

IRRESISTIBLE PASSION: HER DESTINED LYCAN PRINCE

Chapter 10 The Witch

Sylvio's POV:

Right when I got off the phone, I rushed to the Royol Hospital.

Since it was already ten o'clock in the morning, the hospital was crowded. This was a place that was no stronger to death. Life was as insignificant as on on in the face of disasters and diseases.

I had been here more times than I'd have liked since I came to this city.

First, I was the one who was hospitalized. Then, it was my friends. Now, even Blair was confined here. Looking up at the looming building, I couldn't help but shiver from the trauma.

But I swallowed my fear and rushed into the hospital, where I ran into Rufus' subordinate. He had been waiting for me here under Rufus' orders and led me straight to the elevator exclusive for VIPs.

Bloir was kept in the confidential VIP ward on the top floor of the hospital.

As soon as the elevator doors slid open, I saw a group of doctors surrounding Rufus with serious expressions on their faces.

But when he saw me, Rufus held up his hand, interrupting the doctors, and walked towards me.

"Let's go visit Bloir first." Rufus was wearing a formal suit. He probably had just come from a meeting.

"How is he?" I asked worriedly, wringing my fingers

anxiously. The doctors all averted their gazes. They didn't look optimistic.

Rufus sighed. "He hasn't woken up yet, but the doctors have urgently set up a special team to find out the cause of Blair's condition."

Sylvia's POV:

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Rufus sighed. "He hasn't woken up yet, but the doctors have urgently set up a special team to find out the cause of Blair's condition."

As he spoke, he led me to the confidential VIP ward. With two beeps, the coded locked door was opened and we entered the room.

The ward was very quiet. I couldn't even hear the sounds of medical instruments at work. Blair was lying unconscious in the bed. His face was serene, as if he was just sleeping. But a scar marred his face.

I remembered that he had this scar on the day he

came back. It didn't look very serious and was almost healed back then.

"Blair's condition has something to do with the wound on his face," Rufus explained in a low voice, breaking the eerie silence.

"Huh?" I whirled around to look at him in surprise.
"But how? It looks like it's about to heal."

Rufus shook his head and frowned. "Before Blair completely blacked out, he told me that he got this wound when he accidentally touched something in Gamma Mateo's room."

I was so shocked that my hand shot up to cover my mouth. "But he looked fine on the day of the search and rescue operations! And on the day of the trial, he spoke on behalf of the army. I was under the impression that he was in a good mental state."

Guilt crept into my heart and started to gnaw at me. The last thing I wanted to see had actually happened. The day Blair came back safe and sound, I was so relieved. Little did I know that something was festering inside him.

"Blair thought it wasn't a big deal, but his mental state deteriorated fast. He even went to the hospital for an examination, but the report showed that there was nothing wrong with him, especially since he had no other injuries," Rufus explained, his expression darkening.

"So Blair suspected that the wound on his face was behind it?" I surmised.

Rufus nodded slightly and walked over to Blair's bed. He frowned, his brows furrowing with worry. "The doctors can't pinpoint the cause. But the longer Blair's

in a coma, the less likely he'll wake up."

"Could his wound be tainted by a toxin? Back when I was in a coma, the doctors couldn't find out the cause either. Later, you realized that there was something wrong with my wound." Like Rufus, I also felt anxious and depressed. Unfortunately, Gamma Mateo had already been executed. Otherwise, we probably could've gotten some information out of him.

Rufus sighed and shook his head remorsefully. "The doctors have already checked his wound. There's no toxin whatsoever. If there was, then we could've solved this problem by now, but unfortunately that is not the case."

"There will be a solution, Rufus," I reached for his hand and tried to comfort him.

Blair was Rufus' only good friend. I knew that Rufus

was worried sick.

"Although we have no concrete solutions yet, we do have one clue." Rufus turned around and looked at me seriously. "Because I can smell a familiar scent on Blair. It's the smell of Noreen the witch."

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