

Irresistible 561

[Chapter 561 She Was Noreen](#)

Ashley's POV:

When I saw the shelves full of magic potions, I felt extremely excited.

Perhaps I'd find the antidote to the curse Hubson was suffering from! That way, I could win his favor.

I couldn't wait to follow Sylvie and Flore into the room.

But just as I took one step forward, I felt someone yank my hand backward.

Before I realized what was going on, the room in front of me collapsed and disappeared without a trace.

The change had happened in the blink of an eye.

I screamed and tried to rescue Flore and Sylvie, but it was too late. They had completely disappeared together with the room.

Cold beads of sweat broke out from my forehead. I fell to my knees and muttered in a daze, "How could this have happened..."

"You scare easily, don't you?" Leyle's voice brought me back to reality.

I looked up at her with a lingering fear. "How did you know something was wrong? You pulled me back at such a critical moment..."

Leyle glanced at me before she turned around and walked towards the well.

I got up in a hurry and followed her. "How did you know that the room would collapse like that? Had you been here before? Why didn't you warn us?"

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When I first saw her, I had thought she was just a pretty but dumb she-wolf.

But now, I got the feeling that there was more to her than I had thought.

She was eerily calm.

"What about Sylvie and Flore? We have to find them!" I licked my dry lips and said urgently.

Leyle didn't answer me. Instead, she slowly walked to the well.

The whole stone chamber had gone quiet. Other than the sound of Leyle's footsteps, I could only hear my own breathing.

The accident had happened way too suddenly. Hobson had mentioned that once one fell into a black witch's trap, it would be nearly impossible to escape.

A black witch was never soft-hearted, especially to those who break into her domain without permission.

The trap was probably fatal to whoever stepped foot in it.

Panic welled up inside me as I feared the worst had happened to Sylvie and Flore.

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I peeked inside. The bedroom was very dark and gloomy.

Loylo snapped her fingers and all the white candles around suddenly lit up.

Only then did I see what the bedroom really looked like. Other than a bed with drapes around it, the rest of the room was full of mirrors.

I opened my eyes wide and had a sinking feeling about this.

"What are you waiting for? Come!" Loylo snapped impatiently.

Then it clicked. The she-wolf in front of me was actually Noreen, the owner of this domain.

[Chapter 562 A Strange Request](#)

Ashley's POV:

I carefully retraced the steps that led up to here. It seemed that Leyle had specifically led us to this stone chamber.

And it was Leyle who found the hidden key hole on the wall first!

From the very beginning, there were clues. We just didn't know where to look.

Leyle had already set up the trap and simply waited for us to fall into it.

If that was the case, then it was possible that Leyle was just pretending she had been caught by vampires.

But why? Why would she do this? If she was really Noreen, why did she pretend to be a normal she-wolf and get close to Sylvie and the others?

With the powerful ability of a black witch, there was no need for her to go to such lengths to achieve her goal.

"If you don't come here right this instant, I'll let you go down with Sylvie and Flore," Leyle warned me coldly.

"Okay, okay! I'm coming!" I quickly collected myself and approached her.

Her gaze stone cold, Leyle stared at me as if she was trying to figure out what was on my mind.

She was only a few steps away, but I broke out in a cold sweat on my way to her.

I swallowed and asked cautiously, "What're we going to do now?"

Loylo tore her eyes away from me. There was no emotion in her beautiful face. She reached out and flipped the mirror in front of her. The scene around us instantly changed. The mirrors in the room all disappeared, and many magnificent furnishings appeared out of nowhere.

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I realized what she meant. This was why those soldiers couldn't come in.

Layla approached the round table, knocked on it three times with her fingers, and two glasses of red wine

appeared. She picked up one of the glasses and took a sip of the wine. Then she turned to smile at me and beckoned. "Try it. It tastes like human blood."

I didn't dare to move. Glued to the spot, I asked her furtively, "How are Sylvie and others? Are they dead?"

Leyle set the glass down gracefully and sank into a lounge chair. "Don't worry. I don't have the heart to kill Sylvie."

My jaw tightened. I didn't believe a word Leyle said.

Everything was just so strange. What was her purpose?

