

Outcast: The Alpha King's Beloved Chapter 361

Saving Amelia

Jennifer's POV:

It didn't take long before the ambulance screeched to a halt at the royal hospital.

The doctors sprang into action and pushed Amelia into the operating room for revive her.

As for the rest of us, there was nothing we could do but wait outside.

"This is all my fault. I was the one Larry wanted to attack!"

Morgan collapsed to the floor and buried his face in his hands.

"God, please be with Amelia and make her get through this crisis."

Seeing Morgan like this made me feel very sorry for him. Amelia was such a kind and gentle soul. She and Morgan loved each other so much.

But at this moment, it was possible that the two would be separated forever.

"Morgan, I firmly believe that God's on Amelia's side." I knelt next to him and tried to comfort him.

"If anyone's at fault, it's ours. Anthony and I both underestimated Larry and failed to protect Amelia."

I couldn't help but feel like this was all our fault. It was Anthony and me who wanted to deal with Larry. We were the ones who told Amelia to get close to Larry.

“She’s right. We’re truly sorry, Morgan,” Anthony said sincerely, shaking his head.

“We’re sorry too, Morgan.”

Roy also showed up, with Cynthia close behind.

“When we heard that Amelia was hurt, we came here as soon as we could. I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you. Cynthia was injured, so I took her away to treat her. I wasn’t there to help you stop Larry. If only we were more vigilant, Amelia wouldn’t have gotten hurt.”

“I don’t blame any of you. You all tried your best. Larry was the one to blame. He deceived us all!”

Morgan got on his feet hurriedly and shook his head.

Then, his face clouded over.

“No one foresaw that he would take forbidden medicine to deal with us. That damned bastard! I’ll make him pay for what he’s done!”

Both Roy and Cynthia echoed his sentiments.

Roy nodded and said through gritted teeth, “Larry gives us a bad name. He uses witchcraft for evil. What a heartless son of a bitch!”

“We’ll help you catch Larry and avenge Amelia!”

Cynthia chimed in, nodding indignantly.

As everyone got worked up over Amelia’s misfortune, I also stood out.

“Larry has crossed the line for the last time.He’ll get what’s coming to him.”

“Jennifer’s right.Larry took the forbidden medicine, which has strong side effects.I’m sure his body is suffering now.Even if he tries to stir up trouble in the future, he won’t be strong enough to deal that much damage.Let’s all work together to capture him then.”

Morgan’s eyes flashed with fierce determination.

I had no doubt in my mind that he was the one most eager to duel Larry to the death.

After all, Larry was the one who had hurt the love of his life.

As we waited for the news regarding Amelia, Anthony kept making phone calls to his men.

“Have the garden cleaned up and issue a notice for arrest to the whole kingdom.Tell them that wizard Larry is wanted.” Anthony spoke on the phone seriously.

“Larry first attempted to murder my mother, and then he attacked our distinguished guests.He completely ignored our kingdom’s laws and has committed heinous crimes time and time again.List him as the most wanted criminal, and offer a reward of a million to anybody who can turn him in.”

After Anthony finally put the phone down, his expression was still gloomy.I gently patted him on the shoulder and whispered, “You did a good job, honey.By the way, Anthony, how about those injured guards today? They tried their best to fulfill our mission.Although we failed to catch Larry, I think we should reward them, too.”

Anthony nodded.

“That’s a good idea.I had the injured sent to the hospital.I’ll give the guards who participated in today’s operation three-class merits.”

This arrangement made sense to me, so I didn’t pester him with any more questions.

“Everyone, please get some rest and take the time to heal.You don’t have to wait here.Anthony and I will stay here and keep you all posted.”

“Yes.We’ll inform you the second we hear word of anything.I know all of you have suffered injuries from the operation, so get some rest.I’ll send for some doctors to treat your wounds personally.”

Anthony stood up and bowed to everyone slightly.

But to our surprise, all the wizards before us shook their heads stubbornly.

“Our injuries aren’t a big deal.We’ll wait for Amelia to wake up,” Cynthia said insistently.

“I’m not leaving either.I refuse to leave Amelia here,” Morgan said, placing his palm on his chest solemnly.Anthony’s POV: Our plan had been set in motion for a long time now.

I didn’t expect that we would fail miserably and that Amelia would be the one who could come out of it seriously injured.

Such a result was devastating to me, but there was nothing we could do to change it.

