

Chapter 45

Haven Kramer POV:

After making the deal with Demetri, I felt like a tightly wound clock, not daring to stop for a single second.

I spent nearly all my time in the lab. Every time Phoebe brought me a meal and saw the rabbits that had died during my experiments, her face would pale. But she never said a word, just quietly helped me clean up.

The development of the antidote had hit a bottleneck. I had isolated the main components of the toxin and found several herbs that could neutralize them, but their combined effect was always unstable.

I reviewed my experimental data over and over, cross-referencing it with the scattered notes I'd found among my mother's belongings.

Three days later, in a dusty corner of a page, I found a nearly overlooked annotation: "The activity of Moonlight Moss can only reach its peak when catalyzed at a low temperature in a silver vessel, under the specific celestial alignment of the full moon cycle."

It hit me like a lightning bolt. I had been using glass and ceramic vessels. Although I had used a silver needle for diagnostic tests before, I had been hesitant to use silver in the delicate distillation process, fearing its reactive nature might destabilize the volatile Moonlight Moss.

I immediately had Silas find me a set of the purest silver distillation equipment. At midnight when the stars aligned, I repeated the catalytic experiment.

This time, when all the ingredients were mixed, the liquid in the flask was no longer a murky, dark brown. It turned into a clear, beautiful, pale gold.

Success!

Suppressing my excitement, I conducted a live experiment on the last batch of rabbits.

The next morning when I saw the rabbit that had been paralyzed in its hind legs miraculously stand up and hop around its cage, I couldn't hold it in any longer.

"I did it!" I let out a choked cry of joy, hugging Phoebe tightly.

Phoebe was so excited she had tears in her eyes. "That's wonderful, madam! You did it!"

I immediately rushed to Demetri's bedroom with the precious antidote.

I injected him with it and anxiously watched his reaction.

A few hours later, he told me he could feel... his toes.

It wasn't just the fleeting, needle-induced spark from before; this was a steady, spreading warmth, as soft as the brush of a feather but far more profound. The antidote wasn't just testing the nerves—it was truly restoring them. It was the most beautiful signal in the world.

Another week passed. He could now stand for a few seconds with my support. His recovery was faster than I could have imagined.

I had a wheelchair custom-made for him so he could leave that stuffy room and get some fresh air in the garden.

This afternoon, the sun was perfect. I was pushing him along a rose-lined path in the garden. He seemed to be in a good mood, even occasionally commenting on which rose was blooming best.

A strange, warm understanding had formed between us. I would tell him about modern medical knowledge I'd "read in books," and he would tell me ancient werewolf legends.

Just then, Silas hurried over, his expression a little odd.

"Alpha, madam," he bowed. "A woman has arrived at the estate. She calls herself Danita May. She says... she was the one who saved you when you were injured and unconscious."

A flicker of disgust crossed Demetri's eyes. "Get rid of her," he said coldly.

But I placed a hand on his arm. "Wait."

I turned to him and said in a low voice, "Whether she's telling the truth or not, she's come to our door. If we just throw her out, rumors will spread that the Contreras family is ungrateful."

"Let her in," I suggested. "Let's hear what she wants. Sometimes, a problem you can solve with money is the simplest kind of problem."

Demetri looked at me, weighing my advice.

He clearly understood the trouble rumors could cause. He finally waved his hand impatiently. "You handle it."

He had tossed the hot potato to me.

I smiled and said to Silas, "Please show her to the parlor. Serve her our best tea and pastries."

A look of admiration flashed in Silas's eyes. He bowed and left.

I pushed Demetri back toward the manor, my mind already turning. This Danita May... showing up now, just as Demetri's condition was improving.

There was more to this than met the eye.

I could feel a new storm gathering over the estate.

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+120 Points at most

But I wasn't afraid. In fact, I was a little excited.