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Venus POV

I was shocked when Aaron told me about his headache episodes. I helped him come back to the bed and make him lie down. Then I rushed to the kitchen and brought him cool water.

"Drink this," I said. He was looking so pale that I got a sick feeling in my belly. I hated seeing him sick.

He gulped down the water and closed his eyes. "This one was the worst so far," he murmured. I brought my hand to his head and caressed his forehead.

"Have you seen the doctor?" I asked.

"No..." he replied. "These headaches started as a dull pain, but now they are unbearable."

"Do Alpha and Luna know about it?" I asked, my mind going in a thousand directions. What if he had a tumor in his brain or what if he had any other ailment? I felt like I would die if he died. And that feeling usually came when you were mates. But we weren't even mates, so why was I feeling so

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miserable?

"Does Vicky know?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, she doesn't."

"Why haven't you mentioned it to anyone?" I scolded him in a low voice. "We are getting married in two days and look at you!"

He didn't say anything as he opened his eyes in a slit and looked at me. "I'm so sorry, Venus. I feel I am a defective piece."

"Shut up!" I glowered. "You're perfect."

He chuckled as he stared at me with an intense gaze.

"I am taking you to the hospital. Now!" I declared, restless as hell.

"Okay," he resigned because I guess he was also really not well. "I want to get over this fucking health issue in order to help dad."

We reached the hospital, and the doctors immediately took him in. I had called Alpha Martin and Luna Marie along the way. They arrived five

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minutes later. Luna Marie was looking pale. "What is wrong, Venus?" she asked me. I explained to her the whole situation about his headaches.

"That's odd!" she remarked. "Because whenever he was with us, he was always fine."

I let out a rough exhale. "He seemed fine to me as well. I guess he was enduring this problem on his own."

I had never seen Alpha Martin looking so concerned. He sat there, waiting for Aaron's tests to run.

My father came over and he also looked pale. "Should we ask the Elders to postpone the marriage?" he asked.

Alpha Martin looked displeased at the idea. He said, "Let's just wait for the results."

After a grueling two hours in which I lost my appetite and paced the corridor like a maniac in an asylum, the doctor came to us.

"How is he?" I asked, rushing to him before others.

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"His vitals are absolutely fine," he said to me. "His MRI is normal. There is no tumor growth, and there is nothing that would lead us to his issue. I mean everything is fine with him."

"Then why is he getting these headaches?" I asked impatiently.

The doctor shook his head. "We have to conduct blood tests. That is the only thing left." He turned to Alpha Martin. "Did he ever have a concussion? Or did you send him for any fights recently? How about his training sessions in the morning?"

"No," Alpha Martin replied, glancing at Luna Marie. "He is an excellent warrior. In fact, we have sent him to train other pups. There has been no report about him having a concussion."

The doctor took a deep breath in. "Then all we need to do is wait for the blood tests to come. They will come in a few hours. If you like, you all can leave. Aaron will be in my care."

"I won't leave!" I blurted. How could I? I was so miserable.

Luna Marie patted my back. "I understand. You can

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stay here." Then she asked Alpha Martin, "Should we tell it to Vicky?"

"No!" he snapped. "Vicky is not coming here. This is going to stay under wraps. You get that?"

Luna Marie cowered. "Yes, Alpha."

After they all left, I went into Aaron's room to check up on him. His brows were furrowed in pain. I went to sit at the edge of the bed. He opened his eyes with a jerk and grabbed my hand. "Why are you crying, Venus?" he asked, and it was that I realized I was crying.

"How are you?" I asked, my chin wobbly.

"I'll be fine," he said softly as he got up and cupped my cheeks. Wiping my tears, he kissed my lips.

"There's nothing to worry about, okay?"

I nodded because I wanted to believe it so much.

He patted beside him for me to lie down, and I complied. As soon as I was in his arms, he closed his eyes with a sigh and went off to sleep.

The doctor returned after three hours. "There's

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something really strange, Aaron," he said as he read the report. "Were you ever on drugs?"

My mouth dropped to the floor in shock.

"What? No!" he responded sharply. "I've never been on drugs. Why?"

"Actually, I can't understand what kind of chemical you have in your blood," the doctor said with a crease in his forehead. "It's not a regular drug, but there are traces of something potent. It is in small quantities, but it's there."

"Care to elaborate?" Aaron asked, disbelief apparent on his face.

"So my pathologist is still working on it, but the initial reports say that you have newt's venom in your body along with mandrake root and viper poison."

"What the fuck!" Aaron and I were both stunned.

"That's why I asked you if you were on drugs?" the doctor said.

"Sounds like a witch's potion," I muttered.

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They both stared at me as if I had said something bizarre. "What?" I shrugged. "We had this small portion about witches in our 'Other Species' class last year. "I remember my teacher talking about the potions that witches make. They use strange ingredients, and this is strange."

As Aaron stared at me, we both knew that this was a ridiculous notion. How would a witch's potion reach him? Or would it?

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