If not to kill Sylvie, then what?

Even though I didn't really care whether Sylvie lived or not, the sudden turn of events made me really nervous. I had to admit that I had only agreed to help Sylvie because I had an ulterior motive.

I planned to use my special power on her when she relaxed her vigilance against me. Then I would take her back to the castle and offer her up to Hobson.

Only in that way could I regain my dignity and ensure my position in his clan. After all, I had been a slave to the werewolves for so long because his children had set me up.

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It was a terrible scheme for a vampire.

But never in my wildest dreams did I expect that Layla would act faster than me. So what was her motive?

Looking at the unfathomable women in front of me, I was lost in my thoughts.

My top priority now was to find out if she was Noreen or not.

If she was really Noreen, then perhaps I could make a deal with her.

It was beneficial to have a powerful ally. If I cooperated with her, perhaps Hobson would look at me with new eyes.

After hesitating for a while, I finally plucked up the courage and asked, "If I'm not mistaken, you're a witch, am I right? And this is your private domain. Sylvie had mentioned that Noreen's scent was on the pendant. Why?"

Leyle smiled at me meaningfully. "What exactly do you want to know?"

"I..." My voice faltered. I didn't dare to say anything anymore.

"What's your special power?" Leyle changed the topic suddenly.

"I can hallucinate people and change into anyone the other party wants to see in their hallucination," I said softly.

"Well, then use your special power on me." Leyle spoke so casually, like she was only discussing with me what to eat for dinner.

But her words sent a chill down my spine.

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[Chapter 563 Forced To Use Her Special Power](#)

Ashley's POV:

"What?" I looked at Layla in surprise, wondering if I had heard her wrong.

How could someone make such a strange request?

"I said, use your special power on me." Layla stared at me intently.

I was at a loss. Nervous, I wiped my sweaty palms on my trousers. "I... I have nothing against you, so I don't want to attack you. I hope you can let me go."

Honestly, what I really meant was that I hoped she wouldn't make things difficult for me. It was the first time in my life that someone had asked me to use my special power on them.

Layla suddenly stood up and looked at me coldly. "I'll say it one more time. Use your special power on me."

This sent a shiver down my spine. As fear started to overtake me, I took a step back and stammered, "Please... Please just let me go. I promise I won't tell anyone about what happened."

Layla blew a fuse in that moment. "Are you stupid? Either do as I say or die!"

As she spoke, she waved her hand and I felt indescribable pain on my face.

I screamed and instinctively reached up to cover my face. "My nose... It's broken!"

With a sinister smile, Layla's beautiful lips parted and she chanted an incantation.

I didn't think it was possible but now my face hurt even more. Blood spilled from my nose and my mouth was filled with the metallic taste of blood, making me unable to speak.

"Please... Don't do this..." I fell to my knees and begged her for mercy.

"Use your special power on me." Layla repeated herself and looked at me with disgust.

This time, I immediately agreed. As soon as I nodded, my face stopped hurting and the blood disappeared from my mouth, but the taste still lingered.

"Do it now." Layla sat back down, crossed her arms over her chest, and stared at me coldly.

I clambered to my feet, smoothed my hair, and tried to calm myself down.

If this was what she wanted, then this was what she was going to get.

It'd be a good thing if I could control her. By then, I could force her to give Sylvia back to me.

And now, I was certain that Layla was in fact Noreen. I also intended to ask her for the antidote to the black death curse.

Just wait and see. I would exact my revenge on those who had hurt me.

Hiding my pent-up rage, I forced a calm expression and used my special power on Layla.

This required concentration. I closed my eyes to clear my mind, and then opened my eyes to stare straight at Layla.

In the blink of an eye, I was on it.

But Layla didn't even bat an eyelash. She still stared back at me coldly. I couldn't help but feel a little nervous.

I didn't know whom Layla was seeing right now, nor did I know if my special power was working on her.

So I took a deep breath and tried to smile brightly. "Layla, long time no see—"

However, before I could even finish my sentence, Layla interrupted me coldly. "Shut the fuck up. That person would never talk like that."

My smile froze on my face and I felt a little embarrassed. "Did my special power work?"

"What do you think?" Layla snorted impatiently.

