried about. He has been so busy these days. I heard that vampires have begun to harass the borders of some werewolf packs recently, so Anthony has been in meetings nonstop to discuss countermeasures.”

“Everything’s going to be fine,” I said in an effort to comfort her.

“But anyway, goodbye, Jennifer. I won’t bother you anymore.”

“Bye, Skylar!”

Jennifer hung up the phone.

After getting off the call, I sank into a chair and stared at my phone blankly.

The news Jennifer mentioned just now made me very sad.

Why did werewolves and vampires always fight like this? Why couldn't we just live in harmony? Ever since I found out that I carried the vampire bloodline in my body, I had started to hope that vampires and werewolves could coexist in peace.

My parents were able to do that, right? One of them was a vampire, and the other was a werewolf.

And together, they had me.

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't notice Jerome come in.

“What's on your mind, Skylar?”

His voice brought me back to reality.

“I just got off the phone with Jennifer. She said that vampires have started harassing werewolf territory recently. I always feel bad when I hear news like this. Why do they always have to fight?”

At a loss, Jerome sat beside me and smiled bitterly.

“Don't dwell on those things, honey. It's not good for you.”

I shook my head dejectedly.

“Jennifer and Anthony are so busy lately. It makes me feel bad, like we shouldn’t be living such a leisurely life here, but I don’t know how to help them.”

Jerome tucked my hair behind my ear gently.

“I also want to help them, but we’ve been put in an awkward position. I think that, as long as we don’t cause them any trouble, that’s the best we can do for them.”

I nodded wordlessly, knowing that what Jerome said was reasonable.

We were stewing in this helpless feeling when the doorbell suddenly rang.

Jerome stood up to check who was there.

“Who are you looking for? Are you from an insurance company? We’re not interested—”

Unexpectedly, before Jerome could finish his sentence, he opened the door and found Thomas standing on the porch.

“Hey, Jerome! How have you been these days? Sorry to drop by unannounced. I was in the area and decided to drop by for a quick hello.”

Thomas held up a bag of refreshments.

“I didn’t know what you liked, Skylar, so I bought a lot of flavors. I hope you’ll like it!”

Jerome and I exchanged surprised glances. We didn’t expect that Thomas would actually come to us.

“Please come in, Thomas. Welcome to our home. You must stay for lunch.”

I shot Jerome a meaningful wink.

“Yes, please do, Thomas. I’ll c**k some of my specialties. Sit down and make yourself at home,”

Jerome added hurriedly.

“Skylar, please keep Thomas company. I’ll slice us some fruits.”

I nodded and gave Thomas a warm, welcoming smile.

Although I didn’t know why Thomas had come here, Jerome and I would be gracious hosts since he had saved me.

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Vampire King

Thomas’ POV:

I looked into Skylar’s enthusiastic eyes and felt flustered.

“I hope it’s not inconvenient if I stay for dinner.”

After all, Skylar was pregnant. I didn’t want her to tire herself out, and Jerome should prioritize her health.

“It’s no big deal,” Skylar replied with a sincere smile.

“You saved me, and we’re friends. It’s not like you visit our home every day. We want to be gracious hosts.”

I smiled back at her.

“Thank you, both of you. You’re too kind. I’m honored to be friends with you.”

“I’m glad we’re friends, too!” Skylar said, sitting down next to me.

Then, she reached for the remote and turned on the TV.

“Let’s watch TV while waiting.”

As soon as we got settled, Jerome came out of the kitchen carrying a plate of neatly sliced fruit.

“I couldn’t help but overhear what you two were talking about, and Skylar is right. You saved her life, so it’s only right that we treat you well. Thomas, help yourself to some fruit. Try some fresh star fruit I just bought yesterday.”

I quickly nodded to him in thanks and took the plate of fruit from him.

“Thanks. I don’t want to bother you, so please sit with us.”

Jerome obliged and sat next to Skylar.

Just then, a news broadcast flashed on the TV.

The scene immediately drew my attention.

“Recently, the conflict between werewolves and vampires has been on the rise. The werewolves claimed that they have no intention of compromising with the vampires in terms of territory. They even said that if they can’t reach an agreement with the vampires, a new wave of anti-vampire school of thought will be born among the werewolves.”

Hearing this, I sighed heavily. It seemed that the situation was only growing more and more tense.

The war between werewolves and vampires would inevitably take place again.

“Hey, Thomas, have you heard about this before?” Skylar suddenly asked.

“I heard from a friend that the borders of several werewolf packs have been attacked by vampires recently.”

I couldn't help but look at Skylar in surprise. I didn't expect her to ask me this question.

After thinking it over for a while, I decided to tell her the truth.

