

Chapter 186 The Bag Of Medicine

Flora's POV:

Warren stood outside my door. He was wearing a suit and a tie.

Although I was initially stunned by his handsome appearance, I still felt awkward, since it was so late at night and he showed up dressed so formally.

"Uh..." I had no idea what to say.

Warren's eyes avoided mine, making things even more awkward.

The atmosphere was so tense that I scratched my nose embarrassedly. Why wasn't he saying anything?

"You..." I tried to say something, anything, but I found that I had nothing to say.

"I..." Warren finally opened his mouth, but his voice trailed off. Without saying another word, he held up a bag in front of me.

"What's this?" I took the bag, looking at him in confusion.

"Just... just some medicine," he stammered. "I was worried that I might have hurt you today, so I brought over some medicine."

The atmosphere suddenly changed from tense to something almost romantic. I could almost see cupid's arrow sticking out of his back.

My cheeks burned a bright red. I did my best to act calm and began to rummage through the bag. Sure enough, it was full of medicine for female injuries.

"It should be useful," Warren mumbled in a barely audible voice.

I lowered my head and pretended to read the instructions on the medicine's packaging. I could feel his gaze on me, which made my fingers tremble slightly.

I didn't want to appear timid in front of him, so I casually tucked the medicine back into the bag and flipped my hair casually. "No birth control pills?"

"That... thing might not be good for your health." Warren's face instantly turned red. He averted his gaze again.

I tried my best to hold back my laughter and rolled my eyes at him. "You couldn't control yourself and came inside. What am I supposed to do now?"

"I'm sorry. I... I couldn't control myself at the time. I'm sorry, Flora." Warren looked very ashamed and guilty. He lowered his head and apologized to me like a puppy with its tail between its legs.

It was my first time to see such a proud werewolf like him become so humble and timid. Somehow, his reaction made me feel a little uncomfortable, so I didn't have the heart to tease him anymore. I just put away the bag and smiled at him lightheartedly. "Anyway, I doubt I'll get pregnant from having done it just once. It's okay. Don't worry about it."

Then, without waiting for a response, I closed the door on Warren.

Leaning against the door, I sighed heavily and recalled Ginna's question.

Did I actually like Warren? Judging from the way I acted just now, I thought so.

No—how could I like him? I slapped my cheeks lightly to sober myself up.

But if I didn't like him, why did he always make me feel warm and soft-hearted? I glanced at the bag in my hand. For the first time, I felt confused about love.

In our pack, Warren was the most outstanding man in my generation. He was also the dream boy of countless she-wolves. It wasn't out of the ordinary for a girl to have a crush on him. And I was no exception. I always secretly paid attention to him, and whenever I mulled over the topic of love, he would be the first to come to mind.

Maybe I was just star struck or something like that. Was he just my prince charming—something out of a fairy tale?

'Yes,' I told myself firmly.

But after having gotten along with Warren for a while, I felt that he wasn't as unattainable as I had thought. My previous wonderful imagination of him had been shattered. Maybe it was because I had had sex with him that my restless heart finally calmed down.

Besides, he had called Sylvia's name out while he was fucking me, not mine. It was like a bucket of ice cold water had spilled all over me.

But it also sobered me up. If it weren't for that, I wouldn't have known that he liked Sylvia.

Unfortunately, he was too late. Sylvia already had Rufus. Although Warren was excellent and handsome, he sadly couldn't compare to Rufus.

I looked at the bag again. Without hesitation, I stood up, stuffed it into the cabinet, and locked it resolutely.

I refused to like a man who liked someone else. Satisfied, I nodded and mentally crossed out Warren's name in my heart.

Chapter 187 Entering The Forbidden Forest Again

Sylvia's POV:

The following morning, just as the sun began to climb in the horizon, Rufus and I set off for the forbidden forest.

I followed him carefully, medical kit in tow. Rufus's guards were also there in the shadows, where we couldn't see.

We had wanted to take a doctor with us, but when the doctor found out where we were going, he fainted on the spot. Eventually, Rufus convinced me to let go of the idea that we were going to bring that poor doctor.

We didn't stop until we reached the edge of the forbidden forest. Rufus turned to me, straightened my collar, and put a woolen hat on my head snugly. "Don't leave my side. Just follow my lead. If we can't find the grey wolf, then we'll have to leave immediately."

"Okay." I nodded, slipping my hand into his. "Don't worry. I don't plan on exploring by myself."

Rufus smiled slightly, then together, we entered the forbidden forest.

Not long after, we were met with a group of around a dozen wild wolves.

I looked at them on high alert. They stared back at me and Rufus, not daring to act rashly. They seemed to be afraid of Rufus.