Since she didn't give me a straight answer, I still was not sure. I swallowed and didn't dare to ask her any more questions. I was afraid that one wrong move would urge her to break my face again.

But she kept staring at my face. Although her attitude was still very cold, I noticed there was a very subtle change in her expression.

So, did that mean my special power had taken effect? And she just didn't want to admit it?

Plus, I had no idea who Layla was seeing—a male or a female?

[Chapter 564 The One She Loved The Most](#)

Ashley's POV:

Although my special power had taken effect, Layla seemed to be completely immune to my control, which was a bit disheartening.

I had thought that I'd get whatever I wanted with Layla under my control, but now that seemed like a long shot.

The stories were true—the black witches truly were powerful.

"Is the one I see really supposed to be the one I love the most?" Layla asked expressionlessly.

Not understanding why she would ask such a question, I hesitated for a moment.

"What do you mean?" Layla's eyes flashed dangerously.

"Yes, yes, you're supposed to see the one you love the most!" I answered hurriedly, fearing for my face.

"Is that so?" Layla asked again, narrowing her eyes at me.

I nodded adamantly and squeaked, "Yes! Of course! That's my special power!"

'Except that I can't control you!' I couldn't help but sigh internally. Layla was going to be extremely difficult to deal with.

Seeing that I was being honest, Layla stopped asking questions and fell silent.

For a long time, she sat quietly in her chair, lost in her thoughts.

Unable to stop myself, I cautiously asked, "Who did you see?"

Layla came to her senses and turned to look at me gloomily. Then, she suddenly smiled, but it wasn't a friendly smile. "I'll tell you, but you have to keep it a secret."

"I promise I won't tell anyone," I swore, placing my palm on my chest solemnly.

Layla stood up. She was as tall as me, but somehow I felt as though I was looking up at her.

"Only the dead can keep a secret." Layla looked at me intently, which was enough to make me feel suffocated.

I shook my head and said quickly, "Never mind. I don't want to know and I'm not curious anymore. Please don't tell me."

Layla sneered with disdain. Finally, she looked away from me and walked to the door. "Just wait here. When the time comes, I'll let you out."

Without waiting for a response, she left.

I let out a long sigh of relief and wiped the sweat off my forehead. I felt like I had survived a near-death experience.

I had never been so scared in my life, and I was a vampire slave of a barbaric werewolf clan. After all, those idiots would always obey me when I seduced them.

But Layla was different. As a powerful black witch, she was smart, and she could see through me easily.

I slumped into the chair Layla was sitting in earlier and looked around warily.

Suddenly, I saw a huge mirror on the dressing table, and my heart skipped a beat.

I quickly stood up and approached the dresser.

There was one more thing that I hadn't told Layla about my special power.

Within twenty minutes after using it, I could still see myself in the mirror what the one I had cast my special power on had seen.

Now, I could find out who Layla loved the most. This might be her fatal weakness.

If I could tell Hobson, then...

My heart was beating wildly in my chest. I couldn't resist the temptation and slowly walked towards the mirror.

If I took a little peep, Layla wouldn't find out, right?

And even if she did find out, she wouldn't know that I could see whomever she was seeing.

I clenched my fists. For some reason, I felt extremely nervous. I looked around and confirmed that Layla was really gone. Then I stepped in front of the mirror.

It was Sylvia's face in the mirror.

I was so shocked that my legs buckled underneath me and I collapsed to the ground.

How could it be Sylvia? This was pure madness! Did Layla love Sylvia the most?

I rubbed my eyes hard and couldn't believe what I had just seen. Then I took a deep breath and slowly stood up to look in the mirror again carefully.

It was still Sylvia's face that stared back at me. The only difference was that the real Sylvia had a tiny mole at the corner of her eye, while my reflection didn't have one.

It was possible that Sylvia didn't have the mole when she was born.

I touched my face in a daze. What the hell?

Then I recalled how Layla had said that she didn't have the heart to kill Sylvia. It seemed she wasn't lying.

Then why did she lure Sylvia here? Was this all just a trick? An illusion?

[Chapter 565 The Method To Remove The Curse](#)

Sylvia's POV:

After a little while, Flora and I landed in a strange place where we couldn't see anything.