Jennifer and I had no choice but to do our best to make up for our mistake.

Seeing Morgan suffer over the woman he loved, I couldn't help but sigh alongside him. I understood how he felt.

If the roles were reversed and it was Jennifer who was lying in the operating room now, I knew I would've gone crazy. I silently prayed that Amelia would be fine.

She was a good witch and had sacrificed a lot in this operation to catch Larry.

What seemed like an eternity passed and there was still no news from the doctors.

Everyone waited quietly in the corridor.

As the hours passed by, I started to worry about Jennifer.

She was pregnant after all and should've gotten more rest after today's string of unfortunate events.

Just as I opened my mouth to tell Jennifer to leave first, an attendant suddenly approached me and bowed.

"Mr. Jones, our men found this when we were cleaning up the scene. The captain felt something was off and asked me to report it to you."

As he spoke, the attendant took out a medicine bottle from his pocket and handed it to me. I took the bottle in surprise.

"I see. Thank you. You may go now."

After the attendant left, I observed the medicine bottle in my hand carefully.

My keen sense of smell picked up a strange scent coming from it. I had some wizard friends, and I had seen magic medicine before.

This bottle looked similar to them.

Thinking of this, I immediately stood up and walked over to Roy.

“Roy, can you take a look at this and check if it could be magic medicine? My men found it in the garden when they were cleaning up. I don’t know where it came from.”

I handed the bottle to Roy and asked the other wizards present to help us identify it.

“I can’t help but feel that it’s a little suspicious.”

Roy took the bottle and examined it carefully.

Then, he handed it to the other wizards, murmuring, “It looks like magic medicine, but whatever it is, it’s not mine.”

The other wizards each took turns studying the bottle carefully, but all of them eventually shook their heads.

“It’s not mine either,” Morgan said, scratching his chin.

“Maybe it’s Amelia’s.” I turned to Jennifer.

“You often met with Amelia. Have you ever seen her use this kind of magic medicine?”

But Jennifer also shook her head.

“As far as I know, she hasn’t been refining any magic medicine lately, since she was busy dealing with Larry.”

After hearing everyone’s answers, I was more certain that my hunch was correct.

“Listen to me, everyone. I have a feeling that Larry must’ve lost this bottle amidst the chaos of the fight.”

Hearing Larry’s name, the wizards’ expressions changed. They took a closer look at the bottle and studied it with renewed vigor.

“I’ve never seen magic medicine of this color. It looks strange to me,” Roy said, pursing his lips.

“Me neither.” Cynthia shook her head.

Just as everyone was at a loss, Morgan’s face suddenly lit up.

“Mr. Jones, I think I know what this is. It may not be magic medicine, but an antidote! Amelia once described to me the color and shape of the antidote. I think this might be it!”

Morgan’s enthusiasm was infectious. I hurried to call the director of the royal hospital so that he could have a look.

“Please have someone test the contents of this bottle. We suspect it may be the antidote to the poison in Amelia’s body. As this is urgent, inform me as soon as the results come out,” I instructed briskly.

The director nodded respectfully.

“Okay, Mr. Jones. I’ll have it tested right away. Is there anything else?” I shook my head.

“No, that is all. You can leave now.”

Just as the director scurried off, the door of the operating room suddenly swung open and several doctors in white coats filed out.

“Doctor! How is my wife? Will she be okay?”

Morgan immediately rushed over to the nearest doctor and asked anxiously.

Jennifer and I also followed behind him, holding our breaths in anticipation of the result of the operation.

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A Successful Operation

Morgan’s POV:

When the doctors came out of the operating room, I couldn’t hold back my panic anymore and rushed to the nearest doctor.

“How is Amelia?”

My heart pounded violently against my chest, and my throat was tight. I held my breath in nervous anticipation for their answer.

What if the doctors weren’t able to save her? I knew I couldn’t face reality if that were the case. I shut my eyes tight, wincing in pain at the thought.

“The operation was a success.You can all rest assured that she will be okay,” the doctor announced.

“Wonderful!” I collapsed to my knees.

Unprecedented joy filled my heart to the brim and I no longer cared about anything else.I just wanted to express my gratitude and threw my arms around the doctor.

“Thank you.Thank you so much.You saved my wife.I will never forget this!” I cried, choking with sobs.

“Please calm down, sir.”

The doctor patted me on the shoulder, his face flushed with a little embarrassment.