All of a sudden, the group wild wolves raised their noses to the sky and began to howl uneasily. Their voices sounded anxious, as though they wanted us to follow them.

Rufus and I exchanged suspicious glances and followed them immediately.

"Are they taking us to see the grey wolf?" I asked with confusion, seeing how eagerly those wolves led the way. "I thought they abandoned the grey wolf yesterday."

"I guess we're going to find out." Rufus squeezed my hand gently to comfort me.

The wild wolves soon led us to a cave. It was dark, dank, and cramped, but in the corner lay the dying grey wolf.

Rufus pulled out a flashlight to illuminate the cave and pointed it at the grey wolf so that we could survey its injuries more clearly.

The grey wolf's hair stuck was matted, and its body trembled. Thankfully, we could see that it was still breathing, albeit faintly. Blood still seeped out of its throat wound. If Rufus and I didn't come here today, it would've bled out.

Fortunately, Rufus's bite wasn't lethal, or it wouldn't have been able to hold on for this long.

As soon as we got close, the grey wolf's bloodshot eyes opened and it looked at Rufus vigilantly. A low whimper sounded from its throat.

"How about you wait here first?" I turned my head and looked at Rufus hesitantly. "I think it's scared."

Pursing his lips, Rufus didn't say anything but took a step back.

The grey wolf started to whimper even louder, as if it wanted to drive Rufus away.

"Why don't you wait outside?" I suggested, my voice barely above a whisper.

This time, Rufus didn't compromise. He passed me with a long face and pulled out a pistol from his pocket. I could tangibly feel his malicious aura seeping at the seams. His eyes were icy cold, and his

message to the grey wolf was clear: if it made that sound again, he would shoot it in cold blood.

Sure enough, the grey wolf fell silent, albeit gritting its teeth. I couldn't help but pity it.

I quickly pulled Rufus aside. "Stop scaring it. Trust me. Nothing's going to happen. Just wait for me at the entrance of the cave. I'll go out once I've bound up its wound. It's so weak now. It definitely can't hurt me."

Rufus looked at the grey wolf lying helplessly on the ground and snorted coldly. Finally, he put the pistol back in its holster.

"So, will you wait outside?" I looked at him, surprised that he was so obedient.

In the end, of course, it turned out that I had hoped for too much. Rufus simply walked to a large boulder nearby and sat down. His posture was leisurely yet somewhat stubborn, and his sharp eyes were fixed on the grey wolf. It was obvious that, from his position, if the grey wolf tried anything, he could pounce on it like lightning.

I felt helpless yet moved, so I let him stay there.

Then, I slowly approached the grey wolf. The truth was, I was a little nervous, afraid that the wolf would suddenly bare its sharp teeth and bite me out of the blue.

Chapter 188 Treatment

Sylvia's POV:

Although the grey wolf was by no means small, it was very thin and malnourished, so its head looked comparatively large to its body. As I approached, it raised its big head and stared at me with its beady eyes, almost like a caricature.

I tried to take two more steps forward. It didn't move. Now that I was sure that it didn't have any intention to hurt me, I heaved a sigh of relief and plucked up some more courage. I went straight to it, squatted down, and set the medical kit down on the floor next to me.

The black wood box was divided into several layers, with medicine and medical tools neatly packed inside. As soon as I opened the medical kit, the smell of disinfectant wafted into the air.

The grey wolf wasn't looking at me anymore. It seemed to be very curious about what was in the medical kit. It tried to crane its neck to get a better look, causing more blood to spurt from its wound.

I shot it a reproachful look. "Your neck is practically broken," I pointed out crossly. "Why are you trying to get up? Lie down!"

As I spoke, I tried to push its head down as gently as I could. Fortunately, it obeyed me and lay back down. Every time I took something out of the medical kit, the grey wolf would nudge my hand with its snout curiously, then I would show whatever I was holding to it.

I showed it everything patiently.

First, I took out a ball of cotton to clean up the wound. After wiping the blood off and confirming that the bleeding had stopped, I pulled out a pair of pincers to take out dirt or any foreign matter from the wound. The torn flesh seemed to fester with infection, so I cleaned the wound with iodine. This time, the grey wolf whimpered in pain and twitched its body, but it made no move to scratch or bite me.

"Hang in there," I murmured softly, making a conscious effort to move more gently. "This won't take long." When I was done applying the medicine and wrapping the wound with gauze, it finally calmed down.

The grey wolf's eyes looked at me the entire time I treated its wound. Seeing such a docile wolf, I couldn't help but wonder. So I reached out to touch its belly, trying to verify my guess.

Sure enough, its soft belly bulged, as if a hefty meatball was inside.

