

Irresistible 511

[Chapter 511 The Cold-blooded Housekeeper](#)

Sylvia's POV:

There was no way out. If I went back, the vampires would definitely find me.

After thinking for a while, I stepped closer to Nicole and begged, "Please help me."

"Why should I?" Nicole looked at me calmly. "Give me a reason."

"Because I am the hostage. If I die, you will be in trouble." My heart was crashing in my chest. I was scared out of my wits. I couldn't face those five vampires all by myself.

Nicole smiled, which was a rare sight. However, it didn't reach her eyes. It was a mere movement of her lips on her stony face.

"I have no obligation to do anything that my master hasn't ordered me to do," she said flatly.

I was a little surprised. It seemed that Hobson didn't care about my life or death, which meant he didn't care much about his cooperation with Geoffrey either.

Perhaps Hobson wasn't interested in the deal from the very beginning.

The sound of increasing footsteps snapped me out of my thoughts. The vampires had gone up to the third floor. I froze in panic. I had reached a dead end. I could neither go forward nor retreat.

"Let me go. I'll figure it out myself." I stared at Nicole and clenched my fists.

I broke into a cold sweat as fear consumed me.

Even the dim light in the corridor frightened me.

I didn't know if I could escape, but I couldn't give up without trying.

Nicole looked at me for a moment and turned away.

I quickly walked past her and turned to examine her face. However, her expression remained unchanged. Nicole had looked like a dead tree rooted in the soil since the first time I saw her. Although she was still breathing and talking, it looked like something had hollowed her soul. She had no one else in mind except for her master, Hobson.

I sighed and turned to leave. Just then, Nicole stopped me.

"You dropped something."

I turned around and cast a quizzical look at her. She squatted and picked up a nameplate with Ashley's name engraved.

"It's Ashley's. I forgot to put it back. Could you do me a favor by putting it back to her room? After all, it looks like I wouldn't have a chance to do it myself." I scoffed.

Nicole didn't respond. She stared at the nameplate, and her face seemed to soften a bit.

I didn't bother probing the reason for the change in her expression. But it suddenly occurred to me that the five vampires who were talking about Ashley had shut their mouths as soon as Nicole came in.

Back then, I thought they were afraid of Nicole.

Back then, I thought they were afraid of Nicole.

Now, I realized that wasn't the case. There was something more to it.

"I know where Ashley is," I said to test Nicole.

As expected, her face changed.

For the first time, there was an expression on her poker face.

It seemed obvious that she was related to Ashley in some way.

"Ashley is trapped in Geoffrey's pack as a slave. If you help me now, I promise to rescue Ashley. Only I know that Ashley is the youngest daughter of your clan. You have to trust me. Only I can save her," I said.

I clenched my fists to steady myself as Nicole stared at me for a long while.

The screams of the vampires grew louder. However, Nicole didn't seem to waver.

"Forget it. I'll figure it out myself. It looks like I'm going to die today." I finally lost all hopes and turned to leave.

At that moment, Nicole's cold voice stopped me.

"Just this one time. If they catch you again, I can't help you."

[Chapter 512 The Woman In The Attic](#)

Sylvia's POV:

A wave of relief washed over me when I heard that. I was glad Nicole had agreed to protect me for the time being.

But soon, the excitement was replaced with confusion. "How do we escape from them?" I asked, walking to Nicole.

We were standing at a dead end. There was no way out.

But before I knew it, Nicole did something, and an entrance appeared on the wall at the end of the corridor.

I gasped in shock. No wonder I couldn't find the staircase upstairs. It turned out there was a secret mechanism.

"What are you waiting for? Don't you want to live?" Nicole looked over her shoulder and shot a nasty look at me.

"I'm coming." I quickly returned to my senses and followed her into the secret door.

Before I got caught, the door closed behind me and blocked the sounds outside.

However, I couldn't stop worrying. "Will they follow us in?"

"No, they don't know how to get in here," Nicole said coldly.

I breathed a sigh of relief and followed her to a place that looked like a library. It was teeming with books.