I touched the ground. My fingers grazed something soft, like a wool carpet.

"I think we are in a room," I speculated.

A rustling sound came from beside me. I sensed that Flora had got to her feet. "Wait a minute. I'll find something to illuminate this place."

Her statement was followed by a series of noises.

"There are several glass bottles here," she said in a surprised voice.

I also hauled myself off the floor and fumbled my way toward Flora.

All of a sudden, the room was flooded with light. Both Flora and I were astonished.

"How... how did the lights suddenly come on? What switch did you touch?" I shot Flora a confused glance.

Holding a glass bottles in each hand, Flora looked baffled. "I didn't touch any switch. Maybe the lights got activated by voice control?"

"Forget it. Let's figure out how to get out of here first." I went to stand beside Flora and began picking the bottles and jars up one by one to check them out. They were filled with a colorful liquid, and a few of them had animal limbs soaking in them.

"I believe we have accidentally entered Noreen's lab." I studied the whole room carefully. It looked bigger than the illusion I had seen before. A variety of books and drawings were piled up on the ground, and countless rare treasures were present.

"Sylvia, come here. I've found a big book."

The book Flora had discovered was huge and shabby. I tried to move it, but it seemed to be nailed to the ground. I was unable to make it budge even an inch.

We would have to flip through it while standing there.

I had initially assumed that it was just an ordinary book, but I hadn't expected to stumble across information about the curses that had been cast on Rufus and Blair.

I followed the instructions in the book, which led me to a potted plant.

I carefully extracted the potted plant from a corner. It had a black bud, and the soil was red.

According to the book, Noreen's blood had nourished the soil. When the flower bloomed, its fragrance had the power to break the curses on Rufus and Blair.

I was ecstatic and decided to take the potted plant with me.

"Is this a trap? Just like the illusion we saw earlier?" Flora scratched her head and asked, crouching on the ground.

"I have to give it a shot, regardless of it being a trap or not. Blair doesn't have the luxury of waiting anymore." As I cradled the plant in my arms, my heart felt a little heavy. A few days ago, Rufus had received a secret message from the imperial city. It stated that the effect of the curse on Blair had intensified and he now had intermittent respiratory failure.

We had to try every possible treatment method, irrespective of the consequences.

"Okay! Let's just assume that it's genuine. But we can't leave behind the other stuff in this lab. They might all be treasures." Flora quickly stood up from the ground and began to collect the other things in the lab.

I placed the potted plant beside the book and continued reading it.

It had records of numerous kinds of herbs and curses, including procedures detailing how to lift these curses.

I had to admit that Noreen was truly an exceptional witch.

Apart from some basic knowledge, nearly all the spells in the book had been invented by her.

"Flora, do you have your phone with you?"

I wanted to click photos of a few rare methods to remove curses. If someone else was cursed again one day, these would come in handy.

Flora fumbled in her pocket and tossed her phone to me.

I grabbed it, switched on the camera, and began taking photos of the pages of the book.

However, all the photos I clicked were blank. The words and patterns on the pages had disappeared.

Not willing to give up, I took a few more pictures but was met with the same result.

It looked like Noreen had cast a spell on the book as well.

What a cautious witch!

[Chapter 566 Scavenger Hun](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Since I was unable to take photos with the phone, I came up with another idea. I decided to tear off some pages to take back with me.

But I didn't expect that I wouldn't be able to pull apart the seemingly ordinary thin paper.

Finally, I was only left with the choice of quickly memorizing whatever I thought was important.

The book recorded the characteristics of the raw materials used to make magic poisons, as well as the locations they grew at. Next to the text, there were pictures describing everything I'd just read. I skimmed through the poison section and jumped to the curse section.

The curses were all spells in a language only wizards and witches would understand, but the methods to remove the curses were written in common language.

So, it was enough for me to read how to remove them. I was not a witch. Even if I knew the spells, I couldn't cast them.

I glanced through numerous curses, my brain working overtime. Fortunately, I had a good short-term memory. Once I was out of here, I would still remember them reasonably well.

I turned the pages and soon enough, I had reached the end of the book.