“Oh, I've heard some news. The Gangrel Clan wants to attack the werewolf packs, too. I strongly oppose the war, but I can't change their opinion. After they decided to start the fight, I refused to participate, which is why I'm staying on Rube Island for now.”

Skylar tilted her head in confusion.

“Thomas, you're a vampire. Don't you hate the werewolves? How come you oppose the war?”

It wasn't the first time I had heard such a question, so I knew how to respond.

“It's simple, really. I like peace and hate war. I always hope that the conflict between the two races can be resolved and that we can all live in peace. Life is created equal, so no one should sacrifice theirs in the name of a war.”

Unexpectedly, as soon as I finished talking, Skylar's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Oh, my God! You're so right, Thomas! I also hate war. Why can't we all just coexist in peace?"

I was stunned. I didn't expect that Skylar shared the same sentiments as me.

Ever since I made my anti-war stance known, everyone in my clan viewed me as a freak.

The other vampires all thought that only an incompetent person would be against war. I felt a rush of excitement, having finally found a fellow vampire who held the same beliefs as me.

"Exactly, Skylar! I didn't think you'd feel the same way. I'm so glad to have finally met someone who thinks the same way!"

Skylar beamed at me, pouring a cup of coffee and handing it to me.

"Thomas, you're the kindest and most reasonable vampire I've ever met. I'm glad I met you."

I graciously accepted the cup of coffee from Skylar, taking this as an opportunity to glance at her wrist.

Since she was reaching out her hand, her sleeve climbed up her arm ever so slightly, and it was enough for me to see the mark on her left wrist.

Oh, my God! There was a hexagram on her wrist, and I knew where this mark came from.

"Skylar," I said excitedly, "how are you related to Aldrich?"

Skylar's POV:

I looked at Thomas blankly, not knowing why he had become so agitated all of a sudden. I touched my face subconsciously, wondering if there was something on it.

"Thomas, what are you talking about?" I asked.

"Who's Aldrich?"

All of a sudden, Jerome stood up and stepped in between me and Thomas. Thomas didn't seem to notice, with his eyes fixed on me strangely.

"Oh, my God! Skylar, how could you not know Aldrich? He's our king!" I stared at Thomas blankly. I knew he was a vampire. But wasn't our king Anthony? Then, it hit me. He was talking about the vampire king, since he thought that I was a vampire.

"I...don't know what you are talking about, Thomas," I stammered.

"How could I be related to the vampire king? As I've said, I'm not a vampire. You're the only vampire I've met!"

Thomas stared at me searchingly, as though he was trying to find the answer in my eyes.

"Skylar, I don't know why you keep denying that you're a vampire, but it's clear as day that you are one. I just saw the hexagram mark on your wrist, which is the mark carried by the Dracula Clan, the royal vampire family."

I was rendered speechless.

How could I be so careless as to let him see the mark on my wrist?
Panic-stricken, I pulled down my sleeve anxiously to cover the hexagram,
all the while denying everything.

“No, no, you misunderstand. I just got that as a tattoo when I was young
and stupid. I didn’t know it was the vampire king’s mark.”

Thomas’ eyes were full of doubt and confusion.

“Skylar, what are you talking about? The mark of the Dracula Clan can’t
be faked. It’s clear to me that the mark on your wrist is the mark of the
royal family. Why won’t you just admit it?”

‘What?’ I was completely stunned.

I took a few steps back and almost lost my footing. I was at a loss for
words and unable to defend myself.

Fortunately, Jerome came to my rescue.

“It’s okay, Skylar. We haven’t figured it out yet.”

Jerome held my arm to steady my balance and tried to comfort me. I also
knew it was useless to be agitated, so I gave up.

Turning to look at Thomas pleadingly, I said, “Alright, it’s true. It’s not a
tattoo. Can you keep it a secret? Don’t let any other vampire find out.”

Thomas held up his hands apologetically.

“Skylar, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to alarm you. Please calm down. I don’t
understand what’s going on. Why can’t we tell anyone?”

“I...I..”

Only now did I realize that I didn't have an answer to that question.

"Thomas, could you not ask her such questions?"

Jerome stepped in to defend me.

"It's too complicated. The reason why we came to Rube Island was precisely because we had to conceal Skylar's identity. Trust me, Thomas. We're not bad people. We have our own struggles."

Both Jerome and I looked at Thomas nervously.

I felt my heart was beating fast against my chest.

If Thomas insisted on interrogating me, or worse, if he spread the news, what could we do? Should I have asked Jerome to stop him? Fortunately, when Thomas saw the nervous looks on our faces, he simply sighed in resignation.

"I already told you that you don't need to be nervous. Skylar, I'm your friend. Although I don't know why you don't want to tell me anything, I'm willing to keep your identity a secret."

Hearing this, I finally breathed a sigh of relief. Life on Rube Island was peaceful. I didn't want to ruin it.