Rows upon rows of bookshelves were lined up in the room. Exquisite glazed lamps were hanging on the ceiling, making it look like stars strewn across the sky.

"Don't think of lying or fooling us. Otherwise, the one here will kill you without thinking. Your death will be gruesome," Nicole said in a low voice.

I was surprised to know that someone else was in this castle.

"Did you hear me? No playing tricks. I won't save you again," she added.

"Got it," I answered hurriedly. Just then, a mural on the wall caught my attention.

It was a colorful, abstract painting. At first glance, it looked like a landscape. But as I had a closer look at it, the painting was more like a woman crying, holding a child in her arms.

"Hurry up," Nicole urged.

"Yes."

She hastened forward, walked through the library, and climbed a narrow staircase.

I realized it was the way to the attic.

The door to the attic was a white carved iron door with gauze curtains, and a swallowtail butterfly wind chime was hung on the door.

Nicole shook the wind chime three times, and I heard a resonant voice of a woman from inside.

"Come in."

Nicole pushed the door open and let me in.

My eyes widened in awe. The room was brimming with art. The entire place looked beautiful and exuded an artistic aura. As soon as I walked inside, I almost stepped on a painting.

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"Be careful!" shouted a female voice.

I picked up the painting from the floor and followed the source of the voice. A woman was sitting in front of an enormous window, staring at the moon with her back to us. She was clad in a white outfit.

The window looked clear, and if I wasn't wrong, it was the only window in the entire castle.

I was about to say hello to the woman, but she grew angry.

"Damn it, Nicole! Who have you brought? It reeks of a wolf."

Surprisingly, Nicole seemed more emotional than the woman. She was practically shouting out.

"Miss Ashley isn't dead. She is still alive! I've brought an informant here!"

"Really?" The woman sprang up to her feet and turned to look at me. Her eyes widened with excitement. At that moment, she had an uncanny resemblance to Ashley.

She stumbled toward me and grabbed my shoulder. "Is that you? Do you know where Ashley is? Is she fine? Tell me where she is!"

[Chapter 513 Ashley's Mother](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The woman was also a vampire, but I didn't know why she was indifferent to the smell of my blood.

She became frantic and was begging me to take her to see Ashley. I almost thought she had lost her mind.

"Calm down, my lady. You're scaring her." Nicole grabbed the woman's hand and comforted her. "Let's listen to her first."

Tears of joy and excitement filled the woman's eyes, and her pale chapped lips were bleeding. She grabbed my shoulders with no intention of letting me go.

"Ashley..." the woman started but choked with sobs. Her legs gave away, and she slumped on the floor.

Although the woman was a stranger to me, it broke my heart to watch her break down in front of me. I squatted beside her to look at her face.

"I don't know your name, but I guess you are Ashley's mother. Don't worry about Ashley. As of now, she is not in fatal danger. You can rest assured."

The woman raised her tearful face and looked at me. "My name is Joi." She sniffed loudly. "I am Ashley's mother. Thank you for bringing me the good news. You have no idea how much it means to me. I haven't been this happy in a long, long time."

"You're welcome. I'm just telling the truth." I smiled and told her everything I knew about Ashley. Hearing that, the woman grew emotional but gradually calmed down.

The woman's skin was unusually pale, probably because she was locked in the attic. The blue veins on her hands were prominent. She wiped her tears and asked me to sit at the table.

Nicole served us coffee.

"May I ask why you are locked in this attic if you are Ashley's mother?" I looked at Joi in confusion.

Hobson had said that Ashley was his youngest daughter, so Joi must be his wife. 'But if so, who was the beautiful woman who appeared at dinner the other day?'

Joi put down the coffee cup and sighed. "I was born in another clan, and Hobson imprisoned me here. Everyone here hates me and Ashley."

Such being the case, Hobson and Ashley were not related by blood. No wonder Hobson was a little indifferent when he mentioned Ashley.

"It happened two years ago. Those five little monsters took her out one day. They said they were going to take Ashley to the farm. But when they returned, they claimed Ashley was dead."

I frowned. I guessed it was the five young vampires who had done something to Ashley.