To my surprise, the last page was ripped and half of it was missing.

Was it possible to tear pages from the book?

I let my fingers wander over the edge of the page, and realized that it had indeed been torn off.

As I mulled this over, the picture on the incomplete page caught my eye. It was a huge depiction of black thorns that looked ominous. The top of the thorns seemed to be spinning around something, which I couldn't tell from the incomplete page. It was just very strange.

Something was written next to the picture. "Souls and lives shall be sacrificed. Only the most sincere love can nourish and grow the complete black thorns."

The rest of the explanation had been torn off.

The weirder something was, the more it captured my attention. There was definitely some secret that was hidden on the last page.

I tried to tear what was left of the page. To my surprise, I succeeded.

At this moment, Flora shouted, "Sylvia, come here!"

I hastily stuffed the page in my pocket and got to my feet to go to Flora.

I didn't know what mechanism Flora had pressed, but she had somehow managed to open the door of a hidden compartment.

Numerous crystal balls were hanging from the ceiling, shining brightly.

The hidden compartment was inlaid with several grids, with a round button next to each grid. When the button was pressed, a box would pop out.

"Is this a kiwi fruit? How has it not decayed?" Flora studied the fruit in her hand with surprise and swallowed. "I wonder if it's edible. I'm hungry."

"It must be cursed. Don't eat it." I took out a dagger and poked it into the strange fruit. As I'd expected, it couldn't be penetrated.

Flora tossed the strange fruit back into the box. She then found a variety of bizarre things in the other boxes.

Noreen seemed to have a love for collecting gemstones. Emeralds were visible everywhere. Even the curtains were studded with pigeon-blood rubies.

I walked up to an astrolabe, on which the changes in the stars' positions were being automatically recorded. Every time the pointer returned to its original position, it would point in the direction of Pluto. I touched it carefully and didn't find anything unusual.

"Sylvia, I've found something amazing. Come and take a look." Flora waved at me mysteriously.

I walked to her and curiously asked, "What is it?"

She picked up a wooden box from behind her and said in a very cautious tone, "This might be useful to you."

"Really?" I took the wooden box and saw a transparent gem pendant in it.

[Chapter 567 The Gemstone](#)

Sylvia's POV:

I took out the transparent gemstone and, to my surprise, there was a manual in the box.

The manual explained that the gemstone would be transparent when not in use. However, after the user dripped their own blood onto it, the gemstone would turn pale pink, and from then on, it would only be effective for this user. The gemstone would then become hot when someone who was related to the user by blood was within one meter of the user.

To put it simply, this gem could be used to recognize its user's relatives.

I remembered that there was a simple mention of this gem in the book I had read just now. I was under the impression that it was a powerful tool, but it was just a low level magical item. Other than recognizing relatives, it was useless! Besides, it was easy to produce and didn't cost that much. Such trinkets were easy to find in the black market.

Realizing this, I pursed my lips unhappily and put the gem back into the wooden box. "It's useless."

"What do you mean?" Flora picked up the box I had just set aside and shouted excitedly, "Aren't you looking for your father? This could be helpful!"

I paused in my tracks. Flora had no idea that I had taken Edwin's blood for a paternity test before I left the imperial capital city.

If the test result showed that Edwin was really my father, then I had no need for this gem.

But Flora looked so hopeful that I didn't have the heart to refuse her.

"I guess I could hold onto it first." I took the box from her and looked at the gem again. Suddenly, I felt a bit of wonder. How could this ordinary gem recognize relatives?

"Then you'd better put your blood on it already so that it'll respond only to you! If something happens and it is stained with someone else's blood, then it'll really be useless." Flora kept urging me persistently.

I felt helpless. "The pendant's in its box. I doubt someone else's blood will stain it."

I knew Flora was just looking out for me. It was touching to see how enthusiastic she was to help me find my father. Before I met Edwin, Flora had even gone so far as to send sketches of the pattern on the piece of the cloth my mother had left to me to her pack, asking her father to help her investigate the matter.

"Why take the risk?" As Flora spoke, she grabbed my hand, and before I understood what she was up to, she bit the tip of my finger.

Flora had moved so fast that I wasn't able to stop her.