Only then did I realize that I was a bit out of line, so I quickly withdrew my embrace.

“The patient’s vital signs are stable, but she’s still very weak.She needs some time to recuperate.We’ll arrange for her to be transferred to a special ward so that we can keep her condition under observation,” the doctor turned to Anthony and reported briskly.

“I see.Thank you.You’ve done a good job, all of you.I will donate a generous amount of money to the royal hospital as a way of saying thanks,” Anthony said nobly.

“I hope this will encourage you to keep doing your best.Please have only the best doctors watch over Amelia from here on out.”

The doctor bowed respectfully to the king and said, “We’ll do our best, Mr.Jones.”

I looked at Anthony gratefully. I bowed to him too and whispered, "Thank you so much, Mr. Jones. Thank you for always being on the lookout for Amelia. And thank you as well, Mrs. Jones."

I was too overwhelmed with excitement that I didn't know how to express my gratitude properly. I kept bowing towards the couple.

"Morgan, there's no need to thank us. We're only doing what we should do. After all, we were the ones who asked Amelia to get close to Larry." Anthony offered his hand to help me up.

Tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably.

How on earth could I repay these people? Anthony and Jennifer were really kind-hearted.

Just then, Amelia, who was still unconscious, was wheeled out on a gurney. I called out her name with tears in my eyes, "Amelia! You're going to be okay! I love you!"

I wanted to reach out to touch her, but on second thought, I held my hand back.

Instead, I quietly followed the medical staff as they wheeled Amelia into a special ward.

Everyone else followed closely behind me, but the doctor advised us to leave.

"Mr. Jones, the patient has just finished an intense operation and can't come into contact with outsiders. We can't run the risk of her getting infected."

Even though the doctor said so, I found it hard to hold myself back.

“Is there really no way I can see her, doctor? I just want to see her. I won't touch her, I promise.”

The doctor frowned slightly as he was caught between a rock and a hard place.

“Well...I suppose it should be fine if you wear sterile clothes and go through the disinfection procedure, but...”

“Then let him go in alone,” Anthony said firmly.

“Morgan is the patient's husband. I can vouch for him. He won't do anything reckless.”

Hearing what Anthony said, the doctor stopped hesitating.

“Okay, I'll make the necessary arrangements right away.”

Thanks to Anthony, I could finally see Amelia. This made me even more grateful to him.

In that moment, I made up my mind to repay him and everyone else who had helped me save Amelia.

After changing into the sterilized clothing and having my whole body disinfected, I followed the nurse into the special ward.

“You can only stay here for half an hour, sir. Please contact us immediately if anything happens.” The nurse then nodded politely and left.

I slowly approached Amelia's bed.

She was still unconscious.

As I approached, I kept the doctor's words in mind. Worried I might infect her, I didn't dare to touch her. I simply stood by the bed and looked at her quietly. I was just so thankful that she survived. I drew a long breath and whispered, "I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry I wasn't able to protect you. You idiot, why did you take the fall for me? You shouldn't have blocked Larry's attack. I could've dodged it myself. Anyway, don't be afraid, honey. Mr. Jones has issued an order to arrest Larry and now the entire kingdom knows that he's a wanted man. It's only a matter of time before that fiend gets caught."

My monologue was met with silence.

Amelia's eyes remained shut, but I took solace in knowing she was going to make it.

"Honey, Roy and the others also hope that you'll recover as soon as possible. We all admire your courage. When you get out of here, we'll all use healing magic to help with your recovery."

I watched her chest rise and fall as she breathed steadily.

"I'm so glad that we met such good people. Now, we're neither alone nor helpless. Anyway, don't make me wait too long and wake up soon, okay, honey?" I kept whispering to Amelia about how much I loved her.

It wasn't until my time was almost up that I left the ward reluctantly.

Clenching my fists, I prayed that Amelia would recover soon.

Cynthia's POV:

Roy and I couldn't enter the special ward, but we still wanted to know how Amelia was doing, so we waited outside the ward for Morgan.

When he finally came out, we hurriedly approached him.

“How is she?” I asked bluntly.

“She hasn’t woken up yet, but I know in my heart that she’s going to be okay.”

As Morgan spoke, his eyes were full of tenderness.

They were also very red.

Obviously, he had shed a lot of tears, which made me sigh heavily.

“Of course she’s going to be okay, Morgan! I admire your love for her. I just know that God will bless the both of you.”

I patted his shoulder in an effort to comfort him.