"But I didn't believe them. I have been trying to find Ashley ever since. But I can't step out of this damn attic." Joi's voice broke as a pained look crossed her face. "Hobson knew about it, but he didn't care. He just let his five children hurt my daughter."

"I have a way to help you save Ashley from the werewolf race. But for that, I have to find a way to escape from here first," I said.

"I have a way to help you save Ashley from the werewolf race. But for that, I have to find a way to escape from here first," I said.

Joi understood what I meant, but she shook her head. "I can't help you leave this place. After all, I have been stuck here for two years and haven't managed to escape."

My heart sank. "Is there no other way? It would be enough if you could help me deliver a message to the outside world."

Joi lowered her head and remained silent for a while. Finally, she looked up at me and said, "I can deliver a message for you, but not by phone. I have my own way, but I can't tell you about it. All you need to do is tell me the message and whom you want to deliver it to."

I nodded in agreement. I guessed it had something to do with her special power.

After I got the address of the castle, I wanted to send Rufus a message about my whereabouts and the current situation.

"But we only have one chance," Joi reminded me. "Think carefully about the message you want to send because once you use the chance, it will be gone. You can't try it again."

[Chapter 514 Waiting For Dawn](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Joi's reminder made me reconsider.

"Just ask Rufus to rescue you. He is more than capable of doing it," Yana blurted out excitedly.

"No. Although the woman in front of us looks miserable, I have no way of verifying if her story is genuine or not. What if I call Rufus and he ends up walking into a trap?"

When it came to Rufus' safety, I was significantly more cautious. My previous experiences had taught me that I couldn't just trust someone based on their appearance. Besides, this time the situation was quite serious, both on the werewolf and the vampire side. A resolution would not be reached easily.

This was perhaps the best opportunity for me to call for backup.

The only one who had the authority to do anything about this situation was Ethan, the lycan king.

"Sylvia, have you forgotten what Felix had told us the other day? The construction of the wall and the turmoil at the border might have been done with the tacit permission of the lycan king." Yana hastily prevented me from sharing this information with Joi.

At this moment, Yana looked like a pious angel to me. She had her wits about her in this critical moment, unlike me.

I hesitated again. From everything we had learned, it felt as if Ethan was not completely trustworthy.

"Have you made a decision?" Joi asked.

I contemplated it for a while and finally made up my mind. Besides Rufus, that person seemed to be the only one I could place my trust in at the moment.

So I gave Joi the relevant information and asked her to send out the message for me.

Joi asked me to wait patiently.

I didn't know how she was going to deliver the message, but I didn't question her. I would have to patiently wait for reinforcements.

After the conversation, both Joi and I fell into silence. Joi was sipping coffee, her face a mask of indifference.

I shifted my gaze to the window. The moon outside looked big and round. By my estimate, today was a full moon night, the night when the curse was going to attack Rufus.

The thought of him facing this debacle alone made my heart ache.

"Sylvia, don't be depressed. We'll be out of here soon," Yana comforted me in a soft voice.

"I'm not sure if I'll manage to get out of here successfully. Everything is so uncertain and dangerous here." I was feeling gloomy and missed Rufus deeply. "I shouldn't have given in to my impulse and run out of the wall alone. Everyone must be so worried about me."

"Don't blame yourself, Sylvia. No one could have imagined that the situation would take this turn. Your

intention was to help those who resided outside the wall. But this is a very complex matter. You can't handle it by yourself." Yana let out a soft sigh and changed the topic. "If you are truly sad, let me sing a song for you."

"Don't blame yourself, Sylvia. No one could have imagined that the situation would take this turn. Your intention was to help those who resided outside the wall. But this is a very complex matter. You can't handle it by yourself." Yana let out a soft sigh and changed the topic. "If you are truly sad, let me sing a song for you."

"No, thanks. Joi is still here," I refused almost instantly.

"She can't hear me, duh! You just don't appreciate my singing." Yana began pestering me.

"All right, all right. Once this matter is resolved, I will let you conduct a concert. I'll request Rufus and the others to be a part of the audience."