"Rufus," I called in pleasant surprise, "it's really pregnant!"

Rufus waved his hand lazily. He glanced at the grey wolf and then withdrew his gaze, disinterested.

After I shared my joy with Rufus, I turned to the grey wolf.

It probably couldn't understand what I was saying, but this didn't stop me from spreading my joy.

"Congratulations! You're pregnant. Now, you need to take care of yourself. Don't be so reckless next time."

The grey wolf seemed to be able to understand what I said. It slightly raised its head and gently licked my hand. Its coarse tongue scratched my fingertips, making me chuckle. "You're happy too, aren't you? You're going to be a mother."

All of a sudden, the grey wolf seemed to notice the bandage on my arm. It let out a whine and sniffed at my bandages, as though it was worried about my injury.

Its innocent gesture warmed my heart. I touched its head gently to comfort it. "I'm fine. It's just a minor injury. It will heal in a few days."

But the grey wolf still nudged its head towards me.

Rufus finally stood up and walked over to us. He packed up the contents of the medicine kit and said, "Let's go. Class is about to begin."

To the grey wolf, I said, "I have to go first. Take care of yourself so that you can give birth smoothly." I touched the head of the grey wolf for the last time before standing up, ready to leave with Rufus.

Sensing that I was leaving it, the grey wolf grew anxious. It struggled to get on its feet, but it fell down as soon as it stood. Helpless, it lay on the ground and howled.

I frowned slightly. I pulled Rufus's hand urgently and asked, "What's wrong with it?"

Chapter 189 Something Wrong With Her Heart

Sylvia's POV:

"Why does it look... reluctant to leave us?" I looked at Rufus with curious eyes.

Rufus raised an eyebrow and replied bluntly, "It's reluctant to leave you. Not us."

Touched by this, I let go of Rufus' hand to run back to the gray wolf. "Be good, okay? I'll come by to see you the next time I get the chance."

The gray wolf tugged on my sleeve and refused to let go.

Rufus was getting impatient. He walked over to me and pulled me up. "Let's go. I need to talk to you about something."

"What? What is it you need to tell me?" As Rufus pulled me away, I could not take my eyes away from the gray wolf that was left in the cave. "Rest up, Grey. Wait for me to come back!"

I was having some form of separation anxiety. This seemed to make Rufus' face gloomier, so I whipped my head back to him and asked, "So, what were you going to tell me?"

Rufus snorted, letting go of my hand and walking forward alone.

"What's wrong?" I was so confused. I didn't understand why he was acting this way all of a sudden.

Rufus didn't reply. Instead, he pulled a long face and refused to talk.

But even though he wasn't talking, he still walked slowly, as if afraid that I wouldn't be able to catch up with him.

I pursed my lips, smiling to myself. After trotting a few steps, I jumped onto his back and wrapped my arms around his neck from behind. "Hey, what's wrong? You're not that cute when you're angry, you know."

I gave him a quick peck on the ear. "Come on, just tell me already."

Instantly, Rufus' ears turned a bright red. His hands reached back and grabbed my buttocks, keeping a slow and steady walking pace. He replied awkwardly, "You... cared too much about it."

It took me a while before I figured out what Rufus meant.

When I realized it, I didn't know whether to cry or laugh. I craned my neck to see the side of his face. "Really? Grey? She's a female wolf!"

"No... I'm not jealous of her." Rufus refused to admit it out loud, speeding up his steps.

"Yes, you are." I mockingly poked his cheek.

Rufus stumbled a little with a nervous look on his face, but it was only momentarily. He quickly regained his usual coldness.

I sighed. What was I going to do if my mate was too jealous? Of course, I tried my best to comfort and coax him on the way back. It wasn't until we finally arrived back that Rufus talked to me.

Maya offered us water and I took a few gulps. I didn't realize how thirsty I had gotten.

"Slow down. You're drinking too fast." Rufus reached up and wiped my mouth.

I nodded and brought the glass up to his lips. "Drink up. You must be thirsty too."

Rufus took a sip but didn't take the glass in his hand. He just drank as I held it up.

Maya came over this time with a tray full of breakfast. The aroma of the food immediately caused my stomach to grumble loudly.

I looked at Rufus with embarrassment. This was a familiar scene.

Rufus smiled affectionately and handed me a knife and fork. "You'll need to eat quickly. You have class soon."

I began to eat, but acted reserved.

After taking a few sips from his coffee, Rufus reached over to pick food up for me.

He cut me some steak and fed it to me. The taste of the steak made me sigh. "Well, I can say for sure the imperial palace has the best chefs. The canteen food at school can't even come close to this!"

Rufus' eyes twinkled as he peeled a boiled egg for me.