As soon as I finished speaking, I couldn’t help but burst into tears.

Oh, my God! What the heck was wrong with me? How could I cry in front of Morgan? I felt so embarrassed that I hurriedly lowered my head to hide my tears.

Amelia was in a coma, and Morgan was already depressed. I shouldn’t have cried in front of him. I knew that would just make the mood even gloomier.

“Here, Cynthia,”

Roy suddenly whispered, even though I turned my face away. I looked up and found that Roy was holding up a tissue in front of me. I glanced at him and my heart skipped a beat. I quickly accepted the tissue and lowered my head, feeling my cheeks and ears burn a bright red.

“Thanks, Roy,” I muttered under my breath.

Just then, Anthony and Jennifer approached us.

“Now that we know that Amelia’s going to be okay, you all should go back and get some rest. You’ve had a long day and I know you’re all exhausted,” Anthony said.

“Everyone, please have dinner first. As our way of saying thank you, we have asked the chef to prepare a hearty meal for you all,” Jennifer added.

“Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Jones,” I replied in a hurry.

I wanted to retire to my room as quickly as possible because my mind was in a mess.

For some reason, whenever I looked at Roy, my heart would feel restless. I really didn’t know how to face him, so I took this opportunity to take my leave.

Maybe seeing how much Morgan and Amelia loved each other made me think about my regretful past.

Roy and I had also once been a couple who loved each other deeply.

But things have changed since then.

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The Past Between Roy And Cynthia

Cynthia’s POV:

Just as I turned around to leave, Roy suddenly clutched his chest and collapsed to the ground.

“Oh, my God!” I immediately knelt beside him to help him up.

“Roy, what’s wrong?”

When I saw his face, I found that he was extremely pale and sickly.

“Roy, what happened?”

Jennifer and Anthony both rushed to help us when they saw Roy faint out of nowhere.

“Did you get injured in the fight with Larry?” Morgan pursed his lips worriedly.

“Mrs.Jones, can you ask the doctors to treat Roy as well?”

I hoisted Roy’s arm over my shoulder to support him.

Anxious for his health, I turned to Jennifer pleadingly.

Before Jennifer could answer me, Roy shook his head weakly.

“No need.I just suffered some flesh wounds.I can use an incantation to treat it myself.”

“Don’t exhaust yourself, Roy.”

Jennifer eyed Roy worriedly.

“Don’t worry, Mrs.Jones.I know my own body.Thanks for the concern though.”

Roy smiled feebly and tried to stand on his own two feet.

It pained me to see Roy being so stubborn, but I knew him well.

He probably didn't want to inconvenience Jennifer at a time as critical as this.

"I'll help him," I said resolutely.

"Don't worry, everyone. I'll take good care of him with my healing magic."

Morgan and Jennifer looked at me dubiously, but I nodded at them reassuringly.

Seeing this, they finally nodded.

"Thank you, Cynthia," Jennifer said gratefully.

"No, I don't want to bother you—" Roy started to say anxiously.

"It's fine, Roy!" I interrupted him, shaking my head firmly.

"Let's go."

After saying goodbye to everyone, I helped Roy back to his room.

On our way there, Roy kept trying to persuade me to go to my own room and rest.

"I'm fine, Cynthia. I don't want to take up any more of your time. Just go back and rest. Don't worry about me,"

Roy kept saying.

"No, I need to make sure you get back safely," I insisted stubbornly.

I looked at him seriously and pouted.

“Roy, stop pushing yourself past your limit. We’re not young anymore.”

At this, Roy finally fell silent and stopped protesting.

When we arrived at Roy’s door, he said, “Okay, we’re here. I can heal myself now. Thanks for the help, Cynthia. You may go now.”

I was already expecting this from Roy.

He didn’t want me to see him in a vulnerable light.

But I had known him for so many years, and I used to love him. I had seen every side of him. I shook my head and strode inside his room, pulling Roy towards the bed.

“You’re injured. Just lie down and rest. Do you really think I’m incapable of caring for others?”

After pushing him onto the bed, I turned around to ask a maid to fetch a thin blanket for Roy.

As she scurried off to do as I said, I went to prepare a cup of magic tonic drink for Roy to quench his thirst and relieve pain.

“Here. You’ll feel better if you drink this.” I handed the glass to Roy.

“I remember you don’t like bitter stuff, so don’t worry. This is sweet.”

Roy looked at me and his gaze softened.