"Really?! You can't fool a wolf!" Yana was so ecstatic that I thought she would scream.

"Yes."

After speaking briefly to her, I shifted my eyes to Joi. I had suddenly recalled that five young vampires were still outside.

"What about the vampires who are still searching for me outside?"

Joi glanced out of the window, looking deep into the night. "You will be relatively safe in the day. Their strength will be significantly lesser and they usually go to sleep. You can get out of here as soon as dawn arrives. And you can't tell anyone that you have been up here."

[Chapter 515 The Public Opinion](#)

Flora's POV:

A whole day had passed but we still hadn't made any progress collecting public opinions.

Warren and I regrouped and adjusted the plan. With the help of Rufus' private guards, we left the city center and headed to the school to try our luck there.

If we could win the support of the students, it might turn the tide in our favor.

But we couldn't even enter the school. The security guards just drove us away.

We kept trying, but all our efforts were in vain.

The werewolves within the wall were already wary of us.

No matter what we said, they all thought that we were out to destroy their peaceful life.

In the end, I had no choice but to return to my accommodation dejectedly. Sinking onto the sofa, I stared at the petition on the computer screen, at a loss.

Warren also came back with a long face. He had just tried to call Rufus, and judging from his expression, I could tell that there was no good news.

"Unfortunately, I couldn't get in touch with Prince Rufus. I was planning to report the state of our operation to him."

Suddenly, a thought occurred to me. I checked my phone's calendar and murmured, "Today's a full moon night, right?"

"Yes. Why? What's the matter?" Warren came over and looked at me weirdly.

I put my phone aside and tried to rack my brain. If my memory served me right, Sylvia used to accompany Rufus at this time every month, no matter how busy she was.

I vaguely drew my own conclusions, but I didn't dare share them with Warren for fear that it might cause trouble to Sylvia and Rufus.

"Nothing. I just... thought that the moon looked especially big and bright tonight." I forced a laugh.

Warren squinted at me, evidently at a loss whether to cry or laugh. "Oh. I thought you had figured something out."

I sighed and shook my head, sinking deeper into the sofa. "Anyway, I guess we shouldn't disturb Prince Rufus now. He's probably really busy."

"Hmm." Warren sat down next to me. With a serious look on his face, he asked, "So what should we do next? I doubt we'll be able to convince the werewolves in here to demolish the wall."

I sighed again and spread out my hands helplessly. "No wonder Geoffrey seemed so confident! He must've known that the werewolves inside the wall would never want to tear it down. It was a trap since the beginning!"

Warren lapsed into silence. After a long time, his eyes lit up. "What if we tried outside the wall? The werewolves there are also members of this pack. Maybe we could start with them. Although there aren't as many werewolves there than in here, it might be a breakthrough."

"Oh, my God! That's a great idea! Why didn't I think of it? Geoffrey never said that we were limited to

the werewolves within the wall!" I clapped my hands excitedly and leaped to my feet. With bright eyes, I praised Warren sincerely. "You are so smart."

Warren coughed and scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "But still, I can't guarantee they'll be on our side."

Warren coughed and scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "But still, I can't guarantee they'll be on our side."

"Don't be so pessimistic. We should at least try." Then I hastily put my shoes back on and barked at Warren, who was still sitting on the sofa listlessly, "What're you waiting for? Let's go! We can go to the hole in the wall and sneak out like before."

"Oh, okay." Warren nodded obediently and hurried to put his shoes on as well.

However, when we arrived at the spot where the hole in the wall should've been, we found that it had been sealed shut.

"Oh, no! I totally forgot that Geoffrey had already found out about this place." I kicked the bricks and squatted in frustration as despair began to creep on my heart. Now there was really no hope at all. It seemed that Geoffrey's trick was destined to work.

"There's still a way. Don't give up that easily." Warren helped me to my feet and comforted me.

"What? What're you talking about?" I stuck my lower lip out dejectedly.

"We can always break the door down ourselves." With a smile, Warren winked at me mischievously.