Blood seeped out of the bite wound and dripped onto the gem. A few seconds later, the gem slowly turned pink, and there was even a vein-shaped pattern inside it.

Under the light, the whole gem glittered and glowed a warm pink hue. It was breathtakingly beautiful.

"Perfect! Put it on. It'll help you find your father sooner or later; I just know it!" Flora hung the gem around my neck gleefully. "When we get out of here, I'll take you to my pack. You'll definitely meet your father there!"

Seeing her enthusiasm, I felt moved. I lowered my head to look at the gem resting delicately on my collarbone. I didn't want to frustrate Flora.

Then, I thought about Edwin and had mixed feelings. Obviously, Edwin didn't want to acknowledge me as his daughter.

If the paternity test report proved that he was really my father...

I couldn't shake off the fear that he'd refuse to accept me. I didn't want to experience rejection from my own father.

Edwin already had his own life. If he really didn't want me, maybe the most decent thing to do would be not to disturb him.

In this case, if I could at least know who my father was, then I'd at least fulfill my mother's dying wish.

I supposed Flora was right and I could just wear this gem. If Edwin wasn't my father, then this gem could be useful.

Perhaps I'd meet my biological father in Flora's pack.

"I don't think Edwin's your father," Yana suddenly said.

"What makes you say that?" I asked, startled.

"Call it a wolf's intuition!" Yana answered lazily.

"I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

After thinking about it for a while, I slipped the box with the manual into my pocket.

[Chapter 568 The Sneak Attack On Layla](#)

Sylvia's POV:

Flora and I searched Noreen's lab and took everything that looked useful.

The most valuable find was the flower that could remove curses.

I followed Flora around with the plotted flower in my arms.

Flora was groping the wall, trying to find the mechanism.

"I saw it just now. That's how I opened the door to the hidden compartment." Flora's whole body was pressed against the wall, as if she was trying to use every inch of her skin to look for the mechanism.

Finally, I put down the potted plant and was about to help her when I suddenly stepped on something

soft. Before I could react, the whole room began to swing, accompanied by rhythmic music.

As the room spun, Yana screamed excitedly, "Let me out! I want to jump around!"

"Calm down, Yana! Please! God! I feel like vomiting."

The floor was swinging very slowly, but I still felt nausea.

By now, Flora had already vomited. Wiping her mouth, she cursed angrily, "What the hell?! Noreen is so good at messing with us!"

"Let me out, Sylvia! Listen to me. I won't feel dizzy!" Yana begged.

I pressed my fingers to my aching temple in an effort to get rid of the dizziness, but it didn't work.

Before I could lose my balance, I listened to Yana and turned into a wolf. In an instant, the dizziness disappeared.

Yana howled and pawed the ground, telling Flora to turn into a wolf, too.

But before she could transform, Flora vomited heavily once more. Finally, she weakly turned into a light blue wolf.

The two wolves rubbed snouts excitedly, not affected by the spinning room at all.

Just then, the music suddenly stopped and the room began to shake violently. Gradually, the room rotated horizontally.

Flora and I immediately turned back into our human forms and helped each other stand up.

"The plant!" Flora reminded me anxiously.

I quickly reached for the potted plant on the ground and hugged it, praying that this wasn't an illusion, lest all our efforts be in vain.

About ten seconds later, the room finally stopped spinning. One of the walls was displaced, leaving a gaping hole—the exit. And standing right in front of the exit was Layla!

"I finally found you!" Layla's eyes lit up in pleasant surprise. It turned out that she was the one who had found the mechanism that saved us just now.

After briefly explaining what had happened, we saw that there was a lot of blood on Layla's arm. Plus, Ashley was missing.

"What happened?" I asked worriedly.

Layla cradled her wounded arm and smiled bitterly. "Ashley snuck up on me and attacked me, nearly disabling my arm."

"What the fuck? Why would she do that?" Flora asked in disbelief. "I thought she was a timid vampire. She never fought back when she was bullied back in the werewolf pack. Where would she find the audacity to attack you so suddenly?"

Layla shook her head and sighed. "She deceived us. She's a vampire after all."

