

## Chapter 532 Amniotic Fluid Embolism

Jennifer's POV:

After I was taken to the delivery room, I was surrounded by a number of medical staff, including a gentle and kind nurse. She kept talking to me and encouraging me, saying I was doing so well.

She was quite cute with her blonde hair and green, shining eyes—like two gemstones. I found myself liking her very much, but I couldn't shake off the feeling that I had met her before.

"Thank you... Miss, what's your name?" I panted, breathless from the effort.

"It's Taylor, ma'am," the nurse replied with a gentle smile. "Come on! Your baby is coming soon. I'm sure it'll be the cutest thing on earth. Hold on!"

Taylor squeezed my hand encouragingly. Her voice echoed in my ears. I gritted my teeth and pushed with all my strength as she coaxed me.

"Ma'am, keep pushing harder. The baby's coming out soon!"

"I'm pushing as hard as I can! Ah! Ah!!" I roared from the excruciating pain in my lower body.

But I knew I couldn't give up. I had to bring my child, my dear baby, safely into this world. I was going to be a mother! I couldn't wait to see my child. I couldn't let anything bad happen to it.

Although I felt as though my lower body was being torn apart, I roared and kept pushing until I had no strength left in me.

"Yes, yes! You're doing great!" the doctor shouted encouragingly.

The smell of blood was thick in the air and I was soaked in my own sweat. I was nearing the end of my rope.

"Jennifer, hang in there... Everything will be okay!" Eva also encouraged me in my mind.

But I was on the verge of passing out. I felt like I was walking on the edge of reality and fantasy, exerting strength blindly. I had never felt so much pain in my life.

Suddenly, I felt as though I was being choked by something and began to cough violently.

"The mother's showing abnormal signs!" someone shouted.

"What's happening?" the leading doctor asked.

"The oxygen in her blood is constantly dropping!" a nurse shouted anxiously.

"Ma'am, how do you feel?" the leading doctor asked me.

But I couldn't respond to her question even if I wanted to, because I kept coughing. I felt as though there was a foreign matter in my throat and it was blocking the air to my lungs.

Oh, my God! Help! What was going on?!

"Strap on the ventilator. The patient can't breathe," the leading doctor shouted anxiously. "I suspect it's amniotic fluid embolism!"

Amniotic fluid embolism? What on earth was that?

I tried to inhale, but my lungs felt like they were on fire.

"Oh, my God! Amniotic fluid embolism?!" Eva screamed in a panic. "Oh, no, no, no!"

"What? What's wrong, Eva?" I asked. My mind was in total chaos.

"Don't worry, Jennifer. Just trust the doctor!" Eva shouted anxiously.

Judging from Eva's reaction, amniotic fluid embolism sounded fatal. Was I dying? If I died, who would take care of my child?

I wanted to cry, but I still couldn't even breathe. Gasping for breath, I prayed, hoping God would save me and my child. I wished we could survive the disaster. I wanted to see my child.

And if only my child could survive this, then I hoped it could grow up happy and safe. I didn't need anything else.

After what felt like an agonizing eternity, I passed out.

Anthony's POV:

I was shocked by the news about Carl's death and couldn't come to my senses for a long time.

"What did you just say? Who was killed? Alpha Carl?" I clarified, still unable to believe my ears.

"Yes, Mr. Jones. Alpha Carl of the White Lily Pack was killed," Eric confirmed.

When I heard Carl's name again, my brain started to buzz.

How did this happen? How could an Alpha be killed?

"And how did he die?" I took several deep breaths and forced myself to calm down. The news came to a big shock to me. I had agreed with Jennifer mere days ago that we would attend Carl's wedding. I didn't expect that Carl would be killed out of the blue.

"The autopsy report hasn't come out yet, but according to a preliminary examination, the forensic doctor said that Alpha Carl seemed to have been attacked by some kind of curse," an elder stood up and reported gravely.

I pressed my fingers against my temples and felt a pounding headache. This matter sounded unprecedentedly serious.

"If it was a curse, then this has nothing to do with vampires, right?" Primo asked warily.

"We can't tell for sure." I sighed. "After all, we don't know the details yet. It's a horrific case, and we must investigate it thoroughly."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," all the elders immediately stood up and answered.

"Since this case involves the lives of many werewolves, I will personally oversee the investigation. Primo, you are in charge of the financial aid aspect for this malignant case. I plan to transfer money from the national treasury to the affected packs and provide them with assistance according to the seriousness of their injuries. Eric, please follow me to the scene. We have to go to the White Lily Pack. We need to start an in-depth investigation now." I fired orders one after another until an orderly arrangement was settled.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to me.

I was stunned. After a moment's hesitation, I turned to Eric and asked, "By the way, where is Alpha Carl's fiancée? Is she still alive?"

"Aurora? She was the one who notified the police about the tragedy. Alas, she was pregnant when she called for help, and when the medical staff arrived, she already showed signs of premature labor. She was then taken straight to the central hospital on Rube Island for delivery of the baby. We have informed the hospital that we would pay for her treatment and let them do their best to save her." After his report, Eric sighed and shook his head sadly.

It turned out that Aurora had been in the middle of this mess. My heart tightened when I heard this. Fortunately, she had been sent to the hospital in time. Wait, why did I care about her so much?

No, no. I just cared about my people. After all, she was the future Luna of White Lily Pack. Now that Carl was dead, she needed my help even more.

"You did a good job, Eric," I said sincerely. "Paying close attention to everyone related to the case is what we have to do now."

"Really, Anthony? Did you really have no selfish motive?" A voice suddenly shouted in my head.

I paused, trying to ignore the discordant voice, and continued, "Send a request for entry to the international police of Rube Island. We'll take my private plane to Rube Island in half an hour."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," Raven materialized behind me like a ghost and answered in a low voice.

I had to tell Jennifer about this. But on second thought, I decided against it. Telling her would only make her worry. I would tell her after I solved the problem.

"Don't tell the queen about this for the time being," I said to the maids and attendants in the meeting room seriously. "Whoever disobeys my order will be severely punished."