[Chapter 516 The Fight At The Wall](#)

Flora's POV:

Warren suggested to break out by force, which was probably our last option.

If we couldn't succeed, we'd have to face Geoffrey's wrath.

"Stay behind me. I'll protect you." Warren gently pulled me behind him and then led the way.

I was stunned. When I looked up at his tall, towering back, my heart skipped a beat.

Although I hated to admit it, it was true that Warren was a good, responsible guy.

If it weren't for all the misunderstandings and setbacks in the past, he still would've been the most handsome and attractive werewolf in my eyes.

Alas, I didn't have time to think about such things now.

I shook my head and pushed these thoughts to the back of my mind.

"Flora, aren't you coming?" Warren stopped in his tracks to turn around and look at me in confusion.

"Yes, yes." I came to my senses and hastily caught up to him.

Warren looked at me seriously and said in a low voice, "If anything happens, just stay behind me, okay?"

I nodded. "Okay. I'll keep my mouth shut, I promise."

Then I exaggeratedly covered my mouth. "I will keep my temper under control."

Warren shook his head helplessly but didn't say anything more. He faced forward and continued to lead me towards the gate.

From afar, I could see that the guard was dozing off. I pulled at Warren's sleeve quickly and whispered, "Maybe we can sneak past the guard!"

"Let's see." Warren held his index finger to his lips then walked to the gate, quiet as a mouse.

However, a reproachful voice barked at us from behind.

"Who are you and why are you here? Identify yourselves!"

It was a soldier on patrol.

Damn it! Geoffrey's defense system was too tight.

When the guard heard the sharp voice of his colleague, he immediately snapped to attention and looked at us fiercely, clutching the weapon in his hands tightly.

"What are you two up to?"

"We're going out," Warren answered simply.

The guard threw his head back and laughed. "Do you think you can just come and go as you please? Go back. Now."

Ignoring him, Warren grabbed my arm and rushed past the guard, intending to break through the gate directly.

The guard immediately called for reinforcements and all the soldiers in the area came over.

Dawn was approaching. We were making a commotion, so the residents who got up early came out to see what the fuss was all about.

Holding my wrist tightly, Warren kicked away a soldier who was about to attack us.

"Don't let them out! They were sent here from outside the wall! They want to tear down the wall! Get rid of them!"

The bystanders cheered for the soldiers, their words filled with hatred, as if they were eager to see us die.

The bystanders cheered for the soldiers, their words filled with hatred, as if they were eager to see us die.

I grabbed Warren's sleeve nervously and was nearly out of breath.

This was the first time that I had fought against so many people. Fortunately, Warren was with me.

I raised my head to look at Warren's determined face. A myriad of conflicted thoughts crowded into my mind.

Warren seemed to have noticed my stare and looked down at me. He pursed his lips and whispered, "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

As soon as he finished speaking, the soldiers came at us again. This time, they held their weapons up high, ready to fight us.

But before a single blow could be landed, Geoffrey's sharp voice suddenly pierced the tense atmosphere.

"Stop!"

I looked up and, sure enough, Geoffrey was walking towards us with his subordinates.

My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach and I mentally prepared myself for the worst.

But to my surprise, Geoffrey walked right past us and headed straight to the gate. He unlocked it and opened it for us himself.

"Go ahead. But be careful." Geoffrey looked at Warren and me with a cryptic smile.

He seemed to have guessed what we were up to.

[Chapter 517 The Exploration](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Nicole woke me up.

After the conversation between me and Joi, the room lapsed into silence once more.

Joi had only showed any semblance of emotion when I mentioned Ashley, but she had remained silent most of the time.

She seemed to be very uncomfortable around strangers, even though I was the one who could bring her hope.

In order not to cause any more trouble, I retreated to the corner that was farthest away from Joi and stayed there.

I intended to sit here and wait until dawn. But the previous battle had consumed too much of my energy, so I unconsciously curled up by the wall and fell asleep.

When Nicole woke me up, I was in a daze. Only when I saw Joi sitting in the distance did I recall what had happened. Quickly, I straightened out my clothes and walked towards her.