"Of course. But I think the person who cut it for you was also a big reason why." I blinked for a few seconds before smiling wide.

"Eat up." Rufus playfully flicked my forehead. "Be careful. Don't be late to class today. Otherwise, Blair's going to punish you."

"I won't be late. I just want to talk to you for a little longer." I gulped down the food in my mouth and chattered away. It was like I never ran out of things to talk to Rufus about.

Once the big meal was over, it was now time for me to leave. Rufus and I embraced, but I insisted on staying in his arms a little longer before reluctantly letting go.

Rufus planted another soft kiss on my lips and pressed our foreheads together. "You can't stay anymore. You're going to be really late."

I groaned. The more he urged me to leave, the more I didn't want to go. I kissed his lips again and again.

"I'm leaving now. Do I really have to?" I whined, walking out of the palace step by step and looking back repeatedly.

"If you keep complaining like that, then maybe I'll never let you leave at all." Rufus' voice was low and hoarse, his eyes full of dangerous lust.

I felt my knees buckle a little bit. "Okay, I'm leaving right now."

Before I took a second step, I suddenly felt an intense piercing pain in my heart. It was like I was being torn apart.

Chapter 190 Poisoned

Rufus's POV:

I stood at the gate of my palace and watched as Sylvia walked away, trying to think up ways to trick her into moving back in with me.

I couldn't stand the thought of parting with her, even for a single day.

But she suddenly stopped in her tracks and bent over.

"What's wrong, Sylvia?" I immediately asked, stepping forward to help her up.

However, she didn't answer me. She just collapsed to the ground.

"Sylvia!" I cried. I was so scared, as though something in my brain exploded.

Sylvia shut her eyes tight and went limp in my arms, as though her soul had left her body.

All of a sudden, a shiver ran down my spine and my hands shook. I touched her face warily, only to find that her skin was cold as ice.

"Miss Todd, what happened?" Maya, who had rushed to Sylvia's side in a hurry, dropped all the plates she was holding. They crashed to the floor and shattered into countless pieces. "I'll call an ambulance!"

"It will be too late. We need to go to the hospital ourselves. Ask all doctors on standby to wait there for us."

As I spoke, I scooped Sylvia into my arms and got into my car. I sped all the way to the Royal Hospital.

As soon as we got out of the car, all the doctors on standby immediately surrounded us. They took Sylvia from me, put her on a gurney, and pushed her all the way into the emergency room.

Three hours later, Sylvia was finally wheeled out of the emergency room.

I was sitting on the sofa with a gloomy face and looked at the doctors, who were nervously standing in a row in the ward.

"None of you knows what's going on?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"We saw symptoms of heart failure, but when we got her X-ray result, we didn't find anything wrong. Logically speaking, she should be able to wake up by now." Ferrill, an authoritative expert in cardiology and brain science, stepped forward.

"Yes, Miss Todd's disease is very strange. We need time to study her condition," an old doctor with grey, wispy hair bowed added. He glanced at Sylvia's sickbed and shook his head. "It's too out of the ordinary."

My heart hurt so much that my hands hadn't stopped shaking.

Sylvia had lost the ability to breathe by herself out of the blue. But these quacks told me that they hadn't found the reason why.

"I'm giving you half a day to figure it out." I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down, but no matter how hard I tried to keep my voice level, I couldn't suppress the coldness in my heart. "If not, I will kill all of you idiots."

After receiving the order, the doctors nodded nervously and scurried off to run their tests.

Sylvia was then wheeled back into the emergency room.

I sat at the door of the emergency room dejectedly, smoking one cigarette after another. Gradually, I fell into a pool of despair. I couldn't imagine the consequences of losing Sylvia.

The second time Sylvia was brought out of the emergency room, she looked even worse.

Now she was like a bag with air leaking from all directions. When one hole was blocked, another hole was

slowly consuming her. The ventilator could only barely maintain her life.

Just as everyone was beginning to lose hope, Ferrill suddenly asked with urgency, "When did Miss Todd's arm get injured?"

Without waiting for my answer, he rushed to Sylvia's side and started to unwrap the bandage on her arm. His eyes went as wide as saucers when he saw what was underneath the bandages. "Why is it festering? With the strong physique of the werewolf race, wounds usually heal very quickly. The wound shouldn't have worsened like this."

Ferrill's words made me narrow my eyes in suspicion. I remembered that Sylvia's injury wasn't so serious in the first place. She should have recovered faster with the licking of her mate. That was, unless she was poisoned.

His words instantly caused all the doctors present to break into discussion.

Ferrill took the initiative to draw some purulent blood from the wound on Sylvia's arm for testing. The final result was that Sylvia was indeed poisoned.