“I’m not so particular with bitter food now. I’m an adult after all.”

He winked at me, took the glass and drank most of the tonic in one gulp.

Seeing this, I heaved a sigh of relief.

At least his pain would subside for now. I took out my wand and started casting healing spells on him.

“Heal!”

As I healed Roy’s wounds, I stole glances at his face from time to time. He had been a little uneasy since earlier.

When I was done, I stood up and sighed.

“Roy, I’m sorry if I make you feel uncomfortable. I just want you to feel better. I can’t bear to see you in pain.”

We had broken up so many years ago, so it was only natural that he felt uncomfortable with me here.

Still, I couldn’t help but feel a little depressed.

Roy didn’t answer me.

Being met with silence, I said, “Okay. I won’t bother you anymore. Bye.”

I turned around to leave.

“Wait! Don’t go, Cynthia!”

Unexpectedly, Roy’s voice sounded from behind me.

When I turned around and met Roy’s eyes, I was overwhelmed with a flurry of mixed emotions.

“What’s wrong, Roy?” I asked furtively.

After a moment's silence, Roy whispered, "I'm sorry, Cynthia."

I smiled gently.

"Roy, there's no need to apologize. I wanted to heal you just now."

"No, I do owe you an apology. I was too cowardly back then. I let you down. I'm sorry. Cynthia, you deserve a better man," Roy said loudly, locking eyes with me seriously.

My jaw nearly dropped to the floor. I didn't expect Roy to bring this up.

"Don't say that, Roy. It's been so long. I don't care about whatever happened in the past anymore."

As I spoke, my voice trembled slightly. I quickly lowered my head to hide the tears welling up in my eyes.

"As fate would have it, we weren't meant to have a happy ending together."

As soon as I finished speaking, I walked out of the room without looking back and shut the door behind me. I didn't want Roy to see me crying.

Leaning against the door, I wiped away my tears with the back of my hand.

Why was I crying? I didn't want to cry, but for some reason, tears kept streaming down my face uncontrollably.

"Damn it," I whispered under my breath.

After all these years, I still loved him.

Roy's POV:

After Cynthia left, I sank into bed and couldn't help but recall our sweet past.

Cynthia and I used to love each other so deeply. It was love at first sight.

We used to think that meeting each other was the best thing that had happened to us.

But our relationship was forbidden.

My clan had always been hostile towards Cynthia's.

The conflict between the two clans went all the way back to our ancestors.

The second word got out that we were in a relationship, the elders of our clans immediately locked us up separately in a crazy attempt to end the relationship. I was the sort of person who followed the rules.

After I parted with Cynthia, I was depressed all day long, but it never crossed my mind to disobey my clan's wishes.

On the other hand, the gentle and kind Cynthia managed to pluck up the courage to run away with me. I would never forget the night I was tossing and turning in bed restlessly when a magic paper crane suddenly flew in from the window.

It flew straight to me and Cynthia's voice sounded.

"Roy, how about we elope? I'll wait for you in the garden tomorrow night! See you!"

I had no idea how hard it was for Cynthia to successfully deliver this message to me. I didn't dare to imagine how much thought she had put into this.

Her voice sounded so resolute, as though she was sure I wouldn't fail her.

And as much as I didn't want to fail her, I did.

After all, I wasn't as courageous as her. I couldn't betray my clan.

In the end, I chose my clan over Cynthia.

Sure enough, the following day, I didn't meet her in the garden.

Instead, I sent her a message, asking her to give up on our love and find her own happiness.

Since then, I hadn't seen her.

Years had passed.

Every single day after that night, I regretted how cowardly I had been.

I knew that, even if we did meet again, I had no right to tell her that I loved her. I was a real coward.

Over the years, I still wanted to know how she was doing, so I asked my friends to inquire about her. I was relieved when I found out that she wasn't driven away by her clan.

Such a way of life lasted for many years.

It wasn't until my clan declined and even fell apart that I could look at her from afar.

But that was all I could do.

I figured that she must've had many suitors.

She was, after all, an excellent witch.

I Just knew she would end up with a loving husband, and maybe even a cute child or two...

Later, our paths happened to cross again, but neither she nor I mentioned the past. It was as though it had never happened.

Now, we often met in the royal palace of the Osman Kingdom, but it was as though there was this unspoken rule to keep a distance from each other.

Lying in bed and recalling the past, I had mixed feelings.