Joi was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring out the window, just like when I first saw her.

Sunlight started to shine inside the window, making Joi's skin look even paler.

"Joi..." I was hesitating, unsure as to what I should say.

She tore her gaze away from the window and looked at me calmly. "Your message has been sent out."

"Thank you." My throat was dry. I had no idea what else to say.

"The deal between us..." Joi's voice trailed off.

I knew what she was trying to say, so I said in a hurry, "Don't worry. I'll do everything I can to rescue Ashley."

"Thank you."

Then she fell silent and looked out the window again.

"It's time to go," Nicole urged me.

I nodded. "Okay."

Before leaving, I took one last look at Joi. She still stared out the window motionlessly, like a living dead.

Her heart must've gone out with Ashley.

After I walked out of the room with the housekeeper, I was met with darkness again.

I followed the housekeeper by listening to the sound of her light footsteps. However, it seemed that we didn't take the same route as earlier.

"How long has she been locked up in the attic?" I couldn't help but ask.

After a short pause, Nicole answered, "I can't remember. Our life is the same every day. Time doesn't mean anything to us anymore."

"But the same doesn't go for Ashley. She isn't fine..."

I couldn't help but say. When I talked about Ashley to Joi, I had tried my best to sugarcoat Ashley's situation.

Nicole didn't say anything for a while.

"I figured. But as long as she's still alive, it's okay."

"I suppose so." I didn't say anything more and followed her quietly.

"I suppose so." I didn't say anything more and followed her quietly.

After walking in silence in the darkness for quite a while, we finally stopped at a wall.

I squinted, trying to see what Nicole was doing. But in the blink of an eye, the wall was opened again.

The exit led to the corridor on the fourth floor, but this time, we were at the opposite end.

It seemed that there were two ways to the attic.

I stood behind Nicole and peeked over her shoulder, trying to see how she closed the door. But she was so fast that I couldn't see anything.

When she turned around, I quickly took a step back and touched my nose as if nothing had happened. I pretended to stare at the floor.

"Remember what I told you. Don't let anyone know that you ever entered the attic," Nicole said coldly. Without waiting for a response, she turned around and left.

The castle in the daytime was even quieter than usual.

I made my way across the corridor slowly.

The vampires must have fallen asleep by now, and Nicole had left.

Now was probably the best time to explore the castle. Perhaps I would find something.

[Chapter 518 The Sleeping Vampires](#)

Sylvia's POV:

The castle was bigger than I expected.

I explored it floor by floor. As I walked around, I encountered several locked rooms. I used my unlocking skills and opened them one after the other.

There was a coffin in each of these locked rooms.

The coffins were all made of century-old, fine-quality wood. They all looked the same, but the patterns carved on the wood were different.

I pried open a dark wooden coffin lid and saw Ahern sleeping inside. His hands were crossed over his chest, and his curly golden hair rested softly on the pillow. Without his fangs, he looked like a good, innocent boy.

I loudly cleared my throat and feigned a cough to see if he would wake up. However, Ahern didn't even stir. I purposefully made noises, but he slept like a log.

'Hmm... Interesting.' I happily walked around to explore the other rooms. All these vampires were asleep.

"Sylvia! Let me out. I'll howl." Yana was so excited that she wanted me to turn into my wolf form.

After a moment's hesitation, I finally agreed, "Okay. Let's test the loudness of a noise required to wake up the vampires."

Then, I turned into a wolf. I stretched out my limbs to relax my muscles and shook my head, ready to howl.

"Woof!"

First, I let out a tentative flat noise.

"Woof!"

Then, I increased my tone a decibel higher.

"Woof... woof... woof..."

I let out a musical howl that gradually grew louder.

Finally, I concluded these vampires would sleep soundly even if there was an earthquake.

Satisfied with the result, I transformed back into human form.

"Why don't we use this opportunity to kill him?" Yana suggested.

After mulling it over, I disagreed. "Killing a vampire isn't an easy task. If we fail to kill him and end up waking up the other vampires, it will only put us in a dangerous situation. We should not take the risk."