"Fuck!" Flora's eyes flashed with annoyance. She had taken care of Ashley without any racial prejudice. It seemed her kindness had gone to waste.

Everyone was blinded by her timid appearance. Even Layla, who had always been shrewd, had fallen for her act. She glanced at me and said, "The only reason why Ashley agreed to help you exchange hostages was because she wanted to find an opportunity to capture you and take you back to Hobson. I wonder how she found out that Hobson was looking for you. When you and Flora disappeared, she thought you were dead, so she decided to capture me instead. She used her special power on me and I almost lost to her. Fortunately, I sobered up in time."

"So where is she?" Flora was a little angry. She rolled up her sleeves, as though she was getting ready to teach that vampire a lesson.

"She might have left by now."

[Chapter 569 Leave The Stone Chamber](#)

Sylvia's POV:

When I heard what Layla said, I was shocked. I didn't expect Ashley would betray me. After all, it was Hobson and his children who had caused her so much suffering.

Why would Ashley still want to please that bastard?

It seemed that she still wanted to go back to that mysterious castle despite all the trouble it had brought her.

"Don't be sad, Sylvia. Ashley's just a vampire, and she was tortured by werewolves. I doubted she'd have ever become our true friend." Noticing my change in mood, Flora put her arm around my shoulder and comforted me.

"I'm not sad. I just can't figure it out. Other than Ashley's mother, every single person in that castle wants her dead. Why is she still trying to go back and even please Hobson?" I sighed and felt that people's hearts were a fickle thing, difficult to understand.

"To each their own. If that's the path she wants to take, then who are we to stop her?" Flora smiled, as if she didn't care about the matter so much anymore.

Although Flora was usually impulsive, she had always been good at emotional management.

I nodded and decided to let it go, too. "You're right. Since Ashley has chosen to run, she'll probably go back to the castle. That means I've fulfilled my end of the bargain with her mother. I doubt we'll cross paths again. Let's think about how to get out of here now."

Flora looked around and muttered, "This isn't the same room we were in earlier."

"Go there. Ashley escaped in that direction." Layla pointed at one of the paths.

I glanced at her wound and said worriedly, "Don't you need to bandage your wound? It's still bleeding."

"No need. Let's get out of here first. This stone chamber is probably filled with traps. The longer we stay here, the more danger we'll be in," Layla said firmly.

I had no choice but to agree. So we walked in the direction she had pointed out and eventually came to the place where we first came in.

I figured we should thank Layla. We wouldn't have been able to get out of here without her.

Now that Flora had accepted Layla, she was very enthusiastic about her. This time, having witnessed Layla's strong sense of direction in action, Flora admired Layla even more. She became an avid fan in the blink of an eye.

"You're amazing, Layla! When we get out of here, I'll buy you an entire roast chicken!"

"Okay. I look forward to it."

"Ha-ha..."

Watching them interact, I felt grateful. We had made a new friend.

After walking a while, we made it to the hole in the wall where the pendant was placed. We tried to pull it out, but we couldn't.

"Let me try." Flora rubbed her hands and planted her feet firmly on the ground. She pulled the tail of the pendant with both hands and tried to yank it out with all her strength. "Ow! Come out!"

But the pendant refused to budge. Flora's face turned red from the effort. Unwilling to give up, she kept trying to pull it. "Move!!! Come out, little pendant!"

Layla couldn't bear to watch her any longer. She stepped forward and patted Flora on the back. "Let me have a try."

"Go ahead." Flora sighed in resignation. Then, her legs buckled slightly. "I think I used too much energy just now and my brain lacks oxygen."

I hurried to support her. "Rest first, Flora."

Layla took Flora's place and stood in front of the hole in the wall. She looked at the pendant closely first, then reached out to rotate it.

A bang exploded in our ears.

Flora and I were stunned. It turned out that we didn't need to pull the pendant out... We just needed to rotate it.

After the loud bang, the rotated pendant shone red again, and black mist began to rise around us. The stone chamber gradually disappeared from our sight.

The three of us held our breaths and slowly walked out of the black mist.

When we made it out of the mist, we happened to run into Rufus, who was looking for us with his men.

[Chapter 570 Rare To Be Alone](#)

Sylvia's POV:

"Rufus!" I was so happy that I waved at him excitedly.

