

Chapter 703 Blood Type

In the Dark Night Organization's hospital, Liam stood outside Jaxtyn's ward. Through the glass partition, he gazed at Jaxtyn, who was connected to an array of tubes and medical equipment. According to the medical report, Jaxtyn's vital statistics were stable, yet he showed no signs of regaining consciousness.

After observing for some time, Liam moved on. He walked past the rooms of Aikin and several others, pausing briefly to check on them.

Their conditions seemed to be nerve-related.

Guilt washed over Liam. Their current state was his responsibility. He knew he needed to create a curative treatment for them, and quickly.

Exiting the hospital, Liam was visibly downcast. He turned to "Julie" next to him and said, "Go on ahead. I need some time alone."

Vivian, concerned about whether Timothy's assassin had eliminated Julie, hastened her exit from the hospital.

Contrary to his words, Liam didn't spend time alone. Instead, he sought out Riel, who had just wrapped up his work, and



invited him for drinks.

After they downed a few glasses, Liam, already burdened by his thoughts, became quite drunk and began to speak freely. The issue with "Julie" had long been a sore spot for Liam. Apart from Fiona, he had never confided this to anyone else. Fiona, though empathetic, didn't quite know how to console him.

Now, somewhat tipsy, Liam poured out his heart to Riel.

"I can't figure out how to face Julie. I'm not even sure if it was her being abducted that led to all the subsequent events."

As Riel listened attentively, his brow furrowed. After pondering for a bit, he queried, "Didn't you mention that Julie had also been taken away by someone unknown on the gambling ship?"

"Yes, I did. What's the issue?" Liam mumbled, somewhat confused.

Riel's frown deepened as he said cautiously, "Based on what I know of Julie, her behavior seems off. I have a wild theory. What if the Julie you rescued isn't actually her?"

Upon hearing this, Liam was taken aback and regained some of his composure.

Riel added, "If this Julie is an imposter and the real one is still missing, wouldn't that explain everything? Besides, what

Disguiser did in the past should serve as a warning, shouldn't it?"

Riel's words were like a wake-up call for Liam!

He abruptly rose to his feet and began pacing the room, mulling over Riel's theory. The more he considered it, the more plausible it seemed!

Before, his guilt toward Julie and their relationship had blinded him. He'd never questioned Julie's identity after he'd rescued her.

But upon deeper reflection, he realized Julie had altered some of her habits since her supposed rescue!

Especially unsettling was his growing aversion toward the current "Julie". Deep down, he hoped Riel's speculation was right and that the real Julie was still out there.

Chills ran down Liam's spine. His eyes turned icy and forbidding. He turned to Riel and said, "Riel, summon Fiona for me, will you?"

Riel complied, and within ten minutes, Fiona was in the room.

Unable to contain his urgency, Liam blurted out, "Covertly obtain a blood sample from Julie. Ensure she remains oblivious!"

Seeing the gravity in Liam's demeanor, Fiona grew serious, nodding before setting off immediately.

She returned shortly, discreetly carrying Julie's blood sample in her hand.

For someone as skilled as Fiona, procuring a blood sample unnoticed was child's play.

Liam grabbed the sample and bolted to the hospital to get it tested.

The results came back quickly. It was blood type A.

He'd tested Julie's blood before. It was supposed to be type B!

The woman he'd rescued wasn't the real Julie. The revelation hit Liam like a thunderclap, leaving him emotionally torn. Was he relieved? Devastated?

Where could the real Julie be? Was she even alive?

A heavy weight of guilt settled over Liam. He'd done everything he could and yet he hadn't saved Julie, causing her untold suffering, her fate still unknown.

Tears filled his eyes as he pondered the grim possibilities.

"Julie, where are you?" he whispered to himself, his voice tinged with sorrow.