I went to the next room and found Ellis lying there.

The girl was decked up in a gorgeous outfit even while sleeping. I wondered how uncomfortable it must be to wear a five-layered dress to sleep.

Even turning over would be a difficult task.

But she was sleeping soundly without the slightest of worries.

Just then, an idea occurred to me. I wanted to tease Ellis. I pulled her white veil aside to see her flawless face. Then, I found a pen and drew on her face.

I could hear Yana chuckling in my head.

Once satisfied, I threw the pen away and clapped my hands. "There's no need to worry. We can do whatever we want in this castle."

"Go to the front gate! We might be able to get out," Yana suggested.

"Go to the front gate! We might be able to get out," Yana suggested.

Although I didn't have much hope, I still followed Yana's words and tried to open the gate of the castle.

However, as expected, it didn't work.

The gate was stronger than steel and didn't seem to budge. I knew I couldn't even smash it with my fist.

Finally, I went back, took out the last remnant of the candle, and lit it again.

Just then, my gaze fell on a luxurious room at the far end of the corridor on the third floor. I assumed it was the master bedroom.

The coffin in the middle of the room also looked opulent.

I walked around the coffin, admiring it. Although it had no carvings, the gilded edge looked exquisite.

The coffin emanated a faint fragrance. Unlike the usual wooden fragrance of other coffins I'd met earlier, this aroma smelled more like a kind of resin extracted from an old piece of wood.

I tried lifting the lid of the coffin with one hand, but it remained intact. I put the candle on a table aside and walked back to the coffin. After taking a deep breath, I grasped the lid of the coffin with both my hands and yanked it open with all my strength.

Hobson was lying inside.

[Chapter 519 The Smell Of Noreen](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I examined every inch of Hobson's body. His legs, arms, and fingers looked as dry as a withered leaf. He didn't look this frail and weak when I saw him the day before yesterday.

No wonder he didn't attend the dinner last night.

Hobson's body was chapped and dry like a dehydrated log of wood.

Such a sign was abnormal for both werewolves and vampires.

I thought his health was deteriorating.

I circled the coffin twice, gently knocking on its walls. The loud thud resounded across the silent room.

However, Hobson didn't wake up.

I discovered that no matter how powerful a vampire was, they would sleep like a log during the day.

As I examined Hobson, I found something like a cross hanging on his neck. The shape of the cross looked strange. It had a wavy pattern that looked like saw teeth.

'Is it a key?'

If my guess was right, then it must be the key to the front gate because Hobson was wearing it even in his sleep.

After a moment's hesitation, I cautiously reached for it.

My heart took a sprint in my chest when I saw Hobson's face.

I prayed for him not to wake up.

A wave of relief washed over me when I touched the key. I gripped the chain and gently pulled it.

But before I could pull the key off, a pair of withered hands grabbed my wrist. The force was so strong that it seemed to crush my bones.

My heart leaped to my throat.

Only then did I find that Hobson had opened his eyes and was staring at me.

I quickly withdrew my hand. However, Hobson held my wrist in a vice-like grip.

I didn't expect Hobson's withered hands would be strong enough to trap me in place.

He stared at me hungrily as if he had been looking at a prey.

I swallowed and tried my best to calm down.

"I... I was just curious..." I said, trying to make up an excuse.

However, Hobson interrupted me.

"What's that smell on you?" Hobson's eyes turned red, which was a sign of a vampire's thirst. Hobson grew excited the same way the five young vampires had gone berserk last night at the smell of my blood.

My heart tightened. I quickly touched my face with another hand. The wound on my face had healed, so there wouldn't be any traces of blood.

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His grip on my wrist tightened as if he were going to break my hand.

"Let go of me." I stepped back and withdrew my hand, trying to keep a safe distance from Hobson.

Hobson, however, didn't loosen his grip. He stared at me wildly as if he were possessed.

I followed his gaze and found that my sleeve was stained with blood.

I might have wiped the blood with my sleeve when I got hurt.

"It smells so great." Hobson's fangs protruded as he leaned closer and sniffed my sleeve.