Rufus practically ran towards me and threw his arms around me. His tone a mix of shock and anger, he demanded, "Where did you go?"

I hugged the potted plant protectively. "Be careful of the flower."

Rufus let go of me. Looking down at the potted plant in my arms, he frowned. "Why does this potted flower smell like Noreen?"

"Because this is Noreen's flower!" I said to him proudly.

He took the potted plant from me and looked at it carefully. "What's going on?"

"We entered Noreen's domain by accident just now and found a lot of things that could be useful to us. This potted plant was one of them," I explained excitedly.

"And there were so many other strange things!" Flora chimed in. She began to show off. She pulled out colorful gemstones from every pocket she had and threw them to Warren. "These are all good luck gemstones. Since you've been so unlucky, I got them all for you. Take them."

Warren stared at the gemstones in his hands in bewilderment. "Thank you..."

"You're welcome. I also found something good for romance. Do you want it?" Flora was very generous. She reached into her shoes and pulled out two coins.

"No, thanks. Give it to Harry. He needs it more than I do." Warren smiled bitterly.

"You're right." Flora pursed her lips but she dutifully put the coins back into her shoes.

I happily reached for Rufus' hand and whispered, "This flower could save Blair. Perhaps it can also remove your curse."

"Really?" Rufus looked up in surprise. It was rare to see him so shocked.

I smiled at him reassuringly. "I'll explain everything in detail when we get back. Let's get out of here first."

Rufus and his men had already managed to get rid of those pesky zombies and vampires. We took out the map and studied it carefully, rearranging the route back. After trudging on for a little while longer, we finally made it out of vampire territory and made it back to the werewolf pack.

After everyone settled down, I followed Rufus to his temporary residence, the potted plant in tow.

As soon as I entered the room and put down the potted plant, Rufus scooped me onto the table and kissed me.

When he finally pulled away, he murmured, "I almost went crazy when I couldn't find you earlier. I was so scared that you might've been kidnapped by Hobson again. I almost went back to the vampires' base camp."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and looked into his eyes lovingly. "If I really was kidnapped by Hobson, you wouldn't have to worry about me. For you, I wouldn't allow anything bad happen to myself."

Rufus stroked my cheek affectionately and said hoarsely, "If something bad did happen to you, I wouldn't be able to live with myself—"

I quickly pressed my index finger to his lips and interrupted him. "Don't talk like that. It will never happen."

Rufus grabbed my hand and kissed it. "I love you, Sylvia," he whispered in a low, sexy voice.

"I love you, too, Rufus!" I answered without hesitation, hugging him tightly, as though I was scared to let him go. Then I told him everything that happened in Noreen's lab.

"That pendant was the key that opened the stone chamber, but unfortunately, I couldn't bring it back with me," I said with regret.

In the end, I never figured out why Geoffrey had my mother's pendant and how it became the key to a witch's stone chamber.

There were clues everywhere but they were messy and entangled in an unsolvable mystery.

Noreen had set up a trap for all of us. I just hoped that the plant in the pot was real deal and could successfully remove the curses on Blair and Rufus. It might sound like a long shot, but I did sincerely hope nothing bad would happen again.

Rufus picked me up, walked over to the bed and lay me down. "All right. Finding a way to remove the curses is already an amazing achievement in itself. Let's talk about it some more later."

I nodded, nestled in his arms, feeling at peace. Every time I was with Rufus, my whole body and mind would relax.

I felt as though he could take care of anything, even if something bad did happen.

The atmosphere was quiet and cozy. I closed my eyes and enjoyed my time alone with Rufus.

Rufus leaned against the headboard with me in his arms and pecked me from time to time. He caressed my back gently, as though he was comforting a small animal.

But gradually, the atmosphere changed.

His fingers lightly scratched the base of my back and finally reached into my clothes. Then his fingers slowly made their way upward. His touch sent a slight electric shock down my spine.

With the sound of a click, he unhooked my bra.

I looked up into his eyes and blinked innocently. "What are you doing?"

Rufus raised his eyebrows. Lowering his head, he rubbed his soft lips against my eyelids. "Don't you want it?"