He was like an addict.

The pain in my hand seemed to intensify with every passing moment. I feared he might dislocate my hand.

"Sylvia, turn into a wolf! Otherwise, he will break your hand!" Yana screamed in my head.

"It's too late."

Hobson grabbed my hand and sat up on the coffin. His eyes blazed with hunger and thirst. "This is Noreen's scent," he muttered. "I'm absolutely sure."

[Chapter 520 Remove The Curse](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I was startled to hear that. How could my blood smelled like a black witch?

'Nonsense! Like father, like children. The entire family was insane.'

I couldn't care less, so I pulled out my hand from his hold with all my strength.

I rubbed my wrist as a pang of regret settled on my heart. I should have thought of a different way to escape. I was stuck now. To make things worse, I have gotten into big trouble.

Looking at Hobson's bloodthirsty face, I pursed my lips and retreated slightly, ready to fight.

"Noreen's scent!" Hobson stared at me and slowly crawled out of the coffin, like a wild demon.

"You're wrong. How could I smell like the black witch? That's crazy!" I retorted as I stepped back toward the door.

Hobson chuckled, and the wrinkles on his face grew more prominent. He pursed his purple lips; his eyes glinted with malice. "How could I be wrong? I won't forget Noreen's scent even in my dreams."

His face contorted with rage. "It was she who made me like this."

"What's that got to do with me?" I was in no mood to listen to his nonsense, so I turned around to leave.

But to my surprise, Hobson ran behind me and grabbed my neck.

His ferocity soared, and his sharp fangs grew bigger.

I desperately struggled to free myself from his hold but couldn't. My lungs constricted, and I could feel my feet gradually leave the floor. "Let me go!"

Hobson's eyes turned red. He strangled my neck with all his strength.

I slapped his hands as my face turned red. I could hear my drumming heart.

The moment my vision grew blurry and my mind went blank, Hobson suddenly loosened his grip on my neck.

He grabbed my hand and gently rubbed it against his sharp teeth. Blood instantly trickled out, and its scent wafted in the air.

Hobson's red eyes glinted with excitement as he greedily licked my hand.

I felt like I were his prey.

It looked like he was about to devour me. Judging from his expression, Hobson no longer cared about his agreement with Geoffrey.

I felt a searing pain in my hand as Hobson continued to suck my blood like a maniac.

At that moment, I found his dry fingers had restored their original condition, and the wrinkles on his face seemed to gradually disappear.

'Oh, God! Is this some kind of sorcery?' Dread and unease settled in the pit of my stomach.

I couldn't believe my blood was healing Hobson.

However, I didn't want to jump to any conclusions.

I only wanted to leave this place.

I pushed Hobson away and looked at the bite on my hand. My skin had turned blue and began to rapidly swell.

I rubbed the back of my hand against the hem of my dress, trying to wipe away the blood and the disgusting sensation.

Hobson's looked at my hand with disbelief. "Only Noreen's blood has the power to remove the curse she has cast on me."

Hobson's looked at my hand with disbelief. "Only Noreen's blood has the power to remove the curse she has cast on me."

Then, he dropped his gaze to his hands which had returned to normal. "It proves that you're Noreen. Do you still want to play tricks with me?" Hobson cackled like a maniac.

"I don't understand what you're saying. It's just a coincidence. Maybe the witch lied to you and only a werewolf's blood can remove your curse." I refuted his fallacy without even thinking about it.

'How could he think I was the damned black witch? That was plain crazy.'

But I was still panicking. Even I didn't believe my words and knew it wouldn't convince Hobson.

Hobson snorted and licked the blood stains on his lips. He soon returned to his normal self, looking like a thirty-year-old man with renewed vitality. He looked handsome and elegant. However, the greed and madness in his eyes betrayed his looks.

"Don't forget your agreement with Geoffrey," I warned him coldly.

At that moment, his fingers gradually became dry, and wrinkles once again emerged on his face. He was aging again.

Hobson's face turned pale with fright as he raked his eyes across his body in disbelief. "Why is this happening?"